

CASKET

1836



WILLIAM A. RETZER.



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ARCADIA

ATKINSON'S CASKET
GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Variety's the Spice of Life.



Philadelphia

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1836.

GENERAL INDEX
TO
ATKINSON'S CASKET,
FOR
1836.

A VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE FOR THE VOLUME.

MONTHLY EMBELLISHMENTS:

January—Arcadia, a beautiful steel engraving; Thomas's Viaduct, near Baltimore; Inclined Plane of Morris Canal; Diagram of the Destructive Fire in New York, and Music.

February—A Plate of the Newest Fashions, handsomely colored; Merchants' Exchange, N. York; Thaxted, Essex, England, and Music.

March—An elegant colored Map of Texas, Mexico, and the south-western section of the United States; Monuments of Massena, Lefebvre, &c. Pere la Chaise; Remains of a Moorish Bridge on the Darro; The Poetry of Flowers, and Music.

April—The Equinoctial Storm, a splendid steel engraving; Richmond, Capitol of Virginia; Ruins about the Taj Mahal, Agra.

May—A plate of the Latest Fashions, handsomely colored, and Two Views of the Columbia Rail-road Bridge, over the Schuylkill near Philadelphia, and Music.

June—The Wreck at Sea, a fine steel plate;

Mosque of Omar; Central Naive of St. Peter's, and Music.

July—The Emigrant's Adventure, a beautiful steel plate; Church of the Holy Sepulchre; Mafra, and Music.

August—A beautiful plate of the latest Fashions, handsomely colored; Interior of the Golden Gate, Jerusalem; Bird's Eye View of St. Peter's, Rome, and Music.

September—The Spirit of Poesy, a fine steel plate; Sepulchres of the Sons of David; Rome, the Forum, as seen from the Capitoline Mount, and Music.

October—A beautiful plate of the Latest Fashions, handsomely colored; Surry Institution; Ruins of Balbec, or Baalbec, and Music.

November—Carnival at Potosi, a fine steel engraving; Interior of Covent Garden Theatre; Arch of Trajan, and Music.

December—Death on the Pale Horse, from West's celebrated Painting; Benares, India; Venice, and Music.

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OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own,
All that we feel of it, begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside, as much an empty shade,
As Eugene living, as a Caesar dead.

No. 1. PHILADELPHIA.—JANUARY. [1836.]

ARCADIA.

To Arcady, to Arcady,
Bear me, thou, whose power I own,
By whatever tide known,
Spirit of blest poesy!
Back, from this artificial age,
Hence, from this cold and sordid clime,
Where mortals scorn the poet's rage,
And honest poverty is crime,
Speed, to where nature wanders blithe and free,
To Arcady, to Arcady.
Space flies and fades, 'tis past, 'tis gone,
And time again is young:
'Tis won, the golden land is won,
In golden numbers sung.
Alight on some oak cover'd mountain,
There, the birth place of a god;
Or where bold Alcides trod,
Ere yon lake and ferny fountain
Saw his conquering arm oppose,
And vanquish all his winged foes.
Now to th' vale, where, with his shepherd's crook,
Divine Apollo, seated by yon brook,
Sang, to the listening swains,
His heavenly strains.

Lead now along Eurotas' royal tide,
Or by Alpheus, in whose glassy wave
Diana and her maids were wont to lave;
When the warm river god their forms descried,
And chased the flying nymph, coy Arethuse,
Beneath old ocean's bed,
Where'er her footsteps led,
Till in fair Sicily, thus sings the muse,
The lover in her cold embrace appears,
As, in her maiden grief, she flows a fount of tears.

Up the course of yonder stream,
Glittering in Apollo's beam,
Wend we now, to where resort
The Naiads in their wanton sport;
Tracing still the crystal rill,
Gurgling from the mossy hill,
Haply startling, as we pass,
Fair ephydriads from the grass,
'Till, upon some sudden turn,
We spy the genius by his urn.

1, 1836.

Now the forest we'll explore,
Dell and dingle wander o'er,
And for Pan or Dryad look
Into every bosky nook.
All around we meet the throng
Living in immortal song,
God and goddess yet are here,
Hamlet, fane and cot appear;
Flock and herd, and nymph and swain,
Crowding all the smiling plain.
Now to the warrior age, spirit, and tell
Where Mantinea stood;
Where he, the brave, the good,
The boast of Greece, Epaminondas fell:
And how the Grecian sun, thence, palely beam'd;
And, shorn of its renown,
How her bright day went down,
As clouds from Macedon and Rome
Obscured her heaven, and told her doom;
And the fierce Goth in tempest came,
And red-cross robbers rush'd in flame,
Till through her night an alien crescent gleam'd
From Grecian skies, shedding the withering war,
And Greece lay cold and stark beneath the scimi-
tar.

Drooping spirit, raise thine eyes—
Lo, where Tripolizza lies,
Old Tegea, near the tomb
Where the Theban's laurels bloom,
On his own Mantinean field,
See where stalks the warrior's ghost,
Calling on yon embattled host
For native land to die, or ere they yield.
See you not their columns form,
Mark you not the rush, the storm,
Hear you not the shouts that speak
Triumph to the gallant Greek!
Hark! the distant hills around,
In echoes, join the glorious sound;
It is the voice of victory,
The Turk is fled, and Greece is free!

Now o'er temple, town and tower,
Floats the sign of Christian power,
And the palm is borne on high,
While the cross salutes the sky

Myrtle now, and olive wave
O'er each patriot martyr's grave,
While around the sacred cell
Blooms the yellow asphodel,
And on the cypress, green in grief,
Hangs the bay's exulting leaf.
Now again the grateful soil
Crowns the happy peasant's toil;
Ceres, from her affluent horn,
Fills the field with bending corn,
Vine and olive freely shoot,
Garden, orchard yield their fruit,
And flocks and herds again are seen
On the pastures flush and green.

Courted by the spicy gale,
Spirit, let us seek the vale,
Where, upon yon sloping ground,
Apollo's ruined fane is found.
There the scented citron glows,
And the sweet pomegranate blows;
There the orange buds unfold
Flowers of odour, fruit of gold.
On this bank of fragrant thyme,
Now the day is in its prime,
Let us seek the shade, and there
Woo, like Cephalus, the air,
And with fair anemones,
Ope our bosom to the breeze.
Almond here, and grape and fig
Tempt the hand from every twig.
Here a gentle rill is wending,
Vain Narcissus o'er it bending,
While the bank from which it gushes,
With the purple violet blushes.
Rose and hyacinth are springing,
Bees are humming, birds are singing;
All is fresh and sweet and gay,
As a poet's dream of May.
See, upon yon mossy rock,
Where a shepherd, near his flock,
Plucks the cistus, which his fair
Places in her sunny hair,
While she lists, with conscious ear,
To what her lovers love to hear.

Spirit, I must back again
To the haunts of worldly men.
Wonder not this lovely sight,
To my cot should speed my flight.
It may have a homelier dress,
But it holds my shepherdess;
And with love to aid, and you,
Bland magicians, it may do:
With love and you, the wilderness may be
An Arcady, a golden Arcady.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

At Twilight hour I love to steal,
Unseen, unheard, when none are near
To nurse the pensive pain, I feel,
And shed alone fond memory's tear,
At that loved hour sad thoughts arise,
Of friends by absence made more dear,
Fond cherished hopes, long severed ties,
And blighted feeling, cold and drear,
Then thought reverts to other days,
Sweet tones are heard, loved forms appear,
And memory tells of other lays
Breathed to fond friendship's listening ear.
Yet do I love the twilight hour
For thou a soothing balm can bring,
And fancy's sweet and soothing power
Blunts kindly memory's poignant sting.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

LYDIA ASHBAUGH, THE WITCH.

**** They remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage;
Though time with all his pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining age;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all conqu'ring forces wage;
Pleading the heaven's prescription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

DANIEL.

Though the Appalachian steep do not rise to Alpine heights, nor do they aspire to vie with the towering Cordilleras, still they rise rock upon rock, wood crowned to awaken feelings of admiration and grandeur in the bosom which swells upon their rocky sides, or frowning brows. In infant years I gazed upon these fringed dells and beetling cliffs, and when more than half a century have passed away, my heart warms with the remembrance. Oft since have I revisited those mountains and oft have inwardly felt their immensity and unchangeableness—even their sterility seemed to mock the efforts of man, to give new features to works which rose with creation.

Rude and stern as are the lineaments of those children of ages, a smile sometimes breaks forth. In one of my rambling excursions I rose a mountain path but little frequented in the northern part of Franklin county, Pennsylvania. The day was an uncommonly clear and fine specimen of autumn. The air was bland and bracing, and at many openings of the forest I halted to gaze over the wide spread and farm decorated valley of Conedogwinat. As my narrow path merged into one of the public roads, a farm opened which fell partly down the mountain slope, and part opened on one of those fertile table lands so oft found along the Appalachian chains. Amid orchards, meadows, fields and gardens stood a stone house, which from the style of its architecture seemed anti-revolutionary, as did the barn and other out houses. The building stood in a mountain gap, from both sides of which fountains of purest limpid water gushed in abundant streams. It was and is a spot soft and beautiful amid scenes of grandeur, and from which spreads a landscape embracing much of Franklin and Cumberland counties, and far on the back ground rise the hills of Adams.

"How far to a public house?" I demanded of an old man I met opposite the Antique Mansion. "Not far to a private one," he pleasantly replied, "but several miles to a tavern—but if it is rest and refreshment you want, walk in, this house is mine." The manner of the patriarch and the allurements of the place were too seductive to be resisted and with some acknowledgements I entered.

Dinner being ready, we sat down, and from my seat the view swept along the mountain slopes until lost in the far south western horizon. Amongst the crags of a not very distant precipice a white spot met my eye. It seemed too small and shapeless for a house and as my entertainer showed himself communicative, I asked him to explain the phenomena. At the question, the whole family, the old man, his wife and half-dozen younger ones whom I afterwards found were their children, all exchanged looks with arch smiles. I sat rather confused until the old man seeing my embarrassment apologised, and observed—"That is a house or rather our temple where we peep into futurity—in that house resides an old lady who can see farther into time than most people can into the north mountain."

I at once perceived that some joke lay beneath, and determined to give my share, replied "She might do that and not be able to tell who would be president of the United States in 1975."

"Oh! Lydia Ashbaugh never consults her familiar on politics," subjoined the old man, "but a few of our young people and some of our old ones have learned their fortunes, and as mother Rarity, as she is an honest witch, tells often more than her inquirers like to hear."

An honest witch, exclaimed I; is a new character—I had thought the whole craft, honest or dishonest, had become extinct."

"You have just travelled far enough to find your mistake in the supernatural," replied mine host, "we have not only one but two species here in our back woods—Any of our girls who are young and beautiful, and more

particularly if rich, they are witches." Here for the soul of me I could not help exclaiming, "and more than one of that species are present"—as I glanced my eyes upon two of the most lovely and blushing faces that ever perched on an Appalachian ghast.

"Yes!" continued the not displeased parent, "but we have another species not a jot more mischievous than the first, and in their way, as much sought after. When a woman is single, old, ugly, and of all things else, poor, she is a witch, and of these marks, mother Rarity possesses at least the three first, and the world gives her credit for the last, and the numbers are not small, who within ten miles of this spot most conscientiously believe that she can speak all languages, knows every thing, especially what is to be, and that she can be where she pleases, when she pleases."

Let none of the readers of the Post, believe in their own infallibility so far as to suppose, that when they undertake to climb a mountain they can leave human nature at the base; since, if I may decide this problem by my own example, I must confess I brought up all my share to the farm house, and consequently was seized with a most anxious desire to see a person answering so well to the witch of Endor; but concealing my wishes under an air of levity, I aided the merriment which went round at the expense of—But heavens, as we were in the midst of our mirth, the door was darkened and we all turned to see why, when to my sight appeared certainly the most extraordinary figure in the human form I had ever beheld. The family seemed in no ways either surprised or alarmed, but I showed at least so much of the first that the apparition fixing her eyes, which were of powerful expression, on mine, observed—

"So Mark Bancroft is come to the north mountain to laugh at mother Rarity," and she grinned "a ghastly smile."

It may well be supposed this introduction did not lessen my expressions of astonishment, and my old host appeared to enjoy my confusion.

"Yes! old man," continued the hag, "well will it be for you if I don't change you into a rock or bear."

But I could perceive a lurking smile on the most expressive countenance I had ever beheld, and by the ill suppressed titter of the young, indeed the old ones, could easily see that the witch and the family understood each other, and all alike laughed under the rose at the folly of some of their neighbours. This afforded me a clue which I was determined to pursue, and with a something of mock gravity begged pardon for my levity, and in turn, expressed my wonder how I could be known in a place so remote from my former walks.

"Oh! you are confounded," said the seer, "do you know that I was on the stone beside you when the old soldier related his tale."

"Not the least suspicion crossed my mind that I was in such good company," replied I, "but since I have learned the fact, very much rejoiced am I."

"To have an emissary of the — and her master invisibly near you, eh!" interrupted mother Rarity, with a look which I too well remember even to forget, but which I shall not attempt to describe; it was just such a look as we might expect a witch to give to a person whom she knew to be possessed of the true secret of her craft. With this look and no farther ceremony, mother Rarity made a sign to my host which he no doubt understood as he rose, and apologising to me, observed he would return in a few moments, vanished into a back apartment of the house. The eyes of the residue of the family followed them with faces, as much as to say "we know."

Not quite as soon perhaps, as he himself expected, the old farmer and his terrible neighbour emerged again into view. The emissary of the prince of the power of the air, as she issued from the council chamber, came close to me and in a half whisper observed, "Mark, do you remember Marriot Cleaveland," but not waiting an answer, glided out of the house, without turning her head, and with erect step was soon lost to my view amongst the orchard trees, over which a bye path led to her cottage. I was rivetted to the chair on which I was sitting; my eyes followed the receding apparition, whilst a crowd of confused recollections rushed on my mind. Things and persons long forgotten returned to memory, but with the incoherency of a dream. The family, who only heard the voice without distinguishing the words, all fixed their gaze on my abstracted countenance, with an inquiring scruti-

ny, but left me uninterrupted to reverie until some exciting thought roused me to the reflection, that I was on the blue mountain, and not on the banks of the Swatara, and awaking as if from a painful sleep, I looked round the room very much like a person who felt something abashed.

"Mother Rarity has touched you with her rod," at length observed the old farmer, smiling.

Very much relieved by a renewal of plain human conversation, I replied, "she has touched and taxed my memory not a little. How she has learned my name except by aid of her old friend, is more than my poor brain can divine, but let her knowledge come from whence it may, she certainly does know my name, and of those I knew in my infant years more than my name." Here I paused, and indeed while speaking, came to a resolution which, however, I kept to myself, and rising, requested the charge for my fare.

The old farmer smiled and replied—"Nothing."

"Cheaper than city hospitality," rejoined I, "now favor me with the name of the mountain farmer who sets no value on the produce of his farm."

"Saul Standley does set great value on the produce of his farm, and when I can exchange it by cheering the sojourner, my price is paid." To this bowing I made a suitable reply and was again on my road.

The bland air, every moment changing mountain scenery, and the rather singular incidents of the day, all excited rapid reflections as I slowly descended the mountain. "I have not left Saul Standley's lamlet to return, no more, nor have I seen mother Rarity for the last time," muttered I to myself. "There have been some curious links in that part of the chain of my fortune which have been unbound, and no doubt these yet on the wheel are as variously twisted, contorted and rough to handle—indeed I must have a peep into the coil."

Indulging the judicious hope of having discovered a telescope with which to penetrate the distant and dark regions of futurity and in scanning the delightful scenery around me, darkness was falling heavy over the deep vales before the thought came where I was to lay my head. Starting as from a dream, the landscape, late so resplendent, was shrouded in shades which every moment rendered more solemn. A dead silence gives a something of awful loneliness to my feelings. The path, for in fact I had in my musings left the main road, was barely visible under the black shades. Suddenly I was arrested by the sharp barking of a small dog, who rushed almost to my feet, but retreating as I advanced, led me into a small opening of the woods in which appeared a cabin from which issued a man, who scolding his little noisy sentinel, then invited me to walk in.

"It is late friend," said I, "and necessary to find a lodging," such as I have I am willing to give unto thee," replied the man, and ushered me into his cabin.

Here a scene opened to my view which with all I had before seen, was new. The man, much above the middle size, and under middle age, had at once the open countenance, yet something of stern, which those who are initiated can never mistake, and says to them very plainly, "this man has been an officer, and has seen service." Beside a table and cradle, sat altogether the most striking female form I had ever beheld. Her face was not only pale but deadly pale, and yet her powerful black eyes seemed to have engrossed the whole energy of a soul of uncommon power. Her dress, as indeed every thing in the cottage was perfectly neat and clean; but the dress of this woman, in quality, bespoke coarseness and poverty, whilst in its adjustment and the easy air of the wearer appeared a being in disguise, a cultivated being who had been driven by adverse winds to this remote shelter. While engaged in such common place conversation as rose from our mode of coming together, and while a full grown black man was setting our supper table, and while as far as politeness, perhaps further, would allow, I was examining around me, the lady, for lady she was, had drawn her nestling forth, just such a cherub boy as might be expected as the child of such parents.

"Captain Woolford," at last observed the black servant, pointing to the supper table, and standing with the manner of a well drilled soldier when addressing his officer. A frank welcome came rather from the countenance than from the words of my entertainers, on whose faces, I could perceive an expression of sadness. After supper I was shown into a small shed room and to a bed

partaking of the general appearance of the house. The thin plank door permitted me to hear every word above a whisper, and though unwilling, I was compelled to be a listener to a conversation, which drew sleep from my eye lids, not only whilst it was carried on but for the residue of the night. My Scotch Irishified tone had led the unsuspecting husband and wife, no doubt into the belief that they could talk French in my hearing with impunity. While indeed spending the evening with these interesting people, I found something of foreign in the accents of the wife; I was now to find that she was in reality, though a native of Pennsylvania, a French woman by her mother, and a German by her father.

After my departure for some time, their words, though spoken with great energy, was inaudible, being spoken in tones little above a whisper, but as their minds become excited their voices were raised and assumed a painful earnestness.

"Oh my Caroline, my sweet little Frederic," at last burst from the man, "thy own wretchedness is nothing—but the villain—"

"Cannot forever prosper," replied the wife—"Prosper," interrupted the husband in bitterness, "yes! such is the world, he may prosper and we perish with our infant"—Silence for a few moments followed this denunciation of the moral government of the world, but was broken by the man exclaiming "Caroline do you really think this man received your father's money?"

"As firmly as I believe my own being, and to the amount of at least twenty thousand dollars, and careless as my poor father was in his money affairs I have no doubt but that some written instrument was once in existence—but alas! that fire." Here the hard breathing of the man and the sobs of the woman, were the only sounds I heard from them for several minutes. She first regained her fortitude, and resumed observing—

"As to the claim which is crushing us, it is no doubt a forgery, but heaven will!"

"Yes! heaven has"—interrupted the man, and with this passionate exclamation, his words were again followed by breathing almost convulsive, whilst his more reflecting wife continued in a tone which gradually calmed the husband.

"Oh! James why aggravate our situation by such language—heaven preserved thee on the battle field—open thy noble breast and see that scar, which to my eye—yes! to my heart has always been thy greatest beauty. Heaven gave thee life, reason, and an integrity of soul above all wrong—if my unnatural uncle has robbed us, and if he drives us from this cabin, have we not health, education, and this," pointing no doubt to the face of their sleeping babe.

Never did I hear such an alteration of voice as I now heard from Captain James Woolford as he exclaimed, "God of infinite goodness and mercy forgive me, for thou knowest why I am tired—my own Caroline, my little Fred, my soul, my character, yes my utter contempt of all he can do." There was evidently much of camp religion in Captain Woolford's change of feeling, but with even that mixture, the change was salutary, and tranquilized the wife and mother, with much sweetness added—"Glad indeed would I be to think that my—yes I'll say my wretched uncle, had as good cause to sleep soundly this night as we have." Soon all was silent and peaceful round the rustic dwelling, and I fully believed that the so recently distressed parents were wrapt in as profound forgetfulness of their misfortunes as were their sleeping boy, and my reflections on the mysterious ways of both guilt and innocence were at length interrupted, nor were they resumed until the increasing light of day roused me to a remembrance, that I was still an actor on a theatre where few knew the part they were soon to be compelled to act.

Habituated to early risings as I had been, my soldier host was up before me; and as I issued from the bed room was met by a man, on whose face no despondency appeared—on the contrary the first smile I had seen to unbend his features, beamed on me as he observed, "my friend you are not a prisoner of war but of peace, and cannot be discharged until after breakfast."

"Your commands must be obeyed," Captain Woolford I replied—"such captivity is not very distressing—and if it had the burthen, would have been removed by the entrance of the angel of the scene."

What means I should have adopted to obtain more in-

sight into the peculiar causes of distress so imperfectly revealed the evening before I know not, as plans had been laid in my breast previously to remain in the vicinity some time, and of course, expected to receive what I desired from public gossip. Our meal completed, with such acknowledgements only which such people would receive, I departed.

Still early and in the deep mountain valley the sun's light came only by reflection, and the long shadows of one ridge fell with a solemn and every moment changeable effect on its western neighbour. My path led me under a projecting precipice, rendered more gloomy by a brow of cedars and thick underwood. Glimpses of numerous farms flashed amongst the branches and foliage at intervals, and I was thinking to myself how I should proceed to obtain quarters for a few weeks, when my cogitations were completely interrupted by a figure gliding as if issuing from the bosom of the mountain, and another Rarity stood before me. How long we stood staring at each other I know not. My feelings were those of unutterable surprise. The countenance of the woman, I remember strongly but shall omit the vain attempt at description; there was an expression of mischief and derision. Whether or not she was awaiting me to break silence, I had not sufficient reflection to determine, but with a curl of lip, which might indeed well have suited a witch, she roused me to something like common sense by observing "Mark Bancroft bewitched," and laughed, such a laugh—it was not loud but awful, but as her features regained composure I with a little of embarrassment replied, "good woman would you ought with me?"

"Good woman, alas!" she inwardly murmured, and remaining silent for some time; abstracted, as if some terrible recollection had risen, and as I stood the image of astonishment at the strange encounter with a being who it was evident knew my name, but of whom with every effort of memory I could recall no trace.

"Yes!" at length she replied in great earnestness of manner, "I have sought thee for a purpose which will speak to thy soul. When thou departed yesterday from the door of one of the best men in whose house thou hast ever entered, I followed thee, and saw thee entering the house of mourning, but"—and here again she paused, whilst I remained in mute and really painful suspense to learn to what the scene was to lead.

"I saw thee enter," at length she resumed the mansion of sorrow, and now invite thee to the Witch's cave." Before I could answer she beckoned, and following her round the projecting rocks and by means of the scattered shrubs some distance up the mountain, until our view overtopped the trees of the valley below, and we had reached a shelf from which a most delightful landscape spread far down the mountain vale. Raising her shrivelled right arm and pointing to a very large farm house, observed in a voice which thrilled to my heart.

"Yesterday thou statest at the board of innocence and worth, to day—for why I am bound, but not now to explain, thou must enter the doors of hardened villainy, but"—and her gritted teeth and face displayed a ferocity, I never could have thought was human. The paroxysm was, however, brief, and she resumed.

"Amuse thyself until the sun has commenced a downward course, and then approach, enter and seek refreshment in that house. Thy money will procure what nature demands, observe the master of the house, scan his features, and then think if you have ever before seen such—turn thine eye up the mountain side to the left. Mark that white spot; it is a cabin passed by a path. Follow that path over the mountain top. Then turn your view to the left again and you will see a dark roof—it is the cave of mother Rarity, but enter it not with day light." So saying she whirled round with the rapidity of a bird, while, "fail not" was the last words I heard from her shrivelled and compressed lips as darting round a projection of the rocky ledge, she disappeared.

"Strange! strange!" muttered I to myself "that I should be spell-bound by such a being, but I am, and must know why, and as if compelled by an irresistible power, followed her directions. The day was sultry and close for autumn weather, and fatigued with my rambles something after mid-day, I entered the house so terribly denounced by the mysterious woman. I was indeed met at the threshold by those harbingers of inhospitality, two fierce dogs, which were, however silenced by a man of middle age who advanced, and when the noise of his sen-

inels were hushed, demanded my business in no inviting tone.

"My business," I replied, is to procure a dinner for which I expect to pay"—Umph, was the reply as he waved me in with a sweep of his brawny hand and arm—It is probable had no intimation been given of the man, I should have regarded his physiognomy in a high degree sinister, but influenced as I felt the glance of his dark and deep set eyes excited almost a shudder. He was taciturn and replied to my remarks by monosyllables, and to my few questions still more briefly. But he could not prevent nor suspect the true object of my visit, which in fact, I very faintly surmised myself. My dinner which was coarse being finished and paid for, I departed and as directed, ascended the mountain, ever and anon halting to behold the fine and every moment changing scenery, and ruminating on the singular lodging house I was approaching—but slow as I advanced, the afternoon seemed to lengthen as my curiosity became more intense, and the long shadows of even appeared to linger as if to mock my impatience. Before the sun had sunk behind the western mountains I found myself seated on a rock amid a grove of chestnut saplings above the cottage of the witch. As twilight fell black and heavy, the unbroken silence was awful. A storm would have given relief, but not a leaf moved, not a sound disturbed the fearful pause. As the moments of entering the lone habitation at length came round, I must confess the palace of an emperor would have been approached with less trepidation. But what must be must be, thought I, as a hand cold and hard touched my cheek. Starting to my feet, in the gloom of the now closing night, stood before me a form which could not be mistaken—it was the witch. "Enter and fear not," was her invitation as she turned and led me into the cave, for such in part was her dwelling.

A lamp shedding faint light over bare walls—walls of rough unhewn and unwashed logs. Combined with the circumstances which preceded, there was a chilling horror in the scene. Before me stood the tall form of the recluse, her hollow visage and grey locks bespeaking pain and sorrow. Mute we stood for a few moments, when in a totally changed voice she earnestly exclaimed:

"Lord I thank thee," and turning round flung open a door and to my utter surprise, on a table covered with green cloth stood two elegant silver candlesticks, with two brilliant candles shedding strong light over a white washed room. This room was without regular form as it was partly excavated from the natural rock. A bed stood on one side and clothing covered with dust hung on the walls, as did several picture frames, screened with black gauze, also rendered grey with dust. A large bible and several other books lay on the table. Opposite to the bed stood a book case, which from the workmanship was evidently a relic of a past century, but now appeared as if torn by an electric stroke, standing as if shattered by some explosive force.

"Look around," said the woman, "you are now in a room, no human being but myself has ever before entered. It was formed by Him, who also formed these mountains, and fashioned by these hands;" and she held up her long, bony, slender, embrowned and sinewy arms and hands before my face. I could bear in silence the scene no longer, and with something of irritation, observed, "Woman why all this? for what am I here?"

Her lips quivered but her looks quailed not as she steadfastly returned my fixed look, and replied by repeating, "for what am I here?" Iying energetic emphasis on I; and turning round while her eyes were still fixed on mine, she removed the veil from before one of the pictures. The moment the craze was removed I started back exclaiming with the utmost astonishment, "Sophia Markland." Before me appeared a half length portrait of a too well known face, but a face I had not seen for nearly thirty years; but the fine blue eyes, exquisite teint and expression, the glossy and abundant ringlets, and a thousand painful remembrances, all rushed upon my heart with electric rapidity. My hostess left me a few moments a victim to surprise indescribable, until I again half inwardly murmured, "poor murdered Sophia, where did heaven's vengeance sleep when thy betrayer and destroyer escaped?"

"Heaven's never slept," interrupted the woman, but like the spark which sifted that casket, "pointing to the shattered desk, the stroke may be delayed." She again paused and then continued, "what dost thou suppose

was the final fate of Sophia Markland?" "Drowned in the Susquehanna, alas!" I replied. "In which her corpse was never found," rejoined the woman. "Not that I ever learned!"

"Or could learn," was the rapid interruption, "years of tears, pain, sickness, remorse, and all else, which can render life a punishment, would have been saved to the miserable Sophia, had the water been her friend as supposed. But Mark Bancroft, time presses—we cannot wait to trifle—turn your eyes from the unconscious picture and look on this face." I did turn, and scanned the wrinkled features in vain to surmise why the request. "The ruin is too complete," she at length exclaimed in bitterness, "nought of Sophia Markland," and she sunk into a chair, her head falling between her knees, with convulsive sobs—

A flash of lightning seemed to pass over my mind, and in its glare appeared the spirit of the long lost Sophia. I paced the room for some time at intervals repeating the name, and that of Eltham Heathfield, names too fearfully connected. I was now convinced that the wasted and withered form beside me, was what remained of the once most attractive and beautiful Sophia, but I suffered the storm of regret to spend its force, and then drawing a chair sat down beside the recluse, and in a soothing tone observed, "Sophia, for you are Sophia, remember the days of our youth." My words fell as calm on a wounded heart, and raising her head, she smiled as a sun beam from a summer cloud, and ejaculated—"Oh how delightful twenty-five long years have passed since the human voice has fallen on this heart in kindness."

She rose and passing into the outer room, bathed her feverish head with cool water, returned and sat down with a composure as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, but her eye falling perhaps accidentally, on the representation of what she had been, she started up, replaced the veil and again sat down, and pulling out a drawer of the table, drew forth a bundle of papers, bound with a blue ribbon, laid them between us with the mysterious observation, "heaven's vengeance reposes but sleeps not in that packet," and then continued, "I am now to explain, why we are both here? therefore hear the witch's story.—Fear no listeners. Those who are above the belief of witches, are above the meanness, and those who are not, would expect worse than the vengeance of heaven if they dared come near this cell in stealth."

"The history of my family I need not relate—all that is known to thee as well as to myself—nor need I recall the too much courted Sophia, but it is necessary I should relate circumstances, with which your were, with the world in general, only acquainted by common report. While in Philadelphia and near completing my education, I was accidentally introduced to a young man, whose name, Eltham Heathfield, will be ere long restored to your recollection. At the moment, considered beautiful, and greatly richer than I was in fact, was flattered, followed, envied and hated by most of my female friends, and pursued as prey by some of the other sex. Passions too powerful for reason, but with a heart in which neither affections or its opposite were moderate, it was not in my power to love otherwise than to excess. To most of the young gentlemen of my circle, I was only and merely acquainted by sight to most of them, my feelings at least were those of indifference. To all this, Eltham Heathfield was an exception. Mixing with the first society, his manners were polished—his coldness I then attributed to good sense—but I was to learn a deeper cause. A near relation of the family in which I boarded, Heathfield had unlimited admittance to my company and he profited of the advantage. Few words now are left—I was deeply, purely, and unchangeably as I thought, attached, and in the full confidence of full return was in the warmth of youth, planning how faithfully the duties of wife should be performed. No reason have I now to disguise and in the face of heaven I declare, I do not believe any other woman ever more sincerely looked forward to wedded happiness founded on faithful discharge of the highest obligations. These were dreams—youthful dreams—my guardian spirit slept and I became the slave of a powdered villain. My idol was changed to a demon. The visits of my destroyer were made at lengthening intervals—still, however, though rendered less happy I was unconscious of the gulf opening before me. Seated one evening on a sofa in the common parlor—the sun had set, but the candles not yet lighted, I felt something of undefined dis-

dress, from which I was roused by a well known tread.—The figure glided in and without speaking presented a letter, which in the dim light I could but see, and also in silence, wheeled and in much astonishment I was again alone. "This is a new freak of Eltham," thought I, as ringing for a light, I rose and when the light came went up stairs to my own room. With an anxiety I could not repress or account, for the letter was opened, and with an effort yet to me inscrutable, it was read and thrown on the table. My very soul felt frozen. The whole horrors of my situation lay before me, painted in few words by my murderer—for to all purposes of earthly enjoyment death spread his veil over me from that fatal night,—a night on which no bed was pressed by the ruined Sophia. But every one has their own manner of meeting calamity. Happiness and the man who trampled on my heart were gone together—that heart was bruised, but not crushed—love was there replaced by hatred—undying hatred.—And here she paused and all the demon shook her frame and distorted her truly haggard features—but the storm had a pause and she resumed.

"Over a fallen daughter there was no mother to weep, and wither broken hearted—no sister to share the blight of lost reputation—no brother to pierce or be pierced by the foul betrayer—but there was a father, grey with age, and feeble in health to receive or reject an erring child.—To that father, I was determined to appeal—on earth he was the only hope, and failed me not in the hour of shame and sorrow. To my native home I fled, leaving my city friends to their surmises. On my father's breast I leaned and to his heart was taken, forgiven and consoled, as far as human consolation would soften misery like mine. In the very room where I was born, I became the mother of a son, whom erst I had hoped to bestow on a dotting husband and father.

"Utterly secluded, and seen only by my only parent, and a deaf and dumb servant girl, I nursed my babe, watering his innocent face with my tears. My father you know was a man of uncommon good sense, and I know he was also a man of kindest feeling, and why he sunk not to the grave under so much affliction from the hand of an only daughter, is altogether unaccountable, but he is still living, and with all the world but yourself believes the tale of my suicide in the Susquehanna. In open day my native farm is visible from this den. But I must haste to conclude my story of wretchedness.

"The name of my seducer was never repeated to my father—indeed the only stern command I ever received from him was not to name the monster—a command I had no inclination to disobey. Time passed and my boy began to lisp in our native tongue, when as was his daily custom, my father came in and sitting down began to play with little James, observing "we have a new neighbour, Thomas Milford has sold his farm to a new comer named Eltham Heathfield," and diverted by the child's gambols, the effect on me was unobserved. In fact my heart was frozen to every thing beyond the room, but even ice must yield. The cruelty that had been practised upon me now came home more terribly than ever. No exertion of mind would prevent me from contrasting what I might, what I ought to be as the mistress of the very farm on which you paid for a miserable dinner this day—yes! that sour miser—that suffering wretch, poor in possession of great wealth, is Eltham Heathfield. * * *

"Knowledge of his existing in our vicinity preyed upon me—I became fretful, irritable, and disrespectful to my protector, my father, and only friend. The face of my boy became even hateful—I thought I could trace a likeness which a disordered mind rendered striking. My father noticed, and attributing my altered conduct to sickness, but it was not sickness of body; it was worse; it was sickness of mind. At some moments I was conscious of my true situation, but in solitude, the brain was preyed upon by the horrid phantoms of its own creation."

Here she paused and sat as if listening to some distant voice—but it was the effect of overpowering remembrance, and as I sat the picture of anxious attention, she started and resumed.

"You are now to hear what will require all your confidence to believe possible. As the sun shone through a grated window I awoke, and starting up called to my child which I thought in the bed—no child was there. I then called to my father—the walls answered by echo. I stared around me, every thing was changed. Springing to my feet, I stood petrified and exclaimed, "this must be

a dream," and to convince myself I was not dreaming actually struck the wall with my forehead. I was no longer deceived, but reason would soon again have deserted its post, had not a door opened and a woman, an entire stranger, but with a most benevolent look stood before me. I was motionless with unutterable wonder, as she advanced towards me taking my hand and leading me back to the bed, "am I in the regions of the dead?" I at length demanded.

"Poor sufferer," replied my protector, "you are still amongst the children of mortality—you are on earth—but lie down and be composed." I obeyed and she sat down by me, and in a most mild and tender tone I was comforted.

"My reason was restored—but many days elapsed before I learned that I had been five years in a mad house, in the state of ——— four hundred miles from my home. The first time I beheld myself in a mirror, I started back with horror. I could not have believed that death itself could have made such a change. My hair was now scanty and grey—all the most fearful ravages of age and distress were united. I requested a bible and one was given me. I read, reflected, and found that my intellects were restored, and then requested the presence of the attending physician. He came, and in him I met a gentleman, and man of real science on the subject he was appointed to superintend. In a few conversations he became convinced of my sanity. With the cunning of madness I had concealed my name, and though I made the physician a confident so far as to account for my recent situation, my name, place of birth or any circumstance which could lead to any knowledge of myself or connections, I concealed.

"Dead I am regarded, no doubt, by all who ever knew me," I inwardly reflected, "and dead I am determined to remain—no one can recognise Sophia Markland under this disguise. Tenderly—in reality, too tenderly nurtured, I was very unprepared to labor for a living, but I was determined to labor. Silent, submissive, and regarded as a repentant Magdalen, I found many compassionate hearts. How or by what possible means I had wandered over the space between the insane hospital and my native home, I never can know, as I never can remember; but over the same space I returned as a common female laborer, and still a young woman in years but blasted by misfortune. I re-crossed the Susquehanna, and again beheld my native mountains, perfectly mistress of my mother's language, the German; I assumed the name by which, when I am not known as mother Kariy, I have since passed. Performing the duty of a common servant, Lydia Ashbaugh has remained unsuspected in her own father's house—has attended in sickness and health, her own son, and wept over him bitter tears which fell unseen by mortal eye. In several instances my own tragic story has been related to me or in my hearing, with all its additions of falsity. Some of my clothing was found, according to the tale, on an island near Harrisburg, but my body even report never pretended to have found. Not a living soul out of this room, I sincerely believe, has the most distant suspicion that Lydia Ashbaugh is the ruin of Sophia Markland, and to my grave should the secret have descended, had not recent circumstances opened a scene which compels me to unmask to save my son from the fangs. But let me be cool,"—cool as far as passion could excite heat, she was not—but as before, I let the fire burn, and after another pause she again continued.

"Determined that my child should not, as far as I could prevent it, share his mother's shame and wretchedness, I left frequenting my father's house as James approached to manhood. This ground on which I reside was the property of my mother, and is of course now mine; have actually leased from my own father. First a ridiculous story was raised by ignorance that I was a witch, or worse. I had long ceased to laugh, but I smiled at the notion of supernatural association, and finding it threw an atmosphere of fear around me, I let it pass. The wise laugh and the fools dread, and so let them. The hour is hastening on when my real power will be shown in thunder."

"Amid all my trials and changes, from the moment I received the fatal letter from the hand of Eltham Heathfield, there is one passion which has never abated in my bosom. A voice has always seemed to whisper, "the day will come when you can take vengeance on that man." This voice I have heard in whispers in all hours

of the day and night, in every season of the year; on the return of long suspended reason, it came again and animated me in toil. In search of this, good twenty-five years have I toiled, and am now very soon to reap the fruits, and astonishing as it may sound in your ears, in part by your aid—interrupt me not—you will soon hear and gladly will your aid be granted. But let me return back on time.

"Maria Heathfield, once the sister of an unworthy brother, was much the younger of the two. They were the only children of parents long departed, and to rid himself probably of superintending her education, Maria was sent to an aunt in Philadelphia, where at an age too little advanced to admit much reflection, she fell into company with an emigrant French gentleman, which eventuated in an attachment and marriage. In many respects Maria was fortunate in her connexions. M. Stephen Montault, was a gentleman in the proper meaning of the term. He was tender and affectionate to his wife, and transported with delight when their only child, a daughter, called Caroline, bloomed in sportiveness. Montault was for this country, rich, but remarkably confiding. This quality was cultivated to profit by Heathfield the brother, who in a very few years had contrived to borrow most of his brother-in-law's capital. But matters went smooth on the surface until the declining health and final death of Maria removed the tie between them.

Rendered wretched by the loss of his adored wife and becoming dissatisfied with the conduct of her brother, Montault demanded the return of his money, announcing his intention to remove to New York. Difficulties increased, and from a real friendship on the part of the Frenchman, open enmity succeeded, and legal redress threatened. Things were in this train, when in the dead of night the house of Montault was involved in flames.—The fire I believe was accidental, but his character exposed Heathfield to suspicion. The natural impulse of Montault in the alarm was to save his child, which he effected with great difficulty, and at the expense of his own life, scorched by the flames, a raging fever was the consequence, and from the moment of seeing his child in safety, Stephen Montault never was in a situation to give any direction as to his affairs, and on the sixth day after his last misfortune, was laid beside the remains of his wife.

Now all was changed with this family; Maria was an orphan, at the mercy of her unnatural uncle. He administered on the property, sold in due time the personal effects, and no doubt to blind the world, sent Caroline to Philadelphia, where, whatever was his motive, she received her education. A few things were saved from the fire, and amongst the rest, that desk, which after falling into other hands was sold to me for a trifle—but little indeed did I suspect its value. In that corner it stood many years, while other changes were in the womb of time. I never committed a theft but one, if that was really a theft—I stole my own picture and placed it over the desk, and there have they dust-covered remained, shut from every eye but mine.

While all these events were occurring, my son rose to manhood. The idol of my poor old father, James, received a tolerable education. In a mother's eye he was not only a fine, but an elegant young man, and little did he suppose that the heart of a fond mother beat in the bosom of the menial that took her highest pleasure in washing and arranging his clothing. Mystery indeed hung over his birth, though under the name of James Woolford, start not—Captain James Woolford is my son, and Caroline was once Caroline Montault; but be calm and listen. The last war called to the field many others, and amongst them my noble boy. Oh! how my bosom beat when honored with wounds and high in character, he returned into his native country. The train of circumstances which brought James and Caroline together, you will learn at a future day; suffice it to say that to my delight they became man and wife, but their uncle either felt or pretended to feel great indignation, and whatever was the motive, his enmity was durable and serious. The long minority of Caroline left her uncle undisturbed, and when her husband made demands on her property, they were met by the taunt that they had nothing to receive, but on the contrary a large claim against her father was urged. My son was irritated at what he regarded injustice, and unconscious of their real relationship, personal violence was only prevented by the inter-

ference of others. After the most diligent search, not a trace of a litigation could be found to substantiate the rights of Caroline to her father's property. Involved in lawsuits and persecuted by a haughty relation, this father and mother is now reduced to indigence, and despair; but how will their condition be changed to-morrow?"

Now beamed something of the once beautiful Sophia Markland. She rose to her feet—her eyes shot with a lustre, I could not behold without astonishment; but she checked her transports and again sat down, seizing at the same time the packet which during her harrowing narrative lay on the table. "You see that broken desk," said she, pointing to the ruined piece. "It shall be mended with clasps of silver."

If I was rivetted by any part of the scene I was still more so at what was now placed before me. With great composure Sophia unfolded the papers, and laid them on the table writing downwards—when done, she again addressed me in words not to be forgotten.

"You remember the thunder storm of last week," "well" I replied—"and well do I remember it," she subjoined, "never subject to dread of lightning and thunder, on the contrary, from a child I was rather delighted with the awful display, and on the night I have mentioned, I was sitting in that outer room viewing the flashes and hearing the echoes from mountain to mountain, when I was stunned by an explosion which seemed to burst from the earth and rend her bowels. My desolate dwelling was struck—you see that split beam. From that the shock fell upon the desk, and threw the fragments over the room. A remark I had once heard in Philadelphia now occurred to my mind. "It was that the same place or same object is never, or very rarely, if ever, affected twice by the electricity of the same storm, and that any object or place once touched by an electric shock, is rarely ever again subject to like accident. I therefore now regarded my cabin in safety, and as the storm passed away sought my lone couch, and with the elements was soon at rest."

"The next morning as day strengthened, I saw the effect of the stroke of the bolt. The desk was literally shivered, but those and some other papers arrested my attention, and on examination I found that the back part had contained a secret till or kind of drawer, which burst by the explosion, its contents lay scattered over the floor. After examining some loose fragments of no moment, I picked up the one containing these papers; and now let us glance upon their faces, and learn what they reveal, and here do you know that writing?" saying this she handed me the paper, and what was my astonishment to see a document written in a hand of great neatness and peculiarity, it was that of a teacher, under whose care I had myself learned to write—but of infinitely greater importance was its tenor. It was a duly executed mortgage, for the money lent by Stephen Montault to his brother-in-law, and the other documents in the same packet were bonds and other obligations which had been thus so remarkably preserved.

In mingled joy and astonishment, I read these precious records, handing them over to the exulting mother, who again folding them up very carefully while observing, "on to-morrow a meeting is to take place at Saul Standley's—who is not only justice of the peace, but a peace maker. Eltham Heathfield is to meet his injured son.—He shall have one chance more to recede and do justice. Let him refuse and all shall be revealed.—If, but I need not hope, his day is come, and my son and his wife and child shall be restored to their rights. You can attest to this hand writing come what will. Be at Standley's and before mid-day to-morrow."

The reader need not be told that I was at Standley's at the time appointed, and found by the manner of the old squire that I was expected. I was first on the ground but had not long to wait. Captain James Woolford was next. His noble countenance was care worn, and I could or thought I could see despair and anxiety contending, and dreaded the consequence on his mind of the revelation I knew was to be made. My lips were, however, sealed. The last words of Sophia Markland, to me on parting, were "let Heathfield do justice, and then what has passed must forever remain unknown to the world."

The distressed Woolford was too much occupied with his forebodings of evil to speak much, and I for a different reason was also silent, but watched with increasing anxiety the path over the field where I knew the witch

would approach. Her figure at length appeared, and when at some distance Woolford observed her, and exclaimed "Good God is that woman to be here?"

I could not refrain from observing, "that woman will do you no harm." Woolford regarded me in silent displeasure, and conscious of my own imprudence, I felt too awkward to give excuse, nor really had I time, as Sophia entered, and to the surprise of the family, well and neatly dressed, and was quickly followed by Heathfield.

"What a meeting between a father and son," said I, mentally. A scowl of the most repulsive kind sat on the face of the father, and to the friendly greeting of the old magistrate he scarcely deigned to grumble a reply, and without sitting down, very roughly demanded, "what is the particular object of troubling me to come here, squire?" and without allowing the squire to explain, went on, "I was not obliged to come, nor have I much time to wait."

Every eye in the room was fixed on him, but there was one of intense scrutiny, and which as he closed his rude address to the magistrate drew his full attentions, as the question met his ear. "Eltham Heathfield, do you intend to do justice to your brother's child?" He evidently shrunk from the speaker, but attempted to conceal his feelings by turning to the squire and asking in a loud tone, "What has this hag to do with my affairs?" This to him fatal expression sealed his fate. Sophia had entered the house with her portrait carefully wrapped up, and as the insulting term hag fell from Heathfield, she laid the frame on a table as she rose. Her form always commanding, seemed to gain supernatural height. "Hag," she repeated as Heathfield quailed under her dreadful glance, "and are you prepared to learn who made me a hag?—Do you dare to look on that face?" and she unwrapped her portrait and set it before him. The very heart's blood of the man seemed frozen—his face assumed a hue incomparably more appalling than death. Every joint shook, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth—not so Sophia, who with an expression of ineffable disdain again repeated "hag—yes! in madness, in sickness, in shame and in poverty, and even in want have I been for long and bitter years a hag, the scorn of the base and an object of pity to the good—long have I awaited this hour and now I hurl back on the head of my betrayer, the obloquy he has heaped on mine—once more Heathfield, are you ready to do justice to your brother's daughter?" What answer the crushed and confounded wretch would have made can never be known, as while his lips quivered, she was too much excited to wait and in a voice of still more dreadful import added, "No! under any circumstance can you do justice, but justice shall be done on you—behold that man and she pointed to Woolford, who with us all stood without power of words or motion, awaiting the termination of a scene in which so many developments seemed to rise as from the grave.

"Do you examine that face carefully, while I prepare something more for your comfort." The faces indeed of the father and son, for very different reasons were indeed steadfastly fixed on each other, as Sophia laying down her portrait, opened the packet, handing one paper after another to the old and astonished magistrate, and then again addressing Heathfield, observed, "A few fleeting moments and you might have retired to your home, and so would I have done to mine, and went to the grave unrevenged—for as the hour approached I shrunk from revealing to that injured man who was his father. But—but—I could not see him and his wife and child robbed. Behold your son and mine!"

In a moment the mother and son were in each others arms. The father heard no more—he fell writhing in agony, and—but let me draw a veil over the residue of this scene.

* * * * *

In a few days after the funeral of the uncle, Maria Woolford, for his mother and grandfather would not hear of his assuming the name of Heathfield, and her husband therefore was by her made master of the ample fortune of his father. The mother removed and resided with them, but remained secluded. With very great caution her existence was made known to her aged father, who in a few years breathed his last breath upon her bosom. In memory of their many vicissitudes and in the calm enjoyments of the goods of the earth, this family lives in tranquility and peace. The very name of Heathfield is a forbidden sound in their dwelling.

MARK BANCROFT.

MOONLIGHT.

The moon hath risen o'er the silent height
Of the blue vaulted heavens, and each star
Is faintly glimmering in its silver light,
That dimly shows the mountains' tops afar,
And lights the fleecy clouds, that form its car,
But not obscure its brightness, while around
The spell of silence hangs o'er earth and air,
And not a rude, intruding voice or sound,
Falls on the air, or mars the solitude profound.

O Nature! thou art lovely at this hour,
Whilst thou art sleeping 'neath this placid ray,
Thy charms are in their plenitude of power;
And tho' the bounding heart may beat more gay,
To view the opening of the joyous day,
There is a softer feeling rises now,
Tho' not unmix'd with sadness—and the play
Of vivid fancy's bright creative glow,
Gives place to higher thoughts—and nobler feelings flow.

Bright orb, thou art most lovely! who could gaze
With coldness or with carelessness at thee!
Or view the earth illumined by thy rays,
Nor feel the spirit for a moment free
From all terrestrial feelings—can it be,
That in thy bosom parted spirits dwell?
It may be fancy's whisper, but to me
It sounds scarce strangely, tho' my heart may swell
To think thou art the home of joy unspeakable.

This is but wild imagination's flight!
Yet a soft witchery is in thy beam,
That sheds its influence o'er the gloom of night,
And wraps my soul within its magic beam.
Till heaven and earth are mingled, and I seem
With airy beings of the land of thought,
To hold high converse, till I almost deem
They are indeed with life and being fraught,
And not in fancy's wild creative visions wrought.

Now come the gathering thoughts of other days,
And all the scenes that by-past hours have known;
And fancy sheds her reminiscent rays
Around the hopes and pleasures that have flown—
And gives again to being every tone,
That once was wont to wake our bosoms' swell,
When heard from lips of friends, that round us shone
Like lovely planets—till the parting knell
Gave token we should bid the last, the sad farewell!

This is the hour for silent thought, for sleep
And pure devotion—while thy placid ray
Keeps watch above the world, that rests in sleep—
When all the bustle and the glare of day,
And all unquiet thoughts have pass'd away—
Like sinking storms from Ocean's troubled breast,
When evening sunbeams o'er its waters play,
And all the raging of the winds suppress,
The waves in heavings soft, sink into quiet rest!

GERTRUDE.

FROM SCHILLER.

Deep in the earth the golden seed is laid,
And spring shall yield young bud and waving blade,
In Time's fast-closing furrow what shall bloom?
Burst the dull earth, and spring from thy forgotten tomb?

"O, papa!" said a little girl the other day, "why won't you buy me one of those Highland shawls?" "I mean to buy one for a horse blanket," said he. "Well, I don't care," said the little girl, "the horse may wear it nights, but I'll have it to wear day times."

From the Amulet for 1836.

THE DROWNED FISHERMAN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Duncannon Fort, along that portion of the coast which contracts into the Waterford river, there are a number of scattered cottages standing either singly or in small clusters along a wild and picturesque sea-shore—more wild, perhaps, than beautiful, although the infinite number of creeks, and bays, and overhanging rocks, vary the prospect at every hundred yards; and I know nothing more delightful than to row during a long summer evening, from the time when the sun abates his fierceness until the moon has fairly risen upon the waters, nothing more delightful than to row—now in, now out, now under the hanging rocks, now close upon the silver-sanded bays, where thousands of many coloured shells form the most beautiful Mosaic beneath the transparent waters. So deep is the tranquillity of land and sea during those happy hours, that travellers would find it difficult to believe they were really floating beneath the shadow of the Irish coast; that the lovely village of Templemore smiling on the brink of the Waterford river, was inhabited by the "savage cut-throats," which it is the delight of a peculiar party to denominate the suffering peasantry of a land who for centuries have "laughed and laboured" upon worse food and worse treatment, than we in rich and happy England, bestow upon our dogs—oh, it makes my heart ache, and my blood boil, when I think of what I have seen, and contrast it with what I hear; when I remember that whether priest-ridden or law-ridden, the heads of either party have been fanatics or worse—but what have I to do with this? I love the green turf of my native country, I laugh at its follies, I weep over its sorrows and grieve for its crimes; ah! a woman's smiles and a woman's tears are alike useless—but what have you, gentle reader to do with that? I have never entered upon, and do not wish to enter upon, any subject that trenches on the political grievances of Ireland; I can only pray—which I do with all my heart and soul!—that times may mend, and speedily. I have endeavoured to win the suffrages of my dear English friends for the virtues and domestic privations of my humble countrywomen; and I have endeavoured to show to Irish people how their besetting sins of carelessness and inconsiderateness might be corrected—corrected without much trouble, and with great advantage to themselves; as far as Ireland is concerned I have no ambition beyond what I have stated, and having so said, I will tell my story:

"And what 'ud ail the boat but to do? Sure she's done, ay, and done a dale for us, this ten years; and as to the hole, Jemmy 'il plug his hat into it, or stick in a piece of sail cloth, and what 'ud ail her then, but sail God bless her!—like a swan or a curlew, as she always does!"

"Dermot—Dermot, darling! listen to me for one't!"

"Faith," replied Dermot to his better half, Kate Browne, while his keen blue eye twinkled with that mixture of wit and humour so truly Irish, "Faith, my dear, I'll accommodate you in any way I can, for I'll listen to you one't for three speakings—come, out with it, and don't stand twisting your face that was one't so purty as to win the heart and hand of the handsomest man in the parish, and that is—myself, Dermot Browne at your service, Mistress Kate Browne, madam! Don't keep lengthening your face to the length of a herring-net, but out with it!—out with it!—at one't!"

"Dermot, I've got the box of tools quite convenient; I brought it with me to the shore, and the last time I was in Waterford, I bought all sortings of nails, large and small; and there's plenty of board in the

shed—and Dermot, mend the hole, and God bless you!—sure its the sore heart I'd have when you'd be on the wather, to think that any harm would happen you—it won't take you any thing like an hour —"

"An hour! God bless the woman, why a body would think you had never been a fisherman's wife! An hour would turn the tide—and the luck!—an hour! Why, the herrings out yonder would miss my company if I waited; and all for what? To go to the trouble of nailing a bit o' board on a mite of a hole, when it will be just as easy to stop it with a hat!"

"But not as safe, Dermot?"

"Be asy with your safety! You're always touching on that;—ay, will it, and as safe too; haven't I done it before?—Why turn up every one of the boats along the shore, and I'll bet you the cod I mean to catch against a branyan that there isn't as sound a boat as my own on the sands; doesn't Harrison's go without a rudder?—doesn't Michan's go without a mast—barring a gag of a gate-post that he pulled out of Lavery's field? I'm sure Michael Murphy's craft is bang full of drowsy holes like a riddle; and a good noggin he won on that, for he betted Lanty Moore that at the present time the keel of his boat had more holes in it than Lanty's English sieve which he had winnowing corn; and sure enough he won; for the holes in the sieve were all stopped up with the dirt! Lend a hand, old girl, and help me and the boy to shove her off!" He continued appealing to his wife, "What!—you won't? Why thin, Kate agna, what ails ye?—I've been your true and faithful husband next Candle-mass will be seventeen years, and you never refused me a hand's turn before!" Still Kate Browne moved not; and her husband, using, with his eldest son, considerable exertion to push off the boat, became annoyed at her obstinacy.

Kate saw, but, contrary to her usual habit, heeded not. She stood, with folded arms and tearful eyes, surveying the proceedings, without possessing the power of putting a stop to preparations, of the termination of which she had a fearful presentiment.

"Why, thin, look at your mother, Benje!" exclaimed Browne to his son, "sure she's enough to set a man mad, and her's the help that's as good as five—she has such a knowledge of setting every thing straight. Kate!" he exclaimed to his wife:—

"Let her alone, father dear," interrupted the boy, "let her alone, and don't vex her more, don't ye see there's a tear in her eye?"

"And how can I help that?" expostulated the father, looking kindly towards his wife at the same time; "them women are ever so hard to manage, and manage as ye will, ye can't find 'em out;—there's the sun shining above her head, the waters dancing and capering, like jewels at her feet, the herrings crying 'Come, and catch me,' and Benje, between you and I, as handsome a husband, and as fine, ay, and for the matter of that, as good a boy for a son as woman's heart could wish, and yet the tears are in her eyes, and the corners of her mouth drawn as far down as if she did nothing but sup sorrow all her life." Benjamin, the fisher's only child, made no reply; and, after a moment's pause, his father looked at him and said, "Why boy, you look as much cast down as your mother—stay on shore and good luck to you!"

"No, father, that I won't! I'll not put more to the trouble she's in, by letting you go by yourself; I wish from my heart the boat was mended, if it would make her easy."

"Don't bother about the boat, boy," replied Browne, "I never meddle or make with her house, or land business; hasn't she got a back door for the cabin?—a sty for the poor pig!—a chaney dish for the pratees, and a white table-cloth for saints-day and bonfire nights?—can't she stay at home and mind them, and

let me and the cobble alone?" Benjamin loved the wild and careless spirit of his father better than the prudence and forethought of his mother; yet did he not forget that the very arrangements and luxuries to which his father alluded were solely the effects of her care and industry.

"Won't you say, God speed me, Kate?" inquired the fisherman as he pushed off his dangerous craft with a broken ear. "Won't you say, God speed me and the boy?" The women clasped her hands suddenly and fervently together, and dropping on her knees without moving from the spot on which she had been standing, uttered a few earnest words of supplication for their safety. Benjamin sprang on the shingles, and raising his mother affectionately in his arms, whispered—

"Keep a good heart, we will be back with such bounding fish, before morning, any how; and mother darling, if you see Statia Byrne, here is the neckerchief she promised to hem for me; tell her not to forget her promise." The kisses Mrs. Browne bestowed on her son were mingled with tears. She watched the boat until it had dwindled to a small speck on the horizon. As she turned to ascend the cliff, she saw the round laughing face of Statia Byrne peer from behind a rock, and withdraw itself instantly on being perceived. She called to her; and after a little time Statia came blushing, and smiling, and lingering by the way to pluck every sprig of samphire, every root of seapink, that grew within her reach.

"I just came down to gather a few bits of herbs for the granny's cures, and a few shells to keep the childre asy," said Statia—pulling her sea-pinks to pieces at the same time.

"And what does the granny cure with these?" inquired Mrs. Browne.

"Sorra a know I know," replied the girl, blushing still more deeply.

"Maybe," continued Mrs. Browne, gravely, "may be Stacy honey, there's a charm in them like the yarrow you put under your pillow last Holy-eve night?"

"Ah, thin, Mistress Browne, ma'am let me alone about the yarrow—sure it was only out of innocent mirth I did it, and no harm; and, any way, I've no belief in such things at all, at all."

"And why do you disbelieve them?" inquired the fisherman's wife. Statia made no reply. "I can tell you," she continued; "because though you neither spoke nor laughed that blessed night, my poor girl, after you placed the yarrow under your pillow—still you did not dream of Benje Browne. Stacy, Stacy, I mind the time myself when, if a spell worked contrary, I'd disbelieve it directly—its only human natur, darling."

Statia Byrne flung her handful of sea-pinks upon the shingles, and passed the back of her hand across her eyes, for they were filled with tears.

"You have thrown away the granny's pinks," said Kate, pointing to the flowers that the sea-breeze was scattering far and wide.

"Ah, thin, let me alone Mistress Browne dear!" exclaimed the girl. "And good bye, for the present, ma'am; I'm sure the child'll be woke before this, and mother is carding wool, so she'll want me now."

"Good bye, Statia—but stop child; Benje desired me to put you in mind, that you promised to hem the neckerchief for him; and tell your mother, jewel, that if she'll let you come down to my cabin to-night, when the *grawls* are all in bed, I'll be for ever obliged to her; Browne and the boy are out to sea, and there's something over me that I don't care to be quite alone this blessed night: so come down, a lannan, and then you can hem the neckerchief—before morning."

"I will, I will," said the maiden, with whom smiles had already taken the place of tears, for she loved Mrs.

Browne's cottage almost better than her own; "I will and I've learnt a new song; oh, I shall be so happy!" and she danced up the cliffs with all the light gaiety of fifteen!

The fisherman's wife, set her house in order and then commenced mending her husband's nets. It would have been evident to any observer, that her mind was ill at ease, for instead of pursuing her occupation with her usual steadiness, she frequently suffered the hard meshes to drop from her bony fingers, and the wooden needle to lie idle on her lap. She would rise and peer from her small window, or more frequently still from the open door, into the heavens, but there was no cause for disquiet in their aspect—the moon was in her full, calm glory; and the stars bright, glittering, and countless, waited round her throne as handmaids silently attending upon their mistress. She could see the reflection of the moonbeams on the far-way waters—but her ear, practised as it was, could hardly catch the murmur of the ocean, so profound was its repose; and yet Kate continued restless and feverish. Benjamin was her only surviving child—although five others had called her mother—and, indeed, while he was absent from her, she felt that undefined, but perfectly natural, dread which steals over a sensitive mind for the welfare of a beloved object, whenever the one is separated from the other.

It was a great relief to her spirits when she heard the light foot of Statia Byrne on her threshold, and she felt new-sprung hope within her heart when she looked into the bright eyes and observed the full smile of the joyous girl.

"They're all a-bed, and the baby went off to sleep without an *hushon*! and mother says, as your all alone by yourself, I might stay with you all night, Mrs. Browne, and so I will, if you please—and I've brought my needle; and—I'll hem the handkerchief, if you please—and then, maybe—maybe you'd show me how you mend nets—I should so like to mend Mister Browne's herring net; he gave mother (God bless him!) as many herrings last year as lasted all Lent!—I'm sure we can never forget it to him."

"Pray for him then, Stacy—pray on your bended knees—for Dermot and Benjamin Browne this night."

"Why so I will," rejoined the girl—astonished at the woman's earnestness of manner—"but the night is fine, the sky is blue, the waters clear as chrysal; they've been out many a night, when the winds do be blowing the waves into the sky, and I've wondered to see you heart-easy about them—what, then, ails you to night?"

"God knows!" replied Kate Browne, with a heavy sigh, "I think I'll go over my *bades* a bit; ough Stacy, darling, it's a fine thing to have the religion to turn to when our heart turns against every thing else." Kate sprinkled herself with holy water out of a small chalice, and knelt down, with a "decket" of beads in her hands, to "say her prayers; almost unwittingly, she repeated them aloud, but they had, in a degree, lost their soothing power, and she mingled the anxieties of earth with her petitions, not to heaven but to its inhabitants; her "mingled yarn" ran thus:—

"Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us,—Statia, open the door, agra, and listen, myself thinks the wind's rising—now, and in the hour!—the cat! avourneen, don't you see the cat at the herring-tub, bad luck to that cat!—now, and in the hour of death!" There was a long pause, and she continued murmuring her petitions, and speaking aloud her anxieties, while Statia went on hemming the handkerchief; at last she looked up at her young companion and inquired, "Where did I leave off, my darling, was it at 'Virgin most powerful,' or at 'Queen of Confessors'?"

"I did not hear," replied the industrious maiden.

"Hear what?" exclaimed Kate Browne, starting off her knees.

"Lord defend us, you startle the very life out of me!" ejaculated the girl, devoutly crossing herself.

"But what did you hear, Stacy?"

"Nothing. I told you I did not hear where you left off."

"Ough! ay, ay!" exclaimed Mrs. Browne, "God forgive me, I am a poor sinful thing; quite full of sin; I must give up the prayers for to-night, I can't steady my heart to them, good nor bad; there! finish your work and we'll go to bed, jewel—it is, as you say, a beautiful night, thanks be to God for his mercies! and I ought to have more faith."

Long did they both remain awake during that calm moonlight; the fisherman's wife muttering prayers and fears, and raising her eyes to the little window which opened at the foot of her bed, and from which, as she lay, she could catch a view of the distant sea—at last she fell off into a deep, deep sleep. But Statia, though free from all anxiety as to the fate of the absent, could not close her eyes—poor girl! her young imagination had passed a gulf of years, and she was thinking, that perhaps she might be to the young fisher what Kate was to the old; and she thought how good he was—and how handsome; and how happy she should be to mend his nets, and watch the return of his boat from the highest cliff that "toppled o'er the deep." The grey morning was stealing on the night, yet still Kate slept—and still Statia Byrne continued with her eyes fixed on the window, creating—not castles but—nets, and boats, and cottages in the air; when, suddenly, before the window stood Benjamin Browne—she had not seen his shadow pass—she had heard no step—no voice—no sound; nor did she see a figure, but there was his face almost pressed to the glass—his long uncurled hair hung down either cheek—and his eyes were fixed on her with a cold, unmoving, rayless gaze—she endeavoured to sit up—she felt suddenly paralyzed—she could not move—she tried to speak, to call Mrs. Browne who still slept heavily, heavier than before—she could make no sound—still her lover gazed—gazed on. And what occurred to her (for she afterwards declared, she never for a moment, was deprived of consciousness) as most strange was, that though the room within was dark, and his head obscured the window, still she could see his features (to use her own expressive phrase) "Clear like wax;" while as he gazed, their beautiful form assumed the long, pale hue of death—by a sudden effort she closed her eyes, but only for a brief, brief moment. When she re-opened them, he was gone—and she only looked upon the grey mingling of sea and sky; trembling and terror-stricken she at last succeeded in awakening her companion. Mrs. Browne heard her story with apparent calmness, and putting her lips close to the ear of the fainting girl, whispered—"HE IS DEAD!"

It was long, long before Statia recovered from her swoon, for when she did the morning sun was shining on her face—and she was alone, quite alone in the fisherman's cottage; at first, she thought she had fearfully dreamed but the realities around her recalled her to herself; she flew to the same cliff where, the evening before, unconscious of the strong affection which bound her almost childish heart to her young lover, she had watched his departure; and looking down on the beach, her painful vision was truly realized—Dermot Browne was leading his wife from a group of persons who were bearing the corpse of the young fisherman to the shore; in the distance could be seen the keel of the doomed boat floating upwards, while crowds of sea-birds overhead, screamed the youth's funeral dirge!

It might be about two months after this occurrence—which plunged the warm-hearted people of the neighbouring villages into deep sorrow—that Kate Browne

visited the cottage of Statia Browne; it was the first time the bereaved mother had entered any cottage, save her own, since "her trouble." As soon as Statia saw her, she flung herself upon her neck and sobbed as if her heart would break; the fisherman's wife held her from her, and parting her hair from off her brow, said,

"Sorrow has worked with you, and left his mark upon your face, avourneen; and though my darlint, you did not dreme of *him that's gone* last Holy-eye, you've dreamed of him often since."

The poor girl wept still more bitterly.

"You must have been very dear, very dear entirely to him," continued Kate Browne, "for his blessed spirit found it harder quitting you than his own mother, who nursed him a baby at her breast; but whist, darlint, don't I love you better for that now? Sure every thing—let alone every one that he regarded—that his regard only rested on, is more to me than silver or gold, or the wealth of the whole world! Didn't the bright eyes of his spirit look from the heavens on you my jewel? And what I'm come here for, Mistress Byrne, ma'am, is, that as you have so many childre, (and God keep them to you!) maybe you'd spare Statia to bind my heart from breaking, and let her bide entirely with us—we have prosperity enough, for when the Lord takes one thing away, why he gives another—blessed be his holy name! And sure, since the boy's gone, nothing can equal Dermot's industry and carefulness, stopping every hole in every fisherman's boat—when he's ashore the hammer and nails is never out of his hand. Let her be to me as my own child, Mistress Byrne, and you'll have a consolation that will never leave you, no! not on your death-bed. Sure you'll see her every day the sun rises—let her bide with me, for I am very desolate!"

The mother, as she looked around upon seven rosy, healthy children, felt, that indeed her neighbour was desolate, and in a voice hoarse with emotion, she said, "Statia may go, and take our blessing with her if she likes!"

Many little voices wept aloud in that cottage, although they knew they should see their sister daily; but the maiden was firm in her resolve, and that night greeted, as a father, the father of him whom her young heart had loved with an entireness of affection which the heart can know but once.

Statia is now long past the age of girlhood, and it is pleasant to see how perfectly her simple life is an illustration of the pathetic exclamation of the Jewish damsel "Thy people, shall be my people, and thy God my God!" She manages admirably between her "two mothers," as she calls them, so that the one may not be jealous of the other; but though she has had many suitors for her hand, she has never forgotten—the drowned fisherman!

The Barrel-Organ Nuisance.—We overheard the following conversation a few days ago between two professors of the barrel organ:

"I say, Bill, ow is it as you always gets so much more nor me, ven your organ isn't worth so much as mine by five shillin' and you plays nothing but old Robin Gray, and the Duke of York's March, and God save the King, and the Undred-and-Fourth-Psalms, and sich like, vile I flares up with the Unters'-Chorus, and Ome sweet Ome, and Bonnets o' Blue, and lots o' good 'uns?"

"Vy, I'll tell you 'ow' it be; you see ven I goes to ire a horgan, I gets von as bad out o' ehune as I can, vile you does nothing but luk hout for a good un. So nobody takes no notice on you; but ven I begins to flare up with mine, the gemmen hops the vindy, and chucks me sixpence to go away."

PROVERBS IN POLITE ENGLISH.

There are occasions on which it is difficult to get through a sentence, either, in writing or conversation, but by the aid of that old-fashioned vulgarism, a proverb. The most profound thinker will be sometimes at a loss for an expression exactly adapted for the conveyance of an obstinate idea; the most accomplished and elegant writer will occasionally find the finest and choicest phraseology unsuited to his purpose. Let them paint an inch thick, to a plain bare proverb they must come. We can even imagine Coleridge coming to a pause in his full, deep, conversational chaunt—suddenly down-wheeling, like a falcon, from the realm of imagination wherein he had traced the infinite forms of loveliness, and embodied in discourse all that is most exquisite in ideal beauty—and, descending plump upon a commonplace maxim, and by acknowledging that "beauty" after all is but "skin deep." We can imagine Mr. Bulwer, whose pen is as a Prospero's wand, which Pucks and Ariels are proud to obey, discovering in a masterly essay upon human character and the influence of education and example, the inaptitude of loftier language than that in which his closing admission might be expressed—that "what is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh."

But it must be owned that the homeliness and bad taste of many of these venerable conveniences preclude them very often from polite use. They are rough diamonds, and require polishing before they can be set with effect in a shining composition. We have just accidentally discovered, that this very desirable polish has been communicated to many of the choicest of our proverbs, by the fair hand of the author of "Brother Tragedians." Miss Isabel Hill is the lapidary of our proverbial literature. In a stray number of a departed periodical, we recently met with a string of proverbs translated into polite language, and they are so admirably rendered, with so much originality and humour, that we eagerly extract some specimens of them, in the conviction that they are still "as good as new"—for they cannot have been seen by many eyes in the obscurity of their original publication. Miss Hill says:—

"I differ from the million as to vulgarity of using old sayings: some of them are truly expressive and significant; it is only to the homeliness of their style that I object. My refined friend Leonine has indifferently reformed this." The following are among the specimens of Leonine's success in transmuting lead into gold.

"Coined metal impels the feminine horse.
It is painful to be in attendance for the pumps of departed individuals.

"Do not exclaim vociferously till you have passed beyond the forest.
No longer perform on the flageolet, no longer gallopade.

"Loveliness lies not beneath the superficies of the exterior cuticle.

"Let every man pursue the bent of his own genius, as the elderly matron observed while saluting her vaccine favorite.

"An equestrian mendicant will journey towards the realms of his Satanic Majesty.

"Too great a number of culinary assistants may impair the flavour of the consommé.

"An obese affliction is preferable to an emaciated one.

"Apply not the oleaginous product of Dairies to the incisors of your hunter.

"A pebble, in a state of circumvolution, acquires not the lichens of mural vegetation.

"Royalty may be contemplated with impunity, even by feline quadrupeds.

"Feathered bipeds of similar plumage will live gregariously.

"To that which the retina does not receive, the pericardium remains insensible.

"Why should the smaller domestic utensils accuse the larger of nigritude.

"A greater volume of aqueous fluid passes the machine for pulverizing wheat than its proprietor is aware of.

"Do not adopt a vehicular conveyance till you can afford anti-attrition.

"The taciturn female of the porcine genus imbibes the richest nutriment.

"The capital of the Papal states was not constructed in a diurnal revolution of the globe.

"Experienced warblers are rarely made prisoners by the husks of grain.

"An abrupt inclination of the head is equivalent to a sudden closing of the eye, to a racer laboring under a catact.

"One proper deviation from the straight line merits a similar event.

"By the same process that you heat kneaded dough, you amalgamate malt and hops.

"By the same method in which you formed your couch, so you may recline on it.

"A vacant tenement is superior to a vicious inhabitant.

"It is a sage infant who is intimately acquainted with his own paternal relative.

"The Internal Being is not so sable as limners have represented him.

"No ablution will convert an African into an Albinos.

"Inferior falcons will not extract the visual organs of their kind.

"He who treats the misfortunes of others as themes for risibility, may have that cackinnation transferred to the opposite side of his facial muscles.

"Elongated articles of table equipage are required by those who take *petit soupers* with the author of evil.

"In the absence of the miniature tiger, the muscular race will become festive.

"Do not calculate the number of your juvenile poultry before the process of incubation be completed.

"It is more pleasing to arrive at the termination of a banquet, than at the commencement of a journey."

But Miss Hill's ingenious friend Leonine deals sometimes "more cunningly" with us, and translates the most ill-favoured proverb into exceedingly delicious puzzles:—thus—

"That indispensable to gastronomy on which the smoke acts, will, if excellent, make an equally perfect quarter of a pint.

"Give some men a small island, and they will take a liquid letter.

"Wherever there is a testament there is a path.

"The artful person shall be captivated in his own Geneva.

"One fleecy animal cutaneously infected, will spread contagion through the coarser kind of mill-puff."

Are not all these vulgarities rendered into amenities of the most delicate and insinuating character? What a Reform of the Proverbs is here effected!—It is as though a Robin Roughhead should be changed by the touch of a subtle magician into a Lord Foppington. The fair Leonine has rendered us a lasting service.

The most fastidious of our readers, who might not like to remark that "Rome was not built in a day," can henceforth feel no hesitation in observing, that

"The capital of the Papal states was not constructed in a diurnal revolution of the globe;" nor can the most refined, though naturally shrinking from the indelicacy of the original, "it is ill waiting for dead men's shoes," detect the least tincture of coarseness in allusion to the pain of being "in attendance for the pumps of departed individuals."

[From the Token for 1836.]

CONSTANCE ALLERTON,

OR, THE MOURNING SUITS.

A Story of Domestic Life—By Miss Leslie.

But I have that within which passeth show.—Shakspeare.

Mr. Allerton, a merchant of Philadelphia, had for some years been doing business to considerable advantage, when a sudden check was put to his prosperity by the unexpected failure of a house, for which he had endorsed to a very large amount. There was no alternative but to surrender every thing to his creditors; and this he did literally and conscientiously. He brought down his mind to his circumstances; and as, at that juncture, the precarious state of the times did not authorise any hope of success if he recommenced business (as he might have done) upon borrowed capital, and gladly availed himself of a vacant clerkship in one of the principal banks of the city. His salary, however, would have been scarcely adequate to the support of his family had he not added something to his little stipend, by employing his leisure hours in keeping the books of a merchant. He removed with his wife and children to a small house in a remote part of the city; and they would, with all his exertions, have been obliged to live in the constant exercise of the most painful economy, had it not been for the aid they derived from his sister Constance Allerton. Since the death of her parents, this young lady had resided at New Bedford with her maternal aunt, Mrs. Ilford, a quakeress, who left her a legacy of ten thousand dollars.

After the demise of her aunt, Miss Allerton took lodgings at a private house in New Bedford; but on hearing of her brother's misfortunes, she wrote to know if it would be agreeable to him and to his family, for her to remove to Philadelphia, and to live with them—supposing that the sum she would pay for her accommodations, might, in their present difficulties, prove a welcome addition to their income. This proposal was joyfully acceded to, as Constance was much beloved by every member of her brother's family, and had kept up a continual interest with them by frequent letters, and by an annual visit of a few weeks to Philadelphia.

At this period Constance Allerton had just completed her twenty-third year. She had a beautiful face, a fine and graceful figure, and a highly cultivated mind. With warm feelings and deep sensibility, she possessed much energy of character—a qualification which, when called forth by circumstances, is often found to be as useful in woman as in a man. Affectionate, generous, and totally devoid of all selfish considerations, Constance had nothing so much at heart as the comfort and happiness of her brother's family; and to become an inmate of their house was as gratifying to her as it was to them. She furnished her own apartment, and shared it with little Louisa, the youngest of her three nieces, a lovely child about ten years old. She insisted on paying the quarter bills of her nephew Frederick Allerton, and volunteered to complete the education of his sisters, who were delighted to receive their daily lessons from an instructress so kind, so sensible, and so competent. Exclusive of these arrangements, she bestowed on them many little presents, which were always well-timed and judiciously selected; though, to enable her to purchase these gifts, she was obliged, with her limited income of six hundred dollars, to deny herself many gratifications, and indeed conveniences, to which she had hitherto been accustomed, and the want of which she now passed over with a cheerfulness and delicacy, that was duly appreciated by the objects of her kindness.

In this manner the family had been living about a twelvemonth, when Mr. Allerton was suddenly attacked by a violent and dangerous illness, which was soon accompanied by delirium; and in a few days it brought him to the brink of the grave.

His disease baffled the skill of an excellent physician; and the unremitting cares of his wife and sister could only effect a slight alleviation of his sufferings. He expired on the fifth day, without recovering his senses, and totally unconscious of the presence of the heart-struck mourners, that were weeping round his bed.

When Mr. Allerton's last breath had departed, his wife

was conveyed from the room in a fainting fit. Constance endeavored to repress her own feelings, till she had rendered the necessary assistance to Mrs. Allerton, and till she had somewhat calmed the agony of the children.—She then retired to her own apartment, and gave a vent to a burst of grief, such as can only be felt by those in whose minds and hearts there is a union of sense and sensibility. With the weak and frivolous, sorrow is rarely either acute or lasting.

The immortal soul of Mr. Allerton had departed from its earthly tenement, and it was now necessary to think of the painful details that belonged to the disposal of his inanimate corpse. As soon as Constance could command sufficient courage to allow her mind to dwell on this subject, she went down to send a servant for Mr. Denman (an old friend of the family,) whom she knew Mrs. Allerton would wish to take charge of the funeral. At the foot of the stairs she met the physician, who, by her pale cheeks, and by the tears that streamed from her eyes, at sight of him, saw that all was over. He pressed her hand in sympathy; and perceiving that she was unable to answer his questions, he bowed and left the house.

In a short time Mr. Denman arrived; and Mrs. Allerton declaring herself incompetent to the task, Constance saw the gentleman, and requested him to make every necessary arrangement for a plain and respectable funeral.

At such times, how every little circumstance seems to add a new pang to the agonized feelings of the bereaved family. The closing of the window-shutters, the arrival of the woman whose gloomy business it is to prepare the corpse for interment, the undertaker coming to take measure for the coffin, the removal of the bedding on which the deceased has expired, the gliding step, the half-whispered directions—all these sad indications that death is in the house, fall not, however quietly and carefully managed, to reach the ears and hearts of the afflicted relatives, assisted by the intuitive knowledge of what is so well understood to be passing at these melancholy moments.

In the evening, after Louisa had cried herself to sleep, Constance repaired to the apartment of her sister-in-law, whom about an hour before she had left exhausted and passive. Mrs. Allerton was extended on the bed, pale and silent; her daughters Isabella and Helen were in tears beside her; and Frederick had retired to his room.

In the fauteuil, near the head of the bed, sat Mrs. Bladen, who, in the days of her prosperity, had been the next door neighbor of the Allerton family, and who still continued to favor them with frequent visits. She was one of those busy people, who seem almost to verify the justly censured maxims of Rochefoucault, that in the misfortunes of our best friends there is always something which is pleasing to us.

True it was, that Mrs. Bladen being a woman of great leisure, and of a disposition extremely officious, devoted most of her time and attention to the concerns of others—and any circumstances that prevented her associates from acting immediately for themselves, of course threw open a wider field for her interference.

"And now, my dear friends," said Mrs. Bladen, squeezing Mrs. Allerton's hand, and looking at Constance, who seated herself in an opposite chair, "as the funeral is to take place on Thursday, you know there is no time to be lost. What have you fixed on respecting your mourning? I will cheerfully attend to it for you, and bespeak every thing necessary."

At the words "funeral" and "mourning," tears pushed again from the eyes of the distressed family; and neither Mrs. Allerton, nor Constance could command themselves sufficiently to reply.

"Come, my dear creatures," continued Mrs. Bladen, "you must really make an effort to compose yourselves." "Just try to be calm for a few minutes, till we have settled this business. Tell me what I shall order for you.—However, there is but one rule on these occasions—crape and bombazine, and every thing of the best. Nothing, you know, is more disreputable than mean mourning."

"I fear then," replied Mrs. Allerton, "that our mourning attire must be mean enough. The situation in which we are left, will not allow us to go to any unnecessary expense in that, or in any thing else. We had but little to live upon—we could lay by nothing. We have nothing before-hand: we did not—we could not apprehend that this dreadful event was so near. And you know that his

salary—that Mr. Allerton's salary, of course, expires with him."

"So I suppose, my dear friend," answered Mrs. Bladen; "but you know you must have mourning—and as the funeral takes place so soon, there will be little enough time to order it, and have it made."

"We will borrow dresses to wear at the —, to wear on Thursday," said Mrs. Allerton.

"And of whom will you borrow?"

"I do not know. I have not yet thought."

"The Liscom family are in black," observed Isabella; "no doubt they would lend us dresses."

"Oh! none of their things will fit you at all," exclaimed Mrs. Bladen. "None of the Liscoms have the least resemblance to any of you, either in height or figure. You would look perfectly ridiculous in their things."

"Then there are Mrs. Patterson and her daughters," said Helen.

"The Pattersons," replied Mrs. Bladen, "are just going to leave off black, and nothing that they have looks either new or fresh. You know how soon black becomes rusty. You certainly would feel very much mortified, if you had to make a shabby appearance at Mr. Allerton's funeral. Besides, nobody now wears borrowed mourning—it can always be detected in a moment. No—with a little exertion—and I repeat that I am willing to do all in my power—there is time enough to provide the whole family with genteel and proper mourning suits. And so you must get them at last, it is certainly much better to have them at first, so as to appear handsomely at the funeral."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Allerton, sighing, "at such a time, what consequence can we possibly attach to our external appearance? How can we for a moment think of it?"

"To be sure, my dear friend," said Mrs. Bladen, "you have had a very severe loss—very severe indeed. It is really quite irreparable; and I can sincerely sympathize in your feelings. Certainly every body ought to feel on these occasions; but you know it is impossible to devote every moment between this and the funeral to tears and sobs. One cannot be crying all the time—nobody ever does. And, as to the mourning, that is, of course, indispensable, and a thing that must be."

Mrs. Allerton wept bitterly. "Indeed! indeed!" said she, "I cannot discuss it now."

"And if it be not settled to night," resumed Mrs. Bladen, "there will be hardly time to-morrow to talk it over, and get the things, and send to the mantua-maker's and milliner's. You had better get it off your mind at once. Suppose you leave it entirely to me. I attended to all the mourning for the Liscoms, and the Weldons, and the Nortons. It is a business I am quite used to. I pique myself on being rather clever at it."

"I will then trust to your judgment," replied Mrs. Allerton, anxious to get rid of the subject, and of the light frivolous prattle of her so-called distant dear friend. "Be kind enough to undertake it, and procure for us whatever you think suitable—only let it not be too expensive."

"As to that," answered Mrs. Bladen, "crape is crape, and bombazine is bombazine; and as every body likes to have these articles of good quality, nothing otherwise is now imported for mourning. With regard to Frederick's black suit, Mr. Watson will send to take his measure, and there will be no further difficulty about it. Let me see—there must be bombazine for five dresses; that is, for yourself, three daughters, and Miss Allerton."

"Not for me," said Constance, taking her handkerchief from her eyes. "I shall not get bombazine."

"My dear creature!" cried Mrs. Bladen; "not get a bombazine! You astonish me! What else can you possibly have? Black gingham or black chintz is only fit for wrappers; and black silk is no mourning at all."

"I shall wear no mourning," replied Constance with a deep sigh.

"Not wear mourning!" ejaculated Mrs. Bladen. "What! no mourning at all! Not wear mourning for your own brother! Now you do indeed surprise me."

Mrs. Allerton and her daughters were also surprised; and they withdrew their handkerchiefs from their eyes, and gazed on Constance, as if scarcely believing that they had understood her rightly.

"I have considered it well," resumed Miss Allerton; "and I have come to a conclusion, to make no change in my dress. In short, to wear no mourning, even for my

brother—well as I have loved him, and deeply as I feel his loss."

"This is very strange," said Mrs. Allerton. "Excuse me, Miss Constance," said Mrs. Bladen, "but have you no respect for his memory? He was certainly an excellent man."

"Respect for his memory!" exclaimed Constance, bursting into tears. "Yes! I indeed respect his memory! And were he still living, there is nothing on earth I would not cheerfully do for him, if I thought it would contribute to his happiness or comfort. But he is now in a land where all the forms and ceremonies of this world are of no avail; and where every thing that speaks to the senses only, must appear like the mimic trappings of a theatre. With him all is now awful reality. To the decaying inhabitant of the narrow and gloomy grave, or to the disembodied spirit that has ascended to its Father in heaven, of what consequence is the color that distinguishes the dress of those whose mourning is deep in the heart! What to him is the livery that fashion has assigned to grief, when he knows how intense is the feeling itself, in the sorrowing bosoms of the family, that loved him so well?"

"All this is very true," remarked Mrs. Bladen, "but still, custom is every thing, or fashion as you are pleased to call it. You know, you are not a quaker; and therefore I do not see how you can possibly venture to go without mourning on such an occasion as this. Surely you would not set the usages of the world at defiance."

"I would not," replied Constance, "in things of minor importance; but on this subject I believe I can be firm."

"Of course," said Mrs. Bladen, "you will not go to the funeral without mourning."

"I cannot go to the funeral at all," answered Constance.

"Not go to the funeral!" exclaimed Mrs. Allerton. "Dear Constance, you amaze me!"

"I hope," observed Mrs. Bladen, looking very serious, "there can be no reason to doubt Miss Allerton's affection for her brother?"

"Oh! no! no! no!" cried the two girls indignantly. "If you had only seen," said Isabella, "how she nursed my dear father in his illness—how she was with him day and night."

"And how much she always loved him," said Helen. "My dear kind sister," said Mrs. Allerton, taking the hand of Constance, "I hope I shall never again see you distressed by such an intimation."

Mrs. Bladen, reddened, looked down, and attentively examined the embroidered corners of her pocket handkerchief. There was a silence of a few moments; till Constance, making an effort to speak with composure, proceeded to explain herself.

"My brother," said she, "has finished his mortal existence. No human power, no human love, can aid him or soothe him now; and we will endeavor to submit with resignation to the will of Omnipotence. I hope—I trust we shall be able to do so; but the shock is yet too recent, and we cannot at once subdue the feelings of nature. It is dreadful to see the lifeless remains of one we have long and dearly loved, removed from our sight for ever, and consigned to the darkness and loneliness of the grave. For my part, on this sad occasion, I feel an utter repugnance to the idea of becoming an object of curiosity to the spectators that gaze from the windows, and to the vulgar and noisy crowd that assembles about a burying ground, when an interment is to take place. I cannot expose my tears, my deep affliction, to the comments of the multitude; and I cannot have my feelings outraged by, perhaps, overhearing their coarse remarks. I may be too fastidious—I may be wrong; but to be present at the funeral of my brother is an effort I cannot resolve to make. And, moreover—"

Here her voice for a few moments became inarticulate, and her sister and nieces sobbed audibly.

"And then," she continued, "I cannot stand beside that open grave—I cannot see the coffin land into it, and the earth thrown upon the lid till it is covered up for ever. I cannot—indeed I cannot. In the seclusion of my own apartment, I shall, of course, know that all this is going on, and I shall suffer most acutely; but there will be no strangers to witness my sufferings. It is a dreadful custom, that of females attending the funerals of their nearest relatives. I wish it were abolished throughout our country, as it is in many parts of Europe."

"But you know," said Mrs. Bladen, "that it is almost universal in Philadelphia; and, when we are in Rome we must do as Rome does." Besides which, it is certainly our duty always to see our friends and relatives laid in the grave."

"Not when we are assured," replied Constance, "that the melancholy office can be properly performed without our presence or assistance. Duty requires of us no sacrifice by which neither the living nor the dead can be benefited. But I have said enough; and I cannot be present at my brother's funeral."

She then rose and left the room, unable any longer to sustain a conversation so painful to her.

"Well, I am really astonished!" exclaimed Mrs. Bladen. "Not wearing mourning for her brother! Not go to his funeral! However, I suppose she thinks she has a right to do as she pleases. But, she may depend on it, people will talk."

Just then a servant came to inform Mrs. Bladen that her husband was waiting for her in the parlor.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Allerton," said she, as she rose to depart, "we have not yet settled about the mourning. Of course, you are not going to adopt Miss Constance's strange whim of wearing none at all."

"What she has said on the subject appears to me very just," replied Mrs. Allerton.

"Aunt Constance is always right," remarked one of the girls.

"As to Miss Allerton," resumed Mrs. Bladen, "she is well known to be independent in every sense of the word; and therefore she may do as she pleases, though she may rest assured that people will talk."

"What people?" asked Mrs. Allerton.

"Every body—all the world."

Mrs. Allerton thought how very circumscribed was the world in which she and her family had lived since the date of their fallen fortunes.

"It is well known," pursued Mrs. Bladen, "that Miss Constance is able to wear mourning if she choose it. But you may rely on it, Mrs. Allerton, that if you and your children do not appear in black, people will be ill-natured enough to say that it is, because you cannot afford it. Excuse my plainness."

"They will say rightly, then," replied Mrs. Allerton, with a sigh. "We certainly cannot afford it."

"How you talk!" said Mrs. Bladen. "Afford it or not, every body has to wear mourning, and every body does, from the highest down to the lowest. Even my washer-woman put all her family (that is, herself and her six children) into black when her husband died; notwithstanding that he was no great loss—for he was an idle, drunken Irishman, and beat them all around every day of his life. And my cook, a colored woman, whose grandfather died in the almshouse a few weeks ago, has as handsome a suit of mourning as any lady need desire to wear."

"May I request," said Mrs. Allerton, "that you will spare me on this subject to night. Indeed, I can neither think nor talk about it."

"Well, then," replied Mrs. Bladen, kissing her, "I will hope to find you better in the morning. I shall be with you immediately after breakfast."

She then took her leave; and Constance, who had been weeping over the corpse of Mr. Allerton, now returned to the apartment of her sister-in-law.

Released from the importunities of Mrs. Bladen, our heroine now mildly and sensibly reasoned with the family on the great inconvenience, and, as she believed, the unnecessary expense of furnishing themselves with suits of mourning in their present circumstances. The season was late in the autumn, and they had recently supplied themselves with their winter-outfit, all of which would now be rendered useless if black must be substituted. Her arguments had so much effect, that Mrs. Allerton, with the concurrence of her daughters, very nearly promised to give up all intention of making a general change in their dress. But they found it harder than they had supposed, to free themselves from the trammels of custom.

Mrs. Allerton and Constance passed a sleepless night, and the children "awoke to weep" at an early hour in the morning. They all met in tears at the breakfast table. Little was eaten, and the table was scarcely cleared, when Mrs. Bladen came in, followed by two shop boys, one carrying two rolls of bombazine, and the other

two boxes of Italian crape. Constance had just left the room.

After the first salutations were over, Mrs. Bladen informed Mrs. Allerton that she had breakfasted an hour earlier than usual, that she might allow herself time to go out, and transact the business of the morning.

"My dear friend," said she, "Mrs. Doubleprice has sent you, at my request, two pieces of bombazine, that you may choose for yourself. One is more of a jet black than the other—but I think the blue black rather the finest. However, they are both of superb quality, and this season jet black is rather the most fashionable. I have been to Miss Facings the mantua-maker, who is famous for mourning. Bombazines, when made up by her, have an air and a style about them, such as you will never see if done by any one else. There is nothing more difficult than to make up mourning as it ought to be. I have appointed Miss Facings to meet me here—I wonder she has not yet arrived—she can tell you how much is necessary for the four dresses. If Miss Allerton finally concludes to be like other people and put on black, I suppose she will attend to it herself. These very sensible young ladies are beyond my comprehension."

"I am sure," said Ellen, "no one is more easy to understand than my dear Aunt Constance."

"And here," continued Mrs. Bladen, "is the double-width crape for the veils. As it is of very superior quality, you had best have it to trim the dresses, and for the neck handkerchiefs, and to border the black cloth shawls that you will have to get."

We must remark to our readers that at the period of our story, it was customary to trim mourning dresses with a very broad fold of crape, reaching nearly from the feet to the knees.

Mrs. Allerton on hearing the prices of the crape and bombazine declared them too expensive.

"But only look at this quality," persisted Mrs. Bladen, "and you know the best things are always the cheapest in the end—and, as I told you, nobody now wears economical mourning."

"We had best wear none of any description," said Mrs. Allerton.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Bladen, "I see that Miss Constance has been trying again to make a convert of you. Yet as you are not quakers, I know not how you will be able to shew your faces in the world, if you do not put on black. Excuse me, but innovations on established customs ought only to be attempted by people of note—by persons so far up in society that they may feel at liberty to do any out-of-the-way thing with impunity."

"I wish, indeed," said Mrs. Allerton, "that some of these influential persons would be so public-spirited as to set the example of dispensing with all customs that bear hard on people in narrow circumstances."

The mantua-maker now made her appearance, and Mrs. Bladen exclaimed, "Oh! Miss Facings, we have been waiting for you to tell us exactly how much of every thing we are to get."

A long and earnest discussion now took place between Mrs. Bladen and the mantua maker, respecting the quality and quantity of the bombazine and crape.

Miss Facings having calculated the number of yards, Mrs. Bladen enquired if there was no yard measure in the house. One was produced, and the measuring commenced forthwith; Mrs. Allerton having no longer energy to offer any further opposition. She sat with her handkerchief to her face, and her daughters wept also. Mrs. Bladen stepped up to her, and whispered "You are aware that it will not be necessary to pay the bills immediately."

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Allerton, "I know not when they can be paid. But we will strain every nerve to do it as soon as possible. I cannot bear the idea of remaining in debt for this mourning."

Their business being accomplished, the shop boys departed, and Miss Facings made her preparations for cutting out the dresses, taking an opportunity of assuring the weeping girls that nothing was more becoming to the figure than black bombazine, and that every body looked their best in a new suit of mourning.

At this juncture, Constance returned to the room, and was extremely sorry to find that the fear of singularity, and the officious perseverance of Mrs. Bladen, had superseded the better sense of her sister-in-law. But as the evil was now past remedy, our heroine, according to her usual

practice, refrained from any further animadversions on the subject.

Little Louisa, was now brought in to be fitted, and when her frock was cut out, Constance offered to make it herself, on hearing Miss Facings declare that she would be obliged to keep her girls up all night to complete the dresses by the appointed time, as they had already more work in the house than they could possibly accomplish.

Mrs. Allerton expressed great unwillingness to allowing her sister-in-law to take the trouble of making Louisa's dress. But Constance whispered to her that she had always found occupation to be one of the best medicines for an afflicted mind, and that it would in some degree prevent her thoughts from dwelling incessantly on the same melancholy subject. Taking Louisa with her, she retired to her own apartment, and the frock was completed by next day: though the overflowing eyes of poor Constance frequently obliged her to lay down her sewing. In reality, her chief motive in proposing to make the dress, was to save the expense of having it done by the mantua-maker.

Miss Facings took Mrs. Allerton's gown home with her, saying she would send one of her girls for the two others; and Mrs. Bladen then began to plan the bonnets and shawls. She went off to a fashionable milliner, and engaged a mourning bonnet and four mourning caps for Mrs. Allerton, and a bonnet for each of her daughters. And she was going back and forwards nearly all day with specimens of black cloth for the shawls, black stockings, black gloves, &c.

The girls, at their aunt's suggestion, hemmed the crape veils, and on the following morning, she assisted them in making and trimming the shawls. Still, Constance was well convinced that the expense of the mourning (including the suit bespoken for Frederick) would be greater than they could possibly afford. The cost of the funeral she intended to defray from her own funds, and she took occasion to request Mr. Denman to have nothing about it that should be unnecessarily expensive.

The hour arrived when the sorrowing family of Mr. Allerton were to be parted forever from all that remained of the husband, the father, and the brother. They had taken the last look of his fixed and lifeless features; they had imprinted the last kiss on his cold and pallid lips; and from the chamber of death, they had to adjourn to the incongruous task of attiring themselves in their mourning habits to appear at his funeral. How bitterly they wept as their friends assisted them in putting on their new dresses; and when they tied on their bonnets and their long veils, to follow to his grave the object of their fondest affection.

Constance, with an almost breaking heart sat in her chamber, and little Louisa hung crying on her shoulder, declaring that she could not see her dear father buried. But Mrs. Bladen came in, protesting that all the children must be present, and that people would talk if even the youngest child was to stay away. Mrs. Bladen then put on Louisa's mourning dress almost by force. When this was done, the little girl threw her arms round the neck of her aunt and kissed her, saying with a burst of tears, "When I see you again, my dear, dear father will be covered up in his grave." Mrs. Bladen then led, or rather dragged the child to the room in which the family were assembled.

Constance threw herself on her bed in a paroxysm of grief. She heard the slow tread of the company as they came in, and she fancied that she could distinguish the sound of the lid as it was laid on the coffin, and the screws that closed it forever. She knew when it was carried down stairs, and she listened in sympathetic agony to the sobs of the family as they descended after it. She heard the shutting of the hearse-door, and the gloomy vehicle slowly rolling off to give place to the carriages of the mourners. She started up, and casting her eyes towards an opening in the window-curtain, she saw Mr. Denman supping in the first coach the tottering steps of her half-fainting sister-in-law. She looked no longer, but sunk back on the bed and hid her face on the pillow. By all that she suffered when indulging her grief alone and in the retirement of her chamber, she felt how dreadful it would have been to her, had she accompanied the corpse of her brother to its final resting-place.

In about an hour the family returned, pale, exhausted, and worn out with the intensity of their feelings at the grave. And they could well have dispensed with the company of Mrs. Bladen who came home and passed the

evening with them; as she foolishly said that people in affliction ought not to be left to themselves.

After some days, the violence of their grief settled into melancholy sadness: they ceased to speak of him whom they had loved and lost, and they felt as if they could never talk of him again.

The unfortunate family of Mr. Allerton now began to consider what they should do for their support. Constance was willing to share with them her little income even to the last farthing, but it was too small to enable them all to live on it with comfort. Great indeed are the sufferings, the unacknowledged and unimagined sufferings of that class who "cannot dig and to beg are ashamed"—whose children have been nursed in the lap of affluence, and who "every night have slept with soft content about their heads"—who still retain a vivid recollection of happier times, and who still feel that they themselves are the same, though all is changed around them.

Such was the condition of the Allerton family. "The world was all before them where to choose," and so low were now their finances, that it was necessary they should think and act promptly, and decide at once upon some plan for their subsistence. Constance proposed a school, but the house they now occupied was in too remote a place to expect any success. A lady had already attempted establishing a seminary in the immediate neighborhood, but it had proved an entire failure. Mrs. Allerton thought that in a better part of the town, and in a larger house, they might have a fair chance of encouragement. But they were now destitute of the means of defraying the expense of a removal, and of purchasing such articles of furniture as would be indispensably necessary in a more commodious dwelling; particularly if fitted up as a school.

Frederick Allerton, who was twelve years old, had just completed his last quarter at the excellent academy in which he had been a pupil from early childhood, and it was now found necessary, after paying the bill, to take him away; as the present situation of the family did not seem to warrant them in continuing him there any longer. He was, however, very forward in all his acquirements, having an excellent capacity, and being extremely diligent. Still it was hard that so promising a boy should be obliged to stop short, when in a fair way of becoming an extraordinary proficient in the principal branches appertaining to what is considered an excellent education. Fortunately, however, a place was obtained for him in a highly respectable book store.

There was now a general retrenchment in the expenditure of the Allerton family. One of their servants was discharged, as they could no longer afford to keep two—and they were obliged to endure many privations which were but ill compensated by the idea that they were wearing very genteel mourning. Again, as they had begun with black, it was necessary to go through with it.—They could not wear their bombazines continually, and as black gingham and chintzes are always spoiled by washing, it was thought better that their common dresses should be of Canton crape, an article that though very durable, is at first of no trifling cost.

In the mean time their only resource seemed to be that of literally supporting themselves by the work of their hands. Constance undertook the painful task of going round among their acquaintances, and announcing their readiness to undertake any sort of needle work that was offered them. Nobody had any work to put out just then. Some promised not to forget them when they had. Others said they were already suited with seamstresses. At this time the Ladies' Depository was not in existence; that excellent establishment, where the feelings of the industrious indigent who have seen better days are so delicately spared by the secrecy with which its operations are conducted.

At length a piece of linen was sent to the Allerton family for the purpose of being made up by them into shirts.—And so great was their joy at the prospect of getting a little money, that it almost absorbed the painful feelings with which for the first time they employed their needles in really working for their living.

They all sewed assiduously, little Louisa doing the easiest parts. The linen was soon made up, and they then obtained another piece, and afterwards some muslin-work. Constance, who was one of the most indefatigable of women, found time occasionally to copy music, and correct proof-sheets, and to many other things by which she was

able to add a little more to the general fund. For a short time, her not appearing in black excited much conversation among the acquaintances of the family; but these discussions soon subsided, and after a while nothing more was said or thought on the subject.

But to pay for the mourning of Mrs. Allerton, and her children was a necessity that pressed heavily on them all, and they dreaded the sound of the doorbell lest it should be followed by the presentation of the bills. The bills, came, and were found to be considerably larger than was anticipated. Yet they were paid in the course of the winter, though with much difficulty, and at the expense of much comfort. The unfortunate Allertons rose early and sat up late, kept scanty fires, and a very humble table, and rarely went out of the house, except to church, or to take a little air and exercise at the close of the afternoon.

Most of their friends dropped off, and the few that seemed disposed to continue their acquaintance with people whose extreme indigence was no secret, were so thoughtless as to make their visits in the morning, a time which is never convenient to families that cannot afford to be idle. Mrs. Bladen, who though frivolous and inconsiderate was really a good-natured woman, came frequently to see them; and another of their visitors was Mrs. Craycroft, whose chief incentive was curiosity to see how the Allertons were going on, and a love of dictation which induced her frequently to favor them with what she considered salutary counsel. Mrs. Craycroft was a hard, cold, heartless woman, who by dint of the closest economy had helped her husband to amass a large fortune, and they now had every sort of luxury at their command. The Craycrofts as well as the Bladens had formerly been neighbours of Mrs. Allerton.

Mrs. Bladen and Mrs. Craycroft happened to meet one morning in Mrs. Allerton's little sitting room. Mrs. Craycroft came in last, and Mrs. Bladen after stopping for a few minutes, pursued her discourse with her usual volubility. It was on the subject of Mrs. Allerton and her daughters getting new pelisses, or coats as they are more commonly called in Philadelphia.

"I can assure you," said she, "now that the weather has become so cold, people talk about your going to church in those three-cornered cloth shawls, which you know are only single, and were merely intended for autumn and spring. They did very well when you first got them, for the weather was then mild, but the season is now too far advanced to wear shawls of any sort. You know every body gets their new coats by Christmas, and it is now after New Year's."

"We would be very glad to have coats," replied Mrs. Allerton, "but they are too expensive."

"Not so very," answered Mrs. Bladen. "To be sure, fine black cloth or cassimere is the most fashionable for mourning coats. But many very genteel people wear black levantine or black mode trimmed with crape. Hand-some silk coats would scarcely cost above twenty or twenty-five dollars a piece."

"We cannot afford them," said Mrs. Allerton. "We must only refrain from going out when the weather is very cold. I acknowledge that our shawls are not sufficiently warm."

"Did you not get new olive-colored silk coats, just before Mr. Allerton died?" enquired Mrs. Craycroft.

The abrupt mention of a name which they had long since found it almost impossible to utter brought tears into the eyes of the whole family. There was a general silence, and Mrs. Bladen rose to depart, saying, "I would recommend to you to get the coats as soon as possible, or the winter will be over without them. And I can assure you, as a friend, that people do make their remarks. I am going into Second street; shall I look among the best stores for some black levantine? or would you rather have mode? But I had best bring you patterns of both: and shall I call on Mrs. Facings and bespeak her to make the coats for you?"

"We thank you much," replied Mrs. Allerton, "but we will not give you the trouble either to look for the silk, or to engage the mantua-maker. We must for this winter dispense with new coats."

Mrs. Bladen then took her leave, saying, "well, do as you please, but people think it very strange that you should be still wearing your shawls, now, that the cold weather has set in."

Constance was glad that Mrs. Bladen had not in this in-

stance carried her point. But she grieved to think that her sister and nieces could not have the comfort of wearing their coats because the olive colour did not comport with their mourning bonnets. For herself, as she had made no attempt at mourning, Constance had no scruple as to appearing in hers.

When Mrs. Bladen was gone, Mrs. Craycroft spoke again, and said, "I wonder how people can be so inconsiderate! But Mrs. Bladen never could see things in their proper light. She ought to be ashamed of giving you such advice. Now, I would recommend to you to have your olive silk coats ripped apart, and died black, and then you can make them up again yourselves. You know if you were not in mourning, you might wear them as they are; but as you have begun with black, I suppose it would never do to be seen in the coloured things also."

"I believe," replied Mrs. Allerton, "there is generally much trouble in getting articles dyed—at least in this city, and that they are frequently spoiled in the process."

"Your informants," said Mrs. Craycroft, "must have been peculiarly unlucky in their dyers. I can recommend you to Mr. Copperas, who does things beautifully, so that they look quite as good as new. He dyes for Mrs. Narrowskirt and for Mrs. Dinky. I advise you by all means to send your coats to him. And no doubt you have many other things, now lying by as useless, that would be serviceable if dyed black."

"I believe I will take your advice," answered Mrs. Allerton.

Mrs. Craycroft then proceeded:—"Situated as you are, Mrs. Allerton, I need not say how much it behooves you to economize in every thing you possibly can; now for instance, I would suggest to you all to drink rye coffee. And then as to tea, if you must have tea of an evening, I know a place where you can get it as low as half a dollar a pound—to be sure it is only hyson-skin. In your family a pound of tea ought to go a great way, for now, of course, you do not make it strong. And then, I would advise you all to accustom yourselves to brown sugar in your tea; it is nothing when you are used to it. Of course you always take it in your coffee. And there is a baker not far off, that makes large loaves of rye and Indian mixed. You will find it much cheaper than wheat. Of course you are not so extravagant as to eat fresh bread—

And as to the butter, if you cannot dispense with it altogether, I would suggest that you should use the potted butter from grocery stores. Some of it is excellent. I suppose that, of course, you have entirely given up all kinds of deserts, but if you should wish for any thing of the kind on Sundays, or after a cold dinner, you will find plain boiled rice, sweetened with a very little molasses, almost as good as a pudding. No doubt the children will like it quite as well. You know, I suppose, that if you defer going to market till near twelve o'clock you will always get things much cheaper than if you go in the early part of the day; as towards noon the market people are impatient to get home, and in their hurry to be off, will sell for almost nothing whatever they may chance to have left. In buying wood, let me recommend to you always to get it as green as possible. To be sure green wood does not always make so good a fire as that which is dry, neither does it kindle so well; but then the slower it burns, the longer it lasts, and it is therefore the cheapest. And always get gum back-logs, for they scarcely burn at all. I see you still keep your black woman Lucy. Now you will find it much better to dismiss her, and take a bound girl about twelve or thirteen. Then you know you would have no wages to pay, and your daughters, of course, would not mind helping her with the work."

During this harangue, the colour came into Mrs. Allerton's face, and she was about to answer in a manner that shewed how acutely she was wounded by the unfeeling impertinence of the speaker; but glancing at Constance she saw something in her countenance that resembled a smile, and perceived that she seemed rather amused than angry. Therefore Mrs. Allerton suppressed her resentment, and made no reply.

When Mrs. Craycroft had departed, the mother and daughters warmly deprecated her rudeness and insolence; but Constance, being by nature very susceptible of the ridiculous, was much more inclined to laugh and succeeded in inducing her sister and the girls to regard it in the same light that she did.

"After all," said Mrs. Allerton, "I think we will take Mrs. Craycroft's advice about the dying. The olive

coats may thus be turned to very good account, and so may several other things that we cannot now make use of because of their colour. It is true that we can ill afford even the expense of dyeing them, but still we are really very much in want of such coats as we can wear in mourning."

Next day the olive pelisses, which were very pretty, and extremely well made, were carefully ripped apart, and the silk was conveyed to the dyer's, together with a small scarlet Canton crape shawl of Mrs. Allerton's, which she thought would be convenient in cold weather to wear over her shoulders when at home. The material of the dismembered coats was rolled up in as small a compass as possible, wrapped in papers, and carried one afternoon by Isabella and Helen. Mr. Copperas informed them that he only dyed on Thursdays, and as this was Friday afternoon, they had come a day too late to have the things done that week. Therefore the articles could not be put into the dye before next Thursday, and then it would be another week before they could be dressed.—Dressing, in the dyer's phraseology, means stiffening and ironing, and very frequently ironing only.

This delay was extremely inconvenient, as Mrs. Allerton and her daughters were absolutely very much in need of the coats; yet there was no remedy but patience. At the appointed time, two of the girls went to bring home the silk, but were told by a small, featured, mild-spoken quaker woman, employed to attend the customers, that "the things were dyed but not yet dressed."

"Will they be finished by to-morrow afternoon?" asked Isabella.

"I rather think they will not."

"By Saturday then?"

"It's likely they will."

On Saturday the girls went again. Still, the articles, though dyed, were not yet dressed; but they were promised for Tuesday—if nothing happened to prevent.

Every few days, for near a fortnight, some of the Allerton family repaired to the dyer's (and it was a very long walk), but without any success—the things, though always dyed, were never dressed. And when they expressed their disappointment, the quaker woman regularly told them, "these knows I did not say positive. We should never be too certain of any thing."

Finally the silk was acknowledged to be dressed, and it was produced, and paid for; but the crape shawl was missing. A search was made for it, but in vain; still the woman assured them that it could not be lost, as nothing ever was lost in James Copperas's house, adding, "I partly promise thee, that if I live, I will find it for thee by to-morrow."

Next day, when she had done sewing, little Louisa went again for the shawl. The woman now confessed that she had not been able to find it, and said to Louisa, "I think child I would not advise thee to trouble thyself to come after it again. It seems a pity to wear out thy shoes too much. One should not be too certain of anything in this life, and therefore I am not free to say that thy shawl is lost; but it seems to me likely that it will never be found."

"My mother will be sorry," said Louisa, "for she really wants the shawl, and I will regret to lose it."

The little girl then turned to depart, and had reached the front door when the women called her back saying,

"But thee'll pay for the dyeing?" [Fict.]

"What?" exclaimed Louisa, after you have lost the shawl!"

"But I can assure thee it *was* dyed," replied the woman. "It actually *was* dyed, I can speak positive to that, and we cannot afford to lose the dyeing."

Louisa, child as she was, had acuteness enough to perceive the intended imposition, and without making an answer, she slipped out of the door: tho' the woman caught her by the skirt, and attempted to stop her, repeating, "But we can't afford to lose the dyeing."

Louisa, however, disengaged herself from her grasp, and ran down the street for some distance, as fast as possible—afraid to look back lest the quaker woman should be coming after her for the money she had brought to pay for the shawl, and which she took care to hold tightly in her hand.

In attempting to make up the coats, it was found impossible to put the different pieces together to the same advantage as before. Also, the silk did not look well, being dyed of a dull brownish black, and stiffened to the consistence of paper. The skirts and sleeves had shrunk

much in the dyeing, and the pieces that composed the bodies had been ravelled, frayed and pulled so crooked in dressing, that they had lost nearly all shape. It was impossible to make up the deficiencies by matching the silk with new, as none was to be found that bore sufficient resemblance to it. "Ah!" thought Constance, "how well those coats looked when in their original state. The shade of olive was so beautiful, the silk so soft and glossy, and they fitted so perfectly well!"

When put together under all these disadvantages, the coats looked so badly that the girls were at first unwilling to wear them, except in extreme cold weather—particularly as in coming out of church they overheard whispers among the ladies in the crowd, of "That's a dyed silk!"—

"Any one may see that those coats have been dyed."

They trimmed them with crape, in hopes of making them look better; but the crape wore out almost immediately, and in fact it had to be taken off before the final close of the cold weather.

Spring came at last, and the Allerton family having struggled through a melancholy and comfortless winter, had taken a larger house in a better part of the town, and made arrangements for commencing their school, in which Constance was to be chief instructress. Isabella and Helen, whose ages were sixteen and fourteen, were to assist in teaching some branches, but to continue receiving lessons in others. Louisa was to be one of the pupils.

About a fortnight before their intended removal to their new residence, one afternoon when none of the family were at home, except Constance, she was surprised by the visit of a friend from New Bedford, a young gentleman who had been absent three years on a whaling voyage, in a ship in which he had the chief interest, his father being owner of several vessels in that line.

Edmund Lessingham was an admirer of ladies generally; but during his long voyage he found by his thinking incessantly of Constance, and not at all of any other female, that he was undoubtedly in love with her: a fact which he had not suspected till the last point of Massachusetts faded from his view. He resolved to improve his intimacy with our heroine, should he find her still at liberty, on his return to New Bedford; and if he perceived a probability of success, to make her at once an offer of his hand. When Lessingham came home, he was much disappointed to hear that Constance had been living for more than a twelvemonth in Philadelphia; however, he lost no time in coming on to see her.

When he was shown into the parlour, she was sitting with her head bent over her work. She started up on being accosted by his well remembered voice. Not having heard of the death of her brother, and not seeing her in mourning, Edmund Lessingham was at a loss to account for the tears that filled her eyes, and for the emotion that suffocated her voice when she attempted to reply to his warm expressions of delight at seeing her again. He perceived that she was thinner and paler than when he had last seen her, and he feared that all was not right. She signed to him to sit down, and was endeavoring to compose herself, when Mrs. Craycroft was shown into the room. The lady started with surprise at seeing a very handsome young gentleman with Constance, who hastily wiped her eyes, and introduced Mr. Lessingham.

Mrs. Craycroft took a seat, and producing two or three morning caps from her reticule, she said, in her usual loud voice, "Miss Allerton I have brought these caps for you to alter; I wish you to do them immediately, that they may be washed next week. I find the borders rather too broad, and the head-pieces, though to be sure I did cut them out myself; so I want you to rip them apart, and make the head-pieces smaller, and the borders narrower, and then whip them and sew them on again. I was out the other day when you sent home my husband's shirts with the bill, but when you have done the caps I will pay you for all together. What will you charge for making a dozen aprons of bird's-eye diaper for my little Anna. You must not ask much for I want them quite plain—mere bibs—they are always the best for babies. Unless you will do them very cheap I may as well make them myself."

The face of Lessingham became scarlet, and starting from his chair, he traversed the room in manifest perturbation; sympathizing with what he supposed to be the confusion and mortification of Constance, and regretting that the sex of Mrs. Craycroft prevented him from knocking her down.

Constance, however, rallied, replying with apparent composure to Mrs. Craycroft on the points in question, and calmly settling the bargain for the bird's-eye aprons—she knew that it is only in the eyes of the vulgar-minded and the foolish, that a woman is degraded by exerting her ingenuity or her talents as a means of support.

"Well," says Mrs. Craycroft, "you may send for the aprons to-morrow, and I wish you to hurry with them as fast as you can—when I give out work I never like it to be kept long on hand. I will pay you for the other things when the aprons are done."

Mrs. Craycroft then took her leave, and Constance turned to the window, to conceal from Lessingham the tears that in spite of her self-command were now stealing down her cheeks.

Lessingham hastily went up to her, and taking her hand, he said with much feeling, "Dear Constance—Miss Allerton, I mean—what has happened during my absence? Why do I see you thus?—But I fear that I distress you by enquiring. I perceive that you are not happy—that you have suffered much, and that your circumstances are changed. Can I do nothing to console you or to improve your situation? Let me at once have a right to do so—let me persuade you to unite your fate with mine, and put an end, I hope forever, to these unmerited, these intolerable humiliations."

"No, Mr. Lessingham," said Constance, deeply affected, "I will not take advantage of the generous impulse that has led you thus suddenly to make an offer, which perhaps, in a calmer moment, and on cooler consideration, you may think of with regret."

"Regret!" exclaimed Lessingham, pressing her hand, between both of his, and surveying her with a look of the fondest admiration, "dearest Constance, how little you know, your own value—how little you suppose that during our long separation—"

Here he was interrupted in his impassioned address, by the entrance of Mrs. Allerton and her daughters. Constance hastily withdrew her hand and presented him as Mr. Lessingham, a friend of hers from New Bedford.

Being much agitated, she in a few minutes retired to compose herself in her own apartment. The girls soon after withdrew, and Lessingham, frankly informing Mrs. Allerton that he was much and seriously interested in her sister-in-law, begged to know some particulars of her present condition.

Mrs. Allerton, who felt it impossible to regard Mr. Lessingham as a stranger, gave him a brief outline of the circumstances of Constance's residence with them, and spoke of her as the guardian angel of the family. "She is not only," said her sister-in-law, "one of the most amiable and affectionate, but also one of the most sensible and judicious of women. And never have we in any instance acted contrary to her advice, without eventually finding cause to regret that we did so." And Mrs. Allerton could not forbear casting her eyes over her mourning dress.

Lessingham, though the praises of Constance were music in his ears, had tact enough to take his leave, fearing that his visit was interfering with the tea-hour of the family.

Next morning, the weather was so mild as to enable them to sit up stairs with their sewing; for latterly, the state of their fuel had not allowed them to keep fire except in the parlor and kitchen. Lessingham called and enquired for Constance. She came down, and saw him alone. He renewed, in explicit terms, the offer he had so abruptly made her on the preceding afternoon. Constance, whose heart had been with Lessingham during the whole of his long absence, had a severe struggle before she could bring herself to insist on their union being postponed for at least two years; during which time she wished, for the sake of the family, to remain with them, and get the school firmly established; her nieces, meanwhile, completing their education, and acquiring under her guidance, a proficiency in the routine of teaching.

"But surely," said Lessingham, "you understand that I wish you to make over to your sister-in-law the whole of your Aunt Ilford's legacy. You shall bring me nothing but your invaluable self."

Though grateful for the generosity and disinterestedness of her lover, Constance knew that the interest of her ten thousand dollars was, of course, not sufficient to support Mrs. Allerton, and her children without some other

source of income; and she was convinced that they would never consent to become pensioners on Lessingham's bounty, kind and liberal as he was. She therefore adhered to her determination of remaining with her sister and nieces till she had seen them fairly afloat, and till she could leave them in a prosperous condition. And Lessingham was obliged to yield to her conviction that she was acting rightly, and to consent that the completion of his happiness should accordingly be deferred for two years.

He remained in Philadelphia till he had seen the Allerton family established in their new habitation, and he managed with much delicacy to aid them in the expense of fitting it up.

The school was commenced with a much larger number of pupils than had been anticipated. It increased rapidly under the judicious superintendence of Constance; and in the course of two years she had rendered Isabella and Helen so capable of filling her place, that all the parents were perfectly satisfied to continue their children with them. At the end of that time, Lessingham, (who, in the interval, had made frequent visits to Philadelphia;) came to claim the promised hand of his Constance. They were married—she having first transferred the whole of her little property to her brother's widow.

At the earnest desire of Lessingham, Mrs. Allerton consented that Louisa should live in future with her beloved aunt Constance; and consequently the little girl accompanied them to New Bedford.

Mrs. Allerton and her family went on and prospered—her son was every thing that a parent could wish—her children all married advantageously—and happily she has not yet had occasion to put in practice her resolution of never again wearing mourning: though principle, and not necessity is the motive which will henceforward deter her from complying with that custom.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

— BY FELICIA HEMANS.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee—
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea!

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forest of the west
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of the bright band.

And parted thus, they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they play'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth!

"NORMAN LESLIE."

A Chapter from *Fay's new novel*, lately published by the Messrs. Harper.

It was the first night of the carnival of Rome.—There was a masked ball. Lords, dukes, princes, and noble ladies thronged the splendid dome. A gorgeous tide of fashion heaved and swelled to its utmost height.

Could all the thoughts and feelings—all the burning passions—the cunning schemes—the bright hopes—the blank suspicions—the joy, the agony, that went on beneath those floating plumes and sparkling stars—could they be laid open to the day what clashing characters mingle in the whirl!—Hark to the young sweet voices—watch the actions of each passing incognito. Who are they? The husband is there watching his wife—the lover his mistress; jealousy rolls its eyes unseen; hate lurks beneath a painted smile; the very air is full of mysteries.

A gay harlequin and one in palmer's weeds met:
"Hist! Speak!"

"The bright stars above us," murmured one.
"And the hell beneath," replied the other.

"Right," said the first, in a secret whisper, "is he here?"

"By the virgin! I saw him. But there are two in the same dress, and it has thrown me off the track."

"Whist—look!"
"Can it be?"

"It is."
"The plume of the right one is touched with crimson."

"I will speak to him," said the palmer.
"In ten minutes meet me by the column where we parted."

"Off—he comes!" They separated.

"Holy mother!" cried a cavalier, muffled in a dark mantle, his broad hat looped up with a diamond, and shaded by a sable plume; "both—both are here. God! could I mistake! these two fraternal friends! See—see how the same stealthy pace shows in each the same quiet, soft, hellish hate! Now nerve me Heaven! Palmer's weeds and the many-colored harlequin—I shall not forget; and both on the bloodtrack after him. Be still deep fraught breast, thy time is almost come!"

Gliding swiftly after the first two speakers, the cavalier disappeared.

All eyes were turned upon him as he passed so princely was his port. The young knight won hearts in all directions. Beautiful he must have been, though the features could not be distinguished behind the vizor bars; his armour glittered in the almost noontide splendor; the plume floating over his helm was touched with crimson.

"From the Holy land, sir knight?" asked a palmer.
"Ah, good pilgrim."

"And the blood of the infidels on thy plume? I would, sir, knight, that they stained with blood wore all the red tokens as fairly as thou!"

"Ha!" cried the knight.
The palmer was gone. Again they separated.

A harlequin stood leaning against a column.
"Holy sir Palmer!"

"Merry fool!"
"Did you rightly guess?"

"When was I ever mistaken! I touched his master-cord, and it trembled beneath my hand. It is himself!"

"The red plume?"
"Ay, you cannot be mistaken."

A glitter from the mask of the harlequin showed the flash of fiery eyes.

"It is well."
"Can I aid you?"

"No alone—alone, I do it! Headless shall lie that lofty plume ere to-morrow's sun!"

The graceful and slender cavalier drew his dark feathers lower over his brow, and while the harlequin stole through the crowd, followed close on his track.

Two stately forms swept by in royal robes. The one, a man of imposing aspect, crowned, and in his hand a

sceptre; the other, a lady, a diadem on her brow. On the monarch's arm hung a girl unmasked and beautiful as morning. The young knight saw her, and started abruptly with an exclamation of delight and amazement.

"Fair lady," he said after an interval, during which, with the license of the place, he had regarded her attentively, "may an honourable knight-errant lay at your feet his heart, and ever after do battle in your name?"

"No, sir, knight," said Flora, smiling, for it was she; "seek I pray you, some other love—some worthier."

"No other love," cried the knight, approaching with the most guarded respect, and yet with a tenderness, sincere, deep, and agitated, in his voice and manner, which did not escape the notice of her who had called it forth, "than Flora Temple—no worthier breathes the sweet air of Heaven?"

"How!" she replied, surprised and almost alarmed, "you know me?"

"There is not a page of my heart," replied the stranger, "where your name is not written, where your image is not engraved!"

The lovely girl turned pale and drew back, eyeing her companion from head to foot with keen scrutiny, and then shrunk with something of a tremor close to her father's arm.

"Nonsense, daughter," he said; "remember you are at Rome, and in a masked ball; these things mean nothing but jest."

The knight stood erect and silent, as if deaf to all but the voice of his lady love.

Mrs. Temple, ever childishly delighted with adventure and admiration, smiled on the proud form who stood thus glittering in his mailed suit, and who appeared to have thus publicly selected Flora as the peculiar object of homage. The attention of the father and mother was, however, immediately directed to the other attractions; and although the daughter hung on the arm of the former, she could receive the remarks of the knight, and even reply to them, without the danger of observation.

"Your noble father," said he at length, when he found another opportunity to address himself to her ear alone—"your noble sire, fair lady, mistakes. What I say means more than jest. Dost thou remember—"

He paused, and resumed again, in a tone yet lower and deeper,—

"Yes, dear, most beloved Flora! the bosom once more, after long and weary years, heaves at the sound of your voice, has learned nothing from absence but love, although more hopeless—but adoration, all hough offered in despair. Farewell again—now, perhaps, forever."

"Stay—stay!" she cried, pale as monumental marble, yet uttering not the least exclamation to render the interesting interview interrupted by others.

The knight obeyed.

"Something tells me," said she, after a short pause, and with a voice that trembled with emotion, "that I speak to one who I have met in a distant land."

"To an exile," added the stranger, "whose years of agony would be repaid a thousand fold, if but one kind word from your lips would bless with hope that deep and faithful love which absence could never weaken, nor even despair destroy."

"Mr. Leslie."

His very heart stood still. Those same eyes which had haunted him in the remotest climes were now turned on him with increased loveliness and feeling. At this moment the cavalier with the sable plume approached, and said,—

"Ho, sir knight—a word with you!"

He to whom this was addressed showed little inclination to accept an invitation so abruptly given, and was turning away disdainful reply, when the speaker shading his brows with one hand, half lifted the mask. Beneath it glanced the eye of the Countess D—

At such periods, years of thought flash over us in a moment. That remarkable face—he had first seen it with Howard and saved her from the mad steeds: it had floated afterwards, darkly, ominously, in his delirious dreams; then the haughty coldness with which it had mingled in the giddy circles at Florence—the firmness with which Morton had identified it at Cascine. The consummate skill which had guided her through his interviews with her, so as again to fling the suspicion from his mind; and now and here, beneath a mask, in man's attire, the same glance—but its coldness changed to fire—its meaning and

its mystery unveiled, gleaming on him amid the riot and confusion of this magnificent scene! Even Flora was forgotten.

"Norman Leslie!" she said, after a gaze of singular agitation, "you are in danger!"

"How? from whom?"
"Your life—you are watched."

"My life I value not; but, mysterious woman you know me—you are then she? By Heaven!" he grasped her wrist, "you shall not leave me till—"

"For God's sake! I am your friend; stand aside but for one moment. Seem not to regard me.—Eyes are on us—eyes of hate, fire, and revenge. More presently."

She glided away, leaving Norman almost motionless with astonishment. He turned to Flora—she also was gone.

"Alms!" said a holy friar, beneath whose cowl might be detected the head of a profligate young noble; "alms, I pray you."

"Stand!" cried a stalwart figure, arrayed as a robber. Norman looked around. Nothing could he see but a wilderness of grotesque forms and masked faces.

Presently a hand touched his arm.

"Look not around," said the voice; "I am the sable plume. If you attempt to gaze, or follow, if you exhibit any sign to betray to others that I am addressing you, both of us are lost—nay, then, I will fly; you shall never hear of me again."

"Speak, again," said he.

"Beware the harlequin."

"The harlequin? There are twenty here."

"Then avoid them all—and the palmer—they seek thy life."

"And who are they?"

"The one is the subtle priest, the other—"

There was a pause.

"Nay, he has passed; yet he is almost now within reach of our lowest voice. The other is—move not, stir not—"

"Speak!"

"Clairmont."

It was with difficulty indeed that the advice contained in this last sentence was adopted. His heart leaped to his throat. His blood rolled and boiled in his veins.

"You know the secret of my life!" said he, however, without stirring.

"There was no answer."

"I will turn, if you speak not, and drag you before this whole multitude."

There was no answer. He changed his position. As he suspected, his informant had disappeared.—He sent a keen glance round amid the thousands. Palmers and harlequins were passing and re-passing him in every direction.

"Sir knight of the crimson plume," said a voice.

"Well my fair page?"

"Beneath the vase, on yon pedestal, lies a scroll. It is for you; but read it not till you are alone."

Bewildered, half believing himself in a romantic dream, he made his way to the spot designated, and with a cautious hand moved the small vase. Passing his fingers over the marble, he seized a strip of paper.

Trembling with curiosity, hoping that he was about to make the discovery which would lift him at once to bliss unattainable, he forgot the caution he had so singularly received respecting the harlequin; and, after wrapping around him a heavy black mantle which he had left in the corridor, without waiting for his carriage, he hastened—he almost flew into the street.

The moon was just emerging from a silver cloud that lay like a bar along the sky. Its light fell broadly down from the eaves of an immense palace. Pausing in a narrow lane, he held up the scroll. It contained only a line:—"By twilight, meet me to-morrow night, at St. Peter's, before the altar of St. Leo the Great. Your life—more than your life depends on it."

A short, deep exclamation at his side startled him; and the glimmer of the bright blade trembled in the moon beam.

"Ha! at last!" cried a well known voice, a dagger was lifted over his breast.

Off his guard, unarmed, utterly exposed, death once again gleamed before him: from which all his personal strength and courage would have been unable to defend

him, when a figure darted upon them and threw a heavy cloak upon the arm of the assassin. Grasping him, thus entangled, Norman brought him to the ground, and tore off his mask. The face of Clairmont met his eyes. It was black with passion. He wrenched the knife from his hand—a dreadful feeling flashed across him; but muttering, "No—no blood!" he flung the blade fiercely away.

"Dog! assassin! you shall come with me!"

A crowd of revellers burst suddenly round the corner—several rushed to the spot. Norman stood alone. His victim, with a sudden and desperate struggle, had wrenched himself away, leaving only a few shreds, of various colors, in the hand of his foe.

An Extract from Clinton Bradshaw.

ADVENTURES OF AN EVENING.

Bradshaw and Willoughby exchanged smiles. They explained to Cavendish that they could not all go; and, after a good deal of trouble with him, he agreed to remain. They made their apologies to the ladies, and departed.

They were soon at the watch-house. At the door, they met Jones, with four other watchmen, going upon their mission to catch Adams. A few words were exchanged between them, when the watchmen entered the watch-house, to obtain for Bradshaw and Willoughby the necessary disguises.

The watch-house was situated in the centre of the city. It was the house where the watchmen met to receive the orders of the captain of the watch, and to which the rioters and marauders of the night were brought and locked up, to await a hearing before the magistrate, who always attended early in the morning. The room the young men entered was low and long; a dingy lamp of tin hung suspended from the ceiling. Along the walls were benches, permanently fixed, on which lay, at length, or reclined, in an attitude that pleased them, those watchmen who were not on duty. Behind the desk, near a fire-place, was a large square-shouldered man, with a dread-naught coat on; his cheeks were adorned with an immense pair of whiskers, and through his busy eyebrows his redish eye glowed like a cigar in a dark night, in the mouth of some sturdy smoker. This was the captain of the watch.

"Lawyer," said he to Bradshaw, "so you're going a larking to-night. I heard of your business with Adams last night; I wonder, being as you're a small man, that you came off so well. The fellow's a noted gallows bird, and fights like vengeance. He has sworn he won't be taken alive; you'll have tough times to-night."

"There is no harm in taking him dead, is there?" said Bradshaw.

"Not exactly," said the captain, hesitatingly; "but it would be best to take him alive."

Bradshaw did not mean all that might have been meant by this phrase; but he knew among whom he stood. He remarked,

"I have no enmity against the fellow; but he's a great rascal, and he ought to be taken. Jones here has a large family, and is a good watchman, and I want him to get the reward." So saying, the young men, who had put on dread-naught coats and old hats, and the watchmen, departed together. They reconnoitred in the neighbourhood of the alley for some time before they entered it. Several squads of young men, frequenters of the neighbourhood, passed them; but they were much more peaceable than usual; the late transactions having quelled their turbulence. It must have been after one, when they entered the lane. Loose clouds had been floating in the heavens since dark; after midnight, they gathered in huge masses, and the wind began to blow roughly.

"What think you of the business, Squire?" said Jones in a whisper to Bradshaw, as they approached

the house where Bradshaw had contended with Adams—"had we best enter the house?"

"Kentuck," whispered Bradshaw, as they advanced towards the grocery, "what do you think of this business?"

"First rate," was the reply, "I'm for going the whole hog. Suppose, we turn thief takers, and rival Vidocq or old Hays?"

"We will, if we succeed, but remember this is our first attempt. Have you pistols?"

"Yes, two of them, and a dirk."

"So have I. Let's have the word Kentuck for our watch-word, and if I hear you call it, or you me, we must come to the rescue. I've no idea of having my profile spoilt, or of being carried out feet foremost; and, therefore, if any of these fellows flash their knives dangerously it will be worse for them."

The grocery store was a high frame building; on one side of it was a vacant lot, and on the other a frame house not quite so high, and divided from it by an alley of about seven feet in width. Bradshaw and Kentuck entered, and passing up by a counter, they took their station near a stove. Seated by the stove, were two young men, who looked at the new comers, and stretched out their persons so as to take up as much room as possible. The one by Willoughby, put his feet on the only chair that was between them. As soon as Kentuck observed it, he said, "My good fellow, if you'll let your carcass occupy but one chair, I'll take a seat"—and without waiting for the removal—he lifted the chair, let the fellow's leg fall, and sat down. The man stared at Kentuck, who returned his glance with the mildest expression in the world, which the fellow observing, and mistaking for "no fight," said, "Do you want a fuss here, my young lark?"

"Why, I don't much care," said Kentuck, in a drawing tone. "If there's a fuss, I shall be into it to a certainty; and if there ain't a fuss, I shall sit still. I tell you what it is, stranger, I'm all the way from old Kentuck; you've heard of such a place, may be? It's a place for varmin's, wild varmin's, I tell you. The word there, is go a-head. You've heard tell of people licking their weight in wild cats, hain't you? I've seen it done. May be I could do it—should like to try? You've heard tell of rowing a man up salt river, hain't ye? Well, I've seen it done; there's no joke in it. Did you ever see a man bite the head of a nail off? Bring me one."

While Willoughby spoke this, he stretched his legs out, and looked the man in the face with the most imperturbable indifference.

"You're a picture," said the fellow, struck with his don't care manner.

"Now, ain't I?" said Kentuck. "I'm not one of your pictures to hang around a girl's neck, though; I am a full length painting. One of your pictures that may dangle in a strange kind of frame, some of these days—two posts upright, and one across, with a rope and the picture at the end of it, so well done, that the whole people are admiring the execution. Do you take, stranger?" The fellow nodded, and grinned. "Well, it's no matter—while we live, be merry. What'll you take to drink?"

"If you're for drink," said the fellow, "I'll take a little whiskey."

"Ay, of the mountain dew," said Cavendish.

"What's this landlord's name?"

"Scratch, they call him."

"Here, Scratch," called out Willoughby, to an old man by the door, who was keeping a sharp eye upon his moveables—"let's have some of your very best; no deception, old boy, or you'll get scalped, just as a wild Indian scalps a fellow. They learnt the trick to the Kentucks, and we can do it like lightning. I'll bet you a treat for the company, that I'll take this

Kentuck," (and he thrust his hand into his pocket, and produced a curiously wrought, large knife,) "I'll take this Kentuck, and with one sweep, just one, round your head, I'll leave you, old Scratch, in the condition for a namesake, with no more hair upon your crown, than there is on the back of my hand. What say you?"

"Sir, the liquor's good," said Scratch, "and I want no such experiments."

"Old boy, you'd scarcely feel it. It's a mere circumstance, you'd look just as well with a scratch; and who knows but that you might get a pension by the scalping? But, no matter, if ever you want it done, you must call on me. Stranger," continued Willoughby, turning to the fellow beside him. "I've been a river character, a wild woods river character; I've seen sawyers, and swamps, and snags, and alligators, and every thing. Why, the sprees you have here, in your lanes and alleys, are nothing to Natchez under the Hill, or the swamps at New Orleans. They'll dirk a fellow there just to keep their hands in. I've seen knives there flash around like sunbeams, and I just set among 'em as I set now and looked on."

"What brings you all the way here?" asked the fellow who had just taken his liquor, and who felt warmed towards Willoughby.

"Why, when I was last at New Orleans, I took the sea, round from there, and landed at New York, looked round there a spell, cut up in other places, and at last came here. I happened to get the word, while I was in this here city, that an old comrade of mine had got into hardships somewhere down this way, and I thought I'd just take a look after him."

"What's his name?"

"Adams," replied Willoughby. "Do you know such a man, stranger?"

"What, besides Adams, is his name?"

"Henry Adams," said Bradshaw, who observed that Kentuck was at fault. "He's been a high boy in his generation. The word reached us to day that he'd got into a bad fix. It wasn't to-day, exactly, it reached us, but last night. You see, we took a spree, and got lodged in the watch-house. While they were talking with us, the watchmen came in, and told about some fellow having a fight here last night with Adams, and how Adams got hurt—knocked down two or three times about a girl, at a place they called old Moll's. He described the place pretty exact, and I know it must be in this lane."

"What kind of a looking man is this Adams, that you speak of?" inquired Scratch.

"He's a thick-set, bull-necked fellow," said Bradshaw, "with black hair and eyes. He was lately in jail. I went there to see him; but they wouldn't let me in."

Old Scratch hesitated a moment, seemed perplexed, and remarked, unawares—

"He says he has known men like you, but none that they call Kentuck."

"My old boy," said Kentuck, "can't a man change his name, and have what these lawyers call an alias. You don't think a free rover sails always under the same flag, do you?"

"No," said the old fellow, with a grin, "I guess not. But what do you want to see him for?"

"To see him for!" exclaimed Willoughby. "The devil! Why, don't you know that the watchmen and constables are after him, hunting high and low?"

"Yes," said Bradshaw, who was satisfied that Adams was in the house; "they'll be down upon you presently, and raise the devil. We want to get him off somewhere if we can. We heard the watchmen say, the other night, they would turn over every stone in the city for him."

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Scratch,—"can't

a man do for a friend, without always getting into trouble!"

"Scratch," said Bradshaw, "they'll blow you sky high if they find him; and they'll take him, besides. He's a fellow that'll tell on any body to get himself off. By thunder, I don't want him to tell on me. I want to hide him."

"It will be hard work to move him," said old Scratch. "He's very bad; he's got his foot twisted all out of place; his head and shoulder is terribly bruised. Come on; let's see if we can't do something for him. Mind, I depend on you as his true friends. You're on no account to reveal the place where you find him."

So speaking, Scratch led the way to the back part of his house, and then, by a rickety pair of steps, to the second story. His house was uninhabited, save by himself, and those outlaws whom he harboured. All his goods that were of any value, were in the front part of his shop; they consisted, principally, of liquors which, together with a few dry goods, and a barrel or two of fish, and some cordage, comprised his stock in trade. The second story had two or three rooms in it, which, as the doors were open, the young men could observe were filled with all kinds of rubbish, of the most inflammable materials.

"You see," said Scratch, chuckling, "they may hunt the hare, but they can't find him. If them dogs of constables press too heavy on me, do you see?—I can just let a candle fall in yon old tar barrel, and if they don't scamper like old rats, what's that to me?"

Bradshaw and Cavendish felt in a quandary, as to how they should act, on seeing Adams; but, as they could not communicate with each other, by a tacit understanding, they determined to follow to his hiding-place, and trust to circumstances. The watchmen would, doubtless, keep their station until they heard the signal, or the young men left the grocery. If Adams was much disabled, they could easily take him; but the main point was to prevent the interference of old Scratch and his company, before they could communicate with the watchmen; however, on went the landlord, and they followed after. He led the way to the corner of the building, next to the vacant lot, beside the tar barrel to which he had pointed, and to which a board, that seemed to be nailed against the wall to repair a dilapidation, a narrow door opened, which led by a ladder to a kind of third story or cock-loft. On entering the apartment, it appeared long and narrow, with the ceiling unplastered and slanting, which was, in fact, formed by the roof of the house. There was no flooring on the rafters, only, here and there, a board laid across in different directions. Treading a board that appeared to lead to the sky-light, the landlord opened a door close to the eaves, which they had to stoop to enter, and Bradshaw and Willoughby found themselves in a miserable room, if room it might be called, on the floor of which, on a mattress, lay Adams. The ruffian's encounter with Bradshaw had been no child's play; he looked squalid and feverish. He was so altered from sickness, and his wounds, Bradshaw scarcely knew him. The Kentuckian eyed his broad chest, bony arms, and bull neck, and wondered how Bradshaw could have contended, successfully, with such superior strength. The landlord, with the candle which he held in his hand, lit one which stood by the bed-side of Adams, and then stepped behind the young men. Willoughby had to stoop very much, in consequence of his height, and the lowness of the room. Forgetting, for a moment, this necessity, as he stepped forward, he struck his head against the roof with such force, as to throw him off his balance. In the impulsive effort to recover himself, he threw out his hand, and struck from the head of Bradshaw the watchmen's hat and false

whiskers. Snatching a pistol from his bed-side, and aiming it at the head of Bradshaw, Adams exclaimed, in the same instant that he fired—"We're betrayed!" The ball grazed the left temple of Bradshaw, and ploughed its way right over the top of the landlord's head. The bone of his skull was thick enough to resist its entrance—but it nearly did for him what the Kentuckian offered to do with his knife. Uttering a yell of pain, old Scratch descended the ladder with all possible speed, and fastened the door after him. Bradshaw threw himself upon Adams just as he was cocking another pistol, and he had scarcely time to force his hand in a harmless direction, when he pulled the trigger, but it only snapped. Willoughby sprang upon the body of the ruffian, as he attempted to fire, and said—"I'm the strongest—let me hold him. Run, Bradshaw, and bring the watch."

Quick as thought, Bradshaw hastened down the ladder. He found the door fast; but, placing his body against the wall, and his feet against the door, with main force, after a powerful effort, he burst it open, and tumbled into the room. Within ten feet of him, near the tar barrel, stood old Scratch, with the light in his hand. Bradshaw rushed past him, and descended the steps, into the grocery. There were several persons around the stove, who evidently had been startled by the report of the pistol. Bradshaw looked round to see if there was any back way, through which he could pass out; for he reflected, without his false whiskers and hat, he might be known to some of them, as the one who had hurt Adams. He saw no way of passing out, but by the front door. As he rapidly advanced to do so, the fellow who had been conversing at the stove with Kentuck, asked—"Where's the other fellow? Who fired the pistol? Where's your whiskers and hat, my lark?"

"Keep dark," said Bradshaw; "I left them up stairs. There's watchmen hid away, about here, I believe."

"The devil! What will Adams do? Don't you smell something burning?"

At this moment, old Scratch called out from above—"Knock him down—kill him! He's a spy."

The fellows immediately placed themselves in a threatening attitude; one brandished a formidable club, and others drew their knives. They stood directly between Bradshaw and the door, calling out—

"Traitor, spy—we know you. Say your prayers!"

"Make way, my brave boys," said Bradshaw, nothing intimidated, drawing and cocking a pistol, as he spoke. "Make a clear passage. Put up your knives and clubs. The first man who attempts to use one, I'll shoot dead."

"Don't fear him," exclaimed the fellow who had previously spoken: "his pistol's not loaded. Didn't you hear it go off, up stairs?"

"Why don't old Scratch come down," said another fellow, intimidated by Bradshaw's manner, "and help us, if he wants him caught?"

"See, boys!" said Bradshaw, producing another pistol, and holding one in each hand,—"two pistols have not been fired: one must be loaded. Your blood be upon your own head! The first one that attempts to stop me is a gone case."

So speaking, he passed deliberately by them, while old Scratch came running down stairs, crying out, "Stop him!" They followed, but at a respectful distance, after Bradshaw, determined to dog him. He crossed over to the old building in which were the watch. He thought it best not to call them, as the fellows might then scamper off; and he wished them to be taken. They followed after him, giving, at intervals, a low whistle, which was answered from the upper part of the lane, where footsteps were heard advancing. All at once, the cry of "Fire! Fire!" from

a hundred tongues, burst forth in that fearful tone, that tells it is near: at the same moment, a blaze of light revealed, to Bradshaw, the forms and faces of the watchmen, among whom he stood.

"We've found him," said Bradshaw. "He's at old Scratch's."

He turned and beheld the old villain's house on fire, with the flames blazing out of the second story windows. It immediately occurred to him, that Scratch had set it on fire; and the rapid progress of the flames was proof enough that his train, of which he spoke, was well set. Bradshaw looked anxiously round for Willoughby, but in vain. He told the watchmen, hastily, the circumstances; and requested them to take Scratch in custody, if they should see him. He then entered the burning house, in search of Willoughby.—He proceeded as far as the steps to the second story, but he found it impossible to ascend—the whole was in a blaze; and in places the fire dropped down into the grocery, through the floor, which, in several places, was burned through. He called in a loud voice, stood listening, and called again and again, but there came no answer. By this time, a great crowd had gathered; the bells were ringing; the cry of fire sounded through the city; and the noise of the engine bells and wheels was heard in the lane, as the hose-men ran to and fro, unreeling the hose. When Bradshaw re-entered the street, two engines were in full play on the fire. On the opposite side, he saw old Scratch looking very composedly on the house. Springing forward, and seizing him by the throat, Bradshaw exclaimed, "Where's my friend? Tell me, or I'll choke you? Where's Kentuck?"

"In the house," said the old fellow, doggedly.

As Bradshaw was in the act of pressing him to the pavement, he glanced towards the house, saw the trap-door open, and, in a moment after, Willoughby stood on the roof. It seemed to swing and tremble beneath his weight. Stooping down, Willoughby helped Adams through the door, and, half dragging him, for he could not help himself, they reached the chimney that stood near the adjoining house, divided, as we have before described, from it by an alley of about seven feet in width. Luckily for them, the wind blew in the opposite direction, so as to bear the flames towards the vacant lot. The whole of the house on that side was burning; and great bodies of flame broke upward through the very roof at that corner. The engines directed the whole body of the water there, but it seemed inevitable that the two must perish. "Where's the life escape-ladder?" was called out on every side.—"Not come yet, not come yet," was the answer. The crisis was so fearful that the immense crowd looked on in breathless suspense. The engine men worked away at their engines without their accustomed song, in dead silence, with their eyes upturned to Willoughby and Adams. The Kentuckian stood erect with his arm resting on the top of the chimney; his hat and watchman's cloak he had left in Adams' room; a splendid cable chain of gold was plainly perceptible, over the breast of his mole-skin vest. At his feet, cowering and clinging to the roof, with both his hands, was Adams. His face expressed the wildest horror; in heart-rending tones, he was calling on the crowd for God's sake to save him.

As soon as Bradshaw saw Willoughby, he called out to him, in a firm, clear voice, that every man in the crowd heard, "Willoughby! Kentuck! hold on; I'll bring you a rope from the next building." Willoughby waved his hand.

To throw off his coat and boots, catch up a coil of cordage, and enter the adjacent house, were, with Bradshaw, but the work of an instant. Several of the crowd said it was no use, as he passed them; and one or two, from the best of motives, endeavoured to restrain him, but he rushed on, and, in a moment more,

he stood on the roof of the next house to the grocery. He put the coil of rope round his neck; with one spring, he lit beside Willoughby; but he would have fallen, had not the Kentuckian caught his hand, for he had to jump on the slanting part of the roof in consequence of the chimney. The roof cracked and smoked; a cry of horror burst from the crowd.

"Here, Kentuck, put this rope round you, and let me let you down," said Bradshaw.

"No, let's put it round this poor devil first," said Willoughby, "and let him down. I would have dared the risk of jumping on the next roof, but I could not leave this man to die, while there was hope."

While they spoke, amidst the breathless silence of the crowd, they tied the rope round Adams, and lowered him down in safety. Willoughby wrapped the rope round the chimney, made it fast, and said—

"Now, Bradshaw, do you descend."

"Not until you are first down," said Bradshaw.

Willoughby folded his arms, and looked at Bradshaw.

"No, Kentuck," said Bradshaw, "I got you into this difficulty. You're making the peril greater for both of us by waiting. Go ahead!"

"Come on!" called out the crowd, "come on! the roof is falling!"

The Kentuckian still paused; Bradshaw sprang upon the next building, as the only means of making him take the rope. As Bradshaw leaped, Willoughby seized the rope; scarcely had it felt his weight, when the roof fell in with a tremendous crash. The crowd thought for a moment that both were lost. But, when the roof fell, the chimney stood; and Willoughby clung to the rope, and held himself suspended, for an instant, by an admirable presence of mind, in air, till the smoke somewhat subsided; and, while the flames were yet smothered under the roof, he let himself down in safety. By almost a miracle, Bradshaw, when he jumped on to the next house, maintained his footing. This he could not have done, had he not been in stocking feet. If the Kentuckian had tried it, he must have fallen, booted as he was.

"Is he safe?" called out Bradshaw. "Is Kentuck safe?"

"Safe as an old 'coon!" exclaimed Willoughby; "how are you, Bradshaw?"

Original.

TO MY COLLEGE FRIEND, B. W. H.

Remember me not, when thy heart is glad,
And those that thou lovest are 'round thee,
But when thy bosom is burdened and sad,
Then I ask that thou'lt think of me.

Remember me not, in the hour of glee,
When all around thee is gladness,
No! I ask not that then thou'lt think of me
For fear it might cause thee sadness.

Remember me not, in prosperity's hour,
When fortune smiles brightly on thee;
But when dark clouds of adversity lower
Then I ask that thou'lt think of me.

Remember me not, when thou'rt free from care
And thy heart beats lightly in thee;
But when low thou bendest thy knee in prayer
Then I ask thou wilt think of me. W. H. M.

It requires but little acquaintance with the heart, to know that woman's first wish is to be handsome; and that, consequently, the readiest method of obtaining her kindness, is to praise her beauty.—Johnson.

From the Southern Literary Messenger for December.

THE WISSAHICCON.*

BY BENJ. MATTHIAS.

"Its bounding crystal frolicked in the ray,
And gushed from cleft to crag with saltless spray."
BYRON.

It is probable there are but few individuals residing in the vicinity of Philadelphia, who have not heard, during some interval of business engagements, of Wissahiccon creek, a beautiful and romantic stream that falls into the no less romantic Schuylkill, about five miles above the city. The stream is visited, statedly, by but a small number of persons, but as it is neither found on any map, nor marked in any gazetteer that I have ever examined, there may be some apology offered for the indifference to magnificent scenery, manifested by hundreds and thousands of our citizens, who, though domiciled in its immediate vicinity, have never deemed it worthy of a visit. So true it is, that there is a proneness in human nature to undervalue the gifts of Providence which are placed within our reach, and to admire and covet those which are located at a distance. Were a fatiguing journey of several hundred miles necessary, in order to enjoy a ramble along the banks of the Wissahiccon, we should then, without doubt, view its placid waters, its sluggish, meandering course, its richly covered banks, and its imposing precipices, with the admiration and enthusiasm which scenes of this character never fail to inspire in the minds of those who passionately love the untouched works of the hand of Nature. But the delightful little stream courses along within a few miles of our doors, and a ride to its most picturesque views, is but an hour's excursion; hence, except to a few whose researches have discovered, and whose good taste enabled them to appreciate, the beauty, sublimity and majesty of this stream, it is almost unknown.

But there are persons who have not been thus negligent of nature's treasures in this vicinity, and to these a visit to the fascinating Wissahiccon, calls up remembrances and associations of the most delightful character. To those who enjoy Nature in her majesty—free, uncontrolled, undespoiled of her beauty by the effacing efforts of human skill—there is no spot, within a circle of many miles, so rich in imagery, so imposing in appearance, so fascinating in attraction, as the banks of the Wissahiccon. The stream takes its rise from several springs in the upper part of Montgomery county, and flows, for a short distance, through a limestone country, remarkable for fertility and a high state of cultivation.—Thence it passes, south-westernly, "a sweet smiling stream sleeping on the green sward," into more undulating land, until it reaches the Chesnut ridge, from which it progresses, at times indolently, and at times with an impetuous current, through a narrow valley, hedged in on either side by high hills, steep and craggy cliffs and precipitous mountains, until it strikes the Schuylkill, about a mile above the falls. Along

its whole course the scenery of the Wissahiccon is beautiful, but it is the portion lying within four or five miles of its mouth, that is generally regarded as the most attractive, as it exhibits, in bolder relief than any other portion, the peculiar sublimity and grandeur of the stream, and the imposing and majestic ledge of rock work through which it passes. It is along this distance that I have been accustomed to ramble during leisure moments, for years, and it is under the shade of the forests of brilliant hue that line its banks, that I have often reclined, and enjoyed, undisturbed, the sweet melody of nature, issuing from the bursting green foliage around me. I love nature with enthusiasm, and whether standing on the bank of a running stream and listening to the sweet gushing sound of its waters, or seated on an eminence overlooking the waving fields of golden fruit that bless the labour of the husbandman; whether enchanted by the Siren song of nature's minstrels in the spring, or watching the many-coloured leaves of the forest, as they are borne through the air by the whistling winds of autumn—there is, in the scene before me, absorbing attraction, calling forth reflections which never fail to mellow down the selfish and unkind feelings of the heart, and to shed a peaceful, consoling and happy influence—all-pervading and lasting in its impressions—over the heart.

The wild and majestic are, however, the scenes to which I am most strongly attached, and which invariably elicit, to a greater extent than those of a softer character, passionate emotions of wonder and admiration. I love to stand at the base of a mountain whose summit reaches the clouds, and to clamber among rocks and under precipices whose projecting cliffs threaten destruction to the hardy adventurer—I love to explore the dense forests of our bold and beautiful hills, and to bury myself in the hidden recesses of nature, where the foot of man has never trod, where the sound of civilization has never been heard—I love to stand at the foot of Niagara, and watch the mighty torrent of a mighty inland sea, hurling its concentrated power into the gulph below, and to gaze deep, deep, into that awful abyss—unfathomable, destructive, appalling—I love to see the elements at war, to hear the rush of the tornado and whirlwind, laying prostrate in their furious course every impediment to their destructive progress, and to witness the fall of the powerful oak and the whirlings of its cleft branches in the sea of matter above, crushing and overwhelming the most formidable obstacles of art. These are scenes in which the spirit of the enthusiast revels, and they are scenes which strike the soul with awe, speaking trumpet-tongued of the presence of an Almighty power! of the omnipotence of his authority, of the insignificance of human effort, and the frailty of human life.

The scenery near the mouth of the Wissahiccon is of a wild, romantic and imposing character, beautiful in its ever-varying aspect, and interesting in its mystic associations. High hills, occasionally assuming the appearance of mountains, rise on either side, covered with a dense and beautifully variegated foliage. The dogwood, with its beautiful flowers, the chesnut, the locust, the melancholy willow, the sumac, the

* According to Heckewelder, the Indian term *Wissahiccon*, from which "Wissahiccon" has most probably been derived, means a yellowish stream.

gum, with its vermillion leaves, and the gloomy hemlock, flourish here in all their native grandeur, and the lofty oak, the father of the forest, stretches out his thickly covered branches to afford shade and shelter to the weary pedestrian. Wild flowers, in great number and varieties, rivaling each other in loveliness, are found in the underwood, giving effect to the drapery of the verdant trees, by enlivening the dark hues of the thickly-growing and overshadowed forest. Some of these flowers and plants are of rare quality and surpassing beauty, and far eclipse in attraction many that are cultivated with care and pride in our horticultural gardens; but here they spring up, year after year, in silence and solitude, being literally

"Born to blush unseen,
And waste their fragrance on the desert air."

In the valley of the stream, along the eastern side of which, for a mile or two, a convenient road has been chiseled and scooped out of the sides of the stony hill, the vision is completely obstructed by the imposing banks, and hills rising above hills, on either shore, and but for the unpoetic noise of a labouring mill, and the span of a rude bridge which crosses to a small cavern or cleft in the rocky slope, there would be nothing to betray the presence of man, or to mark the contiguity of human enterprise. Alas! that not one spot—not even the glorious Wissahiccon—bearing the undoubted impress of the hand of the God of nature, can escape the desolating depredations and officious interference of the onward march of civilization.

The carriage road commencing at the mouth of the Wissahiccon, crosses the stream on a covered bridge, about a mile and a half above, winds up a hill of considerable elevation, and passes over to the Ridge. From the covered bridge access along the creek is obtained by means of a foot path, on the western side, which is marked through the forest, over crags and cliffs, rugged rocks and rooted trees, until it reaches a beautiful green lawn, a little parlour in the wilderness, celebrated as the resort of occasional pic nic parties of young ladies and gentlemen from the city, and where, on the grassy floor, youth and beauty have often mingled in the graceful dance, and joined in the merry song of innocence and gay hilarity. It is a sweet spot, and surrounded as it is, by scenery of the wildest and most romantic character, may, very appropriately, be designated the "oasis of the Wissahiccon." Near this place, immediately on the water's edge, the ruins of an antiquated stone building are discovered, scattered over the ground, and as no trace of the original appearance of the edifice can be found, the imagination is permitted to enjoy free scope in dwelling upon the character and pursuits of its ancient founders. On the opposite side, the banks rise up, in many places almost perpendicularly, to the height of mountains, and but few have the temerity to attempt a passage along the course of the stream, as a single false step might hurl them among the dangerous rocks and jutting cliffs below. Here, as well as on the western side, several clefts and caverns in the granite rocks may be found, but it does not appear that they extend to any great depth under the mas-

sive structure; and here, upon the edge of a hill, may be seen the point at which it was sometime since proposed to throw a bridge over the stream, to carry across the rail-road from Philadelphia to Norristown. The projectors of the scheme reached thus far in their onward progress, but in casting a glance over the precipice into the gulph below, were struck with dismay at the formidable obstacles which appeared, and prudently abandoned the hazardous and wildly-conceived undertaking.

Near Garsed's flax mill, the foot-path crosses to the eastern shore of the stream, on a rude log chained to an adjacent stone, and passes up through a forest overhanging the sluggish waters, and through a thick underwood, which, in some places, is almost impenetrable. Occasional openings in the dense foliage, which become more frequent as the pedestrian progresses up the stream, afford highly picturesque and enchanting views of the surrounding hills, such as those who appreciate nature in her majesty, would journey miles upon miles, and endure pain and fatigue without murmuring, to behold. In every direction the scenes unfolded to the eye are rich and enchanting beyond description, and remind the visitor who associates therewith ideas of intellectual pleasure and enjoyment, of the beautiful lines of the poet:

"Dear solitary groves, where peace doth dwell!
Sweet harbours of pure love and innocence!
How willingly could I for ever stay
Beneath the shade of your embracing greens,
List'ning to the harmony of warbling birds,
Tun'd with the gentle murmur of the stream;
Upon whose banks, in various livery
The fragrant offspring of the early year,
Their heads, like graceful swans, bent proudly down,
Reflecting their own beauties in the crystal flood."

One of the most interesting spots on the Wissahiccon, is in the immediate vicinity of the great perpendicular rock of granite, opposite Rittenhouse's mill. Here the dark shadows of the hill fall, with beautiful effect, upon the gurgling stream, and the rich and deep woodland foliage, the tangled shrubbery, redolent of fragrance, the towering cliffs on the one side, and imposing hills and dales on the other, give to the place a charm and fascination, which the reflecting mind may enjoy, but of which it is impossible to convey with the pen, any accurate description. It was near this enchanting place, on the sun side of a high hill, as is currently believed, that Kelpius and his friend, scholars of Germany, located themselves about the close of the seventeenth century, and where for years they dwelt in quiet and religious meditation, awaiting, with anxious prayer, the coming of the "Lady of the Wilderness," and where they died, as we now know, "without the sight." It was here, that, at a period long anterior to the arrival of Kelpius, the untamed monarch of these wilds, came to enjoy the rich treasures of nature, and to worship in silence, the goodness and bounty of the Great Spirit. It was here, perhaps, on the summit of this very hill, that the original owners of the soil assembled for the war dance and to make preparations for a furious and bloody contest; or mayhap it was here that the chiefs of different tribes assembled to bury the hatchet

of war and to smoke the calumet of amity and peace. Perhaps it was here that the noble young warrior, flushed with the honors of victory, stole silently at the midnight hour, to breathe his tale of love and his vows of devotion, into the ear of his blushing and affianced bride; and surely no spot can be found, in the whole range of our wide-spread territory, so suitable for scenes of this character. Here is the abode of romance, here the spirit of nature holds undisputed sway—and here, among these rugged rocks and in this dense foliage—by the side of this poetic stream, with its associations of woody heights and shady dells, it is fitting that pure and holy vows of love should be uttered, where Heaven, in every leaf of the forest, in every blade of grass, may be called upon to bear witness to their sincerity and truth.

But the Wissahiccon has fallen into other hands. The untutored savage no longer strolls over these silent mountains and vales, for his abode has been removed far away, beyond the western waters. The bones of his warrior father lie bleached and neglected in the depths of the valley, for the high-bounding spirit of the son is tamed, by the contaminating influence of his civilized brethren. The active deer no longer bounds over the hills and dales of the Wissahiccon, for he has been driven to more sequestered abodes. The stream is, however, much the same—its placid waters are still beautiful as mirrors—its shores are still romantic—its groves are still enchanting—and so may they ever remain, undisturbed, untouched by the delapidating hand of man! The place should ever be reserved as a refreshing retreat, where the soul may be uplifted in devotion, and the heart gladdened in sweet contemplation—where no sound shall be heard but the notes of melody and joy, in delightful unison with the tones of the murmuring rill.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen;
With the wild flock that never needs a fold
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude—'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's claims, and see her stores unroll'd."

Two or three miles above the perpendicular rock, on the eastern shore of the stream, and in a spot equally beautiful and romantic, stands an edifice of great antiquity, connected with which there are a number of interesting associations. It is built nearly on the summit of a slope that stretches into a ravine, walled in on three sides by elevated hills, thickly covered with foliage. The building is of stone, three stories high, with numerous windows, four to each chamber, of uniform size and appearance; sixty years ago there was a balcony around the second story, and the old-fashioned eaves, plastered in semi-circular form, still to be seen, exhibit the architectural taste and style of a past century. The date of its erection is supposed to be the year 1706, and its founders a society of religious Germans, probably known as *Pietists* or *Seven day Baptists*, who no doubt selected this se-

cluded situation in order to secure peace and quietness in their religious devotions. Many of the aged inhabitants of the neighbourhood remember this monastery, as a building of unchanged appearance, even from the days of their boyhood, and some have connected therewith curious traditions of romance and legends of mystic tale. Notwithstanding the edifice has lately undergone a thorough alteration, and is now the permanent residence of a highly respectable and very intelligent family, it still bears the reputation of being visited by spirits.

The fact of this building having been occupied as a monastery, by a brotherhood of Germans, is, however, involved in doubt. One tradition alleges, that it was tenanted, for sometime, by a fraternity of Capuchins, or White Friars, who took upon themselves vows of abstinence and poverty, and who slept upon wooden or stone pillows, with places scooped out for the head. In confirmation of this tradition, an ancient burial place near the premises, now under tillage, is pointed out, where repose the remains of many of the brotherhood. Another and more probable story is, that the building was actually erected for a religious society, professing a faith similar to that of the Seven day Baptists at Ephrata, near Lancaster, but never occupied, as those for whom it was designed, deemed it expedient to leave the neighbourhood and join the settlement at Ephrata. The *Chronica Ephrata* expressly states that previous to the formation of that community, in May, 1733, they had dwelt in separate places as hermits, and "the hermits of the Ridge" are frequently mentioned. That there was a feeling of affection between these hermits and the brotherhood in Ephrata, is beyond all doubt, as the *Chronica*, in another place, speaks of some brothers of single devotedness, at Roxborough, "who subsequently fell in with the spirit of the world and married."

Kelpius, probably the first of the hermits on the Wissahiccon, died in the year 1708. He was succeeded by Seelig, who survived him many years, and who was contemporary with Conrad Matthias, another recluse, whose cave was near the Schuylkill. Tradition speaks of these Germans as being men of undoubted piety and great learning. Kelpius wrote several languages, and his journal, in Latin, is now in the possession of a distinguished antiquarian of Philadelphia. He waited the coming of the "Lady of the Wilderness,"—the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars," spoken of in the scriptures, as having "fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days." (Rev. xii.) We may wonder that such a man as Kelpius should labour under a delusion of this character, but those who will visit the spot he selected for his "prayerful waiting," will agree with me in opinion that it was singularly well chosen to harmonise with and foster his eccentric views and romantic religious expectations.

There is another interesting legend, connected with the monastery on the Wissahiccon, which I feel inclined to allude to, if I may do so without being held responsible for its veracity.

It is a tale of unhappy love, and relates to a young, beautiful and accomplished French lady, who followed her lover to the Indian wars, who fought in disguise by his side, and who closed his eyes when he fell at her feet, mortally wounded. Being subsequently admitted, for temporary shelter, into the monastery, she passed a day or two in unavailing grief, and died, heart-broken at the loss of all she held near and dear on earth. The particulars of the melancholy fate of the beautiful Louisa, I may hereafter unfold to the reader, but I beg my young friends who may discover the mound which covers her remains at the foot of a weeping willow, washed by the gurgling stream, to shed a tear to the memory of one whose beauty and virtues deserved a happier fate.

I have thus attempted to give a sketch of the ever-delightful Wissahiccon, and to cast a hasty glance at a few of the prominent incidents with which it was once associated. If I have failed to excite interest in the mind of the reader, let him not hesitate to attribute the circumstance to the feeble powers of the writer, rather than to the paucity of the subject to which his attention has been called. Beautiful and magnificent beyond comparison are the picturesque views of this romantic stream, and for ages to come may its crystal waters continue to course through the valley, affording peaceful enjoyment to the pedestrian on its banks, and unqualified delight to those who may ramble through its attractive forests.

Original.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

A Parody from Hamlet—Act 3rd—Scene 1st.
To marry, or not marry, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
All the loneliness of Bachelorship;
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them? To wed—to marry—
No more;—And by a marriage to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural ills
That Bachelors are heirs to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To wed;—to marry;—
To marry! perchance to quarrel;—ay there's the rub;
For in that marriage what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off this single state
Must give us peace. There's the respect
That makes our evils of such continuance:
For who would bear this cold and isolated life:
The world's reproach, the young beau's contumely,
The pangs of smothered love, the want of cash,
The coquetry of beauty, and the spurns
That the old Bachelor of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his own fortune make
With a lovely angel! who would burthens bear,
To grunt and sweat under this single life,
But that the dread of something after marriage,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.

When Incedon was in the zenith of his fame, he did almost as he pleased. Kemble sent to him to ask his aid in *Hecate*. This Charles was inclined to consider *infra dig.* "The national singer play this *He-cat*! The fact is, you may tell Mr. Kemble that if he'll play one of the thieves to my *Macbeth*, I will play a *He-cat*, or any cat he likes, to his *Macbeth*."

From the Saturday Evening Post. LACONICS.—No. III.

Be open without levity; generous without waste; secret without craft; humble without meanness; bold without insolence; cautious without anxiety; regular yet not formal; mild yet not timid; firm yet not tyrannical.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others has *vigour*; who can produce more and better has *talents*; who can produce what none else can, has *genius*.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company.

Who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

Hypocrisy is very common—it being easy to acquire it—but hypocrisy is totally different from dissimulation; hypocrisy is the attribute of low and evil minds.

One of the first steps towards placing others at our implicit disposal, is to put them in love with themselves, by exciting their vanity; and then take advantage of the delusion for your own benefit.

Never make a promise when the power of performing that promise shall depend on another.

Assume a cheerfulness in society, if you have it not.

What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments; or not to dare to do what he thinks he ought to do?

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or illnature of every one he converses with;—a man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue;—a modest assurance is the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

There is a wide difference between the confidence which becometh a man, and the simplicity which disgraces a fool.

Be not confident in a plain way.

That man is guilty of impertinence who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than a refined sense and an indifference to common observations.

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

To be despised or blamed by an incompetent or uncandid judge, may give a momentary pain, but ought not to make us unhappy.

Never give a promise which may in the event interfere with your duty.

Promises of secrecy ought not to be violated, although the public would derive an advantage from the discovery. Such promises contain no unlawfulness in them, to destroy their obligation; for as the information would not have been imparted upon any other condition, the public lose nothing by the promise which they would have gained without it.

Fear never was a friend to the love of God or man, to duty or conscience, to truth, probity or honor.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Sketches by a member of the Western Bar.

No. 5.
[RESUMED.]

It was during the session of the court as described in my last, in the autumn of 1827, in L**** co. Ohio, which was embraced in our circuit, that the following incident occurred, and which together with the entire narrative as here related is altogether authentic and "real." The subject indeed may seem to have little to do with the general title I have chosen for these sketches, but I was made acquainted with most of the individuals to whom it relates, while on the circuit, and there is, moreover, at least one incident in the narrative, connected in some degree with the profession, and which shows to advantage a point of character they are known to possess in as eminent a degree as any other class of men upon earth, I mean their generosity, their charity, their readiness ever to sympathize with the unfortunate, and to assist the sufferer. Bespeaking then a little charity for what may seem egotism, proceed we with our narrative.

It was at the close of a day spent in court, into which had entered more than the usual vicissitudes of a lawyer's life, of good and bad fortune, hope and fear, success and defeat, and all of which is likely to be keenly felt by a very young advocate (and such I was at the time) and perhaps even long remembered—when returning to the hotel, or rather our plain log tavern, my landlord handed me a note written in a very neat crows foot hand, though on paper a little soiled, with a direction inscribing my name at length even to the middle letter, and what is somewhat unusual, it was correctly spelt. It contained a request that I would call upon the writer, if I had leisure, in the course of the evening, directing me where she was to be found, for my correspondent, I need hardly add, was of the belle sex. It was very natural, especially in the case of a young advocate to suppose that the introduction had reference to nothing else than some interesting case in court, a breach of promise of marriage, or the defence of a fair creature against the persecutions of a jealous husband, and full of the subject, with this cue which my imagination had supplied, I hastily took my tea and went in search of my fair correspondent. Her residence was about a half a mile from the village, and partially in sight of it. It was situated I saw, as I approached, on the top of a knob, or little hill, from which the ground sloped in every direction, and was covered with a thick growth of shrub oaks extending quite up to the log dwelling. It had been cleared, it seems, during the last war for a military encampment, and occupied for a time by a portion of the north west army. The temporary log tenements that had been at that time erected, with the exception of the one to which I was making my way, had fallen to decay, and the logs lay strewn about the ground and crossing my path. It was the very highest eminence in the neighbourhood, having been selected to command the surrounding country—while the bleak exposure to the north, and the utter sterility of the soil prevented, at a later day, its being in any way cultivated or occupied until its present occupants sought a temporary shelter there.—The whole scene as I approached it, at the close of a cold December's evening, was the very type of poverty and desolation, bleak, cheerless and forbidding. I had some difficulty to believe that the author of my neat little billet could be the inmate of so wretched a habitation, for the building itself, a sort of block house, composed of large rough hewn logs, was quite in keeping with the surrounding scenery. My knock at the door was answered by the appearance of a female who might have been some forty years of age, clad in the most coarse and common garb. Her figure was

tall and slender made, her cheeks thin and palid, and the expression of her countenance melancholy and dejected in the extreme. To my ordinary salutation she made no immediate answer, but continued to gaze into my face with the utmost interest, as if endeavouring to recognize an old acquaintance. She at length exclaimed, "I am right, I see plainly the resemblance, you are the son of my early bosom friend, C. P. Your mother was a P." And who, I exclaimed, is it, thus on the very frontiers of civilization, and in such an abode that claims acquaintance with my family, with my mother? But her heart was full, the interview had called up associations connected with better and happier days, and she turned from me and wept like a child. Not interrupting her, I had time to examine the contents of the room, or more properly barrack. A miserable straw bed, situated in one corner with a few tattered blankets for covering, two or three old chairs, and a little pine table constituted the entire furniture of the apartment. Two young children were shivering round some coals in the fire place, and a third was lying on the bed. I never saw a more desolate and poverty stricken looking home; the great size of the apartment, constructed probably, for the accommodation of fifty men at arms, stood in its nakedness in bold relief, nor did the melancholy and wo begone aspect of this lone woman (lone as I saw her) with her helpless little ones, assist to relieve the gloom. Repeating my question, when she had a little composed herself, as to what early friend of my mother's I had the good fortune to meet, though under circumstances that showed that adversity and that friend had not been strangers, assuring her at the same time that the name of my most cherished parent was ever a passport to command both the friendship and services of her son—after a moments pause, she replied by asking me if I ever recollected to have heard my mother speak of her friend Julia B****. Julia B! I exclaimed; the truth at once flashed upon me. I was indeed in the presence of the bosom friend, the early school companion of my mother. I was in the presence of one whose character was as familiar to me as though I had known her all my life; for who that has been raised in the neighbourhood that once claimed a distinguished belle, (one not alone the belle of the village but of the county, and of the surrounding country,) though it may be years after the heroine (and she is generally not less in some one or more of the traditions of the neighbourhood) has acted her part, and passed away—but will yet bear of her,—of her beauty and her conquests, and perhaps often of more worthy marks of distinction,—of virtues and qualities better entitling her to remembrance.

Her history in a few words is this. Mrs. C.'s (for such she now was) ancestors, had for years, if not almost, or quite for centuries, owned and occupied a rich and extensive valley in the neighbourhood of the Connecticut river. They were affluent in their circumstances, if not rich, and rode, and had for years in their carriages. Every pains and expense had been bestowed on Julia's education, and, as an evidence of it, even at the time I thus encountered her, she both read and spoke the French with ease and fluency, an accomplishment, it will be recollected, much more rare twenty-five years ago, than at present. It was by these qualities of the mind, her brilliancy and accomplishments, as much as by her beauty of person, though this latter was said to have been striking, that she obtained the reputation to which I have alluded. She had gratified an early attachment, while yet very young, by marrying a young clergyman, and removed with him to the state of Ohio, whither the tide of emigration was just beginning to set, and where he probably felt himself called to go. He had died some years after they removed to the state, and after an interval of several years she married H**** C****, at that time Secretary of the

Treasury of Ohio, having been elected to that office while a member of the State Senate. C. possessed at the time, great popularity and influence and was a leading and an aspiring politician; but at one fell blow lost his popularity and all else! It was suspected, during his administration of the treasury department, that its affairs were not going on right. A committee was appointed by the legislature to examine its concerns, who made a report, establishing clearly the fact, that the secretary was largely a defaulter. This exposure broke poor C's heart—he was never a man afterwards. By the bye, in justice it should here be added, that even at the time, he was supposed to have been no farther culpable than using the funds for the benefit of his friends, to whose faithfulness and treachery he was undoubtedly a victim. Disheartened, disgusted, cursing the ingratitude of his friends and the fickleness of fortune, he left his former home, gave up his property to the last cent and the last article he possessed in the world, and removed with his family to the very out skirts of the farthest settlement, and after leading a sort of squatter's life for several years, finally took up his residence in the vacated old barrack in sight of the little town of Bellefont as above described. The ex-secretary was utterly unfit for business or any of the cares of life. It was supposed at times that he was, subject to something like hallucination of intellect; gloomy, misanthropic and solitary; he was not even society, in the absence of all other society, for his own family; and was of so little assistance to them otherwise, that but for the kindness of some of their neighbours they must have suffered, if not perished.

The outline of all this and much more, was communicated to me by Mrs. C. during our interview. She had learned of my arrival at the county seat through a worthy neighbour who sometimes called on her and who had mentioned my name to her, knowing I was from New England, and that perhaps, I might know something of her friends; who I may here add, as "woes love a train," had also been overtaken by adversity or such of them as survived, for many of them, including her father, had long since deceased. Never did I more sincerely sympathize with any human being; my heart bled for her, to see her thus, the inmate of an old barrack, almost in the forest; her whom "the winds of summer had not been permitted to visit too roughly," her who had been so kindly cared for, and delicately raised,—almost in want of the crust that should save herself and her babes from perishing—and a cold winter approaching! I asked what were her plans for the future or if she had any, when, to my great satisfaction she told me that she was daily expecting her son from Indiana, who had been absent from her several years, having been educated by a friend, and had lately been licenced as a physician—that they expected to go with him to Indiana, where he had assured her it would be in his power to render them assistance. She added they thought of setting off in a few days to meet him on the way. Before I left the house the ex-Secretary entered. He was indeed the wreck both mentally and physically I had heard him described—the very epitome of woe. He might have been some fifty-five years of age, and in stature more than six feet in height, if standing erect—but he was much bent or rather bowed; his face was thin and haggard, his clothes tattered and shabby in the extreme; an old slouched hat covered his head, and from under which, and almost hiding his face, escaped a profusion of gray or rather white locks. Thus stood before me the once ambitious politician! But he hardly noticed me when introduced by his wife, and immediately turned off, seeming to shun all intercourse.

I took my departure, having first obtained from Mrs. C. a promise she would let me know the moment of her arrival at U— about twenty miles south, and which they would take in their route, and where the

court were to adjourn to, on the following day; and to such time, I saw, for several reasons, it would be necessary to postpone any plans for the relief and assistance of this most distressed family; for individually, my means were unequal to that end, and never more did I regret my poverty.

In view of the above object, I at once applied to my old friend Chap, whose heart could never be applied to in vain, nor his pocket, while there was any thing in it. He proposed at once a subscription on the part of the bar to be taken up shortly after our arrival at U—. They came a day or two sooner than was expected—having met with a wagon or rather cart, going in their direction, on board of which they placed their little baggage and accompanied themselves on foot.

She, woman-like, true to that pride and inborn delicacy which under any circumstance, struggle to preserve themselves in the bosom of an educated woman, had determined it seems, to pass through the town where they were known to many, without, if possible, being discovered. But my friend Chap fortunately was an early riser; and happened to live at the outskirts of the town, near which they had passed the night. A little after day-light of a clear cold morning, Chap came round to my little office and awoke me, saying the C's have come to town, and were endeavouring to pass through it incog. I immediately rose and joined him, and we started in the direction they were coming. They had just turned out of the lane on to the main road. I shall never forget the appearance of this group. First came the horses attached to the cart harnessed tandem fashion, trundling the rickety old thing along at a snail's pace over the frozen kobs—and such horses! They were miserable little broken down Indian ponies, so poor as to be hardly able to drag one leg after the other. Next followed in his tattered summer habiliments the ex-secretary, carrying his youngest child awkwardly in his arms; and then came the mother leading a little boy and girl, the eldest hardly more than six years of age, the little creatures shivering in the air of a raw December morning, their feet scarcely protected with even the covering of a sock, from the frozen ground with which at every step they came in contact. It was a sight to rouse a man, to pulsate his blood, to swell his bosom; he could fight on such an occasion if he had an enemy; he could weep were it not unmanly to do so. I approached and caught up the little girl in my arms, while my friend did the same in reverence to the other child, and at the same time I presented an arm to the mother and would not be refused its acceptance.

Not the devoted pair, when threading leisurely arm in arm the shady mazes of the grove, not the lover when the mistress of his heart has distinguished him with some special mark of her favor, not the orator in the hour of his triumph, or the young soldier in the flush of victory, know the sensations—may I call it *pleasure*, of that moment. We are strangely constituted. I won't philosophise—but I felt my soul was in the arm on which that poor woman hung, and in her defence an adversary might have felt as much. There she was, she the once caressed idolized and worshipped child of fortune, houseless and homeless at an hour while others yet slept, travelling on foot, in a pilgrim's garb, to seek an asylum, at the end of a journey of hundred of miles, through mud, and frost, and snow, and with such companions for her journey as a wretched, half crazed old man and three helpless children! She was flying at the moment too, strange to say, from her friends; stealthily shunning them to avoid that ostentatious charity, which however required by necessity, the delicacy of her nature, the pride of her woman's heart caused her to shrink from—O! Woman thou art strangely constituted! What a leaven of pride ever mingles with thy nature! How well hast thou preserved thy first parent's legacy!

When I first approached, she had anticipated my charge; and with an effort at something like gaiety stammered out a kind of apology for so sudden a departure. But I saw in the whole plan the spirit and the character of Julia B—. In her own solitary home, to the private ear of one to whom she ought to be able to look as to a friend, she had no concealment—but contact with society, even the sight of a town again reminded her who she was, and how she once had moved in that society; and she was shocked at the thought of even a recognition by former friends, much more that she should be sought out by them as a fit object for charity.

The cart required some repairs, and we had stopped for a moment opposite a blacksmith's shop, and myself and friend were using all the persuasion in our power to prevail upon the party to enter the hotel near by, wishing to detain them at least for a short time till our plans for their relief could be carried into effect, which had been the longer delayed as their arrival had not been so early expected, when while thus engaged, a young girl from a neighbouring house approached and running up to the party, at once recognized them as her friends and relatives. Let me here add, I do not introduce this noble creature to give effect to this narrative, (I am not writing a fiction) she acted the part as here set down to her.

She was the niece it seems of old Mr. C. The fortunes of her father who had been one of the securities of his brother while secretary of the treasury, had been greatly injured by the wreck, in which had been swept away, every thing belonging to the latter, and young Abi had come to the village to learn the business of a milliner and mantuamaker. When she saw her uncle, aunt and the children, thus comfortless and unprovided for, and a glance was sufficient to satisfy any one of their condition in this respect, nothing could exceed the interest she expressed, or the flurry and agitation of feelings she seemed to experience. She would run up to one of the children and then to the other, and having caressed them all round, and pitied them a great deal in the kindest accents of her sweet voice, she insisted on their entering the house where she stopped, and her importunities were not to be resisted; they were sufficient to soften and overcome even her coy, reserved and dignified aunt (dignified in spite of her wretchedness) and the party entered.

Abi, if I was writing a story instead of what I am faithfully recording some reminiscences of the past, would do well for a heroine; many less beautiful have no doubt figured as such in the pages of fiction. She was at the time about eighteen years of age, with a figure of most delicate and faultless proportions. The striking features of her face were her eyes and forehead. Never looked there forth a nobler black eye. It was large, full and soft, and as clear and bright as the gazelle's. Her forehead was high, and the hair worn parted on the top and neatly combed back, exposing a brow and temples as fair and smooth as Parian marble, or the whitest bust of alabaster. The expression of her face was that of extreme innocence or artlessness. You could have sworn that the spirit that shone forth from those eyes, the blood that from the slightest cause rushed to her cheeks and mantled o'er her brow, sprung from a source as pure as the heart that inhabits an angel's bosom! She beheld the destitution of her kindred, and saw with dismay how much was required to make them any thing like comfortable, to perform a long journey at such a season of the year, and poor innocent, she never dreamed they could have claims upon any but herself. She had no difficulty in parting with a portion of her own wardrobe in order to make provision for her aunt, and having settled all this in her mind, she next took her little purse and flew to the store, and soon emptied its scanty contents in the purchase of shoes, socks, mittens, &c. for

the children. With these she returned, and with as much care as a bird hovers round, protects and caresses its young, and with the same fluttering anxiety, she soon arranged her little purchases comfortably about their persons, apparently gratifying them not less than herself.

But there was one member of the party, her old uncle, yet unprovided for. A threadbare linen coat was his best outside garment. What was to be done? her funds were all exhausted. It occurred to her from the character of Bill Mc—a merchant in the village that he might give her credit. She had noticed a blanket coat in his store, which was just the thing her uncle required. Returning slowly back with her head cast down, meditating how she should break the matter of asking for a credit, she enquired as she entered again to see the blanket coat, and stood apparently intently regarding it, turning it over and over while the struggle was going on in her bosom between her affection and her fears, her desire to obtain the article, and her dread to ask to be credited for it. At length, watching an opportunity when no one else was near, in a low, hurried and tremulous voice, she asked Mr. Mc—if he would sell her that coat, holding it in her hand, on a credit, "she would pay him for it indeed she would—she had parted with all her ready money that morning, but she would in a few weeks obtain more, and she should not forget that whatever she earned was his till the coat was paid for?" The character of the purchase, and the singularity of the request, was such that Mr. Mc—thought he had misunderstood his fair customer, or perhaps, from her hurried manner he hardly understood her at all, and put her some questions intended to elicit her wishes, but which she unfortunately misconstrued into a reply designed to preclude an apology for declining the sale on her terms. Her young heart was full, her feelings could no longer be controlled, and bursting into tears she exclaimed, "sell me, I beg of you, this coat—I will pay you for it if I have to work my hands off; besides, sir, if you doubted my maiden word thus publicly pledged for a trifle, you know my family, and poor though they may be, that they would not let you suffer for a kindness extended to our unfortunate kinsman. It is for him, my uncle, that I want the coat, it may save his life—it may be the last office of kindness any of us will have it in our power to perform for him." Of course, her request (of course with Bill Mc—) was complied with, and I hardly need add that her eloquent appeal would have been altogether unnecessary had the parties rightly understood each other. Every apology was made, and every thing said calculated to calm and appease her feelings, and a credit to any amount in the most delicate manner freely tendered her. But taking the coat, half blushing for shame at the excess of feeling, that thus before strangers she had been involuntarily betrayed to, she hastily returned to her friends, when the ex-secretary was at once arrayed, though apparently himself almost unconscious of the change, in the ample folds of the blanket coat, covering as it did effectually his under summer garments, and well protecting him from the cold.

Mean time my friend Chap had been busy, and the call upon the bar, had been answered, as such calls with them ever are, with promptness and liberality. A more humane, generous and liberal minded man, than our venerated judge who headed the list, did not and does not live. And it is a very great mistake generally, to suppose, as many do, that the practice of the profession tends to deaden the sensibilities and dry up the charities of life; on the contrary, its members by being brought much acquainted with the adversity and misfortunes of men, and at the same time with that short-sightedness, weakness and fallibility that belongs to the human character, and often induces "those ills

which flesh is heir to,"—seem to regard the unhappy, as naturally having claims upon their sympathy, and give to the unfortunate almost without scrutiny or without inquiry.

Thus were matters arranged, the cart meantime had been prepared, and the party were ready to set out, and with means at least sufficient to defray their travelling expenses along the road, and procure them necessities—when a horseman, well mounted came dashing up the road in the direction they were going. He was recognized by one of the party long before he had reached us. It is, exclaimed the overjoyed mother, it is my son, it is Henry! In another moment the young man had dismounted, was by her side, and held her to his bosom. When the first transports of the meeting was over, and he had more time to regard her, he could not withhold the expression of his surprise at the change that had taken place in her appearance since he last saw her. But I well recollect the manner in which he eyed that old cart, the Indian ponies, and the driver, and indeed the other members of the party, including the ex-secretary. He seemed to comprehend for the first time, the full extent of the poverty to which his family had been subjected, and I suppose in fact did, for his mother's letters out of regard to his feelings had probably left the worst untold. After eyeing them all round, he stepped up to his mother, and taking her hand in the most kind and affectionate manner, drew her arm within his, and drawing his tall and manly figure to its full height, looked round upon the crowd with a sort of expression of defiance (though heaven knows there were none there but his friends) as much as to say, "she is my mother. I can protect her. These are mine to look to and provide for; they will be safe with me," and he extended an arm at the same time to the ex-secretary.

I see him now as he stood in the first dawn of manhood, clad in the usual riding dress of the country, with his long leggings and spurs, his fine face flushed with the emotions his bosom had just experienced, his big coat thrown back as if to relieve the pressure that was at his heart, his cap in his hand as though hardly presuming to stand covered in the presence of his honored parents; I see him thus as he supported them along the street in the direction of the hotel, followed by his fair cousin leading the children; the bowed and emaciated figure of the old man, and the weak and fragile form of his mother; well contrasting with the firm and noble bearing of him on whom they leaned, strikingly illustrating the figure that is so often exemplified of the ivy clinging to the oak.

There are many situations in which youth, beauty and manliness may appear to advantage, but the artist himself will in vain devise scenes and attitudes, whether selected from the list, the senate chamber, or the drawing room, where the effect can surpass, or the moral equal that of the genuine exhibition of filial love, in the sort of grouping I have here faintly attempted to describe—It was Grecian all—it was poetry and the arts combined, and hallowed by God's own commandment, where he says "honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The young doctor after making the necessary arrangements left in a few days with the family in a private conveyance for S— having in the first place insisted upon having the money that had been received returned, and from S— they took the stage for Indiana.

It remains for me but to record poor Abi's fate, and I cannot alas! do it better than by transcribing literally from a letter that he wrote me, written by a brother, dated at C— Ohio, April 23d, 1834. I should premise that she was married shortly after the events

narrated above to my young friend B— who discovered and appreciated her worth, and removed with her to the town at which the letter bears date.

It proceeds—"I had supposed from what you told me, or got the impression, that B— resided at U—. My attention was called to his name some days since by a card which was left at the hotel where I stopped, stating that the wife of Mr. J. B. was deceased, and his friends were invited to attend her funeral. On enquiry I ascertained he was from U— and supposed him to be one of the B's you had spoken of, so I considered myself invited, although a stranger, and attended the funeral. The circumstances attending it were somewhat singular. After we had assembled and attended prayers, the hearse at the door, and she in the coffin, the physician was not perfectly confident that she was yet dead, so perfectly natural and beautiful did she look, so she was taken from the coffin and laid back in her bed.

The next day, being sure she was deceased, she was buried. He, or she, appeared to have no relatives, or at least gentlemen relatives present, as at her grave he appeared to weep alone, which he did bitterly. From the circumstance of my supposing it was him who had been your friend, or because it is easy for me to play the woman, or both, as I turned to leave the scene a tear of sympathy unconsciously escaped me, which was the only tribute a stranger could pay at the early grave of her we buried."

A NEW SONG.

We insert the following beautiful verses as a specimen of a new set of songs just published by Moorz. "There are twelve of them," says the London Times, "and we think that they are among the best efforts of the most graceful and fanciful of English lyric poets."

If thou would have me sing and play
As once I play'd and sung,
First take this time-worn lute away,
And bring one freshly strung:
Call back the time when Pleasure's sigh
First breath'd among the strings;
And Time himself, in flitting by,
Made music with his wings.
Take, take the worn-out lute away,
And bring one newly strung,
If thou would'st have me sing and play
As once I play'd and sung.

But how is this? Though new the lute,
And shining fresh the chords,
Beneath this hand they slumber, mute,
Or speak but dreamy words!
In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
Within that once sweet shell,
Which told so warmly what it felt,
And felt—what nought can tell.
Oh, ask not, then, for passion's lay
From lute so coldly strung,
With this I ne'er can sing or play
As once I played and sung.

No: bring that long-lov'd lute again!
Though chilled by years it be,
If thou wilt call the slumber'ing strain,
'Twill wake again for thee.
Though time have froz'n the tuneful stream
Of thoughts that gush'd along,
One look from thee, like summer's beam,
Will thaw them into song.
Then give, oh give, that wak'ning ray!
And, once more blithe and young,
Thy bard again will sing and play,
As once he play'd and sung.

THE HUNTER'S PERILS.

From the Legends of a Log Cabin.

On the fourth day, about noon, being then about forty miles direct distance from H—, we came upon the trail of a large body of Indians, who had passed there the day before, and were going up the river. It was not a war party, as the tracks of women and children were mingled with those of grown men. We followed four or five miles, when, at a soft piece of ground, I caught sight of a foot-mark I knew right well. 'Twas the broad flat foot of the Indian, whom we called Broadfoot. I showed it to Johnson, who agreed that there could be no doubt as to whom it belonged. We traced it along till at the top of a ridge the party separated, Broadfoot and four others taking a course directly out from the river; and the others, principally old men, women and children, still following up the stream. Here Johnson and I called a halt, and consulted whether we should follow Broadfoot and his gang, or the larger party. Johnson was for the latter plan, saying, that where there were so many women and children, they must needs move slowly, and we should easily overtake them, and like enough, take a scalp or two. I wanted to track Broadfoot still, both because I longed to take the scoundrel's scalp, and because I could not but think we stood the best chance of finding the boy, by keeping on the trail of the enemy of whom we were in search. Finally, Johnson gave in, and we followed the smaller, or war party.

Poor Jim grumbled a good deal at what he called my wrong-headedness. "There were twenty or thirty tracks," he said; "they were going slow, and by night we could have overtaken them, and taken a scalp or two at least. Even a squaw's scalp would have been some satisfaction; nay, a child's would have been better than nothing."

"What on earth do you want with a squaw's scalp, much more with a poor papoose's, Jim Johnson?" said I.

"Why, Balt, I don't want a squaw's scalp, nor a papoose's, if I can get a warrior's; but surely half a loaf is better than no bread. Here we have been on a range four days, and have not had a shot at a red skin, man, woman, or child, though we all know the woods are full of them. It is too bad; I vow it is a disgrace to the settlement, there has not a single scalp been brought into Harner in a month." Johnson went on grumbling and complaining, but I did not mind him, but kept a sharp eye on the trail. We followed it steadily and pretty rapidly, till nightfall; we then camped, lighted our fire, cooked a bit of bear steak, and went quietly to sleep. Next morning we were early on the trail, and followed it steadily till near noon; then a new footmark joined it; I gave but one glance: 'twas Ham Cass. The sight of the footmarks warmed my heart; I gave a glad shout, and followed the trail with renewed energy. I did not lose the chance of bragging over Jim. "See, Jim, wasn't I right after all? I knew the boy was true breed, the genuine old hunter blood is in him, and for all his book learning, it will show itself. You see he is on the right scent now, and, my word for it, he will tree the game." Just as Johnson began some light and joking reply, I heard the sharp crack, crack, crack—three rifles. Johnson, who was a step or two in front of me, gave one bound right up into the air, and fell dead at my feet. At the same time I felt a numbness in my right leg; I, too, was hit. I looked up the hill side, five Indians were bounding down at a great rate. There was no time to lose, I ran for life. Luckily the ball had not touched the bone. In a moment they were all after me at full speed. I gave one glance over my shoulder, to see how they were coming; only one was very near me, and if I could but es-

cape him, I had no fears for the rest; for, on level ground, even with my hurt leg, I could leave any Indian far behind me on a short race. In a minute more I heard another rifle; I glanced behind. The Indian who was nearest me—and he was fearfully near—stood still, groping in the air with his hands for a moment, and then fell. One of his companions had hit the wrong mark. The Indians saw the fatal error, and filled the air with their yells. I ran on, making for a creek we had passed in the early part of the day. I soon found that no one was after me, but there was little safety in that; the savages could not look at my trail without finding that I was wounded, and this would encourage them to hunt me down. My wound, too, began to be very painful, and I felt that it would be impossible for me to reach the creek without a rest—yet I scarce dared stop, till at last I came to a sycamore tree, which was hollowed out by rot. Here I determined to make my resting place. In the upper part of this hollow I would probably remain concealed, or, if discovered, sell my life dearly. The only opening to this tree was about four feet from the ground, scarce large enough to permit a man to crawl in; once in, the space would easily permit a dozen men to stand at ease. I crept in, and began to take a regular survey of my little fortress. I found there were several small holes, the size of a dollar, and one, near twenty feet from the ground, where a limb had broken off, which was larger than that at which I had entered. Here I rested for some time, and having plucked some leaves as I went through the woods, I now chewed, and applied them to my wound, with great relief. You may well suppose I kept a good look out all the while, lest the savages should come on me unawares. I had watched there for more than an hour, when I caught sight of them following my trail. The first was a chief, a large, tall, powerful fellow, with a feather in his high tuft of hair, medals on his breast, and wampum beads hanging in strings from his dress. At his belt hung a fresh scalp, which I knew could only be poor Johnson's. He was followed, in Indian file, by six others. Slowly and cautiously they advanced on the trail, till they came within fifty feet of the tree. Here they halted, and I could have picked off one very easily, but I thought I would wait and see what plan they would adopt. After some whispering and gesticulating, two of the Indians were detached, and made a circuit round the tree, apparently to discover whether the trail led beyond it.

When they had completed their round and joined their companies, they had another long talk; finally, three raised their rifles and fired at the hole in the tree. One ball only entered the hole, but as I took good care to be out of range, it did no harm. Again they held a talk; they seemed irresolute what to do, and I began to think they would leave me, but such was no part of their intention. I saw them again raising their rifles for a shot, when a plan entered my head by which I hoped to get two lives at least; so when they fired I gave a furious scream, as though wounded and then began to groan; at first very loud, and finally slowly and softly, as though just dead. The stratagem had its effect. At the first scream the Indians gave a shout of triumph, and then, as they heard the groans, they advanced towards the tree. Still their natural craft did not entirely desert them, for they crept on very slowly, stopping every now and then, and listening with eager attention. Finally, the head man stood beside the opening, he poked in his rifle, moving it about; then he thrust in his head; and just as he was fairly in, I fired, and blew the top of his head all off. He fell forward, his body blocking up the hole. In an instant I sprang on him, wrested the rifle from his dying grasp, pointed it from one of the small loopholes, fired, and another Indian was dead beside his

Chief; the others gave one yell of despair and took to trees. There was now, for a while, a cession of our warfare. The Indians, each hid behind some neighboring tree, were concealed from me, and did not seem very much inclined to leave their covert. In the mean time I was busy rifling the dead Chief. The gun I had taken, and which had already done me such good service, I found, on looking at it, was Johnson's; the savage had a well filled bullet pouch and horn of powder; the ammunition was of immense importance to me, as I had not above a dozen charges left, and there was no telling how long this fight might last. I also got a large bag of parched corn, and a small (pity it was so small) flask of whiskey. Having secured these valuable spoils, I resumed my quiet watch of the savages.

The sun was near setting, when I saw them, at a signal, fly each from his tree, and take refuge behind a small rise in the ground about twenty or thirty yards from my tree. Here they were out of my sight, and, what was worse, they could creep round, and approach on either side without my knowing where to look for them. "This," thought I, "will never do; I'll see if I can't break up the council they are holding, or at least get an idea of what they are about." I began to climb the sides of the tree. As the rot had eaten irregularly, it left a good many knots and knobs; so that, notwithstanding my lame leg, I made out finally to reach the upper hole. Cautiously I poked my head out, and was rejoiced to find that I could command a full view of my enemies. There lay the whole five, their heads together, talking and pointing, evidently hatching some plan for my destruction. Having satisfied myself that from the top of my fort I could hit one of the savages, I descended again, and fastening one end of my belt to my side, and tying the two rifles, ready loaded, to the other, I ascended again. Just as I caught sight of the savages, two of them made off, rolling and creeping along until they were out of range of my rifle; then they took to the woods and I saw no more of them. Here was another hint for me to be in haste, as the varmin were sending for reinforcements. Slowly and carefully I pushed out my rifles, and resting one in the crotch of the tree, I took deliberate aim at the nearest Indian. He lay flat on the ground, and my ball hit the very centre of his head. His companions sprang on their feet, gazing all around, evidently at a loss to tell whence the blow came. As they stood there I could take perfect aim, and in a moment another fell, with a ball through his body. The second shot roused the remaining Indian to the necessity of putting shelter between him and me. He sprang behind a tree. Here he remained a long time, till finding he was not likely to move, and knowing that their reinforcement could not be far distant, I determined to be off. I went to work with my tomahawk, cutting a hole in the tree opposite to where he lay, and in half an hour's time I could creep out.

I then hid Johnson's rifle, took my own in hand, and crept softly out. Taking advantage of the ground, I was soon out of sight of the Indian; then I sprang to my feet, and made towards the creek with my best speed. I walked more than an hour undisturbed, and began to indulge the hope of reaching the creek without further danger. I had gained the top of the last hill, and the creek lay in the valley below; I paused for a moment, and looking back, I saw four stout Indians on the opposite hill, not more than a mile behind me. They must have seen me at the same moment, for their loud war-whoop rang through the woods. I did not wait for another look at them, but made for the creek. I gained the bank, and plunged into the stream. Oh! how pleasant was that cool water to my parched skin and burning wound. I swam with the current, which was pretty rapid, till at

a turn in the stream, I saw a large raft of drift wood. I struggled towards it, and diving, came up between two of the largest logs. They lay so close together, that I could barely get my eyes, nose and chin, out of the water; and as the logs touched a few inches above my face, I was in nearly total darkness. Here I lay, half dead with fatigue and pain, waiting the coming of the savages. I soon heard by their shouts that they were near—were descending the stream. One of them came on the raft; he stood for a moment on the log that concealed me; his weight pressing my head under water—had he remained many minutes I must have perished. He moved onwards, however, and then, like an old otter, I poked my nose out of the water to blow. For near an hour I heard their shouts near the raft; then they began to grow more and more faint, and finally died away. I waited some time, lest some straggler might have remained behind. At last, hearing nothing of them, and being nearly exhausted, I left my hiding place, and swam into the open stream. It was quite dark; I was wet, hungry and lame; still I dared not rest, there was no hope of safety but in instant flight. By hard tugging I detached a large log from the raft, and drew it into the middle of the stream; then laying myself at full length upon it I began to float down the stream.

TALES FROM THE FRENCH.

THE ORATORY.—About six months prior to her death, the Comtesse de Merset, having been seriously indisposed, occupied a separate suite of apartments from those of the comte, La Grand Bretche. Her sleeping room looked upon the river, and had sash windows opening upon the lawn, which sloped pleasantly towards its banks. Within this apartment was a small recess with a glass door which served as an oratory, about four feet square, and constructed within the thickness of the wall. On the night in question, by one of those strange fatalities for which there is no explanation, the comte returned home two hours later than usual from the club where he usually spent his evening in reading the papers or discussing politics.—The invasion of France had formed the leading topic of conversation, and the subject of a long and animated discussion after which, being already excited by argument, the comte had lost a considerable sum at billiards. On returning home he had usually satisfied himself, for some time past, by asking the comtesse's attendant, Rosalie, if her lady had retired to rest, ere he proceeded to his own apartments; but on this night it occurred to him he would visit her himself, that he might recount his ill-luck. Accordingly, instead of summoning Rosalie, he proceeded directly to the chamber of the countess. His well known step resounded along the corridor, and at the instant he turned the handle of the door, he fancied he heard that of the oratory within closed suddenly; but when he entered the apartment, he saw Madame de Merset standing before the hearth, on which smouldered the embers of a half extinguished fire. It immediately occurred to him that it must have been Rosalie who went into the oratory, from which however, there was no egress but through the comtesse's apartment. Yet a suspicion of a darker nature crossed his imagination like a sudden flash of dazzling light, which could not be extinguished. He looked fixedly at his wife, and there seemed a troubled expression in her, as she avoided his searching glance.

"You are late to-night," she said, and there was a slight tremor in her voice, usually so clear and musical.

The comte did not reply, for at that instant, as if to strengthen the horrid thought which possessed his secret soul, Rosalie entered the room. Turning abrupt-

ly from her, he folded his arms moodily across his breast, and mechanically paced the apartment.

"You are ill my lord, I fear; or bring you evil tidings?" gently inquired the comtesse, as her attendant proceeded to undress her. But he still continued silent. "You may retire," added Madame de Merset to her attendant, for she foresaw something more than usual was gathering on the disturbed brow of her lord, and she wished to meet it alone.

As soon as Rosalie was gone, or supposed to be so, he approached his lady, and said coldly, though his lips trembled with emotion, "Some one is concealed within that oratory."

The comtesse looked calmly and somewhat proudly at her husband, and simply answered, "No, my lord." The "no," smote like a knife across his heart for he dared not believe her, and yet never had she seemed more true to him than at that moment. He was advancing a step towards the door of the oratory as if to convince himself, when the comtesse, placing her hand upon his arm, arrested him, and looking at him for a moment with an expression of deep melancholy, said in a voice trembling with emotion, "Should you find no one there, remember, all must be at an end between us forever."

And there was ineffable dignity in her look and manner which awed the comte's suspicion, and made him pause in his purpose. "No, Josephine," he exclaimed, "I open not that door, as guilty or innocent, we then must part. But listen, I know all thy purity of heart, and the sanctity of life, thou leadest; thou wouldst not commit a mortal sin at the expense of thy soul." She looked at him wildly. "Here is the crucifix. Take it—swear to me before that image there is no one there, and I will never seek to enter."

The countess took the crucifix, and murmured, "I swear!"

"Louder," said her husband, "and repeat, I swear before the virgin there is no one concealed in that oratory." And she repeated the words of the oath without any visible emotion.

"Tis well," M. de Merset coldly said; then added, after a moment's silence, his eye resting upon the crucifix she had just laid down, which was of ebony and silver and of exquisite workmanship—"You have something there which I never saw before, or knew that you possessed."

"I met with it accidentally at Duviver's, who bought it of one of the Spanish prisoners of war, when they passed through Vendome, on their way to the frontier."

"Ah!" said the comte, replacing the crucifix on its gilt nail over the chimney piece—in doing which, at the same moment, he rang the bell. Rosalie came immediately. M. de Merset advanced to meet her, and leading her into the embrasure of the window which opened upon the lawn, abruptly, and in an undertone, said, "I understand that poverty alone prevents your union with Philippe, and that you have declared your intention not to become his wife until he shall have found the means of establishing himself in business as a master mason. Now, mark me—go seek him—bring him hither with his tools. Let him do what I desire, and his fortune shall surpass your utmost wishes—but take special care to wake no one besides himself in the house—above all, let not a word escape your lips—a whisper and—"

His brow darkened, as he looked menacingly upon her. She was about to leave the room to obey his orders, when he added, "Hold, take my *passic partout*." He then called Louis in a voice of thunder along the corridor. Louis, his confidential servant, appeared at the hasty summons of his master, who added in a tone of authority, "Get you all to bed." Then making a sign for him to approach nearer, and lowering his voice, said,

"When they shall be all asleep—asleep, mind—you come and inform me."

During none of these extraordinary arrangements had the comte once lost sight of his lady, and when he had finished giving his orders, he returned to where she was seated by the fireside.

When Rosalie re-entered the room, she found the comte, and comtesse conversing together, to all appearance mechanically.

"Philippe is here, monsieur," said Rosalie.

"Tis well," answered her master "bid him enter." The comtesse grew slightly pale, on seeing the mason.

"Philippe," said the comte, "you will find materials in the court yard for walling up the door of yonder cabinet." And drawing Rosalie and her lover to him—"Listen, Philippe," he continued, "you remain here to-night, but to-morrow you will receive from me a passport, which shall enable you to leave this place for some distant town in a foreign land, which I will indicate. I give you the sum of six thousand francs for your journey: and you will remain ten years either in the town of which I shall direct you, or in any other you may yourself select, provided you continue in the country in which it is situated. But you will first proceed to Paris, where you will await my arrival; then I will ensure the possession of another six thousand francs, to be paid you on your return from your expatriation, provided you have strictly complied with my conditions. At this price, understand, whatever you may be called upon to do this night must remain forever a secret. For you, Rosalie, he continued, turning towards her, as he spoke, "I will settle ten thousand francs on you the day of your marriage with Philippe; but mark me, this promise is made on the sole condition of your marrying him."

At this moment the comtesse's voice was heard calling to Rosalie, and the comte turning away, proceeded quietly to pace the apartment, watching the movements of his wife, Rosalie, and the mason, but without allowing any indications of suspicion to be discernable. Philippe, meanwhile, in pursuance of the task imposed on him, made a considerable degree of noise; and seizing this chance of her voice not reaching the ears of the comte, who had just attained the other end of the chamber, the comtesse hurriedly addressed Rosalie, in a tone that was scarcely above a whisper—"A hundred crowns yearly for life are thine," she said, "if thou canst only obtain one crevice there," pointing to the door of the oratory, which Philippe had commenced building up with brick and plaster. Then in a louder voice, and with a fearful calmness, as her husband approached, she added, "Go, Rosalie, to the assistance of Philippe."

The husband and wife, as by a sort of tacit agreement, remained mutually silent during the time employed in filling up the doorway. This silence perhaps might have been assumed on the part of the comte, to prevent the countess from having it in her power to convey any double meaning in her words; while, on the other side, it might have been pride, or prudence, perhaps, which prevented her from breaking it. By this time, the wall being about half way completed, the artful mason, seizing his opportunity when the comte's back was turned to the scene of operations, struck a blow on the door of the cabinet, which shattered one of the panes of glass. This action gave Madame de Merset to understand the success of the intelligence which subsisted between Rosalie and her lover, and casting a glance of intense anxiety towards the now darkened aperture, the mason as well as herself beheld within it the dark and handsome countenance of a man, whose intrepid look of courage and devotion fell upon her pale and guilty countenance. Ere her husband turned again in his walk

she made a hasty sign to the stranger, which seemed to say "there is yet hope."

It was near day-break—that is to say, about four o'clock, for it was in the month of May—ere the construction was completed; and the mason having been delivered to the care of Louis, the comte and comtesse retired to rest. The next morning on rising, the comte seized his hat, and making a step towards the door, said with the utmost appearance of indifference, he must go to the mayoralty for a passport. Then suddenly turning back, as his eye chanced to rest upon the crucifix, he took it from the chimney place, and as he did so a thrill of satisfaction passed through the bosom of the comtesse. "He is going to Duvivier's," she thought, "and will be the longer absent."

Scarcely had he left the apartment when she rang the bell violently to summon Rosalie, and in a voice that was rendered fearful by excess of agitation, cried, "To work! to work!" Then frantically seizing an iron bar which Rosalie by her direction brought for the purpose, commenced demolishing the yet undried work of Philippe. Desperate were her efforts, in the hopes of being able to repair the destruction of the walled up doorway, before the dreaded return of the comte. Despair lent her energy, and a voice within, which penetrated to her sharpened and nervous ear, alone encouraged her to proceed. Already a part of the brick work had yielded, and she was in the act of applying a yet more vigorous blow for the removal of the remaining impediments, when the comte, pale and menacing, stood before her. She shrieked not, spoke not, but fell insensible on the floor.

"Place your lady on the bed," M. de Merset coldly said. The truth was, he had foreseen the probable result of his absence; and had accordingly laid a snare into which his wretched wife had but too surely fallen. He had written to the mayor, and sent to Duvivier, who had arrived just as the countess's apartment was again restored to order, and herself recovered from her swoon.

"Duvivier," said the comte, addressing the unconscious jeweller, "did you receive this crucifix from any of the Spanish officers who passed through the town as prisoners of war, on their way to the frontier, a short time since?"

"I did not, monsieur, nor have I ever seen it before," was the reply.

"Enough—I thank you," rejoined the comte, calmly restoring the relic to its former place; then as the jeweller left the room, he desired Louis to see that his repasts were served regularly in the apartment of the comtesse, "who is too ill," continued he, "for me to think of leaving her until her health is in some degree re-established."

And for fifteen days did the comte de Merset continue to keep watch over her. During the first six a noise was from time to time heard in that closed-up cabinet, which struck terror to the soul of the guilty woman, and horror and despair crept through her veins; but when she would have thrown herself at his feet, to implore for mercy on herself and the stranger that was dying there, without allowing her to give utterance to the agonized prayer which rose to her parched lips, with a fierce and cruel emphasis he checked her, saying "You have sworn, on that crucifix, there is no one there!"

THE BELL.

In youth it jingles us on to school,
And it jingles us home to dinner;
It jingles the wise man—it jingles the fool—
It jingles the saint—it jingles the sinner,
It jingles the doctor, it jingles the preacher—
It jingles the lawyer, it jingles the teacher—
It jingles us all, whate'er we're about—
It jingles us in life, and will jingle us out.

From the Knickerbocker for September.

LAYS.—BY J. C. PERCIVAL.

I.

Through the wood, in evening's shadow, straying;
O'er me arched the boughs, in silent gloom;
Deep in the dreamy vision, long delaying—
Fades to-night the day's departing bloom.

Fades the skiey rose, that over mountain,
Blossomed wide and full in fields of air—
Bloomed in Heaven aloft, and low in fountain
Shone in softer tints, as pure and fair.

Darkness veils me round, and voices gliding
Through the murmuring foliage seem to say:
'Pause and listen to the spirits chiding—
Haste, O! haste to brighter worlds away.

Mark the last tint of day, receding
O'er the top of yonder solemn pine!
So departs the lingering spirit, leading
To yon purer day's eternal shine.

There await thee all thy heart has cherished—
There the early loved, the hoped and gone;
Not a treasure of thy heart has perished—
All to yonder world of rest have flown.

II.

O! that I lay on yonder mountain,
So blue and fair—
In shade of rock, by gushing fountain,
Aloft in air.

The cloud and storm might swell below me,
The thunder roll—
Still waves of light should overflow me,
And warm my soul;

And peace, unbroken peace, for ever
Around me play;
And thought serene and calm, be never
Compelled away,

And blush of dawn and rose of even,
My heart should fill
Oft with the loveliness of heaven,
So bright and still.

O! had I but the eagle's pinion,
Thither I'd soar,
And there possess my sole dominion,
Till life be o'er.

III.

They call me—they call me, from meadow and
grove;

They sing to me sweetly of hope and of love,
And dove-like and peacefully, over
My pillow, they hover.

And they say to me kindly: 'O! hasten away—
No longer in dreamy oblivion stay—
Young life with its bliss is before thee,—
And heaven is o'er thee.

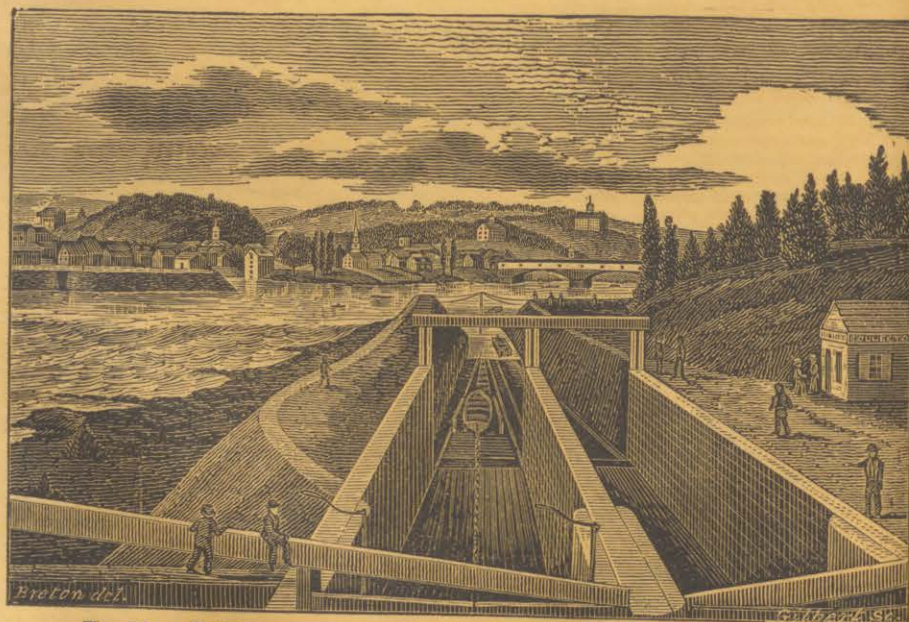
O'er valley and mountain, in beauty and light,
The world stretches onward, so dewy and bright—
The roses are budding beside thee—
What joy shall betide thee!

The day has awakened so fresh and so fair;
The clouds float aloft in the warm summer air;
All nature is swelling with gladness—
O! sink not in sadness.

I hear ye—I hear ye—I will not delay,
But up, and o'er valley and mountain away—
Through life, like a bird, I will hie me—
Hope never shall fly me.



Thomas's Viaduct—Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.



Inclined Plane of Morris Canal, opposite Easton.

THOMAS'S VIADUCT.

This beautiful piece of architecture was built by the Baltimore and Washington Railroad Company, to convey across the Patapsco river, a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Washington. Its location is immediately at the head of tide water, about seven miles from Baltimore, and in full view of the flourishing village of Elk Ridge. It affords a very fine prospect for the traveller, as the adjacent scenery is highly picturesque and romantic. This work is said to be one of the most permanent structures in the United States. Its foundation is upon a solid rock, and it is composed of very large blocks of granite, laid in regular courses, from bottom to top, the material being obtained from the very extensive and valuable granite quarries in the neighbourhood.

The Viaduct was designed by Benjamin H. Latrobe, Esq. civil engineer; and the work upon it was commenced by John McCarney, Esq. contractor, on the 17th of September, 1833, and finished May 1st, 1835. The whole length of the bridge and wing walls, is 704 feet—arches 58 feet 4 inches span, chord line 33 feet, key-stone 60 feet, and roadway 66 from the surface of the water. The plan of the bridge is a curve of 1273 feet radius, of which the arches are chords.—The piers, at chord line, are 10 feet thick, and at the water line, 15 feet. The whole contains about twenty thousand perches of masonry, and the cost was about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is named after the president of the company.

INCLINED PLANE OF MORRIS CANAL.

This engraving gives a very graphic picture of the termination of the Morris Canal, at Philipsburg, on the Delaware river, opposite the town of Easton. The level of the Canal is considerably higher than that of the river, and boats are passed in and out by means of an inclined plane, leading from the first out-let lock of the Canal to the river. On the engraving there is a representation of a boat passing up, and another passing down, an operation which, by means of machinery, is managed with great facility.

The Morris Canal commences at Jersey City, opposite New York, pursues a circuitous route through the Bergen marshes, and crossing the Hackensack and Passaic rivers, a short distance above their discharge into Newark Bay, enters the flourishing town of Newark. Here the canal assumes a course nearly north, which it maintains to Paterson, passing the village of Bloomfield. After leaving Paterson, its course is nearly south-west, to the Little Falls of Passaic, where it crosses that river, and thence pursues a more western direction, through the little town of Powerville, into Rockway valley; still continuing its western course along the valley of the Rockway, until it enters the township of Roxbury, it ascends the summit level, two miles north-west from Drakesville. From the summit, at Hopacong pond, the canal is carried along the left bank of Musconetcong river, which it crosses one and a half miles south-west from Andover Forge; thence assuming a south-west direction, it passes near the villages of Hackensack, Bearystown, Anderson, Mansfield, Broadway, and New Village, and terminates on the Delaware, at Philipsburg, opposite Easton. General course, from New York to Easton, west; length, 101 miles; ascent, 915, descent, 754 feet; total rise and fall, 1669 feet, overcome by locks and inclined planes. Elevation of Easton, 161, and summit level, 915 feet above the Atlantic; 32 feet wide at top; 18 at bottom; 4 feet deep. Rise and fall, 1657 feet, of which 233 feet are overcome by 24 locks, and 1334 feet by 23 inclined planes; 4 guard locks; 5 dams; 30 culverts; 12 aqueducts; 200 bridges. Cost \$1,200,000.

From the London Literary Souvenir, for 1830.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

I saw her in her morn of hope, in life's delicious spring,
A radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the wing!

Elate and joyous as the lark when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path,—a cloud upon its sky!

II.

I see her yet—so fancy dreams—her soft, unbraided hair,
Gleaming, like sun-light upon snow, above her forehead fair;—

Her large dark eyes, of changing light, the winning smile that played,
In dimpling sweetness, round a mouth Expression's self had made!

III.

And light alike of heart and step, she bounded on her way,
Nor dreamed the flowers that round her bloomed would ever know decay;—

She had no winter in her note, but evermore would sing
(What darker season had she proved?) of spring—of only spring!

IV.

Alas, alas, that hopes like her's, so gentle and so bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour should blight,—

Bow down her fair but fragile form, her brilliant brow o'er-cast,
And make her beauty—like her bliss—a shadow of the past!

V.

Years came and went—we met again,—but what a change was there!

The glassy calmness of the eye, that whispered of despair,—

The fitful flushing of the cheek,—the lips compressed and thin,—

The clench of the attenuate hands,—proclaimed the strife within.

VI.

Yet, for each ravaged charm of earth some pitying power had given

Beauty, of more than mortal birth,—a spell that breathed of heaven;—

And as she bent, resigned and meek, beneath the chastening blow,

With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seemed to glow.

VII.

No wild reproach—no bitter word—in that sad hour was spoken,

For hopes deceived, for love betrayed, and plighted pledges broken;—

Like him who for his murderers prayed,—she wept; but did not chide,

And her last orisons arose for him for whom she died.

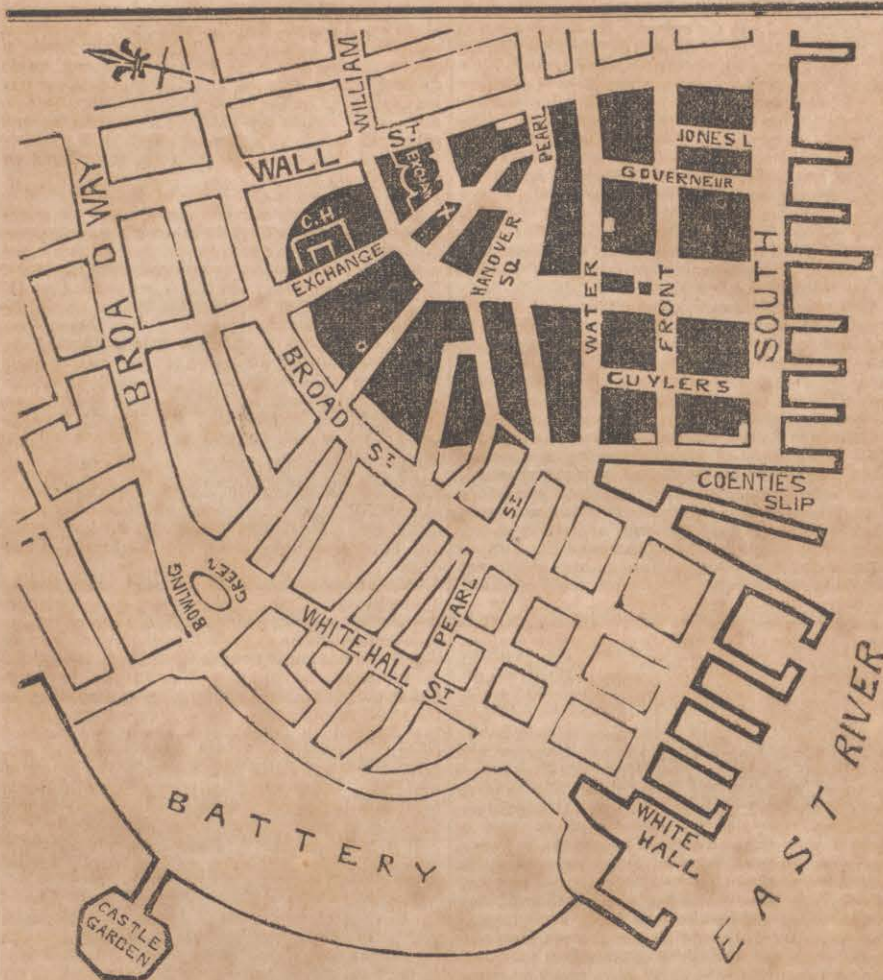
VIII.

Thus—thus—too oft the traitor man repays fond woman's truth;

Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth;

And sad it is, in griefs like these, o'er visions loved and lost,

That the truest and the tenderest heart must always suffer most.



Note.—The black blocks are those destroyed by the fire. The X shows the point where the fire commenced.

THE LATE AWFUL CONFLAGRATION IN NEW YORK.

The fire commenced about 9 o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1835, in the store of Tomstock and Andrews, 25 Merchant street, near the Exchange, and in twenty minutes, says the New Yorker, the whole block of wholesale stores, in the very centre of the mercantile business of the city, was in a blaze, and the destroying element was rapidly extending its ravages in every direction. It would be vain to attempt giving the distant reader an idea of the spectacle presented. The weather had been unusually severe for several days; but on the night in question the cold had increased to an intensity which has seldom been exceeded. The thermometer stood below zero; with a breeze from the N.W. amounting nearly to a gale; and the fire had obtained a tremendous advantage in the most compactly and loftily built portion of the city, filled with silks, cloths, liquors, and other com-

bustibles, and intersected only by narrow streets which could interpose no barrier to the progress of the flames. The rally of the Fire Department was not made with its accustomed alacrity, owing to the unparalleled severity of the weather, and to the fact that there had been so many alarms within the week, and so large an amount of harassing service required of the firemen.

The effort to check the ravages of the conflagration in the quarter to which the wind was vehemently urging it, proved utterly unavailing. The water so plentifully thrown upon it by hydrants and engines was blown back in the faces and fell congealed at the feet of the firemen, or seemed only to add to the fury of the elements. William-street was passed—Pearl-street overleaped—next Water-street—then Front—

and its removal into the stream. No barrier but that of Nature could be interposed on the East; and it was with great difficulty that the fire could be prevented from extending its ravages across Wall-street. The Tontine building (Hudson's News-Room) was indeed once on fire, but happily extinguished. The extraordinary strength of the Wall-street buildings—many of them resisting firmly the assaults of the destroyer, and none of the walls crumbling and falling into the street, as is too generally the case—did more for the safety of those north of the street than any thing within the power of human effort. For hours, it was doubtful that the flames could be arrested here—and if not, there was little hope that they could be before reaching Maiden-lane!

Onward—still onward, swept the besom of destruction! The hydrants were exhausted—the engines had long been frozen up, with their hose like cannon. Westward, the South Dutch Church, which had been made the hasty depository of stores of precious goods, was in flames, which threatened to extend to Broad-st. throughout. On the South, a desperate struggle was made at Hanover-square; but it was unsuccessful. How could such an avalanche of fire be checked, when water could not be thrown upon it, and seemed of no avail when it was? A last resort was had to gunpowder—but none, in sufficient quantities, was to be procured in the city—not being allowed as an article of merchandise. An application to the Fort on Governor's Island was unsuccessful; but a supply was ultimately procured after daylight from the Navy-Yard, Brooklyn, with a corps of mariners, &c. and the demolition of a few buildings contributed materially to the subjugation of the flames, which was finally effected at Coenties-slip, about noon of Thursday, after an awful and uninterrupted devastation of fifteen hours.

We shall not attempt to give a statement of individual losses: a bare catalogue of the sufferers would fill a column. Seventeen of the most valuable blocks of buildings in New-York are totally destroyed, and three others nearly so. The Merchant's Exchange is destroyed, including the Post-Office. Six hundred and seventy buildings have been burnt, principally occupied as importing and wholesale stores many of them by such firms as Arthur Tappan & Co. Bailey, Keeler & Kemslen, &c. &c. with a stock of goods, even at this season, of \$300,000 each.—The south side of Wall-street is half destroyed; William, Pearl, Water, Front and South-streets, from Wall-street to Coenties-slip, are in ruins; Exchange-place, Hanover-st. Merchant-st. and Hanover-square, entirely destroyed; Stone-st. from Pearl to Broad-st. nearly so. Some of the buildings on Broad-street were slightly injured; but throughout the night this noble avenue was universally regarded as the only efficient barrier against the entire destruction of the First Ward.

Of the six large morning papers, only two escaped the general wreck—the Mercantile and the Courier & Enquirer. The Daily Advertiser, Journal of Commerce, and Gazette, were burnt out of both printing and publication offices; the Times of printing office only. The American, among the evening papers, is entirely destroyed.—All Mr. Minor's periodicals—Rail-Road Journal, Mechanics' Magazine, &c. &c. are included in the wreck. The printers of the Knickerbocker also. The other periodicals of the city were mainly exempted from immediate suffering.

We cannot pretend to give an estimate of the total loss sustained by this dreadful calamity. Fifteen millions of dollars seems the average of current opinions, but we esteem it decidedly too low. The Insurance Companies are generally ruined—some will not pay fifty per cent. There is, however, a considerable amount insured in Boston and other cities.

Every measure has been taken to alleviate the pres-

sure of this afflictive dispensation. A meeting of the Common Council was immediately held—several apartments in the City Hall appropriated to the use of the merchants and other sufferers—the city watch doubled—and a volunteer guard of one thousand citizens called out for the protection of the city—the firemen being completely exhausted, incendiaries and plunderers still plentiful in every street, their appetites sharpened by success—and city insurance being no longer worth any thing.

From the N. York Star of Thursday.

It is almost impossible to discriminate the goods which lay on each side of the pavement in every direction and in every street in the first ward. All kinds and descriptions of dry goods, groceries, hardware, furniture, desks, books and papers, are huddled together almost without owners. On South street, the wharves are crowded with casks, crates, chests, pipes, hogsheds, &c. all of which we fear are burnt. As they were rolled out for safety and the engines could not approach the stores, we fear the whole is destroyed. Several houses were blown up by the marines, by order of the Mayor, with powder brought from the Navy Yard, which was necessary to arrest the progress of the flames.

To enumerate the particular individual losses is impossible—as an example, one merchant had in silks alone \$300,000, which were destroyed—another \$200,000, in teas and brandies. Many who were prosperous and happy last night are to-day bankrupts, utterly ruined.

Plundering at the Fire.—As usual, those miscreants who always avail themselves of such opportunities to plunder their neighbors, did not neglect the present occasion to do so. The extent of their depredations, and the number of robbers who committed them, was commensurate with that of the conflagration itself. More than ninety robbers were taken in the act of carrying away property during the night of the fire, and the ensuing day, nearly two hundred more were arrested for having in the possession, property which was stolen from the fire. The rooms of the Police office are filled with articles of almost every description, which were taken from thieves, and the value of which is probably little less than \$10,000.

It is computed that a quarter of a mile square of brick and mortar in the first ward, is entirely levelled to the ground.

The Post Office is removed to the lower floor of the Custom House, in Cedar street. All the mails, letters, and every kind of property belonging to the Post Office, were saved by the praiseworthy exertions of the Post master and his clerks, who were on the spot throughout the night.

The appearance of the Exchange this morning is that of a venerable ruin: the broken shafts of its white columns—the crumbling, defaced cornices, scarcely sustained on their tottering capitals, connected with the half-burnt edifices, broken walls and general scene of havoc every where peering through the volumes of smoke, might well cause one to imagine that he was in the midst of the smouldering relics of some ancient city, rather than in that young and prosperous queen of commerce which yesterday was the metropolis of the western world.

And among the ruins, not the least to be lamented, was the loss of that splendid statue of Hamilton, which towering brightly amidst the sea of flames that dashed against its crackling base, cast a mournful glance on the terrific scene and then fell nobly, perishing under the crush of the edifice of which it had been as it were, the tutelary genius.

The handsome church of the Rev. Dr. Matthews, Garden street, along while resisted the mass of flames in their course towards Broad street. The bright gold ball and star above it on the highest point of the

spire, gleamed brilliantly, and still while they were both shining on the deep blue concave, with an intensity of splendor, which attracted general remark, gave one surge and fell in all their glory into the heap of chaos beneath them.

A man was caught in the act of setting fire to the house at the corner of Stone and Broad streets. It is scarcely possible to conceive, that there could exist such a fiend as this in human shape, without supposing him to be either a maniac or drunk with liquor. It would seem, however, to have been done with a diabolical design, when it is considered that the fearful apprehensions of the whole of that part of the city were directed to this point, least the fire would cross it and reach the Battery.

In that unusually large space, called Hanover Square, where every body thought the goods piled there would be perfectly safe, there was accumulated from the stock of all the French stores a mass of silks, satins, laces, cartons of dresses, capes, Cashmere shawls, and the richest kinds of fancy articles, forming a pile of 60 feet wide by 25 feet in height, or nearly 100 feet square. In a few minutes afterwards a gust of flame, like a streak of lightning, came from the N. E. corner building, and shooting across the square, blown by the strong wind and set fire to the entire mass, which it in a few moments consumed to cinders, and then communicated to the houses opposite.

The weather was so intensely cold that the firemen were compelled to take the fine blankets saved, and cutting a hole through them, convert them into temporary cloaks, in which they were seen at daylight dragging home their engines, many of them so exhausted by fatigue that they were asleep as they walked. One entire company, thus accoutred, had artificial wreaths, and bunches of artificial flowers, of the richest kind, in their caps, taken from the wreck of matter, and presenting a very singular contrast with their begrimed faces and jaded appearance.

Our city owes its thanks to the officers and soldiers of the 3d and 9th regiments, and to the light infantry companies for their patrol during the night that succeeded the fire. Also, to the conduct of the marines from the navy yard, and U. S. soldiers from Governor's Island, in protecting property in the neighborhood of the fire.

The striking advantage of rail roads, especially at this season when every thing is locked up in ice, was never more emphatically demonstrated, than in the instance of the late fire engines from Newark, N. J., nine miles distant, where the same locomotive that early on Thursday morning carried out the news of the fire, brought these engines on their platform within an hour afterwards to the city. Their services were eminently useful.

A novel spectacle occurred on the night of the fire at the head of one of the slips. A large quantity of turpentine piled up in barrels caught the flames and burnt with great fury, being as is well known, one of the most inflammable substances that there is. It ran down in a stream like burning lava into the dock upon the surface, and spread out until it had reached several hundred yards into the river, being lighter than water and therefore floating upon it, giving the appearance of the river being on fire.

In some of the Iron Chests, the bank bills, papers, notes, &c. were perfectly uninjured. In others they were totally destroyed.

It is supposed that a thousand baskets of champagne were broken and destroyed, the tops being unceremoniously knocked off and the contents drunk up by the crowds surrounding the fire and working, and who were thus enabled to obtain protection against the excessive cold. An immense quantity of baskets of champagne were seen floating in the docks, and

cheese and provisions seen scattered there and about the slips.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The prospect continues to grow more cheering.—It is believed that all the insurance companies will be able to pay in full, or nearly so, and most of them will also be able to go on. The Eagle, Fulton, United States, Bowery, Greenwich, City, and New York, are prepared to pay all losses.

The banks are behaving nobly. The Mechanics' discounted on Saturday almost all paper that was offered. The City Bank renews all notes falling due, on the same securities.

The general impression is, that the city will issue scrip to the amount of several millions.

A gallant effort was made to save the statue of Hamilton by a young officer from the navy yard with a party of four or five sailors. They had actually succeeded in removing it from the pedestal, when the danger from the approaching fall of the roof, compelled them to seek safety in flight.

Notwithstanding the immense losses sustained by the merchants, and the horrible state of confusion occasioned by the fire, no failures have as yet been announced or are expected. Not a note has been dishonored. There never was a more noble display of energy and fortitude than has been made on this occasion.

The U. States marines, eighty in number, under command of captain Walker, formed a complete chain of sentinels, on the night of the fire, along South st. from the Fulton ferry to Wall street, and up Wall to the Exchange, thus affording great protection to the property exposed. They kept their post all night.

It is estimated that nearly three thousand clerks, porters, cartmen, &c. &c. are thrown out of employment, for at least a time. Many of them with families to support, and no dependence but their daily earnings.

A fine old sycamore, near the corner of Beaver and William streets, on the premises formerly occupied by Cadwallader D. Colden, stands uninjured amid the ruins.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the noble conduct of the Philadelphia firemen. Immediately on receipt of the intelligence from this city, four hundred of them organized themselves and started to come on. Unfortunately by the breaking down of one of the cars on the rail-road, a large number of them were obliged to go back, but some arrived early on Saturday morning, and the remainder followed with as little delay as possible. They reported themselves immediately on arrival, and having stations assigned them amid the ruins, went to work with excellent spirit and effect.

Mr. Lenox is a heavy loser, but takes no thought of his own misfortunes. He remarked that his own loss did not cost him a pang—he felt not for himself, but for those who were sufferers, and who would be ruined; then he was willing to make any sacrifices and exertions to relieve.

Great benefits have resulted from the civic patrols formed in several of the wards. Property to a great amount has been saved by them from depredation.

Stephen Whitney's loss in stores, stock and goods, is said to be nearly half a million.

An attempt was made on Saturday night to set fire to a large building in Pearl street, near Chatham, occupied by the Transcript, one of the penny papers. Some villain got in a back window, and set fire to a pile of paper. The discovery was made in season by two of the watchmen.

Great quantities of merchandise, taken on the night of the fire, are supposed to be secreted on the Long Island and Jersey shores, and in the upper wards of the city, which was carried off in boats.

THE HEIRESS WITH THE PRETTY FOOT.

The scene at the Police Office (says the Times) since the first breaking out of the devastating element which wrought all this ruin, panic and distress, has been indeed heart rending. The squalid misery of a greater part of those taken with the goods in their possession, the lies and prevarications to which they resorted to induce the magistrates not to commit them to prison, their screechings and wailings, when they found they must relinquish the splendid prizes they had made during the raging of the fire, and the numbers in which they were brought by the police and military, exceeded any scene of a similar kind on record. For the last three days and nights, every place capable of detention has been crammed with these miserable objects—sometimes as many as one hundred being in confinement at the same moment. Hundreds were discharged without detention or other punishment than merely taking from them their plunder, and but very few of the whole number, even those who had stolen hundreds of dollars worth, can ever be convicted, in consequence of the impossibility of the identification of the property stolen.

It is not to be doubted, that an earlier resort to the use of gunpowder, would have saved millions. The regulations, however, of this city and Brooklyn, remove powder at such a distance, that great delay was inevitable—for at the navy yard there was no powder, and though a most bitter night, and against a head tide, a navy barge was sent to the magazine at Red Hook, a distance probably of four or five miles from the yard, for a supply. Meantime, however, some was received from Governor's Island, and with that commenced the destruction to save. We have seen nothing more characteristic than the entire *song froid* with which the sailors of Captain Mix's party carried about, wrapped up in a blanket, or a pea-jacket, as it might happen, kegs and barrels of gunpowder, amid a constant shower of fire, as they followed their officers to the various buildings indicated for destruction.

From the N. Y. Courier.

An investigation was commenced and carried on in the grand jury room on Monday, before Col. Murray, the Chairman of the Committee of Citizens, aided by Justice Lowndes, and Messrs. Ward and Jordan, of the Fire Committee of the Board of Assistant Aldermen, relative to the origin and cause of the late fire.

From a mass of testimony received from numerous merchants, clerks, and others under oath, it appeared to be incontrovertibly established, that the fire originated in the store No. 25 Merchant street, and that it was seen simultaneously in the first and fourth stories of that building, occupied by Messrs. Comstock and Andrews, the two intermediate stories occupied on the Pearl street side, by Mr. Henry Babad, and on the Merchant street side being until with flames until some seconds afterwards. That a report like an explosion of a gas pipe was heard in No. 25, to proceed from No. 28 and soon after the flames seemed to have been enkindled on the first floor, and shot up with the rapidity of lightning through the scuttles in the several floors to the upper story and through the roof. And it was the opinion of the examiners, that it must have been produced by the bursting of a gas pipe, and the distribution of the gas, until it came in contact with the coal in the stove or grate, by which it was ignited. The store No. 25, had been closed a little after five o'clock, and the fires well secured to guard against any accident or injury therefrom. This was the result of a long and critical investigation, and proves that no blame is to be attached to any one.

Women exceed the generality of men in love, but men have the advantage in friendship.—*La Bruyere.*

4*

"By the bye, Fred. are you a marrying man?" said Charles Russell to his bachelor friend Frederick Somerville, as they discussed a cool bottle together at the Star and Garter, at Richmond. "By the bye, Fred. are you a marrying man?"

"My dear Charles, with a patrimony of one hundred a-year, and an allowance from my aunt of a second, for gloves and shoe-strings, how can I entertain such an idea? But why do you ask?"

"Because I have just heard a strange whim which my cousin Ellen has taken into her head; and 'pon my soul, if she perseveres in it, I should like some good fellow like yourself, who will take care of her and her couple of thousands a-year, to be the eccentric partner."

Fred's curiosity was now raised. He entreated to be made acquainted with this strange whim; and, a fresh bottle having been placed before the friends, it was not long before the generous operation of the wine, and our friend Fred's enquiries, prevented Russell from burthening himself any longer with the secret.

And the secret was this:—Ellen Cameron, a high-spirited and self-willed girl of two-and-twenty years of age, and an unnumbered income of as many hundreds, having been disgusted at the treatment which a fair relative had received from one whom, after an attachment of some years, she had made her husband, vowed that, if ever she married, it should be to a man to whom she should be introduced, for the first time, at the altar where she was to become his bride.

It was a strange idea, doubtless; but young girls, who are mistresses both of themselves and their fortunes, are apt to have strange notions. Ellen was one of these. With a good heart, an excellent understanding, and a cultivated taste, she had just so much of oddity in her disposition as prompted her to make, and enabled her to persevere in this extraordinary determination.

The strangeness of the notion seemed to possess charms for the somewhat romantic mind of Somerville, who, having enquired as narrowly into the state of the case as Russell's relationship to the lady would admit, expressed himself willing, could she be prevailed on to accept him, to undergo the ceremonies of introduction and marriage at the same moment.

"But tell me, my dear Russell, do you know any thing objectionable in her temper or disposition?"

"Nothing, upon my word, Fred. No woman is perfect; and Ellen has her failings; but despite certain eccentricities and peculiarities, I do believe you would live very happily together."

"But, my dear Russell, I always vowed I never would marry even an angel, if she exhibited a *supercandance of foot and ankle*. Tell me, has my fair incognita a pretty foot?"

"On my word, she has—there is not the fellow to it, I can assure you. But I tell you what, although it is almost unfair to Ellen, yet I will let you into a secret; she will be at the opera to-morrow night—you may get a peep at her there."

Full particulars of what box she was to occupy, together with other means of identifying her, were asked and given.

The following night saw Fred. at the opera, before Spagnoletti's magic tap had given the signal for the commencement of the overture. His eyes were instantly turned upon the box that was destined to contain the object of his search; but that, of course, was empty. During the whole of the first act of the opera, his attention was rivetted to that spot, but not a soul broke in upon its solitude.

During the *divertissement*, which followed, and exhibited attractions so powerful as to seduce the eyes

of our hero from the object on which they had so long been fixed, the box was filled; and when Fred. turned his eyes again in that direction, he felt convinced that the most prominent personage which it contained was the eccentric Ellen!

His glass was now directed for some momentous minutes to the box; and when he removed it to return the salutation of his friend Russell, who now approached him, he was muttering to himself, "By heavens! she is certainly a fine girl!" Nor did he exhibit any selfishness with regard to this feeling; he never attempted to keep it to himself, but instantly confessed as much to Russell.

"She is certainly a very fine girl. Can't you introduce me to your cousin, my dear friend?" said he.

"Then the two thousand a-year have no charms for you, Fred," was the reply.

"Faith! but they have though, and so has your cousin; therefore, the sooner you say a good word for me the better."

Whether or not Charles, who adjourned to his cousin's, introduced the subject of his friend's admiration of her that evening, we cannot take upon ourselves to assert; but certain it is, that Ellen's opera glass was, for the remainder of the night, much more frequently directed to the part of the pit which was occupied by her aspirant, than to any other.

The subject was introduced, however, at some period, and, after sundry blushings and hesitations, Russell's wooing, in his friend's name, sped favourably; and six weeks after the eventful dinner at Richmond, saw a travelling chariot, with four of Newman's quickest, draw up at St. George's, Hanover square, and deposit at the snug and sly vestry-door, the bridegroom expectant of Ellen Cameron and her twenty-two hundreds per annum.

Here he was met by his friend Russell, whose obvious confusion and anxiety could not escape the notice of Fred. Somerville. He was about to enquire into the cause which produced the effect, when he was prevented by the arrival of the bride.

He would have flown to assist her from her carriage; but Russell seized him, and, motioning him to withdraw, succeeded in leading him into the body of the church;—not, however, before he had discovered that his intended had a *very pretty foot*, which was certainly without its fellow—for he saw she had but one!

He was at first bitterly enraged at the deception which had been practiced upon him; but Russell soon calmed his irritation by a very satisfactory explanation of his conduct.

Well assured of Fred's worth, and his cousin's amiability, he had felt convinced in his own mind that their union would prove a happy one; but the circumstance of Ellen having unfortunately been deprived of one of her legs, he feared would prejudice Fred. against her. His anxiety for the happiness of both parties had tempted him, therefore, to conceal this fact—for, knowing as he did, Fred's devotion to a *pretty foot*, he feared lest this enthusiastic admiration of the *extreme* of feminine beauty should lose him an amiable and wealthy woman, had he been told at once, that, although she had a *singularly pretty foot*, she had but one!

That this explanation was satisfactory, we have asserted already; and it was made evident by the fact of the worthy clergyman being called upon immediately to perform the matrimonial service; to say nothing of the worthy clerk receiving triple fees upon the occasion.

The marriage created a good deal of attention at the time, and many ill-natured jokes were cut upon the parties; but they heeded them not, and have been rewarded for it by a succession of many happy years.

One of these malicious witticisms only will we record.

"So, Fred. Somerville has married a woman of property, I hear—old, of course!"—said a young guardsmen at Brook's.

"Not exactly old," was the answer, from a quondam rival of Fred's—"not exactly old, but with one foot in the grave."

From the Knickerbacker for October.

A SCENE IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

BY T. L. McKENNY.

The treaty of 1827 was concluded. The commissioners, and a part of their military escort, together with some of the attendants and subordinate officers, were yet on the ground; all, however, preparing for a descent of the river to Menomine Village. Every thing was bustle and confusion. The Indians were, in great numbers, preparing to depart to their respective villages; the children were crying, and the dogs were barking; canoes partly laden with the gifts of the Commissioners, consisting of pork, flour, blankets, calicoes, &c. were floating on the river, held by the hands of little Indian girls, or squaws, far enough out to keep them above the pebbles and rocks beneath. These frail vessels being made of birch bark, will not endure a contact with hard substances. At this moment, and when in a few hours the ground that had been covered with lodges and tents, and trodden by thousands of Indian feet, and by hundred eds of the feet of the white men, was to be left silent, desolate, dreary,—with no marks of its having been occupied, save the green boughs which covered the earth within the wigwams, the poles which had furnished the frame for this frail tenement, the straw upon which the soldier had reposed himself, and the smoke of the cooking fires, not yet extinguished. At this moment, I say, when I was in my tent folding up my papers, and preparing to embark in my canoe, I heard a scream! It was immediately followed by a rush to the spot of hundreds of Indians, by the whites yet remaining on the ground, and by voices and screams mingling in great confusion. The original shriek was instantly repeated, and echoed, chiefly by female voices. By this time, I was at the door of my tent, and seeing the crowd of Indians, that had now become dense, an arm raised high above the heads of the agitated spectators, with a knife firmly grasped by the handle, I rushed to the spot, where I was met at the same instant, by Maj. R. A. F., who at the moment when the knife was descending, (being a few feet in advance of me, although approaching by another direction,) with one blow of his fist brought to the ground its murderous holder. There stood a squaw, bleeding and trembling, with the muscles of both shoulders cut, and so feeble as to be scarcely able to stand. She was the mother of the Indian's wife who had thus lacerated her, and her arms being now disabled, would have fallen the victim of this man's cruelty, but for the timely aid afforded her. The knife had already descended twice. In her hand she held a paddle, but this fell with the disabling gash inflicted by the first blow. Her other arm being raised to ward off the second stroke, received, in nearly the same place as the first, the blow of the assailant. It was when these were given that her screams were uttered,—and then the bosom of the meditated victim, with no arms to screen it, was open to the third, which would have proved, but for reasonable interference, the mortal stroke.

I immediately ordered a file of men to take the culprit, out of whose nose, mouth, and ears, the blood had been forced by the blow he had received, and keep him secure, until it should be decided what sort of punishment be inflicted upon him.—There was no

excuse for the outrage. No offence had been given. The mother, who was one of the best looking squaws on the ground, had done nothing more than to importune her son-in-law not to retire to the woods, where some villains had conveyed some barrels of liquor, but to get into the canoe, which was then held by the hand of his wife, and was all ready for a start. Enraged at this interference, he seized, and, as has been stated, attempted to kill his victim.

The great body of the Indians retired in different directions, in sullen mood. Mutterings were heard in every quarter. The soldiers escorted the bloody minded savage to a log house in which our provisions had been kept, while I took the squaw in charge, to employ the necessary means for a cure of her deep and wide-gaping wounds. Our doctors had gone down the river, and I was the only person who had any knowledge of the urgent necessities of the occasion. But with the doctor had gone our medicine-chest, with the appropriate instruments and sticking plasters, lint, &c. I resorted to my trunk, however, in which, fortunately, I had some needles and thread, which every voyager in those regions finds it necessary to take with him. These, with a fee of one of my lineas, a couple of handkerchiefs, and a small portion of laudanum, which a friend had with him, were my only means. I united, by the aid of the first, portions of the severed muscles, and with the help of the laudanum, a little maple sugar, lint, and bandages, went through the operation with all the skill I was master of. All that was left was advice,—and that was, that she should keep her arms still, and in the position in which I had placed them; to avoid using the paddle, and indeed exercise of any sort, until she should get to Menomine village, distant thirty-five miles, where a more skilful operator would attend upon her case. Suffice it to say, she entirely recovered.

The next question to be decided was, what was the punishment that such an outrage called for, and under what form should it be inflicted? It would never do to leave that region, and the Indians present, under the belief that such conduct would be permitted; and especially was it due to the Indian women to use the occasion in such a way, as to raise them from that degraded subordination in which they were held. The murmuring among the Indians continued to increase. We could hear them whetting their knives, and denying our right to interpose. They said: "An Indian man has a right to kill a woman, and no white man shall interfere."—The Indian character was understood, however, and instead of yielding to such implied threats, we took still higher ground, and told them in reply, "he should be punished."

The question again recurred, "What shall be the punishment?" when the elder and more experienced commissioner said: "Let us make a woman of him!" It was instantly decided to do so. The ceremonies for this operation were put immediately on foot. Interpreters were sent out to call in all the Indians,—men, women, and children,—with directions for them to form around "Le Blute des Mortes." In a short time they all came trooping "like chickens to a housewife's call." The squaws trode the ground with new dignity,—the men looked scowling and lowering. The first came with light and elastic tread,—the last with sullen stubbornness. The eyes of the one beamed with gladness and hope,—those of the other looked wild and wicked. The children caught the inspiration of the mothers, and the very dogs barked with joy. They had all heard that the murderer, (in intent) was to be punished, and punished, too, for even an attempt to kill a woman!—a right the men considered to be as sacred as was their right to their hills and rivers.

All hands being now present, orders were given to bring out the culprit. He was escorted to the top of

the mound, and placed with his back against the flag-staff. He was perfectly indifferent to his fate,—though he knew not what that was to be. He stood unmoved. Not a muscle trembled,—nor a breath, beyond ordinary respiration, moved his bosom. He surveyed the multitude with the most perfect indifference.

The attention of the concourse was now called when a friendly Indian, stepping up, whispered "They'll kill you!" He was told, audibly, we had no fears. We should do what we had determined to do, happen what might. Attention was again required,—when the elder commissioner, as had been agreed on, spoke through the mouths of four interpreters, (there being four or five deputations of tribes present,) and explained the outrage, and its cause. He then told them in what high respect woman was held among the white people, and said: "He among us who would act thus, would be looked upon as a dog,—even worse and more degraded than a woman, and would be punished for it." He then proceeded: "We have determined to punish this man: we will make a woman of him!" Whereupon the women's eyes beamed with exultation, and a shiver of delight, the result of elevated feelings, was felt to run through their ranks, while the men, as before, gave signs of deep agitation and revenge. A couple of our canoe-men were then called, and told to begin the ceremony. It consisted in stripping the culprit of his ornaments—his leggings, and all the exterior appendages of his sex,—and in putting on him an old worn out petticoat, that had seen the service of some dozen winters. This being done, I took his hand, and unclasping the fingers, in which he yet grasped the knife, I took it from him. I held it up, and said: "This is the knife that has been used in the attempt to kill." I then drove the blade into the flagstaff, and breaking it off, I replaced the handle in his hand, and holding up his arm, in view of all, added: "This is all the knife he shall carry for the rest of his days." Two boatmen were then ordered to take him by the shoulders, and run him down the mound, and onward to his half-covered lodge; while an interpreter was directed to follow him, and report what he should say.

On reaching the door of his lodge, he fell in, face foremost. He breathed hard and heavily, and presently muttered: "I wish they had shot me! I suppose that was what they intended, I went out to be shot. I am now a dog,—and worse than a dog,—I'm a woman!" He would then breathe hard again, and again repeat, in substance, this wailing over his fate.

Soon after, we all separated. I have heard since of our man-woman. He is shunned and hated,—is admitted to neither the council nor the chase, but is appointed to do the duties of the lodge to paddle the canoes, and put up lodges,—in fact, to endure all the drudgery and degradation of a squaw.

It was hoped that by such a procedure, the hard fate of the Indian woman could be softened—that her labours might be lessened,—and that she would rise in the scale of mortal and social worth. I am not without hope that, to a certain extent at least, the lesson was a wholesome one. Certain it is, the women contemplated the interference as a new era in their destiny,—and with feelings of joy and gladness that some power had at last been employed in their behalf.

WRITE WRITTEN RIGHT.

(A TWISTIFICATION.)

Write we know is written right,
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right.
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write, for so 'tis written right.

DRY UP YOUR TEARS.

JE PARS DEMAIN ! IL FAUT QUITTER MARIE.

The Poetry by T. H. Bayly. The music from the Opera of Marie, by Herold. Philadelphia.

Andante Expressivo.

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante Expressivo'. The piano part begins with a series of chords and a melodic line in the left hand.

Je pars de - main ! il faut quit-ter Ma - ri - e, Loin de ces

Dry up your tears and trust to my af - fec - tion, Have we not

lieux me! loigne mon des - tin. Ah! di-tes moi, mon

known as dark a day as this; And did I not, to

DRY UP YOUR TEARS.—JE PARS DEMAIN ! IL FAUT QUITTER MARIE.

45

coeur vous en sup - pli - e, Que vous se - rez à ja - mais mon a mi

chace your deep de - jec - tion, Bid you be - hold some far off bliss.

e. Je pars de main ! je pars de-main !

Dry up your tears, dry up your tears.

Dry up your tears, one smile before I leave you,
One gentle smile to cheer your lover's heart;
And think of this, to meet again will give you
A joy they never know who never part.
Dry up your tears, dry up your tears.

Je pars demain ! et comme en notre enfance,
Un seul instant donnez moi votre main;
Et qu'un adieu de tendre confian e
Vienn e adoucir les ennuis de l'absence.
Je pars demain ! je pars demain !

Original.
THE RUINED FAMILY.

Dark desolation there hath been,
Following upon the track of sin—
No trace of those I once had known
Is left, not ev'n a burial stone.

On a bright morning in last June, feeble and sick from long study and seclusion, I wandered forth into the green fields and woodlands, to seek refreshment amid the universal gaiety of nature, and by exercise, to restore the wasted energies of mind and body. The green corn was rustling in the gentle breeze of the morning, and the feathered choir were singing their matin hymn in the great church of nature. As I leisurely sauntered along, gazing at the rich and variegated foliage of the dark woodland, a large black serpent stretched in the sunshine, heard the sound of my footsteps, and fled from my approach. Fly not, poor creature, said I mentally, if thou art proscribed, if every man's hand is lifted against thee, thou hast nothing to fear from me. God hath created thee to enjoy life in thy proper sphere, and why should I take away the life which I have not power to restore. If thou wert not useful, God would not have created thee.

Musing upon the cruelty of man, my path led me to the ruins of a church which once belonged to that plain and upright people called Friends or Quakers, whose tenets are calculated to lead to virtue, and whose lives alone would embody a complete system of ethics. The ruin of the little church is situated in a beautiful cove or grove of woodland, where silence and solitude guard the haunt of meditation. I sat down on a part of the ruin that overlooks the little graveyard, and gave myself up to serious contemplation. There before me was the stand where the aged had stood, and given their admonitions to the young, and there were the graves in which many slept, who had there wept and worshipped.

No pomp, no grandeur marked their resting place.

I was in a musing mood, for every thing around me breathed poetical feeling, and I passed on through a distant skirt of woodland to the main road. About a mile from town, I stood at the gate of a farm yard, through which I had often passed in my boyish days, to visit the friends of my youth. A flood of recollections rolled over my mind, as I stood contemplating the scene. I called up to memory the family to whom once belonged the surrounding fields and woodland. The elder brother, a gay and handsome youth, was placed in a mercantile establishment, in Philadelphia, while the younger one remained at home, to cultivate the paternal estate. The younger brother was one of those droll productions of nature, whose witty and queer sayings kept his comrades always in a good humor, and made him the favorite of all the boys who knew him. Such he grew up through the long years of boyhood, and with him, two favorite associates, one of which, like himself, was of quick intellect, and full of droll and singular sayings. They all grew up to manhood, united together in friendship, and received every where with respect. At the age of twenty-one or two, the elder brother returned home an accomplished and a very handsome man. I remember the noise his arrival among the ladies occasioned, and not without cause, for there are few, very few young men to be found more fascinating.

But there was one to whom his attention was particularly paid, and before whom he bowed the knee of adoration. She was a beautiful and fascinating woman, with a gentle disposition, and a small fortune which she inherited from her father. To her he breathed his vows, and in due time wedded, with every

prospect of a long life of happiness and prosperity. But unfortunately for him, the warning voice against intemperance had never been raised, and the two brothers, with their two particular friends and associates, were in the habit of taking the social glass whenever they met, which was often. An occasional glass cannot injure us, said they, for we never suffer ourselves to become intoxicated. Whenever they came to town, their young friends invariably set out the bottle, and the frequent repetition gradually confirmed the habit of drinking—for the inroad of dissipation is like the serpent, which crawls through a bed of flowers, and nestles in your bosom unseen and unnoticed, until too late. The young men on particular occasions, were seen intoxicated; but, said they, the best of men will do so sometimes; it is excusable on particular occasions. The beautiful woman, whom the elder brother had married, became alarmed, and in tears persuaded, then remonstrated, but in vain; the fascinating spell was upon them, and no earthly power could snatch or entice them from the giddy labyrinth.

Time rolled on, and portion after portion of land was brought to the hammer of the auctioneer, or sold at private sale, to defray the expenses of a life of indolence and dissipated habits. On her knees, the beautiful wife expostulated, and in tears implored him to return from the error of his ways. In impassioned eloquence, she portrayed the ruin that awaited him, and pictured in glowing colours, the anguish she felt in the fact that every day he was sinking in public estimation, that those who had once placed the most implicit confidence in him, would not now give him credit for a penny—and that in a few years, there was every prospect that if death did not arrest his course, he would become a sot and a vagabond, and bring his ill-fated family to starvation and beggary. These appeals, dictated in the purest affection, instead of winning him back to virtue, only served to rouse his anger, and a long course of ill-treatment she experienced in consequence. Portion after portion of his property disappeared, to supply the liquid poison—and already had he begun to make free with his wife's maiden portion, when, after long suffering and abuse, she appealed to him for the last time, with the fixed determination, that if he did not reform she would leave him forever. For a short time he commenced a reformation; but soon relaxed, and plunged still deeper into the vortex of intemperance. Worn out with sorrow and suffering, she fled from his once happy home, and returned to the home of her childhood. Sad was the fortune of this beautiful woman. After flying from her husband to her paternal home, she was destined to see her own brothers go down to the grave one by one, the bloated victims of intemperance. Three or four of them were cut off in youth, in the course of a very few years.

In the meantime, one of the two intimate associates of the brothers attempted his own life in a fit of insanity, occasioned by constant excess, and nearly succeeded; but recovered only to destroy himself by enormous potations a short time after. Thus the first one of the four whom I had known in boyhood, and who had set out with such fine prospects in life, went down to the grave a young man, of a good natural disposition, and one who might have rendered himself an honor to society. The other friend and associate, who had sprung from a good family, and had been highly respected, repaired to the gloomy abode of the two brothers, and there remained, constantly indulging in drunkenness. The cleared lands had all been sold to supply liquor, and the axe now resounded in the remaining portion of woodland, and the lofty oaks were reeling and falling to the earth—fit emblems of the unfortunate brothers and their companions. A considerable tract of woodland, which their forefathers had spared for them, soon entirely

From Leigh Hunt's London Journal.

THE WAITER.

Going into the city the other day upon business, we took a chop at a tavern, and renewed our acquaintance, after years of interruption, with that swift, and untiring personage, ye old waiter. We mention this long interval of acquaintance, in order to account for any deficiencies that may be found in our description of him. Our readers perhaps will favour us with a better. He is a character before the public; thousands are acquainted with him, and can fill up the outline. But we felt irresistibly impelled to sketch him; like a portrait painter who comes suddenly upon an old servant of the family.

We speak of the waiter properly and generally so called, the representative of the whole, real, official race, and not of the humourist or other eccentric genius occasionally to be found in it, moving out of the orbit of tranquil but fiery waiting, not absorbed, not devout toward us, not silent or monosyllabic; fellows that affect a character beyond that of waiter, and yet spoiled in club-rooms, and places of theatrical resort.

Your thorough waiter has no ideas out of the sphere of his duty and business; and yet he is not narrow minded either. He sees too much variety of character for that, and has to exercise too much consideration for the "drunken gentleman." But his world is the tavern, and all mankind but its visitors. His female sex are the maid servants and his young mistress, or the widow. If he is ambitious, he aspires to marry one of the latter; if otherwise, and Molly is prudent, he does not know but he may carry her off some day to be the mistress of the Golden Lion at Chinkslord, where he will "shew off" in the eyes of Betty Laxon wat refused him. He has no feeling of noise itself, but as the sound of dining, or of silence but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf; it is so many "breads." His longest speech is the making out of a bill *viva voce*—"two beels, one potatoe, three ales, two wines, six and twopenny," which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to newcomers who have been relishing their fare and not considering it as a mere set of items. He attributes all virtues to every body, provided they are civil and liberal; and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him is not inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more "beels," and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your own power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His "yes sir" is as swift, indifferent, and official, at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon purely as things in the newspaper, and the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns for gentlemen to read. His own reading is confined to "accidents and offences," and the advertisements for butlers, which latter he peruses with an admiring fear, not choosing to give up "a certainty." When young, he was always in a hurry and exasperated his mistress by running against the other waiters, and by breaking the "negresses." As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of his face and an elevation of his voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his "coming sir." If you told him that in Shakespear's time, waiters, said, "anon anon, sir," he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two: and he would justly infer, that London could not have been so large, nor the chop houses so busy in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables of his "yes sir," if he could;

disappeared, being sold to supply the very article of poison which was fast destroying their bodies, and would, in all probability, destroy their immortal part; in other words less paradoxical, doom them to everlasting misery.

If I mistake not, it was on Christmas Eve, that the three were all carousing over the flowing jug. They had all become bloated to the last degree, and their appearance was actually frightful. One by one became drowsy from the effect of the liquor, and sunk down upon a few ragged bed clothes, until the trio were snoring stentoriously in insensibility. The long night wore away, and the next morning, the anniversary of the Saviour's birth, broke upon a scene horrific and humiliating in the extreme. Death had entered that dwelling, and two of the three, the younger brother and his associate, had gone to eternity. The elder brother alone remained; but the warning which had been given him was unheeded. In a short time after, his poor old decrepit mother, who had in early life been accustomed to plenty, worn out with privation, and broken hearted, followed her son to the grave.

The elder brother now retired to a small cabin on one corner of the farm, for the wild vagaries of a dis-temperamented imagination, would not suffer him to remain in the paternal home fast going to decay. In the cabin with a woman of the darkest fame, he lived; or rather, dragged out a miserable existence. Disease soon began to prey upon him, and he was chained to his bed of straw. The physician who attended him, told me that he reasoned with him, and asked him if he did not know that his habits would very soon destroy him. He said he did, and declared that he was now determined to drink no oftener than his physician prescribed. The Doctor told him he must drink no more until a certain hour, and he promised he would not; but scarcely had the physician turned to the door, ere his resolution failed him. The Doctor turned suddenly round, and beheld the infatuated man dragging the jug from under the bed, and lifting it to his quivering lips.

"Unguarded man, it will kill you in a few days," said the physician, in a tone of solemnity.

"I cannot help it," said the dying devotee, "for it is impossible that I can resist."

In a few days he followed his brother and associate to the grave, and I went through the gate to look at the spot where the three unfortunate men slumber. A rude fence surrounds the spot, and a willow weeps over the graves of the friends of my early days.

And near their lone and silent tombs,

The beautiful Catawba blooms.

I looked around me. The well remembered woods had all disappeared to supply the means of their ruin. And where was the house whose floor my boyish feet had so often pressed? It was gone—not a vestige of it now remains. Two Lombardy poplars alone lift their tall heads near the spot where the dwelling stood, and the once hard and level yard is now grown up in weeds. Sad were my reflections, while I stood upon the spot where flourished this ancient family, now gone to decay. I returned home to my garret a better and a wiser man. May the solemn facts here related, be the means of arresting from their downward course, those young men who think it no harm to take a social glass, and who think they can govern the use of liquor. Believe me every man is in danger who drinks a single glass. Thousands have fallen who had perfect confidence in their own self command. They have tampered with the lion for years, but have at last become the victims of his clutches.

MILFORD BARD.

Envy not the appearance of happiness in any man for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

but business and civility will not allow it; and therefore he does what he can by running them together in the swiftest sufficiency of his "Yezzir."

Thomas!

Yezzir.

Is my steak coming?

Yezzir.

And the pint of port?

Yezzir.

You'll not forget the postman?

Yezzir.

For in the habit of his acquiescence Thomas not seldom says "yes, sir, for no, sir," the habit itself rendering him intelligible.

His morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket; his coat is for afternoons. If the establishment is flourishing, he likes to get into black as he grows elderly, by which time also, he is generally a little corpulent, and wears hair powder, dressing somewhat laxly about the waist, for convenience of movement. Not, however, that he draws much upon that part of his body, except as a poise to what he carries; for you may observe that a waiter, in walking, uses only his lowest limbs, from his knees downward. The movement of all the rest of him is negative, and modified solely by what he bears in his hands. At this period he has a little money in the funds, and his nieces look up to him. He still carries, however, a napkin under his arm, as well as a corkscrew in his pocket; nor for all his long habit can he help feeling a satisfaction at the noise he makes in drawing a cork. He thinks that no man can do it better; and that Mr. Smith who understands wine, is thinking so too, though he does not take his eyes off the plate. In his right waistcoat pocket is a snuff-box, with which he supplies gentlemen late at night, after the shops are shut up, and when they are in desperate want of another fillip to their sensations, after the devil and toasted cheese. If particularly required, he will laugh at a joke, especially at that time of night, justly thinking that gentlemen toward one in the morning "will be facetious." He is of opinion it is in "human nature" to be a little fresh at that period and to want to be put into a coach.

He announces his acquisition of property by a bunch of seals to his watch, and perhaps rings on his fingers; one of them, a mourning ring left him by his late master; the other a present, either from his niece's father, or from some ultra-good-natured old gentleman whom he helped into a coach one night, and who had no silver about him.

To see him dine, somehow, hardly seems natural. And he appears to do it as if he had no right. You catch him at his dinner in a corner, huddled apart, "Thomas dining!" instead of helping dinner. One fancies that the stewed and hot meats and the constant smoke ought to be too much for him, and that he should have neither appetite nor time for such a meal.

Once a year (for he has holidays) a couple of pedestrians meet him on a Sunday in the fields, and cannot conceive for the life of them who it is; till the startling recollection occurs, "Oh, now I know! It's the waiter at the Grogan!"

He that indulges himself in ridiculing the little imperfections and weakness of his friends, will in time find mankind united against him. The man who sees another ridiculed before him, though he may for the present concur in the general laugh, yet in a cooler hour will consider the same trick might be played against himself; but when there is no sense of danger, the natural pride of human nature rises against him, who by general censures, lays claim to general superiority.—*Johnson.*

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE RETURN.

The heavens were bright in their shadowless blue,
And earth's emerald mantle was spangled with dew,
When the sea-boy return'd to his dear native home;
Farewell, for a season to ocean's white foam!—
O'er the door of his cottage a jasmine is gleaming,
And through its close leaves a faint sun-light is stream-

ing;
Bright, bright o'er that home are the golden beams
Smiling,
The midshipman's heart with their gladness beguiling,
Though roses and woodbines their fragrance are
Breathing,

No curl of blue smoke o'er the wide roof is wreathing,
No laugh thro' the cottage in wild mirth is ringing,
No voice in the joy of a young heart is singing.
The vase in the window with flowers is shaded,
But their perfume has fled and their beauty has faded.

One sister, the last of his kindred on earth,
Of all the lov'd forms that once gladden'd that heart,
At parting had bless'd him with sorrowing tears,
For the thoughts of the ocean awaken'd her fears,
And oft in his absence she started from sleep,
While the storm raged without, o'er her brother to weep.

But now he's return'd, he is happy and well,
And gladness must banish that mournful farewell,
Though dearly he loves o'er the ocean to roam,
His heart bounds with rapture at sight of his home,
But the step that was wont to spring forth from that
Door,

To welcome her brother from perils pass'd o'er,
Comes not forth as he lightly bounds over the hill,
And a pang smote his heart—could his sister be ill?
He sees her not there in her favorite seat,
Why comes she not forth her lov'd brother to greet?
Oh! come sister dearest,—I've nurtur'd for thee,
A bird of bright plumage from over the sea,
And sea-shells that grieve with a sweet plaintive moan,
For the shadowy depths of their wild ocean home,
And a casket with carving surpassingly fair,
From afar I have brought thee, my own sister fair,
But the gift which I know the most valued will be,
Is the heart warm and changeless still, clinging to thee!

Oh, why dost thou linger my own sister sweet,
Thy wand'ring but true-hearted brother to greet!
With a tremulous hand he has open'd the door,
And with faltering footsteps he paces the floor:
But the last cherish'd form had from thence pass'd
Away,

As snow that dissolves in the sun's fervent ray,
One short summer week in its beauty had fled,
Since the loved one and loving repos'd with the dead,
While her brother had hasten'd from ocean's salt
Wave,

His sister to bless—he found only her grave!
Oh! sad was the stroke on that light, throbbing heart,
That bade all hope's fairy-like visions depart,
And swept all the dreams of affection away,
"Like the gold of the wizard returning to clay,"
That bright eye was soon in its blinding tears shrouded.

That fearless young brow with deep anguish was
Clouded,

And nature and feeling were swaying that breast,
Where never a cowardly fear had found rest,
One passionate gaze on the cottage he bent,
One long, long adieu from his bursting heart sent,
Then slowly he turn'd from that dwelling again,
Where was sever'd the last shining link of love's chain!

ROSALIE.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Epistle to Horace Smith, from Algiers.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Dear Horace, be melted to tears;
For I'm melting with heat as I rhyme;—
Though the name of this place is All-jeers,
'Tis no joke to be caught in its clime.

With a shaver from France who came o'er,
To an African inn I ascend:
I am cast on a barbarous shore,
Where a Barber alone is my friend.

Do you ask me the sights and the news
Of this wonderful city to sing?
Alas! my hotel has its muse;
But no muse of the Helicon's spring.

My windows afford me the sight
Of a people all diverse in hue:
They look black, yellow, olive, and white,
Whilst, I, in my sorrow, look blue.

Here are groups for the painter to take,
Whose figures jocosely combine,—
The Arab, disguised in his haik,*
And the Frenchman, disguised in his wine.

In his breeches, of petticoat size,
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,
That his garb is a fair compromise
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes.

The Moorsesses, shrouded in white,
Save two holes for their eyes that give room,
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite,
That have sily whipp'd out of the tomb.

The old Jewish dames make me sick:
If I were the Devil, I declare,
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick
In my service, to ride through the air.

But, hipp'd and undined as I am,
My hippogriff's course I must rein,
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,
Though I'm bawling aloud for Champagne.

Dinner's brought; but their wines have no pith,—
They are flat as the Statutes at Law;
And for all that they bring, my dear Smith,
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw.

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,
My heart feels a patriot's grief;
And the round tears, O England! descend,
When I think on a round of thy beet.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
British beer.—Hail! Britannia, hail!
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
And the foam on thy flaggons of ale.

Yet I own, in this hour of my drought,
A dessert has most welcome come;
There are peaches that melt in the mouth,
And grapes blue and big as a plum.

There are melons, too, luscious and great;
But the slices I eat shall be few;
For from melons incautiously eat,
Melon-cholic effects might ensue.

"Horrid pun!" you'll exclaim; but be calm,
Though my letter bears date, as you view,
From the land of the date-bearing palm,
I will palm no more puns upon you.

* A mantle worn by the natives.

Finding Store.—A chap from "the bush" was patrolling the streets of Boston a short time since, with a sheet of gingerbread under his arm, and gazing at the signs; when one which was labelled "General Finding Store" attracted his attention. He entered, chewing his "gingerbread," and after a severe effort at swallowing, like a hen eating dough, he exclaimed, "I show! you must be darn'd lucky chaps to find all these here things,—I s'pose you aint found my umbriller nor nothing, are you?"

A clergyman happened to pass a boy weeping bitterly. He halted, and asked, "What is the matter, my little fellow?" The boy replied, "Before, we could hardly get enough to eat, of any thing, and now I don't know what we shall do, for there is another one come." "Hush thy murmuring and wipe off those tears," said the clergyman, and remember that, He never sends mouths without sending victuals to put in them." "I know that," said the boy, "but then he sends all *months* to our house and the *victuals* to your house."

A BITE.—Alfonso Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V. was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a foppish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture, "If 'tis not love I feel, pray what is it?" "Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you."

The present King of England is a gentleman of the old school, and pronounces point, *pint*! His subjects do not find about him the old "*divinity*" that used to "hedge a king." They call him a "*jolly old chap*." Modern utilitarianism has much to answer for!

In the registration of the names of persons qualified to vote, as required by the Reform Act, some amusing scenes take place:

In the parish of St. Luke's, two brothers, named Sims, were objected to by the Tories. One of them was asked by Mr. Adey, if he had a freehold worth 40s. per annum?

Claimant—"Yes, d—n you, I have."

Mr. Adey—"You don't hold it as a trustee?"

Claimant—"No, d—n you, I don't."

Mr. Adey—"And you have a clear beneficial interest of 40s. a year in it?"

Claimant—"Yes, d—n you, I have."

Mr. Adey—"We thought you were both not entitled; and I am sorry you have been put to any trouble."

Claimant—"D—n you, I wish I could get at you; take care of your neck."

These fellows must have been *Loco Focos*.

Effect of Repetition.—Repeat the word *haste*! a number of times and it sounds like *stay*! Repeat *stay*! *stay*!—and a bystander will think you are saying *haste*, *haste*, *haste*!

A Dilemma.—Extract from a dialogue between a father and his child:

Child.—Father, what's a dilemma?

Father.—A dilemma, dear, is—a dilemma; when any one don't know what to do, that's a dilemma.

Child.—Oh, yes! I know—a dilemma is just like you when ma scolds you.

Father.—Hem, you talk too much child.

A FREE AND EASY ONE.—"Arrah this, how the devil is it, Mr. Henry, that the post-office does be chargin' me with the price of all the lethurs you rank for me? said one of the constituents of an Irish County Member, "I'm tould, by Jabers, (continued the freeholder that the raisin is ye're half *noncompush* wid the drink whin ye'er franking them." The Hon. Member, with a deep blush, pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment touching the tittle. "Well, thin, I'd advise ye just to write 'dhrunk' whenever you wish to make 'free' for the futur."

How to judge Customers.—A merchant who has acquired considerable of this world's gain by his attention to business, lately informed us how he decided whether a man was fit to be trusted or not. He said whenever he saw a farmer come in riding or driving a good fat horse, he knew he could be relied upon.—If his horse was poor, he knew him careless and inattentive to his contracts.

FRENCH GRENADEIER.—During the assault of Commodore Thurot on the town of Carrickfergus, in 1760, an incident took place, reflecting at once the highest lustre on the soldier concerned, and evincing the union of consummate courage with noble humanity. Whilst the combatants were opposed to each other in the streets, and every inch was pertinaciously disputed by the British forces, a child by some accident escaped from the house in the midst of the scene of action, and immediately ran, unawed by the danger, into the narrow interval between those engaged in front.

One of the French grenadiers seeing the imminent danger of the child, grounded his piece, left the ranks in the hottest fire, took the child in his arms, and placed it in safety in the house from which it had come, and then with all possible haste, returned to resume his part in the fight.

An Irishman, speaking of the rapacity of the clergy in exacting their tithes, said, "By St. Patrick, let a farmer be ever so poor, they won't fail to make him pay his full tenths, whether he can or not; nay, they would instead of a tenth take a twentieth, if the law permitted them."

We copy the following anecdote from the Boston Mercantile Journal. Where the Journal got it we do not know, but if other anecdotes, as good and as interesting, can be obtained from the same source, we shall be thankful for the information.

SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.—And now for an instance of self-denial, which I have often witnessed on the part of my friend, the large elephant. I had observed him very busy, flapping right and flapping left, evidently much annoyed by the mosquitoes. He showed, by constant flagellation of his person, that he was much annoyed by his persecutors; and just at that time the keeper brought a little naked black thing, as round, as a ball, which in India, I believe they call a child—laid it down before the animal, with two words of Hindostanee, "watch it," and then walked away into the town. The elephant immediately broke off the larger part of the bough, so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, and directed his whole attention to the child, gently fanning the little lump of Indian ink, and driving away every mosquito which came near it: this he continued to do for upward of two hours, regardless of himself, until the keeper returned. It was really a beautiful sight, and caused much reflection among those who observed it. Here was a monster, whose bulk exceeded that of the infant at least ten thousand times, acknowledging the image of his maker, even in its lowest degree of perfection, as divine; silently prov-

ing the truth of the sacred announcement that God had "given to man dominion over the beasts of the field."

From the Saturday Evening Post.

ANECDOTE.—The late Judge *Peters*, who with many excellent qualities possessed *facetiousness* in a great degree, was used to relate a joke at his own expense, which is too good to be lost.

The Judge having rode into Philadelphia from his country seat in the vicinity, dismounted from his horse opposite the dwelling of a gentleman in Market street, with whom he had business; but not finding a convenience for securing his horse, he beckoned to a man repairing the street, who, touching his hat, asked in the dialect of his country—"What 'll yer honour be plazed for till hav'?" "Hold my horse, my lad," said the Judge, "while I just go into this house for a few minutes." "Plaze yer honour, will he bite?" "Oh, no." "Will he kick?" "No, no." "Can one man houl him?" "Yes, my good fellow, easily." "Well then, yer honour 'll be plazed to be after houlin' him yerself."

So saying, he returned to his work, but not until the Judge, delighted with his native wit, threw him a piece of silver in testimony of his satisfaction.

LORD BYRON'S DOG AND BUTLER.—Lord Byron's principal favorites, in his household, were his Newfoundland dog, Boatswain, and his Butler Joe Murray. The dog, however, stood first in his master's affection, and was, if we may believe the epitaph placed on his monument, his only friend. That famous epitaph runs thus:

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

Never was dog so honored. But Joe Murray almost rivalled Boatswain in the esteem of his master; and (says Washington Irving, in his late work) when Byron built the monumental tomb which stands in the Abbey garden, he intended it for himself, Joe Murray, and the dog. The two latter were to lie on each side of him. Boatswain died not long afterwards, and was regularly interred, and the well known epitaph inscribed on the monument. Lord Byron departed for Greece; during his absence a gentleman, to whom Joe Murray was showing the tomb, observed "Well, old boy, you will take your place here some twenty years hence."

"I don't know that, sir," growled Joe in reply, "if I was sure his lordship would come here, I should like it well enough, but I should not like to lie alone with the dog."—*N. Y. Transcript.*

DROLL INCIDENT.—(A Fact.)—A countryman the other day paying an early morning visit to the American Museum, to view the curiosities, having arrived at the third story, which contains several Wax figures, felt himself so uncomfortable in their company that he partly left the room; remarking to the first person that he met (who happened to be Sutton, the Ventriloquist)—"That them are Wax figures were too nat'ral like—he felt a kind o' fear'd, being alone with 'em." After a little persuasion, he was induced to return, Sutton at the same time secreting himself behind the stand that contains a petrified body. The countryman, still viewing the figures with fear and trembling, having arrived at the representation of Othello and Desdemona, Sutton in a voice of thunder exclaimed—"the handkerchief, I say!" With a scream, a-la Kemble, off starts the affrighted countryman at a fearful risk of dislocating his limbs, and jumped each flight of stairs at a leap, to the astonishment and confusion of the officers belonging to the establishment, at such an extraordinary exit.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Fun and Philosophy.

BY LADY CLARKE.

Heigh for ould Ireland, oh would you require a land
Where men by nature are all quite the thing,
Where pure inspiration has taught the whole nation
To fight, love and reason, talk politics, sing;
'Tis Pat's mathematical, chemical, tactical,
Knowing and practical, fanciful, gay,
Fun and philosophy, supping and sophistry,
There's nothing in life that is out of his way.

He makes light of optics, and sees through dioptrics,
He's a dab at projectiles—ne'er misses his man;
He's complete in attraction, and quick at re-action,
By the doctrine of chances he squares every plan;
In hydraulics so friskie, the whole Bay of Biscay,
It it flowed but with whiskey, he'd stow it away.

Fun and philosophy, supping and sophistry,
There's nothing in life that is out of his way.

So to him cross over, savant and philosopher,
Thinking, God help them! to bother us all;
But they'll find that for knowledge, 'tis at our own
College,

Themselves must inquire for—beds, dinner or ball;
There are lectures to tire, and lodgings to hire,
To all who require and have money to pay;
While fun and philosophy, supping and sophistry,
Ladies and Lecturing fill up the day.

Here's our *desjuner*, put down our shilling, pray,
See all the curious beasts after their feed;
Lovely lips, Moore has said, must evermore be fed,
So this is but suiting the word to the deed;
Perhaps you'll be thinking, that eating and drinking,
While wisdom sits blinking, is rather too gay;
Thus fun and philosophy, supping and sophistry,
Are all very sensible things in their way.

So, at the Rotundo, we all sorts of fun do,
Hard hearts and pig-iron we melt in one flame;
For if love blows the bellows our rough College Fel-
lows

Will thaw into rapture at each lovely dame.
There, too, sans apology, tea, tarts, toutology,
Are given with zoology, to grave and to gay.

Thus fun and philosophy, supping and sophistry,
Send all to England, home happy and gay.

ANECDOTE.—The origin of singular names of individuals is sometimes truly laughable. In illustration of this we give the following:—The father of Return S. Meigs was born at Middletown, Connecticut. For some time prior to his settlement in life, he addressed a fair Quakeress at Middlefield, some few rods from his father's residence, and found much difficulty in obtaining her hand. She repeatedly answered his protestations of fidelity and attachment with "Nay, Jonathan, I respect thee much, but cannot marry thee—for better is a dinner of herbs and contentment, than a stalled ox and contention therewith." Mr. Meigs finally told Ruth that he was paying his last visit as a lover, and should strive to form an alliance with another family, and would therefore bid her farewell. The kind and lengthened word, pronounced with so much softness, fell upon her heart with healing in its tone; and as he mounted his horse to ride off, the Quakeress, relenting, beckoned to him to stop, exclaiming, "Return Jonathan! Return Jonathan!" Mr. Meigs went back, and fixed upon a day for the celebration of the nuptials. The first fruit of their union was a son, which the father, in commemoration of the happiest words he had ever heard spoken, had baptised "Return Jonathan," who rose to distinction, and subsequently to the office of post-master general of the United States.

From the Saturday Evening Post. THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

Did young people seriously consider the important change which marriage must necessarily produce in their situation, how much more cautious would it make them in forming their choice of a companion for life? Alas! what avails the graces of the finest figure, the most captivating address, the assemblage of all that is ensnaring, if the heart is depraved, or the conduct imprudent. The gayest associate of the convivial hour, may be the dullest—the most unfit companion for the domestic circle; and he, who is never satisfied except in a crowd, or when engaged in a continual round of pleasure, is very unlikely to make a tender and prudent husband. Should sickness and distress draw near, depend upon it he will fly from their approach. If beauty alone excited his compassion, it will cease to exist when you are deprived of those attractions on which it was founded. If fortune was his inducement, that will likewise soon lose its value in his sordid mind; and the very person who brought him wealth, for which he sighed, will be considered as the grand obstacle to his enjoyment. Too often is this unpleasant picture to be seen in many discontented families, which a little serious reflection might have prevented being so unfortunately realized. Never be prevailed upon to yield your heart to any one, however he may shine in the gay circle of the world, if you are convinced that he has no relish for the enjoyments of a retired life. The man who likes every house better than his own, will scarcely take the trouble of making home agreeable to others, whilst it is disgusting to himself. It will be the only place in which he gives way to his discontent and ill humour; such people are for ever, strangers to the dear delights of the social state, and the real comforts of a well regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home, is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a visitor amidst his closest connexions.

Extracts from Coleridge's "Table Talk."

Love.—Every one who has been in love, knows that the passion is strongest, and the appetite weakest in the absence of the beloved object, and that the reverse is the case in her presence. * * * What is Love but Youth and Hope embracing, and so seen as one?

History.—If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines on the waves behind us!

Metaphysics.—No studies gives such a power of distinguishing as metaphysical, and in their natural and unperverted tendency they are ennobling and exalting—Some such studies are wanted to counteract the operation of legal studies and practice, which sharpen, indeed, but, like a grinding-stone, narrow whilst they sharpen.

Keeness and Subtlety.—Few men of genius are keen; but almost every man of genius is subtle. If you ask me the difference between keeness and subtlety, I answer, that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences—in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas, to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.

EPIGRAM.

"My book—the sharks have cut it up—my book;"
Grumbles a luckless bardling choaked with grief;
"Take heart," replied a wag with pitying look,
"You see, my friend, I have not cut a leaf."

A singular circumstance occurred while I was at Tunis. The Sapatap, or prime Minister, a Georgian, about thirty-six years of age, was sent, on account of his extreme beauty, a present from the Grand Seigneur to the Bey of Tunis. The Bey became very much attached to him; and from rank to rank he rose at length to that of Sapatap.

Nearly about the same time, a young girl was sent, a Georgian by birth, and extremely beautiful. She was in time taken into favor, and placed in the harem of the Bey.

About six months before my arrival, she declared to some of the women in the harem, that the Sapatap, whom she had seen through the lattice, and whom she had not met before for sixteen or seventeen years, although living in the same palace together, was her brother. This was mentioned to him; he laughed at the idea, and said he had no relation that had any knowledge of him whatsoever; that he had himself a very slight recollection of his family, &c. &c. This was reported to her. She sunk into a deep melancholy, which brought on a rapid decline; and for change of air was removed to one of the country seats of the Bey. His Highness told his sapatap, that she still insisted that she was his sister, and desired him to go and relieve her mind on the subject, as otherwise she certainly would die. He went and saw her. She was greatly agitated. 'You say you are my sister,' said the sapatap. 'Yes,' said she 'I am.' 'How many children had your parents?' 'You and myself,' she replied. 'What were their names?' She gave the names of her father and mother. 'Then,' said he, 'if you are my sister you have a scar on the upper part of your left arm, where a dog bit you.' She stripped up her sleeve and exposed the arm. He fell on her neck and embraced her. 'You are indeed my sister,' he said; but she was then dying. Dr. Heap was sent for. I accompanied him to the place of her residence, while I heard the story from the mouth of the sapatap, he shed abundance of tears. In a few days she was a corpse, and he was the most wretched of brothers—*Com. Porter's Letters.*

A SPIRIT-STIRRING INCIDENT.

A Quebec correspondent of the Boston Atlas, after giving a brief account of the skirmish during the late war between the then U. S. frigate President and three British vessels of war, relates the following spirit-stirring incident:—

"I have spoken of the three chivalrous officers who were killed in the action, on board the President. One of them, Lieut. Hamilton, was the son of the Hon. Paul Hamilton, of South Carolina, Secretary of the Navy. He was a midshipman under Decatur in the frigate United States, at the capture of the Macedonian. On the arrival of the United States at New London with her prize, young Hamilton was singled out by Decatur to carry express to Washington, the news of the capture. He accordingly departed, with the colors of the British frigate, without communicating his intelligence to any one on the way. On arriving at the seat of government, in the evening, he learned that there was a grand ball going on, given by the citizens of the place, in honor of the victory of the Constitution over the Guernere. The Chief Magistrate, all the officers of the government, and commodore Hull, with all the fashion and beauty of the place, were of course present. Hamilton proceeded to the ball-room, and calling out his father before he entered, he showed him the Macedonian's colors, and announced her capture. The joy of the father may be imagined. Leading his son by the arm, he entered the saloon, and there displaying the captured colors, he communicated to the brilliant assembly the intelligence of the new victory. Young Hamilton was made a

lieutenant on the spot by Mr. Madison. The ladies crowded around him, bestowing upon him most undisputed tokens of their favor and admiration. It was an hour to Hamilton, in which the emotions and the happiness of years of ordinary life were crowded.—Little more than two years afterwards, he fell mortally wounded in the encounter with the Endymion."

From the New York Mirror.

The Reply to "Tell him I Love him Yet."

Tell her I love her yet,
With an enchanting soul;
Oh! how can I forget,
When memory spurns control.

Tell her the by-gone time
Oft seeks my curtain'd sleep—
If dreams of her be crime,
My guilt is dark and deep!

Tell her I'd strive for fame,
If 'twere my truth to prove;
And win a noble name,
Were my reward her love.

But, ah! the laurel now,
With all its glorious strife,
Would bind an aching brow,
And mock my cruel fate.

Tell her no happy smile
May now my cheek illumine!
Say, can the dead the while
Life's warm, warm glow resume.

Tell her I hope no more,
But still my faith retain—
The vow to her I swore,
I may not swear again.

Tell her, her prayer for me
Is lifted not alone;
Mine, too, to Heaven shall be,
As warm-breathed as her own.

Tell her when welcome death
Shall call me hence to part,
Her name shall have my breath,
Her image light my heart.

Substantial reasons for trusting nobody.—A lady went to a circulating library in this city to borrow books, but objected to leaving the pledge required for their safe return.

"Do you always take a pledge?" said she.

"Invariably," said the librarian.

Lady—What! of acquaintances as well as strangers?

Libr.—Equally the same, madam.

Lady—Seems to me that's very odd.

Libr.—It may be very odd, ma'am, but it's very safe.

Lady—Oh, how illiberal!

Libr.—I'm sorry you think so. But the truth is, we don't trust strangers, because we don't know them, and—

Lady—Because you don't know them? Very good—and what's the reason you don't trust your acquaintance?

Libr.—Because we do.

Pig Names.—Among the singularities of the Irish peasantry is that of giving fine names to their pigs.—"I have heard of one instance," says Mr. Moore, "where a couple of young pigs were named at their birth, Abelard and Eloise."

From the Wheeling Gazette.

LEAP YEAR.

"Albeit, it is now become a parte of the common lawe, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every besetile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they may doe either by wordes or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladve, or who dothe in any wise, treat her proposals with slight or contumely."—*Old Chronicle.*

And must I then forego my right
To kneel at "beauty's shrine?"
Shall eyes, whose flash have thrill'd delight,
With "fond appeals" seek mine?—
I fear! (be still my fluttering heart!)
I fear that I shall yield,
Yet I will play no coward part,
I'll bravely keep the field.

"Come on then! pretty tremblers, come!
We'll hear what you've to say!"
What! frightened, nervous, pale and mum?
Pray cast your fears away!
"Nay! never blush, nor shrink, *mes cheres!*
The crowd of sighing swains
Who have besieged you, three long years,
Stoop to receive your chains.

Our club, each meeting, has contained
A dozen beaux, I know,
More timid than the youth who stray'd
Where Yurich's* waters flow.
One saucy look—one melting tone
Of a mellifluent voice,
And the whole squad are overthrown,
Quick! haste and make a choice!

Some heartless, wayward bells may feel
When they implore and sue,
That slights and scorn have turn'd to steel
The passionate and true:
O'er hearts once tortured 'neath their sway,
Their brightest smiles will gleam,
Like sunbeams of a wintry day
Upon the frozen stream.

I have myself some scores to clear;
The coquette now I'll play!
Each trace,—each record of a tear,
A tear shall wash away,
Zounds! how I'll torture their hard hearts
Who crushed and slighted mine;
Come Cupid, with thy bow and darts!
Avenge me, and I'm thine!

What! must I now forego my right,
To kneel at beauty's shrine?
Shall eyes, whose flash have thrill'd delight,
With "fond appeals" seek mine?
I fear! (be still my fluttering heart!)
I fear that I shall yield;
Yet I will play no coward part,
I'll boldly keep the field.

WILL HONEYCOMB.

A compliment taken.—"How very lovely you look," said a gallant cavalier to a brilliant dame, at a recent fancy ball. The lady smiled and simpered, and replied, as she twirled and twirled her jewels, so that the light might shine fitly upon them, "Oh yes! I assure you I've got on thirty thousand pounds!" And so she had, and was fairly worth that sum.

*Vide song "By the margin of fair Yurich's waters."

POOR PAY, POOR PREACH.

GENERAL CHARLES SCOTT, of the revolutionary army, afterwards Governor of Kentucky, became a prisoner of war at the surrender of Charleston, South Carolina, in 1781.—His health became so bad that he obtained his parole; and having procured a horse and chair for himself, and a horse and chair for his servant, put some provisions and a bottle of spirits into the chair box, (for there were few houses of accommodation on the road he was about to travel) the General was placed in his small carriage, and set out for his native state, Virginia.

On his march to Charleston, he acquired the knowledge of a remarkably cool spring, about twelve or fourteen miles from the city, encompassed by a fine shade, and not more than a hundred yards from the road. He ordered his servant to drive to the spot, which was soon found. As the General was so feeble that he could neither walk nor stand alone, his servant spread his cloak upon the grass, took him from his chair, and laid him down to rest.

The British commander had sedulously prohibited all communications to the American prisoners, either by letters or newspapers, in consequence of which it was extremely difficult to learn what was going on. General Scott was desirous to know if the Americans had any force in the field in that quarter of the country, and if so, to learn their strength and position. He ordered his servant to keep a lookout, and if he saw any person passing along the road, to hail and ask him to come to the spring. After some time the servant remarked to the General, that he saw a dirty looking Indian coming up the road. "Direct him to come here," said the General. He did so, and something like the following dialogue ensued.

General—How do you do?

Indian—Oh, how do?

General—Where have you come from?

Indian—From the Lower Catawba town.

General—Where are you going?

Indian—To the Upper Catawba town.

General—What are you going there for?

Indian—I am going to preach.

General—Aye, so you preach, do you?

Indian—O, yes, me preach sometime.

General—Well! do they pay you any thing for preaching?

Indian—Yes, little—twenty shillings—each town pay me twenty.

General—Why, that is d——n poor pay.

Indian—Aye—and d——n poor preach too.

The General who was so pleased with the prompt and candid reply of the Indian, that he burst into a fit of laughter, and for a long time he could not restrain himself. When he became composed, he discovered that he had got into a considerable perspiration, which he had not felt before since his sickness. The bottle of spirits had been put into the spring, to cool: the provisions were taken out of the chair-box; the General and the Indian ate and drank together, and the General has been heard to declare, that he ate and drank with a better appetite than he had done since he had been a prisoner. He was helped into his chair again, pursued his journey, continued to improve in health, and when he arrived at his residence, Petersburg, he was perfectly restored to health.

General Scott has often said, that this adventure with the Indian saved his life; the incident was so novel, and the acknowledgment of the Indian so simple and frank, it cheered him up, and the recollection of it caused him to laugh frequently, as he travelled homeward, with gloomy thoughts, brooding over the misfortunes of the American cause. It was the first time General Scott had ever heard the comparison and he believed the present adage of 'poor pay, poor preach,' had its origin in the manner here described.

THE DISGUISED LOVER.

My dear Tom had a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt had an affection for Tom. It is to him what gold was to Midas; whatever he touched turns to dirt. No matter how white the cravat—no matter how immaculate the vest, the moment it comes within the sphere of Tom's influence, its whiteness is gone; it is immaculate no longer. Dogs, sweeps and lamp-lighters never pass him without leaving upon his breast unequivocal marks of their presence. Once, and once only, I saw him cross the street without encountering the wheels of a carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate, and before I could utter one word, it was filled with mud. The careless blockhead lay at my feet, full length, in the gutter. At my earnest solicitation, he once purchased a suit precisely mud color. It was a capital idea. He crossed the street three times, he walked half a mile, and returned, in appearance at least, unscathed. The thing was unprecedented. True, he was welcomed by the affectionate caresses of a dog that had been enjoying the coolness of a neighboring horsepond; true, he received a shower bath from the wheels of an omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's new coat, was 'to gild refined gold—to paint the lily,' I said, as I witnessed the success of my plan.

In about half an hour, it was my fate to meet a gentleman with seven stripes of green paint on his back—it was friend Tom; he had been leaning against some newly painted window blind.

His man Caesar declares, that he can't see de use of brack a boot ween he never stay bracked, and his washerwoman with a proper regard for her own reputation, has been compelled to discard him, not from any ill-will, but, as she declared with uplifted hands, 'if any one should ask me if I washed Mr. Smith's clothes, what *could* I tell them!' But there were very few things in this world with which Tom could have more easily dispensed, than the services of his washerwoman.

Having no other amusement, one morning I strolled over to Tom's room. As I ascended the stairs, I heard his voice in a very decided tone, 'But it must be done, and so there is an end to it.'

'Really,' was the reply, 'any thing within the limits of possibility, but to make a coat in ten hours—I will promise any thing in the world, but I really fear I shall not be able to perform.'

'If double your price would be any object—'

'Certainly, sir, if you insist upon it; certainly. I will put every man in my shop upon it; it shall be done in time—Good morning, sir.'

The door opened, and a fellow with shears and measures passed out. What should Tom be doing with a tailor?

'Just the man I wanted to see,' he exclaimed. 'I require your advice upon a very important affair; which of these cravats do you think most becoming?' and he spread before me some half dozen of every hue and fashion.

'Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful, does this mean, Tom? A fancy ball, is it? You have chosen an excellent disguise; your nearest friends will not know you. But you cannot support that character: if you had taken that of a chimney sweep, now; but that would have been too natural. Tell me, truly Tom, what does all this mean?'

'Why, the fact is, Frank,' passing a hand through his hair, redolent of macassar, 'I have concluded—I think I shall be a little more neat in future. You, doubtless, remember the good advice you gave me some time since; it has had an excellent effect I assure you.'

Now, it so happened, that of all the good advice I had ever given Tom, this was the first instance in

which he had seen fit to follow it. So I could not attribute the metamorphosis of my friend, to my eloquence. Who but a woman ever changed him from a slob to a fop.

'Pray, where are you going this evening,' I continued, 'that you must have a new coat so suddenly.' 'Going! no where, in particular, I had, indeed, some idea of calling on my old friend, Mr. Murray; no harm that I hope.'

Conviction began to flash upon me. 'Your old friend Mr. Murray; and his young niece, Miss Julia, has no share in your visit, I suppose; I heard that she arrived in town last night.'

'Now, upon my word, Frank you mistake me entirely—when I—that is, when I—I did not know any thing about it.'

'And so you were there last night, too! Really this is getting along bravely.'

'Why, the fact is, Frank, you must know every thing. I called last evening to see Murray on some business, about that real estate, you know. I had no more idea of meeting a woman than a boa constrictor; my beard was three days old; my collar ditto; and the rest of my dress in excellent keeping. I became engaged in conversation, and some how or other I forgot all about the real estate.'

'And so you are going again to-night—and that is the secret of your new coat?'

'By no means; I wanted a new coat, and tailors are always so long, you know. Do you think blue will become me? Blue is her favorite—that is—I mean blue.'

'Oh, go on, don't stammer—blue is her favorite color, is it?'

'The fact is Frank—take another glass of this wine—the fact is, I suppose—I rather fancy—I am a little in love. Try some of that sherry. What are the symptoms, Frank—queer feeling about the heart, and something which drives the blood through one like lightning!'

'Exactly! I believe I have seen Julia, short and chubby, isn't she—with red hair, and a little squint-eyed?'

Frank, I never did knock you down, though I have been tempted to do so a great many times; but if you don't stop your nonsense, I will.'

'Quite valiant in defence of your lady-love—Well, Tom, I will confess that she is a lovely girl, and tomorrow I will call and learn your success. So, good morning.'

* * * * *

'Well, Tom, what success?'

'Would you believe it! she did not recognise me.'

'Not recognise you?'

'No. You know what a quiz that Murray is. As soon as he saw me enter dressed in such style, he came up, shook hands with me, and without giving me a chance to say a word, introduced me to Julia, as Mr. Frederick Somebody. And would you believe it—the witch did not know me. I think I should not forget her so easily. Nor was that all. Murray said something about the fellow who called the previous evening—a country cousin, he said, clever enough, but an incorrigible slob. And Julia said, he pressed like a barbarian. Just think of that Frank, a barbarian. She shall pay for that yet. Such eyes—and she steps like a queen. Well Frank, a clean collar does make a vast difference to a man's appearance. Lovely as Hebe herself. Terrible difference clean linen makes.'

* * * * *

The last time I saw Tom, he was scolding his eldest son for coming into the drawing room with muddy boots.

Give something wherever you go, and you will be sure of a good reception.

LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

PAULULRICH.—or the Adventures of an Enthusiast.—A novel—2 vols. Harpers & Brothers.

We are not among those who deprecate the prolixity of the American press in works of fiction, as a stupendous evil, neither are we among those who regard with jealousy and distrust the industrious efforts of the many youthful aspirants after literary renown, in all parts of the country, to contribute to our stock of national literature. There are those who, considering the multiplication of new publications as a serious grievance, are not backward in discouraging all attempts at works of fiction, under a belief that every new American novel which does not display the genius of an Irving or a Cooper, is calculated to bring our literary efforts into discredit abroad, and to depress the standard of literary excellence at home; but with all due deference, we conceive that such opinions are founded in a radical error. So long as we have before us the bright pages of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Hugo, Irving and others, as models of taste and talent, there is no fear that the tone of literary excellence can be depressed, and a multiplicity of productions of inferior grade, rather adds to, than diminishes from, the lustre of the genius of our best writers.

In our opinion every attempt at book-making, that exhibits talent and gives promise of improvement, should be zealously encouraged, rather than otherwise, for in no other way can the latent genius of our country be brought to light, and its literary character improved; and though we are free to admit that among late publications there are many that deserve but a brief existence, it cannot be denied that a number of works have recently been issued from the American press, and from the pens of youthful American writers, that may safely be compared with any modern productions of Europe, and that give promise of literary talent of a superior and commanding order. Such works for instance as Guy Rivers, Yemassee and The Partisan, by Mr. Sims, Outre Mer, by Professor Longfellow, and Horse-Shoe Robinson by Mr. Kennedy, give cheering evidence that the mantles of Shakespeare, Byron and Scott have not been hermetically sealed in the grave, and that here, in the wilds of America, there is a promise of genius as powerful and luxurious, as that which has given to Europe the renown and glory so eminently deserves.

Among our latest receipts from the publishers we find the novel, the title of which is prefixed to this article. We have given it a careful perusal, and having done so, feel desirous of commending it to the favorable attention of our readers. It is from the pen of a young writer, and the present, we believe, is his first attempt at a work of fiction. As the title imports, Paul Ulrich is an enthusiast, not less in love matters than in all the business pursuits in which he engages, and in all the chivalrous and Quixotic undertakings that he commences. The plot is ingeniously laid, but the chief interest of the work consists in the well written and graphic details of Paul's adventures, from his infancy when he was the object of the affection of an antiquated maid, through many love intrigues, until the time of his marriage with the beautiful Emily. Some of the incidents of the work, it may perhaps be alleged, savour rather strongly of German romance, particularly that respecting an organised banditti in Pennsylvania; but it cannot be disputed that the author has thrown around these incidents the charm of interest and novelty, and depicted scenes of terror, crime and suffering, in a bold and fascinating style.

Altogether we regard Paul Ulrich as a very pleasant and agreeably told story, and for a first attempt it is undoubtedly highly creditable as a literary compo-

sition. It is far superior to many recent publications, and can scarcely fail, we are induced to believe, to place the author upon a very respectable footing among young American writers.

The following extract is descriptive of an afternoon's ramble of the hero and heroine, the latter of whom, Emily Florence, resides with her father, at a secluded country mansion, and is obliged to see her lover clandestinely.

THE LOVERS' RAMBLE.

"You have said all things are a mystery. I feel the truth of your remark. My mind has pondered upon the vast order of creation—the links by which it is held together—each dependent upon the others—until it has been lost in the boundlessness—the infinity of the subject. We see the heavens studded with innumerable stars, to which the earth we inhabit is a mere atom—a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. I have asked myself if they are not the homes and resting-places of other beings—endowed, perhaps, with the same feelings and affections as ourselves—who may look abroad into the infinitude of space, and exclaim, how petty, how insignificant the globe we inhabit? But we, also, have the same exalted notion of ourselves. Like the heathen philosophers, we would fain believe that we are the common centre to which every thing else must tend—nothing more or less than especial objects of Providence—creating for ourselves an immortality; but consigning the next grade—the next link—the next order in creation, to utter oblivion. What are we? a speck! Who are we? beings as fragile as the flower! Whence came we? from nothingness! Whither do we return? to the dust—the grave—the insatiate worms! What has been the tenor of our lives? misery and wretchedness! Have we found no green spots—no delightful resting-places in the pathway of our existence? ah! but the thistle and thorn were there to sting us! Are there no pleasant memories of joys, of pleasures, that are past? true! but they have had their opposites of pain and of peril! Have we led a life of debauchery and crime? too often a melancholy truth! And is there not a fitting punishment hereafter? it is a mystery! Have we not immortal spirits? let us go and question the deer that is leaping from rock to rock—or the innocent lamb sporting joyously on the green turf! Do we not sometimes dream of a home beyond the grave? let us ask the winds that are careering abroad, where may be found their hiding-places—whence they come, or whither they go? I cannot answer!"

By this time we had ascended to the top of a hill, clambering a rude and precipitous way—for I observed, wherever there was a steep ascent, or shelving rock, Emily was the first to climb and stand upon its edge—as though she courted, rather than avoided, danger. It was my task, however, to render assistance in cases of difficulty; and before we had gained the eminence, how often did I find her snowy and delicate hand clasped in mine!

Fatigued with exertion, we seated ourselves upon a rock. There was a pleasant prospect before us—the green pastures of a neighbouring husbandman stretching along as far as the eye could reach. The cattle and sheep were quietly browsing in the distance. Near them were a few acres of Indian corn, waving its luxuriant tops in the breeze. A rich belt of woodland on the opposite side, was beginning to cast a lengthened shadow upon the fields, for the sun (how short seemed the time!) was already declining. It was a scene of deep and quiet beauty. There was not a sound to be heard, save the solitary bleating of the lamb, or the measured strokes of the wood-cutter. Emily was the first to interrupt the silence into which we had relapsed.

"And so you are a little sceptical, I perceive. You have suffered your mind to become entangled in the mazes of doubt, by some pleasing, yet deceptive theory, of which there are so many abroad in the world. Yet I admire your frankness in thus avowing your sentiments; but depend upon it, you are fostering sentiments which will one day prove destructive to the peace and tranquillity of your mind. I cannot be your monitor—it would be an unpardonable presumption—but I saw you, enamoured of the beautiful tints of a flower, hastening to the brink of a fathomless abyss to pluck it, I would call aloud, and warn you of the threatening danger! You question our immortality—and why? Who will pretend to say that the tomb is our ultimate resting-place? Or why is it that our restless spirits are for ever leaping abroad—wandering and unsatisfied? Why do our imaginations soar above the dull earth, in search of another and a brighter world? Why do we shrink with so much horror at the approach of death, or the thoughts of the grave, if it is only an oblivious mantle to be thrown around us, and thereby extinguish the soul? Do the drops of water, which sink into the earth and are seen no more, perish for ever? Do not the particles of dust, which we see floating in the rays of the sun, exist unto all eternity? Will the constituent part of the hills, and mountains, and rocks, (which, according to philosophic truth, will one day be mouldered into dust,) ever become annihilated? Then, why should the soul—that sublime and ethereal essence—the mainspring of human action, and the great moving and regulating principle of human life—so pre-eminent, so lofty in its nature and attributes—be less enduring than the vile earth over which it exerts so powerful an influence?"

On taking our seats, we observed a dark mass of clouds rising in the west, when, although scarcely perceptible at first, had continued to spread without any further notice, until they reached nearly midway over the heavens. The sudden exclamations of Emily first directed my attention to the approaching storm—for I was too much absorbed with my own sweet emotions to be conscious of anything transpiring beyond my immediate presence.

"Hark! hark!" she ejaculated. "Hear the thunder, how it roars and mutters! Mercy! what a crash! A drop of rain, too! And the wind, how it begins to howl! Oh, where shall we fly for shelter?"

We had, indeed, encountered a fearful tempest. The wind was beginning to blow, the lightning to flash, the thunder to roar, and the rain to fall. Where could we find a place of retreat? We recollected the shelving rock, upon which Emily had stood on our way thither—and to this we immediately repaired. The storm raged with increasing violence, and the rain fell in torrents. We had scarcely gained our retreat, when an affrighted horse rushed by us, and took his stand at the foot of a tall chestnut, immediately before us. The rain for a moment ceased—there was a deep and pervading silence,—this dread interval—this prophetic pause, was succeeded by a quick flash, and a terrific burst of thunder, as though the earth was crumbling to its centre. Emily preserved a great degree of calmness for one of her sex, but as she clung to me at this crisis with a beating heart, I knew she was not without considerable alarm. We looked out from our retreat. The fierce lightning had shivered the chestnut almost to atoms—and the unconscious beast was struck dead at its root.

"Look!" said Emily, with violent emotion, "look at the shattered tree, and the lifeless animal, and learn the insignificance of man—his dependence upon an all-wise Providence. Oh, could your doubts—your scepticism be blasted, even as that tree, how could I rejoice!—how could I—"

"Nay, Emily," I interrupted, "I am your convert!"

Fool that I was to have thus gone astray, by following the impulse of a blind and heated imagination! And almost for the first time in my life, I knelt down in silent worship amid the rocks.

The storm subsided; we set out on our way homeward. The dim twilight was already closing in upon us. Emily leaned upon my arm; and, short as had been our acquaintance, I felt that there was an inseparable tie between us. We had given ourselves up to silence and meditation, and moved slowly along without uttering a sentence.

At length Miss Florence abruptly paused, exclaiming—"See! see! there is some one crossing our path!"

"Pshaw! it is your fancy," I returned.

"Look! look!" she continued, with her eyes intensely fixed in the same direction; "he is gliding into the thicket—and now—he disappears."

I could just perceive the dim outline of a human figure, as it moved quickly before us, although it was clearly discerned by the keener vision of Miss Florence.

"A neighbour on his way home," I carelessly observed, fearful that I might add to her fears.

"It may be," she replied, "but I think differently.

There is a band of robbers who have their retreat in the neighbouring hills—and this was no doubt one of them. They are headed by a brave and reckless fellow of the name of Elmo—Captain Elmo, I think they call him. They have been the terror of the inhabitants for a long time. My father went out some time ago with an armed force in pursuit of them, but could not discover their hiding-place. I have heard it said that they steal away the children of wealthy parents, that they may exact a ransom. Sometimes I obtain glimpses of them from my chamber-window, prowling about in the night; but they have never offered to molest us."

We finally reached Dame Lawler's cottage without being disturbed, and found her standing in the door, looking anxiously for our return.

"A pretty couple you are, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "You come to spend a social afternoon with me, and I see no more of you until the night drives you home. A pretty couple, indeed! I had the table spread, and everything in readiness—but I saw nothing of you, and so I sat down to my homely fare alone. Out upon you, I say!"

Emily apologized, and promised to amend the error of her ways.

"What will your father say to all this?" asked the old woman of Miss Florence.

"What, indeed, will he say?" returned the agitated girl. "How imprudent I have been! I must hurry home without delay;" and so saying, she requested me to accompany her through the woods.

We continued our way as rapidly as possible towards the Florence mansion, for it was now almost dark. Emily expressed frequent apprehensions that her father would reprove her severely for remaining out until so late an hour. I endeavoured to quiet her fears, but it was to little purpose. Sometimes, however, she resumed her gaiety, for her spirits were naturally too buoyant and elastic to be entirely subdued. The conversation at length turned upon Meg Lawler.

"She is a strange woman!" remarked Miss Florence. "For a year or more she has lived in that cottage, chiefly supported by my father. Poor woman! her husband deserted her some months ago, and has not been heard of since. I often wonder at her shrewdness and intelligence; but, unfortunately, she is much given to intemperance. The Bible she considers her greatest treasure, although, like many others, she sometimes disobeys its precepts. She is fond of relating the history of her life; and no greater insult could be offered than a refusal to listen. She tells

many strange stories, some of which, perhaps, are wanting in probability. Her mind is vigorous and energetic, but resembles the rude and unpolished marble."

By this time we had arrived at the margin of the woods, within view of the Florence mansion.

"Here you must leave me," said Emily: "you may think strange that I am so unceremonious, but I have my reasons."

I remarked that it would be ungallant to desert her, as the path was uneven, and she might find a difficulty in making her way.

"We must dispense with etiquette," she replied, "when necessity requires it."

I reminded her of the robber, whom she thought we had seen in the woods—adding, that he might be on the watch, and overtake her.

"What have I to fear?" she asked in a bold and fearless tone, drawing an ivory-hilted dagger from her bosom, which she held before her with an extended arm. "This is my protection! You see, therefore, I am not without a defence." And her words were uttered in a voice which bespoke her stern and resolute nature.

There was a brief silence, which neither of us seemed disposed to interrupt. Miss Florence at length added—

"Pardon me, but I would not be seen in your presence, nor in the presence of any man."

I was about to reply.

"Hush!" she interrupted, in a deep, low tone, placing her finger upon her lips.

At this moment I heard approaching footsteps. Miss Florence looked hurriedly around, and said, in a scarcely audible tone—

"It is my father!"

"Why this alarm? Why do you tremble?" I asked, taking her hand in mine.

"Hush! or my life is perilled!" she quickly replied, putting her mouth close to my ear, as if fearful that the slightest whisper might be heard.

Scarcely knowing what I did, I imprinted a kiss (the first—burning, passionate, and full of rapture) upon her innocent lips, and darted into the woods.

POEMS BY MRS. ELLETT.—Messrs. Key & Biddle have just published, in a handsome volume of 200 pages, the poetical productions of Mrs. E. F. Ellett, of New York, authoress of the successful tragedy of "Teresa Contarina," and well known as a liberal contributor to the columns of our leading literary periodicals. In noticing this work we feel confident that we cannot say too much in its praise. The lady possesses no common mind, and we have always regarded her poetical productions as possessing an unusual degree of excellence and merit. Her writings are invariably chaste and beautiful, evincing a high degree of intellect, and a grade of talent far above the reach of our ordinary poets.

The volume embraces about sixty compositions, on as many different subjects. A portion of them are translations from the French and the Italian of Lamartine, Foscolo, Testi, and other celebrated writers. All of them possess merit, and the collection may justly be regarded as a rich addition to the literature of our country. The annexed beautiful extract may be quoted as a specimen of the whole.

THE GUARDIAN GENIUS.

BY E. F. ELLETT.

From the French of Alphonse de Lamartine.

"Peety is the guardian angel of humanity in all ages." In childhood, sitting in the garden shade

By flowering citron, or pink almond tree,
When the spring's breath, that round the arbor played,
My neck caressing, tossed my tresses free—

A voice I heard, so sweet, so wild, and deep,
Joy thrilled my frame that owned its magic spell;
'Twas not the wind—the bell—the reed's soft sweep—
Nor infant's voice, nor man's, in murmuring swell—

My guardian genius! Oh! the voice was thine!
'Twas thou, whose spirit communed then with mine!

When later, from a lover doomed to part,
Past those dear hours when by the shade we met,
When his last kiss resounded to the heart
That 'neath his hand's fond pressure, trembled yet—
The self-same voice, deep in my bosom pleading,
Rang in mine ear with still entrancing power;
'Twas not his tone, 't was not his step receding—
Nor lovers' echoed songs in trellised bower;—

My guardian genius! Oh! the voice was thine!
'Twas thou, whose spirit communed still with mine!

When, a young mother, round my peaceful hearth
I brought those gifts which bounteous heaven had sent,

While at my door the fig-tree flung the earth
Its fruits, by hands of eager children bent—
A voice, vague, tender, swelled within my breast—
'Twas not the wild bird's note, the cock's shrill cry—

Nor breath of infants in their cradled rest;
Nor fishers' chant, blent with the surge's sigh;—

My guardian genius! Oh! the voice was thine!
'Twas thou, whose spirit mixed its song with mine!

Now lone and old, with shattered looks and white,
The wood my shelter from the tempest's sweep,
My shrivelled hands warmed by the fires they light,
My gentle kids, my infant charge I keep.
That hidden voice, yet in this breast forlorn,
Enchants, consoles me with its ceaseless song;
It is no more the voice of life's young morn,
Nor his fond tone whom I have wept so long:
My guardian genius! still—yes, still 'tis thine!
'Tis thou, whose spirit dwells and mourns with mine!

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.—2 vols. Harper & Brothers. Books of travels are getting to be all the rage, in this country as well as in Europe, and the manner in which they are multiplied is truly marvellous. Almost every week some work of this character issues from the press, and if we have heretofore had an abundance of publications giving descriptions of ourselves, we are now likely to be favored with an equal number relating to Europe, from the pens of our own writers. Englishmen, especially, will find very soon that the tables are turned, for if but one-half of the American travellers now in Great Britain publish their sketches, they will have enough reading to supply them for a dozen of years.

This work is from the pen of Lieut. Stidell, author of "A Year in Spain,"—a book that obtained a high degree of popularity,—and we entirely agree with a contemporary, that it is deserving of high praise. "Its style, with the exception of an occasional straining after effect, is excellent, and if considered merely as a graphic description of scenes, presenting themselves to the eye in a great metropolis, it is unrivalled. Appearances are described, and impressions are conveyed to the mind with the greatest force and distinctness. There is running through the whole a strong feeling of admiration for every thing American, which does credit as well to the author's head as his heart. Many young men, in his situation, if they had one-half of the puppyism which he affects, would have cut patriotism as decidedly *mauvais ton*."

We extract a portion of one chapter, in which the author describes some of the scenes witnessed in London, during the Christmas festival.

Among the more pleasing evidences of preparation for some great feast, in whose joys there were to be many partakers, was the arrival of untold quantities of game by the vans and coaches from every part of the kingdom, whether sent as presents from the country to friends in town, or to swell the stock in trade of some extensive poulterer. The game thus transported by coach in England, from one extremity to the other, is packed in boxes or hampers, or else left loose, where the distance is not considerable. Such, indeed, is the influx of game from some of the counties at this season, that the coaches are often exclusively freighted with it; and I saw one coach from Norfolk come whisking up to the Bull and Mouth, the day before Christmas, drawn by six smoking horses, and festooned in every direction, body, box, and carriage, with moor-fowl, hares, and partridges; and exhibiting, moreover, for inside passengers, instead of the querulous features of weazen-faced old maids, or the bottle-nose of a doughty half-pay officer, or the anxious countenance of muffled valetudinarian, the more interesting spectacle of dangling goose-heads, looking more than usually silly, or the whitened gills of what had late been vapouring and consequential turkey-gobblers.

The riot had already commenced, one day in advance. An ill-judged charity, or their own economy, had furnished the most wretched of the populace with the means of brutal indulgence, and at nightfall the streets of the capital resounded with drunken brawls, and the clamors of a pervading debauchery. That night I went to the Convent Garden Theatre, to see the Christmas spectacle of Mother Hubbard and her dog. Having tired of this, I next went to Drury Lane, where there was a most brilliant pageant, founded on the fable of St. George and the dragon, and the Seven Champions of Christendom. In both places the audience was of a character more disgusting than can be furnished by any other capital in the world.

In the places of inferior price the occupants were sitting in their shirt sleeves, their coats hanging down before the boxes, and sometimes falling; bottles were passing from mouth to mouth, while, immediately below me, sat two ruffians with their sweethearts, who, in addition to their bottle of gin, had a glass to drink it from, either because their tastes were more scrupulous, or because they had an eye to the just distribution of their "lush." One of them, who had but half a nose, kept his arm about the neck of his greasy partner, and indulged in open dalliance, in which, indeed, he was supported by the example of many others, in the face of the audience.

Those in the boxes, consisted chiefly of persons of a tender age of either sex, who, having returned from their boarding-schools to spend the holidays at home, were brought by their parents to see what they might. The spectacle off the stage was at all events an edifying one; and what with the shouts, groans, the whistling, and deafening din, I left the place at length completely stunned and heart-sick.

There was nothing very refreshing in the scenes without. Here, too, the air was foul with gas, smoke, and ill odours of every sort. It was raining in a slow, deliberate manner. The streets, and they who perambulated them, were reeking with mud, while the corners and other stations, where a more than usually brilliant display of gas lights and stained glass announced the position of a gin-palace, were surrounded by ragged throngs, whose flushed faces, tainted breaths, and noisy clamour, gave evidence of the depth of their potatoes. These groups were not composed alone of the ruder sex, but women from the labouring classes of life, as well as of a more wretched description, mingled in equal numbers. Many swaggered homeward, cursing or chanting a drunken

catch, with a bottle in each hand, while others, only singly armed, sustained on the other side an unconscious infant, exposed thus soon to the inclemency of the weather, and doomed to suck its earliest nourishment from a bosom polluted by poisonous ministrings.

It was near two o'clock; the light of day, withdrawn some ten hours earlier, had proclaimed that this was the season meant by nature for repose; yet everywhere the streets were thronged with whatever was unseemly in the spectacle of human degradation. The ears were shocked with slang and obscenity, and from blind alleys, constituting the darker haunts of misery and vice, proceeded the fierce clamour of drunken strife, and reiterated cries of "Murder! murder!"

As I went musing homeward, it was difficult to realize that which I had contemplated was done in commemoration of the Nativity of our Saviour. It was by drunken orgies, murderous brawls, and shameless prostitution, that the English populace celebrated the advent of Him who came to establish a pure and unsullied religion—"the Lamb which taketh away the sins of the world." I could not help remembering that the last Christmas had found me among the Mahones, a people who, being both Catholic and Spanish, had, as such, a double claim to the scorn and pity of Englishmen. What were the circumstances there attending the celebration of Noche Buena—the happy night of all the year?

Why, the streets were gay with groups of mirthful and merry making maskers, pausing to sing and to dance beneath balcony or veranda, until, as the midnight hour approached that fulfilled the period of the thrice joyous anniversary, all were seen to seek the temple which was to be the scene of its celebration. Behold the vast area of the noble edifice, filled with adoring thousands kneeling humbly on the pavements, as they contemplated the mystery which shadowed forth the scene of the Nativity, the Gothic roof trembling with the glad sounds of angelic hallelujahs, or reverberating to the joyous and life-inspiring strains pealed forth by that noble organ, thrilling the feelings with untold ecstasy, and elevating the soul heavenward with a holy joy, by strains not unworthy of the skies. There was no intoxication, save what might be found in the delirious transports of believers, quickened into a sublime enthusiasm at the advent of the Redeemer.

BULWER.

A French writer gives the following description of Bulwer, the novelist. The story of his treatment to a young American we have heard before, and it is confirmed, in some measure, by Brook's notice of his general deportment towards strangers.

"Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer is, like his brother, a decided radical. He is very tall, and would appear more so, did he not stoop and hold himself badly. He has thick, curly, light hair; his long face, without expression, and his large, moist, motionless eyes, denote by no means the writer of genius. I presume that it is partly owing to the great success of his works, that the doors of exclusive society are so widely thrown open to him. In his toilette he reminds one of those parvenus of bad taste, who obstruct the lobbies of the opera house at Paris. I do not deny the merit of powerfully interesting his readers in the incidents and story of several of his novels, in other respects so poorly written; but it seems to me that he should not have exaggerated their value to the degree of manifesting the supreme pride and self-complacency, betrayed on every page of the sad rhapsodies he has recently published, under the title of 'The Student.' I pardon him, however, for this last work, more

readily than for the following trait which was told to me: A young American presented himself to Mr. Bulwer the other day, well provided with letters of introduction. "I am happy to see you, sir, said Mr. B. but it will be difficult for me to have this honour often. I have already more acquaintances than my time permits me to cultivate, and to them I owe the hours I have to dispose of."

NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMEN.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just published a work in two volumes, under this title. It embraces anecdotes and incidents of females of various ages and countries, who have distinguished themselves by striking evidences of the virtues belonging to their sex, and particularly in acts of affection, integrity, benevolence, courage, gratitude and patriotism. Very honorable mention is also made of many ladies who have contributed to the cause of science, and the promotion of the arts. The work is well executed, and presents a record in the highest degree creditable to the sex.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S BOOK.—This is the title of a neat 18 mo. volume, just published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. It consists of a number of excellent essays on the social, moral, religious and domestic duties of females, with particular reference to their responsibilities as wives and mothers. The advice given by the author appears to us to be discriminating and sound, and we do not doubt but that the tendency of the book is decidedly useful and salutary. The author observes in the preface:—"I beg permission to present the young bride with this small volume, to supply the place of a living adviser—a volume filled with precept, advice, warning, and encouragement—gathered from many sources, the work of many learned and experienced minds. I hope she will permit it to lie on her toilet or centre table, and occasionally read it, until the whole is familiar as household words. If she shall be faithful to herself in the application of its counsels, she will save herself from many vain regrets, and reap a harvest of that which should be the heart's desire and prayer of a young bride, the object of her warmest hopes and best exertions—domestic happiness—home-felt joy."

Latrobe's "Rambles in America," is unquestionably an exception to the numerous shabby and jaundiced works that have lately been written and published on the manners and customs of the United States, by foreign travellers. The author is the English gentleman who accompanied Washington Irving in his tour on the prairies, and who is so favorably mentioned, as a gentleman of education and liberal feeling, by that distinguished writer. Mr. Latrobe and his friend Count Portalis, familiarly called "The Count," met Mr. Irving while on their passage to this country, and it was during the voyage, we understand, that the trip to the "far west," was agreed upon. A description of this expedition occupies the greater portion of the first volume, and the reader is again introduced to Tonish, Bente and the rangers, mentioned by Mr. Irving. The second volume contains an account of Mr. Latrobe's rambles in other sections of our country.

Books of travels being very similar to each other, in general outline, it is unnecessary to specify particularly the contents of Mr. Latrobe's work, except to remark that the author's trip to the west gives it a new and very interesting feature. He is more particular, in detail, than Mr. Irving, and perhaps quite as pleasant and agreeable in his descriptions. Throughout the work he writes in a lively, spirited and graphic style, and his observations upon our manners and institutions, are sound, discriminating, and free from prejudice. He is decidedly the most interesting writer

on America that has lately been among us, and though he is not, at all times, entirely republican in his views, it is impossible to be displeased with his courteous criticisms. The Rambles are dedicated to Mr. Irving.

THE PARTISAN.—2 vols. Harper and Brothers. This is a tale of the Revolution, from the pen of W. Gilmore Sims, author of Guy Rivers, the Yemassee, &c. to whose reputation as a rapid and powerful writer, it is in all respects creditable. Although a novel in detail, there is much of historic truth displayed in its general incidents, and the reader who has carefully perused that portion of the narrative of our Revolution, which relates especially to South Carolina, will find, as he progresses through the *Partisan*, many truths which become more fearfully engrossing, heightened as they are by the masterly pencillings of the author of Guy Rivers. A spirited sketch is given of the leading events in South Carolina, from the fall of Charleston to 1780, the materials of which have been gleaned partly from written history, and partly from tradition and local chronicles, preserved as family records. The *Partisan* is intended, if we understand the author right, to be the first of a series of works in which the events of our Colonial history and Revolutionary struggle, are to be rendered the themes, and we look for the further prosecution of the design with interest, as in the hands of Sims it cannot but be happily executed.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—1 vol. octavo, Harper & Brothers.—This is one of the most splendid books that has ever been issued from the American press, not even excepting the very pretty annuals published in this city and in Boston. The typographical execution is beautiful, and the binding, the style of which is entirely new, is really superb. "The adventures of Robinson Crusoe," is generally regarded as Defoe's best work, and it is, unquestionably, the master piece of its class—a story of thrilling and absorbing interest for youth, and a tale replete with moral and instructive lessons for those of riper years. The present edition, which is probably the most beautiful ever published, is embellished with fifty engravings, prepared expressly for the work. A biographical sketch of the author, Defoe, is appended. The work is, in all respects, a very suitable one for a holiday present. It may be obtained in this city, of Mr. Perkins, Chesnut street.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.—Another number, the fifth, of the valuable series of works, known as the "Bridgewater Treatises," has just been published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. It is devoted to the subject of "Animal and Vegetable Physiology, considered with reference to Natural Theology," and occupies two large octavo volumes, which are embellished with nearly 500 wood cuts, in illustration of the text.

The subject of this work, in accordance with the will of the Earl of Bridgewater, under which the Bridgewater treatises have been written, is to enforce the great truths of Natural Theology, by adducing those evidences of the power, wisdom and goodness of God, which are manifested in the living creation. In the fulfilment of this design, the whole phenomena of animal life, in their infinitely varied forms of organization, are placed before the reader, classified, analysed and most ably discussed. The treatise is from the pen of Dr. Roget, one of the most eminent scientific men of Great Britain, whose labors in this work appear to have been very happily directed. We can conceive of no study more interesting and profitable than that of Physiology, in reference to the power, wisdom and goodness of God, and to all who feel any interest in this branch of science, the present comprehensive and learned work, will be a most valuable acquisition.

A SHAKER'S MEETING.

"Reader," says Charles Lamb, "wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean: wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude: wouldst thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species:—come with me into a *Quaker's* Meeting.

But—and so pregnant is this *but* with meaning, that it deserves to be enclosed in one of those flourishes or more pretending vignettes, with which the beginnings of chapters are adorned in old books—if you wish to have the depths of your soul rolled up into a muddy conglomeration of feelings; if you wish to view one of the most singular phases of eccentric, wandering and yet universal human nature: if you wish to feel at once peace and unrest, quiet joy in a few simple and great truths and a deep disgust at the strange, wild, yet decent pageant before you:—come with me into a *Shaker's* meeting. You go in softly and with a reverence into the wide, scrupulously neat house, where excessive plainness presents a new idea of architectural beauty; and as soon as you have put a noiseless step upon the polished floor, the chill absence of pews—those dumb, social, almost companionable reliefs of the vacancy of a great building—strikes oddly and painfully upon your curiosity; and you slide into one of the seats by the wall, appropriated to such intrusive worldlings as yourself, glad of the refuge even of a bench. Presently a side door opens, and a row of the demure sisterhood glide softly in, dressed in that quaint angular costume, which approximates the female form of those rude drawings of children, where they place dots for the head, hands and feet, and connect them by straight lines. The straight, stiff cap of snow white muslin, pulled forward beyond the temples, seems intended like the blinders we put upon horses, to prevent any sidelong glances of the eyes over which it projects. Yet have I observed, at times, that the texture was not so entirely impervious, as to prevent the sharp, glowing lustre of certain of their eyes from peering quite through its flimsy obstruction. They are all reduced to the same straight cut, elderly forms: the old, to whom "the grasshopper has become a burden," and the young, who *ought* to be as free, as joyous and as light as that frisking insect itself, that hops from blade to blade of the tall grass, in all the luxury of Nature and the Sun. Nothing would enable you to detect the presence of Youth among them, but that unfailing index of the eye; *there*, it is seated in that lustre of young life, that is irrepressible by any outward restraint or disguise, and which nothing but years and the drying up of life's bubbling springs can ever dim. In a few seconds, the door on the opposite side of the building lets in some of the brethren, the older and more saintly preceding the younger and those who are not so far removed from the ranks of the backsliding; and in the corner of the little ante-room, out of which they proceed, some one may be seen smoothing down his cropped hair and brushing a speck or two of dust from his clothes—for not shakerism itself can entirely suppress the inherent coxcombry of human nature. At length, they are all in and all seated in deep, silent congregation, the men on one side, the women on the other, with their hands folded in their laps and their eyes cast down. Notwithstanding the strange, grotesque scene, no tendency to smile comes upon you, for it is all done with a decency, an order, and a quiet confiding reverence for the sanctity of the place and the occasion, that address themselves at once to your better feelings, and put far away all immediate sense of the ridiculous. But after a few moments of silence,

the whole assembly rise as one person, at a signal apprehensive only to themselves, and having removed the benches, they stand in two dense square bodies opposite each other; and then you feel a painful reluctant curiosity, thinking that something is about to be done that will shock or disgust you. Again profound silence spreads its wings over the whole assembly, and when every nerve is calmed out of excitement of recent motion, some old man drops a few words about "the privilege and the great importance" of meeting together, which fall gratefully upon your ear and bring you back again to the universal ideas and the common ground of Religion itself, where every condition of mankind can sympathize with every other. Anon, the words cease—the assembly is again silent—and, in a few seconds, they burst forth in a song and begin their dance in two lines with their backs arranged towards you, dancing to and from the wall on the opposite side. Suddenly, the figure changes to two large circles, one within the other; the outer and the inner with their faces directed in opposite directions; while in the centre of the whole stand several men and as many women, who lead the song to which they dance.—Round they go, in a sort of swinging half dance and half march, with their hands raised before them to a level with their elbows, and flapping them up and down like fishes fins. They become more and more agitated, as the song rises, and every now and then, at the recurrence of a sort of chorus, they clap their hands in one loud simultaneous beat, and make the roof of the building ring. You grow nervous at the sight and at the thrill, irregular and almost wild music of the hymn; you would be glad if it were over, or that you had not come; but on they go, in this strange procession, for the space of half an hour, when the song suddenly ceases and they return to their places. Then, after a few more simple, earnest words, they betake themselves to the benches, and another interval of silence follows, after which the meeting is abruptly broken up, and you are glad once more to be in the open air, to get back to the world and forms and ideas to which you are used.

Seldom will a sight present itself, that will touch stranger sympathies, than that of a *Child* Shaker. Take it in its garb, fit only for the withered form of age, with its dry response—carrying you back to scriptural communication—of *yea—yea*, and *nay—nay*; a child without the vagaries of childhood, a copy of the men and women Shakers, a chick on which the mantle of Ann Lee has fallen in miniature; and the oddities of all human fanaticism will not present many an odder image. It groweth up, for a solemn crossing of hands, for a life that is one long straight-jacket, and for *yea* and *nay*; for the weaving of baskets and the pressing of cheeses on all week days, and for a quaint old dance on all Sundays, through four score and ten years. It knoweth naught of the high places, the brilliant sights, the power and grandeur and mechanism of that far country—that wicked island in an ocean of Shakerism—called the World; it keepeth on its growing and declining periods of life, eating, dancing, singing, working, with a solemnity that it learns to breathe as an atmosphere, and which is as little to be accounted for or conscious to itself. It hath no holydays, or spending money; it never shoots fire-crackers, or lets off a squib. It does not keep a baby-house, or play at having a tea-party. The Fourth of July dawns to it, like any other morning; and it never counts the weeks and then the days and then the hours to vacation. It never hears the words Father and Mother; and should it die—for little Shakers do die, though rarely—it will not be wept with a parent's agony, even if the paternal parents stand at the bedside. Should you in your worldly curiosity, seek a reason for this, you need not to be informed, that Ann Lee said there were no parents and children.



NEWEST FASHIONS.

Engraved for the Cabinet. Published by S.C. McKim.

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A tippet of a new form, called the Victoria, has been brought out; but how far it will be fashionable 6, 1836.

The waists of dresses are expected to be a more formal length than they are at present; and the sleeves to



OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

The fashion
Wears out more apparel than the man.

No. 2. PHILADELPHIA.—FEBRUARY. [1836.]

THE NEWEST FASHIONS.

Carriage Dress.—A black satin pelisse. A double pelerine of moderate size, trimmed with black blond lace. A white satin bonnet, lined with cherry colour, and trimmed with white satin ribands and a bouquet of white ostrich leathers. Embroidered muslin collar edged with Valenciennes lace.

Evening Dress.—A dress of pink crape over white satin; *corsage*, cut rather low, is trimmed *en mantelle* with blond lace. The hair is dressed in high interlaced bows on the summit of the head, and soft curls at the sides it is ornamented with artificial flowers. Embroidered crape scarf.

Walking Dress.—A cloak of Luxmore, of a bright brown, with a rich pattern in black; it is made as a pelisse, fitting closely to the figure, excepting the sleeves, which hang full from the shoulders. A dress of pale lilac cychemire, bonnet of sapphire blue velvet.

Standing Figure.—Cloak of violet satin, embroidered round with a light pattern of bright chenille, a deep cape lined with velvet: the cape finishes at the shoulder, and, turning back, forms a second in velvet. Dress of green cachemire, bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with *ponçeau*, and black and *ponçeau* vulture feathers.

Sitting Figure.—A morning dress of cinnamon satin, wraps to the side, is bordered entirely round with a double edge of velvet scalloped. Pelerine to correspond, a simple cap of blonde lace tied with cerise riband, the borders rather wide and full round the face, and supported by chrysanthemum.

General observations on Fashions and Dress.—There seems no doubt that the out-door dress of our fair fashionables will, this year, be not less distinguished for comfort than richness. Furs are expected to be more generally adopted than they have been for several seasons past. We think we may venture to say, from the orders that we know have been given, that muffs will be very generally adopted, and hoas quite as much worn as ever. Sables is still the most fashionable fur, but ermine, which for a long time had been out of favour, has now nearly regained its former vogue; it is expected to be particularly in request for trimmings of mantles and mantlets. Grey squirrel and Kolinski are expected to rank next in estimation.

A tippet of a new form, called the Victoria, has been brought out; but how far it will be fashionable 6, 1836.

we cannot, till the season has fairly commenced, pretend to say. Those we have seen, were composed of sable, and bordered with a rouleau of the same. We have noticed among several mantles, that have been recently ordered, some of *gros de Teurs* and *gros d'Orient*, embroidered in silk to correspond. One of the most elegant of these was of black *gros d'Orient* embroidered in black silk, in a gothic pattern; the sleeves, of the usual size, were open both at the elbow and the bend of the arm. The collar, and a robing lappel, which descended to the bottom of the skirt were of black velvet. The mantle was confined to the waist by a rich black silk cord and tassels, which passed twice round it.

We have seen some new and very elegant patterns of fancy silk trimmings for carriage pelisses. We believe that these kind of trimmings and furs will be those most adopted. Several pelisses have the sleeves drawn full round the wrist, by a narrow band so placed as to leave a little of the bottom of the sleeve falling full over the hand, which forms a pretty and rather novel kind of trimming.

Plain velvet is expected to be the favourite material for carriage hats and bonnets. We have already seen a few morning bonnets composed of it, ornamented only with a simple band of riband, and a knot at one side, and a *ruche* of blonde lace disposed in the cap style in the interior of the brim. We have also to cite some half dress hats, remarkable for the elegant and simple style of their trimming. One of those of maron velvet, was decorated with satin ribands, the ground of the same colour, figured in waves of light blue, and two marron *plumes penachées*, edged with light blue. Another very pretty hat was of *scabieuse* velvet, trimmed with ribands of the same colour, edged with apple green, and two ostrich feathers, the *bardes* thickened at the ends with apple green, and knotted.

A new and splendid material for full dress, that is expected to be very fashionable, is called *satin Amy Robsart*,—it is a soft rich satin, printed in gold and colours. Another beautiful material, but of a less expensive kind, is the *satin d'Ancree*; it is a mixture of cachemire and silk, is twilled, a white ground quadrilled in wood colour, with a running pattern of green foliage, and small Bengal roses mingled with other flowers.

The waists of dresses are expected to be a more formal length than they are at present; and the sleeves to

fall more off the shoulders. When pelerines are worn, the *corsages* will be made plain, otherwise they will be a good deal ornamented.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Editor—The following beautiful verses were written by a traveller in an album at a little inn at Zurich. The name of the writer is unknown, but he is decidedly a poet:—

A SWISS DAY.

'Tis DAWN, lovely dawn! and the sky is all white,
And the cattle in vale and on hill-side are lowing;
And the lake lies in vapor; half morning, half night,
And the breeze through the tops of the pine-grove is blowing;

And the vineyards are shaking the dew from their leaves,
And down in the valley the village roofs shine;
And the doves are all rustling their wings in the eaves,
And the earth and the heaven are cool, lovely, divine.

'Tis MORNING, rich morning! The yagers are out,
And the rifles are ringing from valley to hill;
But the sun rises broad! and the horn and the shout
Sink down, 'till we hear but the gust of the rill;
And, far up the mountain, the roe-buck's brown troop
Are seen, with their nostrils spread out to the wind,
While the eagle above spreads his wings for a swoop,
And the yagers toil on through the forest behind.

'Tis NOON, burning noon! and the far village spire,
And the peaks of the mountain are arrows of flame,
And the air is a fever, the sunbeam a fire,
And the deer, like the hunter, are weary and tame;
And the yagers by fountain and pine-tree are spread,
Where the smoke of their meals curls up through the trees;

And the shepherd is slumbering in chalet and shed,
And the fainting earth longs for the shower and the breeze.

'Tis EVE, balmy eve! and above the hush'd world,
Like a mother's red cheek o'er her soft-sleeping child,
On the east with her pinions of crimson unfurled,
The twilight is stooping, sweet, dewy, and mild,
And the planet of eve looks on mountain and lake,
Like a sentinel spirit just glancing from heaven.

Oh! thus may we life and its trials forsake,
And the hour of our parting be calm as this even!

VAPID.

A NEW BALLAD.

BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

Her last words at parting, how can I forget?
Deep treasured through life in my heart: shall they stay;

Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.

Let fortune assail me—her threatenings are vain;
These still-breathing words shall my talisman be:
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, in pain,
There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."

From the desert's sweet well, though the pilgrim must hie,
Never more of that fresh springing fountain to taste,

He hath still of its bright drops a treasure supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste.

So, dark as my fate is still doomed to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be;
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There's one heart, unchanging, and beats but for thee."

VESPER REVERIES.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

"Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and lo! *They live!*"

"Thought and her shadowy brood, thy call obey."—

I am sitting in my own little room—the fire burns briskly in the stove—the shaded lamp sheds a mellow light upon the paper before me,—all is quiet—save, that, at intervals, I hear the wind moaning without, and the rain pattering against my window—giving "confirmation strong," that those who are exposed to it, must find it a cold, cheerless, and inclement night—this makes me look around with the more complacency upon my snug apartment, and the brightly flaming fire, towards which I now stretch out my "slipped feet," while I throw myself back in my arm chair, in all the conscious dignity of sole and indisputable possession. Really, the sound of that wind and rain—soft, distant, and subdued—is not disagreeable when one's well sheltered from it. Hist! what noise is that? It is old Tom, the cat—who has found his way into my room, and is purring behind the stove—he looks up, and purrs away the louder—his mode, I suppose, of showing his gratitude, and rejoicing at his escape from the storm into such warm and cheery quarters. Purr on, and take thine ease, old Tom!—you disturb me not, thy comfort seeking species has formed a part of many a pleasant family picture of domestic felicity; and there is a quiet gratification which I am not ashamed to indulge or avow in the contemplation of thy innocent animal enjoyment, and in knowing that I have been instrumental in making thee happy. So, keep thy place—my humble four-footed friend! No mischievous urchin is near thee to pinch thy tail, and pull thy whiskers, and after teasing and tormenting thee out of all good humour, to complain of thy spiteful temper, and demure maliciousness, and have thee kicked out for using thy claws in self-defence. * * * * *

Now, in the stillness and solitude of the place and the hour—my vagrant mind, glad to escape from the shackles of business, or systematic study, stretches its wings, and flies back to scenes, events, and individuals that have "a local habitation and a name," in cherished memory alone.—They rise before me, one after another, a ghostly train, bound together by the singular and delicate chain of involuntary association. Let me indulge my rambling thoughts in their devious ranges over the fields—I will not, because I cannot, say the "waste" of memory—or it is no "waste" to him who has seen much, if he has reflected but a little: He must have plucked some flowers, he must have gathered some ideas in his course—he cannot have travelled "from Dan to Beersheba," and found it all barren—the expanse must have been dotted over with some objects, at least, that could not but arrest and fix his attention for a time, and if so, some impressions must have been left behind.

Nothing is so well able to leave its echo long haunting the mind, as the music of eloquence, the finest, because the most intellectual of all music: the thrilling tones; the burning words; the thought sublime; the gesture of graceful passion—these will dwell in the memory, and move the soul, long after the voice of the gifted one is hushed in the unbroken silence of the grave. Recollections crowd upon me, "pleasant and mournful" are they—let me catch some of them as they flit so hastily across my mind. * * * * *

There is the slender form, and the pale mild countenance of young S—d, as he stood in the pulpit, the observed of an immense admiring throng. I hear him speak, his voice soft and silvery; his deep and fervent pathos; the amiable and spiritual expression

of his face, beaming with feeling and devotion; added to his youth, and evident ill health; all conspire to give peculiar interest and effect to the earnest persuasion and affectionate appeal that falls from his lips and seems to flow directly from his full heart. There was an uncommon fascination about this young clergyman. It was not the splendor of genius—his mind was by no means of the first order; it was not the flight of an excursive imagination, nor the grasp of a vigorous intellect—his imagination was not remarkably brilliant; his intellectual powers were respectable, but could hardly be called great—he rarely reached the sublime, and as rarely spoke in those tones of passion, that burn their way into the soul, and leave an eternal impress there. It was not this. But there was such an appearance of perfect sincerity—there was such resistless evidence, that "his heart was in his vocation"—there was such pure, high and wrapt devotion, breathed forth in every sentiment, and visible in every movement—there was so much *love* in him, and in every thing he said—all of which was increased in its effect, by the youthful beauty of a face, almost unearthly in its beauty, (for consumption had already touched its bloom, with its own deathly grace and withering lustre)—and a finely moulded, though fragile form, whose motions were full of natural elegance—that it is no wonder that he was followed after, and so much admired and praised—especially by the young and susceptible of the other sex—and even those, whose chief delight had been, to obey the beck of fashion, and to mingle in the giddy train of pleasure's modish votaries—but who were now willing to sit humble and unnoticed, at the feet of a young disciple of a Crucified Master, in the midst of a listening crowd of refined and unrefined auditors; within the homely and unfashionable walls of a Methodist chapel. No young clergyman ever produced more effect upon the imaginations and the hearts of the other sex, and was more of an idol with them, than S—d. But in him, you detected no feeling of latent vanity—so natural in so young a man, so much caressed; so difficult, so almost impossible to be wholly stifled and controlled, even by a sense of sacred duty, arising from the solemn obligation of one who has joined himself to the servants of the Lord. You were offended with none of the little clerical fopperies—the displaying of a white hand, or a white handkerchief; unfortunately, not unusual in young clergymen of far inferior pretensions to personal elegance. The stream of incense which continually rose before him—which would have turned the heads of many, and those by no means deficient in talent; and which could not have been altogether without effect, but upon a very staid and scanty few—seemed to pass over him, and to leave no trace behind. His mind was away, engrossed, absorbed, in the things appertaining to another state of being—to which he felt that he was rapidly hastening. He was already, as it were, out of the body, his "home was Heaven," and he knew that his sojourn here could not be long—and what had such an one to do with earth or earth's vanities? It was his, to do his father's business—to labour for the souls of men—to work while it was called to-day; for the night, his night of death was soon to come, when no man can work. His spirit bent in perfect humility and submission to the will of Him whose minister he was, and as his feet drew nigh unto the grave, he seemed determined to make up by zeal in the cause, for the shortness of the time allotted him to fulfil those duties which he was sent to perform. Excellent young man! His career was brief, but it was *glorious* in the true and most emphatic sense of the term. He would speak from the sacred desk, when it was almost a "voice from the tombs"—when the hectic upon his cheek, and the feeble tones of his sweet voice, and the exhaustion of his debilitated frame,

told that every effort he made reacted with fearful force upon his vitals, and that the shadow of the "dark mountains" was already upon him. He went away for a time. He returned, and preached again—travel and medical aid were equally unavailing. Consumption had fairly taken hold upon his victim, and could not be induced to loosen his inexorable grasp, by the labours of science, or the sympathies of a multitude of friends. I used to see him often in my walks, taking his daily ride; and he would appear to me to grow thinner and paler each time that I saw him.—At length I met him no more; debility and wasting fever had laid him upon the bed, to him of death and of triumph. Soon after, I saw his funeral; and among those who have been gathered to so early a grave—in the morn of usefulness, and but on the verge of manhood—few were followed by more sincere mourners, or have left a purer fame behind them, than J. J—n S—d, the young English missionary.

And there was another in my own profession—young M—r of New Jersey—and not dissimilar in mind or fate. His mind was quite as powerful—perhaps, more brilliant. His fancy would wanton with its beauty even amid the dry close reasoning and abstruse recondite learning of the law, in which he was by no means deficient; and his eloquence, rich, varied, full of feelings, yet strong in argument—not the eloquence (so called) of the mere declaimer—but the true power of one, who thought justly—who reasoned clearly—who felt warmly—and who had studied and had discovered the way to the understandings and the hearts of others—possessed a charm, which will embalm his remembrance with those, who like me, listened to him with attentive ear and moistened eye—while some around me wept, yes—almost sobbed aloud. I was present at the last speech that he ever delivered. It was before a jury in our Circuit Court. He was then a sick man. You saw it in the unnatural flush upon his fevered cheek, and in his attenuated, though still handsome form. Rarely indeed has it been my lot to look upon a countenance of such united intellectual and physical beauty—the contour of his features was regular and Grecian; his dark locks clustered round a high and finely developed brow; his eyes, which were of the darkest hazel, shone at times when he was excited with his subject, with that preternatural lustre which is said to be peculiar to the consumptive, for he too, was a *consumptive*—and the almost feminine delicacy of his complexion, apparently the result of ill health, gave an increased and a touching interest to his personal appearance. Never will that face and form fade away from my remembrance; for they are linked with so much that was beautiful in judgment, taste, feeling, so much that was elevated in sentiment, glowing in expression, and captivating in manner. And his early death! Ah! how does this hallow the remembrance, and help to enshrine his image—even among those of the loved who have departed—his, is there. * * * * *

The case in which he was engaged was one of no little interest, and well calculated to rouse the energies of an advocate. His client, a venerable clergyman, had been most grossly slandered by a brother-in-law—a member of his church, and ex-Sheriff of the county. The hostility between them had its origin in a most trivial dispute about the repairs of a wagon, which they used in common; and which the clergyman thought he had repaired often enough; while the other refused to contribute his share of the necessary expense. It happened shortly afterwards, that the ex-Sheriff put himself forward for some office in the church, and made great exertion to obtain it—using all his interest, and electioneering in every quarter.—The unfair conduct and unchristian temper which he

had displayed in the paltry affair of the old wagon, convinced his pastor that he was a very unfit person for the station he sought so eagerly; he opposed his election, and the ex-Sheriff was defeated. This roused all the "old Adam" in the ex-Sheriff—he boiled over with rage against the clergyman—and with unfeeling vindictive malice, almost unparalleled in the annals of human littleness, he did not hesitate to insult the remains of a deceased sister, and to whisper in the startled ear of friends and neighbours, a tale of shame and guilt in which he connected the names of that sister and his hated brother-in-law! The clergyman soon discovered the effects of the slander so skilfully and industriously circulated by a man whose standing in society and place in the church, gave him of necessity some weight and influence—in glances of suspicion, empty pews, and a diminished congregation; and however much inclined he might at first have been to treat the slander and the slanderer with silent and dignified contempt, he now felt himself bound to perform the unpleasant duty of bringing the matter into a court of justice, and submitting his conduct and character to the comments and scrutiny of a legal investigation. The facts of the case, it will be perceived, were of a novel character; and afforded an admirable field for the powers of an orator who was equal to the subject. The words had been spoken in the Dutch language—the clergyman lived in a neighbouring county, and was of the Reformed Dutch Church; and a good deal of preliminary ingenuity and acuteness was required and displayed, in fixing the precise meaning of the words, and whether they made out a charge of an indictable offence, so as to amount in the language of the law, the slander *per se*—and in urging upon the court, that the proof in the cause fully sustained the *innuendoes* laid in the declaration. After having done this, so as to demonstrate his possession of that forensic perspicacity and legal ability, without which a lawyer's eloquence will not be listened to with much effect by the bench—he turned, and made his appeal to the jury—and a soul stirring appeal was it. His pathos drew tears from many who did not look as if they were much given to the melting mood, when he drew a picture of the distress which this foul slander had introduced into the clergyman's once happy home—of the anguish of a loved and loving wife—the sufferings of those of his children who were advancing to womanhood, and felt that keen sensitiveness to blemished fame which is one of the greatest safeguards of virtue—and the mental woe of him at whose reputation and peace the blow had been struck, and who bent in meek submission to that blow as a dispensation of Providence; but who could not divest himself of the feelings of a man, and knew the bitterness that was in a wounded spirit, even when conscience did not lift its voice in accusation to add tenfold torment to the pang. And when he adverted to the injury done to the cause of our most holy faith, by such an assault upon the character of one of its ministers—his language in keeping with the greatness of his theme gave force to sentiments, so just, and occasionally, so sublime—that they would not have been out of place at the altar of the sanctuary: and then, the orator glanced at the defendant, who sat in court with a lowering brow, and a face of bold, unmoved, unfeeling effrontery; and as he looked upon him, his eye flashed, and his lip curled with the indignation that swelled his bosom—to which he gave vent, in a lava stream of burning and sweeping denunciation of the dark and miscreant malice of him, who would have his revenge—though to obtain it, he must trample upon the ashes of a sister; stab the reputation of the living and the dead; poison the sweet fountain of domestic love and hope; and destroy the usefulness of a servant of the Most High; and do this fiend like work, while, with a friend's hypocrisy,

he took upon his lips the sacred name of his Saviour—and made profession of his belief in his religion, and his submission to his will—and put his polluted hands upon the consecrated symbols of his broken body and his precious blood; and to aggravate the deep wickedness, and to impart an additional shade to the blackness of his heart—the cause of all this hellish hate, was, *what?*—the sting of mortification, merited by unworthy conduct—the baffled desire of unprincipled ambition, which sought a religious destination; for which a moment's self-examination must have convinced him that his ungoverned passions, his malignant heart, and his unchristian life, had altogether unfitted him! The peroration sent a thrill through the vast audience, hushed to a death-like stillness—and as their gaze and mine own was fixed upon the bold offender who was the object of its just invective, as if all wished to see whether he was not affected, by what so stirred the blood and touched the hearts of others, I saw his look of brazen impudence give way—it was doubtless, half assumed—for the man must have had some human feelings—a sudden paleness overspread his countenance; he put his hands over his brow, and bent down his head, nor did he raise it until the speaker had ceased. Well did this most eloquent speech deserve the eulogium which it drew forth from his venerable colleague, Mr. Emmet, who followed him, and closed the case. The jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—a heavy one considering the circumstances of the defendant—but they would have been fully justified in doubling the amount. It did however, all that the plaintiff desired—it proclaimed his innocence of the fabricated charge of guilt, and the malice in which it had its origin; it restored its wonted peace to the bosom of his family, and their pastor to the confidence of his flock.

M—— had acted imprudently in speaking at all in his state of health. He had exerted himself beyond his strength, and spoken too long and too earnestly. But he had been sent for from his village home in another state, to plead this interesting cause of a valued client, and that client and his friends were so anxious to hear him; it was the first opportunity he had had of appearing before an audience in our great city; he felt those promptings of professional ambition, without which a man can never attain to eminence, but which are so apt to lead him too far—and thus urged forward, with these considerations weighing upon his mind, and impelling him to task his powers to the utmost, he took no thought of bodily weakness, and unable to refrain from making the required effort, he lost sight of every thing but his cause, and made such a speech as I have attempted to describe—and his last! He concluded in the afternoon at about three o'clock; and in the evening, he was confined to his chamber with a hæmorrhage of the lungs. The able physician who attended him, frankly told him, that another such an effort would be fatal; and that but one chance of a restoration to comparative health remained, and that was, to try the effects of a milder and more propitious climate. He took the advice, and turned his footsteps towards the sunny skies and balmy air of the Vineyards of France. He arrived, and for a while was better; but alas! like too many more, he came too late—too late. His disorder returned upon him, and after lingering a few weeks, he was laid among the strangers, in that gay city of the dead—where beauty mocks decay—*Pere La Chaise*. There let the young American traveller, as he muses among the monuments reared to the memory of the brave, the noble, and the renowned—pause at the humbler stone which bears upon it the name of a gifted countryman—W——m W. M——r.

"Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be:

There should not be the shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee."

Never do I take from my shelf the volume once thine, and containing thy name, written with thy own hand, without having thee before me—as thou stoodst in thy beauty and thy intellectual might, pouring forth thy eloquence upon the very margin of thy grave.—Thy last notes were like those of the swan. My thoughts of thee are like the recollected tunes of melancholy music—for when I think of thee, I hear that most powerful of all instruments, thy variable voice, in all the inspiration of high and noble feeling! *

* * * * * Another, and yet another, and another still! How ye crowd upon me!—But I will speak of one—and only one—the unfortunate H——r C——g, who art now in my thoughts—conspicuous in the group!—Thy image will I arrest, ere it melts into thin air. Alas! though like S——d and M——r—cut off too soon—we cannot dwell with similar feelings upon thy fate. They died in their usefulness, and before they had reached the full expansion of their strength. Our loss was great. But they died in the whiteness of their fame; the breath of slander had not touched its purity; the sternest of earth's many censors had not ventured to condemn or censure aught. The imprudence of youth—the irregularities of early excitement—the degradation of vicious habit—could not be adduced, to diminish their claim to be remembered with affection and respect. We have nothing that we wish to forget in their epitaph. Their best eulogium is the record of their lives. Beautiful were they in death—for though their lives were short, if we knew not what they might have been—yet we had seen enough of the bud, to prognosticate the future beauty of the flower—we had seen enough of the active mind, to give full credit for the increase of power that future years and further study would have imparted—we had seen the imagination in the fulness of its brilliancy, and the feelings in their first warmth and fairest bloom. We might have seen them greater, but we never could have seen them more attractive—for we saw them in the youth of their genius and their hope; when virtue was *emotion*, as well as *duty*, and the cold lesson of the world had not yet been taught. Who shall say, that our loss was not their gain? No, weep not for them!

"Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd, what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it;

"Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps 'till the sunshine of Heav'n has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source."

But unfortunate C——g, it was thy fate, to die with the blight upon thy name. Thou hadst outlived thy fame. Long ere age could assail thy mind, or bow thy frame—the scorners' sneer, the world's neglect had chilled thy heart, and broken thy proud spirit. There is pain and gloom in our thoughts of thee—not that sad simple melancholy which we are often inclined to indulge, rather than avoid. We grieve, not only that thou art in thy distant grave; but that thou wert hurried there, before thou hadst lived down—the dark calumnious charge—and perchance, the accusation of truth, severe, but just!

C——g's preaching used to attract me, notwithstanding all the rumours of his indulgence in excesses. At times, I was inclined to believe that they were not without foundation—again, I doubted—I was always willing to doubt. There were eccentricities in his

deportment—some of them not very appropriate or becoming in a clergyman. He paid too little attention to the decorums of his profession, and seemed to entertain too haughty a contempt for the opinion of the world as to clerical propriety of manners and conduct. There was something of a recklessness visible in his demeanour, and a real or affected indifference and disdainful independence of others' thoughts and censures, which increased the number of his enemies, and diminished the regard of his friends; perhaps, unfair reproach and undeserved condemnation, was its first unhappy cause? *

* * * * * I have him now before me, ascending his pulpit stairs—his stick under his arm—his dress of a more fashionable cut than is usual for clergymen, but negligently put on—his hair gracefully dishevelled, and thrown back from a white and very handsome forehead. He would remain in his seat for a while, scrutinizing his audience as they come in—sipping water at frequent intervals, and passing his hand rapidly through his thick dark hair. He would then raise, and in an attitude of graceful ease, read the customary hymn—his manner, it is true, somewhat too careless, and a little irreverent—but with a distinctness and a beauty of emphasis and intonation, that I have never heard equalled—with equal grace would be sink back into his seat. But withal, there was no affectation—nothing forced—no apparent studied elegance; and yet real elegance was there.—In this respect—in the mere externals of oratory—was C——g truly great. In ease, grace, and propriety of gesture, superior to any speaker I ever heard; in fullness and distinctness of enunciation—in propriety and force of emphasis—in every thing connected with mere *manner* (except that he was deficient in the dignity and the gravity befitting pulpit effort) he was admirable. But his eloquence wanted *soul*—it might perhaps be more properly called *oratory*, than *eloquence*—he was a master of the *arts of elocution*.—True eloquence has its birth in the mind—in the imagination—in the feelings. It cannot be acquired. It breaks forth in the wild imagery and sublime thoughts of the untutored savage, when he seeks to rouse the fierce spirit of his tribe. It was heard from our own Patrick Henry, when he spoke the language of genius and of nature; no less than in the elaborated brilliancy of a Burke, the magnificent periods of a Bolingbroke, or the polished point and florid rhetoric of a Canning. It is sometimes greatest in the silent pause of intense emotion. Again, it bursts upon us in the irregular resistless torrent of excited passion, overleaping all barriers, and spinning all control. It cannot be subjected to positive rule—it cannot be restricted by a simple definition; for it is felt, when rules would condemn—we are arrested, impressed, fascinated, by a nameless grace—we are "pleased, we know not why, and care not wherefore." It is with eloquence, as it is with poetry—much of both is "unwritten." *Poeta nascitur, orator fit*, says Cicero; but you can no more make an orator, than you can a poet. You might as well attempt "to build a tree." The movements of the *made up* orator, when compared with those of the true orator, are like those of a first rate automaton, in contrast with the living grace of the man himself—the movements are correct and according to rule—the mechanism is admirable—yet it is but *mechanism* after all. We may bring out—we may improve—we cannot create. Manner alone, cannot form an orator—it is but the dress, the mode of giving vent to thought and feeling—the thought and feeling must be first in the man. Cicero's own description of a perfect orator, combines an appalling multitude of requisites. It has been often quoted. Where shall he go for a better—whose authority would we prefer?

H——r C——g's eloquence was manner, man-

ner, manner--and manner only. He could not speak extemporaneously with any fluency--all his oratorical efforts were premeditated, and his best sermons were those which had been the most carefully prepared--and even these were rather tame and frigid productions--relieved by occasional energetic declamation, now and then rising to vehemence, rather than fervour; but rarely stamped with the glowing impress of creative genius, or developing the workings of a powerful mind--rarely lifting us to the "Empyrean Heights" upon the "Seraph Wings" of sublime emotion; as rarely melting the heart with the simpler display of the gentle sympathetic affections of our nature. He never threw a spell over us--he could not unbar at will the flood gates of feeling--he could not force or insinuate his way into the mind and heart, and reign a master there--he never uttered one of these original animating comprehensive thoughts, that startle and haunt the mind through the vicissitudes of years. He was fond of borrowing, and those remarks which occur to my mind while I now endeavour to recall to my recollection his best peculiarities of manner, are the remarks of others, introduced into his sermons and speeches, and delivered in his most admirable and emphatic style. His very manner, with all its beauty, wanted soul. You could hardly call it strictly an artificial manner--it was too perfect a specimen of art, to appear artificial--and yet the after thought was irresistible, that it was artificial. You could not but be pleased, while you were an auditor--but when you retired and reflected, there was an involuntary dissatisfaction--you weighed it in the balance, and found it wanting; it had not sufficient variety of intonation--it was too declamatory--it was too uniform--too unvaried in its correctness--too unbroken in its flow. In short, it was deficient in what art cannot supply--in feeling; a transient occasional irritation--the mere ebullition of temper--frequently, too frequently--ruffled the surface--but, you looked for the indications of the deep internal power--you looked in vain--of course, with all its beauty--there was a want, and you were dissatisfied. C--g might more properly be called an elegant speaker, than a great orator. They are very different things in my humble opinion, however much we are apt to confound them. Strange to tell, C--g was most spirited and energetic, where one would have least expected it. For laxity of faith, he showed no mercy. He was bitter and unsparing in his invectives upon those who departed from the standard of orthodoxy, or doubted, what he deemed the essential doctrines of christianity. To Universalists and Unitarians, he denied the name of christians. For them, in his estimation, there could be no salvation. "Refined Deists"--"Baptised Infidels"--were the epithets that he was fond of applying to them. All were included in one sweeping condemnation--the religious professions of Priestley--the christian labours of Lardner--the amiable piety of Buckminster--could not protect them from being coupled with the scoffer Voltaire, the sophist Hume, and the blasphemous Paine--such was C--g's christian charity. He was also a very zealous politician--singularly, perhaps unbecomingly so, for a clergyman--for his political feelings would break out and flash forth in his sermons, and even in his prayers--and would sometimes be marvelously out of place and keeping in both. Often have I heard him fulminate denunciations from his "drum ecclesiastic" against the "Alliance of Europe's unholy despots"--and I once heard him invoke the Divine vengeance upon the "accursed House of Bourbon"--and frequent and fervent were his petitions to the throne of Grace, that the "bow of the Ottoman might be broken." He was possessed, I believe, of a truly patriotic heart, and animated by a sincere, though not perhaps, a very well regulated desire for the uni-

versal emancipation of oppressed humanity. In his appeals for the Divine blessing, he was particularly careful to include by a full enumeration--the various departments of the general and state governments, as well as "all our professional, mercantile, and mechanical interests"--and he would sometimes stop by the way, to pronounce a compliment upon one who stood high in his admiration--and whose worth ought perhaps to have excused the digression of the preacher--our late lamented Clinton.

C--g had a wonderful craving after popularity. To him it seemed the breath of life. Various, and sometimes almost ludicrously ingenious, were the expedients resorted to for the purpose of "filling a house." On one occasion, I recollect--it was at the height of the Greek excitement--he gave out that a sermon would be delivered to the young men of our city; after which a collection would be taken up for the benefit of the Greeks. The ladies were politely apprized, that he anticipated an audience composed inclusively of young men. The attraction was great, and I never saw a finer assemblage of the "rising hopes" of our city, than was gathered into the church in Vandewater street. It was literally overflowing with young men, and among them were not a few, whose visits to any church were "few and far between"--but who had been attracted on the present occasion by the expectation of hearing a stirring oration from so celebrated a speaker, upon the popular subject of the suffering and struggling Greeks. There were about a dozen females present, and they had taken their places in the organ gallery, to assist in the singing. The aisles--the very pulpit stairs were lined with eager listeners. When C--g rose and gave out his text, which was from Proverbs, a growing suspicion of what was coming, became visible in the exchange of significant glances--and smiles of surprise--and indications of being *finely caught* were perceptible in the countenances of many--as the preacher observed, that some no doubt had come in expectation that the cause of the Greeks would be the theme of that night's discourse--but such had not been his promise. He had given notice that he would deliver a discourse to the young men; and that after it, a collection would be taken up for the benefit of the Greeks. He thought that the present time could not be more profitably spent, than in a serious consideration of those offences against religion and morality, into which, from various causes, the young men of our city were more particularly liable, and inclined to be allured. He told his auditors not to look upon him as a stoical censor, for he was himself a young man, and had a fellow feeling with them. A little incident which took place will give some idea of the man. There was some noise in one of the galleries, owing to the entrance of a number of persons, who did not tread so lightly as they might and ought to have done. C--g stopped--stood for a space of about five minutes, bending a stern staid look at the quarter from whence the noise proceeded--and at length observed--"Since I have commenced this discourse there has been a great deal of unnecessary noise in this house. If there is any more of it--the exercises of the evening are closed, and the congregation dismissed." No more occurred, and he went on with his sermon. As he proceeded to expand his subject, and became broader in his allusions, and more pointed and severe in his animadversions--he fairly done out the few females who had ventured to show their faces over the organ gallery, notwithstanding his previous intimation. Bonnet after bonnet disappeared--and the cleared spot in the gallery was soon filled with a dense mass of the rougher sex. C--g never delivered himself better. The collection was one of the largest ever taken up in any of our churches. On the succeeding Sunday, he informed the young ladies of

his congregation, that they had a claim upon him for a sermon addressed particularly to themselves--and he should hasten to discharge the obligation. The time was appointed, and my curiosity was not the less, because the sermon was to be addressed, if not exclusively, at least particularly, to the young ladies. The gentlemen did not display the same forbearance which the young ladies had done--for they composed about a fourth of the congregation--myself among the number. This discourse was much inferior to the other--in fact, it was a string of vapid, common place, and twaddling moralities, which nothing but his admirable manner could have rendered endurable. Among other matters, he talked about dress--novel reading--and playing upon the piano forte. Not that he developed any thing of the cynic or the puritan. By no means--he pronounced the "Scottish Chiefs," to be a work worthy of every young lady's perusal; commended the productions of the "wonderful Byron," (he probably intended to except "Don Juan,") admitted that it was perfectly right and proper for young ladies to finger the piano forte--only he wished that they would design somewhat oftener than they now did--to strike up the good old fashioned devotional tunes of "one hundred" and the "119th psalm"--and as to dress--why he was clearly of opinion, that a female ought to be clothed according to the pecuniary circumstances of her father or her husband--and for his own part, he liked to see "an elegant woman, elegantly attired." It was painful to witness such intellectual decrepitude as was here developed. It seemed to prove that to him the old age of the mind had indeed arrived--that he was already in the lees of life--and that young as he was in years, the mind had exhausted itself, and was in the midst of that rapid decline, which is at times--a fearful effect of the reaction of prolonged excitement. It was painful also, to witness such continued and ineffectual strainings to retain that hold upon popular favour which was daily growing looser and looser, in consequence of his own follies--to use no harsher term. All popularity, we know, is at best unstable--a city clergyman's almost proverbially so. To make it at all his aim, is at variance with his duty; and to let it appear a primary object of pursuit, is justly to produce revolting and disgust. But let me not become too severe in my reflections; nor write a homily upon the clerical character, with poor H--r C--g held up in it as an example to deter. Far be it from my thoughts. My feelings towards his memory are too kind for this. They would prompt me to fold the mantle over his frailties, and to drop a tear, while I did so--rather than to draw them forth to the common gaze or to utter a harsh reproof. If he did transgress--the punishment of his transgression followed. Let that suffice. It is not ours to condemn--for we all have erred. Let us rejoice that it is *divine* to *for give*.

The vestry of C--g's church became dissatisfied. There was a quarrel, and a separation. He endeavoured to collect a permanent congregation at Washington Hall; but it did not succeed. Numbers indeed, particularly among the young and the gay, were willing enough to spend some of their Sundays in listening to his oratory, instead of the customary lounge through Broadway, or ride into the country--but the steady going church people--upon whom alone, a clergyman could rely for permanent support--were not inclined to encourage and patronize one, of whose propriety of habits suspicions were entertained, and rumour spoke with her thousand tongues; and who in attempting to preach at all, was acting in disobedience to the decision of the spiritual authority of the church to which he professed to belong. He preached, I think, about three times in Washington Hall. I went once to hear him. It was quite full.

He appeared very much depressed, and suffering both of body and mind had left their visible traces on his countenance. For the first time, I saw him arrayed in the clerical gown. It sat awkwardly upon him--and before he took his place--his wife, a pale interesting woman--rose and adjusted it. He spoke with his usual--no--not with what was wont to be--his usual grace and energy. After the sermon was over and he had resumed his seat he again rose, and with evident agitation of manner, said to the audience--that he was poor--that his salary for the last three months had been denied him, because he could not attend to his pastoral duties during that time in which he had been confined to a bed of sickness--that for himself--and he spoke it with a kindling eye, and a look that betrayed the struggling pride that scorned to solicit--he cared nothing--he was ready to endure all that his enemies might have in store for him--but--he had a wife and children--he stopped abruptly, and sat down--and as he took his seat--I saw that his eyes were filled with tears. My heart bled for him. His worst enemy could not have wished for more, than to behold this manly spirit thus trampled down into the very dust of the earth. One of the gentlemen present went round among the audience, and took up a contribution in his hat. At length I heard, that he had received an invitation from a congregation in Charleston, South Carolina, and had taken his departure for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements previous to acceptance. The next piece of information that I received, was, that he was dead. Before he landed, he was seized with a violent fever; and only arrived, to die in Charleston. He left behind him, many who admired his talents--and some friends who loved him with all his failings, and clung to him to the last. It was his unhappy lot--like too many, and some alas! still more gifted than himself--to wander from the sure and upright path of sober moderation. If he did, at times, submit to the foul thralldom of the fiend, that has bound, and is binding in his chains--so many, even of the mightiest of the sons of men--let us not forget, that there were most melancholy circumstances connected with his earlier life--which need not now be dwelt upon--that were well calculated to result, not merely in temporary insanity--but in a continued tendency to mental alienation. The shock his brain received--when the most horrible of sudden deaths was his, who but a moment before was at his side--and he found himself alone and widowed--that brain might have been lost. The brain is too complex a machine, and we know too little about it--to pronounce a dogmatic judgment--and to say, where eccentricity ends, and where insanity begins. If there be a doubt, let us take the charitable side--if we should err--'twere better to err that way, than the opposite. A man may mingle with his fellow men, and pursue the routine of ordinary cares and duties, so as to escape observation or remark--and yet may not be a perfectly sane man. Some delicate string of the mazy instrument may be shattered--and you have the strange response of *monomania*. Though no one string has snapped, each string may have been strained beyond its proper tension; and the whole instrument yields to the soul's action, fitful, irregular, discordant music--though not so strikingly varied from the ordinary sounds occasioned by the ordinary others when temporary passion or sudden impulse lends its aid--as to lead us with any certainty to the dire and latent cause. Reason teaches us that such may be--experience--the record of man's frailties, and man's woe, teaches us that such has been the fact--Who shall say that it was not thy case, unhappy C--g? And if it were so, can it be just for those to sit in judgment upon thy errors, and condemn thy life--who never knew thy early history, or those who if they knew it--can know nothing of the possible ef-

fects of misfortunes such as thine—upon the young heart and the untathomable mind? * * * * *

But the growing dimness of my lamp warns me of the lateness of the hour, and that it is high time for me to call my thoughts home. Like the oil consuming in that lamp, so passeth my life away. The years of youth are departing; the recollections of youth are waxing fainter, as the cares of manhood thicken upon me. I have endeavoured to catch and to embody some of them before they have faded quite; or before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when I shall say "I have no pleasure in them." But I must throw aside my pen, and seek my pillow—to exchange my waking, for slumbering dreams—and both, I am sure, will be of the past—the past!—that can thus—and only thus return to us. Perhaps, gentle reader, before thou hast got thus far with me, thou hast more than once, sighed for thine own pillow? If so—thou wilt need no sleeping potion—and may thank my drowsy lucubrations for saving thee the unwholesome necessity—and now, "good night!" J. B. S.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES

Written on seeing a drawing of the "Delaware Water Gap," when far from home.

Stream of my native hills! ye bring
My holiest visions back,
And seem again thy waves to fling
Around my boyhood's track:
Oft, oft in life's young hour I've stood,
The cloud cap hills around me,
And gazed upon thy passing flood,
Till a strange spell hath bound me;
And laid me down beside thy stream,
O'er shadowed by the willow,
Till on my spirit, like a dream
Came the low murmur of the billow,
Once more ye bring me round my home,
And on my listening ear,
The sil'ry times of childhood came,
All joyously and clear.
A gain, along the sunlit hill,
With heedless step I'm bounding,
And by the rock, and flashing rill,
My careless laugh is rounding.
Or far away, my wand'ring feet
Are o'er the meadows flying,
Or where the babbling streamlets meet,
My wearied form is lying.
My home! my home! I see thee now,
The blue hills round thee sweeping,
That o'er thee with a changeless brow,
Their ceaseless watch are keeping:
My home! my home! oh! what a crowd
Of thoughts are o'er me rushing,
And like a torrent deep and loud,
My heart's full fount is gushing.
My dream is past, the vision fled,
And I am hurried back
To weary life, once more to tread
My manhood's cheerless track:
Bright dream! I wish ye had not past
So beautifully before me,
To fade so soon, for ye have cast
A painful sadness o'er me.
My home! where is it now? oh! where
The forms I dearly cherished!
Go ask the winds that wander there,
They'll tell thee, "all have perished,"
Stream of my childhood! life hath past
But sadly, since I threw
My loneliest parting, and my last,
Across thy waters blue.

CLEMENT.

From the Saturday Evening Post. AFRICAN CHARACTER.

Phillis Wheatly, the subject of the following sketch, was brought from Africa in the year 1761 and purchased by John Wheatly, a wealthy merchant of Boston. His wife, wishing to possess a female slave whom she might bring up under her own eye, and thus secure for herself the services of a faithful domestic, visited the slave market for the purpose of purchasing one; passing by many whose healthy appearance would have generally been considered as a recommendation, her choice fell upon one, whose looks denoted anything, rather than a capability of enduring the toils of servitude and the sufferings incident to a change of climate, but whose pleasing and unobtrusive manners, and intelligent countenance, won her sympathy and induced her to become her purchaser. Phillis, who was then about 7 years of age, was of a delicate frame that appeared already sinking under the hardships to which she had been subjected: Shortly after her introduction into the family, Mrs. Lothrop, a daughter of Mrs. Wheatly's, observed her quickness and intelligence and undertook to instruct her in reading and writing, in which she made great proficiency. The avidity with which she seized upon all opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge, attracted the attention of the literati, who furnished her with the works of various authors, which enabled her to pursue with greater success the objects to which her attention was directed: the knowledge which she acquired, by the assistance of the family, acted as a stimulus to a greater exertion; and accordingly we soon find her endeavouring to master the Latin tongue. Her poetical talents were early developed, some of her productions were written when about twelve years of age.

Instead of being suffered to wait upon her mistress, as was at first intended, she was not even allowed to associate with the domestics of the family, but was treated by her mistress as one of her own children: Notwithstanding the kindness of her master's family, and the attention she received from distinguished individuals, she never lost sight of that modest and unassuming deportment, that first attracted the attention of her mistress in the slave market. The following anecdote will serve to show the high estimation in which she held her. Phillis had gone to visit at a friend's in the neighbourhood; during her absence the weather changed, her mistress, fearful of its effects upon her health, ordered Prince, another of her slaves, to take the chaise and bring home her protegee; as he approached the house, Mrs. Wheatly, who was standing near the window exclaimed, "do but look at the saucy varlet—if he hasn't the impudence to sit upon the same seat with my Phillis!" and Prince, received a reprimand for forgetting the dignity attached to the person of "my Phillis."

In 1770 she was joined to Dr. Sewall's church, and became an ornament to the society in which she belonged; three years afterwards a volume of her poems was published, and passed through several editions; and least their authenticity should be doubted, her master, the governor, the lieutenant governor and fifteen other respectable persons, testified "that they verily believed them to have been written by Phillis—that she had been examined by some of the best judges, who thought her qualified to write them," such was the excellency of the poems, and so strong was the prejudice against a colored skin, that many believed it impossible, that one whom God had clothed in a sable livery, should possess talents of so high a character.

In 1773 her physician recommended a sea voyage for her health, which had long been gradually declining; a son of her master being about to make a voyage to

England, it was settled that she should accompany him: upon her arrival there, she was presented to Lady Huntingdon, Lord Dartmouth, Mr. Thornton and many other distinguished individuals, by whom she was treated with the greatest respect and attention; a letter from America, informing her of the declining health of her mistress, induced her to hasten her return, although many of her friends wished her to remain until the return of the Count to St. German, that she might be presented to the young monarch, George III. but refusing to listen to their persuasions, she hastened to attend the sick bed of her kind friend and mistress, where she arrived in time to close the eyes of one, who had ever been to her, as a tender and indulgent mother. Mr. Wheatly did not long survive the decease of his wife, and was soon followed by their only daughter; their son, the only survivor of the family, was married and settled in England. Phillis was thus deprived of a home where she had enjoyed the comforts, and even luxuries of life, and of those friends, who had ever been solicitous for her comfort and happiness: perhaps, at almost any other period, those whom she had known when in affluence, would have extended to her their sympathy and aid in adversity; but at that time, individual sufferings were lost sight of, amid the darkness which overhung our political horizon and threatened desolation to our country and saddened every heart.

In 1775, Phillis received, and accepted an offer of marriage, from a grocer of the name of Peters; a man of considerable talent and information, but indolent, improvident and proud. During the war between England and the colonies, she suffered much from neglect and poverty, and to her other sufferings, was added the anxiety of a mother, who saw the distresses of her children without the means of alleviating them—many of her former friends were favourable to the royal party, and obliged on that account to leave the country; the depreciation of the currency added to the general distress, and many who would have been willing to have assisted her, had not where-with to feed their own families. After years of suffering and privation, we find her in a miserable hovel in Boston, two of her children were dead, and the mother, and remaining child, were fast approaching the termination of their earthly career. She, whose acquaintance had been sought by the wise and good of our land—who had visited the shores of England, and been received and treated with honor and respect by Britain's proudest nobles—whose amiable disposition, and feeling heart, had won for her, the love of all who knew her—whose talents, learning and virtue, have done much to redeem from unmerited obloquy the character of her people, and established her own fame upon a sure foundation; was fated to close her existence, in the midst of poverty and wretchedness, of misery and woe.

It may be said that her poems are not above mediocrity; granted. It is not expected that they will compare with the writings of a Hemans, a Sigourney, a Hewitt, or a Gould; nor would the times in which they were written justify such an expectation. The system of female education, miserably defective as it now is, is much superior to what it then was, even in the most enlightened portion of Europe. In the western wilds, in the colonies of America, but few females could boast of any accomplishment, save that of housewifery. There was then, no brilliant exhibition of female talent, to incite her to exertion, surrounded by the darkness of ignorance, and weighed down by the disadvantages of her situation; what could we have looked for? could we have supposed that she would have trod a path, that, comparatively speaking, was unknown; that she would have delighted in literature, and poured forth her soul in the pure and holy language of song? how can this be accounted

ed for, unless we allow it to be the inspiration of that genius, which is the gift of God alone.

But as regards the merits of her writings; let each judge for themselves:—for those who cannot gain access to her poems, I have selected the following as a fair sample, I have chosen them, not because I thought them the best, but for their brevity; the first, was written when she was but fourteen years of age.

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty."

"Your subjects hope, dread sire, the crown upon your brow may flourish long,
And that your arm may in your God be strong,
Oh, may your sceptre num'rous nations sway,
And all with love and readiness obey.

But how shall we the British king reward?
Rule thou in peace, our father and our lord!
'Midst the remembrance of thy favours past,
The meanest peasants must admire the last.*
May George, beloved by all the nations round,
Live with heaven's choicest, constant blessings crowned.

Great God! direct and guard him from on high,
And from his head let every evil fly:
And may each clime with equal gladness see
A monarch's smile can set his subjects free.

The following poem written at the age of nineteen, contains some advice which it would be well for us all to remember.

"On being brought from Africa to America."

'Twas mercy brought me from my pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God—that there's a Saviour too:
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
Some view our sable race with scornful eye—
"Their color is a diabolic dye,"
Remember christians, negroes black as Cain,
May be refined, and join the angelic train.

The next on Virtue.
O thou bright jewel, in my aim I strive
To comprehend thee. Thine own words declare,
Wisdom is higher than a fool can reach,
I cease to wonder, and no more attempt,
Thine height to explore, or fathom thy profound.
But O my soul, sink not into despair;
Virtue is near thee, and with gentle hand,
Would now embrace thee,—hovers o'er thine head,
Fain would the heaven-born soul with her converse,
Then seek, then court her for the promised bliss,
Auspicious queen, thine heavenly pinions spread,
And lead celestial chastity along,
Lo! now her sacred retinue descends,
Arrayed in glory from the orbs above,
Attend me, Virtue, through my youthful years;
Oh! leave me not to the false joys of time,
But guide my steps to endless life and bliss,
Greatness, or goodness, say what shall I call thee,
To give a higher appellation still;
Teach me a better strain, a noble lay,
O thou, enthroned with cherubs in the realms of day.

The following is an extract from a poem "to the Right Honorable William Earl of Dartmouth.

"Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder from whence my love of Freedom sprung,
Whence flow their wishes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone best understood,—
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate
Was snatched from Africa's fancied happy seat:
What pangs excruciating must molest,
What sorrows labor in my parent's breast!
Stealed was that soul and by no misery moved,
That from a father seized a babe beloved:

* The repeal of the stamp act.

Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel 'yrannic sway?"

The next, written somewhat later in life, was addressed to S. P. G.—Esq. and is entitled "A Hymn to Humanity."

Lo! for this dark terrestrial ball
Forsakes his azure paved hall,
A prince of heavenly birth!
Divine humanity behold,
What wonders rise, what charms unfold.

The bosoms of the great and good
With wonder and delight he viewed,
And fixed his empire there:
Him close compressing to his breast,
The sire of Gods and men addressed,
"My son, my heavenly fair!"

"Descend to earth, there place thy throne:
To succour woman's afflicted son,
Each human heart inspire:
To act in bounties unconfined,
Enlarge the close contracted mind,
And fill it with thy fire."

Quick as the word, with swift career,
He wings his course from star to star,
And leaves his bright abode,
The virtue did his charms impart,
Then G—y! then thy raptured heart
Perceived the rushing God:

For then thy pitying eye did see
The languid muse in low degree;
Then, then at thy desire,
Descended the celestial Nine;
O'er me, methought they deigned to shine,
And deigned to string my lyre.

Can Afric's muse forgetful prove?
Or can such friendship fail to move
A tender human heart?
Immortal Friendship laurel-crowned,
The smiling graces all around,
With every heavenly art.

Such are the productions of Phillis Wheatly. If I have quoted too largely from her writing, my only apology is, a desire to show what a negro has written, that we may not suppose them to be destitute of intellect, as our treatment of them would seem to imply.
M. C. S.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

LOVE.

Who can fully his delicate passion define,
Who that loves can its nature express,
It can soften affliction and pleasure refine,
It can soothe the deep sigh of distress.

In the midst of adversity, sorrow and grief,
When oppressed by misfortune and care;
One look from a loved one brings us instant relief,
Her sweet smiles the disconsolate cheers.

When the cheeks become pale, and the eyes dimly shine,
When suffering affliction severe,
On the bosom we love, oh, how sweet to recline,
While her hand softly wipes the cold tear.

Thou treasure divine, the pure offspring of Heaven,
True source of all comfort and joy,
Without thee all else that to us has been given
Were as worthless and vain as a toy.
G. E.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

ABU RESCHID.

Almansor the second, Caliph of the Saracens, finding his authority acknowledged, and his government secure, determined to build a capitol city that should combine all possible advantages, both religious and political. For the better success of his undertaking, he determined to ask the advice of some one of his friends, whose knowledge of his dominions would enable them to counsel him to his advantage. Abu Reschid, a particular friend of the Caliph's, was the person applied to, as he possessed a great knowledge of the Caliph's dominions, obtained by travelling over a great share of the Saracens' empire, and his knowledge of geography—his favorite study. He was a man of close observation, and he determined never to seek riches as he had observed that wealth only added to the desires of man, and rendered him less happy. Nay more, he vowed to the Prophet that he would not seek riches, nor accept of wealth, if it should by chance be offered to him. The little patrimony left him by his father, he felt was sufficient to supply all his wants, and by it he determined to obtain his livelihood. Abu in his younger days had spent a season on the banks of the Tigris, and had been delighted with the situation. He thought no spot of Almansor's territory offered so many attractions for the new city as the banks of that river. He accordingly recommended it to the notice of his master, which was approved and the foundation of the new city was begun. The Caliph was so delighted with the situation that he determined to make a present to his friend of princely magnificence; which he did in bestowing on him a residence, a most beautiful one near the new city, and while he lived to rule over the Saracens, was his warmest friend. Abu in an evil hour accepted the gift, forgetting his vow to the Prophet. He took possession of his estate which furnished him all his heart could desire of this world's goods. But while he possessed in abundance, he became an unhappy, a melancholy man. He with sorrow remembered his vow and how madly he had broken it. Evils do not occur singly, and to the sin of unfaithfulness he added that of an inordinate desire for long life. Indeed so far did he carry this desire that he became really a subject of *monomania*.

In the course of a little more than twenty years from the time Bagdad, the city of peace, was built, its founder died and was succeeded by Haroun Al Raschid, a person very different in his opinions with regard to the ornamental part of a city from that of his predecessor. Almansor sought to embellish his city by every means in his power, and had planted beautiful groves in the neighbourhood of his city, and had encouraged his subjects to add to their possession every thing that would help to increase the good appearance of the city. Groves of graceful cypresses were planted, interspersed with sweet smelling spicewood; while the vine adorned the edges of the forests, and was taught to entwine its graceful folds around the trunks of the lofty trees. Luxury itself could not wish a more pleasant retreat—very different from this were the actions of Haroun Al Raschid. Instead of seeking ornament for his capitol he sought things useful and in carrying his plans out, he often demolished what cost his predecessor infinite pains to erect. He was liberal in his support to literature, and thought ornamental works as beneath his notice. Ever ready to erect academies and halls of learning, he sought by every means in his power to strengthen the defence of his capitol, to procure the firm establishment of his power. For the purpose of carrying on the numerous works of improvement and defence, he had recourse to procure materials from the forests planted by his predecessor and his subjects, which he made use of without scruple.

Through the space of many years had Abu Reschid lived to see the beautiful grove of his own planting bloom in all the richness of an eastern clime; yet was he not happy amidst all of his possessions. Like a canker did the remembrance of his past misdeeds eat upon the peace of his mind. In a temporal point of view he had been blessed even to the desire of a miser. He had married and was blessed with a most dutiful son, the only child he had born unto him. The delight he took in his child could hardly be said to have bounds, and to make known his joy, the anniversary of his birth day was celebrated with much pomp. As he increased in years so far had he given away to the mania of his imagination, that let his engagements be what they would, at a particular hour of the evening he would retire by himself to complain to the prophet of the hard fate of mankind, as all must die, and to sorrow over his own situation. After a year of great prosperity he determined to celebrate the birth of his son with more magnificence than ever, and great was the exertion he made, and many were the guests that attended his feast. All were merry and acknowledged Abu Reschid the happiest man in the Saracen Empire, as he had gained the friendship of two Caliphs, and was reputed the richest man in or near Bagdad. But how often are we deceived by appearances, and how wide from the mark, was the opinion formed of the feelings of Abu Reschid. Notwithstanding all the joy manifested by Abu's guests, and the pleasure of their company, it had not the effect to make him forego his practice of retiring by himself to complain of his fate. Leaving his guests rather abruptly, he went by himself to a part of his groves that surrounded his dwelling, to pour forth his sorrows to the prophet, instead of paying that attention to his guests that they deserved, or of rendering thanks to the father of mercies for the favors he had received in such abundance. More vehement than common at this time, probably so on account of contrasting himself with that of his guests, he exclaimed in the bitterness of his sorrow, "great prophet of the faithful, why lettest thou one of thy followers be thus miserable? far better would it have been for me, had I been one of the kine of the fields, or even of the vegetable kingdom; had grown up one of the trees of this forest, then sorrow would not be on me. Father of the faithful, suffer me no more to be afflicted."

The evening was serene and beautiful. Not a cloud was to be seen in the horizon, and nature seemed to slumber in the calm of repose. The stars, gentle-like, bespangled the broad arch of heaven, while the full orb moon shone forth with a richness that filled one with pleasure to behold. The nightingale had long caroled its song, but hushed its melody at the approach of Abu, as from an evil messenger whose mournful cry spread sorrow and silence on all nature around. As he gave utterance to his sorrowful petition, a rustling was heard among the leaves, and an unearthly form arose before him, and seemed waiting his requests. Apparently after waiting for Abu to make known his desires, the vision spake forth; "son of man what wastest thou of the prophet that thou disturbest him with thy cry. Abu speak forth thy desires that they may be fulfilled, for the prophet is not unkind to his children." At first Abu was fearful, but seeing that the being before him had laid aside all that would overawe, felt his desire for long life return on him with all its former force, and fearful lest the opportunity of speaking face to face to the prophet, as he really supposed the being before him was, he found courage to say, after prefacing it as most persons would, making a foolish request, that the whole nation of Saracens had been faithful to the religion of the Alcoran, and as a great favor he would request that they might be translated to paradise without being subject to the pains of death." How much in keeping is Abu

in his request to thousands of others, when desiring any thing, to present the claims of others while themselves are the only ones to receive the favor. "Son," said the vision, "why makest thou so foolish a request. Dost thou not know that death is the bridge over which the faithful pass to paradise, and that it is necessary to die, to be happy hereafter? The prophet died and why should you not also. And did you not say it would have been better for you had you been a tree of the forest than one of the number of mankind. And you thereby complain of the prophet, that he has no care over his children, but being more merciful than to change thee into a tree as you think it would have been better, had it so been, and as you think the forest less apt to die than mankind, choose ye among this grove some stately tree, which shall be as a talisman over your life, and so long as it lives thou livest, but if it die thou diest also. And thou must not relate the conditions of this interview." Abu at the prospect of long life forgot before whom he was and somewhat surprised at the clemency exercised towards himself, accepted the offer, thereby opposing his wisdom to that of a far superior being. He selected for his talisman a thrifty member of the grove. He flattered himself that death could not assail him till some far distant day and long was the time he pictured to himself for happiness.

Just as his absence was being noticed as a neglect to his guests, he returned with a flow of convivial spirits, to which he long before had been a stranger, to which the company acknowledged an immediate influence. Great was the wonderment at the alteration in Abu, and what could be the cause no one trusted his judgment so far as to form an opinion. Before, he wore the appearance of a moody philosopher, or a religious ascetic, but he was now all hilarity, and had advanced farther in the path of happiness than he ever had before. The eastern horizon acknowledged the approach of fair aurora, ere the guests had taken their departure for their homes, so great had been the enchanting influence of the entertainment.

Abu retired to rest, full of joy for the prospect before him, but the succeeding day had not passed away, ere he had revealed to his wife the conditions on which his life was granted to him, for a long while, as he conceived it, thereby violating the command of the being of his night's vision.

The singular success which had attended the Mahometan arms had excited the fears of the barbarous nations which inhabited the Tartar country, and they thought themselves insecure, and liable to become the subjects of another nation, unless they opposed them with vigor. Their alarm was still greater as the new enemy had taken possession of all territories conquered, and appropriated them to their own subjects. Thus fearful of their rights they had made all possible preparations for a vigorous attack on their common enemy. Haroun Ab Raschid was of that cautious kind that would suffer nothing to remain weak that might by possibility be subject to the attack of an enemy, and determined to render the fortifications of Bagdad as complete as possible. Each day increased the alarm of the Saracens, as there was the appearance of many of the neighboring nations entering into an alliance, to make war on them.

The Caliph made every exertion possible to finish the works of defence, and being in want of materials for the wood work, he gave orders to his workmen to obtain it wherever they could, as their situation would not allow a moment's delay. The fine groves of Abu Reschid offered them all they could desire, and the workmen commenced hewing them down with despatch. Abu well knew the situation of the Saracen Empire but never supposed that his own forest was to fall by the hands of the axeman. His surprise can only be imagined, not described, when he

saw the public workmen filling the groves he had taken so much pains to rear. He expostulated with the workmen, but to no purpose, as the orders of the Caliph were positive. His actions appeared rather the ravings of a madman than that of a reasonable being. One resource only seemed left him, and that was to fly to the presence of the Caliph and get an order to prohibit the workmen from cutting down his groves.—This plan he put into immediate execution and pursued his course to the residence of Ab Raschid and rushed into his presence with all the wildness of a maniac. But ere he reached the dwelling of the Caliph, his talismanic tree had been attacked by the workmen, and just as he was about to speak to the Caliph he fell dead at his feet—a monument of the folly of the desire for long life. FIAL.

AN ALLEGORY.

The fondness of the Orientals for allegory is well known. One of the most curious instances of it is found in an Arabian poet, who narrates a suit which was pleaded on both sides and judged under an allegorical veil, and which seemed an enigma to those who were not in the secret. The following account of it is abridged from the "Mélanges de Littérature Orientale" of M. de Cardonne.

A Sultan, beholding a beautiful woman from his terrace, fell violently in love with her. Wishing to inform her himself of the sentiments with which she had inspired him, he imposed upon her husband, Feiroux, a commission to be executed immediately. As soon as he was gone, the Sultan found means to penetrate to the apartment of the beautiful Chemsennissa (a name signifying the sun of women). The lady seeing him enter, and divining his intentions, said to him: "The lion would deem himself degraded by eating the leavings of the wolf; and this king of animals disdains to stake his thirst in the stream which the dog defiles with his impure mouth." The Sultan comprehending that he had nothing to hope, retired in such confusion as to forget one of his slippers.

Feiroux had set off with such haste, that he had omitted to take with him the order written by the Sultan; and returning to get it a moment after the latter had departed, perceived his slipper. His jealousy was excited to the highest pitch; but he dissembled it through fear of the Sultan, and resolved to repudiate Chemsennissa. He induced her, accordingly, under a plausible pretext, to go and pass some days with her father, and gave her a hundred pieces of gold. She obeyed; but sometime having elapsed without the appearance of Feiroux, she became alarmed, and communicated her fears to her brothers. They repaired together to the Vizier, to learn the reason of his absence. He replied, without entering into any explanations, that the dower which had been agreed upon having been paid to Chemsennissa, there were no further questions to be asked. The case was then brought before the tribunal of justice.

The Sultan was in the habit of being present at trials, in order to restrain the Cadis. The brothers of Chemsennissa spoke thus:—"My lord, we leased to Feiroux a delicious garden, a terrestrial paradise; we consigned it to him, surrounded by lofty walls and filled with the finest trees, adorned with flowers and loaded with fruit. He now wishes to give us back this garden, deprived of every thing that rendered it delicious when he received it from us."

The Cadi having commanded Feiroux to assign his reasons, he said—"It is unwillingly that I renounce the enjoyment of this spot, which was dear to me; but one day, whilst walking in one of its paths, I perceived the traces of a lion; fear seized upon my soul, and I preferred abandoning the garden to that terrible animal, to exposing myself to his rage."

The Sultan, who easily understood the enigma, anticipating the Cadi, said to Feiroux—"Return into thy garden, Feiroux; thou hast nothing to fear. It is true that the lion has placed his foot in it, but he has touched none of the fruit; and he left it, overcome with shame and confusion; there never was a more beautiful garden, nor one, at the same time, better guarded and secure from danger."

Feiroux took back Chemsennissa, and loved her still more ardently when he discovered the difficult trial to which her virtues had been exposed without succumbing.

IMAGINATION OF WOMEN.

From the Poetry of Life.

The imagination of women may be compared to a quick growing plant, which shoots out so many tender twigs and tendrils, that the main stem is weakened, and the whole plant, unable to raise itself from the earth, continues to bud and blossom, and send forth innumerable shoots which altogether form a beautiful group of flowers and verdure, but nothing more; while the imagination of man resembles a stately tree, whose firm and continuous stem, exactly proportioned to the support and nourishment of the numerous branches in their subordinate place, completes the majesty, the utility, and the beauty of the whole. The imagination of woman is sufficiently vivid and exuberant to take in the widest range of poetical sublimity, but unfortunately it meets with so many interruptions in that range, and deviates so often from its proper object to waste itself upon others of minor importance, that it seldom attains any laudable end, or accomplishes any lasting purpose.

It is impossible for those who have merely studied the nature of woman's mind, to comprehend the rapidity of her thoughts, and the versatility of her feelings. Touch but one sensitive chord, and her imagination takes flight upon the wings of the butterfly over the garden of earth, up into the mid air, beyond the lark, the sweetest intelligencer of sublunary joy, higher, still higher, through illimitable space, ascending the regions of peace and glory, and passing through the everlasting gates into the communion of saints, and blessed spirits whose feet "sandalled with immortality," trace the green margin of the river of eternal life.

Would that the imagination of woman had always this upward tendency, but alas! it is not satisfied even with the fruition of happiness; it cannot rest even in the bosom of the repose; it is not sufficiently refreshed, even by that stream whose waters make glad the celestial city. The light of some loved countenance perchance is wanting there, and the spirit, late soaring on delighted wing, plunges downwards amongst the grosser elements of earth, while lured by the irresistible power of sympathy, it chooses rather to follow the erring or the lost through all the mazy windings of sin and sorrow, than to rise companionless to glory.

With such an imagination, startled, excited, and diverted from its object, not only by every sight or sound in earth or air, but by every impulse of the affections and the will, it is impossible that woman, in her intellectual attainments should ever equal man; nor is it necessary for her usefulness, her happiness, or the perfection of her character, that she should. As she is circumstanced in the world, it is one of her greatest charms, that she is willing to trust, rather than anxious to investigate. While she does this she will be feminine, and while she is feminine she must be poetical.

A man may see his own faults in those of others.

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

OLD GRANNY.

"Whist! Maurice, whist!—and don't gainsay her. What she thinks, you know, is as good as a law with us all;—and that's enough about it—"

"A law is it, Anty?" repeated Maurice. "It may be a law to you, if you choose to make a fool of yourself, but it will be no law to me."

"For God's sake Maurice, exclaimed the girl, "don't go on so; you know she's charmed."

"Charmed!" he again repeated, in the true Irish fashion;—"Charmed!—ay, as much as the black slug that lives on and lies in the dew. As much as the frog that croaks in the meadows; as much, Anty, as the raven which I could bring down with your brother Luke's ash-bow!"

"But, any way, it's only waiting till after Holly-eve, and that's not long. All she says is, wait till after that;—and indeed, Maurice—indeed, I cannot gainsay her."

"And you—*you*, Anty Doynne, tell me;—*you*! after our keeping company for nearly two years;—*you* say that, because your croaking old GRANNY says we must not marry until Holly-eve is past, though you were promise-bound to me before then if things answered—*you* say, that because she takes the whim in her head, you'll be off!"

"No, Maurice—no," replied the girl; "I swear to the Virgin, in the beams of this blessed moon which is now shining on *both* our heads, that in death, or—oh, Maurice—even in disgrace, I would be your wife, or go as I am to my green grave,—but to wait a little while—only a little while—to do her bidding—surely it's no great thing for her to expect? And she that has been *more* than a mother to me ever since I lost my own."

"Suppose she was to forbid it out-and-out?"

"She would not do that."

"Why?"

"Because her word is given, that when once Holly-eve is passed, she will bless—not ban."

"I tell you what, Anty;—take me now—or give me up, up intirely. I'm too proud to wait on the bidding of an old woman, whatever I might do on the bidding of a young one."

"If it comes to that, Maurice, perhaps you'd rather it was so; and I'm certain that I never mean to keep any boy to his promise if his mind is against it," Anty Doynne drew herself up to more than her usual height, though her heart beat, and her cheek crimson from agitation.

"Anty, it seems mighty easy with you!"

"Maurice, it was you spoke of it first; and that man's not breathing who should speak *twice* to me of such a thing. I'm ready," she continued,—"quite ready to return your token, and break all off."

While she spoke, she tugged hard to draw a ring from her rosy finger, and at last having accomplished her intention, she held the simple *gage d'amour* towards her lover.

"Why don't you take it, Mister Maurice—it will fit Jane Lemon, or Kate Leslie, or any other girl, as well as me;—and if I had known your *mind* before, I'd have burnt it—drowned it—trampled on it—sooner than have suffered myself to wear it an hour—a single minute. Why don't you take the ring, Maurice?"

Anty Doynne had talked herself into a passion; and, truth to say, there is no young lady who would not have felt hurt at the insinuation which her lover's speech conveyed. Angry though she certainly was, Maurice thought he had never seen her look so lovely

as she did at that instant; her calm and gentle nature was seldom roused to anything like wrath, and it lent an animation to her placid features which improved their expression for the time being. Maurice, like all young men—particularly young *Irish men*—and a vast opinion of his own powers of fascination, and though he loved Anty with all the impetuosity of youthful passion, he loved to exercise a power which many consider purely feminine—the power of tormenting. He knew she doated on her grandmother, who was the Sibyl of the neighborhood, and, to confess the truth, he was not a little jealous of the influence she possessed over the mind of his betrothed.

"And so—that's the end of your love, Anty, that you'd give me up for your grandmother?"

And while he spoke he could not avoid smiling at the absurdity of his inquiry. Anty saw the smile upon his lip, and it angered her the more. She felt that she could not give utterance to her feelings, and, with singular prudence, she remained silent, still holding the ring towards him.

"And you want to turn me over to Jane Lemon?—who's on the world since holly is green; or to Kate Leslie, whose eyes were set wrong in her head?—I'm obliged to you, Anty!"

"Take the ring, Maurice!" she exclaimed again.

"Why, then—maybe I will—but if I do, it's only to give it back to you, Anty; for when I put that ring on your finger I kissed you for the first—but, please God, not for the last time."

"If you don't take it," said Anty, rejoicing in her strength, which returned with her lover's last words, "If you don't take it, I'll drop it into the very middle of the fairy ring in the next field, and then none but the true-hearted will have power to pick it up."

"You'll do no such thing!" exclaimed a voice from the hollow of a blasted elm, the fragments of whose branches had overshadowed their meetings on more occasions than one. "Bright gold is not to be thrown as a temptation on fairy ground. Give me the ring, and let both of you remember that a troth present or a troth plight is not to be cast away like the feather from a wild bird's wing."

The person who thus spoke was a worn shrivelled woman, thin and erect, whose figure at an earlier period of life must have been imposing, for even at the advanced age of seventy-six she carried herself with a dignity that made all the children in the neighbourhood look on "Old Granny" with respect. Her character was in keeping with her carriage, and her carriage with her character; the one was exactly suited to the other, and in neither would the least change have been an advantage.

Margaret Doynne (for even in Ireland, where they delight in nicknames, and pet names, and all names except the right one, the dame-like courtly name of Margaret had never been reduced to the diminutive of Peggy or Peg), Margaret Doynne was, as I have already said, the Sibyl of the neighbourhood; but she was still more—poor herself, she was nevertheless the benefactress of the very poor. Often she used to say, when consulted by the peasants, "Ah then! sure I have nothing to give but the wind word!" But the "kind word" is much, when bestowed in due season; and it would be difficult to determine whether, amongst the simple people who resided in her neighbourhood, she was most valued for her wisdom or good-nature. In England, she would have been esteemed a "worthy dame." In Ireland, the superstitious feelings of the people magnified her into something more. She certainly did meddle with charms and philters—saw fate and fortunes in the stormy grounds of a tea-cup—and interpreted dreams—in a manner which none but those well acquainted with the circumstances, hopes, and fears of the dreamers could interpret. I believe that when her intellect was in its full strength and

power, she laughed at those who relied upon her promises and prophecies; but latterly she believed in them herself—her kindness outlived her wisdom, and it was observed that as *Old Granny* grew older, she grew more mysterious, and more celebrated as a soothsayer. She had been brought up by a family of distinction, and the good-breeding acquired by coming (during her early days) constantly in contact with her superiors, gave her manner and conversation a tone infinitely above her associates, or rather, I should say, her neighbours, for the only person she was intimate with was her grandchild. *Anty Doyné's* mother died while giving her birth, and her father was drowned at sea a few weeks after; thus the helpless infant was thrown completely on the benevolence and care of "*Old Granny*," who soon prided herself on the beauty, ay, and the cleverness of her darling.

The old and young are always more attracted than the young and middle-aged, and I doubt if *Anty* could have bestowed half the devotion on her mother which she offered spontaneously to her venerable grandame.

Maurice had never been inclined to pay the respect to her behests which were the willing tributes of *Anty's* heart, though in her presence he had seldom the courage to assert even a difference of opinion: he saw "*Old Granny*" drop the ring into the recesses of her black satin thread-case, and could not bring himself to remonstrate until the old lady was about to deposit it—treasures and all—in her capacious pocket.

"It wasn't hers, *Granny*, to throw away," he murmured at last, "and it's too bad to be thwarted by both."

"Ay," she said, "by a croaking old woman, *Mister Maurice*?"

Well, *Granny*," he exclaimed, "listeners never hear good of themselves—not that I mean that to you."

"Nor you didn't compare me to a black slug—nor a frog—nor a raven—eh, *Maurice*?"

"I do not want nor wish to deny my words, *Granny*," he replied sulkily; "but you well know how *Anty* and I have been long promised to each other."

"Ay, *Maurice*, I do, I do; and I know that when we want to use the wisdom of the wife we honour it, if—mind my words young man—if it agrees with our own; but if it does not, we throw it to the dogs, and curse the lips that spoke it. You think it long to wait till *Holly-eve*, and you think that after that you will have nothing left to wish for. Hope often digs its own grave with the spade of indiscretion; but I tell you, I would rather dig her grave than see her your wife before then. The first week in November will bring you, *Maurice Grey*, either a cross or a crown, and though she will have my leave and blessing to share the one, I pray God that my darling may not die by the other."

"Die!" exclaimed both young people at once.

"Ay, death will come sooner than you look for, any of you: the thunder growls in the heavens—it gathers before it breaks—and those who are warned should beware the bolt."

"Oh *Granny*, don't be fostering the trouble on us before our time," exclaimed *Maurice*, endeavouring to shake off the terror her words inspired, "sure we'll bear sorrows together, and two can support it better than one."

"It's thoughts like them that send many a one to the priest's knee before their time," replied the old woman; "but wait till the day I have said is past, and when temptation is strongest on you, *Maurice*, think of *Anty Doyné* and *Holly-eve*!"

She placed her staff firmly on the earth, and was proceeding on her way towards the cottage, when *Maurice* called out, "The ring, *Granny*, give her the ring, any how; do not keep it from her."

"Ah, ah!" she said; "love *Maurice*, was never

bound by gold—you shall give it her when *Holly-eve* is past."

Old Granny's dwelling was swept and garnished with no ordinary care on the night of the festival to which she had so earnestly alluded. During the time that intervened between the commencement of my sketch, and of the period I now arrive at, *Maurice* and *Anty* had been together even more than usual. *Old Granny*, latterly, spent a good many hours of each day in wandering along the wild sea-shore near to which her dwelling was situated. I believe I had forgotten to mention that *Maurice's* trade was that of a ship-carpenter; he was considered exceedingly intelligent, and (for an Irishman) a quick workman. *Granny* farmed about seven acres of land—she held the farm for a nominal rent; and, thrifty as well as wise, *Anty* was regarded by her companions as an heiress of no small pretensions. She took much pleasure in adorning their clay-floored sitting-room, and the young people of the neighbourhood always thought their annual spells worked better in *Old Granny's* cottage than in any residence for ten miles round. The wind howled without—the rain poured—but "the boys and girls" within heeded neither. "The crackling faggot" blazed upon the hearth—the piper blew his most discordant, and yet animating music—crossed sticks, an apple upon one end, and a candle on the other, were suspended from the ceiling, and whirled round and round—while many a wide mouth extended its dimensions to "snap" the fleeting apple, and, instead of the expected prize, caught the moving light to the manifest amusement of the throng. Others were engaged in pouring boiling lead through the handle of a key into cold water, and reading their destinies in its various forms. Some bent anxiously over the hearth to note which nuts jumped, and which remained stationary with their partner.

"Jane Cahil! look at Jane Cahil's sweetheart," exclaimed one, "he's burnt as black as a crow by her side; there, that nut in the corner—what a study!" pair! well, there is no fun in such studyness, and that's my objection to matrimony." "Look, look at *Mary Flynn*! well, she bates Banagher, and how, at cover the buckle—there's a fling, that's the fifth boy she's done over to-night at the dance."

"*Anty Doyné*, look at your little cater-cousin *Mary*, stealing in with a bundle of ivy leaves—'deed and 'deed I think she had better leave the ivy leaves alone, for they're too true for a joke. I never found them wrong in telling a death—God save us!" and the speaker crossed herself devoutly, for the trial by ivy is regarded in some parts of Ireland as a fearful spell.

"*July James* has her apron full of hemp-seed," shouted a boy, whose merry laugh had frequently resounded through the chamber. "Now tell the truth, *July*: how often have you sown that in the lone churchyard during your lifetime?"

"Hemp-seed, hemp-seed here I sow, He that is my true love, come after me and mow."

Ah, *July*, my darling, you've been sowing hemp-seed these thirty years, and sorra a mowar ever tended your heels yet!"

While the laugh, the sport, and the jest were banished about with careless and noisy hilarity by the young and the thoughtless, the table at the further end of the room, covered as it was by pipes, tobacco, snuff, bottles of whiskey, glasses, and wooden *noggins*, was surrounded by the elders of the people, loud and energetic in their politics as need be. One read passages from a "liberal" paper, and then all talked together as to the import. As the night waxed old, their energy increased, and their reason declined. They contradicted—quarrelled—then embraced—then con-

* Steady.

tradicted, and quarrelled again. The dancers and fortune-seekers, however, were in no degree disturbed by the tumult, but pursued their sports unheeding, and unheeded by the politicians of the table.

"*Meg Turner* has just picked up such a beautiful cannon out of the water. *Meg*, as sure as *Cashel* is built on a rock, you'll have a soldier," exclaimed a sly-looking rural wag, whose bright eyes danced with mischief.

"Me a soldier!" replied *Meg*, who, if *Anty* was the heiress, was considered the beauty of the country.—(By the way, the Irish peasantry estimate the beauty of woman somewhat as they do that of their pigs—by their size. I hear them constantly say, "God bless her! she's a fine woman—a big woman!" It's she that has the good, wholesome flesh on her bones! Thirteen stone won't excuse her! Kind for her! Sure, all her people* were fine portly men and women—none of your poor starved creatures; but every one of them big and white, like the rale gentry.")

To return to *Meg*. She twisted her pretty nose in great wrath, and repeated—"Me marry a soldier, indeed! I did not think you'd even the likes of that to me. Take up with a soldier!"

"Why thin, *Meg*," observed a neighbour, whose son was a soldier, "you're like a tall tree beat down by a storm—more high than wise. Sure the young lady at the Hook is married to a soldier."

"I wonder at your ignorance," replied *Meg*, "to say my lady above there is married to a soldier. A soldier, indeed!—a major, if you please, Ma'am. No, not he; he's a born gentleman. A soldier! I can't but wonder at your ignorance!"

Those who knew better than *Meg* laughed loudly; and at last, half crying, she snatched the cannon from those who were examining it, and declaring that it was "a purse of gold," and not an emblem of destruction, called loudly for "*Old Granny*" to decide in her favour.

The old woman had been for some time employed in an inner room, tossing cups and casting natives, after a fashion of her own; but now she was no where to be found,—it was in vain they sought her—she was not in the house. Why was it also that *Anty*—*Anty*, the heroine of the evening, "the pride of the country,"—"The Lilly of Bally Moyle,"—names given her by the respect and affection which her modest and gentle loveliness excited,—why was it that *Anty Doyné* had not joined in a reel or a jig for nearly an hour? During the early part of the evening she had danced with her lover; and it was observed by more than one that never had either appeared so happy. Their probation was nearly over; she had even ventured to return, in the least possible degree, the ardent pressure of his hand. Poor *Anty*!—what a blessed thing it is for friends, as well as lovers, that the Almighty has closed the gates of futurity to them and to us all!

"*Anty* won't dance any more to-night, because *Maurice* is not here," whispered one girl to another; and then came the enquiry—"Where is *Maurice*?"—This question no one appeared able to reply to;—*Maurice* could not be found—had not been seen; but, yes—the piper said, that while *Maurice* was in the act of desiring him to strike up "The Boys of Linn," he heard a voice distinctly call him; and he affirmed that the voice came from without. Nobody, however, believed the piper, who was known to have been half tipsy during three successive days, a fact easy accounted for, as he had attended there "berrins," from which, unhappily, no piper, and not a great many Irishmen, returned sober. By degrees the news that neither *Old Granny* nor *Maurice* could be found spread amongst the assembly; and though at first the

* Relations.

people jested upon their disappearance, told *Anty* that her grandmother had run off with her lover, and that they should all expect to be asked to the wedding and indulged in various rural witticisms, still, as the hours drew towards midnight, they became alarmed at their absence. One declared that *Old Granny* had been seen more than once looking from the window towards the ocean, as if she expected the arrival or passing of a vessel. The politicians either slept soundly under the table, or staggered towards their homes; the piper pillowed his head upon his pipes, and "made strange music" of another kind; but the young companions of *Anty Doyné*, both men and maids, resolved to remain with her till morning, and then scour the country in search of the fugitives. One or two old greyheaded fathers, who had not drunk freely, remained also, and before the hour of one chimed from the clock of the neighbouring hall, every out house and haggard was examined in vain. *Anty's* cheek had grown deadly white, and her lips quivered. As time passed, her companions endeavoured to divert her attention, and dispel her anxiety: and she would listen to them and smile,—and then, more quickly than my words are written, relapse into herself, while the convulsive twitches of her features, and the incessant motion of her fingers, showed how much she suffered.

"Keep up your spirits, my lily," said one venerable man; "sure there's no accounting for *Old Granny's* doings—maybe she's off to gather flowers, or herbs, at the charmed hours. Who ever thought of minding her?"

"But *Maurice*—*Maurice*?" murmured poor *Anty*, her feelings forcing her to acknowledge an interest which at any other time her maiden modesty would have compelled her to dissemble.

"Maybe she's taken him for a safeguard," continued the comforter; "there's sometimes wild doings along the coast, and she might not like to go as a lone woman down the glen where the rag-wort, ground ivy, and more whose names I forget grow most plenty."

"Who ever thought of harming *Granny*?" replied the maiden. Those who never honoured God nor feared Satan have bought her charms as a safety, and she might walk through sin and murder without suffering;—who ever thought of harming *Granny*?"

She had hardly finished her sentence, when the house-dog barked, and steps sounded from without. Several ran to the door, but *Anty's* feelings so overcame her, that she hung to the dresser, unable to move or speak; in an instant a mingled crowd of the water-guard and soldiers belonging to a detachment quartered at a neighbouring fort filled the cottage, and those who entered last bore upon a rude bier formed by their crossed arms the murdered body of "*Old Granny*." As they placed her remains upon the very table which her hospitable hands had spread but a few hours before for the entertainment of her friends, there was a dead silence,—the awful silence of extreme horror;—those who had remained with *Anty* appeared paralyzed. One of the soldiers rolled a cloth to support the white head whose hairs were clogged with gore, which had ceased to flow; and the sight of the trickling blood recalled *Anty* to her senses, while it told her of the extent and reality of her bereavement; her scream—loud, shrill, and terrible—started every creature within hearing; it was so wild and so prolonged. She threw herself upon the body, where she lay, as inanimate and as unconscious as the clay she pressed. Then came the questions, brief but earnest,—the who?—the when?—the where?—Who did the murder? The soldiers and water-guards separated so as to show a group of bound and fettered men whom they had thrust into a corner—the foremost of them was *MAURICE GREY*!

"Now the great God of heaven guard us!" exclaimed one of Anty's aged friends, advancing towards him. "It is an awful night, and an awful time,—and there is many a charm and many a change over the earth which poor mortals can't understand; but if you be Maurice Grey,—the Maurice Grey whom I nursed many a winter's night upon my knee, and whom that murdered crathur loved next in the girl now stiffening by her side,—speak, and say you had no hand in this!"

With a sudden and mighty effort the young man burst assunder the ropes with which his hands were tied, and before the guards could impede his progress, he threw himself upon his knees besides the body; flinging his arms upwards, he clenched his hands together; and the voice in which he spoke, though at first hoarse and thick, was perfectly audible; not a word was lost:

"May the God who hears me rain down his eternal curses on my head if I alter, or change, one word of his holy truth this night? but you, Anty,—Anty, darlint! you must hear me, too. Waken, Anty! my heart's jewel! my heart's blood, waken!—as you hope to see heaven!" he exclaimed, as a soldier endeavoured to prevent his lifting the senseless girl from the corpse to his bosom.—"as you hope to see heaven, neither touch her, nor hinder me." Having placed her drooping head upon his shoulder, he remained kneeling, and again lifted up his arms to heaven.

It was an appalling picture; the dark figures crowded together in the back-ground, their rough countenances only partially seen, as the candles, which a little time before illuminated the apartment, were either extinguished or burning in their sockets; the fire cast a bright, but unnatural glare upon the murdered body; and a little black dog, "Old Granny's" favourite and friend, after smelling the blood, and stretched himself upon the bosom of the corpse, and whined his misery, while such was the glare, yet uncertainty of the light, that he looked like a misshapen object from the dark world of spirits. Maurice kneeling, pale as Agony, supporting his bethrothed with his left arm, while his right still stretched toward heaven, was so placed that every movement of his features could be observed by those who were in partial darkness. "You hear me Anty, now." She opened and fixed her eyes upon him; and he continued.—"You remember that she would not consent to our marriage till after this night had passed: and though I did not to say know, I guessed, her reason after. She knew that this very week the return of a vessel to this shore was expected, with the crew of whom (I'll not deny it before God or man this blessed night) of whom I knew too much,—though God, he hears me and can judge,—that, beyond smuggling, I never thought harm was in 'em;—never, until this night.—Any how, the shadow and the foreknowledge was over her, for she told me the first week in November would bring either a cross or a crown, and to beware the bolt,—the thunderbolt! Oh! little, little did I think it would fall upon herself;—and all for me,—all for me!"

"Hear 'till him! hear 'till him!" exclaimed a rufianly voice from amid the group of prisoners as the young man paused from emotion; "the white-livered rascal thinks to get us in for a job of his own doing."

Maurice heeded not the words, but continued, "I got the news that Blue Morgan and the Petrel would be off shore this holy night, and that I would be wanted abroad, on account that some ship job was going on which they could not compass without me. I thought the goold healtways gave without the counting would furnish a better wedding than the country had seen for many and many a day; but I did not think that evil goold brings an evil curse. The Granny got the wind of the word as soon, and maybe sooner, for

anything I know, than I did, and just as I finished the first hand-o'-three reel I danced, whispered, 'Think of Anty Doyne and Holly-eve.' Well, the Devil was in me, I am sure of that, for somehow I fired at the thought of her making and meddling so often about us, and if my mind could have had vent in a sharp answer, it would have past away until, Anty, love, I danced again with you; and who ever thought of sin while looking in your face?"

"Still my heart was for not going to the beach, and I forgot the Granny and everything in the world, except that Holly-eve was passing, until Tom Morgan came outside to hurry me off, and promised me goold and the drink I had got, and the thought of the goold that I was throwing away—(and why? for all they wanted of me belike was a hand at my own trade)—came over me, and—I—went."

"In a cave, close, close under the Otter's Glimb, I found such of the crew of the Petrel as had not been murdered by their comrades—"

A shudder passed through the crowd, which had increased both inside and outside the cottage, as the day was now dawning; and the smugglers, with dreadful oaths and execrations, denied the inference, declaring that Maurice having murdered Old Margaret Doyne himself, wished to heap a multitude of crimes upon their heads. No words can give an adequate idea of the interest—the breathless anxiety felt by every one present. The ruffians were soon silenced, and Maurice proceeded with his story. "As near as I can judge, it might be about nine o'clock when I got to the cave, and found it as good as filled with heaps of sea-store and chests of dollars.—Tom Morgan and four more burying the treasure. The waves were washing up just to the mouth of the cave, and I heard that what they wanted of me was to make the boat they had got ashore in sea-worthy, as they intended putting out in the teeth of the wind, and returning by times for the treasure. I asked Tom for his brother, Blue Morgan, and he made answer that the Petrel had drifted, and was half-wrecked, and that the Captain set off to cross the country with three more, just as I arrived. It was an awful night, for as he spoke, and I at the boat, a wave dashed the poor man's mangled body to our feet. It was then I felt that they who are ever enticed into bad company, either from the love of pleasure or the love of goold, knocked at sin's door; and when did sin fail to answer? God keep me my senses, for they are a'most gone!" Again during the pause, compelled by agitation, the murderers cursed and swore, and the interest increased tenfold.

"Tom Morgan put a pistol to my head, and with a bag of dollars in the other hand, threatened and tempted me at the same time. I might have been terrified into swearing the silence he commanded, (for he saw my eyes were opened,) and thus have become either a perjured man, or the murderer's slave—a villain or a victim—but Anty, your blessed grandmother had tracked my ways, through the dark night, down the steep cliffs—ay, not regarding age or weakness. Through the waves which were racing up the cave, I saw her like a spirit rising from the sea—and blessed be God, there was still time for me to mind the warning, as she cried, and I heard, though the wind was howling—'Remember Anty and Holly-eve!'"

"They were, I may say, her last words, for before I could snatch the pistol from his hand, I heard the corpse splash amid the water,—and when I plunged after and caught her in my arms, she only said—'The bolt has fallen—but—I heard no more, except Anty's name which she called on twice.'—He covered his face, and pressed the almost insensible girl still more closely to his bosom.—The serjeant who

From the Saturday Evening Post.
SKETCHES OF THE WESTERN BAR.

No. 6.

Biographical Sketch of the Hon. John Tod of Pennsylvania.

The subject of this brief sketch furnishes an instance, among many others, of the success which talent and industry, unaided by any adventitious means whatever, has ensured to many of the adventurous and enterprising sons of New England, when leaving their homes to prosecute their fortunes, if not amid fairer scenes or beneath brighter skies, yet with advantages, or supposed advantages, for the acquisition of fortune, professional honors and political distinction, too tempting, in the case of many, not to be embraced, even at the sacrifice of local attachments, the pleasures of home, the fraternity and fellowship of friends and kindred.

John Tod, was the son of David and Rachael Tod, and was born in Suffield, Hartford county, Connecticut, in November 1779. His father was a Scotchman by birth, and a man of a very original turn of mind, possessing much shrewdness, and a dry kind of wit, many of his sayings being even to this day, familiarly repeated by the people of the neighbourhood. His mother was a Miss Kent, a native of the town of Suffield.

John commenced his education at one of the public schools in the village, but subsequently became a pupil of the Reverend Mr. Gray, pastor of the Presbyterian church of the town. His aptness for learning, his genius and industry, enabled him to make rapid progress in his classical studies; so much so, that on his examination for admission to Yale College, he was permitted to enter an advanced class, (I think the junior class) and took his degrees two years afterwards with great credit and honor to himself. The fondness imbibed at this noble and venerable institution, the *Alma mater* of so many of the great men and ripe scholars that have been raised to the country, was never subsequently relinquished or even diminished; his attachment to his classics, his Greek and Latin authors which he read with ease and facility, continuing through life.

I am indebted for the following early incident in his life to his accomplished sister, to whom I must also make acknowledgments, for much of the data on which the private history of the subject of this sketch is founded.

I may here premise, that in his early adventure, may be seen much of that spirit, that distinguished him in after life. The energy of character, and enthusiasm of feeling, both of which he possessed in a high degree, always exhibited themselves in acts, rather than words—rather in some definite result which he would propose to himself, and immediately engage with his whole soul to accomplish, than in any more formal or less demonstrative expression of his zeal and ardour. He had a still, quiet way of pushing directly to the point, of running strait for the goal, and which he would have half way attained before others had gone through the preparation for a start. The following anecdote therefore, though related of him at the early age of eleven years, is strikingly illustrative of what was discernable in his character in after life; especially of the simple and unpretending manner, in which he would set about the most important matters, and the energy and indomitable spirit with which he would follow them up to their issue.

The extract proceeds. "During the French revolution (the early part of it) when every American bosom beat with ardour for the cause of the people, John Tod, then about eleven years of age was missing from his father's house on a Monday morning; he could not be found; no one had seen him; as he did not appear

commanded the party took up the story, and continued—

"We had notice, after much watching, that the Petrel was expected to be off the shore, and were night and day on the look-out. We little thought the crime committed by a portion of the crew—it was the report of Tom Morgan's pistol that directed us to the spot—and though we have every reason to believe the truth of Maurice Grey's story, still he might go with us until it is legally confirmed."

"My poor boy!" said the venerable man, who had called upon him the first for an explanation;—"My poor boy!—God, in his mercy, grant you may not be like the pigeon who fed with the crows.—'tis ill to be seen with public sinners."

Maurice knelt and prayed by the murdered body of the aged woman, who, though she had seen his faults, and desired that her grand-child should wear, as she poetically called it,—the crown but not the cross,—had still loved him with extraordinary affection. The workings of superstition were mingled in the minds of those who murdered the captain and a portion of the crew of the Petrel, with a desire of revenge against Old Granny—whose charms and spells they had purchased—though, according to their thinking, they had worked to them for evil, not good; doubtless, the poor sybil relied upon her influence over them, or she would not have ventured to their cavern, though ignorant of the crime they had committed. One of the ruffians turned king's evidence, and thus, it need had been, Maurice's innocence was fully confirmed. He was not likely to forget the dangers arising from bad company, though Anty was too deeply affected by the death of Old Granny, to marry until another "Holly-eve" had passed; and there was gloom and heaviness, instead of mirth and festivity, for many a year, when time brought round the last night of October, and renewed the memory of its horrors!

Between Featherd and the dark fort of Duncannon there is a smooth and sandy portion of strand, called "Dollar Pay," in memory of murders so familiar to those I have recorded, that I am led to believe both stories the same. The bay smiled in the sunshine when I last passed it, but it brought the fate of "Old Granny" fully to my remembrance; and I was assured by some of the recorders of old tales, that cartloads of dollars were found buried in the sands, as Maurice described, and removed to Wexford by order of the government; that the mutineers and murderers of the Petrel suffered the punishment due to their crime, on the cliffs of "Dollar Pay."

From the Saturday Evening Post.
EVENING.

O come, when sunset's hectic flush
The day's declining glory lightens,
And evening's loveliest colours rush
To deck the smile, that dying brightens;

O come, when every breeze is still,
And every leaf is calmly sleeping,
And yonder sky, whose eyelids fill
With dewy tears, is gently weeping;

O come, when forest songster's notes
Grow plaintive, as their lays are dying,
And many a golden vapour floats
Around the couch where twilight's lying;

O come, and bid thy spirit learn
To take from earth so sweet a parting,
And teach each brighter thought to burn
For angel wings, to heaven darting.

ANCUS.

for some hours, the family were thrown into great perplexity, which was increased upon discovering that he had taken a shirt, a pair of stockings, a loaf of bread, and some cheese with him; all of which he had gathered together, while the family were at church the day previous. He had retired to bed at the usual hour; conjecture was at defiance, and alarm began to prevail, when a townsman returning from Hartford in his wagon, brought home the stray boy, saying that in Windsor, he found him asleep, under a shed, at a tavern. Upon rousing him up, he said, 'Jack what are you doing here,' the poor weary fellow replied, 'I am going to France to fight, sir!' He had risen from his bed when the family were asleep, and walked this distance, when sleep and fatigue overcame him. At this period of his life he was as firm in his principles, and as settled in his habits as at any subsequent one."

After graduating he entered the office of his brother George Tod, then a practising lawyer in New Haven, and I believe he was also a short time in the office of Gideon Granger, late Post Master General, and who resided in, and was also a native of the town of Suffield. Certainly it is, that Granger was very much his friend, and succeeded in deeply inoculating him with his own political opinions which were of the Jeffersonian School, and which Tod professed and consistently practised throughout the remainder of his life.

He was admitted to the bar during the Session of the Court at Hartford, in the year 1800. There were several applicants—some half dozen, and among them the father of the writer of this. He recollects to have heard him say, that Tod's examination disappointed them all. He was not at all prepossessing in his appearance, especially at this period of his life, and had by no means prepared those who now saw him for the first time, for the admirable examination he passed, showing on the authority above, a far more intimate and thorough acquaintance with the law than any of his fellow applicants, and prepared them, one of them at least, to anticipate the brilliant career he afterwards so successfully entered upon.

But with the advantage of any talents, still the line of the poet is applicable; and "few can tell how hard it is to climb the steep, where fame's proud temple rears itself afar."

Tod, in starting out into the world had among other difficulties, to contend with poverty; for his father having a large family, was able to do little or nothing for him, beyond giving him his education and his profession. He first visited the state of Virginia, and after travelling about for a time, before finding a suitable place to settle in, his funds became exhausted, and he was induced to become a tutor for a few months in a gentleman's family, residing some where in one of the northern counties of Virginia. He was not likely long to be satisfied with this situation; and accordingly soon abandoned it, and started on foot in the direction of Pennsylvania, and entered the town of Bedford in Bedford county, some time in the year 1802. He came on foot, and alone, an utter stranger, and destitute of a dollar in the world. He used to relate himself, in after life, this part of his early history, his entry into Bedford; saying, that a handkerchief which he carried in his hand, contained all his clothing which amounted to only a few changes of linen; his pockets empty to the last cent, having paid his lodgings the night before he arrived at Bedford by parting with a pair of silk stockings.

Having determined to remain here for the present, (indeed he seems to have had no choice) he got a situation in the prothonotary's office, and wrote for a time as a clerk, but the same year was admitted to the Bedford Bar, and commenced the practice of the law. But here again he soon found he had other

difficulties to encounter beyond even those that usually beset the tyro of the profession.

For some unaccountable reason, perhaps discovering that young Tod bid fair to become in time no mean rival for the honors and emoluments of the profession, then exclusively enjoyed by others—but certain it is, he met with the most violent, bitter and uncompromising opposition—from the individual, in particular, who then led the Bedford Bar. He has been heard to say that it was perhaps in part owing to this fact, and a determination to overcome this opposition, and not to permit himself to be crushed by a high hand, that he ultimately made Bedford his permanent residence; for before this contest had terminated he had become so well and favorably known as to have other inducements to remain besides that of counteracting or defeating an enemy.

From this on, he continued to pursue quietly the even tenor of his ways, faithfully and assiduously attending to any business he received, and the result was, as might have been expected from the exercise of talents and acquirements like his, that his practice rapidly increased, despite all opposition, and in 1808, such was his popularity and standing in the county, that he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

On this new sphere he very early distinguished himself. Soon after he took his seat, the great Olmstead case, that threatened to produce a collision between the General Government and the State of Pennsylvania, the latter in the bad spirit of what would now be called nullification, or a numerous class of her citizens; having intimated resistance to a decision of the Supreme Court, and even proceeded almost to open hostilities, the matter was finally brought before the Legislature of the State. Tod, though elected by the democratic party, which particularly espoused the side of opposition to the government; nevertheless, took strong and high grounds in favor of sustaining the integrity of the union, and to this end the authority and decision of the Supreme Court. Such was the ability he displayed, and such became his popularity and standing in his own county, that he was re-elected for the sessions of 1809-10, 1810-11, 1811-12, 1812-13, and the two last sessions was elected by the House of Representatives to preside over its deliberations as speaker of that body.

He was elected to the Senate of Pennsylvania at the October election 1813, and was elected speaker of the Senate for the sessions of 1814-15, 1815-16, and was again elected for the session of 1816-17, but resigned the office on the 20th December 1816.

In representative bodies as in other popular tribunals a few master minds soon got a controlling influence, and direct and to a considerable extent govern and control their course, especially when associated themselves, with the dominant party in politics. In so large a state as Pennsylvania, the legislation of each session is very important, bearing as it does on the various great interests of the commonwealth, and its numerous population. The advantage of having wise, moderate, and judicious men in this popular branch of the government, who amidst all the excitement of party feeling, and the collisions of local interests, will still never lose sight for a moment of the true objects of legislation, and the true and legitimate interests to be promoted by it, cannot be too highly appreciated.—Such a legislator was Mr. Tod, and such his course for the nine consecutive years he occupied a seat in one or the other branch of the legislature, to all which, the journals during that period bear ample evidence. No man perhaps that has ever had the honor of a seat in the legislature of Pennsylvania since the adoption of her constitution, exercised (not by the tricks of the demagogue or the arts of the politician, for these were unknown to him) but by force of character, reason,

and argument, a more extensive and controlling influence. He had the reputation with his associates of being a sound headed man, a correct thinker, independent and honest in his course, and therefore, safe to follow. As chairman of the committee of Ways and Means, during the sessions of 1808-9, he was the author of a report in which it was suggested that the proceeds of the sales of public lands, which at that period were annually very large, should be appropriated to the purposes of Internal Improvement. To him then, may be assigned the credit of having been among those who were the first, to come forward with any practical plan for doing what has since been so extensively entered upon by Pennsylvania, the development of her wealth and resources by means of Internal Improvements. It was indeed but a suggestion, but even that no doubt, contributed to call public attention to the importance of the subject and prepare the way for future legislation.

During the time Mr. Tod was in the legislature, the country was engaged in the late war with Great Britain, of which he was a warm supporter, nor did he confine his support to a mere advocacy of the principles on which it was founded, or the stake of national honor and glory embarked in the result, when once at issue with the enemy. But with that promptness and straight forwardness that ever characterized him, much indeed in the spirit of his early military adventure, on the approach of danger he shouldered his musket and took the field as a volunteer. I will relate the incident in his own language—as committed to paper by a friend at the time.

"On the evening of — in the year 1815, I was sitting with some friends in a tavern at Bedford, when the news of the burning of Washington was brought to us. I immediately determined on starting off for the army, to aid in the defence of Baltimore, on which place the enemy was advancing. Accordingly the next morning I mounted my horse and set off. Next day I arrived at the lines, before Baltimore—my horse was taken to be used in the cavalry, and I was placed in a regiment, first having procured a musket and suit of uniform from a townsman of mine who was going home. The battle took place the day after: our regiment was not in the engagement, although our men were, or professed they were, very anxious to be engaged; though it appeared to me, they were very well satisfied to be out of the way of danger. The city was in great alarm and suspense throughout the day; parties of the wounded men were continually arriving, all bringing contradictory accounts of the event of the engagement. Finally news was brought that the American army was defeated, and that the city would be attacked during the night. Preparations were immediately made for an active defence; all the houses &c., in the neighbourhood of the city which might serve to cover the approach of the enemy were destroyed, among these were several rope walks—the effect produced by the conflagration was very grand and picturesque. The night was dark and lowering, with indication of a heavy thunder gust; the murky flame from the burning buildings only rendering objects visible.

I was quartered with the regiment in the trenches, the order to preserve silence was strictly observed.—About ten o'clock at night an officer came to that part of the trench where I was posted, and said that the general had given orders to form a body of 10 men to serve on a piquet guard, one man to be taken from each regiment, and to be all volunteers—after waiting about half a minute, and no one volunteering, I offered myself to serve as one of the guards. In company with my companions of the guard, we were marched to a narrow lane, about a mile in front of the lines, bounded on either sides by a wood and there received our orders. Nothing occurred during the night except

the advance of one of our rifle companies who had lost their way, and whom in the dark we took for the enemy and were near firing upon.

I remained with the army for some time until all prospects of an attack had vanished, when I obtained my discharge and returned home—so ended my military life."

Mr. Tod in 1820 was elected a member of congress, and again in 1822.

Pennsylvania from the leading interest she took in the subject of manufactures, had for several years furnished a chairman to the committee on that subject; and it was the good fortune of Mr. Tod to occupy the same station during the discussion of the tariff in 1824, that had been filled with so much ability by Henry Baldwin during the passage of the bill of 1817.

His labours in congress from the time he was placed at the head of this committee, were most arduous and unremitting. He set about at once endeavouring to make himself master of that much vexed and most perplexing question to American statesmen, a judicious tariff of duties. The tariff question it will be recollected was the leading measure of congress during the session of 1823-4. Whatever bill might be brought forward, would, it was evident, meet with much opposition, the southern statesmen having arrayed themselves for battle and war to the hilt. To make the bill as perfect as it could be made, in the first place, that it might afford protection at the same time, it should not too much oppress other interests, was the first object of the committee; and to this end, as also that he might have it in his power to defend the bill, not only on constitutional grounds but those of policy and expediency, he able to explain its principles, and at the same time to enter into all the details of its enactments,—the chairman saw the necessity of making himself perfect master of the subject. A practical mind like Tod's was not likely to be satisfied with the theories of political economists however respectable; he sought information from higher and more authentic sources. Having first taken a statesman like view of the character, capacities and resources of the country, he sought to obtain by examinations and inquiries directly from the manufacturers themselves, (and his searching and inquisitive mind was not likely to be either deceived or misled,) the degree of protection that was required to introduce and sustain each particular branch of manufacture. His assiduity, labours, and researches to this end were most incessant and unwearied.

It is now generally conceded, whatever may be Mr. Tod's share of the honor, that the tariff of 1824, is the most perfect that was ever passed into a law; it is in fact, the present tariff with some modifications and alterations.

His speeches on the subject, to be seen in the National Intelligencer of that period, are fine specimens in their way—particularly his opening speech, delivered on the 10th of February, and the speech with which he closed the debate on the 7th of April. The first is remarkable for the data, facts, statistics, and other important information it conveys. The second is of a different character, and for powerful and persuasive reasoning, fervid eloquence, wit, and satire, all expressed in the most chaste and pure language, may challenge a comparison with the finest specimen of debate called forth from the ablest men in Congress, on the same subject, and few subjects that have at any time occupied the attention of congress, have elicited more masterly and brilliant displays from American statesmen.

The last speech was intended particularly as a reply to those who had opposed the bill, and as some of the speakers had a good deal identified the bill with its author, it became necessary for the orator to be somewhat personal in return, and he was so, but without

bitterness or invective. He noticed particularly Mr. Hamilton, of South Carolina, who had the day before in an able speech paid his respects in pretty broad terms to Mr. Tod; but so far was the latter gentleman from being offended by the biting satire contained in the reply, that the only notice he took of it, was to acknowledge in good humoured terms, in connection with some explanations, the skill and address with which the orator had used his weapons. Satire, perhaps, next to reason and argument, was Mr. Tod's forte; but it was the satire of Junius, the language of a scholar and a gentleman, and none other ever escaped his lips.

The share of honor due to Mr. Tod, in connection with the tariff, while others also have large claims, is not inconsiderable; and the zeal and ardour with which he laboured in the cause during the time he was connected with it, may challenge comparison with the best efforts of any of the distinguished men, who have at different times advocated the cause of American manufactures.

On the 8th June 1824, he was appointed president judge of the 16th judicial district, and thereupon resigned his seat in congress. In May 1827, he was appointed by Governor Shultz, a justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Notwithstanding the large portion of time he had been engaged in public life, his profession had not been neglected. His practice, up to the period he went upon the bench, had been extensive and lucrative, and from the proceeds of it, after supporting a family, he had been enabled to accumulate and lay up a handsome competence. He united system and economy with great industry.

The judge in whose district he practised for many years, remarked of him, that "Tod was almost invariably ready to try his causes, and always so, so far as depended upon himself. If the absence of a witness, or the like, made it necessary to have the cause continued, he would lay his legal ground at once, by calling, for instance, a witness to the stand to prove the fact, and there leave it without occupying time by a word of comment."

He was a very powerful advocate before a jury. He paid very little attention to the mere arts of oratory, and his manner might be said to be, if not awkward, at least not graceful. But his great earnestness, warmth (and when excited) powerful vehemence, bore down every thing before it, and rendered him almost irresistible with a jury. To give some idea of his manner, at least in one of its peculiarities, after speaking for several minutes, in the lower tones of his voice, he would rise gradually, in some passage to which he wished to give effect, higher and higher, until he had reached the topmost note, and utmost compass of a clear and powerful voice, and at the same time exerted the last physical effort of his strong and well set frame, in his own bold and peculiar gestures. These climaxes were often thrilling and eloquent in the greatest degree.

In delivering his great tariff speech in congress, a gentleman who was present, in describing his manner, said, as he rose he had a pen in his hand, which he seemed to be intently regarding, turning it in every direction and, in a sort of abstraction, would talk on for minutes, until apparently having conceived some valuable thought, would burst out with a volume of sound, and a torrent of words that seemed to take every body by surprise; and leaving them to ponder the thought thus expressed, which would generally, bear examination, would again fall off into almost colloquial phrase, for a few minutes, when the same thing would be repeated, and that during the whole time he was thus speaking, he retained most successfully the earnest attention of the house.

I have said Judge Tod had not neglected his pro-

fession, but occupied as he had been, so much in public life, and his practice from his local situation not absolutely requiring his familiar acquaintance with certain branches of his profession, or the decisions under certain titles of the law, (the maritime law and the like,) he found it necessary on taking his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court to continue his studies, and which he did, most systematically and laboriously, both late and early, at all those intervals when not actually engaged in the discharge of his judicial duties.

Judge Tod had been indeed all his life a student, and had laboriously and critically studied the science of his profession. The number of hours he devoted to study and business, not merely at intervals but throughout the whole period of his public and professional life, is almost incredible, and such as no ordinary constitution could have sustained. When the legislature held its session at Lancaster, the stage used to leave for the city at four o'clock in the morning. It was always understood among Tod's friends that if they had any business with him, or wished to see him, they would be sure to find him before that hour in his seat in the house. This habit of early rising he continued throughout life.

No man that ever had a seat upon the bench had a stronger sense of justice, or a greater love of truth and equity, (truth and equity on moral and philosophical principles,) and which he always seemed desirous to see reached and fully attained in every cause that came before him. The manner in which this feeling would sometimes exhibit itself, may have had the effect to disparage him as a lawyer, with those of the profession, who are the mere lovers of the text, your sticklers for definitions; and who would treat jurisprudence rather as a system of philology than one of the learned sciences. But Judge Tod, it will be found was better up with the day in which we live, and with the present era of jurisprudence in Pennsylvania, as now explained in the decisions of the learned bench on which he once had a seat, and over which still presides with so much satisfaction to the profession, the same able Chief Justice, than the class to which I have alluded.

Possessing as Judge Tod did, in addition to his studious habits, that quality of the mind most of all necessary for a good judge, a clear and discriminating judgment, along with good common sense; there is no doubt, had his life been prolonged, but he would have attained to the first, the very first judicial distinction in the country.

But why speculate as to the future? as to what would have been? To do so, would indeed be to imitate himself, to indulge the same hopes and aspirations, by which from youth up he had been urged on from acquisition to acquisition, from honor to honor; and which lived at his heart, up to the last moment almost that it ceased to pulsate, as strong as when a little New England boy, he started to seek glory and gratify his patriotism by fighting for liberty in revolutionary France. But the past is sufficient, and that death has secured. It is enough. Enough for his own fame, since twenty years of active public life, as a statesman, and as connected with the higher branches of the judiciary, cannot but furnish in the era in which he lived, at least within the sphere within which those services were performed, and even far beyond it, a text for the commentary of history; in which shall be recorded of him, among other things, that he was wise, patriotic, and learned; that he lived much honored and died greatly lamented. And to those not ambitious like Caesar, but only as they would make themselves and their talents useful to their country and their fellow beings, this is sufficient.

To these claims which the public may acknowledge, his friends know there can be also added a list of

private virtues, as rare and bright as "storied urn or animated bust," ever rose to consecrate. He was an honest man, which in the sense it is intended to be used here, conveys an eulogy of itself.—His heart was always in the right place.—He had no morbid feelings of sensibility—yet ever felt like a man and a christian.

He had married in 1800 Miss Hannah, who belonged to an old and highly respectable family of Harrisburg, and with whom he enjoyed the most unalloyed pleasures of domestic life, until death terminated her existence, leaving him the father of three young daughters. He did not subsequently marry, nor did he live himself to see his children, on whom he so much doted, entirely educated, but left them with a handsome competency, to the charge and care of their kindred.

For some time previous to his death, while in all other respects well and hearty, he became subject to some kind of internal inflammation, and which finally assumed a chronic form. It was thought to have been induced by the free use of the Bedford water, as he was accustomed to walk every morning, summer and winter, a mile and a half to the spring to drink of it. To the want of it, while absent on the circuit, after having acquired this habit, his disease or the causes that led to it, was by some attributed.

He had been engaged with the other judges in holding a court at Lancaster, and becoming much worse, contrary to the advice of his friends, he got into the stage and rode home without ever stopping on the way, impressed it is said, with the belief that his end was approaching, and anxious to reach his home that he might breathe his last there. The effort no doubt hastened the sad event. He grew worse fast, was soon confined to his bed, and a few days after on the 27th March 1830, in the 51st year of his age breathed his last.

Judge Tod was some five feet ten inches in height, with a broad chest, and well set frame. His complexion was light, fair skin, and light hair, his head partially bald; light eyes, and usually wearing spectacles, being near sighted: His mouth large, with rather thick lips, and his forehead high and commanding; the expression of his face being indicative of both the qualities of his heart and his mind, the one warm and generous, the other clear, strong and comprehensive.

No. 7.

It was a frequent remark of Byron, that of his early friends and contemporaries, many of them had come to untimely ends, and more often by the casualties and mischances that beset life, than by the ordinary course of nature. There are many besides the illusory poet, who, if they were to draw upon their memories, might moralize in the same way; since who that has kept a catalogue, or will call to mind the list of those with whom at one time or another he has been associated, embracing his schoolmates, his college companions, his professional and political associates, but will discover, while hardly yet midway life, the absence of many of those who started with him for the goal, but who, one after another, have given up, or dropped off; while the grave has closed over them, or who barely succeed in keeping themselves on this side of it, by a constant struggle with fortune, in which the contest is no longer for the prize—the goods of fortune, the glory of winning—but to sustain existence—to defend against penury and want.

It is well, perhaps, that we do not too nicely count by data founded on our own experience of the past, the chances of success in life, of those in whom we feel an interest, and who have yet to enter upon, its untried scenes, particularly if a professional character

is the one in which they have chosen to make their appearance. Often, too often, indeed, are we doomed in the result to feel disappointment: There would be no advantage in anticipating it. And what sad disappointments they are!

How many fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters with the long catalogue of friends and kindred are made to participate in them? Among the most elevating, grateful and generous feelings the bosom can know, are the cherished hopes, the fond anticipations we indulge for the success, the triumphant success of those we love. With the parent these hopes dawn while the object is yet a cradled infant, are more developed as he becomes the satchel school boy, and are already half realized in the manly collegiate or professional student. Perhaps from this very point they are doomed to be crushed and blighted for ever—for 'tis some where here, at this stage of the passage of life, that Sylla and Carybides are to be past, and how often does the young navigator make ship wreck upon one or the other—become the victim of one vice, or fashion, or folly or another—sinking in the same wreck in which he himself goes down, those "longings divine and aspirations free," that inhabited other bosoms for him; and that prayer and petition have ascended that he might realize and enjoy in full fruition.

A friend of mine who preceded me some ten or a dozen years at the Litchfield Law Academy, told me he had kept a catalogue of the students, who were there during the time he was—in all some seventy in number; and had made a memorandum opposite the name of each, as he learned from time to time, how fortune had fared with them, and from all he had heard more or less. They were generally young gentlemen who had graduated at the different institutions of learning, representing from their residence a majority of the states, and also representing some of the first names and best talent in the country.

He assured me, that out of the whole number of these his contemporaries and fellow students, but two solitary individuals had ever distinguished themselves in their profession. One of these resided somewhere in Vermont, the other, I think in Georgia. But not only had not the balance distinguished themselves, but as to a large portion of them, they had been overtaken by the most diverse fortune; many of them encountering early death, and in almost every variety of form. Some had fallen in duels, while others had gone to Greece to play the patriot, and fallen there,—others to South America, with the same object, and encountering the same fate; while others, had fallen victims to the pestilence of southern cities, whither they had removed, before becoming acclimated; others yet again had become the victims of intemperance.

Among the latter of these, I recollect was poor G—. In point of talents he was said to have met with no superior, or even equal, either at the college at which he graduated, or among the students of the Law Academy. His endowments were so rare, his parts so brilliant and striking, that the first place among his contemporaries, by common consent was conceded to him. After completing his studies, he removed to C— with a view to practice his profession. A friend of mine, a resident of the town, used to describe G. as always appearing in the street in a green frock coat, which he wore *à la militaire*, buttoned to the chin; generally alone, seeming to be solitary in his feelings and apparently shunning familiar intercourse. He was called on, upon some emergency, to deliver a fourth of July oration. The effect produced by his masterly performance—the style of composition, as well as the powerful and thrilling eloquence with which it was delivered, still lives in the tradition of the town. A copy was sought for publication, but could never be had. Subsequently, on his death, some few Sibyl leaves were found among his papers which was

supposed to be all of it he had ever committed to writing. G—*died in the streets*. He was found there, cold and lifeless one morning, after one of those wretched debauches, to which alas! he was the victim.

It should here be recollected, I am speaking of those who entered upon life at the close of the late war, a period of hardly less peril to the student in his closet, than the soldier on the field of battle, since all partook in some degree in the excitement of the times, and indulged in the same, at that time, national excess, *drink*—for to drink was not only the fashion of the day, but often regarded as the evidence of patriotism, spirit and genius!!

Speaking of victims—victims to vice and folly, reminds me of poor Pierce. I subsequently had my residence in the same town, and learned all of his history that was known of him there.

He was a native of the state of Maryland; had been liberally educated, and bred to the law. Some misunderstanding arose between himself and his dearest bosom friend. A challenge past, they met, and Pierce shot his friend through the heart.

He subsequently removed to Urbana in Ohio, and there commenced the practice of the law. He occupied a little frame office at the out skirts of the town. A solitary taper might be seen burning there when the rest of the village had long been wrapped in sleep, and its unhappy inmate, (so the good people relate) might often be heard on approaching it, walking up and down talking to himself. Poor Pierce, whatever the cause, was undoubtedly unhappy, and even his mind, the latter part of the time was supposed to be affected. His end was most tragic and horrid. He had been down passing some days with Judge Fuhian, I think, or McBeath, some ten miles below the village. He started some time before night to return on foot; leaving the main road, he missed his way in the forest, when the wolves got hold of him and tore him to pieces; or, and which is more probable—becoming benumbed with the cold—for it was a very cold night, and the ground covered with snow, he lay down and froze to death, and the wolves then seized upon and mangled his body, which was terribly defaced when it was found a few days after. His remains were deposited in the burying ground at the village, and the bar subsequently procured a plain handsome marble slab, which they caused to be erected to his memory, and on which is engraved a neat and appropriate epitaph from the classic pen of my early friend and patron Gustavus Swan, Esq.

Judge Swan, when speaking to us of poor Pierce, and in connection, of the subject of duelling, used, I recollect to recount a variety of instances that had come within his knowledge, of individuals who had killed their antagonists in duels, and all of whom were, or seemed to be, more or less wretched and unhappy,—the argument being, that no man may wantonly take the life he cannot give—do that deed “gainst which the Almighty placed his canon,” and not ever after feel ready to exclaim (from mere compunction of conscience) in the pathetic language of despondency used by Cain,—when punished for his offence “O! Lord my punishment is greater than I can bear.”

The following parody on the beautiful lines of Goldsmith, were taken from the sign of a silk dyer. It undoubtedly obtained for him many a fair customer:

When lovely woman tilts her saucer,
And finds too late that tea will stain—
Whatever made a lady crosser,
What art can wash all white again?—
The only art the stain to cover,
To hide the spot from every eye;
And wear an unsoiled dress above her,
Of proper color, is—to dye.

HUMILITY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

“The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
—In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

“When Mary chose the “better part,”
She meekly sat at Jesus’ feet;
And Lydia’s gently opened heart
Was made for God’s own temple meet;
—Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

“The Saint that wears heaven’s brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of Glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends;
—Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
THE INDIAN CHIEF.

On a high rock against whose side,
The Schuylkill roll’d its gentle tide,
An Indian chieftain stood,
With arms close folded on his breast,
Fix’d as the stone he seemed to rest
Above the rushing flood.

Until (as if beneath the deep,
Some form awoke him from his sleep,
And call’d him to its side,) Forward a step he fearless sprang,
High in the air his arms he flung,
And loudly thus he cried.

“Father I come, I come to thee,
For my young heart would feign be free,
Would leave the white man’s home;
My light canoe now rots on shore,
The swift deer seeks these shades no more,
And I ’mongst strangers roam.

My tribe, a tired and weaken’d band,
Have sought a new and distant land,
Then Father now I come.”
He sprang from off the giddy height,
And sank forever from the sight,
Beneath the snowy foam.

EGO.

WHAT IS EARTH?

Though pleasures in their bright array
Strew roses on my sunny way;
Their fading flowers may I despise,
And heaven-ward lift my longing eyes,

Should joy ne’er come o’er my sad way,
Nor shed to cheer one smiling ray;
My Father let me not repine:
Grant bliss not mortal but divine.

If earthly hopes no longer beam—
If fled the vision, past the dream—
Yet, soothing thought! there is a place
Too joyous for e’en hope to bless.

Should friends, should trusted friends remove,
And cease to give me love for love;
O heavenly friend! I mourn them not,
Give me thy love, thou changest not.

When disappointments dark and dread,
Wreath cypress round my youthful head,
Direct my thoughts to that fair shore,
Where earthly ills are known no more.—M***

THE EARLY LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

We extract a single passage relating to WASHINGTON, from an oration recently delivered at Beverly, in Massachusetts, by EDWARD EVERETT. Those who have witnessed the felicitous style in which Mr. Everett addresses an audience, may feel the thrill which it may be supposed the delivery of this paragraph produced.—*Nat. Int.*

“Time would fail me to recount the horrors of the ninth of July 1755. WASHINGTON,—emaciated, reduced by fatigue and fever—had joined the army. He implored the ill-starred General to send forward the Virginia Rangers to scour the forest in advance; he besought him to conciliate the Indians. His counsels were unheeded; the wretched commander moved forward to his fate. Washington was often heard to say, in the course of his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever witnessed, was that of the British troops on this eventful morning. The whole detachment was clad in uniform, and moved as in a review, in regular columns, to the sound of martial music. The sun gleamed upon their burnished arms, the placid Monongahela flowed upon their right, and the deep native forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur, on their left. It was a bright midsummer’s day, and every bosom swelled with the confident expectation of victory. A few hours pass, and the forest rings with the yell of the savage enemy; the advance of the British army under Colonel Gage, afterwards the Governor of Massachusetts, is driven back on the main body, the whole force, panic-struck, confounded and disorganized, after a wild and murderous conflict of three hours, falls a prey to the invincible foe. They ran before the French and Indians “like sheep before the dogs.”—Of eighty-six officers, sixty-one were killed and wounded. The wretched General had four horses shot under him, and received at last his mortal wound, probably from an outraged provincial in his own army. The Virginia Rangers were the only part of the force that behaved with firmness; and the disorderly retreat of the British veterans was actually covered by the American militia men. Washington was the guardian angel of the day. He was every where in the hottest of the fight. “I expected every moment” said Dr. Craik, his friend, “to see him fall.” His voice was the only one which commanded obedience. Two horses were killed under him, and four bullets passed through his garments. No common fortune preserved his life. Fifteen years after the battle, Washington made a journey to the Great Kenhawa, accompanied by Dr. Craik. While exploring the wilderness, a band of Indians approached them, headed by a venerable chief. He told them, by an interpreter, the errand on which he came. “I come, said he, to behold my great father Washington. I have come a long way to see him.—I was with the French, in the battle of Monongahela. I saw my great Father on horseback, in the hottest of the battle. I fired my rifle at him many times, and I bade my young men also fire their rifles at him. But the Great Spirit turned away the bullets; and I saw that my great Father could not be killed in battle.” This anecdote rests on the authority of Dr. Craik, the comrade and friend of Washington, the physician who closed his eyes. Who needs doubt it? Six balls took effect on his horse and in his garments. Who does not feel the substantial truth of this tradition? Who, that has a spark of patriotic or pious sentiment in his bosom, but feels an inward assurance that a Heavenly presence overshadowed that field of blood, and preserved the great instrument of future mercies? Yes, gallant and beloved youth, ride safely as fearlessly through that shower of death! Thou art not destined to fall in the morning of life, in this distant wilderness. That won and wasted countenance shall yet

be lighted up with the sunshine of victory and peace! The days are coming and the years draw nigh, when thy heart, now bleeding for thy afflicted country shall swell with joy, as thou leadest forth her triumphant hosts, from a War of Independence!”

THE MOCKING BIRD.

That sweetest of American songsters, the rival of the nightingale of the Old World (the mocking-bird,) was in full song, and wooing its mate; and sweeter melody than that which filled the ear during the short southern twilight, and beguiled the hours of darkness, was surely never heard under the stars.—I have often listened to that song elsewhere, in the deep woods of North and West; but, whether it was the season, or the union of circumstances and thought which attuned my own temper and mind to the harmony, I think I never heard that inexplicably varied song poured forth with such effect as amid the sweet-scented dews of Darien. The air was filled with its vibrations, hour after hour, and every quality, power, clearness, and melody seemed united and perfected in the quiet efforts of that sweet-throated bird. Their numbers were greater than I had ever witnessed elsewhere. If you stole in the starlight up the river bank, from your seat under the piazzas of the village, there was no danger of your leaving the melody behind. There was a secluded dip on the shore full of palmetto and other low bushes, into which you descended by a winding footpath between rocky sandstone banks. A couple of canoes were moored within its shelter; and, at the foot of the sandstone rock, where an aged tree slanted across it, a fresh spring welled out and ran its short bubbling course to the river. Here it was delicious to linger in the darkness, and listen to the melody in the branches above you. And again, between this point and the village lay an ancient Indian Mound, on the verge of a lawn-like piece of level sward, extending from the steep high bank of the Alatomana some distance towards the forest; with groups of live oak sparkling over it, and thickening towards the cottages and rude church on its confines. Here on both evenings of our stay, I marked one of these syrens takes its perch on a solitary bush which broke the uniformity of the swell of the mound, and sit hour after hour, alternately listening to, and answering the notes of a male concealed among the thick foliage and hanging moss of a distant tree. I listened to it till I thought I could almost interpret its full varied tale, with its innumerable periods. If the intensity of feeling be at all commensurate with the intensity and power of expression, who shall fathom the depth of that which God has implanted in the little fluttering heart of these his songsters? What can match the thrilling extacy of those clear and redundant notes, or express the depth of pathos, of which those slow plaintive modulations convey an impression to the breast? There is nothing in nature that speaks to me more plainly of the goodness of God, than the overflowing, heartfelt, and joyous song of a bird. Is this not the voice of praise, and is it not a song of unutterable gratitude. Who can listen to a strain like this, or study the nature and attributes of any individuals within the scope of animate nature, without being struck with the degree of perfection which seems to be stamped on each in its sphere, however confined that may be; and, making the reflection, what a distinct line is to be drawn between man and them. The one we believe created with nobler powers and impulses, and for nobler ends; but, having fallen, now irregular and vacillating, subject to a thousand imperfections; the others, as far as we know, the creatures of a day; but how perfect and how uniform in their generations!

The greater the self denial, the greater the virtue.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

LACONICS—No. IV.

A lie is a breach of promise; for whoever seriously addresses his discourse to another, tacitly promises to speak the truth, because he knows that the truth is expected.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Live with the sad serenely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly—an author once added also, "with the wicked badly, with the wanton lasciviously," but I say avoid the society of the wanton and the wicked if you can.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Search carefully if one patiently finishes what he boldly began.

Decided ends are the sure signs of a decided character.

Associate with people rather above than below your rank, and rather older than younger than yourself.

Complaisance obliges whilst it reprehends, without this the best advice seems but a reproach, praise disagreeable, and conversation troublesome.

Every one may excel in something.

A man of sense is a man acquainted with business and letters.

A man who is awkward from bashfulness is a clown—as one who is throwing off a number of impertinent airs and graces at every turn, is a coxcomb and an upstart.

It is a man's business to consider men's several characters and circumstances of life, with the different bias and way of thinking they give to the mind, that he may so conduct himself in his behaviour and manner of speaking, as will render him most respectable and gain him the good esteem of those he addresses.

Trouble not the company with your own private concerns, as you do not love to be troubled with those of others. Yours are as little to them as theirs are to you.

Inattention is ill manners, it shows contempt, and contempt is never forgiven.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

Irresolution in the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness.

Acasto has natural good sense, good nature and discretion. So that every man enjoys himself in his company.

It is incredible how an orderly division of the day gives apparent rapidity to the wings of time, whilst a stated devotion of the hour to its employment really lengthens life.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

Be simple in your manners and noble in all your proceedings.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few

No revenge is more heroic than that which torments envy by doing good.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

By other's faults wise men correct their own.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

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.

Fly him who from mere curiosity asks three questions running about a thing that cannot concern him.

The generous never recounts minutely the actions he has done, nor the prudent those he will do.

The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildness is the wrath of a generous mind.

Common sense is the foundation of man's happiness in his commerce with others.

A sincere man is consistent with himself, he is never embarrassed, he has courage enough for truth but to lie he is afraid. He is far above the meanness of dissimulation; the words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart. Yet with patience and caution he openeth his lips; he studieth what is right and speaketh with discretion.

Study to be silent respecting yourself, your birth, your fortune, your acquisitions. If you are eminent for anything let others find it out and speak your praise. The utmost you can say of yourself will have but little effect, for no judgment of character will be passed by people of sense from what you may pretend.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives, the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favor.

In your politics think no further than how to preserve the peace of your life in any government under which you may live.

Raphael in return to Adams's inquiries into the course of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and instead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects; the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

A man must live by the world and make the best of it, such as it is.

He who discovers his secrets to another, sells him his liberty and becomes his slave.

Assume a virtue if you have it not.

Let every man mind his own business and leave the government of the country to the governor thereof.

Who seldom speaks, and with one calm well timed word, strikes dumb the loquacious, is a genius among those who steady nature.

Discourse not in a whisper or half voice to your next neighbour, it is ill breeding, and in some degree a fraud, conversation being, as one has well observed, a joint and common property.

Accommodate yourself to the circumstances in which you are placed.

Let your whole conduct be not only irreproachable but unsuspected.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER I.

Algiers, 19th Sept. 1834.

My dear Friend,—One day that I was in the King's library at Paris, exploring books on ancient geography, I cast my eyes on a point of the map* that corresponds with the site of the city. Its recent eventful history rushed full on my thoughts, and seemed to rebuke them for dwelling on the dead more than the living. The question of how widely and how soon this conquest of Algiers may throw open the gates of African civilization, is it not infinitely more interesting than any musty old debate among classic typographers? To confine our studies to mere antiquities is like reading by candle-light with our shutters closed, after the sun has risen. So I closed the volume I was perusing, and wished myself with all my soul at Algiers. Ah, but the distance—the "*mare saxum et importunum*" of Africa—the heat that must be endured—and the pestilence that may be encountered—do not these considerations make the thing impossible? No, not impossible. I said to myself, on second thoughts; the distance is not so great, and the risk of contagion has been braved by thousands with impunity; I will see this curious place. I went to my friend, M. Galignani, and told him my intention; he introduced me to Mons. Lawrence, who was soon to return to the colony as the Procureur de Roi. M. Lawrence, with the greatest friendliness, sent me about a dozen books relating to the colony, and offered, if I would accompany him in the mail-post to Toulon, to procure me a passage from thence to Algiers in the Government steam-packet. Unfortunately for me, I had too much baggage to be accommodated in the mail, so I had to set out in the diligence, trusting to meet with M. Lawrence at Marseilles. As I travelled night and day, I had but a hasty view of the country, and when I reached Marseilles, I found that the Procureur de Roi had got before me, and (as I concluded) was embarked at Toulon. A merchant vessel was to sail for Algiers the next morning; I took a berth on board of her, being anxious to get across before the season of the equinoctial gales; I have since learnt that these gales are not so punctual to their visits to the Mediterranean during the autumn as to other seas. Meanwhile, an advice which M. Lawrence had given me dwelt in my mind, namely, by all means to take a servant with me from Europe, as the Algerine lodging-houses leave you very much to serve yourself. The only day therefore which I spent in the most interesting city of Southern France was devoted, not to seeing its curiosities, but to searching for the most valuable of all curiosities—a faithful domestic. A young man with an honest-looking countenance, who reminded me of your inestimable servant George, brought me a certificate of his character for a twelve-month past; but farther back the recommender could not speak for him, and there was a mystery over his anterior biography which makes me fear he was only an outside resemblance of George. I engaged him, nevertheless. He said he was a British subject, and a native of Gibraltar; but when I took him to a British Consul, his answers were not so satisfactory as to procure a passport. He then recollected that he had been born at Cadiz; the Spanish Consul, however, doubted the accuracy of his memory. Afterwards he discovered that he was a native of Naples, but with no better success. In fine, we went hither and yonder in search of some testimony as to his birth,

which seemed to be as doubtful as that of Homer, only with this difference, that the cities where he alleged he had been born seemed to vie with each other rather in disowning, than claiming, the honour of his nativity; and nobody would give him a passport. So I was obliged to embark alone—a knight-errant without a squire.

I sailed from Marseilles the 11th inst. and we crossed the Mediterranean in six days. That they were not in all respects the pleasantest days of my life you will easily imagine, when I tell you that twelve of us adult passengers, besides an obstetrical child of four years old, were potted alive in a cabin nine feet square. There was no refuge during the day-time on deck, for it seemed to be kept from being set on fire by the sun only by incessant buckets of water. It is true that we could sally from our den in the evening, and in the night-time we had some repose, but it was constantly interrupted at day-break by the impious brat I have mentioned, beating a toy-drum, and bawling lustily when it was taken from him. At last the very mother who had borne him lost all patience; she threw his plaything into the sea, and threatened to send the little drummer himself after it. Several of us humanely, but in vain, implored her to fulfil her threat. We were fortunate, however, as to our ship's crew, who, from the captain down to the mousse, or cabin-boy, were all assiduously attentive to us. The Mediterranean trading-vessels have generally a bad character for feeding their passengers with tough salt fish, and laying to at meal-times, to make the rocking of the ship an antidote to their guests partaking freely even of that sorry fare. But here we had excellent food and wine, though the passage-price was very moderate. One day we had even a fête and plenty of champagne; it was when a brother skipper came on board and dined with us. He was a strange mad-cap, who, not contented with being master of a ship, imagined himself also master of the "Belles Lettres" and philosophy. Nay, he was a poet to boot, and, to my misfortune, learning that I was a *littérateur*, he cruelly inflicted several dozens of his own verses on my naked ears. It was a voyage altogether with many sufferings, but with some consolations. The cool of the evening gave us breath and appetite to sup upon deck, and, in order to promote cheerfulness, it was made a law that we should all sing after supper in turn, *whether we could sing or not*. I never recognised more of the natural gaiety of the French character, and I fell in with it the more easily, inasmuch as that, bating the discomforts I have described, and in the absence of stomachic affliction, I was, as far as the mind is concerned, very tolerably happy. The prospect of seeing a new quarter of the globe, and of desecrating even afar off Mount Atlas, with his head in the clouds and his feet in the sands of the desert—this prospect every now and then made my thoughts, I could almost say, delicious; and I blessed my fate that I had not in youth exhausted the enjoyment of travelling.

We passed between the islands of Majorca and Minorca, but at too great a distance to observe distinctly the features of either of their shores.

Early in the morning of the day before yesterday, I awoke to the joyous sound of land having been discovered from the mast-head, and to the sight of landbirds wheeling around our sails. I should think that as far as thirty miles off we saw the whole portion of the Algerine territory, which stretches on the east along Cape Matifou, and on the west along the peninsula of Sidi Ferruch, where the French first landed in their invasion of the regency. At that distance, and even when you come nearer, by a great many miles, the view of Algiers from the sea is not beautiful. It is true that the tops of the lesser Atlas form a fine background in the south, but the prospect as-

* The ancient Roman city Icosium.

sumes not its full picturesqueness till you come almost within a mile of the shore. Farther off, the city itself looks like a triangular quarry of lime or chalk, on the steep side of a hill, whilst the country-houses that dot the adjacent heights seem like little parcels of the same material lying on fields that are to be manured. On nearer approach, however, the imagined quarry turns out to be a surprising city, and the specks on the adjoining hills to be square and castle like houses, embosomed in groves and gardens.

No town that I have ever seen possesses, in proportion to its size, so many contiguous villas as Algiers; and their brilliance and high position give a magnificent appearance to this suburban portion of the coast. Meanwhile the city itself, when you come in full view of it, has an aspect, if not strictly beautiful, at least impressive from its novelty and uniqueness. Independently, indeed, of its appearance, its very name makes the first sight of Algiers create no ordinary sensations, when one thinks of all the Christian hearts that have throbbled with anguish on approaching this very spot. Blessed be our stars, that we have lived to see the chains of slavery broken here, and even about to be unrivelled on the other side of the Atlantic! But, without these associations, the view of Algiers is interesting from its strangeness to an European eye. It is walled all round in the old style of fortification, its whole mural circuit being, I should think, about a mile and a half. It forms a triangle on the steep side of a hill, the basis of which is close to the sea, whilst its apex is crowned by the Cassaba, or citadel. That strong place was the palace of the last Dey. His predecessors had dwelt at the foot of the town; but so many of them had died a violent death, that Hussein Pasha thought a higher position would enable him to take better care of his loving subjects and faithful Janissaries; so he removed quietly one night, with all his treasures, to the Cassaba. Farther off, on a still higher hill, stands the Emperor's Fort—so called from having been built by Charles V.—which commands the whole town. The terraced and square houses which rise, seemingly, condensed, close behind one another, are, like the forts and city walls, all washed with lime, and dazzling as snow.

These objects, together with the pier and light-house, the batteries, lined, tier over tier, with hundreds of enormous cannon on the sea-side rock, give an imposing aspect to the city that seems to justify its old appellation of "Algiers the warlike." At the same time the mosques and minarets, surmounted by the crescent, remind you that you are now among the Moslems; while a palm-tree which is visible, though remotely, seemed to me like a graceful characteristic feather on the brow of an African landscape.

I had soon, however, a less agreeable indication than the palm-tree of having got to a southern latitude. There was no keeping below when one came close to so interesting a scene; and, as they advanced, the deck became burning hot. The officers of health, as they are called, detained us for two hours in the harbour, gasping and execrating them, before they would visit the ship and permit us to land. I had been recently so sick as to bring up blood. I now grew feverish, faint, and almost blind. I felt bereft of every faculty except my fancy, and this was ill-naturedly busy in persuading me, falsely, that I was about to die. When the boat arrived that was about to take us ashore, I could not so much as rise to see my luggage put into it. It was then that a fellow-passenger befriended me in my utmost need. This was a smart, intelligent, little man of the name of Biron, whom I had supposed, from his appearance, to be some officer pretty high in the civil service; but he told me that he was returning to his perruquier's shop in Algiers. However, if he was not in the civil service, his hu-

manity calls me to remember him as a most civil and serviceable friend, and I need not say that I associated romance with his name. He took charge of my effects, and saw them safely through the Custom-house. What passed in that hour of landing in Africa—when I fell on my knees on the shore, like Scipio, but from exhaustion and not enthusiasm—is but indistinctly marked in my memory; but I recollect being glad that there were no ladies in the boat, for we passed many young Arabs, obviously grown to manhood, some of whom were fishing in barges, and others swimming about, as naked as they were born. I recollect, also, that the native porters seized on our baggage with as much impudence as if they had been at Calais, and that my languid spirits were much refreshed by the sound of some hearty whacks of his cane which my friend, the perruquier, bestowed on those infidels. Without the aid of his arm I could not have got to the nearest inn. On reaching the hotel, its solid walls seemed to me to rock like the ship which I had quitted. I threw myself on a bed; my predominant sensation was thirst, but the roof, the floor, and the sides of my apartment were all sheer masonry, and there was neither bell nor other means of summoning a waiter. My faithful Biron, however, soon returned to my relief. He procured for me lodgings and a servant. I slept soundly that night, except when I was shortly, but not unpleasantly awakened, by the chaunt of the Mouzeens on the minarets, proclaiming the hour of prayer.

I now write to you from lodgings which I have taken in the house of M. Descousse, a respectable merchant in Algiers, who was formerly a captain in Napoleon's cavalry, and is at present colonel of the national foot-guards of Algiers. The national foot-guards, I understand, amount to between five and six hundred; there is a national horse-guard also, but it reckons only one company. M. Descousse's house formerly belonged to the Aga of the Janissaries; it may be surpassed by one or two mansions of Algiers in gilded alcoves, sculptured fountains, and other ornaments, but, upon the whole, it is a fair sample of the best Algerine habitations. From the street you enter into the lowest, or ground floor, which is dimly lighted by a window over the door. The main apartment here is employed by my landlord as a porter's hall; but, in bygone times, the Aga, surrounded by his servants, used to sit in it smoking his pipe and receiving visitors. On one side of this gloomy hall there are vaulted apartments which were formerly used as stables; but since the Christian conquest of Algiers, they have been converted into wine-cellar. From the ground, you ascend by two flights of white marble stairs in full daylight, and to a court of some thirty feet square, paved with marble. This court, with a gallery passing in front of each side of its quadrangle, tier over tier, to the height of three stories, remind you of our old English inns; only it is more elegant, and the white marble pillars, contrasted with the green and yellow glazed tiles that line the staircases, as well as the arches and floor of each gallery, produce a rich effect. From these galleries, large and handsome folding doors of wood, curiously carved, open into the rooms. The internal aspect of the house, as you look up to it from the court, is upon the whole imposing, and on the terrace of the uppermost story there is a commanding and magnificent view of the city, the sea, and its ships, and the distant mountains. To save the eyes from being painfully dazzled, it is however necessary to consult this prospect either by moonlight or by mitigated day-light. Here I meet with my fellow lodgers in the cool of the evening, among whom is Dr. Révière, physician to the civil hospital, an intelligent, far-travelled, and accomplished man. He distinguished himself much in Egypt by his skilful treatment of the plague. His

lady is a fair daughter of Pennsylvania. In the Turkish time, men were not privileged to walk on these roof-terraces; the women enjoyed them alone, and used to visit each other by climbing ladders up and down to the contiguous houses. Hitherto I have seen no Moorish ladies upon them; but the Jewesses ogle their admirers on the house-tops with a sort of feline familiarity.

Notwithstanding all this showy architecture, the apartments of the Moorish houses are gloomy and comfortless. They have a few loop-holes in the outer wall towards the street, but receive their air and light principally through windows that look inwardly upon the court. These windows, which are latticed either with black or white iron, and without glass, except where Europeans have put it in, give the mansion a look of what it was really meant to be, when constructed—a family prison, where it was as easy to watch the inmates as in any of our most approved penitentiaries. Niches in the walls, which have generally doors, serve for presses and cupboards. One side of each quadrangular story, in an Algerine house, contains only one long and narrow room, but a show of three apartments is made out by a wall, built half-way up to the right and left of the central room, which faces to the door. At the risk of broken bones, you ascend by a ladder to the top of these walls, and there you find a new floor of glazed tiles in either side-room, with a curtain hung from the roof so as to form two *quasi* apartments. Until the French arrived, a chimney was unknown to the Algerines, except in their kitchens, or, peradventure, in the house of a foreign consul; and it is still difficult to find lodgings with such a comfort. Yet the climate, they tell me, is very chilly in the rainy months; and a Frenchman who has been in Norway declares to me that he had suffered less from the cold *there* than *here*. The sole objects of Moorish house-building seem to have been to exclude the heat and confine the women.

LETTER II.

Algiers Sept. 29th, 1834.

I have hitherto perambulated only a part of this city, but I understand it contains 153 streets, 14 blind alleys, and five places that can be called courts or squares; of the last of these, however, only the grand square near the sea is of any extent. Thanks to the demolitions made by the French, it is spacious and commodious. As to the rest of Algiers, it is, with the exception of one or two streets, a labyrinth of the narrowest, gloomiest, and most crooked lanes that were ever inhabited by human beings. In many of them two persons can scarcely walk abreast; and if you encounter an ass laden with wood, it behoves you to pull up cleverly to one side, if you wish to keep your lower venter from being torn up by a protruding faggot. The narrowness of the streets is, no doubt, some protection from the heat, and from the rain also, where the houses join their projecting upper stories into an arcade; but the stagnation of air which it occasions, together with the steaming offal and decayed vegetables that meet you at every corner, make me wonder that Algiers is ever free from putrid fevers. There are, however, large covered sewers, which rid the city of much of its filth, and might carry it all off, if the streets were properly swept. The city is also well supplied with water. There are four aqueducts which bring it from the neighbouring heights, and which feed sixty-four public fountains, besides seventy-eight in private houses. The sewers are said to have been constructed by the Romans in a city that pre-occupied the place of Algiers. For their aqueducts, the Algerines were indebted, in 1611, to one of the Moors who had been driven out of Spain, and who, having discovered a spring near

the Emperor's Fort, about three-quarters of a mile from the city, laid his project for supplying the city with water before the Dey. It was approved of and executed, and the projector was well rewarded. Every fountain has a ladle chained to it for the common use, with some arabesque and sculpture on the stones, and an inscription which, I take it for granted, as a verse of the Koran—probably recommending Adam's wine as a beverage, in preference to stronger liquors. The Mussulmans are fond of quoting texts from their holy book. On an executioner's sword I have seen inscribed, in golden letters, "God is merciful."

I account for my continuing to be interested in this ugly place, only by the novelty of objects which it presents. The diversity of the people and of their costume is not only amusing to the eye, but it stirs up a curiosity in the mind respecting the history of so many races, and the causes of their concourse. The "Grand Place," as I have told you, affords the only tolerable promenade. Here, at the market-time of a morning, you see not only the various people, but the animal and vegetable productions of nature displayed in rich picturesqueness. It has been a perfect treat to me, for several days, to lounge here before breakfast. How I long for the pencil of a Flemish painter to delineate to you the human figures of all complexions and dresses!—the turbaned Moor—the Jew, with his sly face, and his spouse Rebecca, with her yard-long head-dress behind her. I could not pass even the Jew boys that blacken shoes, without being struck by the nimbleness of their tongues, and the comic play of their countenances. They all speak French, and seem the happiest creatures on earth; excepting, perhaps, the half-naked negroes, who are always chattering and laughing loudest, in proportion to the scantiness of duds upon their backs. I omit the Europeans, for they rather spoil the picture. Particularly striking is the looks of the Kabyles, the aboriginal highlanders of Barbary, who have, all of them, a fierce air, and many of them, legs and arms that would not disgrace the grenadier company of the 42d. Taller, and generally slenderer, are the Arabs descended from those who conquered the country in the seventh century. They are distinguishable by vivid black eyes, shaped like an almond laid sideways; and though many of them look wretched and squalid, you see some among them whose better drapery and forms, and fine Old Testament heads, give them a truly patriarchal appearance. I thought myself looking on a living image of antiquity, as I stood this morning beside a majestic old Arab, whilst he made the camels he had led into the market kneel before him to be unloaded of their enormous cargoes of herbs and fruits.—I felt "my very een enriched" at the sight of the vegetable treasures around me, glowing with all the colours of the rainbow—splendid heaps of purple grapes in one pannier, and oranges, peaches, lemons, pomegranates in another. Here were spread out in piles the huge and golden-hued melons and pompions, and there the white garlic, "and the scarlet and green pepper-pods," together with the brown melogines, an excellent pot-vegetable, in size, shape, and colour resembling a polished coconut. Altogether the vegetable profusion here beats even that of Convent Garden: the only exception to its glory is, that their carrots, turnips, and potatoes are smaller and dearer, in proportion to general prices, than with us. I was particularly astonished at the cheapness of Barbary figs—ten for a sou—in Scotch, a bawbee. It is a fruit entirely distinct from the true fig, and, though sweet, is insipidly flavoured; but still it is nutritious, especially if the stomach requires a slight astringent. I ceased to be surprised at its cheapness, when I found that it grows wild on the roadside, and may be had for the trouble of gathering. It is not an universal production over Barbary, but,

where it grows, the poorer Arabs live on it almost entirely during the weeks when it is in season. It is about the size of an ordinary lemon, and grows on cactusbush. This plant, the cactus, does not assume the shape of a tree till its leaves, which are about ten inches long, and an inch thick, twist themselves together into a trunk. It affords the singular phenomenon of leaf springing out of leaf. The leaves are thickly covered with prickles, which, when, they get into the flesh, are with much difficulty coaxed out of it. It is much used for hedges about Algiers; but, if you should ever come to this country, my dear friend, I exhort you never to let your linen to be spread out on the cactus. An affecting story is told of a Dutch family who had a country-house near this city. In the house there were five plump, interesting daughters, who, in an evil hour gave, their garments to be washed to an ignorant European laundress. She hung them out to dry on these prickly bushes, and such evils were entailed on the lovely wearers of them, that they could neither sit nor recline with comfort, for a week or two afterwards. There is also a fish-market here; but its smell not being so inviting as that of the vegetables, I took an informant's word for it, that the fishes are the same with those caught on the opposite coast of the Mediterranean.

Among the indigenous quadrupeds, the stately camels, of course, are first to command your attention. Their tall slender foals, with their curly fleeces, look as gentle as lambs; but in the grown animal's physiognomy there is a ferocity which is not always absent from his real character. The camel is not that meek animal which report generally leads us to suppose him. I went up to pat one of them, but he showed his teeth with so menacing a cry, that I made a precipitate retreat from him. He is particularly fierce in the rutting season, and is then sometimes dangerous even to his native owner. It is true that the Arab contrives almost always to manage and attach him, though he loads him heavily, and treats him often to hard fare, even now and then to a blow; but, on the whole, the Arab deals kindly with him, and gives him good provender, when he can afford it. The animal, in fact, grows up like a child under the tent of his master, partakes of his plenty as well as his penury—enjoys his song, and understands his biddings. His docility springs from habit and affection—nay, we may almost say from moral feeling; for he rebels when his temper is not sagaciously managed. When the French came to Algiers, and got possession of camels, they thought that their obedience might be enforced, like that of mules and asses, by simple beating; but the camels soon showed their conquerors that they were not to be so treated, and that both their kick and their bite were rather formidable.

The horse here may be believed to have degenerated from the old Numidian breed; for he is lanky, and seldom elegantly shaped, and he never shows the blended fire and muscle of a prime English horse. Yet I am told that his hardihood and fleetness are often astonishing, and that his speed in sweeping down declivities would tax the horsemanship of an English jockey. It is surprising how safe and serviceable these animals are, though never mutilated. They will certainly give a snap at times, both in joke and earnest, but they are seldom vicious; and I am just come from seeing a "cheval entier," a beautiful creature, who will put his paw into your hand for the bribe of a sugar plum. The mules are large and powerful. Of the asses there are two kinds—one, of the true old biblical size, that might take Saul upon his back; the other, very diminutive, and most wretchedly treated. In the streets you are never a moment without hearing the cry of "Harri, harri," from a human brute of a driver, who is urging the speed of some of these unfortunate little donkeys, and making them feel his

command by goading them with an iron spike on that part of their hips where a wound has already been made and left open.

I have seen no sale of live cattle in the square, unless you give the name of cattle to a poodle-dog, a raton, a monkey, or a caged wild-cat, which is now and then offered for sale. I was particularly struck yesterday with the beauty of one the last of these animals. She lay so sleekly and gracefully on herbed of straw, that if she had been tried for killing birds and rabbits, I could not have condemned her. Near her was a long-nosed animal, which the French call a raton, about seventeen inches without the tail, though I believe he has nothing of the rat about him but his name, for his eyes are gentle, and he suffers himself to be caressed. I am told, however, that he is treacherous, and a devil among the poultry.

Still more was I fascinated by a white, sagacious poodle, who whined in my face, and beseeched me to buy him, in a dog-like more persuasive than Ciceronian Latin. He told me all about it, and how cruelly hard it was to be standing the live-long day, tied by a string to the hand of his salesman. I bought him, and took him home; was ever dog in this world so happy? I thought he would have gone mad with joy. The French maid-servant exclaimed, as he ramped up and down, "*Il est fou—il est fou.*" Unhappily for herself, the poor cat of the house encountered him. He seized her by the nape of the neck, but without hurting her, except that her pride was offended, and galloped round the gallery with her, as she uttered hissing and gurgling sounds from her throat, and sprawled with ludicrously unavailing efforts to scratch him. At last he dropped her, and, coming to an open window, showed his contempt of Mohammedan delusion, by howling in exact accordance with the voice of an old Mouzeen, who was proclaiming the hour of prayers from an opposite mosque.

But the most popular candidate for purchase at Algiers is a small tail-less monkey, about a foot and a half in height. These gentlemen, though the most diminutive of the simious tribes in Barbary, are more formidable when they congregate and get shelter among the woods about Collo and Bougia, than the wildest beasts of the forest. They devastate in a single night whole orchards and corn fields. They are cunning and regular in their tactics, having leaders, sentinels, and spies. They have a regular discipline, and a system of warfare: at least I have been told so. No traveller is accountable for all that he relates upon hearsay; it is enough if he quotes his authorities, and I can assure you that a highly respectable French drummer gave me his word of honour as to the fact, that the monkeys of Bougia are well officered, and that their commander-in-chief has a regular staff. Quory, might he not mean a switch? Yet, formidable as they are in their strategies, the natives contrive to make many of them prisoners. The Kabyle peasant attaches a gourd, well fixed, to a tree; he puts some rice into it, and strews some grains at the aperture to show that there may be more within, making a hole just large enough to admit the paw of the monkey. Unfortunate pug puts in his open paw and grasps his booty, but is unable to draw it back, because it is clenched, and he is not wise enough to think of unclenching it. Hence he remains, as the law phrases it, with "*his person attached*," and is found next morning, looking, you may suppose, very foolish and penitent. The olden custom was to put him instantly to death, but, as he will now fetch twenty-francs at Algiers, he is sentenced only to transportation, so that the monkeys are at least one part of the population who have been benefitted by the arrival of the French.

The streets of Algiers, as I have told you, are very

dismal; and really, when you meet a Moorish woman, under their gloom, in a drapery much resembling the dress of our dead in England, and looking as much as possible like a mummy or a ghost, she is far from inspiring gallant sensations. Where you have light to see them, the bandiness of their legs is generally observable under their shrouds, and the shrivelled skin around their eyes indicates that there is no great cruelty in their veiling themselves. Still I must own that I have not seen the Moorish ladies so as to judge of them fairly.

The population of the city of Algiers must have been greatly exaggerated by the guesses of travellers in the last century, for it is impossible to conceive 80,000 or 100,000 human creatures ever to have been packed together within its walls. The French census in 1833 enumerates the inhabitants thus:—11,850 Moors, 1874 negroes, 5949 Jews, 2185 French (of course not including soldiers), and 1895 other foreigners, making a sum total of 23,753.

Algiers has one Catholic church, formerly a mosque, and fourteen Jewish synagogues. The religious houses of the Mussulmans, by far the most imposing of their public buildings, amounted before the arrival of the French to ten large mosques, and fifty marabouts or chapels; several of them, however, have been occupied by the French for military convenience, and some of the marabouts demolished. The mosques are almost all alike. At the entry there is a fountain, with water flowing into a basin, where the Mussulmans perform their ablutions before they prostrate themselves in prayer. Every mosque has an octagonal dome, and a tall minaret, like our steeple, terminating in a crescent, to which a piece of wood is attached whereon to plant a flag, when the mauseen ascends to the battlements of the minaret in order to call the faithful to prayer, that his signal may be seen when his voice cannot be heard. Some of the minarets are covered with glazed tiles of different colours, which have rather a gaudy effect.

The largest mosque of Algiers stands at the entrance of the street leading from the harbour. It is a long rectangular edifice, divided longitudinally into three naves by two rows of pillars, and, under the dome, at about two-thirds of the length of the building, there are two other rows of pillars, which form a cross with the former. On each side of the grand nave there are galleries supported on pillars, of which those nearest the door are public, whilst those beyond the dome are appropriated to the gentry. Five or six lustres of glass, and several lamps, are suspended with chains along the whole length of the grand nave, as well as along the two rows of pillars which intersect the dome. The lamps are lighted for the evening prayers, but the lustres only on grand occasions, such as the feast of the Bayram. There is a niche for the Imams, and a pulpit, ascended by a flight of stairs, for the preacher. Mats of reed and rich carpets are spread on the pavement.

There are a great many vapour-baths in Algiers. In these establishments, you enter a chamber paved with marble, vaulted, and lighted from above by small glass windows. The steam is created by hot water being poured into basins that stand on the sides of the room. A Moorish young man, who conducts you hither, is arrayed only in a linen cloth around his middle, and after dismantling you of your customary dress, he affords you a similar covering. After you have been seated for some minutes on a bench, inhaling the vapour and perspiring plentifully, he throws warm water over you,—rubs, or rather scrapes the skin, pats and paws the whole body, except what the cloth covers, as if he were kneading dough, singing all the time an Arabian song, and finally dries you with a towel. In an old account of Algiers by an Englishman, I find that this operation in the baths

used to be quite formidable to a stranger—there was such rubbing with pumice-stones, and stretching the joints till they cracked. The treatment now-a-days is sufficiently gentle, but I felt myself less invigorated by it than by the cold or tepid bath.

The coffee-houses and shops of Algiers are rather amusing—I mean those that exhibit the old Algerine manners. In the best French coffee-houses I observed several Moors, but you recognized them at once, by their fine white turbans and dresses, as well as by their manners, to be men of the upper class. The other evening I took my coffee near two of them, each of whom I was told was supposed to be worth at least £40,000 sterling. I was, at first, Englishman enough to laugh at the idea of men worth £40,000 going about with bare legs; but, recollecting my own Highland origin, I said to myself,—and has not the chieftain of my own clan, in the best old times, shewn as much of his naked limbs? I have seen a Highland clergyman mount the pulpit in a flabberg. I was struck with the perfectly gentlemanlike air of these Moors. There was grace in every movement of their white and shapely hands. By the tones of their voices, I knew that they were arguing, but it was with mildness and light pleasantry, and their Arabic sounded like a musical language in comparison with the guttural harshness of the common speech. These gentlemen Moors sat in chairs like the Europeans.

In the native Algerine coffee-houses you find the Moors and Arabs squatting themselves for hours on benches, smoking and sipping black and sugarless coffee, which in taste much resembles worm-powders. There they also play at two games, which, as far as I could observe, are like drafts and chess. They listen meanwhile to the vocal and instrumental music of their ingenious minstrels—a music which, to an European ear, if I may judge by my own, is unintelligible and execrable. They have a finger-guitar, with four strings, a fiddle with only two, and a flageolet, which is their best instrument, though bad is the best. I have seen them also use a drum made of parchment stretched over a jar of burnt clay. The jar might indeed be painted as a symbol of their music. Really against an Algerine concert I would almost pit the bag-pipes of Lochabar. A Highland piper gives you at least some idea of lilt or rhythm in his rudest pibroch—something to which you could dance or beat time; but in the Algerine airs I could discern no rhythm.—What, you will say, melody without rhythm? it is impossible, and the fault was in your ears. Well, I own to you the utter difficulty of imagining music without rhythm, and I thought at first that the fault lay wholly in my own ear; but when I spoke on the subject with a Frenchman here, who is the leader of a regimental band, he told me that the rhythm in Moorish melodies is so capricious as to puzzle him.*

The natives have also a sort of opera-house of their own, where Mooreesses dance unveiled—if their monotonous, see-saw movements can be called a dance. Of course the reputed purity of those ladies cannot be compared with the unsunned snow, but, in justice to the beauty of the Algerine fair sex, which I have impeached upon suspicion, I ought to say that more than one of these opera-women appeared to me exceedingly handsome.

The shops that have been opened by the French are of course after the fashion of Europe; but those of

* A later period of my residence in Algiers, a most accomplished vocal musician, the lady of Colonel De Verger, had the kindness to write out for me the notes of some Algerine airs; but said she, "I have been obliged to put a rhythm of my own to them, for I never could discern what the natives mean the rhythm to be."

the Moors and Jews are in general formed by a recess in the side of a house, some four feet deep, and seven feet long, and raised a step above the ground. In these booths you see the tailor sewing an embroidered garment, the shoe-maker shaping slippers of morocco-leather, and a variety of native artisans plying their different trades. In the butchers' shops I observed a luxury (at least we Scotchmen esteem it as such) which I little expected to meet with so far from home, namely, a single sheep's head. The meat here is but indifferent. The restaurants effect the Parisian cuisine; but, whether it be the fault of the cook, the viands, or the climate, I have had little gastronomic pleasure since my arrival.

The general food of the natives is couscous, a preparation of flour somewhat like macaroni, but enriched with a mixture of the yolk of eggs, and stewed with a little portion of animal food. I found it very palatable, though a little too highly peppered. Far different were my sensations when I tasted a bit of their mutton, which they preserve unsalted in suet. I believe they smoke it first; it is horrible stuff.

Before the arrival of the French, an European could not find at Algiers either an inn or an eating-house. The African merchants arriving in the city had, and still have, covered bazaars where there goods are laid, with sleeping-places in the upper stories, forming a rude hostellerie. Near one of these bazaars I remarked also a cook's shop—a miserable dirty hole, where a Moor was roasting bits of meat about the size of a walnut, spitted on an iron wire, over a charcoal fire before the shop. When they were done, he whipped them cleverly off the spit into the plates of his customers, who grabbed them with their dirty hands, and seemed to relish them much.

As the Algerines shave their heads, though not their beards, they have barbers among them, and the barbers' shops are here, as they have ever been in a simple state of society, great places of resort for loungers. They are a great deal larger than the shops of other artisans, sometimes fifteen feet deep and proportionably broad, with benches around them for the loungers to seat themselves. On the walls they have daubs of pictures representing naval victories of the Algerines over the Christians, executed, I am sorry to believe, by Christian artists who had been prisoners here. Here the Moslem has his head shaved and his beard stained. The Algerine barber is, as every where else, a mighty newsman. In these shops the French spies reported that they have found conspiracies hatched, and plans laid for insurrection, which probably never existed.

I compute that the expense of living at Algiers is about as dear at present as it is at Paris. The arrival of the French, it may easily be imagined, raised the price of almost everything. That of wheat, and all manner of meat, was quickly trebled, and fowls and ducks soared in the market to a height of cost which they had never before been known to attain. Yet, though the great part of vires thus rose, some of them kept stationary. Honey and sugar, for instance, remained the same, the former at 80 and the latter at 60 centimes* for the pound of 27 ounces. Brandy also continued steady, though it has been far from steady either the heads or health of the French. In this climate a moderate infusion of brandy in water is not unwholesome, except in a particular state of the body, when internal inflammation is threatened. But the poor common soldier understands not the point of moderation. It is difficult to conceive how he gets money to poison himself with brandy, for his pay leaves him only a sou a day for pocket-money; but so it is, that he gets frequently enough of it to be sent to-day to the hospital, and to-morrow to the grave.

* A centime is the hundredth part of a franc.

The French have hitherto lost here about 3,000 soldiers a year, and one of their physicians tells me that at least a sixth part of them have fallen victims to sheer drunkenness.

During the last three months of the present year, wheat averaged 9 francs 75 cents, for 45 kilograms. The kilogram is about 2lbs. weight, and 9 francs 75 cents, make, at the exchange of £1 sterling for 24 francs, 8s. 7 3/4 d. for 90 lbs. of wheat; which is about 40s. a quarter. Beef averaged at 40 cents, the half kilogram, about 4d. a pound; veal was a trifle cheaper, and mutton a trifle dearer. Fowls rated at 1s. 1d. a piece. Rice at about 17s. by the cwt. Potatoes at 4s. 4d. the cwt. An ass-load of wood at 1s. 3d., and the same load of charcoal at about 3s. 6d. Finally, vin ordinaire (it is very ordinary indeed) may be had for about 2d. a bottle; but from logwood dye and alum I should think that an equally good beverage might be prepared still cheaper.

LETTER III.

I was three days at Algiers before I called either on the British Consul General, Mr. St. John, or Mr. Tulin, the Vice-Consul; but I had scarcely left my name at the consulate, when the latter brought me a friendly message from Mr. St. John, requesting me to visit him as often as I could at this villa, where he resides in summer, and in the meantime to use his town house for my lodgings. The latter offer I declined for the present, but I agreed to avail myself frequently of his rural hospitality. The first morning that I went out to his country house was uncommonly mild for an autumnal day in Africa. A fresh sea-breeze tempered the sun's rays, and brought a delightful breath and murmur from the sea. Having sallied out from the gate of Babel-el-Oued, I passed the cemetery of the Jews with its splendid white marble tombs and curious Hebrew epitaphs, as well as the gardens of the late Dey, which, though square and formal, are large and not destitute of beauty. The road to the Consul's house, which is a short league from town, goes round those gardens up a steep ascent, where the country presents at first only a sterile appearance; but as you get farther up, the villas increase in number, and the vegetable power of nature increases with the height you attain. The fig-tree, the orange and lemon-tree, the pomegranate, the olive, and the jubber are either growing wild, or in orchards with little or no cultivation. The cactus, with its massy leaves and fantastic trunk, raises ramparts around the field and along the road sides, whilst the agavé, a variety of the aloe, shoots up its branches ten feet high, like the swords of a race of giants. Then at a certain height, you pass ravines on one side, beneath you, displaying lovely openings into the sea-coast, where the waves are whitening its distant rocks. In coming to one of these, peculiarly beautiful, I could not but recall the lines of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence,"—

"And where this valley wended out below

The murmuring maine was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow."

I left my horse on the road with my servant, and went down to traverse this ravine. With delight I heard the gush of a gurgling rannel, and followed a stream almost worthy of a Scottish glen that was wimpling from rock to rock. A brown little singing bird flitted before me: I could see it only by glimpses, but its note, though short and twittering, was sweet. Is it possible, I thought to myself, that I am in Africa the torrid! The air was balmy; the banks of the rivulet were thick with wild flowers; I knew not the names of most of them, or merely guessed at them from their resemblance to the productions of our gardens

and hot-houses; but this uncertainty nowise diminished my interests in the charming strangers. When one meets with a smiling beauty, does it spoil one's admiration not to know her name? I suspect that it sometimes enhances it. Oh, but you will tell me perhaps, that it is fantastic, to compare a man's homage to woman with his love of a flower. True, if you mean a strict, unflattering comparison. But allow a little phantasy, for it is an ingredient in all sorts of love. When we admire your sex, and, most of all, when we address you in poetry, do we not compare you to every flower that is most beautiful? Then why should I be shy to confess that my heart has a gallantry for flowers? They make me dream that I am among graceful and gentle females.

This was a day which I should never wish to forget: I could not tread a step or look a yard around me without seeing floral treasures that were exotic to an Englishman. It is true that the ivy, the blackberry, and the daisy pleasantly reminded me that I had not dropped into another planet; yet, altogether, Nature appeared to me like an old friend with a new face; but it was a brightened face, and she was still "my goddess."

When I returned back to the road, I found my man Iachimo conversing with an Italian compatriot with whom he had met. I had taken out my new valet in not the best possible humour. For a few days that he had been with me, my service had appeared to him a sort of insecurity to his heart's content; but when I told him one evening to be ready to come with me at sunrise next morning to make a country excursion, he showed by his face that he greatly preferred the gentler exercise of brushing my hat at home to that of waddling on a mule's back up the hills. At daybreak he came to me with a musket on his shoulder, a brace of pistols in his belt, and a sword by his side. "My stars!" I exclaimed, "Iachimo, you frighten me. With another gun, you would look as formidable as Robinson Crusoe!" "Signor Campobello," he said, gravely, "you don't know the country that you have come to. You may hear by their cries at night that there are jackals and hyenas all round Algiers; but what is worse, there are leopards and lions. Yes, a lion was killed not far from hence, and not long ago, who had teeth a foot long, and eyes as big as pompons. I know it for a fact, for I saw his skin with my own eyes." "Signor Iachimo," I replied with equal solemnity, "I have heard the sweet voices of the jackals, and I know they would make a cold collation of us if we were dead; but they will never attack a living person. As to the leopards and lions, I engage not only to kill, but to eat all that we meet with. So lay aside, I pray you, your sabre and firearms." He complied with a bad grace. Coming under the shade of the trees, I overheard him speaking about me in terms that were not flattering to my vanity. "Only think," he said, "of that Englishman with whom I live (he did not deign to call me his master) going down yonder ravine to gather flowers, like a bamboni!"

When I reached Mr. St. John's house, he and his lady received me with such hospitality, that in twenty minutes I felt as if I had been acquainted with them for as many years. One of their youngest daughters, Mrs. St. John told me, looked out of the window as I alighted at the gate, and exclaimed, "Oh! is this Mr. Campbell?"

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud," repeating a line from my little poem of "Glenara," which it had been their day's task to get by heart.

In spite of some bad jokes that I may have made about children, I am sure, when they are endearing, that nobody loves them better. It is true that when I conjure up an idea of purgatory, I always imagine it

to resound with the cries of cross brats. Virgil himself feelingly hints at this in describing the entry to Tartarus. But a beautiful child, I have often thought, is the only living thing that could bear to be transferred alive to heaven. If Nature had made me a painter, I certainly think that I should have devoted myself to the portraiture of children; and here I found perfect samples of beauty, that should have been my favourite studies, in a sixfold gradation from three years old upwards. Oh! I wish you could see the little St. Johns; they are little saints indeed.

Mr. St. John's house stands high on a hill-side, to the west of Algiers. In is an old Moorish mansion of the most elegant kind, which the Consul has improved by a large additional drawing-room, vaulted and pillared in the true Mauresque style. From a high hill, to the west of Algiers, it commands a wide view over the plan of Matidjah to the range of Mount Atlas. The garden and shrubbery team with every fruit and blossom which a rich soil under a powerful sun can be brought to produce. There I saw in flower, on the open ground, the yucca gloriosa, with its gigantic pyramid of white bells; the bignonia rose sinensis, double and single; with double oleanders, geraniums, and passion-flowers in abundance. For fruit-trees, there are the almond, the guava annona, or soursop, the banana, and others, too many to enumerate.

The only guest in the house beside myself was Mr. Brown, the American Consul, who, as he had been here during the French invasion, had been an eyewitness to all the fighting around Algiers, and, like Mr. St. John, could relate many interesting details. Mr. Brown was near enough to the scene of one of their battles to see a close conflict between bayonets and yatagans, and could descry a Kabyle, who had mastered a French soldier, cut off his head and bring it away with him under his arm. At first, the regular price of 100 dollars was given for every such trophy brought in to the Moorish Government; but a Kabyle warrior having been detected in bringing in a native instead of a French head, he lost his own for the attempted imposition, and the capitation prize-money was discontinued, though not before 20,000 dollars had been given for prisoners, dead or alive.

I slept at the Consul's country house, and had a long conversation with him next morning. Mr. St. John told me that, before the invasion, the Turkish garrison in Algiers itself consisted of about 5000 Levantine Turks, all of them of the worst description; and who having small pay, for the most part exercised different trades. Out of these it was the law that the Dey and the principal officers were to be chosen; so that an enlightened Government could not reasonably be expected. The last Dey had been a waiter in a coffee-house. It is but justice to say that, when he changed the napkin for the sceptre, he was, for a Dey of Algiers, one of the most clement princes that ever reigned. The Aga of the Janissaries, who married the Dey's daughter, had been a wrestler; and it was thought, if the French had not come, that he might have one day tripped up the heels of his father-in-law. The Minister of Marine, or Lord High Admiral, was, before his installation in office, a burner of charcoal; and his Excellency's manners continued to savour so much of the coal-burner, that none of the European Consuls could speak to him without a trial of temper.

It is strange, in looking back on public events, to find how little the Algerines were humbled by Lord Exmouth's victory, in comparison with the humiliation that ought to have been taught them, if England had followed up her victory with consistent spirit. I will not detail to you the insults that were offered to our Consul, Mr. Macdonnell, a man of excellent character (Mr. St. John's predecessor), because I am sure

that the history of the whole affair must have been published in England. We had a dispute with the Dey of Algiers, as you may remember, in 1823. I am not speaking Mr. St. John's opinion on the subject; for my object was to get facts from him, and not opinions; and he could tell me no fact tending to shake my conviction that Macdonnell was an ill-used man, and that our compromise with the African barbarian was a stain on the honour of England. Whether the blame belonged to our Government, or to Sir Harry Neale, who commanded the squadron before Algiers, I will not take upon me to say; but so it was, that Admiral Sir H. Neale made two concessions to the Dey—the manner that they were secret—namely, that our flag should not be hoisted in the English Consulate in Algiers, and that Mr. Macdonnell should not return as Consul.

When Mr. St. John succeeded him, all the disgraceful ceremonies in the intercourse between the representative of Great Britain and the chief of the chastised pirates were continued. The British Consul, like that of the other Christian powers, was still obliged, whenever he came in sight of the Dey's palace, to walk bare-headed under the hottest sun. Like all the rest, he was obliged, on reaching the palace, to sit down on a stone bench in an open passage, where every porter could sit down beside him. He was not allowed to wear a sword in the Dey's presence, nor to ride by the Cassaba, though his own servants, if they were Mahometans, might do so. The Kabyles used to be on horseback, whilst the Christian Consuls went a-foot; nay, even when they passed the ancient palace of the Dey, where nobody had lived for twelve years past, they were obliged to uncover their heads as long as it pleased the Turkish soldiers who were sitting before it.

The concessions of Sir Harry Neale exalted the pride of the Algerines; and the Dey, in an altercation with the French Consul, gave him a blow with his fan. For this unwelcome conduct he refused to make any reparation; but the singularly inefficient blockade kept up by a squadron which the French sent out to Algiers raised his spirits to misanthropic insolence. He had been at Paris, and he used to compare the French blockading ships to the Cyprian girls around the gates of the Parisian playhouses, who beset all outgoers, but catch not one in a hundred.

Meanwhile the British Consul heard of Greek captives being brought to Algiers and doomed to labour as slaves, but without either pay or the usual sustenance allowed as slaves. He was answered that those Greeks were subjects of the Porte, and that England had no right to interfere for them.—To this the reply was obvious, that Lord Exmouth had extorted a bond from Algiers, sealed by the blood of a thousand Englishmen, that no Christian should hereafter be made a slave in the Regency. But the British Government relinquished their interference.

About the same time, there was another gross instance of Algerine barbarity, in the case of George Nicolaidi, a rich Greek merchant of Smyrna, who was arrested here, and, for an alleged intrigue with a Moorish woman, of which not a shadow of proof was produced, was beheaded, and his whole wealth was seized upon by the Dey. If Lord Exmouth's victory had bespoken liberty to Christians of every nation, the pacton surely implied their security against lawless forfeiture of life.

I forbear to send you an account of the French conquest of Algiers, because you will find it in many publications. Among the rest there is a pretty accurate description of it in the October number of the "United Service Journal," for 1830. I am trying only to recollect authentic anecdotes that have not been published. The Dey owed his fall to his insolence, ignorance, misinformation, all working together.

When told that the French could equip as many as thirty ships of the line, he exclaimed "It is impossible; I know that, except the force they have sent out to blockade me, they have not one ship of the line—I have it from my correspondent in Italy—England alone has ships." He suffered the French to land with little opposition, at Sidi Ferruch, from a firm persuasion that he was getting them like so many fishes into his net. An Armenian, who had served as an interpreter with the French army, was taken prisoner and brought before him; he questioned him about the different forces which the French had brought hither, and when the Armenian told him that he believed that the French had brought with them 200 cannons, his serene highness flew into a violent passion—"Take away that infidel dog," he said, "and cut off his head for telling me a lie." The order was instantly obeyed.

Mr. St. John's family had been removed to Malta in the expectation of the invasion, but the Consul himself remained at his post. The natives respected him so much, that, when they were coming down to cross his grounds, they retired and took a different route at his remonstrance; the French general commanding the troops in that quarter put a guard of seven men to protect the Consulate from any straggling party of the French.

At three o'clock of the morning of the 4th of July, 1830, the French, who had already advanced from Sidi Ferruch, had chased the Algerines before them in several engagements, and had posted themselves on the heights which command the town, opened their fire upon the Emperor's Fort. It lasted till one o'clock, when the native troops went out of the fort, setting fire to the powder magazine. At this crisis the Dey sent for the British Consul-General, and requested him to go on his (the Dey's) part to the French Commander-in-Chief, to know what terms he wanted. The Commander-in-Chief replied, that he required the town to surrender at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, promising at the same time the security of the Dey's person and property, as well as that of all the inhabitants of the town. This answer having been given in writing, it was sent by the Dey to his own secretary, who had gone out with the consul. On the following morning, the 6th of July, the Dey sent again for Mr. St. John, to know whether he could really depend upon his own safety and that of the inhabitants, as promised by the French general; in which case, he said, he was ready to surrender the town, and sign the convention offered him. Mr. St. John assured him that he might rely on the promise of the Commander-in-Chief. His Highness then put his seal to the convention, and requested the Consul to be its bearer to the French,—at the same time begging him to get the Commander-in-Chief to allow him two hours more for the removal of his family to his private house. The Consul complied with the Dey's wishes, and obtained the delay asked for by the Dey. The French troops were detained until one o'clock, at which hour they marched into the town and took possession of all the forts. The Consul, fearing that in the confusion some atrocity might be committed on the French prisoners, obtained their liberation from the Dey before he left his palace, and had them sent to the British Consulate.

During his second visit Mr. St. John was admitted by the Dey to the chamber of his treasures. It was paved with stone, for no wooden floor could have borne the weight of them. Golden coins, literally in millions, were lying heaped up like corn in a granary, and, several feet high in the walls, the plaster, which had been wet when they had been shovelled in, retained when dry the impression of the coins. In this hall of Plutus were contained not only some hundred thousands in gold and jewels, which the Dey took

with him, but between two and three millions which the French owned to receiving. Considerable sums, it is known, disappeared unaccountably after the French had got possession of them, but Mr. St. John suspects that millions may have been secreted, though not brought off by the Dey himself. No man, certainly, in real life—if we except their owner and those who helped him to hoard them—ever looked around on such sums of solid money as Mr. St. John that day contemplated. It was like a scene in a dream, or in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." But did the British Consul, you will ask me, receive any gratuity from the Dey for thus negotiating to save all his personal wealth. No! not a farthing. A pecuniary recompense I have no doubt our Consul's British pride would have refused; but there was something heartless in the barbarian's sailing off without leaving a keepsake or token of gratitude to one whom he had actually to thank for preserving to him an immense private fortune. Nay, Mr. St. John had to complain of still worse usage, when, in return for his interference which had saved Algiers from being taken by storm and delivered up to pillage and butchery, he found himself assailed by French scribbles, who misrepresented the whole history of events, and calumniated him as unfair and partial to the Algerines, and as an enemy to the French. Their calumnies deserve only this general answer that all respectable Frenchmen here now acknowledge the humanity of his conduct, and speak of him in terms of high estimation.

LETTER IV.

Algiers, Oct. 14, 1834.

My dear Friend,—I have just visited a place of gloomy memory in this city, namely the Bagnio, or prison, in which the Christian slaves used to be shut up after their daily toil. It is a dismal, ruinous-looking old hall, and if the tradition be true that it was once a Catholic chapel, it must be as old as the first ages of Christianity. It is about fifty feet long, and half as broad, with nothing in its appearance to beguile one's painful reflections on the many deep-drawn sighs of agony that must have been respired in the place during 300 years of Christian slavery at Algiers. There were formerly several more of the same night prisons, but this one alone continued to be used for its ancient purpose after Lord Exmouth's victory. When the French took possession of Algiers, they found 122 prisoners. Some of these were soldiers of their own army, who had been taken in the recent fighting, and rescued by the Turks from the yatagans of the Kabails and Arabs; others were individuals fortunate enough to have escaped from the massacres that were perpetrated by the wild natives on the crews of two shipwrecked brigs; the rest were some Greek and Genoese who had been in slavery for two years.

In this bagnio the Christian captives used to be shut up at sunset, and let out again to their labour at sunrise. Ah! what beauty there is in that word sunrise to the imagination of the free.* To us it recalls the carol of the lark, the freshness of flowers, the sounds of cheerful industry, and all the joyous intancy of the day; but to the captive in this prison—what was the daylight? It only broke the oblivion of his misery, or perhaps the dream in which he fancied himself restored to the land of his birth and love. The sun rose

*I find a similar sentiment better expressed, in a poem full of grace and sweetness, which has been lately published, and which I chanced to open for the first time after writing the above sentence:—

"How beautiful is Nature to the blest!
Sunbeams, that seem to mock the sad at heart,—
Flowers, whose bright hues but sadden the oppress'd."
Bride of Siena.

only to glare on him like the fierce eyes of his taskmaster, and the black bread for his morning meal was thrown down to him as to a dog! In spite of all these reflections, when I think on this subject, I sometimes try to console myself with arguments for believing that the lot of these victims was not quite so miserable as our imaginations are apt to picture it. Certain it is, that the ransomed Christians who returned to Europe and became objects of popular interest, both as travellers and as sufferers for religion, were by no means anxious to undercolour the portraiture of their past tribulations, whether they depended on the alms of the compassionate, or were rich enough

"Around their fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all they felt and all they saw."

And indeed it would have been hard, after suffering so much among the infidels, if they had found Christian hearts slow to believe in their most wonderful narratives. I was talking the other day with an Algerine on this subject, and he expressed to me his conviction that the grossest exaggerations had been propagated in Europe respecting the maltreatment of Christian slaves at Algiers. God forgive me for joking on so grave a subject! But, in the course of our conversation, a ludicrous instance of Barbary cruelty to a countryman of my own came across my memory, and I upbraided my infidel acquaintance by relating it.—Once on a time, amongst the passengers of a ship that was taken by an Algerine corsair, there was a poor diminutive Scotch tailor, who was condemned to slavery. He was so weak in body that he could not work with the other slaves, but the Dey of Algiers inhumanly obliged him to sit from morning to night upon eggs, like a clucking hen, in order to hatch them. It may be imagined that all Scotland laughed at the little martyr when he came home and related this melancholy adventure. The Moor to whom I mentioned it was also much diverted by it, but resuming his gravity, he remarked, "This story is as improbable as it is ludicrous; for, if the man was a tailor, the Dey would have made fifty times more profit out of him by setting him to sew cloth than to hatch eggs."

"To be serious, though I abominate the memory of Christian slavery in this place, I am fain to hope that its horrors were somewhat exaggerated. All the religious orders in Europe, particularly in Spain, were laudably employed in collecting funds for the ransoming of Christians from Barbary. Those pious men soon discovered a truth, well expressed by Horace, namely, that appeals to the sense of sight touch the mind with incomparably more force than mere statements to the ear. So they preached to the eyes of the charitable. When delivered captives arrived in a Spanish city, they were publicly paraded through it, clad in rags which they had never worn before, and loaded with chains a great deal heavier than the Algerines had ever put upon them, but which had useful weight in the pathetic exhibition.

The circumstance which I am going to tell you carries no evidence at all in favour of the clemency of the Algerines towards their prisoners—but still it is a curious fact, that for a very long period the greater part of the Christian slaves at Algiers were those who had come voluntarily into slavery. Oran, which Spain possessed till 1782, and Malalquiver, were considered by the Moors as the chief nurseries of their Christian slaves; and, in 1785, it was gravely stipulated between the Spaniards and Algerines, that the latter should still receive, as usual, Christian deserters as slaves—whose numbers used annually to amount to a hundred. The garrison troops in the place I have mentioned were generally vagabonds from all nations, though the most of them, had been Spanish smugglers or Italian banditti. When those worthies had

committed some error that threatened them with death or the cat-and-nine-tails, they scarcely exchanged their lot for a worse one, when they embraced Algerine slavery. Some of them also had hopes that the Consul of the European nation to which they belonged might interfere to procure their liberty.

The prisoners brought in by the Corsairs were divided into two classes. The first of these included the captain, the chief officers of the prize, and the passengers with their women and children; all these were put to labour less hard than that of the rest. The children were almost all sent to the palace of the Dey, or to the houses of the first families, and the women were made the servants of the Moorish ladies. The second part of the crew were openly sold to the highest bidders.

As to their general treatment, Leweson, a secretary to the Danish Consulate, who published a work about Algiers towards the latter end of the last century, and who seems a candid writer, gives a description which is not very revolting. Speaking from several years of observation, he thinks that, upon the whole, though he admits exceptions, the captives were neither overwrought nor cruelly treated. Their proprietors, he observes, in general had always more or less the prospect of selling them for a ransom, and were therefore interested in keeping them alive. Those who were condemned to labour at the public works were the most unfortunate. They were placed by day under the constant inspection of Turks, who were called their *guardians*, a gentle name for the office of those who guarded against their escape. From this account I gathered that they had three small loaves of coarse bread in the morning, with gruel and old butter or native oil, which is execrably rancid, and then in the evening a repetition of the bread and a few olives. There were many individuals even in this worst-off class who, when they were good workmen, could make a little money by performing services for the natives after sunset, on getting permission from their guardians to let them return to the lock-up house at a later hour, by which means they could obtain a good supper and a cup of wine. The dress granted them annually by the state consisted of a long shirt, a woollen tunic with long sleeves, and a cloak of the same material. For bedding, they had a woollen coverlet, a pillow, and a mattress. No mention is made of their being provided with shoes or stockings.

Slaves that belonged to individual proprietors, whether Turks, Moors, or Jews, (it was not permitted to Christians to have slaves at all, and Jews could have none who professed Mahometanism,) were generally better off than those that were the property of the state. In the city they mostly served as domestics; in the country their agricultural intelligence often raised them to the rank of bailiffs on estates, and there were instances of their becoming such favourites in families as to cause scandal and amputation of heads, on account of intimacy with wives and daughters. The Christian slaves who were taken into the domestic service of the Dey were also comparatively fortunate. They had little to do, they were well clothed, and fed sumptuously, and when they pleased their owners, it is probable that their *only* suffering (though, alas! it was a sad *only*) were their longings to return home, and the *ennui* of domestic confinement.

Besides the European Consuls and their families and secretaries, they were some other free Christians, such as merchants, artists, and Catholic as well as Greek, spirituals, who were permitted to exist at Algiers. To all this class of persons the proprietors of Christian slaves used to let them out as servants on moderate terms, and on the assurance that the hirer would be responsible if the slave escaped. Thus a few of the captives found Christian homes, nor were

they required to repair at night to the bagnios, where, according to law, all slaves were to be shut up after daylight. Some of them after a time left the service of their patrons with money or credit enough to be able to set up taverns, where, by the sale of wine and spirits, they would sometimes make enough to purchase their ransom, and to return to Europe richer than they had left it. But the security exacted from free Christians against the elopement of such *proteges* was severe and dangerous; nay, the patron was even responsible to the proprietor for the value of the slave in case of his death. So the free Christians, it may be easily imagined, were very cautious as to the objects of their cautionary, and even when they gave it, generally required their fellow believer to wear a token of his obligation to them. Some free strangers from Christendom having seated themselves one day in a tavern, and called for wine, mine host brought it into them limping with an iron circle on one of his legs. "What," said they, "Boniface, do you keep this house, and are you yet a slave?"—"I am so, nominally," he answered; "a Moor is my proprietor, but Mr. so-and-so is my patron, God bless him!—he set me up in this shop, and gives security against my quitting Algiers without notice."—"Does the law oblige you to wear that iron?"—"No," said the arch fellow, "I wear it only to oblige my patron."—"Does he distrust you then?"—"Oh dear me no!—no more than he distrusts his own wife; but just by way of a ceremony, he gave his wife a ring to wear on her finger, and in the same way he gave me this iron ring to wear above my ankle." In reality, however, the ankle ring was not so easily slipped off as a finger one, and its notoriety was some security to the patron. Where its patronage was found without a badge?

Lastly, as a mitigating circumstance in Christian slavery at Algiers, it is but fair to mention, that when slaves were ill-treated, they had a right to repair either to the Dey's palace, or to the nearest Marabout or Mahometan chapel, and there to prefer their complaint. If the case of ill usage was proved, the proprietor was admonished: if it occurred twice, the slave was taken without compensation from his cruel master and transferred to another proprietor. Here there was at least some seeming recognition of the right of humanity. But put all the above circumstances together, and place Algerine slavery in its mildest light, it was still an atrocity that reproaches the tardiness of its extinction. The slave's right to appeal to the Dey in case of hard usage must have been for the most part the next thing to a mockery. Those candid travellers who are disposed rather to smooth than to aggravate our horror at the lot of the captives, admit that those who laboured at the public works were sometimes taxed to extreme toil, and that the numbers shut up every night in the bagnios suffered dreadfully from their hard beds, and the filth and stench of their incarceration. Altogether, whatever may become of the colony, let us thank the French for having at least obliterated the last vestiges of Christian slavery.

The history of that evil, now so happily abolished, may teach us that there is a moral reaction in the universe, which seldom leaves crimes without a progeny of crimes, and that the source of every great act of injustice may generally be traced up to some preceding one. The Roman Catholics were taught persecution by Roman Pagans, and they bequeathed their lessons to the Protestants, who, from Calvin down to the Irish Orangemen, retaliated on Catholics. In like manner Christian slavery at Algiers had its origin in the reflux of revenge and fanaticism from Africa back to Europe, after the Moors had been driven with horrible cruelty out of Spain. As often as the Moors show you the tomb of Barbarossa, they call him their

avenger. Nor should it be forgotten, that most of the southern states of Europe—Spaniards, Sardinians,—the subjects of the Pope and the Maltese, till a recent period, condemned to the galleys all the people of Barbary who fell into their hands.

It is difficult to compute what the number of Christian slaves may have been at Algiers in times far gone by; but I am inclined to reckon that they were at least 2,000 during the early part of the last century, and in the preceding age they were probably many more. Leweson says that, in 1785, they amounted to 2,000—though the French had ransomed all natives of France. At the epoch of Lord Exmouth's victory they had been reduced to less than 1,000 and England lost a gallant mariner for every slave whom she delivered.

The sojourn of an European here, unless he is interested in trade or in the objects of a traveller, is not even *now* particularly enviable; but in former times it must have been dismal. Nay, at this moment I doubt, supposing two enamoured Protestants wished to enter on the state of matrimony, whether they could find a priest of their own church to link the fatal knot and afford religious consolation to the sufferers. I know not how they manage the matter at present, but formerly the Protestants used to apply, in case of marriages, christenings, and burials, to a Greek priest, who, to their great edification, repeated the service in a language of which they understood not one syllable.

But during the worst times at Algiers the free Christians were well off as to personal security. They had each of them a Turk for a protector, who accompanied them wherever they chose, and saw that they were neither offended nor injured. And woe to him or her who in word or deed ill used the *protegee* of this Turkish guardian! In the year 1786, the wife of a European consul, who was *enceinte*, was walking in the streets, when a Moorish lady came up to her, touched her on the stomach, and said something insulting to her. For this the Moorsess was instantly taken before the Cadi, and sentenced to the bastinado, which she underwent, though both the consul and his wife pleaded for her pardon.

The two principal outlets from Algiers are at the opposite gates of Bab-el-Oued and Babazoun. The outside of the latter used to be the scene of those hideous executions, which were not discontinued till very lately, though they had begun to be infrequent. A short way from Babazoun you find a miniature encampment of those natives, who have brought their country productions to town, and who, to save the expense of lodgings, sleep here under miserable tents with their dogs and beasts of burthen. The road, as you turn from this squalid scene, divides itself into two branches. In the lower direction it takes you, after passing a village tolerably well stocked with shops, along the level of the bay that stretches from Algiers to Cape Matifou. If you pursue this road for a league it will bring you to an establishment which the French call the Garden of Experiment and Naturalization. I rode out thither one morning with M. Descousse, and the head gardener showed us minutely over the whole Pépinière. The object of the establishment is great and useful; namely, to try among almost all horticultural productions what kinds will best succeed in this country. On a space of eighty acres there are twenty-five thousand trees, bushes, and plants. All this tells interestingly and honourably for France. The experiment seems magnificent, but, like a French compliment, it is more showy than substantial. I inquired of the head gardener how many labourers he had in the Pépinière. Twenty he told me. I am no great judge of the subject, but it struck me that twenty pair of hands were too few for eighty acres of nursery ground and 25,000 trees and plants. "For that matter," he replied, "if I had but twenty active

fellows, and they were well paid, I should have no fear; but I have only miserable natives, or Europeans that are the scum of the earth, and even these are ill paid." "And what is your own salary, may I ask?" "Why, Sir, 1500 francs a year, but they are not regularly forthcoming. In short, the whole concern is starved by the French government; and though it would cost no great matter to get abundance, I have no more than a third part of what would suffice for irrigation." This the head gardener told me in the hearing of M. Descousse. I went the same evening to a large party of French people, and expressed my regret very strongly that so noble a project as their Experimental Garden should be starved from false economy. In so doing I neglected an advice that was once given me by a shrewd old Scotchman—"Speak the truth, my boy, as often and as freely as you can, but never for a moment longer than it is agreeable to your hearers." Next day I understood that I had given offence in a high quarter by my remarks, and an eminent functionary desired Mr. St. John to assure me that he (the functionary) was not in the least to blame in the business. I could with sincerity return him my assurance that I had never attributed any blame to him. The fault lies at Paris.

Apropos to horticulture—let me speak of the general efforts at cultivation which the French are making around Algiers. I derive my information chiefly from M. Lacrouz, the principal banker at Algiers, whose fortune, intelligence, and public spirit have prompted him to make large experiments in farming. He has favoured me with a manuscript book of his remarks on the subject. He has cultivated with success the tender sort of grain which the French call *tuzelle*, which has afforded him, even on ground that was not manured, a return of from 8.3.4 to 12.1.2 for the seed that was sown. Hard grain has not succeeded so well, and oats indifferently; but he has sown cotton, and the product has been abundant and of good quality. Some of his experiments in indigo have been also fortunate, and he has a roll of this material as beautiful as ever came from the East. On another of his estates, M. Lacrouz has constructed a mill for olive oil, one third part of which is as excellent as the best that ever came from Provence, whilst the rest, though inferior, was found to be useful and of some value.

From all that I can learn and observe, there seems to me to be no doubt that the intertropical productions, which the Algerine Regency is capable of rearing, might become a great source of wealth to France, and very soon make the country swarm with a prosperous population, if the difficulty of introducing abundant capital could be overcome. At present, whilst capital with us obtains some four per cent., it varies here, according to the confidence of the lender, from twelve to sixty per cent. This high rate of interest is palpably an obstacle to agricultural, or I should perhaps rather say horticultural, speculation; I mean to the rearing of those products which require patience and expense. Accordingly it is a fact, and one which I give with deliberate certainty, that out of the whole number of European colonists settled here, between 300 and 400, there are not more than five or six proprietors who are occupied in the culture of the olive and the mulberry—two products about the success and valableness of which to France, granted capital and industry, there can be no manner of doubt. As to what may be gained by the culture of indigo, cochineal, senna, cotton, tobacco, wine, and some other articles, a question may be raised, though in my humble mind, there is no scepticism as to the immense wealth that might be derived from Algerine wine and tobacco. But still, allowing that point to be debatable, nobody questions that fleet-loads of silk and oil might be freighted from Algiers. And what is likely

to prevent this eventually? Why the scarcity of capital, and the want of a public bank to supply the horticulturist on the security of his land. Almost ninety-nine out of an hundred of the settlers are forced to get an immediate livelihood by rearing grain and vegetables which very poorly repay the expense of cultivation. The most eminent of them, a M. Couput, last year made some £150 sterling by his farm. A few rich men amuse themselves with pretty experiments; but this is, all child's work with regard to the chance of France ever repaying by importations the heavy expenses of her colony. How is capital then to be got? Why I think it might be obtained simply by making free ports of all the ports of the Regency; English capital, I conceive, would then flow into Algiers, and millions of our money would bring double the interest that it now fetches in England.

I mentioned this opinion to some of the most influential French officers, both civil and military. The latter class listened to the idea with an air of polite but jealous coolness. "Ah! you Englishmen," they said, "are true patriots, and you can see nothing in the world without wishing England to benefit by it; but what right has England, with so many colonies, to grudge France the fairly-won and exclusive possession of Algiers?" I said, "You mistake me; we don't grudge you Algiers; England would not accept of your colony if you were to offer it to her as a present to-morrow." Still it has been only a few of the more intelligent French officers that I have been able to make converts to this truth,—that England does not envy France the possession of Algiers. France is at this moment paying nearly a million and a half sterling a year for the right of maintaining 27,000 soldiers on the coast, who are decimated every year, and who, with their blockhouses, occupy a few miles of territory around Algiers, Oran, and Bona. M. Lacroux, the banker, treated my suggestion in a different manner from the military men; "It is my firm opinion," he said, "that the wisest thing France could do would be to make the Algerine ports all free."

If you are not already tired with my remarks, please to remember that I was lately speaking of the outlets to the country from the town of Algiers, and conceive me ciceroneing you in imagination out of the gate of Babazoun. Leaving that gate on the right, you are led by a fine spacious road, cut on the side of the hill by the orders of the Duke of Ragusa, and very creditable to his memory. In ascending, it is pleasant to look back below. There is a palm tree that, with its leathery foliage, gives an oriental character to the scene. Whether it is a gentleman or a lady tree I do not know; but whichever it is, it is fruitless, because it stands alone, for palm trees will not fructify unless they grow in couples. They have no notion of single blessedness. Heaven smiles on the gallant vegetables!

You see also from this ascent several picturesque Marabout chapels, and the guide pointed out to me a spot which he said was the tomb of Barbarossa.

At the top of this hill you get to the great road that goes towards Donera and Boufaric. From this eminence the view is superb—the bay with its mighty blue semicircle, fringed with creamy foam—the white country-houses with their orange-gardens—the marabouts, interspersed with here and there a palm tree—the plain below, where the vapours of the river Arach, as it discharges itself at Cape Matifou, are seen sporting in the sun, and the noble mountains towering behind the Metidjah. All these objects, when I looked around me, filled me with but vain regrets that I had not beside me some capital artist, to note the scene. The French sent hither the younger Verney; but he is long returned; and I have never been able to get a sight of his Algerine sketches. But England is exuberant in painters; and why are none of

them here? What studies would not Wilkie find among the Arabs and Kabyls,—the laughing negroes and the merry Jew-boys of the market-place. What scope on these sea-shores for the grace of Callcott! and what mountain lights and shades for the sublimity of Turner! The altitude of those mountains I find differently estimated. I love them too well to quarrel about a few hundred toises as to their stature; but the highest of them seem to me to be twice the height of Ben Nevis. They have an aspect peculiarly bold.—Stretching in a long sweep, with visibly deep indentations and ravines—with cliffs that are purpled, and masses of precipices that are bronzed by the sun; they strike the fancy—if one may compare mountains to men—as soldier-featured beings, that bid defiance to invasion. And full sure, amidst those passes, the Kabyles have often taught both the Turks and French, that Freedom is a mountain nymph.

But the ascent to this excursion is too fatiguing for a pedestrian excursion, and at noon it is apt to be too sunny for a ride. You should go out thither on horseback, when the cryer from the minaret is chaunting to matin prayers, and when the cannon in the harbour announces day-break—whilst the jackal and hyena are skulking home through the dewy nopals—and whilst the daylight is blushing in Heaven like the life-blood returning to a lovely countenance.

The only foot promenade you can well enjoy at Algiers is on the outside of the gate Bab-el-Oued. The most interesting place to which this outlet takes you after you pass the fort of twenty-four hours (so called, because it is said to have been built within that time,) and the burial grounds, is the place still called the Dey's Gardens, which contain many buildings, marble paved courts, and magnificent fountains. The edifices, by the side of which the French have built numerous wooden barracks, have been converted into a military hospital, whilst the garden grounds are laid out as an experimental nursery for rearing the chief botanical productions which the French are ambitious of cultivating in Africa. The Bab-el-Oued Pépinière, however, is on a much smaller scale than the one to which you go out by Babazoun; it contains only a few acres. Here I have made acquaintance with the worthy and accomplished Mr. Maris, the head physician of the hospital, who allows me to come down every morning with a napkin full of wild flowers, the botanical names of every one of which he writes for me on a slip of paper, besides teaching me how to preserve the flowers. Domesticated with him, and equally hospitable. I find two twin brothers, who are the head botanists of the now existing establishment. Their likeness in form and face makes them perfectly undistinguishable, even when they are together, and they speak and laugh so similarly, that if you were to shut your eyes in overhearing their conversation, you would swear that it was a man speaking to himself.—Their studies and progress in life have been the same, and their very souls seem to be twins.

In those Gardens of the Dey you meet with both the cotton-tree and the cotton-bush, the sugar-cane, and the cochineal insect, feeding on that particular species of the Indian cactus which is without prickles. And how are these productions prospering, you will ask me? Why the botanists who tend them tell me they are succeeding admirably, and of the candour of those men I entertain not a doubt; but may not their very devotedness to the culture of them make them over-sanguine in their hopes? And supposing that those productions thrive well in a snug nursery, is that a sure prognostic that they will repay the cost of extensive field cultivation? On this subject, it would require the practical experience of a tropical farmer to speak with confidence. Commend me, therefore, to the sagacity of a young Dutchman whose acquaintance I have made here. His father has given him



Merchants' (Room) Exchange, New York.



Thaxted (Essex), England.

veral thousand pounds to buy land and settle as a colonist. The land, he told me, he had bought for a trifle; but that he should not put a spade or a plough into it, till he had been a year and a half on the other side of the Atlantic, and studied there the cultivation of sugar, indigo, &c.; for this purpose he is embarking for America.

Close by the Dey's Gardens and Palace, there are buildings now employed as barracks, which were formerly used as a *Poudrière*. If I understand that French word rightly, it means a powder-mill; a palace and a powder-mill in juxtaposition—is not that a droll alliteration? And yet this was the palace where they Deys used to keep their finest women. Did their highness wish to blow up the beautiful creatures in some case of emergency? No, surely, for they exposed themselves to the same peril. And this powder-mill stood so close to the sea, that an enemy's bomb-ship might have thrown a shell into it, without advancing dangerously close to the neighbouring batteries. The last Dey however had, for many years, discontinued to live in this country-house, having removed up to the Cassaba, from the fear of a blow up of a different nature among his Janissaries.

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

This magnificent edifice was totally destroyed by that devouring element—Conflagration, on the night of the 16th December, 1835. That era in the history of the City of New-York, will be long remembered by the inhabitants of that portion of that city, which is now laid a barren waste—presenting as the scene does, an uninterrupted view from Wall street, to the east river, and thence to Coenties slip. The prospect is one of awful grandeur, as far as the eye can reach; here and there the sight is only obstructed by the ruins of towering edifices, which were but yesterday, the boast of the wealthiest, and now stand as if "in proud defiance" of the surrounding desert.

The Merchants' Exchange was one of the largest structures ornamenting the city, situated on the south-side of Wall street, occupying one hundred and fifteen feet front, between William and Hanover streets, extending in the rear to Exchange Place. It was three stories in height, exclusive of the basement and attic. The southwest front, one hundred and fourteen feet on Exchange Place; and the main front on Wall street was of Westchester marble. The first and second stories of the Ionic order, from the temple of Minerva Polias, at Prigene, in Ionia. A recessed elliptical portico of forty feet wide introduced in front. A screen of four columns and two antæ, each thirty feet high, and three feet four inches in diameter above the base, composed of a single block of marble, extended across the front of the portico, supporting an entablature of six feet in height, on which rested the third story, making a height of sixty feet from the ground. The columns are now splintered and mutilated from top to bottom, looking as picturesque as a Greek temple in ruins.

The principal entrance to the Rotunda and Exchange Room, was by a flight of ten marble steps, with a pedestal at each end. On ascending to the portico, three doors opened to the vestibule in front, while one at each hand opened to offices. The vestibule was of the Ionic order from the little Ionic temple of Illyseus. The Exchange Room, which was the Rotunda, represented in the accompanying view, measured seventy-five feet long, fifty feet wide, and forty-two feet high.

In the centre of the Rotunda, was lately erected by the liberality of our Merchants, a statue of General Alexander Hamilton, which is pictured at length in the view, sculptured by Ball Hughes, and on it inscribed:—

ERECTED TO THE
MEMORY OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
By the Merchants of the City of New-York,
IN THE EXCHANGE, IN WALL-STREET.

The statue was about fifteen feet high, including the base on which it was elevated, and chiselled from the whitest marble. The figure represented him, holding a scroll in the left hand resting on the thigh, and a scarf partly covering the body. We have not been able to ascertain the probable cost of this statue.

Attached to the Rotunda, were several large rooms, one was occupied as the *Exchange Reading-Room*; in the rear, was that used for auction sales of real estate, shipping and stocks, and to the right of this, after ascending a flight of stairs, the saloon, in which the *Board of Brokers* assembled daily, presented itself to the spectator. The Post-office occupied the easterly portion of the basement.

The fire reached the dome of the Exchange, about half-past one o'clock, after having raged in the vicinity for five long hours. It crept silently and secretly along, till it burst forth in volumes of flames and smoke. The basement and the rotunda, were entirely covered with goods, which had been carried there for safety, no one imagining for a moment that the fire could extend so far. The flames spread with fearful rapidity, and at four o'clock, the dome had fallen with a tremendous crash, burying all beneath it, in a gulf of burning, smoking ruins, and shrouding forever from view, the noble statue of Hamilton.

Arrangements have been completed for the rebuilding of the Merchants' Exchange, upon an extended plan, taking in those lots to the west, as far as William street, and it is contemplated, that a square forty-feet wide shall surround the edifice.

THAXTED, Essex—England.

This extensive parish and large town occupies the whole of the northern part of the hundred of Dunmow; and the town is beside the river Chelmer, from the source of which it is not far distant. Thaxted is a considerable thoroughfare, the great road from Chelmsford to Cambridge passing through it; and, formerly, a large portion of its inhabitants were employed in an extensive cutlery manufactory, which flourished here. It is an irregularly-built town, with some good houses; and the stately and spacious church is a fine specimen of gothic architecture. Dissenters of various denominations have also handsome meeting-houses here. Anciently, this was a borough town, incorporated by charter from Philip and Mary, and its government vested in a mayor, bailiffs, and chief burgesses. This charter was confirmed by Queen Elizabeth, and additional liberties granted by King James the First; but all these privileges were tamely given up, either through fear or poverty, by the corporate officers, who, on being served with a *quo warranto*, in the time of James the Second, thought fit to retire from their offices in silence. From a visitation of heralds in 1637, it appears, that Thaxted had, at that time, a mayor, recorder, two bailiffs, and about twenty principal burgesses, of whom ten had passed the mayoralty; and they had a common seal, but no arms. The market, which had long been discontinued, was some time ago revived, but it has not risen to much importance. It is on Thursdays; and there is a fair on the 27th of May, and another on the 10th of August, for cattle.

*On the honorable Ada Byron becoming Lady King. Fond Byron, living, might have judged, I ween,
His Ada worthy to be crown'd a Queen;
But who could e'er have guessed so strange a thing,
As, that fair Ada should become a King!*

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

From the Boston Centinel and Palladium.
City Clerk's Lament to his Cousin in the Country.

Dear Dick, I hope that U'll X Q Q Q
This sad attempt to court the M U U U—
A thing I never did B 4,
And after this shall try no more.
Y! U, dear Dick are at Ur E E E,
With nought at home Ur life to T T T—
I'm R d at work, both night and day,
And fast I'm dropping to D K.
I keep with Mr. Valentine—
We retail groceries and Yn;
More kicks than coppers do I get,
When Mr. V. is in a pet.
The least thing wrong may master C C C,
His direful rage I can't ap P P P.
So R T once I was, U know—
But now each day more lean I grow—
So lean a dog, you ne'er did C,
I look just like an F-I-G.
Oh! Dick, I'm going very fast,
My consti 2 tion cannot last,
And very long I cannot B
In S X street, 363.
My purse is M T—new its true—
I don't forget that I O U.
So when U hear of my D C C C,
Send statement to my Assign E E E.
In haste, I'm Ur's,
JOHN NRY P P P.

DCMber 31st.
["R d at work"—(hard at work), "R T" (hearty)
—and "Nry" for Henry—clearly indicate the Cock-
ney origin of this article.]

UNANIMITY.—A Reverend Clergyman in a sermon
preached to his people on some particular occasion,
said of them that they had always acted with great
unanimity and candor; "for," says he, as often as I
have chastised you from the desk, you deserved it, and
when I have asked for more salary, you have unani-
mously refused it."

CONUNDRUM.—Why are the disciples of Gall and
Spurzheim necessarily in favour of liberal education?
Because they are Free-knowledge-ists.

IDLENESS.—Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,'
describes idleness as being the cushion upon which
the devil reposes." Dr. Johnson designates it as the
'rust of the soul.'

"Sir," said a collector, to a person who had bor-
rowed several books of him and never returned them,
"I presume you find it much more easy to retain my
books than what is contained in them."

The crow flies at the rate of 22 miles an hour, the
hawk 42, the eagle more than 80. A hawk once flew
from Fontainebleau, and was caught 24 hours after at
Malta; thus travelling 1,000 English miles, or 42 miles
an hour, and more than 3,000 feet a minute.

Plan for Financial Reform in Private Life.—All
know the extravagant career of Mr. H—, but all
are not aware of his ingenious plan for stopping it.—
"Why do you not do something or other?" said a
friend; you will be ruined if you go on so." "I know
it," replied Mr. H—, "but I'll tell you what I am
going to do. I shall put an advertisement in the paper,
telling the people not to trust me, for if they do they
will certainly not be paid."

High Relations.—Nell Gwynne was often success-
ful in throwing ridicule upon her rival, the Duchess
of Portsmouth, originally Miss Querouaille. She pre-
tended to be related to the best families of France;
and whenever one of their members died she put her-
self into mourning. It happened that news of the
Cham of Tartary's death had lately reached England.
A Prince of France was also recently dead, and the
Duchess of Portsmouth was of course in sables. Nell
came to Court in the same attire; and standing close
by her Grace, was asked by one of her friends why
she was in mourning? "Oh," said Nell, "have you
not heard of my loss in the death of the Cham of
Tartary?" "And what the deuce," replied her friend,
"was the Cham of Tartary to you?" "Oh," an-
swered Nell, "exactly the same relation that the
Prince of ——— was to Mademoiselle Querouaille."

AN OLD BACHELOR'S DREAM.

(On a piece of Wedding Cake.)

From the world's crooked paths of vexation
I enter'd a rich parterre,
And gazed on a summer's creation
Of flowers that linger'd there:
And the bubbling of fountains—the hum of the bee
Breath'd notes of tranquility soothing to me.

And here, from this scene of profusion,
'Twas promis'd I ne'er should depart,
But, through a long life of seclusion,
Dwell alone with the girl of my heart:
And ne'er in fancy's pure region of light,
Was pictur'd a being more lovely and bright.

She was there, with companions surrounded,
'Neath the shade of the Myrtle Tree,
And the garlands they'd woven, abounded
With that emblem of constancy.
I live o'er in memory the luxury yet
I enjoy'd when that wreath on my brow was set!

With slow, solemn step advancing,
Seem'd an object in sable dress'd;
And, as all eyes toward him were glancing,
His duties I quickly guessed.
He bade me repeat all the vows that are given,
And then offer'd up a brief prayer to heaven.

'Twas done—when I turned with emotion,
To gaze on that heavenly face,
And to mark if her vows of devotion
O'er its beauty a change would trace.
But naught on that visage could I discover,
"Save new beaming beauties which brighten'd all
over."

In ecstasy, kneeling before her,
I clasp'd her pure bosom to mine
And repeated my vows to adore her,
As a being on earth—divine—
Then beckoning the crowd to retire now,
I tore off the garland they'd wreath'd on my brow.

But alas! how our fondest hopes perish,
When fancy no longer adorning,
Those objects in dreams we cherish,
Which flee from our couch in the morning:
For there I lay holding a Night Cap now
Which fancy—a Garland had twin'd on my brow

And all the dear objects surrounding
The spot where I lately reclin'd,
"Mid the blest charms of nature abounding,"
Had fled and left nothing behind—
Save him before whom all my vows had been told—
'Twas "Old Cæsar," to tell me my breakfast was
cold.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

KEAN'S LEARNING.—When Kean first appeared,
many contradictory reports were abroad, respecting
his education, and a Mr. C—, resolving to put it to the
test, wrote to him one morning a note in Latin, re-
questing some tickets for his benefit. "Well," said
R—, and how did he construe it?" "Into an in-
sult," was the reply. The same gentleman, who was
always a warm partisan of Kean, being once hard
pressed on the subject of Kean's academic deficien-
cies, exclaimed, "D—n it, Sir, surely a man may have
drunk at the well of learning without being expected
to swallow the bucket!"

G. F. COOKE AND MATHEWS.—For the first season
or two that Mathews was in London, whenever Cooke
met him, the conversation began and ended with an
exhortation to Mathews "to avoid drink." "Young
man, if you wish to rise to be a great actor, in fact, to
be a Cooke, eschew drinking; by that sin fall the
greatest, how then can a comedian hope to prosper by
it?" In vain did Mathews truly affirm that he never
so indulged; George always made this injunction the
burden of his talk. [This strange impression on G.
F. Cooke's mind regarding the mimic, arose from a
confused recollection of some potent potting at Mrs.
Judy Burn's, on which occasion George well remem-
bered that one of the party was dead drunk, without
being exactly certain whether it was Mathews or him-
self; we need not tell the reader it was not the former.]
Soon after Mr. Mathew's marriage with Miss Jack-
son (now his widow,) he was walking with an emi-
nent divine, and met Cooke in one of his maudlin
moods; George would not be avoided; he congratulated
his friend on the happy event, and Cooke could
be elegant, and even fascinating. The reverend gen-
tleman was charmed; not so poor Mathews, for
George wound up with the following rhapsody—"She
is a lovely creature, an amiable creature, formed to
make any man happy; God bless you Charles, your
felicity is in your own power; but do let me intreat
and implore you now, whatever you do, to avoid that
d—d drink."

AMERICAN FEASTING (A KENTUCK).—When Mr.
Gallot went through the United States with Mamselle
D'Jeck, the celebrated elephant, he, one evening, was
warm in his praises of the hospitalities and socialities
of the mother-country; amid other instances, he quoted
one of the Rutland punch-bowl, which, on the
christening of the young Marquis, was built so large
that a small boat was actually set sailing upon it, in
which a boy sat, who ladled out the liquor. "I guess,"
said one of the company, "I've seen a bowl that 'ud
beat that to immortal smash; for, at my brother's
christening the bowl was so deep, that when we
young'uns said it warn't sweet enough, father sent a
man down in a diving bell to stir up the sugar at the
bottom."

DR. ABERNETHY AND P—, THE COMEDIAN.—P—,
who was of a scorbutic habit, was, for a considerable
time, the patient of Abernethy; the guineas followed
one another into the pocket of the doctor, and the ac-
tor got no better. At length, in no pleasant humour,
he presented himself. "No better, Doctor!" "Um,"
said Abernethy, "I'm afraid you don't strictly adhere
to your regimen—vegetable diet." "Sir," said the
enraged actor, "I've taken as much green stuff as a
jackass, and yet I'm no better;" and flounced out of
the house. Abernethy, who was too eccentric him-
self to be offended at eccentricity in others, had a pre-
scription made up, and sent it with his red pills to Mr.
P—, with this direction:—"Let the jackass take
one of these per night, and go on with his hot mash of
green stuff as usual."

EGERTON'S REPLY.—It was often said of old Chap-
man, of Covent-garden Theatre, that he taught his
sons to fight before he taught them to read; certain it
is, that they were equally petulant and pugnacious;
and the thing next heard of either S. or W. Chapman
(after their engagement in any new company) was
that they knocked up a play and knocked down the
manager. This pugilistic propensity was most pecu-
liarly developed in Samuel (the youngest and smallest,) who
had fairly fought his way through the provinces. When
the late Mr. Egerton took Sadler's Wells Thea-
tre, S. Chapman wrote to him for an engagement. Eg-
erton's reply was laconic, but decidedly to the pur-
pose:—

"Dear Sam, "I can't fight.
"Yours truly,
"DANIEL EGERTON."

SWEET ELLEN O'MORE!

Throughout the green isle, while there's heart to adore,
Ah! who has not heard of sweet Ellen O'More!
In her eye there's a light,
In her voice there's a tone,
That speaks to my spirit
Like days that are flown.

E'en the rude peasant smiles, as she passes his door,
And blesses the face of sweet Ellen O'More.

Though the daughters of Erin are lovely to see,
Yet Ellen, sweet Ellen's the fairest to me;
While I see her advance
To join the gay throng,
The sylph of the dance,
And the syren of song,
My heart feels a passion ne'er cherish'd before,
And sighs for the love of sweet Ellen O'More!

ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.

A lady was supplicating her little girl (these things
are not uncommon with kind mothers) to be less vio-
lent in her play, to shriek in a less shrill key, as she
had a headache. Her prayer concluded with the cus-
tomary warning—"she would go out of her mind."—
The child caught at the idea of going out: her sharp
note instantly changed to an insinuating whisper,—
"and if you do, mamma, will you take me with you?"

A far stronger degree of selfishness, with equal sim-
plicity, is evinced in a circumstance that came the
other day under the observance of a friend. A cer-
tain tragedian had presented a family with "orders"
for the theatre. He played Pierre. The imagination
of a little girl, who was of the party, was strongly ex-
cited. The gentleman who had obliged them, was
about to be broken on the wheel! She had no mis-
giving as to that fact—but another more shocking
still occurred to her little sympathising mind. When
the interest was at its height, when her feelings were
acute, she enquired anxiously—"Oh! is Mr. ———
to be put to death?" "Yes." "Will they chop his
head off?" "Yes." Her sensitive heart could ill
sustain the shock, and she had scarcely a breath to
articulate, whilst the tears streamed from her eyes,—
"Oh! then he'll never give us any more orders!"

"Do you want to buy a rare prime lot of butter?"
said a Yankee notion dealer, who had picked up a lot
from fifty different places, to a Boston merchant.—
"What kind of butter is it?" said the merchant. "The
clear quill; all made by my wife, from a dairy of forty
cows; only two churnings." "But what makes it of
so many different colors?" said the buyer. "Darna-
tion, hear that now. I guess you wouldn't ax that
question if you'd seen my cows, for they are a darned
sight speckled than the butter is."

A beef-stealer caught stealing a beef, by the beef itself.—A friend relates to us an amusing piece of thievery, which took place not long since, not a thousand miles from our goodly village. Two persons undertook to steal a piece of beef from a neighbour who had killed an ox and left it over night in his barn, suspended with a stick between the flanks, in the usual way. They agreed that one should mount the cross stick and cut away, whilst the other kept watch. He had scarcely commenced operations, when the stick slipped from under him, the ribs closed and fairly locked him inside the carcass, his arms extending above his head, and his feet projecting from the neck of the animal; his companion fled, leaving the prisoner to be released from his confinement by the owner of the ox, who upon opening his barn at sunrise, greeted him with a hearty good "morning."—*Logansport Canal Telegraph.*

A gentleman travelling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snufflers and its stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe," said the Brazilian to his guest: "before I received this present, I used, after taking off the candle snuff, to throw it about the floor, or perchance on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now—mark the difference!" So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully in the snufflers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly amused spectator.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.—"Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and Uncle Zeke had duck-in on't on the Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Timber-toes, whilst amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage, for, and in consideration of a bran new tin milk pan. "No, I never did, do tell it," was the reply.

"Well—you must know that I and Uncle Zeke took it into our heads on Saturday afternoon to go a gunning after ducks, in father's skiff; so in we got and skulked down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards I tell ye—and by'm by a few on'em lit down by the mash, and went to feeding on muscles. I caught up my peauder horn to prime and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I could'n swim a jot, so I sez to Uncle Zeke you're a pretty clever teller, jest let me take your peauder horn to prime. And don't you think the stingy critter would'n't. Well says I, you're a pretty good diver, 'un if you'll dive and git it, I'll give you a primin. I thought he'd leave his peauder horn, but he did'n't; but stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid"—here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added—"I looked down and what do you think the critter was doin'?" "Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know." "There he was," said our hero, "sitting right on the bottom of the river pouring the peauder out of my horn into hizen."

A long time to Wait.—It is the custom at the chambers, in ins of courts, when attorneys or their clerks are absent, to put labels on the doors, thus—"Gone to the Temple; return in an hour, &c." A certain limb of the law having recently been *non est inventus*, and a charge of embezzlement brought against him, a friend fastened the following announcement to the doors of his chamber:—"Gone to Botany-bay: return in 14 years."

ADVICE TO UNMARRIED LADIES.

FOUND AMONGST SOME MSS. OF A LATE DOWAGER.

If you have blue eyes—languish.

If black eyes—leer.

If you have a pretty foot—wear short petticoats.

If you are in the least doubtful as to that point—let them be rather long.

If you have good teeth—don't forget to laugh now and then.

If you have bad ones—you must only simper.

While you are young—sit with your face to the light.

When you are a little advanced—sit with your back to the window.

If you have a bad voice—always speak in a low tone.

If it is acknowledged that you have a fine voice—never speak in a high one.

If you dance well—dance but seldom.

If you dance ill—never dance at all.

If you sing well—make no previous excuses.

If you sing indifferently—hesitate not a moment when you are asked; for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

If in conversation you think a person wrong—rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.

If you find a person telling an absolute falsehood—let it pass over in silence; it is not worth your while to make any one your enemy, by proving him a liar.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles—what a folly to make enemies by frowns!

When you have an opportunity to praise—do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame—appear, at least, to do it with reluctance.

If you are envious of another woman—never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those she really possesses.

If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man—treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent—it is better to exercise your ill humor on your dog, your cat, or your servant, than your friends.

If you would preserve beauty—rise early.

If you would preserve esteem—be gentle.

If you would obtain power—be condescending.

If you would live happy—endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

CONS.—What medicine bespeaks in its name its fitness for dogs? Bark. Like what is a speech against money? Antimony. What is like a cutting reply? The Retort. What two articles would a hodman be most likely to carry out from a chemist's shop? Mortar and Plaster. What medicine are we reminded of by a man's beating his wife? Elixir. (He licks her.) What does a negro take when he is hung? Black Drop.

The Church in Danger.—An honest old woman who came from the country to the old church in Dundee, brought with her some bread and cheese, and a bottle of beer. Just as the clergyman was administering the order of baptism, owing probably to the weather, the cork flew to the ceiling, with a report like that of a pistol, the noise of which reverberating along the aisles, was heard by every one in the church. The honest woman attempted to look from her seat as it nothing had happened, but it would not do; she made a cork of her thumb, but still the liquor went on discharging itself in the church, crying fiz, fiz, fiz.—*Eng. Paper.*

THE WALTZ.

As many of the retired matrons of this city, unskilled in jestic lore, are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavor to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut, when from under their guardian wings. On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes a lady by the waist; the lady, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman around the neck, with one arm resting on his shoulder to prevent encroachments. Away then they go, about, and about, and about—"About what, sir?" About the room, madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room in a certain measured step, and it is truly astonishing that this continued revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top: but I have been positively assured that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvelously agreeable. In the course of this circumnavigation, the dancers, in order to give the charm of variety, are continually changing their relative positions—now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, madam, carelessly flings his arm around the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence; and anon, the lady, meaning as little harm, as the gentleman, takes him round the waist, with the most ingenious languishment, to the great delight of the numerous spectators and amateurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do about a pair of amazons fighting, or a couple of mastiffs. After continuing this divine interchange of hands, arms, et cetera, for half an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and with eyes upraised in the most bewitching langor, petitions her partner for a little more support. This is always given without the least hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder; their arms entwined in a thousand seducing mischievous curves—don't be alarmed, madam—close and closer they approach each other, and in conclusion the parties being overcome with ecstatic fatigue, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then—"Well sir—what then?" Lord! madam, how should I know.—*Washington Irving.*

ANECDOTE OF LORENZO DOW.—The following anecdote of this eccentric character has been sent us in manuscript by a correspondent, who thinks it has never been published. We think we have some recollection of seeing it in print several years ago. At any rate, it is worth republishing.

"Some years since, Lorenzo preached in Charleston, South Carolina, and in the course of one of his sermons, attacked with some severity the character of a citizen who had lately died, and whose death he alleged was in consequence of his vices. For this he was at the instance of the relatives of the deceased, prosecuted and found guilty by a jury. The court sentenced him to pay a small fine, and endure a short imprisonment. The Governor of the state, however, pardoned him and paid the fine himself.

The next Sunday, Lorenzo preached to a crowded audience, commencing as follows:—

"There was, we learn from the New Testament, a certain rich man who lived, I think, in Jerusalem, and his name was Dives. He was clad in robes of purple linen, and fared sumptuously every day. That is, he lived high, or what may be called dissipated. Now there was also, I think, in Jerusalem, a certain beggar, named Lazarus, who asked to be fed only with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. He lay down at the gate of his palace, but the rich man would not hear him, but set his dogs on him. So this poor beggar died, and then his sorrows ended, for he was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom. Yea, La-

zarus went up aloft—his spirit soared to heaven, where all good men will go when they die. But, my brethren, you will ask what became of Dives the rich man? Why, my friends, after awhile he died also, and I don't know but he died drunk. I will not, however, say so, positively, for I don't know but he has some relations among those who now hear me, and I may be prosecuted for defamation of character!"—*Protestant.*

PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

A worthy young lover once sought for his bride,

A dame of the blue-stocking school;

"Excuse me, good sir, but I've vowed," she replied,

"That I never would marry a fool!"

"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, "my

fair,

Your vow was Diana's suggestion,

Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,

Would venture to ask you the question!

[Not so fast, my fond lover, she answered with glee,

Nor prate of chaste Di's intercession;

No wise one will take your opinion of me,

Because you're a fool by confession.]

An amusing anecdote of the eccentric tragedian, Mr. Booth, was told to us sometime ago by our friend Mr. C. H. Eaton. Both were engaged to perform at the same time in Washington—and the play in which they were to open was Othello. In the morning Mr. Eaton attended at the theatre, but no lago in the shape of Mr. Booth appeared—and of course there could be no rehearsal. In the afternoon while walking through Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Eaton encountered the delinquent. "Ah, Mr. Eaton," said the latter, "pardon me that I was not at the theatre." "Oh, it's of no consequence," answered Mr. E. "we can undoubtedly get along very well." "But it would be better to have a rehearsal," rejoined Mr. Booth:—"Suppose you take my arm, and rehearse up the avenue." They walked on, and the rehearsal proceeded. They had not gone far before the Baltimore manager met them—"Mr. Booth," said he, "I was in pursuit of you. I wish to have you perform at my theatre. I will give you one hundred dollars for—nights' performances." The tragedian answered with great gravity—"No, sir, I can't engage with you on those terms—I require two hundred and a clean shirt!" The manager smiled, "I'm not trifling, sir, answered he—"I will give you the sum I have named." Mr. B. opened his bosom, and displayed a shirt the "worse for wear."—"You see, sir, the condition I am in. Two hundred and a clean shirt." "Mr. Booth, I make a proper offer, sir—will you engage with me for two hundred?" "And a clean shirt"—persisted the actor without moving a muscle. "I have a shirt that you are welcome to," said Mr. Eaton. "Then, Mr. Manager," said Booth, "I can't engage with you. And the two walked on, while the rehearsal proceeded. They went to Mr. Eaton's rooms, where, without the least interruption of the dialogue, the shirt was produced, and Mr. B. denuded himself, and put it on—and then sought the street again. Soon the manager reappeared. "Well, Mr. Booth, will you accede to my terms?" "No," answered he, displaying his bosom, "I've got a clean shirt!"—*N. E. Galaxy.*

A GOOD CUSTOMER.—"What do you wish to get in your two bottles?" said a grocer to a little boy as he entered the store. "Mother wants to get a cent's worth of your best yeast." Which bottle will you have it in?" "I'll have it in both; and will you please to put a cork in 'em. Can't you send it home? 'cause I'm going another way?"—"Well, where's your cent?" "Mother says you must charge it!"

WHITE AND RED ROSES.

A BALLAD.

white and red, white and red I cry— Pret - ty, pret - ty maidens

come, and buy. Come, oh! come and buy, come. oh!

WHITE AND RED ROSES.

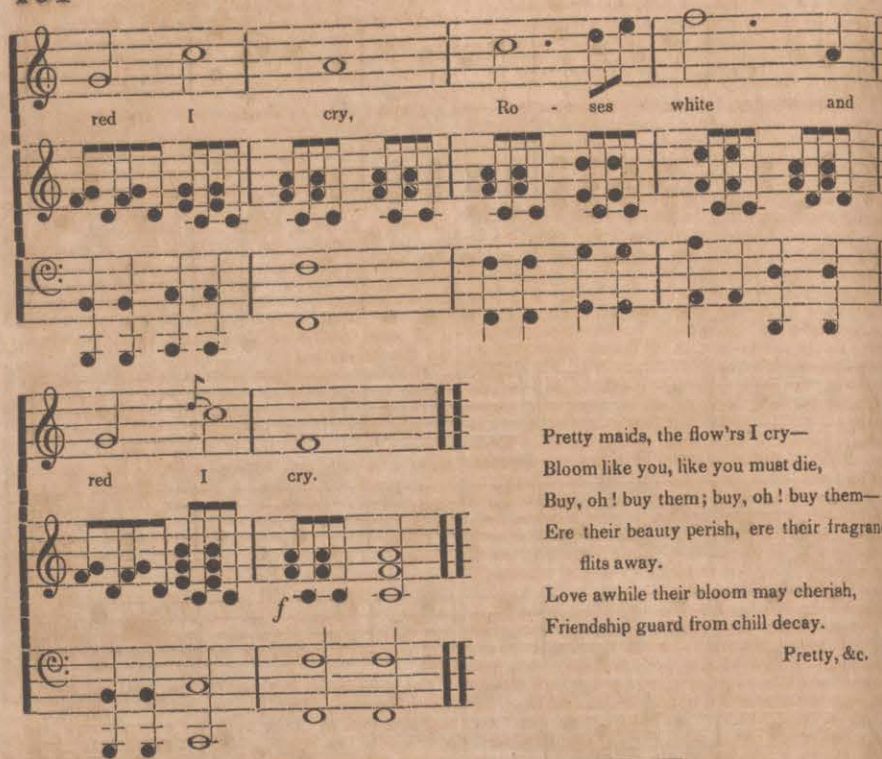
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come and buy. Come and buy my ro - ses, gather'd fresh at dawn of day—

Buds whose scent - ed breath com - po - ses, Ev' - ry

sweet, that breaths of May. Pretty maidens come and buy, Svc.

come, oh! come and buy, Ro - ses white and



From the New Orleans Courier.

We present our readers with a poem of TOM MOORE's, never before published, for which we are indebted to a gentleman of this city. It was presented to him by the late celebrated Mrs. Siddons; the aunt of Mrs. Arkwright, who is only daughter of Stephen Kemble, and cousin to the present Mrs. Fanny Butler. The Irish bard in alluding to this poem observes:—"In these stanzas, I have done little more than relate a fact in verse, and the lady whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright."

THE DAY-DREAM.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

They both were hush'd--the voice--the chords--
I heard but once the witching lay;
And few the tones, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away.

Traces remembered here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain;
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

E'en these, too, ere the morning fled;
And though the charm still linger'd on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded--gone!

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth hath set,
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers;
But what they were, we now forget!

In vain with hints from other strains
I wooed this truant air to come,
As birds are taught on eastern plains,
To love their wild and kindred home.

In vain;--the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory,

At length one morning as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of day-light's beams--

A face,--the very face, methought,
From which had breath'd, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought,
Came with its music, close to mine.

And sung the long lost measure o'er,
Each note and word, with every tone
And look that lent it life before,
All perfect--all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, mid the blest,
They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor e'en in waking did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
So well, as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON, in Latin prose: by Francis Glass, A. M. of Ohio. Edited by J. N. Reynolds. New York. Harper & Brothers.

The above work, from some cause or other--we suppose an oversight of the publishers--did not reach us until within a few days; and we embrace the earliest opportunity of recording our opinion of its merits. This, however, is almost an unnecessary task, since it has not only been eulogised by all the leading newspapers and reviews throughout the country--but also recommended to public attention by many distinguished scholars, among whom we might name Professor Arthon, of Columbia College, New York, and Professor Wylie of the Pennsylvania University in this city--no mean authorities.

American literature, it might be remarked, has long been a theme for the sneers of Transatlantic critics; and no one who is at all conversant with the English Reviews, can have forgotten the insolent assertion contained in the Quarterly, that centuries must elapse before we could become sufficiently indoctrinated in classical literature, to produce even a tolerable specimen of Latin composition. This prediction seems also to have been verified by numerous subsequent travellers, such as the Halls and Hamiltons, Trollopes and Fiddlers, who have proved, beyond a doubt, that, although we are tolerably well skilled in the art of constructing a canal or rail-way, yet we are utterly wanting in every thing that relates to classical education. But it was nevertheless reserved for a son of the wilderness--the inmate of a wretched hovel in the wilds of Ohio--a lonely and almost unfriended student, who had withdrawn himself from the world and its enjoyments, to disprove those malignant assertions, and prepare a work in Classical Literature, which should challenge the admiration of the scholar and sage, the philosopher and historian. That man, we need not say, was Francis Glass, who, like the great architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, needs no other monument than that of his works.

The preface to the Life of Washington, from the pen of the Editor, J. N. Reynolds, A. M. is replete with interest, and details, in a neat and unaffected style, the circumstances which induced him to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Glass: he also gives a brief sketch of his life and peculiar habits, and concludes with an account of the planing and execution of the "Vita Washingtonii." We make no apology for the following very interesting extract, which displays the philanthropic character of the editor no less than the erudition and amiability of the unfortunate Glass.

It is a duty we owe to society, to preserve every memorial of intellectual superiority, that chance may throw in our way, and, more particularly so, those productions which reflect honor on our native genius. The literature of a nation is not to be built up like a modern edifice, with suitable honors, "a true and trusty" corner-stone, conveying the memorabilia of the age; but must have accident and design, small things, as well as great, in its foundation.

The following classical production came into my possession in so singular a way, that I feel bound to give the reader the whole history of it. In the summer of 1823, I was a member of the Ohio University, and left that Institution, expecting to return to college to pursue my studies, in the winter; but circumstances, unnecessary for me to state, prevented me from joining my class at that time, and I was induced to seek, in the western part of the state, a person with whom I could prosecute my studies during the winter season. I heard of a competent teacher in Warren

county, of which Lebanon is the shire, situate about thirty miles from Cincinnati. He had excited no small degree of interest among the few who were capable of appreciating his extraordinary attainments in classical literature.--This man was Francis Glass, the author of the following work, "The Life of Washington."

I found him in a remote part of the county, in a good neighborhood of thrifty farmers, who had employed him to instruct their children, who, in general, were then acquiring the simplest rudiments of an English education. The school-house now rises fresh on my memory. It stood on the banks of a small stream, in a thick grove of native oaks, resembling more a den for Druidical rites, than a temple of learning. The building was a low log-cabin, with a clapboard roof, but indifferently tight--all the light of heaven, found in this cabin, came through apertures made on each side in the logs, and these were covered with oiled paper to keep out the cold air, while they admitted the dim rays.

The seats, or benches, were of hewn timbers, resting on upright posts, placed in the ground to keep them from being overturned by the mischievous urchins who sat on them. In the centre was a large stove between which and the back part of the building, stood a small desk, without lock or key, made of rough plank, over which a plane had never passed, and, behind this desk, sat Professor Glass when I entered his school.

There might have been forty scholars present; twenty-five of these were engaged in spelling, reading, and writing, a few in arithmetic, a small class in English grammar; and a half a dozen, like myself, had joined his school, for the benefit of his instruction in the Greek and Latin languages, preparatory to a more extended course in one of the Ohio seminaries.

The moment he learned that my intention was to pursue the study of the languages with him, his whole soul appeared to beam from his countenance. He commenced in a strain, which in another would have seemed pedantic, but which, in fact, was far from being so on him.

The following imperfect sketch, drawn entirely from memory, may serve to give some idea of his peculiar manner:--"Welcome to the shrine of the Muses, my young friend, *Salve!* The temple of the Delphian God was originally a laurel hut, and the Muses deign to dwell, accordingly, even in my rustic abode. '*Non humilem domum fastidiunt, umbrosamve ripam.*' Here, too, the winds hold converse, 'Eurus, and Caurus, and Argestes loud, and the goddesses of the Castalian fountain, the daughters of the golden-haired Mnemosyne, are sometimes silent with the lyre, '*citharâ tacentes,*' that they may catch the sweet murmurs of the harp of Aeolus. Here, too, I, the priest of the muses, *Musarum sacerdos*, sing, to the young of either sex, strains before unheard, '*Virginibus querisque canto.*' Plutus, indeed, that blind old deity, is far away; and far away let him be, for well has the prince of comic poets styled him a 'filthy, crooked, miserable, wrinkled, bald, and toothless creature!'

Such was my first interview. It was a display perfectly natural, and without the least apparent consciousness of effort on his part. From this moment he took the greatest interest in my studies, and I enjoyed not only his instruction during school hours, but--as I had taken up my lodgings at a farm-house about half a mile from his school, on the road to his own humble residence, situate a mile beyond--almost every evening, from his deep interest in my progress was spent with me at my dwelling.

While at the Ohio University, I had enjoyed the privilege of able instruction from the Professor of

Languages in that institution; but so far as I was capable of judging, or making comparison, the attainments and readiness of Glass seemed altogether superior to any thing I had witnessed. While reading Horace, for instance, the happy illustrations applied to each line, or word, gave an interest to my studies absolutely fascinating. Sometimes, when in a happy mood—and I soon learned that he was not always happy—he would hold me a delighted auditor, for a whole evening, while analyzing and pointing out the beauties of a single ode. The whole range of classic authors was at his tongue's end, and he would recite from them with a facility and an accuracy truly astonishing. Every thing, by way of illustration or comparison, was introduced, with such an inimitable and sweet simplicity, that, to me, it seemed as if I had never before understood the beauties of the authors I had been reading, or properly appreciated the flow, strength, and grandeur of the Latin tongue.

Mr. Reynolds likewise explains, very clearly and satisfactorily, the mode adopted by Glass, for the expression of "Equivalents"—that is, the modern terms of science and art, which, owing to the state of society in ancient times, have no direct synonyme in the Latin. Thus, at the very outset, he removes obstacles which many able scholars have been unable to surmount, from too great a fastidiousness in adhering strictly to the ancient acceptance of words and phrases. Having thus cleared the way of these obstructions, Glass proceeds in an unadorned, concise manner, to detail the leading events in the Life of Washington, and the war of our independence—contriving to embody more narration and incident in a volume of about two hundred pages, than could possibly be compressed in *double* that number of pages in English. A history of our Revolution such as this, is the first which should be placed in the hands of youth, destined for a classical education; indeed, we cannot too strongly recommend its introduction into our preparatory schools as a substitute for those uninteresting (to the pupil) compends of Sacred History an ancient anecdote, which almost invariably disgust him with the study of the dead Languages. Not so, however, with the present work; the subject, alone—recording as it does, events almost daily alluded to in our conversation—will have for him a peculiar interest, it not a charm—and he will be led on, step by step, until he finds himself no mean proficient in classical studies. Our thanks are richly due to Mr. Reynolds, the enterprising editor, without whose opportunity and judicious aid, this work would never have been matured; and trust that he will not intermit his efforts in behalf of our national literature, for which he has already accomplished so much.

RIENZI.—This is unquestionably one of Mr. Bulwer's very best productions. It has none of the sparkling wit or classical allusion which you are disposed to laugh at in Pelham; nor the vague and dreamy speculation over which you sometimes ponder in Eugene Aram: it is a work of a different, and we might say, higher order, resting (in some measure) its claim to public favor, in the truth and fidelity of its historical delineations. The character of Rienzi, the devoted patriot—the stern and resolute soldier—the noble and majestic senator,—though sometimes approaching the mock-heroic—is finely drawn—and is beautifully contrasted with the affectionate Nina, or the still more gentle and confiding Irene. The character, too, of Adrain and Montreuil, are strikingly portrayed; the one, highminded and ingenious—the other, dark, subtle, and intriguing. In this respect the novel of Rienzi may be said to resemble a beautiful picture: the light and shade is distributed though it so admirably, that each character is presented to

the eye of the reader in bold relief—the one, imparting life, brilliancy, and interest to the other. But it is not so much a matter of surprise, that Mr. Bulwer should write a series of splendid fictions, as that his two penny critics, who, it may be, have had their wits sharpened by dealing out musty volumes to the patrons of a circulating library, or some similar employment, should pronounce against him, and declare their non-approval of his works, when they, themselves, are incapable of writing a decent paragraph for the wretched hebdomadals which they assume to edit. It is the ignorance and vulgarity of such creatures, that disarms criticism of its legitimate and wholesome influence; and so long as they continue to disgrace themselves and the community by their illiberal and unmeaning strictures upon the literature of the day, we may look in vain for any thing like a correct appreciation of merit among those whose judgment they may have it in their power to sway.

The following is an extract from Rienzi, which, we think, will be read with interest by a majority of our readers.

THE PRISON.

The night slowly advanced, and in the highest chamber of that dark and rugged tower which fronted the windows of the Cæsar's palace, sat a solitary prisoner. A single lamp burnt before him on a table of stone, and threw its rays over an open Bible; and those stern but fantastic legends of the prowess of ancient Rome, which the genius of Livy has dignified into history. A chain hung pendant from the wall of the tower, and confined the captive; but so as to leave his limbs at sufficient liberty to measure at will the greater part of the cell. Green and damp were the mighty stones of the walls, and through a narrow aperture, high out of reach, came the moonlight, and slept in long shadow over the rude floor. A bed at one corner completed the furniture of the room. Such for months had been the abode of the conqueror of the haughtiest barons, and the dictator of the state—the least city of the world!

Care, and travel, and time, and adversity, had wrought their change in the person of Rienzi. The proportions of his frame had enlarged from the compact strength of earlier manhood, the clear paleness of his cheek was bespread with a hectic and deceitful glow. Even in his present studies, intent as they seemed, and genial though the lecture to a mind enthusiastic even to fanaticism, his eyes could not rivet themselves as of yore steadily to the page. The charm was gone from the letters. Every now and then he moved restlessly, started, resettled himself, and muttered broken exclamations like a man in an anxious dream. Anon, his gaze, impatiently turned upward, about, around, and there was a strange and wandering fire in those large deep eyes, which might have thrilled the beholder with a vague and unaccountable awe.

Angelo had in the main correctly narrated the latter of the adventure of Rienzi after his fall. He had first with Nina and Angelo betaken himself to Naples, and found a fallacious and brief favor with Louis King of Hungary; that harsh but honorable monarch had refused to yield his illustrious guest to the demands of Clement, but had plainly declared his inability to shelter him in safety. Maintaining secret intercourse with his partisans at Rome, the fugitive then sought a refuge with the Eremites, sequestered in the lone recesses of the Monte Mariella, where in solitude and thought he had passed a whole year, save the time consumed in his visit to and return from Florence. Taking advantage of the jubilee in Rome, he had then, disguised as a pilgrim, traversed the vales and mountains still rich in the melancholy ruins of ancient Rome, and entering the city, his restless and ambitious spirit indulged in new but vain conspiracies.

Excommunicated a second time by the Cardinal di Ceccano, and again a fugitive, he shook the dust from his feet as he left the city, and raising his hand towards those walls in which are yet traced the witness of the Tarquins, cried aloud, "Honored as thy prince—persecuted as the victim—Rome, Rome, thou shalt yet receive me as thy conqueror!"

Still disguised as a pilgrim, he passed unscathed through Italy into the court of the Emperor Charles of Bohemia, where the page, who had probably witnessed, had rightly narrated, his reception. It is doubtful, however, whether the conduct of the emperor had been as chivalrous as appears by Angelo's relation, or whether he had not delivered Rienzi to the pontiff's emissaries. At all events, it is certain, that from Prague to Avignon, the path of the fallen tribune had been as one triumph. The lapse of years—his strange adventures—his unbroken spirit—the disorders of Rome, when relieved from his inflexible justice—the new power that intellect daily and wonderfully excited over the minds of the rising generation—the eloquence of Petrarch, and the common sympathy of the vulgar for fallen greatness—all conspired to make Rienzi the hero of the age. Not a town through which he passed which would not have risked a siege for his protection—not a house that would not have sheltered him—not a hand that would not have struck in his defence. Refusing all offers of aid, disdaining all occasions of escape, inspired by his indomitable hope, and his unalloyed belief in the brightness of his own destinies, the tribune sought Avignon—and found a dungeon!

These, his external adventures, are briefly and easily told, but who shall tell what passed within?—who narrate the fearful history of the heart?—who paint the rapid changes of emotion and of thought—the indignant grief—the stern dejection—the haughty disappointment that saddened while it never destroyed the resolve of that great soul? Who can say what must have been endured, what mediated, in the hermitage of Mariella;—on the lonely hills of the perished empire it had been his dream to restore;—in the courts of barbarian kings;—and, above all, on returning, obscure and disguised, amid the crowds of the Christian world, to the seat of his former power? What elements of memory, and in what a wild and fiery brain! What recollections to be conned in the dungeons of Avignon, by a man who had pushed into all the terrors of fanaticism—four passions, a single one of which has, in excess, sufficed to wreck the strongest reason—passions which, in themselves, it is most difficult to combine,—the dreamer—the aspirant—the very nympholept of freedom, yet of power—of knowledge, yet of religion!

In a few minutes he was apparently absorbed in the lecture; so intent indeed was he in the task, that he did not hear the steps which wound the spiral stairs that conducted to his cell, and it was not till the wards harshly grated beneath the huge key, and the door creaked on its hinges, that Rienzi, in amaze at intrusion at so unwonted an hour, lifted his eyes. The door had reclosed on the dungeon, and by the lonely and pale lamp, he beheld a figure leaning, as for support, against the wall. The figure was wrapped from head to foot in the long cloak of the day, and, aided by a broad hat, shaded by plumes, concealed even the features of the visitor.

Rienzi gazed long and wistfully.

"Speak," he said at length, putting his hand to his brow. "Methinks either long solitude has bewildered me, or, sweet sir, your apparition dazzles. I know you not—I am sure?"—and Rienzi's hair bristled while he slowly rose—"Am I sure that it is a living man who stands before me!—Angels have entered the prison-house before now. Alas! an angel's comfort never was more needed."

The stranger answered not, but the captive saw that his heart heaved even beneath his cloak; loud sobs choked his voice; at length, as by a violent effort, he sprung forward, and sunk at the tribune's feet. The disguising hat, the long mantle fell to the ground—it was the face of a woman that looked upward through passionate and glazing tears—the arms of a woman that clasped the prisoner's knees! Rienzi gazed mute and motionless as stone. "Powers and saints of heaven!" he muttered at last, "do ye tempt me further!—is it?—no, no—yet speak!"

"Beloved—adored!—do you not know me?"

"It is—it is!" shrieked Rienzi, wildly, "it is my Nina—my wife—my—" His voice forsook him. Clapsed in each other's arms, the unfortunates for some moments seemed to have lost even the sense of delight at their reunion. It was as an unconscious and deep trance, through which something like a dream only faintly and indistinctly stirs.

At length recovered—at length restored, the first broken exclamations, the first wild caresses of joy over—Nina lifted her head from her husband's bosom, and gazed sadly on his countenance—"Oh what thou hast known since we parted!—what, since that hour, when borne on by the bold heart and wild destiny, thou didst leave me in the imperial court, to seek again the diadem and find the chain! Ah! why did I heed thy commands—why suffer thee to depart alone! How often, in thy progress hitherward, in doubt and danger, might this bosom have been thy resting-place, and this voice have whispered comfort to thy soul! Thou art well, my lord—my Cola? Thy pulse beats quicker than of old—thy brow is furrowed. Ah! tell me thou art well!"

"Well!" said Rienzi, mechanically. "Methinks so!—the mind diseased blunts all sense of bodily decay. Well!—yes! And you—you, at least, are not changed, save to maturer beauty. The glory of the laurel-wreath has not faded from thy brow. Thou shalt yet—" then breaking off abruptly—"Rome—tell me of Rome! And thou—how camest thou hither! Ah! perhaps my doom is set, and in their mercy they have vouchsafed that I should see thee once more before the deathman blinds me. I remember. It is the grace vouchsafed to malefactors. When I was a lord of life and death, I, too, permitted the meanest criminal to say farewell to those he loved."

"No—not so, Cola!" exclaimed Nina, putting her hand before his mouth. "I bring thee more auspicious tidings. To-morrow thou art to be heard. The favour of the court is propitiated. Thou wilt be acquitted."

"Ha! speak again."

"Thou wilt be heard, my Cola—thou must be acquitted."

"And Rome be free!—Great God, I thank thee!" The tribune sank on his knees, and never had his heart, in his youngest, purest hour, poured forth thanksgiving more fervent, yet less selfish. When he rose again, the whole man seemed changed. His eye had resumed its earlier expression of deep and serene command. Majesty sat upon his brow. The sorrows of the exile were forgotten. In his sanguine and rapid thoughts, he stood once more the guardian of his country,—and its sovereign!

PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE CULTURE OF SILK.—Mr. F. S. Comstock, the editor of the Hartford "Silk Culturist" and secretary of the Hartford County Silk Society, has just issued a valuable little book entitled "A Practical Treatise on the Culture of Silk, adapted to the soil and climate of the United States." It contains all the necessary instructions relative to the mode of planting and treating the Mulberry tree,—the kinds of soil best adapted to it—the management

of the Silk Worm from the egg, to the cocoons, and the reeling, manufacturing and dyeing of silk, with explanatory cuts, so complete yet simple, as to give a thorough insight into all parts of the business to the most inexperienced mind. It is a valuable manual to all persons desirous of embarking in the business, which is now spreading rapidly through the United States. As such it cannot fail to be in demand.

Messrs. Marshall & Co. booksellers, at the north west corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, have the treatise for sale—price 50 cents.

DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.—Such a work as this has long been needed by the American public: it is presented to us in a cheap and popular form; and is admirably adapted as a book of reference, instead of those large and expensive editions which have hitherto occupied our tables for every day use. The author is P. J. Hunst, now resident in this country, but formerly of one of the German universities—a ripe and able scholar. The work contains all the words in general use, designating the various parts of speech in both languages, with the genders and plurals of the German nouns, the division of words into syllables, and the separation of compound nouns by double-hyphens according to their formation. The author well remarks in his preface, "Some of the finest writings of the age are to be found in the German language, as well in the department of fiction and fancy as in the more substantial walks of science and philosophy. In mathematics, metaphysics, astronomy, and many other of the natural and speculative sciences, no people have made greater advances than the Germans, and yet for the want of a more perfect knowledge of their language, few in America are permitted to reap the advantages of their discoveries."

CARPENTER'S FAMILY DISPENSARY.—This is a beautifully bound volume which has just made its appearance in this city. It contains a select catalogue of Drugs, Chemicals, and Family Medicines, with the properties and doses of each article most approved of in domestic medicine. Appended to the work is also a concise description of diseases, with directions for the treatment of such as are unattended with serious consequences—showing the best immediate measures to be adopted, in those disorders and accidents which are destructive to life, when the physician is not at hand, or until his assistance can be procured. Mr. Carpenter acknowledges in his preface the assistance of a medical gentleman in the composition of the "Dispensary," which he designs more especially for the use of families who reside in the country, and at a distance from medical aid.

PARRISH'S SURGICAL OBSERVATIONS.—We are indebted to Messrs. Key & Biddle for a copy of a new valuable work, just published, under the title of "Practical Observations on Strangulated Hernia, and some of the diseases of the Urinary organs," by JOSEPH PARRISH, M. D. one of the oldest and most respected physicians of this city. The work comprises the personal observations of the author, on various important and critical diseases, incident to the human frame, during a long and very extensive practice, and it cannot but prove of great value to the Medical Faculty throughout the country. The volume is dedicated to Dr. Physick, and the dedication, which we append, is the nearest affair of the kind that we have ever seen.

TO PHILIP SYNG PHYSICK, M. D.

The fathers of the medical profession in the days of my pupilage are gone—but thou art still among us. Permit one who knew thee in the vigour of manhood, and listened with deep instruction to thy private lec-

tures, before thy elevation to a Professor's chair, thus publicly to acknowledge the numerous acts of kindness and confidence received at thy hands.

Under these feelings, can I do other than cherish recollections of the past, accompanied with a desire, that now when the shadows of the evening are lengthened out, consolations may gather thickly around thee, soothed by a consciousness of a faithful discharge of duty, and remembering that a grateful community are prepared to acknowledge that thy "lamp has burned for the good of others?" THE AUTHOR.

GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF GREECE.—The same publishers have just issued a revised and improved edition of Pinnock's Goldsmith's History of Greece, abridged for the use of schools, and illustrated with thirty-two engravings on Wood. The additions to Dr. Goldsmith's work are, a brief sketch of modern Grecian history, several introductory chapters on the natural character of that people, abridged from Professor Heeren's work on the political history of Greece, and an account of Grecian literature and philosophy, calculated to excite in the mind of the student a desire for a more intimate acquaintance with Grecian history. This publication will prove a valuable addition to the school books of the day.

PHRENOLOGY.—We have before us two new works on the subject of Phrenology—one by Mrs. L. Miles, published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard of this city, and the other by Silas Jones, published by Russell, Shattuck & Williams, Boston. The first publication is designed more particularly for ladies, and the authoress, using the developments of Spurzheim and Gall, gives a brief but very satisfactory synopsis of the various branches of Phrenology, so arranged as to exhibit the moral influence of the science, and to serve as a manual or text book for schools. Mr. Jones's work is more full and elaborate, as, in addition to an exposition of the various organs, classed in Phrenology, he offers remarks on the qualifications necessary to the practical application of the science, and furnishes illustrations tending to establish its truth, in a critical examination of the heads of Burns, Sheridan, Chief Justice Marshall, Washington, Franklin, Michael Angelo, Black Hawk, Miss Clara Fisher, and several other distinguished characters. Both publications are well entitled to the consideration of those who feel any interest in this important science.

A LADY'S OPINION OF PAUL ULRIC.—We already have copied several notices of Mr. Mattson's new novel, Paul Ulric—enough at least to show with what favour it was generally received—but since a lady has also complimented the author we cannot refrain from adding the additional weight of her testimony in its favour. The notice alluded to, we find in a late number of the Pennsylvania Inquirer, which the editor states, is from the pen of "Mrs. Stephens, the accomplished editress of the Portland Magazine." It is as follows:—

"Here is another new book, by a new author, and one which disappointed us very pleasantly. The first sixty pages dragged off somewhat heavily—then the interest began to increase, and we entered upon the second volume in a very good humour with the author. This we read thoroughly without rising from our chair, and closed with the opinion, that 'Paul Ulric' is a good book—a very good book. The plot does not open quite early enough, yet it is skillfully developed, and some of his descriptions are fine.—Lans Lawler's death is thrilling and highly descriptive. The shipwreck is one of the most exciting portions of the book, and Meg Lawler's story, as a detached tale, is highly interesting."



ATKINSON'S CASKET

OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.

No. 3. PHILADELPHIA.---MARCH. [1836.]

SKETCH OF MEXICO.

The Republic of the United States of Mexico is bounded E. by the Gulf of Mexico and Louisiana, W. by the Pacific Ocean, N. by the United States of North America, and S. by Guatemala, in Central America. It lies between 87° and 124° E. long. and 15° and 42° N. lat. extending over 27 degrees of latitude, or 1876 miles from north to south. Its greatest breadth, according to Humboldt, is 364 leagues, 25 to a degree. Hitherto our acquaintance with this extensive country has been very limited, journeys into the interior being almost impracticable, either for purposes of observation or trade, on account of the great numbers of unfriendly Indians who roam over those parts. Almost the whole of the immense region lying north of 28°, comprising 14 degrees of latitude, is uninhabited by whites, and has never been fairly explored. Previous to Humboldt's publication on Mexico, the elements of a good map did not exist, and many of the principal towns and rivers were entirely unknown. The works of Humboldt and Ward, have, however, furnished considerable information respecting this country, and the character of the people by whom it is inhabited, and the details which they present are deeply interesting. In the present sketch we have drawn largely from these publications, as condensed in the Encyclopedia Americana.

The territory of Mexico presents, according to Humboldt, a surface of 118,478 square leagues, of twenty-five to the degree; but this estimate does not include the space between the northern extremity of New Mexico and Sonora, and the boundary line of the United States. About one third of this territory lies within the torrid zone, but the peculiar geological structure of the republic exerts the most striking influence upon the climate. The Cordillera of Mexico separates into two branches, which, diverging to the north-east and north-west, form, as it were, the declivities of an elevated platform, or table-land, which, in the more central parts, is raised to an elevation of 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and extends to the north as far as the limits of the torrid zone. This remarkable elevation modifies the effect of the geographical position of the country in such a manner that, while the towns on the central plateau enjoy a mild temperature, those on the eastern and western coasts are exposed to a torrid sun, and the intervening

space is filled with almost every modification of heat. In ascending from the low country, the climates succeed each other in layers, and in two days the whole scale of vegetation is presented to view. Again above this table-land rise ridges, or single prominences, in which the same appearances are exhibited. Durango is situated 6848 feet above the level of the sea; Zacatecas, 8169; Catorce, 9254; to the south, Jalapa, 4335; Perote, 7724; La Puebla, 7200; Chihuahua, 5428; to the west, Valladolid, 6434; Guanajuato, 6825; Queretaro, 6362; in the centre, Mexico is situated in a large valley, or basin, 7000 feet above the sea. Some of the haciendas, or residences, are about 10,000 feet high, and, in some instances, carriage roads pass over still more elevated positions. The principal summits are, Popocatepetl, 17,884 feet; Orizaba, 17,373; Cerro de la Leona, near Catorce, 10,645; and Istaccihuatl, 15,704. There are five volcanoes in activity, all near the 19th parallel of latitude—Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Tuxtla, Colima and Jorullo; earthquakes are frequent, but not destructive.

The inhabitants designate these successive climates by appropriate names: the low, hot country is called *tierra caliente*; the higher regions, *tierra fria* (cold country); and the intermediate regions, *tierra templada* (temperate country). Our division of the year, into four periods, is there unknown, the only distinction being into the rainy season, which commences about the end of May, and lasts four months, and the dry season, which comprises the rest of the year. Mexico suffers for want of water. The rivers are few and insignificant, if we except the Colorado, the del Norte and the Grande. The lakes, which abound, appear to diminish gradually; the principal are, Chapala, Zumpango, S. Christoval, Tezcuco, &c. in the valley of Mexico; Cayman and Parras, in the Bolson de Mapimi; and the Timpanogos, further north. Among the various productions are maize and other corn, the banana, manioc, tropical fruits, cotton, coffee, sugar, tobacco, indigo, vanilla, cochineal, &c. Maize is produced in almost every part of the country, and in great abundance; its flour forms the chief food of the bulk of the inhabitants. Wheat succeeds very well on the table-land, but in the *tierra caliente*, the ear will not form, and the difficulty of communication between the coast and upper country is such, that the former may be supplied, at a cheaper rate, from the United States of North America. Sugar is

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similar to that of the Sea Islands. The central part of Texas is prairie, nearly level, and abounding with a most luxuriant vegetation; the banks of the rivers being lined with timber, or skirted by ground, gently undulating, and covered with trees. Here the depth of rich alluvial soil is very considerable, and cotton, wheat, barley, rye, Indian corn, indeed, every production, both of more temperate climates and of Europe, is produced in equal abundance and perfection. The prairies, in their natural state, afford a constant supply of excellent pasture. The banks of the San Marcos were selected by the Spaniards as excelling in fertility, for the establishment of a colony, projected in 1804; and those of the Colorado and Nueces are also spoken of in very high terms by all who have visited them. In the North-western-most part of the mountainous district of San Saba, the ground is in general rocky and sterile. Towards the east there are also extensive hills, covered with fir-trees. This land is poor, but would evidently produce wine, since the vine grows there spontaneously, and in great abundance. There are three sorts, two of which are small and sour, but the grape of the other, although the skin is thick, is large and sweet. The valley of the Red River is stated, by the numerous North American settlers, to contain some millions of acres, exceeding in fertility even the celebrated Mississippi bottom, the valley of the Roanoke, or, indeed, any lands to be found in the United States. They have styled it the "Garden of the West," and the cotton which it already produces, far excels the Alabama, Tennessee, or, indeed, any, excepting that of the Sea Islands. I here ought to remark, that growing cotton possesses one great advantage. Children so young as to be unable to engage in any other occupation, can be employed in picking cotton, and at the age of nine or ten, probably do fully as much as grown up persons. Every species of grain thrives admirably in this fertile tract, and it is thought that the ribbed sugar-cane, lately introduced from the Philippines, and which arrives at maturity a month sooner than the common sort, would answer well there. In the valleys is found the red, or pencil cedar of the largest growth, also a great quantity of the Bois d'arc, of which the Indians make their bows. It is of a beautiful yellow colour, susceptible of the highest polish, not heavy, but exceedingly tough and elastic. In addition to these, trees of all the varieties which flourish in the United States are to be met with; white, red, dwarf, or scrub, and post oaks; (of the former of which staves are made; while the latter is so strong, hard, and tough, that it is frequently employed in lieu of iron to make the screws of the cotton presses;) together with iron-wood, hickory, and many other woods admirably adapted for the lathe. The sugar-maple is also very valuable: an auger-hole being bored in its trunk in the spring of the year, a small spout is inserted, and the liquor, which is subsequently evaporated to a consistency, is caught in a vessel. A single tree has been known to yield one hundred and fifty pounds of sugar; the average daily produce being from three to four or six pounds. I found its flavour very pleasant, but do not think it is nearly so sweet as the common sugar.

Those who have been settled in Texas a few months, really enjoy more comforts (and these, in addition to the opportunity of realizing a handsome property,) than any peasantry with which I am acquainted. One act of liberality and hospitality which is constantly practised by all his neighbours towards a new comer, whose character is found unexceptionable, would do honour to the most highly civilized people. They all assemble at the spot which he has fixed upon for his residence, with their axes and draught-oxen, fell the timber, and build for him his log-hut. This generally consists of three apartments, one for sleeping, another for eating, both closed in all round,

while in the centre, which is left open on both sides, he keeps his saddles and tools, and takes his meals during the hot weather. The kitchen (also a log-hut) is usually separated from the house, as is also the smoke house, where his meat is smoked and kept.—The log-hut is by no means an inconvenient residence; indeed, some of them are roomy, neat, and durable, very strong, and well calculated to afford protection from every inclemency of the weather.

The wild animals to be met with in Texas, are the buffalo, or bison, known in this country as the bonassus, which enters Texas, from the North, in vast herds during the winter; the panther, leopard, bear, otter, beaver, antelope, deer, racoon, black fox, &c. Turkeys abound; there are two species of the partridge; swans often arrive in great numbers, together with immense flocks of wild ducks and geese. The flesh of the buffalo, especially its hump, is excellent, and generally prized far above beef; the bear's ham is also considered a great delicacy. But by far the most interesting animal is the wild horse. From Barbary, the Arab, transplanted into Spain, passed from thence to the New World, and torn loose by the first European settlers, it has peopled the rich plains of Texas with droves innumerable. The mustang, or wild horse, is not often large or heavy, but shows blood; it is well made, hardy, active, and, if caught young, very docile, although whenever an opportunity offers, apt to rejoin its wild brethren. The piebald, light brown, chestnut and dun colours prevail. Their defect is the tenderness of the hoof, which is too frequently to be met with amongst them, as bred on soft ground; whereas, throughout Mexico, those which are reared on a hard rocky soil, have a solidity of hoof which renders shoes unnecessary, even to the fore feet; the hind feet are seldom shod. The mode of catching them is similar to that by which wild elephants are caught in India. A space sufficiently large to contain a drove is inclosed with stakes, trunks, and branches of trees; the entrance is narrow, but gradually widens outwards, and a herd is driven, or decoyed into it by a horse taught for the purpose. I have seen instances of attachment on the part of a young colt thus caught to a careful master, far stronger than any that I ever before witnessed in a horse.

Of the many tribes of Indians, who either occupy fixed habitations, or wander over certain districts of this vast country, the Comanches are by far the most numerous. Their principal occupation is the chase of the buffalo, which they follow to the north during the summer, over the vast plains which lie between the head-waters of the Red River, the Arkansas, the Bravo del Norte, and the Missouri. In the winter, when the snow compels the innumerable herds of these animals to seek a milder climate, the Indians deposit the skins which they have obtained amongst the mountains of San Saba, and pursue the buffaloes to the frontiers of Cohahuila. At this period they have not unfrequently stolen across the River Bravo del Norte, killed the herdsmen, and carried off the cattle from different parts of the adjacent districts. They have also occasionally ventured to attack the Haciendas and hamlets, carrying off the inhabitants, some of whom have been sold, as is currently reported throughout Cohahuila, as slaves, on the borders of the United States.

If a wandering tribe can be said to have a residence, that of the Comanches is the mountainous district of San Saba, which they cross both in the spring and autumn, and where they deposit their families occasionally during their long expeditions. These Indians generally kill the buffalo with their bow and arrow, their horses being trained to carry them close to it, and on its right side. Sometimes they pursue, and with a sharp iron (crescent-shaped), passing its left flank, sever the ham-string of the right leg, when the

animal falls away from the horse: they sometimes also shoot it with the rifle. The scent of the buffalo is however so acute, that it can be only approached from the leeward side: it is timid until wounded, but then its impetuosity is irresistible, and its attacks are repeated until it falls. Being both active, and from its vast bulk very powerful, the charge of an old bull is described as tremendous. The long shaggy hair which covers its head and breast, gives it a terrific appearance, as it rushes headlong at whatever it perceives, (often the smoke of the rifle,) blowing and snorting with astonishing loudness. Should it discover and throw down its antagonist, it gores and tramples upon him until (if desperately wounded) it falls dead by his side. The horns of the buffalo are short, but very sharp pointed, although thick at the base. Being very hard and black, they are highly prized for cups and other purposes. Its flesh, when fat, is excellent, especially the hump: the skins, covered with an excessively thick hair, nearly approaching to wool, are much used in the Northern parts of the United States, more especially as a wrapper when travelling in the sledges or sleighs, over the ice or snow. The Indians give a softness and pliability to these skins greater than that of the buck, or even doe-skin of Europe. The following is, I believe, the process adopted:—after tanning with sumach and bark, the skin is stretched over a hole in the earth, and smoked; the brains of the animal and alum are also rubbed into it. It is subsequently painted in cheques, diamonds, and similar figures, the colours being very durable.

Until the year 1823, excepting the wild Indian tribes, there were no inhabitants except at the town of San Antonio de Bexar, and in its immediate neighbourhood; at the fort of the Bahia del Espiritu Santo, and in the environs of Nacogdoch. The whole number hardly amounted to three thousand souls. Many small grants had been made to individuals of lands near the rivers Sabina, Nechas, and Angulino, but nearly all of them remained untenanted. The first persons who ever took efficacious measures to carry into effect extensive schemes of colonization in Texas, on their own private account, were Mr. Austin, an inhabitant of Louisiana, and Colonel Milam. The former, after traversing this vast country near the coast, fixed on the spot between the rivers Brazos and Colorado, where he obtained a very extensive grant from the Spanish Government. Embarrassments, owing to the failure of a large proportion of the banks of the Western States, together with the Revolution, prevented his reaping the fruits of his exertions. His eldest son, Stephen Fuller Austin, succeeded to the claims and to the indefatigable and enterprising spirit of his father, who died about the year 1820 or 1821. In 1823, he obtained from the first Independent Congress the recognition of the grant; and though inundations, which there was no reason to anticipate, have twice done serious injury to the infant colony, he has the merit of having succeeded in peopling a wilderness, and providing a number of industrious families with an ample subsistence, as well as with the means of acquiring not only comforts, but wealth. The settlers on his lands are all North Americans; nevertheless, it is but justice to state, that in the late business, when a few of their countrymen proclaimed Texas independent of Mexico, (the Fredonia scheme,) his and their conduct proved their fidelity to the Government of their adopted country; Austin, at the head of all who were capable of bearing arms, having offered to take them up in defence of the legitimate Government. This colony is in the neighbourhood of some small tribes of Indians, whose pilferings it has been often necessary to chastise. Colonel Benjamin Milam, endowed by nature with a strength of mind and spirit of enterprise almost peculiar to the

inhabitants of the Western States of America, associated with the Indian tribes in order to explore the more Southern parts of this extensive country. He subsequently engaged in the war which gave independence to Mexico; and his courage, activity, zeal, and love of freedom, caused his rapid advancement. Finding that the lands on the South-west bank of the Red River were, in every respect, by far the most valuable in Texas, indeed, as he and all those who have examined them declare, far superior to those of any part of the United States which they have visited, he determined on settling there. Being, however, unable to obtain a grant in that quarter, he succeeded in his application for one on the river San Marcos, precisely at the spot where it was formerly intended by the Spanish Government to establish a colony.

Nature has evidently given to Texas commercial advantages, which she has denied to almost every other part of Mexico; indeed few countries, if any one, are more favourably situated for carrying on an extensive and lucrative foreign and domestic traffic.—The principal export doubtless will be cotton, which grows in the greatest abundance, and is in quality inferior only to that of the Sea Islands. As the capital employed in raising it is very inconsiderable, the Texas colonist will be able to undersell every competitor in foreign markets. His healthy lands, cultivated by free and cheap labour, cost him comparatively nothing; whilst the North American and West Indian require an interest on a large sum employed in the purchase of property and slaves, subject to many contingencies. Pot and pearl ashes will be obtained in clearing the lands. Texas will supply the West India Islands with timber, salted provisions, flour, and whatever else they now require from the United States, at least equal in quality, and at a lower price than they can be obtained from thence; mules and horses will also be exported to Cuba, and the Antilles. The Southern parts of the United States are already supplied from thence, and from Cohahuila with both; but more especially the former, which are sometimes embarked at the Brazos de Santiago, close to the mouth of the river Bravo del Norte, but more generally conveyed by land. It is thought that Texas may prove well suited for the growth of the Merino wool, both on account of the climate, and the extent of uncultivated land, over which they may be allowed to graze at liberty. The North Americans have exported wool from Cohahuila, but I have been informed, that although the staple is long, it is by no means fine, and there is a burr in it, which it requires much trouble to extract. The latter disadvantage will not be met with in Texas, except possibly amongst the mountains of San Saba; for I have observed throughout Mexico, that wherever the land is arid, burrs and thorny plants of every description abound, although wherever water is abundant, they are scarce to be found. Swamps, stagnant water, and a rank vegetation, together with the disorders arising from marsh-miasmata, render a large proportion of the Southern parts of the United States little better than a sickly desert. A circumstance that I have no where else observed increases the inundations, which are the real causes of these evils, to a very great extent. The ground is so level, that not only do the more considerable rivers overflow, but by their reflux into the smaller tributary streams, produce the same effect on both sides to a very considerable distance. This I remarked more particularly when ascending the Red River: a current from the Mississippi ran up it, not much less than one hundred miles. Nearly all the rivers of Texas, on the other hand, are "encaisses," and except near their mouths, seldom, if ever, produce inundations prejudicial either to property or health. Nevertheless, during the rainy season there is a sufficient rise in the rivers of Texas to render even the smaller branches navigable, and afford opportu-

nities of conveying the produce of the interior by water-carriage to the coast. Texas is bounded on the Western side by the arid mountains of San Saba and by elevated plains, which serve only to afford pasture to the buffaloes and other wild animals, (the Bolson de Mapimi.) On the South side lie Cohahuila, New Leon, Tamaulipas, and San Luis Potosi, which, although in parts exceedingly fertile, contain large tracts of land in which the sterility of the soil and the want of water will always reduce the population to a very limited number. Consequently it may, in a great measure, be considered as an Oasis, and must always have considerable influence upon the destiny of the circumjacent districts.

THE SIEUR V—.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The resolution which it was supposed had been formed by Morey, the accomplice of Fieschi, of starving himself to death, is not the first example of the kind on record. The same mode of suicide has on several former occasions been successfully adopted by accused and condemned persons. It has been remarked that the horrible tortures of hunger do not produce delirium, or even annihilation of the intellectual faculties, except when violently imposed by power superior to that of the victim. The suffering, on the contrary, when incurred for the purpose of suicide, and endured with energetic but fatal determination, seems to excite and invigorate the moral faculties, and to increase the acuteness of the senses. In spite of the exhaustion and prostration of the physical organization, the immaterial portion of the system acquires renewed strength, and attains an inconceivable development of power.

A very curious example of suicide by means of starvation, occurred some years ago in Corsica. During the elections, the Sieur V— rushed into the electoral college armed with a dagger, which he plunged into the breast of a man who had done him some injury. The man fell dead at his feet. This assassination was committed in the full light of day, and in the presence of an assembled multitude. Never was an act of Italian *vendetta* more signally executed.

V— was tried, found guilty and condemned to death. His high spirit and resolute character were well known; and it was suspected that he would seek, by a voluntary death, to evade the disgrace of perishing on the scaffold. He was therefore vigilantly watched; and every precaution was taken to deprive him of the means of putting an end to his existence. He resolved to starve himself to death during the interval which elapsed between the sentence of the Court of Assizes and the reply which the Court of Cassation would make to the appeal he had addressed to it.

He had succeeded in concealing from the observation of his jailors a portion of the food which they regularly took him, so as to make it be believed that he regularly took his meals. After three days abstinence, the pangs of hunger became insupportable. It then suddenly occurred to him that he might the more speedily accomplish the object he had in view, by eating with avidity. He thought that the state of exhaustion to which he was reduced would unfit him to bear the sudden excess, and that it would inevitably occasion the death he so ardently desired. He accordingly sat down to the food which he had laid aside, and ate voraciously, choosing in preference the heaviest things. The consequence was that he was seized with a violent fit of indigestion, from which, contrary to his expectation, the prison doctor speedily cured him.

He then resumed his fatal design. He suffered again what he had undergone before. The torture was almost beyond his strength. His thirst, too, was insupportable. It overcame his resolution. He extended his hand towards the jug of water which had been placed in his cell. He drank with avidity, and to use his own expression, *he was restored to life*.

To avoid yielding again to a similar temptation, he daily took the precaution of overturning the jug of water which was brought to him. Lest he should be induced to raise it to his lips, he threw it down with his foot, not venturing to touch it with his hand.

In this manner he passed eighteen days.

Every day at different intervals, he noted down in his album a minute account of his sensations. He counted the beatings of his pulse, and marked their number from hour to hour, measuring with the most scrupulous attention the gradual waning of his strength. In several parts of his melancholy *memento*, he declares that he felt it harder to bear the agonies of thirst than those of hunger. He confesses that he was frequently on the point of yielding to the desire of drinking. He nevertheless resisted.

He was surprised to find his sight become more and more clear, strong, and accurate;—it appeared to him like the development of a new sense. The nearer he approached his latter moments, the more his power of vision seemed to increase. On this subject he thus expresses himself:—"It appears as though I could see through the thickest walls."

His sense of feeling likewise attained the most exquisite sensibility. His hearing and smelling improved in a similar degree. His album contains many curious statements on these subjects.

The Sieur V— had devoted some attention to anatomy and physiology; and he attributes the increased acuteness of his senses to the way in which the intestinal irritation acted on the nervous system.

His ideas, he says, were numerous and clear, and were very different from anything he had experienced in moments of excitement or intoxication. They were all directed to logical investigation, whether he applied them to an analysis of material objects or to philosophic contemplation. He also felt himself inspired with a singular aptitude for mathematical calculations, a study for which he had previously felt very little inclination.

In short he declares that he never derived so much gratification from his intellectual condition, as throughout the whole duration of his physical torture.

He made notes in his album to the last moments of his existence. He had scarcely strength sufficient to hold the pencil with which he traced the following words:—"My pulse has nearly ceased to beat;—but my brain retains a degree of vigour which in my sad condition is the greatest solace Providence could bestow on me. It is impossible that I can live out this day. My jailors watch me and fancy they have adopted every precaution. They little think that I have outwitted them. Death annuls the sentence which has been pronounced on me. In another hour, perhaps, they will find nothing but a cold corpse..."

V— expired as he foretold. His album has been carefully preserved. It is a record replete with interest to medical professors. The slow torture, endured with so much courage, and described with such remarkable clearness, renders it one of the most curious documents in the annals of medical science.

Dr. Hunter, in his translation of Sounnini's Travels in Egypt, informs his readers that "at Malta, the ridges of the houses are flat terraces;" that "at Rosetta, the inhabitants cut the throats of their ducks, and in that situation keep them alive with their wings broken." And lastly, that "the orientals never take a walk but on horseback."

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER V.

The population of the city of Algiers, and of all parts of the Regency that are actually occupied by the French, has been pretty well ascertained; but what may be the number of souls, reckoning a soul for every individual, inhabiting the whole territory, is more a matter of guess than computation. Hamdan, a living Moorish author, whose work on Algiers has been translated into French, begins his book with a bold assertion at the first sentence, that the population amounts to ten millions. This conjecture is rather too gay, as it would imply this savage country to be to be nearly as thickly peopled as England. Shaler thinks that they scarcely exceed one million, others compute them at two millions, and though I confess that I am only guessing through the guesses of others, I can scarcely suppose the whole population to exceed the latter amount. Dr. Shaw says, that according to the most exact observations which he could make himself, or receive from others, the length of the kingdom from Twunt on the east, to the river Zaine on the west, may be a little more or less than 480 miles; but here Dr. Shaw certainly means length as you would measure it on the globe, without including the undulations of the coast; for all the ship-masters with whom I have spoken describe the voyage between Bona and Oran as between 500 and 600 miles in length. The breadth of the kingdom is very unequal: in one part it exhibits only forty miles between the Mediterranean on the north, and the Zahara or Desert on the South; but to the eastward of Algiers it is very considerable, and Dr. Shaw thinks that at a medium the extent of what the Arabs call Tellie (meaning, that is,) the land proper for tillage, may be called sixty miles. Now, if we multiply say 500 miles for length by sixty for breadth, the result will be 30,000 square miles: the allowance of 100 heads to a mile would make out the population to be 3,000,000; but for a people half migratory this allowance is too large, and the whole regency does not probably contain above half that number.

But did the Deys of Algiers, you will ask, keep no registers of the subjects who paid them taxes, and cannot some census of Algerine population be inferentially computed from extant documents? Why, unfortunately, the French destroyed so many archives at the occupation of the Cassaba, as to leave themselves ignorant of much that it would now be their interest to know respecting the former finances of Algiers; but one Turkish document has been preserved by M. Geny de Bussy, which exhibits the imposts paid to the Dey by the various Arab tribes. From this register, it appears that the sums brought in by the tributary natives amounted in French money to a trifle more than 892,000 francs, less than £40,000 sterling. To estimate the population of the Algerine regency by this document is, however, impossible: before we can infer the population from their taxes, we must know the average value of money in the country; at what rate the natives were charged per head, and whether the imposts here registered were the only taxes exacted from them.

By looking at "Arrowsmith's Comparative Atlas of Ancient and Modern Geography," you will see that the modern regency of Algiers extending from Oran to Bona, corresponds to a locality in the ancient world which included almost, though not entirely, the whole of Mauretania Casariensis, the whole of Mauretania Sitensis, and the whole of what was strictly Numidia. Observe that with regard to this identity on the map of the modern Algerine Regency and the

above Roman provinces, I speak only longitudinally or coastwise; for I believe that from north to south, the Roman dominion extended deeper into Africa than that of the Deys of Algiers ever went. I could inflict on you if I chose a great deal of classical speculation as to the ancient state of the country, and discourse lengthily on the names of Jugurtha, Juba, Syphax, &c.; but what would be the good of it if I did so? I should rise no higher in your opinion than Swift's servant-man, who used to show his learning by writing his name with the smoke of a candle on the roof of the kitchen. Let me be brief, then, in my allusions to antiquity: the Romans, after conquering Carthage, took possession of this country. Their vestiges are everywhere to be traced among ruins by the antiquary. The principal mosque of Algiers exhibits a stone with a Latin inscription on it. This stone had belonged, we may suppose, to a heathen temple in Icosium, and was thrown in accidentally into the materials for constructing a Mahometan one in Algiers. The very sewers under the streets of the city may be believed to be of Roman construction. During the decline of Roman power, Barbary was ravaged by the Vandals, and the white complexion of some of the Kabyles leaves a suspicion that they are of Vandal origin; but Belisarius, in the reign of Justinian, restored Africa to the Eastern empire, though only for a short time; for in 697 the Saracens reduced the whole coast, and Algiers became Mahometan. Centuries elapsed, however, before the place rose to any importance. It was not till the Moors were expelled from Spain, and that 20,000 of them settled here and in the neighbourhood; hence the most of the Algerines are reputed to be of Andalusian origin. The name of Algiers signifies in Arabic an island, owing to the first population of the town having dwelt on that insular spot which is at present connected to the continental harbour by a strong mole.

After the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, war had long continued between the Christians of Europe and the Mahometans of Africa, when, in the year 1516, a petty king of Algiers, named Eutemi, solicited the aid of the two memorable brothers surnamed Barbarossa, the younger of whom placed his newly acquired dominions under the protection of the Grand Signior, and received from him a Turkish garrison sufficient to overawe any attempt of his Moorish subjects to regain their liberty; Algiers thus became a Pachalic of the Porte.—At first the Sultan appointed the Deys or Pachas of Algiers; by degrees, however, it became the custom for the Turkish garrison, either directly or through their officers, to nominate their chief, at the same time the Grand Signior still reserved the right of confirming or refusing the election, by sending or withholding the carlon (or mantle) and the sabre of office.

In this manner the Turkish garrison came to form the warlike caste; the aristocracy, or we might rather say, the stratocracy of the Algerines. The Turkish government discouraged marriage among the Janissaries, and their numbers were yearly recruited by levies in the Levant. The sons of Turks who were born in Algiers, (they were called, as a class, Colonglis, or Coloris,) were not entitled by law to succeed to the Janissary privileges of their fathers—not even the sons of the Dey, for the throne was elective and not hereditary. This was the general rule, but it had exceptions, and I find instances of Colongli sons inheriting the Beylics of their fathers. Neither was the military force of the country exclusively composed of Turks, for it included squadrons of Moorish cavalry. Nevertheless, in a general view, the Turk regarded himself here as the lord of the creation. The Colongli was respected only because he was a Turk's son, and his African birth was an implied derogation from his grade. Those Colonglis or Coloris certainly

now form no class of society in Algiers that is distinguishable by the superficial eye of a stranger from that of the gentlemen Moors. I have visited one of them, and had from him a polite, I may say hospitable reception; for though it was the time of the Mahometan fast, and he could not partake of the regale that he offered, he pressed me to coffee, sweet cakes, and sweet-meats. His father and uncle were successively Deys of Algiers: I trust, though I dare not vouch for it, that both of them died a natural death. The room in which he received my interpreter and myself struck me as extremely elegant; its furniture, though rich, was simple; an uncurtained bed, with a crimson coverlet, a bright amber-coloured floor-cloth of cane, low stools and sofas with gilded arms and legs, a clock and mirror of the most beautiful manufacture, and pistols and yatagans chased with gold and silver disposed about the walls.

Having caused it to be explained to my host that this was the first time I had ever been in the house of a Moorish gentleman, and that I hoped he would not think me ill-bred for looking curiously at his furniture, he smiled, and signified that he took my curiosity rather as a compliment; I, therefore, ventured to lift the coverlet of the bed, and found that its furniture consisted only of wool mattresses and bolsters, without feather-bed or blankets. These two last articles would indeed be insupportable in this climate. The poorer Moors, he told me have neither mattresses nor pillows, but use some sheep-skins for under-clothes and their haicks or bernouses for a covering. The principal subject of our conversation was a rumour very current here respecting the intentions of the French to give up the colony to the Turks. I do not believe a word of it myself, but I said nothing to him about my incredulity, in order that I might hear his sentiments. He was very discreet, as might be expected, in political conversation with an utter stranger, but through the veil of his reserve I could make out two points of his opinion. The first surprised me, namely, that I saw he gave credit to a report so utterly improbable. The other sentiment which he expressed was natural and reasonable. "If the French give us back to the Turks," he said, "will it not be an unfair transference? If the country is left to itself, who ought to govern it? Surely we, the Moors, who are the great majority, and the most civilized part of its inhabitants."

Of the Turkish aristocracy there is not a wreck left behind. I have seen a few Turks to be sure, but they are of the lower order. The rich and the landed proprietors have been banished to the number of hundreds. A few miles from town I have visited some of their deserted villas, and their orangeries and gardens, that have been desolated by the soldiers of the Christian civilizers. I sat down during my visit to one of these scenes in a marble kiosk, or summer-house, still shaded by fruit-trees, and looking out to a spot that is still luxuriant in its ruins. My companion was a man of law, grave and dry, though a Frenchman. "What a lesson," I said, "lies here to lawless pride! The Turk in Algiers was but lately distinguished from its other population, not more by his embroidery and the gaudy colours of his dress than by his air of command and his insolence, that obliged all who met him to step aside in the street until he passed. He entered the gardens of the natives at will, and ate their fruit with impunity; now is he an exile, and possibly dependent on charity." "Yes," said my matter-of-fact friend, "there were many insolent fellows among the Janissaries, and many of them were even drunkards, whose habits were connived at if not carried to scandalous excess." But they were not all of that description; and as to their banishment, it was enforced on the plea of a conspiracy against the French Government, the proofs of which

were never established; and if there were no clear proofs, their treatment was a breach of Bourmont's convention.

The Col-uglis, or Algerine progeny of the Turks, may now be said to be merged in the Moorish population. But how are the Moors to be distinguished from the other inhabitants of Algiers and its regency? Why, in appearance it is not difficult to discriminate them from the negroes, Jews, Arabs, and Kabyls, not only by their turbans and better dress, but by their form and physiognomy. They have, particularly in comparison with the Jews and Arabs, fairer complexions and rounder features, and they are also generally more corpulent. Their eyes, instead of the mixed fire and darkness of those of the Arab breed, have a quiet and almost indolent expression; and their manners are calm and dignified, whilst the Arabs gesticulate even more than the French. Their costume differs little from that of the Turks, consisting of a urban, a shirt, prodigiously large small-cothes, (if it be not an Irishism to say so,) a jacket of coloured cloth, which is embroidered more or less, a large white outer mantle, and slippers. Some of them in winter, I am told, wear stockings.

But the Moorish ladies; how can I describe their apparel, having never seen them but in pictures, with the exception of the two or three dancing women whom I have mentioned, and who, though handsome, would probably give no better an idea of a modest Moors's dress than a figurante at the Opera would represent our female drawing-room costume? The commoner Moorish women are certainly to be seen, on foot, in the dark streets, veiled and looking like phantoms, as I have told you; but one can neither see them distinctly nor stop to question them about their toilette. On the country roads you will sometimes meet them; but they are travelling on horse-back, caged up in a box, and you can see only "*Baz et preterea nihil*." Anxious to see a Moorish lady at home, I got a French physician to introduce me into the house of a superior Moor, as an English doctor, with whom he wished to have a consultation on the state of his lady-patient. Under this pretext, I got actually over the threshold and through the servants' hall, and, with all the doctoral consequence that I could assume, I was mounting the first pair of stairs, when a black fellow, whose laugh and tap on the shoulder thrilled my bosom like a message from John Roe and Richard Doe, showed me his large white teeth, and said, "*Massieu, on ne vous attend pas*." So back I was obliged to come, and retrace my steps through a long hall lined with giggling niggers, like General Moreau retreating through the Black Forest. Next day I received from an English lady at Algiers a welcome and kind present, which I had elicited by expressing my curiosity to see the dress of a Moorish woman in superior life. My fair young countrywoman was so kind as to dress two dolls exactly in the embroideries and vesture of the respectable Moorsesses. There is no difference, except as to the colors of the silk, between the attire of the figures. The innermost dress is a fine linen shift, bordered at the breast with silk; the hair of the head is bound lengthily behind with a blue silk ribbon: a rich embroidered silk velvet jacket covers the arms and shoulders down to the waist, having at the elbows a long silk lace ruffle that reaches to the tops of the fingers, but which, I suppose, are never left long unfolded in order to show the arm and wrist bracelets. From the waist, silk embroidered pantaloons come down, but only to the knee: above this there is an embroidered silk gown, exactly like that of an European lady, from the shoulders to the ankles; But I understand that this last dress is generally dispensed with, and the pretty legs shown uncovered from the knee to the ankle; moiré rocco slippers, a veil, a shawl, ear-rings, and a neck-

lace complete the female Moorish costume, which differs little from ours but in the absence of stockings.

A little circumstance that took place in consequence of my possessing the aforementioned dolls reminds me of an anecdote, respecting himself, that was told me by the late well-known Scotch lawyer, John Clerk. He had a great taste for sculpture, and used to amuse his leisure hours with modelling figures in stucco. His confidential copyist was a dry man, imbued with no sort of taste for the fine arts, and regarding his employer's amusement as a token of unaccountable puerility, he exclaimed to him one day, "Eh, Mister Clerk, I am astonished that a person of your sense can tak up your time wi' makin' stuccy men!" In like manner my squire Iachimo—I should tell you that I had given him notice to quit me, and he was therefore in no friendly mood—seeing the two dressed dolls on my table, took them up, and with the devil's own sneer on his Punchinello phiz, said something that conveyed to me, that having gathered flowers like a *bambino*, I was now playing with dolls like a *fanciullo*. The ludicrousness of the idea disarmed my indignation at his insolence.

As to the minds and manners of the Moorish ladies, I learn that they are exactly what you might expect from their limited education; that they are slatterns, though gaudy in their dress,—as silly as children in their conversation,—and, what astonished me most, by no means remarkable for their beauty;—that their negresses giggle and gossip with them like equals,—and that the highest subject of their discourse is about syrups and confections. As to their beauty, however, I believe that my informant had by chance only seen some homely Moorsesses.

Apocryph to those fair ones, it is a common report that the Mussulmans believe them to have no souls. But it is quite untrue. A Moorish Marabout, or Saint, to whom I put the question, assured me that the Koran inculcates no such doctrine. "Then why," said I, "do you not allow your young women to attend the mosques?" "Because," he replied, "the guardian angel of the mosque might detect in the hearts of men a human sort of devotion which would desecrate the place." "That danger," I told him, "could be easily obviated by convoking the male and female worshippers at different hours."—This remark rather poked him, and all that he had to say was, that it is difficult to change established customs. I believe him, however, as to the fact that there is no text in the Koran which mortalizes female souls.

I fear you will think I am grown a downright gossip when I tell you a bit of scandal that has reached me about the Moorish young ladies. They are fond of puppies. For that matter, you will perhaps reply, that the finest ladies also frequently show a predilection for that species of animal, both canine and human. Well, but likings take different modes of expressing themselves. A Canadian Indian was once asked if he had known the bishop of Quebec? "Yes, yes." "And how did you like him?" "Oh! vastly." "But how did you happen to know him?" "Happen to know him! Why I ate a piece of him!" In like manner my Mauritanian beauties are devouringly fond of puppies. You only fondle them, but they gobble them up by liters in their couscous. It is said, however, that they do this not so much from a carnivorous propensity, as from a belief that this sort of flesh is very fattening, and the fat of a Mahometan beauty is her glory.

The children of the Moors are dressed exactly like their parents. The little girls never going out without their faces veiled. The boys, however, have neither their heads shaved nor wear the turban till they are about eleven years old. Earlier than that age they let their hair grow and stain it like the females with the juice of henna, which gives it a red hue,

varying, according to the original colour of the locks, from auburn to the hue of carrots. Jewesses and Moors alike stain their hair and nails with this dye. This is a very old custom of the country. It is curious to find St. Cyprian, 1500 years ago, inveighing against it in his work, "*De Habitu Virginum*." Speaking to the Mauritanian women, he says, "With bold and sacrilegious insolence you dye your locks. It is a frightful presage of your future destiny, that you already behold your heads in flames. Shame on your wickedness; you sin with your head, which is the noblest part of the body." In the passage which follows, St. Cyprian appears to have given an exceptionable gloss to the texts of Scripture to which he alludes,—namely, the verses in St. Matthew, xvii. and in Mark ix., which describe the transfiguration of our Saviour. All that is said by the Evangelists is, that our Lord's face shone as the sun, and that his raiment was white as light. But the Saint's audiences and readers not having been great critics, he takes the liberty of saying—"We are told in the word of God that our Lord's head was white as wool or as snow; but you excrete whiteness, and detest to wear locks of the colour of his. Do you not fear, I beseech you, that being such as you are, that when the day of resurrection comes your Maker will not recognise you? Are you not afraid, when you are coming up to enjoy his rewards and promises, he may waive you off and exclude you; and that, chiding you with the power of a censor and a judge, he may say 'This is not the work of my hand! this is not my image!' I tell thee, woman," continues the preacher, "that thou hast polluted thy skin with a false ointment,—thou hast changed thy hair to an adulterated colour,—thy figure is corrupted,—thy countenance is alienated,—and thou shalt not be able to see God when thou hast not the eyes which God gave thee, but which the devil painted. Thou hast imitated the red hair and the painted eyes of the serpent;—drest out by the arch enemy, thou shalt burn in the same flames with him."

There are still a good many rich Moorish families in Algiers; some living on the rents of houses and profits of lands, and others engaged in trade; but, generally speaking, since the cessation of piracy, the wealth of the Moorish nation has been declining. About fifty years ago Leweson describes the Moors as much more bigoted against Christians than the Turks, the latter of whom, he says, were insolently proud, but not fanatical. National character, however, is gradually changing from circumstances. If an Algerine be now a bigot, he is at least a well bred one. I go frequently into the shops of the Moorish artisans, many of whom speak French, or as much *lingua Franca* as enables me to converse with them. They show me their workmanship in embroidery, turnery, &c. with as much urbanity as if they were Christians, and really they seem to me to be ingenious workmen, particularly in embroidery, though, as you may easily suppose, their manufactories exhibit mechanics and art in a much lower state than with ourselves. Sitting one day in the shop of a Moorish artisan, I expressed my surprise at the beauty of his productions. "Ah!" he said, shaking his head, "you European artisans are fast supplanting us. I had a brother who learnt watchmaking in Europe, and once did some business here, but he cannot now get couscous for his family."

I have been all this time speaking of the Moors as a distinct race from Turk, Jew, Arab, &c. Your curiosity may naturally ask, for what period of time have they been settled in the country, or are they its oldest inhabitants? No; the antiquary tells us that the Kabyls or Berebers are the aborigines, and that the Mauri of antiquity were the descendants of an army of Medes who conquered the country, and partially blended their blood with the primitive people.

But as this genealogy of the Moorish race is carried back by chronologists to the days of Hercules, I will not dogmatize with you as to its certainty. The Algerine Moors, who principally led a city life, and form the great majority of civic population throughout this regency, I believe to be a race of multifarious origin, sprung from the oldest African, the Arabs, the emigrants from Spain, and the Turkish Janissaries, undoubtedly, also, with some mixture of Roman and Vandal blood. Among these different sources I am inclined to suppose the Andalusian immigrants, on their expulsion from Spain, to have been the most numerous progenitors of the present Moors, on account of the vast number whom we know to have arrived in Africa.

On this subject, however, what vast uncertainties must enumber the ablest inquirer. In our own island how complicated is the question, as to the descent of the great mass of us from Celtic or Gothic blood! The half of Scotland was once a Pictish kingdom, but nobody can assure us whether the Picts were Goths or Celts. Come, let us be off to talk with the living—I am weary of the dead, and their resurrection men the antiquaries. The Moors living in the country, I am told, distinguish themselves by their love of genealogy, and by keeping the traditions of their families even since the invasion of the Arabs. The Moors cannot go so far back, being generally sprung, as I have said, from those who were banished out of Spain and Portugal. Ages of despotism must, no doubt, have left some traces of barbarity on the Moorish character: but what right have the French to accuse them, as they universally do, of being fanatic and treacherous? Has a single Frenchman been assassinated by an Algerine Moor since the conquest of the country, and yet the Moors have seen their mosques and churchyards violated by the French! The Moors, with scarcely an exception, are frugal and temperate. Their greatest luxuries are fruit, sherbet, coffee, and tobacco. The quantity of animal food they consume is not a fourth part of that which is eaten by Europeans. Very few of them avail themselves of the right of polygamy. As fathers, they are gentle to their children; and as teachers to their pupils—I have been to see several of their schools—I had found it stated that the Moors actually anticipated us in our Lancasterian system of education. But this is surely not a fact. The very noise that prevails in their little seminaries is more calculated to produce mutual disturbance than instruction. The poor Moorish schoolmaster has generally about twenty scholars, whose education, as far as I could discover, had no further resemblance to that of Lancaster than that the pupils write upon slates or smooth boards. I saw only two that were casting up accounts, and the rest were writing and mumbling texts from the Koran. Their pedagogue has a rod, but he uses it rarely—very rarely, I believe—to correct them, but only now and then to give them a tap of warning. The bastinado, though once used in schools, I understand is now growing obsolete.

The Moors are in general extremely cleanly both in their persons and houses. The most of them also are industrious. They all, whether industrious or not, get up at sunrise, and repair either to their business, or if they have none, they kill their time in some coffee-house, smoking, drinking coffee, and I fear sometimes swallowing a little opium. Even the country coffee-houses are much frequented; they have commonly a spring beside them, and some shady trees. The Algerine cafés (I speak of those which are not held by the French) have scarcely any moveables beyond straw-mats, on which the guests sit and play at draughts or chess.

The Moors, even of the common class, have a gentle gravity of manner, and I am told by those who

have seen the interior of their habitations, poor and rich, that they exhibit a scrupulous cleanliness, rivaling that of the Dutch. In the houses of the rich, breakfast consists of coffee, tea, and well-baked bread, sherbet and lemonade. The decoction of a native plant, which is cheap and wholesome, is used by the poor as a substitute for tea. Many burghers of the middle ranks are contented to dine at mid-day on bread and cheese, and fresh or dried fruits, according to the season; though the noon meal of the rich, it is unnecessary to say, is well supplied with savoury coucousou, pillau, garden-stuffs, pastry, and fruits. But among all classes, the evening meal is the most important; and a Moorish artizan tells me that all classes, down to the poorest, contrive to sup on pillau or coucousou, cooked with a little animal food. How strange is human superstition! A religious Moor will not eat meat that has been killed by a Jew or a Christian. In revenge, the Jews here are equally scrupulous. The Jewess maid-servant of this house refused to eat the relics of my dinner for her supper, because it was meat *not* slaughtered by a Jew.

There is one extraordinary coincidence between the death ceremonies of the Algerine Moors and the ancient Irish. Immediately after the death of a member of the family, all the women in a Moorish house break out into a howling cry, and their neighbours, friends, and relations, come to join in the ululation. They have also an Irish way of expostulating with the deceased on the absurdity of his having chosen to die. "Why did you leave us? did we not feed you, and clothe you, and love you?" The defunct, of course, puts up, in silence, with their reproaches. He is then given to the sexton, who washes his body, and lays him out in his grave-clothes upon a bier, in some chapel, from which he is carried to his burial place. The funeral ceremony is sometimes accompanied with a choral hymn from the Koran, but I believe the custom is not universal.

In my next, I shall speak to you about the Arabs, Jews, and negroes. Yours, &c. T.C.

PARLEZ BAS.*

Parlez bas! The moon is up,
And o'er the sleepy throng
The mocking bird's high notes are heard
In wild and witching song;
No eye shall trace thy footsteps here,
But fear thee not while love is near.
Parlez bas! Though here we meet,
In silence deep, alone,
No guilty thoughts disturb our soul,
Nor wish we fear to own.
Pure as the light you orb imparts,
Shall be the meeting of our hearts.
Parlez bas! A genial breath
Is wandering o'er earth's flowers,
Their fragrance mingles with thy voice,
And holy joy is ours.
Parlez bas! And let each tone
Echo the fondness of mine own.
Parlez bas! And now repeat
The vow those lips once made;
Mine is a love that cannot change,
A heart that ne'er betrayed.
O! say that thou wilt love me still,
Through storm or sunshine, good or ill.
Parlez bas! I bless thy words,
The last that I may hear:
Sweet on my brow thy breath I feel,
Upon my cheek thy tear.
Now take thee to thy bed and rest,
And be thou blest, as I am blest.

* Speak low.

From the Religious Souvenir for 1836.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

We know of no place under the broad heavens—we know no circumstances in which the influence of women may not enter, either to be an evil or good—a blessing or a curse—a joy or a sorrow. She shares the thrones of monarchs, and of course their influence; and in many instances, woman herself has swayed the sceptre of a kingdom. In such case, the happiness or misery of millions hang on her fiat. Fortune and fame, prison and the scaffold, alike maintain her bidding. Christianity, with all its blessings, follows in her steps; and peace, religion, and prosperity adorn her reign, and make glad the nation; no vice, licentiousness and cruelty, disfigure her empire, and ensure the misery of her subjects. We might cite many examples of women who have held conspicuous places upon earth, and made or marred the fortunes of nations, as well as individuals: but it is for the most, a melancholy list, and we can only say, when influence is so extended and so perverted—"Oh, my soul enter thou not into their secrets! Unto their assembly mine honor be not thou united!"

Instances are not wanting, too, and they are noble ones, where the influence of woman has been extensive, powerful and salutary, through the medium of her own pen. We have only to mention the names of More, Taylor, Sherwood, Kennedy, and others, to feel that they have given dignity and honor to their sex, increased the moral loveliness of virtue, strengthened the power of principle, set forth religion in its most attractive garb, and, it may be, have been the means of winning many souls to Jesus. We love to rest upon such characters, we love to think that a wish to be useful, has caused their extended efforts, and to imagine the rich harvest of good that may attend their labors. And while paying a just meed to excellence, the self-denying, benevolent, saintly Mrs. Fry, should never be forgotten. Not content with visiting the poor and sorrowing in their own humble dwellings, she enters the prison doors, goes fearlessly among the criminals and the profligate, like an angel of light in the dark regions of despair and guilt, and proffers to the wretched convicts, pardon and salvation in the name of Jesus.

But it is needless to multiply examples. Every day's experience and observation, may convince us of the influence of women, in the relations of mother, wife, sister, daughter, friend—in fortune, fame, fashion, religion and happiness. She was given to man as his better angel, to dissuade him from vice, to stimulate him to virtue, and to make home delightful, and life joyous; and when in the exercise of these gentle and holy charities, she fulfils her high vocation. We have known her meekness, her tenderness, her patience, and her Christian firmness, to be triumphant under God, in subduing vice and awakening virtue, when all other means seemed powerless. We have seen the drunkard melt into tears of contrition and sorrow, at the mild and affectionate appeals of an uncomplaining and heart-stricken wife. We have seen the passionate man subdued to the docility of a child, by the soft and appeasing answers of an amiable daughter. We have seen the unblushing libertine bend with remorse, before the pure and dignified, and lovely of the earth, who, instead of encouraging his vices with smiles of approbation and blandishment, turned from him with virtuous and maidenly reserve.

Vice is to be discountenanced in all its forms.—Young ladies do not act as if they were aware of the influence they exert over the other sex. The gamester, the profane and the licentious, enter with impunity the society of the refined and elegant, and receive as warm a welcome, aye, and it is to be feared, a much

warmer, often, than the pure, the pious and excellent. This ought not to be so. Leaving religion out of the question, delicacy, propriety and dignity forbid it.—She whose heart is warm with benevolence and sensibility, should never smile on the gamester, who, in his cold and utter selfishness, would not scruple to impoverish his friend; the maiden of softness and refinement, should never hear the name which she must fear, even if she does not love, mingled with blasphemy, in the coarse oaths and ribald jests of the profane and intemperate; youthful purity and loveliness should turn with abhorrence and disgust from the man who would prey upon innocence, or debase himself in the haunts of pollution.

If young ladies would enter into a mutual compact to discourage these vices, if they would resolve to hold no companionship with those who practice them; the aspect of society would very soon be changed, and the world see better fathers and better sons, better brothers and better husbands. This is not a dream of the imagination. Man, although he is lord of this lower world, cannot exist in comfort, without the softening, sweetening, subduing influence of gentle woman. She administers to his convenience, soothes his sorrows, assuages his resentment; by her tender care alleviates his sickness, shares his fortune in life, and seems like a ministering angel on the bed of death.

Is it possible that he should not prize her; that he should not seek her society; that, after the fatigues and vexatious pursuits, or the weariness of study, her winning ways, cheerful smiles, and balmy voice, should fall upon his vexed and burning spirit, like the soft dews of heaven upon the drooping plant? Man must love woman—necessity is laid upon him. She must affect his fortune, his judgment and his principles. If then she lend all her energies to the cause of truth, purity and goodness, she will soon rejoice in the conviction that her influence is as blessed as it is extensive.—If she has brothers, they but furnish new channels through which her pure principles may flow in countless others, encouraging their virtues, confirming the doubtful, and reclaiming the vicious. Thus she may become a public benefactress, although unknown, and the temporal and eternal happiness of multitudes be the offspring of her active and unobtrusive instrumentality. But the sweet luxury of doing good shall be her guardian in this world, and thought cannot picture the blessed reward which God has prepared for her in the world to come.

A GOOD WIFE.—A good wife should be like three things—which three things she should not be like;—First—she should be like a snail, always keep within her house, but she should not be like a snail to carry all she has upon her back: Secondly—she should be like an echo, speak when spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word.—Thirdly—she should be like a town-clock, always keep time and regularity; but not to speak so loud that all the town may hear her; and which, that it may be better remembered, has been thus turned into verse:

A wife, domestic, good and pure,
Like snail should keep within her door;
But not like snail in silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.

A wife should be like echo true,
Nor speak but when she's spoken to;
But not like echo, still be heard
Contenting for the final word.

Like a town clock a wife should be,
Keep time and regularity;
But not like clock harangue so clear,
That all the town her voice may hear.

From the London New Monthly for November.
Death-Bed of Alexander the Great.

On his bed the king was lying—
 On his purple bed,*
 "Tell us not that he is dying;"
 So his soldiers said,
 "He is yet too young to die.
 Have you drugged the cup you gave him,
 From the fatal spring;
 Is it yet too late to save him?
 We will see our king!
 Let his faithful ones draw nigh,
 The silver-shielded warriors—
 The warriors of the world!

Back they fling the fragrant portals
 Of the royal tent;
 Vainly to the stern immortals
 Sacrifice and vows were sent,
 Cold and pitiless are they!
 Silent in their stary dwelling,
 Nothing do they heed
 Of the tale that Earth is telling
 In her hour of need!
 They have turned their face away,
 Ye silver-shielded warriors,
 Ye warriors of the world!

In that royal tent is weeping;
 Women's tears will flow;
 There the queens their watch are keeping||
 With a separate woe.
 One still wears her diadem—
 One her long fair hair is rending,
 From its pearls unbound;
 Tears from those soft eyes descending,
 Eyes that seek the ground.
 But Roxana looks on them,
 The silver-shielded warriors,
 The warriors of the world!

*"While Alexander was on his death-bed the soldiers," says Arrian, "became eager to see him; some to see him once more alive, others because it was reported that he was already dead, and a suspicion had arisen that his death was concealed by the chief officers of the guards, but the majority from sorrow and anxiety for their king; they, therefore forced their way into his chamber, and the whole army passed in procession by the bed where he lay pale and speechless."

†Plutarch mentions that one of the popular reports was, that Alexander's death was occasioned by poison administered by Iolus, his cup-bearer. This poison, the water of a mountain-spring, was of so corrosive a nature as to destroy every substance but the mule's hoof in which it was brought.

‡Phylarchus gives a splendid account of Alexander's magnificence. His tent contained a hundred couches and was supported by eight columns of solid gold. Overhead was stretched cloth of gold, wrought with various devices, and expanded so as to cover the whole ceiling—Within, in a semicircle, stood five hundred Persians, bearing lances adorned with pomegranates; their dress was purple and orange.—Next to these were drawn up a thousand archers, partly clothed in flame-colored, and partly in scarlet dresses. Many of these wore azure colored scarfs. In front of these were arranged five hundred Macedonian Argaspidæ, soldiers, so called from their silver shields. In the middle was the golden throne, on which Alexander sat and gave audience. The tent on the outside was encircled by elephants drawn up in order, and by a thousand Macedonians in their native dress. Beyond these were the Persian guard of ten thousand men, and the five hundred courtiers allowed to wear purple robes.

In the east the day was reddening,
 When the warriors pass'd,
 In the west the night was deadening,
 As they looked their last.
 As they looked their last on him—
 He, their comrade—their commander—
 He, the Earth's adored—
 He, the god-like Alexander!
 Who can wield his sword?
 As they went their eyes were dim,
 The silver-shielded warriors,
 The warriors of the world!

Slowly passed the sad procession
 By the purple bed;
 Every soldier in succession
 Through that tent was led
 All beheld their monarch's face—
 Pale and beautiful—reclining,
 There the conqueror lay,
 From his radiant eyes the shining
 Had not passed away.
 There he watched them from his place—
 His silver-shielded warriors,
 His warriors of the world!

Still he was a king in seeming,
 For he wore his crown;
 And his sunny hair was streaming
 His white forehead down.
 Glorious was that failing head!
 Still his golden baldric bound him,
 Where his sword was hung:
 Bright his arms were scattered round him,
 And his glance still clung
 To the warriors by his bed—
 The silver-shielded warriors,
 The warriors of the world!

Pale and motionless he rested,
 Like a statue white and cold,
 With his royal state invested;
 For the purple and the gold
 In his latest hour he wore,
 But the eye and breath are failing,
 And the mighty soul hath fled!*

Lift ye up the loud bewailing,
 For a wide world mourns the dead!
 And they have a chief no more—
 The silver-shielded warriors,
 The warriors of the world!

L. E. L.

§ Alexander's death was preceded by many omens which sacrifices vainly strove to avert.

|| After the Conqueror's death, Roxana allured her gentler rival into her power, and poisoned her. She was the beautiful daughter of a barbarian chief, made captive by Alexander, who was so struck with her charms, that he immediately married her. Statira was the child of Darius, and inherited the evil fortunes of her ill-fated race.

¶ Pearls were favorite ornaments with the Persian ladies, who often wore them wreathed in their hair.

** The death of Alexander plunged all his vast empire into anarchy and slaughter. He was the soul that animated the mighty force that afterwards wasted its energies in petty warfare. The popular saying attributed to him might well be true, "That the survivors would celebrate his obsequies with bloody funeral games."

† If you attempt to please everybody, you will probably please nobody, but will most assuredly displease somebody; your best plan therefore is to please yourself—you may perchance please somebody—and nobody has a right to censure you.

CAPT. MARRYATT'S STORIES.

In the 'Naval Annual' for 1836, we find an article of great length entitled 'The Three Cutters,' which is characterized by all our author's more admired peculiarities. We give two extracts—the first, illustrative of life and story-telling on ship-board, being a description of a scene on board

CUTTER THE SECOND.

Reader, have you ever been at Portsmouth? If you have, you must have been delighted with the view from the saluting battery; and, if you have not, you had better go there as soon as you can. From the saluting battery you may look up the harbour, and see much of what I have described at Plymouth; the scenery is different; but similar arsenals and dock-yards, and an equal portion of our stupendous navy are to be found there.—And you will see Gosport on the other side of the harbour, and Sally Port close to you; besides a great many other places, which, from the saluting battery, you cannot see. And then there is Southsea Beach to your left. Before you, Spithead, with the men-of-war, and the Motherbank, crowded with merchant vessels; and there is the Bony, where the Royal George was wrecked, and where she still lies, the fish swimming in and out of her cabin windows; but that is not all; you can also see the Isle of Wight, Ryde, with its long pier, and Cowes, where the yachts lie. In fact, there is a great deal to be seen at Portsmouth as well as at Plymouth; but what I wish you particularly to see, just now, is a vessel holding fast to the buoy, just off the saluting battery. She is a cutter; and you may know that she belongs to the Preventive Service, by the number of gigs and galleys which she has hoisted up all round her. She looks like a vessel that was about to sail with a cargo of boats. Two on deck, one astern, one on each side of her. You observe that she is painted black, and all her boats are white. She is not such an elegant vessel as the yacht, and she is much more lumbered up. She has no haunches of venison over her stern; but I think there is a leg of mutton, and some cabbages hanging by their stalks. But revenue-cutters are not yachts. You will find no turtle or champagne; but, nevertheless, you will, perhaps, find a joint to carve at, a glass of grog and a hearty welcome.

Let us go on board. You observe the guns are iron, and painted black, and her bulwarks painted red; it is not a very becoming color; but then it lasts a long while, and the dock-yard is not very generous on the score of paint—or lieutenants of the navy troubled with much spare cash. She has plenty of men, and fine men they are; all dressed in red flannel shirts, and blue trousers, some have not taken off their canvass or tarpawling petticoats, which are very useful to them, as they are in the boats night and day, and in all weathers. But we will at once go down into the cabin, where we shall find the lieutenant who commands her, a master's mate, and a midshipman.—They have each their tumbler before them, and are drinking gin-toddy, hot, with sugar—capital gin too, 'bove proof; it is from that small anker, standing under the table. It was one that they forgot to return to the custom-house when they made their last seizure. We must introduce them.

The elderly personage, with grizzly hair and whiskers, a round face, and a somewhat red nose (being too much in the wind will make the nose red, and this old officer is very often "in the wind," of course from the very nature of his calling,) is a Lieutenant Appleboy. He has served in every class of vessel in the service, and done the duty of first-lieutenant for twenty years; he is now on promotion—that is to say, after he has taken a certain number of tubs of gin, he will be rewarded with his rank as commander. It is a pity what he takes inside of him does not count, for he takes it morning, noon, and night. He is just filling his fourteenth glass; he always keeps a regular account, as he never exceeds his limited number, which is seventeen; then he is exactly down to his bearing.

The master's mate's name is Tomkins; he has served his six years three times over, and has now outgrown his ambition, which is fortunate for him, as his chances of promotion are small. He prefers a small vessel to a large one, because he is not obliged to be so particular in his dress—and looks for his lieutenantcy whenever there shall be another charity promotion. He is fond of soft bread,

for his teeth are all absent without leave; he prefers porter to any other liquor, but he can drink his glass of grog, whether it be based upon rum, brandy, or the liquor now before him.

Mr. Smith is the name of that young gentleman, whose jacket is so out at the elbows; he has been intending to mend it these last two months, but is too lazy to go to his chest for another. He has been turned out of half the ships in the service for laziness; but he was born so—and therefore it is not his fault. A revenue-cutter suits him, she is half the time hove to; and he has no objection to boat-service, as he sits down always in the stern-sheets, which is not fatiguing. Creeping for tubs is his delight, as he gets over so little ground. He is fond of grog, but there is some trouble in carrying the tumbler so often to his mouth; so he looks at it and lets it stand. He says little, because he is too lazy to speak. He has served more than eight years; but as for passing—it has never come into his head. Such are the three persons who are now sitting in the cabin of the revenue-cutter, drinking hot gin-toddy.

"Let me see, it was, I think, in ninety-three or ninety-four. Before you were in the service, Tomkins."

"May-be, sir; it's so long ago I entered, that I can't recollect dates,—but I know, that my aunt died three days before."

"Then the question is, when did your aunt die?"

"Oh! she died about a year after my uncle."

"And when did your uncle die?"

"I'll be hanged if I know!"

"Then, d'ye see, you've no departure to work from.—However, I think you cannot have been in the service at that time. We were not quite so particular about uniforms as we are now."

"Then I think the service was all the better for it. Now-a-days, in your crack ships, a mate has to go down in the hold or spirit room, and after whipping up fifty empty casks, and breaking out twenty full ones, he is expected to come on the quarter-deck as clean as if he was just come out of a bandbox."

"Well, there's plenty of water alongside, as far as the outward man goes, and iron dust is soon brushed off.—However, as you say, perhaps, a little too much is expected; at least, in five of the ships in which I was first lieutenant, the captain was always hauling me over the coals about the midshipmen not dressing properly, as if I was their dry nurse. I wonder what Captain Prigg would have said, if he seen such a turn-out as you, Mr. Smith, on his quarter-deck."

"I should have had one turn-out more," drawled Smith. "With your out-at-elbows jacket, there, heh!" continued Mr. Appleboy.

Smith turned up his elbows, looked at one and then at the other; after a fatiguing operation he was silent.

"Well, where was I? Oh! it was about ninety-three or ninety-four, as I said, that it happened—Tomkins, fill your glass, and hand me the sugar,—how do I get on?—This is No. 15," said Appleboy, counting some white lines on the table by him; and taking up the piece of chalk, he marked one more line on his tally. "I don't think this so good a tub as the last, Tomkins, there's a twang about it—a want of juniper,—however, I hope we shall have better luck this time.—Of course, you know we sail to-morrow."

"I presume so by the leg of mutton coming on board."

"True—true—I'm regular—as clock work.—After being twenty years a first lieutenant, one gets a little method—I like regularity. Now the admiral has never omitted asking me to dinner once, every time I have come into harbor, except this time—I was so certain of it, that I never expected to sail, and I have but two shirts in consequence."

"That's odd, isn't it? and the more so, because he has had such great people down here, and has been giving large parties every day."

"And yet I made three seizures, besides sweeping up those thirty-seven tubs."

"I swept them up," observed Smith.

"That's all the same thing, you know.—When you've been a little longer in the service, you'll find out that the commanding officer has the merit of all that is done—but you're green yet.—Let me see, where was I? Oh!—It was about ninety-three or ninety-four, as I said. At that time I was in the Channel fleet—Tomkins, I'll trouble

you for the hot water—this water's cold—Mr. Smith do me the favor to ring the bell—Jem, some more hot water.”

“Please, sir,” said Jem, who was barefooted, as well as bareheaded, touching the lock of hair on his forehead, “the cook has capsized the kettle—but he has put more on.”

“Capsized the kettle! hah!—very well—we’ll talk about that to-morrow.—Mr. Tomkins do me the favor to put him in the report, I may forge it. And pray sir, how long is it since he has put more on?”

“Just this moment sir, as I came aft.”

“Very well, we’ll see to that to-morrow.—you bring that kettle aft as soon as it is ready.—I say, Mr. Jem, is that fellow sober?”

“Yeess, sir, he be sober as you be.”

“It’s quite astonishing what a propensity the common sailors have to liquor. Forty odd years have I been in the service, and I’ve never found any difference. I only wish I had a guinea for every time I have given a fellow seven-water grog during my servitude as first-lieutenant, I wouldn’t call the king my cousin. Well, if there’s no hot water we must take lukewarm—it won’t do to leave to. By the U—d Harry! who could have thought it!—I’m at No. 16!—Let me count—yes! surely I must have made a mistake. A fact, by heaven!” continued Mr. Appleboy, throwing the chalk down on the table. “Only one glass, after this—that is, if I have counted right—I may have seen double.”

“Yes,” drawled Smith.

“Well, never mind—Let’s go on with my story.—It was either in the year ninety-three or ninety-four, that I was in the Channel fleet—we were then a-breast of ‘Torbay.’”

“Here be the hot water, sir,” cried Jem, putting the kettle down on the deck.

“Very well, boy.—By-the-bye, has the jar of butter come on board?”

“Yes, but then it be broke all down the middle; I tied him up with a ropeyarn.”

“Who broke it, sir?”

“Coxswain says as how he didn’t.”

“But who did, sir?”

“Coxswain handed it up to Bill Jones, and he says as how he didn’t.”

“But who did, sir?”

“Bill Jones gave it to me, and I’m sure as how I didn’t.”

“Then who did, sir, I ask you?”

“I think it be Bill Jones, sir, ‘cause he’s fond of butter, I know, and there be very little left in the jar.”

“Very well, we’ll see to that to-morrow morning. Mr. Tomkins, you’ll oblige me by putting the butter jar down in the report, in case it should slip my memory. Bill Jones, indeed, looks as if butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth—never mind. Well, it was, as I said before—it was in the year ninety-three or ninety-four, when I was in the Channel fleet; we were then off ‘Torbay,’ and had just taken two reefs in the topsails. Stop, before I go on with my story, I’ll take my last glass—I think it’s the last; let me count—yes, by heavens, I make out sixteen, well told! Never mind, it shall be a stiff one. Boy, bring the kettle, and mind you don’t pour the hot water into my shoes, as you did the other night. There, that will do. Now, Tomkins, fill up yours; and you, Mr. Smith; let us start fair, and then you shall have my story—and a very curious one it is, I can tell you: I wouldn’t have believed it myself, if I hadn’t seen it. Hilloa! what’s this? Confound it! what’s the matter with the toddy? Heh, Mr. Tomkins?”

Mr. Tomkins tasted, but, like the lieutenant, he had made it very stiff; and, as he had also, taken largely before, he was, like him, not quite so clear in his discrimination; “It has a queer twang, sir; Smith, what is it?”

“Salt water,” drawled the midshipman.

“Salt water!” so it is, by heavens!” cried Mr. Appleboy.

“Salt as Lot’s wife!—by all that’s infamous!” cried the master’s mate.

“Salt water, sir!” cried Jem, in a fright—expecting a salt cel for supper.

“Yes, sir,” replied Mr. Appleboy, tossing the contents of the tumbler in the boy’s face,—“salt water. Very well, sir—very well!”

“It warn’t me, sir,” replied the boy, making up a piteous look.

“No, sir, but you said the cook was sober.”

“He was not so *very* much disguised, sir,” replied Jem.

“Oh! very well—never mind. Mr. Tomkins, in case I should forget it, do me the favor to put the kettle of salt water down in the report. The scoundrel! I’m very sorry, gentlemen, but there’s no means of having any more gin toddy—but never mind, we’ll see to this to-morrow. Two can play at this; and if I don’t salt-water their grog and make them drink it, too, I have been twenty years a first lieutenant for nothing—that’s all. Good night, gentlemen; and,” continued the lieutenant, in a severe tone, “you’ll keep a sharp look-out, Mr. Smith—do you hear, sir?”

“Yes,” drawled Smith, “but it’s not my watch; it was my first watch, and just now, it struck one bell.”

“You’ll keep the middle watch, then, Mr. Smith,” said Mr. Appleboy, who was not a little put out; “and, Mr. Tomkins, let me know as soon as it’s daylight. Boy, get my bed made. Salt water, by all that’s blue! However, we’ll see to that to-morrow morning.”

Mr. Appleboy then turned in; so did Mr. Tomkins; and so did Mr. Smith, who had no idea of keeping the middle watch because the cook was drunk and had filled up the kettle with salt water. As for what happened in ninety-three or ninety-four, I really would inform the reader if I knew, but I’m afraid that that most curious story is never to be handed down to posterity.

The next morning, Mr. Tomkins, as usual forgot to report the cook, the jar of butter, and the kettle of salt water; and Mr. Appleboy’s wrath had long been appeased before he remembered them. At daylight the lieutenant came on deck, having only slept away half of the sixteen, and a taste of the seventeenth salt water glass of gin toddy. He rubbed his grey eyes, that he might peer through the grey of the morning; the fresh breeze blew about his grizzled locks, and cooled his rubicund nose. The revenue-cutter, whose name was the ‘Active,’ cast off from the buoy; and, with a fresh breeze, steered her course for the Needles’ passage.

Our additional extract consists of a story of fashionable life told by a briefless barrister on board ‘Cutter the First,’ a pleasure-yacht, which has put to sea, bearing a ‘goodly company,’ bound on an April excursion from Plymouth to Cowes. The colloquy which follows he professes to have overheard the day preceding, while on a visit to a gentleman of quality, and entitles it

“FIVE THOUSAND ACRES IN A RING-FENCE.”

“I will, then, William,” observed Mr. Ponsonby, stopping, and turning to the nephew, after a rapid walk up and down the room with his hands behind him under his coat, so as to allow the tails to drop their perpendicular about three inches clear of his body. “I may say, without contradiction it will be the finest property in the country—five thousand acres in a ring-fence.”

“I dare say it will, uncle,” replied William, tapping his foot as he lounged in a green morocco easy-chair; “and so, because you have set your fancy upon having these two estates enclosed together in a ring-fence, you wish that I should also be enclosed in a ring-fence.”

“And a beautiful property it will be,” replied Mr. Ponsonby.

“Which, uncle?—the estate or the wife?”

“Both, nephew, both; and I expect your consent.”

“Uncle, I am not avaricious. Your present property is sufficient for me. With your permission, instead of doubling the property, and doubling myself, I will remain your sole heir, and single.”

“Observe, William, such an opportunity may not occur again for centuries. We shall restore Forest Wild to its ancient boundaries. You know it has been divided nearly two hundred years. We now have a glorious golden opportunity of re-uniting the two properties; and when joined, the estate will be exactly what it was when granted to our ancestors by Henry the Eighth, at the period of the Reformation. This house must be pulled down, and the monastery left standing. Then we shall have our own again, and the property without encumbrance.”

“Without encumbrance, uncle!—You forgot that there will be a wife.”

“And you forgot that there will be five thousand acres in a ring-fence.”

“Indeed, uncle, you ring it too often in my ears, that I should forget it; but much as I should like to be the happy possessor of such a property, I do not feel inclined to be the happy possessor of Miss Percival; and the more so as I have never seen the property.”

“We will ride over it to-morrow, William.”

“Ride over Miss Percival, uncle? that will not be very gallant. I will, however, one of these days, ride over the property with you, which as well as Miss Percival, I have not as yet seen.”

“Then I can tell you she is very pretty property.”

“If she were not in a ring-fence.”

“In good heart, William—That is, I mean an excellent disposition.”

“Valuable in matrimony.”

“And well tilted—I should say educated, by her three maiden aunts, who are the patterns of propriety.”

“Does any one follow the fashion?”

“In a high state of cultivation; that is, her mind highly cultivated, and, according to the last new system—what is it?”

“A four-course shift, I presume,” replied William, laughing; “that is, dancing, singing, music, and drawing.”

“And only seventeen!—Capital soil, promising good crops—What would you have more?”

“A very pretty estate, uncle, if it were not the estate of matrimony. I am sorry, very sorry, to disappoint you; but I must decline taking a lease of it for life.”

“Then, sir, allow me to hint to you, that in my testament you are only tenant at will. I consider it a duty that I owe to the family, that the estate should be re-united. That can only be done by one of our family marrying Miss Percival; and, as you will not, I shall write to your cousin James, and if he accept my proposal, shall make him my heir. Probably he will more fully appreciate the advantages of five thousand acres in a ring-fence.”

“And Mr. Ponsonby directed his steps towards the door.”

“Stop, my dear uncle,” cried William, rising up from his easy-chair; “we do not quite understand one another. It is very true that I would prefer half the property and remaining single to the two estates and the estate of marriage; but, at the same time, I did not tell you that I would prefer beggary to a wife and five thousand acres in a ring-fence. I know you to be a man of your word:—I accept your proposal, and you need not put my cousin James to the expense of postage.”

“Very good, William; I require no more: and as I know you to be a man of your word, I shall consider the match as settled. It was on this account only that I sent for you, and now you may go back again as soon as you please—I will let you know when all is ready.”

“I must be at Fattersalls, on Monday, uncle: there is a horse I must have for next season. Pray, uncle, may I ask when you are likely to want me?”

“Let me see—this is May—about July, I should think.”

“July, uncle! Spare me—I cannot marry in the dog-days.—No, hang it, not July.”

“Well, William, perhaps as you must come down once or twice to see the property—Miss Percival, I should say—it may be too soon—suppose we put it off till October.”

“October—I shall be down at Melton.”

“Pray, sir, may I then inquire what portion of the year is not with you, the dog days?”

“Why, uncle, next April now—I think that would do.”

“Next April.—Eleven months, and a winter between. Suppose Miss Percival was to take a cold, and die!”

“I should be excessively obliged to her,” thought William.

“No! no!” continued Mr. Ponsonby, “there is nothing certain in this world, William.”

“Well then, uncle, suppose we arrange it for the first hard frost.”

“We have had no hard frosts lately, William.—We may wait for years.—The sooner it is over the better.—Go back to town, buy your horse, and then come down here, my dear William, to oblige your uncle—never mind the dog-days.”

“Well, sir, if I am to make a sacrifice, it shall not be done by halves; out of respect for you I will even marry in July, without any regard to the thermometer.”

“You are a good boy, William. Do you want a cheque?”

“I have had one to-day,” thought William, and was almost at fault. “I shall be most thankful, sir—they sell horseflesh by the ounce now-a-days.”

“And you pay in pounds.—There, William.”

“Thank you, sir, I’m all obedience; and I’ll keep my word, even if there should be a comet. I’ll go and buy the horse, and then I shall be ready to take the ring-fence as soon as you please.”

“Yes, and you’ll get over it cleverly, I’ve no doubt.—Five thousand acres, William, and—a pretty wife!”

“Have you any further commands, uncle?” said William, depositing the cheque in his pocket-book.

“Now, my dear boy, are you going?”

“Yes, sir; I dine at the Clarendon.”

“Well, then, good-by.—Make my compliments and excuses to your friend Seagrove.—You will come Tuesday or Wednesday.”

“Thus was concluded the marriage between William Ponsonby and Emily Percival, and the junction of the two estates, which formed together the great desideratum, five thousand acres in a ring fence.”

THE SUICIDE.

Deep vale of sorrow! from life’s early day
Amid thy cypress shades a sojourner,
Woes of dread name have marked my winding way,
And forc’d from feeling’s fount, the burning tear;
The tear for unrequited love and truth,
For honor fall’n, the purple blush of shame,
The rending sigh o’er vanquish’d hopes of youth,
The pang of woman’s pride for blasted fame,
All these are mine, and more, I may not, durst not name.

Dark dregs and bitter!—yet let no one think,
Unnerv’d her energies, and quench’d her fire,
Tame the maddening draught shall Ella drink,
No! rather let me rouse each latent ire;
And nobly spurning the low beaten track,
The world’s cold scorn, and pity of the good,
With Portia’s, Arria’s courage, render back,
Of being’s weight the insufferable load,
A bootless gift at best—resume thy loan, my God!
The deed is done! the steel hath gleam’d on high,
The crimson tide of life is ebbing fast,
Soon shall this breast expel the final sigh,

And these quick fluttering pulses throb their last!
Soft in the earth this wilder’d head shall rest,
Nor dream of ill disturb the long repose,
The daisied turf surmount this bursting breast,
Nor Ella’s heart be wrung with Ella’s woes,
Prison’d from sorrow there, and safe from all her foes.
Ha! do I rave? the mist that veil’d my sight,
Life’s laboring, panting breath hath swept away,
And conscience, habited in beamy light,
Opens her broad page, and points the informing ray.
Passion’s loud gust is hush’d, nor longer drowns,
Her awful voice, as erst ’twas wont to do;
Truth, told in thunder, my stunn’d ear confounds,
And o’erwhelms me with its weight of woe;
Where, my distracted soul, for refuge canst thou go?
Saviour of sinners? to thy wounded side,
Though long condemned, fain would my spirit flee;
Sole ark of safety, where the guilty hide
From floods of vengeance—yet no shield for me!
Too late! too late! Oh, give me back to life!
The flintiest path that ever mortal trod,
Its keenest sorrows, and its sharpest strife,
Its veriest ignominious scorn and load,
I could endure for aye—but not thy frown, Oh God!
“Laugh’st thou at my calamity?” I rush’d
Dreadless to meet thee at thy dreadful throne;
With every vile and untam’d passion flush’d,
I dar’d the doom and pluck’d the vengeance down.
Dark boils the gulph of Death, that now I pass,
No change to meet but deep and deeper ill;
For, on the opening gates of daring wrath,
I read thy unreversed and righteous will,
“He that comes filthy here let him be filthy still.”

CORNELIA.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE RING,

OR LOVERS' MISTAKES.

"A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
The love that tempests ne'er had shook,
A touch, a tone like this, has shak'n."—Moore.

"AND Miss Livingston's really going to be married to old Gen. Swann! Miss Livingston!—that proud *airish* creature, that thought the world was made only to worship her, and no beau worthy to touch the tip of her little finger, going to have a man old enough to be her great-great-grand-father—and as ugly as sin into the bargain!!! Well, this is retribution, if ever there was such a thing," said a pert miss with long cork-screw curls of flaming red, dangling in masses on each side of a goblin face, deeply pitted with the small-pox—a hare-lip, and standing in the full dignity of four feet three inches, as the centre figure of an exclusive group at a gathering of fashionables in the town of ——. "Oh! how I'd like to see her, now her degradation's made public, and that high head of hers hung down, as I make no doubt it is."

"Don't flatter yourself with that belief, Delia," cried another fair one, the *esprit fort* of the *clique*—and on the strength of that title, indulging herself in a grossness of phrase and idea, hardly surpassed by Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, in her renowned journal performance; "Miss Livingston has impudence enough to brazen it out if she were going to act upon the amalgamation doctrine, and take a mulatto fellow for better for worse. I suppose she's tired, as well she may be, of playing at the stale game of Old Maid; but upon my soul, I don't think, considering her age and prospects, that the dainty pride has done so much amiss in bringing her damaged battery of attraction to bear upon the leering dotard at Swann's Court. But pray is the thing certain? and what does young Virrian say to it?"

"What should he say or care about who picks up a person that he's had the refusal of?" tartly asked the first spokeswoman, (for be it known to the reader that these two ladies ranked as the oracles and pro-lacutors of their faction of ultra fashionists,) by way of reply: "If she's not Mrs. Virrian ages ago, every body knows on whose side the fault is; but I always upheld my friend Ernest as a man of too much taste to fancy a sallow, skinny, shrewish girl on the wrong side of thirty, solely because she had the assurance to set herself up for his admiration along with that of the town!"

"By Jove! Miss Jeffers," interposed one of the attendant beaux, with a smile replete with most sarcastic meanings—"a fine picture you draw of the reigning favourite; it does equal justice to the judgment of our sex and the charms of yours. Can't your superior optics, that have spied out so much invisible to others, pierce yet a degree or two further, and detect some absolute deformity in the divine Evinia? The becoming twist of a feature, or a slight hobble in her gait, for instance?"

The damsel thus invoked, and perhaps reflected upon, darted a fiery glance at the scoffing speaker, and seemed collecting her abusive powers for a rejoinder that should annihilate such audacity; but ere the catastrophe chanced, a pretty piece of silliness, alike innocent of acquaintance with Miss Livingston or the cabal against her, and taking for gospel all that we have cited as said to her disparagement, broke in with

"La! now, De dear, I miss Livingston's all out of shape so, and not so very young, I'm sure Gen. Swann must be a great match for her. He's immensely rich, and quite good-looking too—besides not being so

mighty old neither. Then there's that sweet barouche of his, and four such lovely greys. I declare, for all you laugh so, Mr. Kane, I'm all but ready to have him myself for the sake of them."

"And his enormous debts, ten times as much as he's worth in the world, and the pistols he's obliged to ride with to keep off the sheriff, ain't they very charming things too? and well worth marrying him for?" retorted the gentle Delia. "Suppose you try, love, and cut out the lucky lady; 'twould be a rare match between you; arrogant, affected, and antiquated against fair, frivolous and fifteen. And the prize is well worth all your trouble, bankrupt and only sixty-six."

"Sixty-six! add a dozen good years on the back of that, and you'll be nearer right," chimed in the *esprit fort*. "And to sum up all, he's a downright niggard as well as a ninny, and as crabbed as any cynic to boot; but what with the gout, and a grown-up daughter like his, that's not so much to be wondered at, poor man!"

"A ninny! did you say, madam?" inquired a gentleman present in a tone of surprise. "I have always understood Gen. Swann to be a lawyer of pre-eminent fame and ability; and his daughter's gentility and intelligence as admitted beyond dispute."

"Pooh! mere humbug," returned the sapient lady, looking down upon her querist with ineffable scorn—yet unable even from that dignified impulse, to suppress an ebullition of censorious vulgarity—"the admission of a parcel of fools more competent to pronounce upon the breed of Spanish-jacks and jennies than on the qualities constituting civilized folks. Gentility and intelligence quotha? I presume the son, too, that treble-refined zany, Xenophon, is a monstrous smart and genteel somebody; witness his going in full uniform, clad cap-à-pié, upon the parade, and claiming command of a division of militia under a power of attorney from his father, the general, to transact his business while he was away at the South. As to the old Swann and his female cygnet, I grant you they both shine in their sphere; he as the butt of the bar, and she as the show of the ball-room; but his vaunted head-piece is just that of a Merino-ram, frizzled without, and empty within—and she fitter to cackle on a dung-hill than in parlours and to ears polite." And the caricaturist who had been accused of certain abortive designs against the peace of the opulent counsellor, closed her speech with a burst of merit as portentous as the cachination of the laughing hyena.

"Hush! hush! *ma chère*," whispered the least impertinent of the railing *coterie*; "here comes Maria Swann herself tricked out like some Arcadian shepherdess, all ribbons and roses; and though she might forgive and even join in your spite against her *belle-mère* that is to be—it would not be so mighty pleasant to let her overhear us quizzing her folly and her good papa! For pity sake, do be still."

"For mischief's sake, dear ladies, for that is your element and delight, go on with your flattering strictures, and provoke Miss Maria to a battle-royal; she's a perfect Penthésilæa in point of spunk, and I'll back her against the whole of you by any money," said the incorrigible Mr. Kane, *sotto voce*, as he bowed and made way for a "little fairy figure," as she was wont to call herself, but a low and rather stout young woman, as with a due regard to veracity we must however reluctantly describe her, came dashing forward with such a mien and grimaces as one would extol in the part of Lady Handy, by a clever actress. Her dress was, as before intimated, a travesty of the peasant style. A gipsy hat of white chip, with blue trimmings and prodigious *guirlande's* of field-flowers, just rested on the back of her head; a jacket of blue crape à la bergère, laced and pointed with silver—a

short muslin petticoat and apron edged with blue—and gloves and sandals of the same colour composed such an equipment as is sometimes seen figuring on the stage in a rustic dance in character; but in the present case, it set off little, if any, of the prettiness proverbial in country lasses. None of Perdita's graces belonged to the modish Miss Swann, where, truth to say, it would have been rather unreasonable to have expected them. High cheek-bones, a large and ill-shaped mouth—great staring eyes of whitish blue, and a fierce colour that seemed put on in emulation of the French style of painting, when it was done, and exaggerated as a symbol of rank, formed a face, which was nevertheless, (such is the magic of wealth and pretension,) generally reckoned handsome. The figure was something better, a little full in proportion to its height, and the gait free almost to boldness. Such was the *tout ensemble* of the "lady gay," who flitted or strided along, crying out with the prettiest affectation of childishness—and ever and anon interrupting herself by slight recognition of divers persons—

"Oh! ciel! what barbarism! I find myself completely betrayed. *Foi de dame de l'honneur*, I thought I was asked to a fancy ball, and here is every body in plain dress. How d'ye do, Miss Jeffers; you are looking vastly well to-night; I positively should not have known you except by that unfortunate *chevelure* of yours. I think its growing a *little* paler though. But why don't you try the Essence of Tyre? 'tis the only thing the wise ones say for hair that's grey or red. Unhand me, do, Col. Ennis," shrinking back with a gesture of horror and disgust, from the most distinguished man in the room—an ancient but very gallant bachelor, who pressed forward to conduct her; "I vow I feel old age creeping all over me at your touch. Monsheer Foucachon, *ravie à vous voir*; any news from la belle France? Oh! dear delightful Paris, *quand vous reviendrez* je? Ah! Virrian! are you there? Do come and take care of me through this horrid mob; for I would fain "pass on in unbleached majesty," if that is possible in an assembly made up of soap-boilers and tallow-chandlers."

And rudely elbowing the female partner of a civic dignity belonging to the latter craft—and levelling her eye-glass, that appropriate appendage to a shepherdess, full in the face of each one she passed, the lady paramount of the *beau-monde*, moved on, leaning upon the handsome Ernest Virrian; her plump person, ducking and diving in a succession of what were meant for French courtesies—but which came much nearer the abasement of Eastern prostration,—and her voice, not silvery sweet but shrill—dying away in murmurs of "Waltz! oh! yes—certainly—*tout-à-l'ore*—when the crowd gets a little more dense. My harp? I have not seen or touched it this age."

"The harp that once thro' Tara's halls,

The harp of music shed—

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,

As if that soul were fled."

Its strings are all out of tune, and jar like those of my heart. Excuse me, do, I beg. *Sur mon honneur* I am not up to "Little Winnie Wilkins;" to night, I feel strangely "inclined to the melting mood." But I'll give you "Young Lochinvar," if that will be acceptable."

And so said, so done. The fingers blundering and flying over the piano-keys, flourished away in a series of bounds, jerks, and *capriccios*, intended to depict the progress of the knight

"So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,"

from his first "coming out of the West," to the "raging and chasing on Cannobie Lee;" while a pair of lungs, that might have excited the envy of Stentor, screamed forth after such preliminary coquetry, and with no variation of time or tone. The whole eight

verses, whereby "the lovely Lady Heron," prompts and entrances her royal lover. But exquisite as Scott's ballad must be ever held, alack for the age of chivalry! its present rehearsal failed to elicit any thing like the rapturous hearing accorded to the original performance. Mr. Virrian vanished at the first notes of the prelude; so did sundry other young men of note, who swore that the girl might as well sing Chevy Chase itself, and expect them to listen: and though the rest of the circle stood their ground, and smiled and beat time, and whispered their complimentary comments, it was merely to hide the half-yawns and expressive shrugs, which at the close, found vent on a long and simultaneous sigh of relief. Still it was necessary thus to undergo martyrdom through complaisance; Miss Swann had been dubbed in insane prose and dull verse, the tenth muse and fourth grace; it was the fashion to follow and applaud her—and few had the hardihood to dissent from an observance so orthodox and penitential.

This leader of American *ton*, and ape of every foreign adventurer, who came in her way, was the sole daughter, though not heiress, of a lawyer conspicuous for wealth, family and talent. Credulous to excess, and extravagant in his habits, Gen. Swann, notwithstanding his large patrimony and professional income, had more than once contrived by bad bargains and other imprudencies, to get himself deeply embarrassed, though hardly to the extent affirmed by the malicious Miss Jeffers. But the tact of his wife, the first financier in the country, and who at this crisis, conceived herself, like our present chief magistrate, justified in assuming both legislative and executive functions, extricated him in a great measure; thereby showing conclusively the advantages attendant on the concentration of all power in the hands of an individual: and this autocratix had moreover the consideration to depart this life, to the infinite relief of the husband, who durst not say before her that his soul was his own—at the precise moment, when she could best be spared; the estate being nearly disencumbered, and trebled in value through her admirable management. She left him another source of consolation in two children; the eldest, a son, ugly, awkward and not particularly acute—but a business-man, thoroughly imbued with her precepts and notions, and content to slave himself to death for the good of the family, or rather as it would prove in the long run, his own; for the lady of Swann's Court wisely holding dismemberment to be ruin, and as zealous for the male succession as any of the Salick dynasty, had enjoined, or more properly speaking, ordered her husband to make Xenophon sole legatee.

The daughter, her father's darling, and a girl of some shrewdness and vivacity, was early cried up as a prodigy of talent, and with judicious instruction, might have turned out a superior woman; but the pride and vanity insatiable in the maternal mind—clogged and counteracted as it was by habitual parsimony, ruined all by an attempt to educate Maria, as she might have bought a bargain of goods, at first cost. Hence the plan proceeded upon was for her to pick up all sorts of accomplishments by indirect and imperfect means, and the result proved worthy of the generous aim. She grew up with her mind deteriorated by irregular and superficial cultivation—her moral impulses totally neglected, and her shreds and snatches of attainments, solid and ornamental—resembling in their garbled and incongruous confusion, a piece of coarse patch-work. Forward but not elegant, mistaking flippancy for *naïvete*, and effrontery for ease; she set up for a wit, and professed to be, not deep, but the most delicate shade of blue—was the first to patronize the (in these rude days) objectionable harp and more odious waltz—talked what she and her crowds of admirers miscalled French, but in reality a *patois* such as Moliere puts in

the mouths of his low provincial characters, sung Italian songs that might have passed with a native of Florence for Iroquois—danced fancy-dances in public ball-rooms, and esteemed herself a combination of the polished artlessness of the wild Irish girl—and the superhuman graces and endowments of Mme. Dalmatian. And in sooth she did not unwisely in thus taking state upon herself; for throughout our happy Union—from Savannah to Saratoga—wherever the vain-glorious pretender appeared, she found polite society full ready to sustain, and even to surpass her high self-appraisal. Miss Swann was acclaimed the quintessence of *ton* and refinement, and lauded and poetized as a second Anne Killegrew: Miss Swann could boast lovers of every age and degree, and conquered and coquetted away without pause or mercy.

"Strange graces still and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly—and was just not mad;"

and yet the proudest beauties were unseen by her side, her nonsense preferred to the sallies of brightest wits. It was a hallucination as complete and irrational as the mania for military chieftains, pet banks, or any other popular delusion; its object seemed fairly and at once installed as perpetual dictatrix, and surrounded with every temptation to be as silly and tyrannical as she pleased: no wonder her head was turned by such elevation; no wonder she lost sight of her true interest, and forgot to make hay while the sun shone.

But time sped—and the theme of all tongues and desire of all hearts, remained plain Miss Swann without an establishment, and further than ever from a suitable husband. The sunny side of twenty-five—that day of doom to quaking spinsters was passed; and still no duke had in person or by proxy, presented himself as a candidate for the peerless prize of her hand. Maria was amazed and indignant beyond measure; but with "the main of waters" rolling its three thousand miles of wave and sea-weed between—how could she punish the noble loggards who had doubtless heard her praises waited across, on the loftiest notes of fame's trumpet—and yet presumed to condemn the call? Since the mountain did not care to come to Mahomet, the only way was for Mahomet to go to the mountain; but this was a step more easily talked of than taken. A trip to England—the Eden of aristocracy, had been actually projected and conned over to the utter bewilderment of Miss Swann's brain; but less fortunate than certain rich emulators of her freaks and follies, who went abroad, contrived to "hook" insolvent lords—and realized in the simple ken of the republican countrymen they disdained, the antediluvian marvel of the daughters of men being taken to wife by the sons of God—the sinews of war were wanting—or to speak plainly—ready money sufficient was not to be had without endangering certain pecuniary plans as sacred and unchangeable as the Jewish year of jubilee. Her London triumph which our female despot looked forward to, as did Napoleon to his coronation at Milan, with the iron crown of Charlemagne! was therefore, held subject to procrastination, and her vain mind a prey to all the pangs caused by that insidious "thief of time."

Her lady mother, to whose able policy her extraordinary success had been chiefly owing, died, and matters grew worse. If Danae was won by a shower of gold, so had been most of Maria's admirers, though doomed to see theirs fall only by anticipation. Mrs. Swann's will, as it was jocosely called, seemed considered as valid as if it had been expressed under his hand and seal—the whole being duly on record in the county court, the general's dying division and bequests. The impression was decisive, and fatal to sundry attachments most tender and true.

"Her city-beaux and country cousins
Lovers no more flew off by dozens,"

and the forsaken fair one not deficient in discernment, began to open her astonished eyes. Still her position continued apparently the same; she had lost suitors not subjects—and though less courted was as much admired as ever. She clutched the sceptre that seemed slipping through her grasp; yet wiser than most actual monarchs in a similar situation, began to cast about for the ways and means of a graceful abdication, where she found herself in danger of being momentarily deposed. A love-match instead of the *mariage de convenance*, that was to whisk off the peeress or ambassadress in a coach and six—romance in place of ambition, sentiment and sacrifices to supercede the "pomp, pride and circumstance of a glorious" hyemal in high life, occurred to her at a moment, when she felt half inclined to fall in love, for the first time in her life, with the handsomest man of the day—we might almost say of the age.

This, as my young lady-readers have already divined, could be no other man than Ernest Virrian, an Adonis in propensities as well as person—hunting hares no less eagerly than hearts—famous for horses, dogs, and intrigues—a charioteer after the fashion of Jehu—a dead shot, just such a finished and intellectual fop as Henry Pelham—and as much enamoured of himself as the hapless Narcissus. He was, moreover, the last male scion of a house time-honoured as the Montmorencies of the State; and in possession of a large fortune, not more, according to credible report than two thirds dipped. All circumstances concurred to produce what the delectable Tony Lumpkin terms "a concatenation accordingly." A hereditary friendship existed between the Swann's and the Virrians; the representative of this last race, made frequent visits to Swann's Court, and himself an adept in the art, evinced every disposition to get up a flirtation with the accomplished jilt, who, setting aside the advantage of seniority, was as thoroughly versed in her *métier* of coquette, as Ninon de L'Enclos, the patron saint of the sisterhood. She, therefore, flattered herself, and that not without some ground, with hopes of success, and the *eclat* of a sensation, such as could not fail to attend the conquest of the young lord of Long-Lane, a reputed invincible who derided all thoughts of ever compromising himself by the commission of matrimony. There was, however, one little obstacle overlooked by the lady in the heat of attack; the gentleman with a most pardonable inconsideration of her particular views, had contrived to get not a little, but very deeply entangled in another quarter.

To return from our long digression to the company, Miss Jeffers, who, likewise, made *les deux yeux* at this paragon of coxcombs—and who, if she was absolutely frightful in favour, valued herself, and was valued by others for being indisputably rich, stood scowling her ugliest scowl at the "airs and triumph and all that" of her regal rival, as she languished on a sofa,

"With crowds of well-dressed males, before her filing,
Who passing bow'd and mingled with her chat;"

while she, regardless of them all, kept dipping her embroidered handkerchief in lavender-water, and bathing first her own and then Ernest's temples. He in a frock-coat and pantaloons, (a deviation from the orthodox mode, perfectly heretical) of fawn-coloured cloth, lined with blue silk, and displaying limbs such as were before supposed to exist only in the marble of the matchless Apollo, booted and spurred—a horse-whip in his hand, and his Hyperion curls covered with a sable cap banded and tasseled with gold, reclined in a negligent posture beside her, playing the disdainful with half a hundred of the finest women in town—and resolutely turning his back on all female bland-

ishments save those of his royal coz, as he affected to style the co-sovereign of fashion's realms. Miss Swann had waited repeatedly,—though such an innovation had cost her more than one eligible lover; for, at that savage period, when we were just blessed with the dawn of civilization, many men and some ladies were found stupid enough to dispense with seeing one of the modest sex submit to be whirled out of her senses and all show of delicacy, or order to the amusement of a room-full of gaping and mocking spectators. Nothing troubled by such idle scruples, the bold and belted belle rose again to perform something even worse than the indecorous German gyration; this was the far-famed Turkish shawl-dance, the most revolting of fancy-measures, except when done in a select circle, and by a very young person. The fair Maria was really a fine dancer; all crowded around an exhibition so novel and seldom then to be seen even upon the stage; and inspired by the general gaze and plaudits, the obliging gentlewoman, who thus degraded herself below a public *danseuse*, doing that from choice, which the latter is compelled to by necessity, surpassed her former outdoings in the certainty that this full and free display could not fail to arouse the belamour, usually so engrossed by himself. Her eyes singled out this charming, because most careless creature—seeking to read in his admiration, if not enthusiasm, in requital of her gestic lore. Uncovered, animated, and as completely oblivious of *her* as though they had never met, she beheld him standing not ten steps off, or rather leaning in earnest ecstasy over a chair occupied by Miss Livingston, who had entered in time to witness yet hardly enjoy the oriental *pas seul*. Wounded vanity co-operated with love, or what the morified flirt was pleased so to call; and both were perhaps a little aided by excess of fatigue, arising from her various and violent salutary exertions during the evening. An opportune dizziness came over her, but there was method even in this half-swoon. She tottered, as if by accident, towards the couple who had so horrified her by their mutual engagement of looks and discourse; twenty gentlemen sprang to her support, but she had already caught hold of Virrian's arm, and sunk into the seat whence his startled companion instantly sprung. But, though the lovers, as her jealous fears had more than once surmised them, were interrupted and divided, the intruder gained nothing else by her manoeuvre; Ernest walked sullenly off without taking the least interest in her recovery,—and though the late object of his devoirs was assiduous in her attempts to bring it about, he evidently disliked and reproached her notice of any body but himself. But this ungrateful hero was the only defaulter; a perfect panic pervaded the assembly, and as much alarm and inquiry and bustle were afloat as at the attempted assassination of the President. Gen. Swann, a tall, thin man, in a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, and white cassimere breeches, with his hair queued and profusely powdered—a most patrician air—and all the formal suavity of the old school characterizing his address, came hastening as fast as his measured dignity of movement could be urged, to his daughter's side, who rejecting all the sympathy and attendance proffered by her swarm of beaux, begged to go home directly, and that her dear, kind Evinia would have the charity to accompany her in case of a second seizure by the way, which that young lady, unconscious of the manner in which her name was connected with that of the father, who seconded Maria's request with great eagerness, readily did, leaving Miss Jeffers and Co. to pour forth a fresh torrent of invectives against her person, manners, age and luck.

Evinia Livingston—the subject of all this and a great deal more envy and abuse, was destitute of parents and almost of fortune—yet one of the few and favoured, whom partial nature delights to enrich be-

yond compute. Not so regularly beautiful as attractive, and as might be inferred from her time of life, which (the misrepresentations of her enemies notwithstanding,) was yet in its spring—

"More a wit than wise,
Her tongue bewitch'd as sweetly as her eyes;"

yet neither exercised their spell frequently or indiscriminately. Proud rather than vain, as fastidious as refined, she retreated from public and promiscuous admiration, and kept herself almost as much and jealously out of view, as the Invisible Girl. But there is no surer way to excite observation than by running away from it. The celebrity of our heroine kept pace with her reserve till she became—no: not the *belle*; that title belonged exclusively to the dashing Miss Swann; for, gentle ladies, the distinction that you are most of you so emulous of, cannot be attained without immense sacrifice of dignity, and taking undue means to propitiate, and endless pains to preserve general favour. "Those who aspire to govern others, rather than themselves," writes Lacon "must descend to meanness, which the truly noble cannot brook; nor will such stoop to kiss the earth though it were like Brutus for dominion;" and this is no less true of toasts than statesmen. To retain supremacy in either state, it is necessary to cajole as well as defy; not always to shine but to stoop upon occasion: hence Miss Swann, in the plenitude of her power, might have exclaimed with the Athenian orator—"Oh! ye Americans! how hard do I work to obtain your applause!" Her coy antithesis was both too stately and surpassing for these unfeminine practices; she could neither tawn nor bully nor brag of herself—shrunk from the trouble and turmoil of canvassing for suffrages, and battling against contending claimants—not merely as intolerable drudgery—but as something horrible almost beyond the abominations of a *poissarde*—and scorned to make herself a name at the cost of being all things to all men and all women. The one was an enthroned demagogue, a female Robespierre, domineering over the multitude, shunned and dreaded by the *noblesse* of society; the other, a born-princess, her sway confined to its natural sphere—but willingly acknowledged by all the high-bred, the courtly, and the witty. Few, (comparatively speaking) had ever experienced the full witchery of Evinia's manner and charms; but those so graced, spoke of her as *unique* in fascination; and all her acquaintances, gentle or simple, male or female, for or against—bore testimony, spontaneously or otherwise, to the many and rare requirements, which made her an epitome of intellectual excellence.

The aunt, with whom she lived, not as a dependant—for her predominating mind rendered that impossible; but as a beloved *protégée*, or rather an only child—exerted herself to the utmost in putting her niece forward in gay society, as far as the latter would acquiesce in her doing so—and counted upon her brilliant settlement as an event as certain, though to every body else it seemed as distant as the Millennium. But the judgment of the old lady happened to be more correct than that of the many, inasmuch as it was founded on surer premises. Miss Livingston was never known to speak of a rejected suitor; she abhorred that most dishonorable and ungrateful procedure, which repays the highest compliment that can be offered to a woman, by a cruel and wanton exposure of the pretensions, surely enough humiliating by a repulse without the additional and perhaps severer, pang of feelings laid bare to the scoffs and banter of friend and foe. Never even to her kind protectress, did she depart from this settled principle of action; much less, according to the wont of too many of her sex, go about making confidantes of one half of her acquaintance, under strict injunction of secrecy with

the implied understanding that circulation is meant thereby. The public, accustomed to hear the changes rung upon the attentions of Mr. such-a-one—the conquest of Miss so-and-so—somewhat hastily concluded, that, as Evinia made no boasts, she could have no proposals to prate about. She was by no means solicitous for the enlightenment either of the world or her kinswoman, whose observation could not fail however, to make very shrewd guesses as to the truth in most cases—and continually reproved her niece's anxiety to avoid rather than allure suitors. Evinia, resembling *La belle* Hamilton in her concern about the quality, and not quantity, of incense offered on her shrine, was more apt to be humbled than flattered by the unpremeditated captures sometimes occurring in spite of herself. She could no more have endured the imputation of addresses actually made her, than the stigma of a personal disgrace; she felt debased by them even in her own esteem: and yet the persons so repelled and despised, belonged to the general run of beaux, eagerly squabbled for, and caught up among her young associates. But then on the other hand, there had been more and loftier homage laid at her feet; the vows and sighs of "men of mark," whose casual notice conferred distinction, and in whose preference she was content to exult, without betraying and thereby becoming unworthy of it. Thus had she gone on till the age of twenty-four; at which epoch, we introduce her to the favour of our readers, and the pursuit of Ernest Virrian, who had run down so much fair game.

The set of gossips, whose *can-can* is detailed on our first pages, were, however, a little premature in their statements: matters, though really *en train* between Miss Livingston and the ancient proprietor of Swann's Court, the most superb of rural domiciles, had not yet gone the length of acceptance and engagement. The lady was vibrating in all the agonies of indecision, and a subdued, though not extinct partiality for another. Evinia, as if from an instinctive sense of all she was one day doomed to suffer, had hitherto steered clear of the rocks and quicksands, on which so many of her sex are continually wrecked by love. Greatly addicted to books, and of a high contemplative turn of mind, she cherished the most exalted ideas, borrowed from romance, of congenial souls and masculine and sympathetic perfection. The depth and diffidence of devotion, such as a knight of yore dedicated to the lady-love, who now and then deigned a smile of approval on his deeds of bold emprise, and whose favour was to be won by years of servitude signalized by unswerving fidelity and obedience, all the communion betwixt them comprised in glances or the casual contract induced by a service rendered, or a prize bestowed at joust or tourney; such she persuaded herself was the passion capable of moving her, such the hero she could adore and vow herself to forever. Her enthusiasm did not quiver extend to belief in the possibility of realizing this day-dream; firmly fancying that she could never descend to blush and tremble and glow at the look or touch or words of a man, walking the round of every-day life, and daring to woo her as his equal and no more; the fair visionary had, from the first, made up her mind to aggrandize herself by marriage. But though postponed, her time was still to come, and that when her feelings, not having expended themselves at their earliest development, had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. With no nearer relative than Mrs. Russell, whom she tended with the love and observance of a daughter, she had a vast fund of dispassionate affection on hand against a demand; but this, and all the energy of her nature besides, seemed too little for a heart like hers to give, when once alive to "all the sweet effects of mutual hopes."

She saw Ernest Virrian for the first time with the

startled yet intense delight, that attends our first gaze on the master piece of the sculptured god of day. "Is it possible," one asks with incredulous triumph, "that the semblance of human forms and limbs can express such rapt majesty; such superb superiority; such sublime, yet beautiful divinity of mien and motion?" Even so did Evinia feel as she stood and looked upon the figure before her; yet the impression was evanescent as exquisite, and to be awakened again and again ere it deepened into any thing beyond that admiration, which young and old of both sexes bestowed upon this admitted model of manly grace. Mr. Virrian, if less struck by Miss Livingston's appearance—was infinitely more smitten during their first interview. He did not endeavour after her notice; that was contrary to his system of tactics; but through-out that and their succeeding meetings, which were "few and far between," he watched and waited around her with an impatience of any man's approach, an astonishment at her apparent disregard of him, and at last a distrust of his own transcendent attractions, which could scarcely be reassured by the complaisant eye-beams, ever and anon suffered to stray towards him. He read therein admiration extreme, but not impassioned—such as he had seen her lavish on a picture, a rare flower or a beautiful child. That dignity so perfect in its self-possession, that purity of air and tone emanating like a glory from the presence of a modest woman; one who guards the treasury of these feelings precious beyond pearls of great price, with a vestal vigilance, and scorns to be won unsought; for she is in some sort won, who permits herself to love unasked, gave him no hope of surprisal or spontaneous surrender. He sought her side, but each time with diminished confidence; his haughty security, his idolatry of self, the habitual insensibility engendered by perfect vanity, all his panoply of defence was lost and gone, and his whole soul ensnared and subdued ere he could flatter himself with having produced the least favourable effect in return. The bold brigand of hearts had at length met with a fair and mightier robber, and was forced to own himself a slave. But intolerable as he deemed those bonds, while tormenting himself with the dread of being, for once in his life, the only captive—he soon found them not merely endurable but glorious; not that he ever felt entirely satisfied with the sentiments given in exchange for his. In person and character literally an incarnation of Byron's finest creation, Sardanapalus, the heroic voluptuary, the kingly trifler, "who dallies with Bellona as her bride-groom, for his sport and pastime—and whose hands the spear or fan, the shield or shining mirror becomes equally well,"—he longed after the wild and intense overflowings of a Myrrha's fervour, and was hardly put off with the pure but regulated sensibilities of a Zavina, constant, tender, yet striving to conceal even from herself the excess of enamoured devotion, evinced not by caresses, and the warm effusion of unsexual sentiment, but by the stealthy and unwearying ministrations of such disinterestedness as moves

"Mortals the nearest, the angelic nature."

Still the first days of this mutual passion, mutual that is by implication rather than avowed, were blissful beyond all of past enjoyment or imagination, and not the less so because some degree of uncertainty and reluctance had preceded and enhanced the fruition of their tacit understanding, for it never amounted to much more. Evinia, dazzled as she could not help being by that exterior, exceeding

"The demi-deity, Alcides in

His majesty of superhuman manhood,"

was not of the ardent temperament, which virtuous maids and matrons have not hesitated to eulogize in Shakespeare's Juliet as the essence of female perfec-

tion. She could admire at sight, but to be touched more tenderly was another matter; and all the sweet and holy sensations embalming our love-thoughts like the perfume around the rose; all the fond and feminine devotion, which hallows passion and raises it from selfish to sublime, not starting to instant life in her—could only be called forth by long and earnest service, and by at least the appearance of endearing and lofty qualities. When a woman *once* becomes attached, she will continue so after the illusion vanishes, and perhaps even the more because of the defects thus left unveiled and conveying the strongest appeal to her guardian-care; and well it is for man, imperfectly constituted as he must own himself, that it is so. But this is "love in full life and length, not love" inceptive, and our heroine's was yet in its first stage, and she herself destined to illustrate, like Hazlitt. The grievous consequences of a want of self-knowledge. She never dreamed of danger to her heart from one so unlike, the heroic vision haunting her wrapt fancy. And yet, as experience taught too late, the most dangerous of characters is that, which blends a certain captivating irregularity with some show of high, honorable strain, or what passes for such in the eyes of romantic and prepossessed youth. Miss Livingston was but little versed in human kind, any more than in that species of wisdom emphatically recommended by the saying of the Milesian sage; she had not as yet begun to study either herself or others; and the young Alcibiades who strove to enshrine himself in her affections, had preserved, amid all the dissipation of his career, some of the amiable traits originally his; an ingenuousness that spoke in every look and tone; a reverence for virtue more than lip-deep, and a capacity for appreciating and by way of *bonne bouche*, exemplifying the best part of the Epicurean ethics, which, disguising and dignifying his worst excesses, contrasted with the effect of light upon darkness, the slighter yet not less taking points, formerly enumerated as his characteristics. He was, moreover, daring to recklessness—an attribute specially patronized by woman; and last not least, he bowed with a devotion, wordless indeed, but legible in every glance and action, before her ascendancy, and hers alone. This is a tribute irresistible, when coming from such a quarter, with the coldest and hautiest she, that ever aspired to pass on.

"In maiden-meditation, fancy free;"

a triumph, for which Diana herself would stoop from her saintly sphere: and if ever one, who, from "love's weak childish bow hath liv'd unharmed," loses her indifference and is made a thrall, 'tis when assailed by the suit of a habitual breaker of vows and chains, who has dallied with and defied a host of amatory encounters. The feud is held a kind of holy warfare, the whole sex arms in crusade against the roving rebel, and his capture becomes a contest wherein neutrality is as heinous and unallowable as by Solon's celebrated law. Happy is the fair, who achieves the miracle, worthy to be dwelt on as the recalling a rank idolater of himself—one more criminal than the worshippers of Baal—to the service of the true divinity, at whose altars woman stands as the natural priestess. So Evinia flattered as much as fluttered by the obvious though silent submission of this arch heretic, from the pure faith, lent herself unsuspectingly in furtherance of Cupid's aim at her own breast, while deeming only to revenge the insulted common cause. Perhaps, after all, the great charm lay in manner, and that sympathetic yet inexplicable communion so finely touched upon by the poet:

"Mysterious are his ways, whose power
Brings forth that unexpected hour
When hearts that never lov'd before,
Meet, blend, unite to part no more."

If these circumstances prove no excuse for my heroine, I have no other to offer, and must even leave her liable to the verdict of wholly indefensible. It is the historian's province to give facts, not commentary; and certain it is, that, in course of time, Virrian found by several infallible signs that he had no reason to despair.

On his side the attachment, though less progressive, did not establish itself without a manful struggle. Libertine as he was, Ernest, never, for a moment misconstrued the disposition of his mistress—or thought of debasing her from her high estate, as he had done so many others without compunction; this was impossible, not only by reason of her superiority, but his own feelings. Egotist and sensualist as we have painted him, it was chiefly owing to the force of circumstances that he became so, and his stars were to be blamed as more in fault than he. Left an orphan in the cradle, his only blood-relation, nearer than second-cousins, was a half sister, whom he had been always estranged from, less through inclination than accident. Educated by an aunt on the mother's side, who professed the strictest tenets of the presbyterian sect, Louisa Virrian had imbibed her doctrine in its full extent, and held all mirth to be sin—pleasure as a mortal offence against the revealed will of the Deity, and this fair earth, so fraught with the gracious provision of an Almighty Father for the enjoyment of his children, as one vast penitentiary, where, not only our actual trespasses, but every gay and worldly emotion, every thought that had other than our future and final state for its subject, was to be expiated by prayer and perpetual suffering. Cold and composed in countenance and manner, she was not devoid of sensibility; though it displayed itself in a way the most distasteful to a headstrong young man, intoxicated by success and adulation. She loved her brother as an elder sister must always love the bright boy, who has nestled in her arms and been fondled as the dearest, because most intractable of pets. But on his exceeding comeliness she now looked with admiration and abhorrence strangely mingled; taken with its concomitants, expensive dress and unlicensed amours, it disquieted her as something too closely bordering upon the suspicious vesture, wherein Satan shines as an angel of light; and his wild ways, as it went in common parlance, filled her with a holy horror, continually expressing itself in homilies and exhortations too well calculated to chill his feelings and keep him at a distance from her. Miss Virrian, under the influence of these prejudices, had declined a residence at the family-seat, where Ernest, from the time of his coming of age, kept up the state and luxury befitting a young sybarite. Full of the gloomy notions of a religious fatalist, she viewed him as something alien from heaven, and akin to the children of perdition, with whom she dared not, however, predestinate as she was, totally to confound one so near and dear to her. His outward favour, the splendour of his position in society, the "golden opinions" these circumstances enabled him to "gather from all sorts of men;"—all, in short, that would have recommended him to the special love of most sisters, seemed to her fanaticism so many aggravations of the snares set by the Evil One for the profane and unwary—the daintiest devices of that enemy, the devil, "who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Thus minded, the deprecating girl wept and wrestled for him in agonies of prayer and spiritual supplication—but knew not how to render the person so endangered and cared for, the better service of drawing him to her by the effusion of sisterly confidence and frankness, that would have been irresistible to Ernest, who was naturally of an affectionate temper, and therefore, the most effectual way to reclaim and keep him out of temptation.

It is not to be supposed that our modern Lovelace greatly affected the company of this pious Louisa, who, young and pretty and gentle as she was, threw away all these advantages, and was lost to him and the world, not "by lot severe," but through her excessive and obstinate bigotry. There was nothing in common between the two—no similitude of feeling and pursuits, to form a *point d'appui*, whereon sympathy and intimacy might rest. Still so few were his ties of kindred, and such his opinion of the innate worth and kindness, thus sadly alloyed, that they gave their possessor a certain degree of influence over him, and his regard, such as it was, for this apparently frigid zealot, was the only pure and tender emotion Ernest was sensible of previous to his passion for Evinia. Holy and intense as this last sentiment soon became, it remained long a question with him whether to quell or indulge it. And though the first proving impracticable—the latter was, of course, the case, we cannot say how much of his *engouement* arose from a spirit of contradiction. Disgusted with easy victories, he would not have cared a straw for his present idol, had her carriage towards him been such as he had cloyed and sickened of in his other favourites; and perhaps the fascination he now owned himself under, lay less in her merits than in a manner often deemed Miss Livingston's only fault. While beauty, grace, and intellect varying as they beamed, might have flashed upon, without enkindling him to a glow, the novel and refreshing pudency of a demeanour such as adorned Valeria,

"The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome,"

had a charm for the yearning taste of the sated voluptuary like a draught of "the blest sherbet sublimed with snow," upon a palate fevered by the last night's debauch; and though her other attractions, when fairly brought into play, composed so many links, it was her seeming indifference that put the rivet to the chain. Still, like all others of his cast, young Virrian, even in the height of his enchantment, demurred about paying the price affixed to possession, and tossed and turned and toyed with what he deemed his infatuation like a moth flitting around the flame, in which, sooner or later his wings are sure to be singed. Matrimony! he shivered at the very sound; and not Benedict himself declaimed more vehemently against such a falling off from good fellowship and bachelor-hood, at the very moment he was, step by step, approaching the awful catastrophe. The coyness of his mistress greatly contributed to keep up this humour; for a very Don Giovanni as long as idle or lawless gallantry led him on, Ernest required, under the influence of a serious prepossession, tending to an honorable end, a vast deal of encouragement, and was apt to be chilled and repelled by every dubious glance and word that could be construed into rebuke. In a high degree obnoxious to that timidity, which every man, even the most abandoned *roue*, feels in the presence of her he truly desires to please, the confession, while near Evinia, perpetually hovering on his lips—was as often repressed from want of nerve to speak it; and when out of her sight, the pride of the spoiled Adonis, the false shame swaying the half-reformed rake, would rally with arguments to deter him from falsifying all his former manifestoes against marriage. Much of this was because of his uncertainty as to the reception awaiting his suit, and for him, the phoenix of the age—the idol of womankind—the Caesar of hearts, who hitherto had only to come and see and conquer, here to ask and be refused! it was preposterous, incredible—the bare idea of his ever subjecting his dignity to such a venture! This faint-heartedness produced alternately hot and cold fits, which, though assisting his conquest of Miss Livingston's affections,

by allowing full time for their growth, did not accelerate the conclusion, which each in secret cherished the hope of; and while with every interview, his antimatrimonial prejudices gave way, and in their stead,

"Came thronging soft and delicate desires,"

it was still in vain these prompted him how fair Evinia was, while she took no steps to evince how fond she could be.

She, for her part, terrified as every woman of feeling and delicacy must be at the first glimpse disclosing the real state of her heart; inexperienced in the inconsistencies of passion, and fancying that the secret so oppressive to her sense of self-respect, must be as evident to the whole world as to herself—sought to draw the double veil of coldness and dissimulation over the partiality as yet unsanctified by a positive proposal. The impatient *inamorate*, for some time a dupe to the self-control of the charming dissembler, could neither deceive nor decoy her. With that feminine intuition, unerring in such cases, she saw him daily growing more enraptured, and more decided in his attentions; she was as well aware of her empire over him as if the most explicit declaration had revealed it; and yet so far from facilitating, she shrunk from the moment of eclat, with that indisposition to own a flame, always urging woman to conceal to the very last. One word!—one look from her would have vanquished all his doughty resolves, and lured him from his high perch to prostration at her feet; and yet that word she could not have spoken—that look she could not have cast, had their fate hung upon her condescension. At length after consorting together for weeks; after conning over set speeches, imagining ecstatic scenes, and making and finding opportunities only to let them slip by unimproved, the ice was broken in a moment of excitement, originating in accident. But the chance, that favoured, likewise frustrated a complete explanation; the lovers were separated ere more than the first imperfect yet how full avowal. The magic phrase, that levelled all barriers between them, was uttered, and each at liberty to revel in a brief enjoyment of paradise.

Once persuaded of Evinia's preference, all doubts and irresolution vanished from the mind of our quondam marriage-hater; and like Claudio, he felt "time go upon crutches till love had all his rites." Still to come out with the awful proffer! to propound, in so many express words the substance of a love-suit, and disfranchise himself, in good set terms, at once and forever. The more he meditated upon it, the more awkward and difficult appeared the achievement; and with all his impatience to conjugate, this preliminary of putting, or being put to the question, lay as a stumbling block in Ernest's path. How did he curse the mischance, that had cut him short, ere he could round off his first soft speech with an impromptu proposal! And then Miss Livingston, re-assured upon the subject of her dearest concern—all doubts smoothed—every anxiety appeased, and that goal attained, where she could now

"Rest as after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium."

perversely refused to participate in his paroxysms—and, women-like, had no notion of precipitating matters, which, of themselves, to the wedding complexion must come at last. The mere knowledge of a return of love sufficed for her happiness, and she had long wanted only a verbal confirmation of that fact. Again and again, the couple met without opportunity for more than

"The thrilling pressure of the hand,"

the broken sentence, half-sigh, half-vow, that expresses more than the overflow of most impassioned eloquence. But the crisis of the affair was close by—

closer, indeed, than the parties interested would have cared for, had they foreboded the adverse issue. Evinia had been walking, not alone, but in a party with her lover. They had wandered far and merrily through the fields, in that free and favourable mood, always induced by the exhilaration of exercise and the open air; the lads and lasses flitting and fluttering around each other, like butterflies sporting in the sun-shine—all restraint thrown aside, and the ceremony and state of behaviour, befitting the shaded and circumscribed drawing-room, discarded as something unnatural and impossible to preserve on the smooth green sward, and in the regions of light and liberty. Never had our heroine, whose spell lay in the sorcery of seductive motion, appeared to such advantage in the eyes of the hypercritical, because oracular arbiter of beauty and fashion. Animated by the infectious spirit of mirth, away she went—now half warbling in bird-like glee, the snatch of some simple song, or laughing the graceful laugh, that delicately clear, came ringing on the charmed ear like the sound of a silver bell—now bounding hither and thither, with the airy step of a young Atalanta, sure to win in the race of love, her bonnet off and hanging on her arm—her long locks, "a wilderness of Amaranthine curls," escaped from confinement and streaming as she flew. Ernest gazed till every faculty seemed absorbed in the sense of sight, and for the first time, his attachment was suspected and whispered around,

"The violet sunset with ethereal dyes,
Voluptuous blushed along the balmy skies,"

ere the gay group dispersed, and the two found themselves returned and alone in the piazza adjoining Mrs. Russell's parlour. The air around was

"Filled to faintness with perfume."

The evening star twinkled down upon them through the purple twilight of summer; and Evinia in a glow of confusion and delight, conscious only that Virrian, the admired Virrian, he so carressed and celebrated as

"Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,"

was at her side, and his lips about to second the world of oftentreaty imagined in those ardent eyes—longed, yet trembled to hear his voice, put an end to the tremour of excessive expectation. He murmured a few passionate phrases, prefacing

"The kiss so guiltless and refined

That love each warmer wish forbore—

These eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,

E'en passion blush'd to plead for more."

Emboldened by this boon, the encroaching lover, after much fond dalliance with the hand he held, withdrew from it a ring of plaited hair, and pearl—which he essayed to replace with a plain circlet of gold, such as is given in token of consenting in wedlock. "An exchange is no robbery sweet lady mine," said he in timid tones; "let me keep yours, and wear this, which is vowed only to go where I'd wish to place the marriage-ring."

Fatal action! more fatal device, which he had exulted in as the readiest mode of preferring his final claim. For, perfect as were Evinia's bodily proportions, she had ever fretted at her hand as

"E'en of the largest for a female mould,"

and that, wherein it now reposed might have shamed the size of Lord Byron's. Her keen sense of this personal blemish, and a dread of its effect upon her lover whom she recollected to have heard particularly eloquent in praise of taper-fingers and rose-tinted palms, so disconcerted her little remaining self-possession, that she did not comprehend, indeed scarce heard the significant sentence, which corroborated his startling effort; all she sought was to escape the perilous test, in which, after a brief struggle, she succeed-

ed. The satrap-signior of Long Lane, who had pushed matters so far beyond all past daring, and quailing before the least symptom of disapprobation, with an instant and entire change of countenance, dropped the hand that so resisted his motion, retreated from the vicinity he had just coveted so closely, and fixed on her one long melancholy look, where love, dismay, and surprise were equally blended. Not a word was uttered on either side; the lady, on whom the full import of his speech flashed when too late, knew not how, indeed had no time allowed her to retrieve the ground thus unwittingly lost; Ernest, after sitting a few minutes in embarrassed and indignant perturbation, rose, and abruptly took his leave.

The foolish pair, thus thrown farther than ever from each other, still continued their intercourse, though not on its previous footing of growing complaisance. Mutual dissatisfaction resulted from this slight misapprehension, which was but the beginning of a host of mistakes and troubles. The gentleman, who, after such mighty efforts had screwed his courage to the proposing point, and hugged himself in rapture at his ingenious plan for exposing himself to the least painful denial, did not find Evinia's mere gesture of repugnance one whit more palatable than the most cutting words, and was hugely affronted at what he conceived a summary and most haughty dismissal of him. She not understanding all he meant and hoped for in return, was no less mortified and incensed at his omitting to renew the theme, and believed herself vastly ill-used, when they fell into each other's company more than once without his referring at all to the particular matter between them. And by the time, the disappointed suitor had a little recovered from the shock of a repulse, the farthest in the world from her thoughts, and under the impression that he might have been too prone to displeasure, made some faint advances to another trial. Miss Livingston, vexed at his unceremonious proceeding, and thinking herself disgraced by such dependency on the breath of an every day trifler, a professed *evapore* of the very first water—was in no mood to be gracious according to his will and pleasure. For the first time since their acquaintance, she felt disposed to find severe fault with the peculiar character of her provoking follower, for he seemed resolved to become nothing beyond. 'Tis true, she had loved him even the better for that character, forgetful of all her pristine lofty visions, she cherished a kind of compassionate tenderness for the being so preternatural in beauty and bewildered in tale, a fond and pitying regret as distinct as possible from the contemptuous commiseration that we all pray to be delivered from, for the errors of his course, and an anxiety to be the blessed instrument of winning him back to the right path, and the happiness inseparable from virtue, such as may move angels towards those to whom they are sent as holy and disinterested messengers. But somewhat of this extreme attachment

"From passion's dross refined and clear,"

abated under her persuasion (false indeed, but not the less firm) of the careless and transient *penchant* ill-repaying it. 'Twas, however, if a natural, a gross mistake, her supposing Ernest's love to be so slight and unworthy in comparison of hers, or rather she totally failed in discriminating between the impulse as it shows itself in man, and sways and engrosses woman. It was not till long after-years that she became aware of her misconception, and learned not only to credit but appreciate the difference that individualizes the sentiment in each sex while most uniting them under it. Now she grew more and more humbled under the idea of having given so much and received so little, or rather naught from the ungrateful Virrian; while he, in high dudgeon at her continued coldness,

was just as much out in deeming Evinia disdainful because it was not in her nature to be demonstrative, even had his assiduities justified it. Thus they kept on playing at cross purposes; and ceasing, not to love, but to be indulgent to the inconsistencies, often making the passion wear the guise of hate.

Nor did their own sensitive hearts and aptness to exaggerate the little crosses always imagined or caused by over-earnest regard, alone make against a speedy reconciliation: other, and not inferior circumstances opposed it. Miss Swann, as we have seen, was not averse, in default of a British nobleman, to take up with the most admired of native patricians, or inclined to recede from her assault upon him for any thing short of his being put *hors du combat* by Hymen, or giving her pretensions the cut-direct, a piece of philosophy quite alien from the coxcomical practices of our love-monger. True, after Ernest's serious thoughts of Evinia, he grew strangely callous to Maria's advances; but her eagle eye was the first to perceive something amiss between the lovers, and this was enough for one, who, in matters of coquetry, had the tact of Talleyrand, and Machiavel's want of principle. Piqued into perseverance by the contempt evinced for her by this "man of men," to say nothing of the pressing argument so sternly enforced by the thirtieth birthday, as terrific in its passage as a spectre; and seeing with the science of her sect, a sure way to conciliate him through that vanity, which his elevated mistress could not descend to flatter; she proceeded, though slowly, and with due circumspection, to excite and envenom that distrust already more than latent between the two. A lucky coincidence favoured her design; Gen. Swann, a much better match, in the estimation of prudent elders, than the extravagant, though peerless debauchee, who was dashing headlong to ruin—began to give sign of his ripeness for a second wife; his wily daughter thought him not far from in love with Miss Livingston; she knew that he stood first on Mrs. Russell's list, and that could she contrive to edge him on to a proposal for Evinia, the aunt would probably throw all her influence into his scale. Another assistant she hoped for in Miss Virrian, who, for no reason that any one could suggest, looked with particular disgust upon the prospect of her brother's alliance with the only woman, who had power to lure him from his devious ways. She, therefore, rather encouraged him in the minor evil of a flirtation with the experienced hand at Swann's Court; never, for a moment, dreaming in the simplicity of her unworldliness, that the lady would think of marriage with a man eight years her junior, or indeed that she had lowered those views so long fixed on a coronet.

Ernest was, however, no docile subject at the beck and call of either. He slighted all the challenges of his mature assailant, backed as they were by the half-way patronage of the unskillful Louisa, and continued, not to court, but to haunt the unimpressible lady of his heart, less though to her discomfiture, than his own disappointment. Nor could his visits well prove productive of an auspicious pacification, as long as made in the spirit of distrust and jealousy. When Evinia's bosom, melting under a return of tenderness, prompted her to deal graciously towards her perverse knight, he was seldom in a frame to avail himself of its overflows; and she, who, upon occasion, could assert her dignity at the expense of her happiness, grew less and less inclined to vouchsafe the opportunities so totally contemned. She loved him as well, perhaps better than ever, in spite of all her struggles to dislodge his image from her breast; as the efforts of the fish, snared by the angler, to escape, serve only to plunge the barbed hook deeper into its flesh. A sudden wrench might wrest her heart away from him so undeserving of it; but the love vibrating in every nerve and palpitation, could only "sink by slow decay;" as yet it re-

tained all its vitality, and though bleeding, seemed likely to beat, as did his, which he held so despised and trampled upon. Nor was our ingenious self-tormentor long without a fresh subject of disquietude. This was nothing else than the frequent apparition of his old friend—to him the first, not of jurists, but of bores, coming and going at Mrs. Russell's with quite the air of *l'ami de maison*, and addressing himself at times to the object of his own choice, with a manner for which Ernest felt strongly tempted to knock him down. To be sure when the idea first occurred to him, he scouted it in perfect scorn. Old Gen. Swann, a sexagenary, with those spindle-shanks, that queened and powdered head, and ridiculous formality of aspect and grimace, his rival! The rival of Ernest Virrian "framed in the prodigality of nature"—at whose name every beau in the land turned pale with envy and alarm! He walked to the glass, took a long and complaisant survey of the celestial figure, radiant face, and ambrosial curls which had driven so many of either sex to despair, and asked himself whether his brain were not a little touched by the ill-treatment of that false and most insolent girl, that it amused itself in coining such whimsies.

Still when he revisited the field of action, the notion—ridiculous as it was, returned upon him. He found, or fancied a change in the behaviour of the aunt, who had hitherto connived at all the *têtes à têtes* between him and her lovely charge. Now she seemed strangely observant of their converse, obviously discouraged, if she did not absolutely forbid, any meeting without witnesses, and took good care that the distinguished personage, whose circumstances were now established as flourishing beyond example, should not be thrown into the back ground by the brilliant but insidious exquisite, whose finances, she understood from her forerunning favourite, to be fast approaching a state of most admired disorder. But, though misdoubting, and that with good reason, the manoeuvres of Mrs. Russell, Ernest as yet, did Evinia the justice, to exempt her from any concurrence in them. He never, for an instant, imagined that the woman, who had once loved him, as, at times, he fully persuaded himself the one in question did, could turn away from worshipping

"That unmatched form and feature of blown youth," to hearken at the pleadings of another, and that other, a quizz, aged and unbearable: so heedless of the old lady's schemes as long as the young one continued uncontaminated by them, he went on alternately storming and sighing—by turns forswearing and following her, whom he railed against as a modern edition of Petrarch's Laura.

This state of things, uncomfortable as nonsensical, was destined to have its end at the party, which we treated our readers to at the beginning. Mr. Virrian there seized upon by the unscrupulous Maria, had acquiesced with some symptoms of interest in her flirting demonstrations. This courteous fit lasted till "metal more attractive" appeared, and no longer.

"A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king appear; and then his state
Empties itself."

so says Portia; and so the dazzling ruler of the

"Twenty score
Of well bred persons called the world,"

felt. At once the coquette was deserted and forgotten, and Evinia accosted with that mixture of fervour and timidity, once her daily incense, and still too grateful to her heart. A correspondent change immediately marked her manner—and the lovers were approximating more closely than they had done for days—or as they conceived, ages, to their former feelings; when Miss Swann, like Satan prowling about Paradise, saw and sought to turn delight into dole.

Ernest felt highly exasperated at the readiness of his divinity to render that assistance—after all no more than one lady had a right to expect from another—to the daughter of a man, who he could not help suspecting of some pretensions to her favour. He bit his lip till the blood came, when he saw the girl, but now all smiles and softness to him, retire in compliance with the artful entreaties of the pseudo-invalid—and on the arm so unworthy, yet as promptly accepted as tendered. For the first time, it struck him as possible, that this miracle of her sex, so coy and capricious in her various phases—so insensible to the attractions that could enchain the world beside—might be willing to barter away her charms for their value in gold, and was the secret feodary of her mercenary kinswoman. All the violence of his nature was aroused, and sent the boiling torrents through his veins at this conjuncture, which was just plausible enough to fire a lunatic or a lover, (we believe Shakspeare makes the terms synonymous.) What then was the fury, amounting to madness, with which he heard the comments of the foul-mouthed Miss Jeffers and her set, all opening like a pack in full cry, against the trio just withdrawn—and understood, upon the indisputable authority of the voracious daughter, that Miss Livingston, at whose side he had served and lingered in such sweet hope and fervent fidelity, who had dared to dally with, and, in the face of day, disdain him—was actually affianced, engaged beyond the shadow of a doubt, to a dotard, fitter to represent a death's head than a bridegroom. The nursery-legend of Beauty and the Beast, was nothing to this absurd monstrosity. He now recollected having heard several speeches, tantamount to assertion of the incredible fact, buzzed into his ears by the fair Maria, while half-lounging, half-dozing beside her on the sofa. With clenched teeth and hands, a burning brain, and the fierce gesture of passion enforced, indeed, to calmness, but ready to boil over at a touch, he pushed his way out of the house, consigning the whole party to perdition in a volley of most emphatic curses; and it would have been with absolute pleasure, had he learnt of Miss Livingston's meeting her death on the road to Swann's Court, whither she had gone off in triumph, and as he swore on purpose to insult his feelings.

After a night spent in a state somewhat similar to that of the Orlando Furioso under banishment from the fair and frail Angelica, he made his toilette with redoubled *récherche*, and proceeded himself to the same obnoxious abode, in order to ascertain at once and certainly, whether what had so disordered him was entitled to credence or otherwise. Enjoying the *entrée* of the house, he made his way to the sanctuary, whence issued the choice edicts of *ton*, a sort of place betwixt museum and *boudoir*, or rather a burlesque of both, even before he took a seat or had exchanged the forms of salutation, began to catechize his fair tenant in most uncourteous fashion. She was, by no means backward in imparting information more copious than exact—which she did in such an adroit manner, mixing her narrative most cunningly with sly sarcasms and hits at him, purporting to be Evinia's, and as such doubly galling—the whole winding up with her constant boast of the facility, with which she had led him on blindfold, and then jilted him—that the young man in a transport of vehemence alighted to frenzy, burst out in a torrent of vituperation, alleging her so belied as a bride-elect, to doat upon him to distraction, and defying her so far to forget him as to form a matrimonial connexion with any body else. The smile of malignant triumph, which hailed this most ungenerous brag, instantly convicted the rash speaker of its unmanliness; and he eagerly sought to retract and explain it away: but the attempt was hopeless. His auditor had treasured up this slip of the tongue so pat to her purpose, against

the first chance of repetition to the person disparaged thereby, and in the constancy and fervour of her secret soul so little deserving it.

Our heroine, thus condemned unheard—beset by "a love-suit, unto her as fearful as a siege," and daily and hourly assailed in every way that could move a proud and sensible nature by her anxious chaperon, who like all the dowagers within fifty miles round, thought Gen. Swann the first of mankind and of matches, still stood her ground firmly, and would never have yielded one inch as long as she was able to rely on Ernest's sincerity. Yet though keeping the obsequious price of antiquity, whose courtship would have crowned her wishes a short time back (as the troublesome aunt took good care incessantly to remind her,) at bay with consummate address—and in private never suffering him to come within ear-shot of her, she was continually forced into his company, and compelled to associate with the daughter so disagreeable to her in every respect, and the more so for affecting a sudden and inordinate hankering after "her dear sweet Evie's superior conversation." With a zeal truly filial, she availed herself of every occasion to insinuate her father's flattering flame, and expatiate upon his manifold excellencies, outward and internal on his splendid talents and sumptuous country-seat—his fine temper, and finer equipage. Mrs. Russell, a woman of the world and a devotee—at once the slave of cards, company and conscience, and a strong stickler for godliness, but of that sort which is great gain, was on the alert to renew and enhance the topic so fertile and fascinating; till little by little, it took some hold of her niece's mind. Indeed, it was high time, as her mistress urged a little too often, for her to reflect seriously on her situation: if deprived of that mistress, her sole stay and solace, she would be left friendless, houseless, hopeless, with the bloom of life wearing fast away—and let romance-writers rave as they will, these considerations must have their weight with the most exalted female mind. Evinia blushed at the weakness of loitering over remembrances so injurious and degrading as these, summing up the history of her first and only *affaire de cœur*; and since it appeared that she was not to be blessed as Virrian's wife, the fond moralizer grew careless of her fate, and ready to give herself to any one else recommended by the authority she revered as maternal. But these were merely the musings of her calmer hours; the sight of the recreant hero, the bare sound of his voice or mention of his name, would arouse every dangerous and irrepressible emotion, and in a moment, the fabric so painfully reared by reason, fell before the mere breath of omnipotent love. But the weaker yet worthier power was mightily reinforced by the tale Miss Swann had hastened to tell, and that without the laudable adherence to truth exacted in Fairyland. Ernest's taunt, unpardonable in itself, came doubly atrocious from her tongue; and especially because certified by some circumstances known only to Miss Livingston and her ungenerous delinquent, which allowed no room for doubt or disbelief. It was listened to in silent and scornful composure; not a glance fell, not a muscle quivered under the infliction; for like the Indian warrior bound to the stake, our heroine had long since schooled herself to endurance; and after the intermeddling Maria had said her say and dwelt and dilated with most malicious accuracy on the heinous assertion, the insulted party bowed her thanks, and with a smile fraught with civil disdain both of the story and its retainer, passed to another subject as carelessly as if they had been discussing the most trivial thing in the world. Baffled in one aim by this seeming unconcern, her "friendly foe" next proceeded to earnest suit for her Evie's indispensable concurrence in an attempt at private theatricals about to be enacted at the residence of her ancient adorer.

A travelling actor and author, entertained there, had, to humour the young (or rather single) lady of the mansion, scribbled the scenes of a mask founded on the story of Narcissus. The *corps dramatique* had been drafted from the *élite* of the town, the characters cast, and every thing in a state of prosperous progression. The hero of the piece, the supernal youth, who sighed his life away in pining worship of his own shadow, of course, found a representative in the no less dazzling Ernest Virrian, full likely, according to the report of many slighted fair ones, to make good the parallel, and verify the line,

"As equal were their charms, so equal were their fates."

After his metamorphosis, duly bewailed by Evinia, (whose powers of recitation were held perfect) as Echo with a lyre and loosened hair, Venus, personated by, if not the beautiful the body-raised Maria Swann, appeared upon the scene, attended by the loves and graces—recalled the victim of his unnatural folly into life, and the whole ended with his coronation and reception into her train in place of the lost minion Adonis. This entertainment had been projected some time before; but in assigning the part of the love-sick nymph, who was to pursue Narcissus through more than one passage, that made Helena's fond importunity of Demetrius, appear tame and delicate—to Miss Livingston, the lady-manager had reckoned without her hostess. From the first, Evinia would not hear of being brought into public contact, and that of a most equivocal kind in their relative position, with the man before whom, she could scarce at any time, command herself to indifference, much less since the estrangement existing between them; and this refusal, the surest proof of a flame smothered, not quenched, had aggravated Ernest's anger not a little. Now she recoiled in utter horror from the thing, and delivered herself in answer to the bold beggar for her compliance, with a severity and haughtiness that, at any other time, would have gone near to produce an irreconcilable breach between the rival damozels. But on the present occasion, when there was so much at stake, "Little Winny Wilkins," a *soubriquet* familiarly applied to the lawyer's dashing daughter, on account of her perpetual repetition of that then popular song, was fain to swallow and digest a few hard words. She apologized and recanted, rallied and implored, till "Evie—her own Evie," without whose help she protested, they must all be lost, bent upon showing Ernest how she, too, could shine in other people's eyes—agreed to take part in the grand performance; and this promise extorted, Maria withdrew to arrange her several plots and counter-plots.

And how felt the young lady, this makebate had so wounded and left? Even as one oppressed with the darkest and final doom of utter condemnation. She, once the high-minded sovereign of herself and others besides—now a wretch that had struck the flag of her affections before a vile and treacherous Lothario, conquering only to ravage, and wooing to destroy—she the mock and dupe of Mr. Virrian!—set in a jest-book, rated and reviled—her fond devotion cast in her very teeth! and then, oh! treble torture! cut to the quick by the impertinent condolence of the confidante, no doubt, prompted and put up to it by him! Transported out of all tenderness for herself or him that had thus traduced her—for, certainly whatever had been her inward emotions of regard, they had been taught to counterfeit disguise, and to

"Droop within their silent cell,"

she repressed, with such an effort of resolution as supports the martyr chained to the burning pile, every impulse tending towards grief or complaint. A forced gaiety like that of one mouldering under despair, buoyed her up, and she laughed, and sung, and skipped about the house as if possessed with the airy

spirit of Shakespeare's Beatrice. Upon the rich old lawyer, who sedulously sought her smiles, she lavished them and many a gracious word besides, till he and the advocate of his cause thought it gained—and the fair creature, who constituted both judge and jury, all their own. For several days did she continue in this state of unnatural sprightliness, which could her bosom have been looked into, would have been found to border on insanity. Worn out by the exertion necessary to sustain her in it, and as exhausting as the struggles of a strong wrestler for the mastery of his antagonist—that elasticity, which may be termed the muscular energy of the mind, gave way the moment she was alone, and her nights were spent in a leaden slumber as heavy as that of the tomb. But the light of each morning brought the signal for rallying, and not in vain. Never had Miss Livingston been pronounced so charming; every body raved of her graceful glee, and ascribed such unwonted and improving effervescence to her triumph over the heart of the wealthy widower; all but his crafty daughter, the author of this and so much other mischief. She alone had the key to the mystery of this sudden outbreak, and construed it rightly as a sign of the hidden but effective operation of her subtle poison.

And now the plot thickened, and its *dénouement* drew nigh. The "Long-Lane Apollo," as he was commonly called, enlarged at the indecorous exultation of the betrothed, as he firmly believed her—lumbering and fretting at her perseverance in declining to act with him, and

"Wild as the wind and raging as the waves;"

at the thought of being sacrificed to a competitor as quizzical and antiquated as any of the patriarchs, flew for consolation to the sympathizing Maria, who without appearing to notice, soothed every turn of his humour, flattered him as only a glazing female tongue can do, and, effectually to hinder any clearing up of the affair, wrought his indignation up to such a pitch as could hardly be restrained from open insult of his perfidious mistress. But this mood was (contrary to the incendiary's hopes) of brief duration. Once and again had the late lovers found themselves in the same company, and smarting under that calm contempt, so easy and innate to female tact, that cut all the deeper by reason of its smooth edge, the violent because really adorning young man reigned in his wrath, or strove to exhibit the same cool carelessness as herself. But failing to attain that fine tone of sustained yet civil indifference, but one shade removed from open disdain, and perhaps more galling—he treated the object of his recent idolatry, the creature on "whose words of so sweet breath composed," he had hung with a fondness akin to rapture, with insolence almost brutal, and relying entirely with his reported taunt. Doubtless did he thus disgrace himself on the night appointed for the dramatic display, which had put the whole town in a fever, and was to be attended by a select audience, of which every body with the least pretension to fashion was wild to make one. There never was more scuffling, intriguing, and negotiating for Almack's vouchers.

The theatre, wherein our amateur-actors were to make their *début*, was something after the redoubtable Bottom's arrangement—"a green plot for the stage, a bush for the scenery, and a brake, the tiring-room." Swann's Court boasted a perennial spring as beautiful as the fountain at Vaucluse, and situated within ten yards of the house. They were in the midst of the midsummer-heats, and, Maria, raving of a *fête champêtre*, resolved to kill two birds with one stone, and bring out her mask in the open air. This saved expense, gave novelty to the design, and was infinitely pleasanter at that season than confinement within doors, where stifling smoke and sultry streams

were inevitable. Several clumps of trees, (the tall poplar and majestic oak intermingled) and the shrubbery surrounding the pure and salient gush of waters, waved sparkling with a fairy-like illumination, developing fruitage, and flowers, vellum-like leaves, rough trunk and glossy stem, as perfectly and more pleasantly than day-light; the orchestra embowered amid clustering creepers, and consisting of flutes and violins, was heard with double zest, because unseen and harmonizing with the murmurs of the rippling "wave of watery light;" a soft air, such as Procris invoked, came stirring and whispering through the foliage, lit up beyond the region of lamps by myriads of the fire-fly, that winged and dainty torch-bearer, how much more poetical and meet, to flash at clin revels than its European rival, the grovelling glow-worm! Seats, advantageously placed, afforded from every point, a full view of the theatric esplanade, flanked on one side by a screen of roses blooming as "the bower on Bendemeer's stream"—on the other by thickets of black-trees and Scotch broom, forming side-scenes for the entrance and exit of the performers, with a background of hot-house plants and rare exotics, rising over each other, and receding in rows redolent of verdure, blossoms, and fragrance as the interwoven maze of Eve's unfolding arbour. Above all was the clear blue of a June sky, starry and serene in its ethereal depths; and the *coup d'œil*, which owed its idea and arrangement to her, who was expected soon to call the villa her own, was really striking in the highest degree. The company, punctual to a minute had assembled, and been introduced to the sylvan scene, which elicited a burst of unanimous applause.

All were seated; the waning beams of dewy Vesper denoted the approach of the witching, though not midnight, hour; and expectation stood, not in horror, but in ecstasy, which was not allayed but confirmed by the appearance of

"Narcissus fair,

Over the fabled fountain hanging still."

Virrian in a costume strictly classical—for, in whatever concerned, the adornment of his matchless person, our glass-gazing hero studied and would not stop short of perfection, and in a mood to value himself more than ever, in consequence of the contumacy of the false Evinia, whom he had pre-determined to "blast by excess of light;" burst upon the eye, when a drapery of overhanging vines, hitherto concealing him, was adroitly drawn back on either side like the folds of a curtain, in a blaze of glory, such as might array

"An incarnation of the poet's god,
In all his marble-chisell'd beauty."

Every attitude was grace, every movement harmony; and even those who had most scanned and appreciated, the faultless symmetry so "perfect and so peerless," gazed, and wondered, and seemed now fully sensible of it for the first time. He declaimed, too with admirable effect, and after venting his self-ennamoured soliloquies in tones that thrilled through the hearts of ladies fair, like so many love-pleadings prevailing with each one, gave the last scene inimitably and pined and drooped and died away in such sad sweet languishment, amid the flowers, immortalized by his fate, and there springing up in clustering luxuriance over and around him, that many of the gentle and grieving spectators were tempted to forestall Miss Jeffers, who, (preferred to the vacancy created by the secession of the hated Livingston)—now came flying in for the third time, lyre in hand and tear in eye, and flung herself on the hallowed ground, whence the bright vision of boyhood had just disappeared, weeping and wailing, and distorting the grotesque countenance, half seen through her dishevelled hair, to such hideousness as amply excused the defunct Nar-

cissus for his disdain of the addresses, which she had previously thrust upon him with more plague than pathos. After a scene in which the slighted nymph tore her uncouth passion to tatters, and turned the current of tragic feeling into the merriment, accompanying broad farce—she sung or rather screeched out, a long rhapsody, emphasized by sundry scratchings and pawings on the tortured lyre—and then out she ran, invoking the rocks and woods, the pity of fawns and aid of hamadryads, her voice sounding fainter and fainter, farther and more far, till in truth it became only an Echo, though not of the sweetest sort.

Again,

"A change came over the spirit of the scene."

Venus, all tinsel and trappings, rouge and pearl-powder, combining a nudity of bust and ankles hardly such as were reconcileable with our conception of the proportions adorning the Paphian Queen—with the affectation of a long veil of silver gauze, and a train, outmeasuring "the mad duchess of Newcastle," sailed in surrounded by Cupids and graces. With such strainings after majesty as reminded one of the frog puffing and swelling herself out in the fable, she tottered and tossed about, sighed and lisped, and cast her meretricious glances around, as if bright Cynthia, glassed in grace, had palmed some inferior hoyden from the outskirts of Olympus in her stead. In the midst of her most energetic passage, where the compassionate divinity, after bewailing him "gored by the tusked boar," revokes the doom of Narcissus, who starts to life at the enlivening call, out flew the busk from the panting and heaving bosom it hardly confined, full in the face of the resuscitated paragon of juvenility, whom it hit a smart, yet by no means beautifying blow. Nothing abashed by this *contre-temps*, so calculated to overwhelm an ordinary maiden, "the beauty of the skies" stopped short in her ranting recitation, held out her hand for the refractory slip of whalebone, which Euphrosyne at her beck started out to pick up, replaced it with all the *sang-froid* imaginable, and resumed her speech. The thunder of involuntary acclamation extorted by her impudence that most desirable quality now-a-days, in woman, she modestly attributed to admiration of her scenic powers, and with a dignity of self-complaisance worthy de Clairon in one of her most sublime classic characters, went through the coronation ceremony, in the course of which she bestowed on the radiant youth one or two endearments, which the author of the revel, sneered at as interpolations, and not exactly improvements. The piece concluded with a dance, wherein Venus, her new favourite, nymphs, cupids and all, even to the vanished Echo, who, likewise re-incarnated, came bounding on the stage with the glee and grimaces of Dixon as Jim Crow—joined, and the curtain, in that prescriptive phrase, more hyperbolic than true, "fell with unbounded applause."

But this was not all the exhibition; the best part of it was yet in store. The tale of Beauty and the Beast dramatized into an extravaganza by the same pen, was to be represented by Evinia, (who stung by the recent rudeness of her heart's tyrant, rejoiced in this chance of requiting him by the juxta position she knew him to abominate)—Gen. Swann, and his heir Xenophon, as the chief of the *dramatis personæ*. The performance commenced, and unsustained by the fitness and *vérité* semblance of the locale, was yet enjoyed as infinitely beyond the mask. Miss Livingston, in voice, gait, and gesture, combining the attributes of histrionic excellence, played her part, which was diversified and full of interest, to the very life; while young Swann, the most conceited and pudent of buffoons, out-heroded Herod, and proved himself as well entitled to an asses' head from the hand of Fuck as his prototype, the ambitious weaver. Beauty, the

brilliant, bewitching Beauty, shone the *belle-ideal* of actresses, having "the greater art to conceal art," and make herself the very personage she counterfeited; and her brute lover, with his mistakes that defied the correction of prompter, his most comic pomposity of mien, and bombast of words and actions alike high-sounding and ludicrous, convulsed the audience, if possible, still more diverted by the anxious countenance and ill-repressed admiration, with which their polished host viewed the antics of the one, and the perfect graces of the other. Miss Swann, poor Echo, and the rest of that train, could have cried for spite at being thus excelled; especially when rapturous plaudits, breaking the entranced attention, prolonged beyond its close, encored a song, which showed that the gifted Beauty added the notes of a nightingale to the favour of a sylph. Glad was the envious and outdone tribe of mimmers, when the last words of the epilogue, spoken by Miss Livingston in character, were succeeded by the final courtesy, and the circle of spectators rose up to ramble about the scene of their past entertainment.

Ernest, who, in the sense of his high triumph, endeavoured to indemnify himself for the destruction of his dearest hopes, encompassed by all the fair and the gay, and *obsidè* with flatteries and admirers, suffered himself to be specially attended by his late celestial patroness, and arm-in-arm with her goddess-ship, made it a point whenever they crossed the path of Beauty, who was closely guarded by the loving senior, so lately and more fitly enacting her sire—to evince by looks and words intelligible enough to her they were meant to annoy, how intolerable and impertinent he could be under the excitement of wounded vanity. Evinia, burning with indignation at this, no less than the taunt so expertly amplified by "lut'e Winny Wilkins," alias Venus, played off old and new scores by a pleased attention to the soft speeches of her gallant old beau, sufficient to lash the fiery lord of Long-Lane into fury. He mistook the glow of resentment on her cheek for the blushes with which woman hears the protestations of a favoured suitor—the downcast glances of that dark eye still shunning to meet his, for the shyness symptomatic of acceptance. Like the "scorpion girt by fire," a charmed circle was around him, which he could not overpass:

"Inly search'd by thousand throes,"

and impelled to self destruction, as it virtually proved in his case, he no longer checked himself, but, shaking off the fond hanger-on upon his arm, proceeded to play the eaves-dropper on the pair, whose conjunction so harrowed up his soul.

All now was ease and enjoyment, sociability, chattering and scandal; refreshments less abundant than choice, were handed about, and every body, for a while, busy with them. But Miss Swann, intent upon Ernest—and Ernest alone—and tired of playing at hide-and-seek after him in the bushes, took out her repeater, and striking the hour, proclaimed aloud, a return to the house in order to supper. All ears were pricked up at this welcome sound, and the scattered groups began with all speed to collect themselves around her. Clusters of belles, beauteous, and therefore, heartless—others happier, inasmuch as they had contrived to secure one captive as a conductor, thereby reminding the by-stander of the times foretold in Scripture, when seven women are to cling to one man—strings of males pouring along like the dispersal of a militia-muster; all thronged the scene, but still no Virrian. The lord of the least and his charming companion were likewise reported among the missing; but who were they in comparison of the truant Narcissus? In vain his Maria questioned and wondered about him; in vain she applied to the last stragglers, Xenophon and the garrulous Delia, who,

appreciating the spirit of each other's performance, had stuck together like wax from the moment their task was over. The gentleman after quoting three pages of poetry, wholly irrelevant to the matter, assured his sister that he knew nothing of her paramour an expression eliciting a shout of laughter, that electrified him, and well nigh provoking a cuff from a hand less soft than swift; the lady simpering, sighing and twisting her rigid figure into a poke, probably the origin of that now in vogue as "the Grecian stoop," which misnomer should read, corrected, as the bend of the long-armed ape—deposed to having seen the hero of the evening, rolling over and over upon the grass as if he had fallen down in a fit. This piece of news astounded others besides the foundress of the revel, who, with a cry like that uttered by the nymphs on Proserpine's disappearance, flew in the direction indicated, with a view to avert the dire catastrophe impending, and thus unfeelingly announced. But to no purpose, did she search and sob; to no purpose did every body join in a labour, which seemed pretty much like that of looking for a needle in a hay-stack, or Miss Mitford's hunt after her keys as narrated in her "Day of Distress." The fugitive had vanished; but whether transported by some cruel enchanter to another sphere—transformed into the flower, whose perfume still sweetens his name—or gone quietly home to bed, remained a mystery, inscrutable for that night at least. All that could be certainly ascertained was the absence of the prodigy.

Meanwhile Beauty, and, not the Beast, but one scarce more attractive, had wandered up and down, around and about; and still the *suave* and stately amorist who held the creed of the olden time, and abhorred the indecorum of wooing a lady otherwise than *à la Grandison*, maintained a kind of Parthian attack, flinging his dart and then retreating, hovering round and round, and coming mighty near the mark, without actually attaining it. She, only bent on keeping up a smiling face to the perfidious man, whom she perceived haunting her steps, behaved in such a manner as to sanction the supposition that she was ready to accord a favourable hearing to all her obsequious suite might be pleased to say. None cared to interrupt the agreeable discourse in which the ill-matched couple seemed engrossed; and insensibly, for our heroine, pre-occupied and plunged in the pangs of reflection, took little note of their meanders, they found themselves in a thick tuft of laburnums, where, in due form and style, and suiting the action to the word, Gen. Swann laid himself and his fortune at her feet. Though, from his previous manner, she ought to have anticipated nothing else, Miss Livingston, recalled from her reverie, was taken perfectly by surprise. Already the words of denial, polite indeed, but not the less decisive, were on her lips, when raising her eyes to enforce them, she caught a glimpse of Ernest, peeping through the foliage near her with an expression that struck her as beautiful yet fiendish as that of Conrade in Miss Lee's thrilling tale of Kruitzner. That glance—that single look, changed the whole complexion of her destiny. The thoughts of how she had loved—and how she had been left—of her sufferings—and her sin in withstanding the wishes of her adopted mother—of her secret struggles—her inward agonies—of all the evils, in short, arising from the attachment, whose purity and utter freedom from selfishness deserved a better reward, came sweeping across her mind like the torrent of lava, entombing the ancient Roman city.

"In that moment seem'd to roll
Winters of memory o'er her soul,
And gather in that drop of time,
A life of pain—an age."

not of crime, but of mischance. Above all *his* want

of her love, his defiance of her desertion, appeared written in characters of flame, within her eye-lids, as she closed them over the hot and throbbing orbs beneath. And here he stood, the triumphant villain—the insolent and heartless scoffer, meanly skulking near to hear her make good his infamous words. The spirit so outraged rose with the reflection like the soul of the warrior at the war-trumpet sounding to battle, and the person rose with the spirit that animated it. With a calm self-possession, a dignified elegance that spoke her full sense of the honor she conferred, Evinia referred the General to her aunt, first requesting him to rise; but he persisted in retaining his kneeling posture; while imprinting on the hand abandoned to his clasp, the kiss of acknowledged debt, oh! how different from that, the first and only one ever granted, that had created an era in her life, and after all been taken by a trifler and a traitor. Staying the florid and somewhat *fade* raptures that repaid her condescension, Miss Livingston led the way towards the company, her bosom swelling with a tumult of emotions almost too powerful to bear, and leaving Ernest to enact that scene of frenzied passion, which Miss Jeffers, whose scorned love, had unto hatred turned, more coarsely than truly described, as rolling over and over upon the grass.

The evening closed how differently to the principal actors in its pageants! General Swann rejoiced in

"A sober certainty of waking bliss;"

he loved Evinia truly and tenderly, and doubted not to make and find a scene of felicity. His daughter, in despair at the defection of the slippery Narcissus, and out of humour with him, herself, and every thing else, exerted herself to dismiss rather than detain her guests—and what with stunning them to deafness with her shrill file-like songs, and giving free scope to the snappish pertness so often crowned with the garland due to wit, she contrived speedily to make a clear course. But her angry passions all subsided to a halcyon state, when her satisfied sire, deeming the occasion worthy of all formal observance, summoned her and Xenophon to a solemn conclave in his study—and then and there, with all the dignity of a lord upon the wool-sack, rehearsed the state of matters between himself and the lovely Miss Livingston. The son, who would as lief have drunk poison as seen his father wed again, attempted no congratulations but sat in awkward and sullen silence, revolving a scheme suggested by the night's adventures, and which the paternal declaration so unexpected and overwhelming, determined him to carry into immediate effect, as he did, most triumphantly, before the week's end. Maria, however, made up for all his unfeeling deficiencies, hanging upon her father's neck, and showering on him all the names and caresses, more suitable to a favourite lap-dog or monkey, than to a parent. But hers, thinking

"Good, easy man! full surely
His happiness was a-ripening,"

repaid her in kind, and more effectually to gild the pill she had to swallow, promised that with her friend's kind permission, she should assuredly officiate as bride's-maid. Nothing, however, was farther from her wishes than this last honor, since the important and welcome news just communicated, gave her great hopes of playing the first part herself, in a similar solemnity, about the same time; and she withdrew to rest, with a head so full of delicious visions of plans consummated—bridal white and silver, and wedding favours and equippages that, notwithstanding the manifold fatigues of the day, she stood no chance of getting a wink of sleep.

Miss Livingston, too, was a watcher—though from emotions exactly opposite. It had been arranged for her to sleep at Swann's Court; but this would not do

after its proprietor had proposed in form to her: so home she went, and glad in her present state of mind to be spared an interview with Mrs. Russell, who was sometime gone to bed, she betook herself to her chamber with the sensations of a criminal remanded to prison, after sentence of death has been pronounced upon him. This one night of free, unrestrained heart-breaking sorrow—all that, now the die was cast, she meant to allow herself, was necessary to save her reason, perhaps her life; and, alone and uninterrupted, she luxuriated in the last sad indulgence. The next morning found her so changed by the immoderate effusion of sighs and tears, continued through all the long, weary hours of darkness that her aunt, who, in unfeigned astonishment at her untimely return, came up to inquire into the reason of it, was quite startled, and insisted on her not attempting to rise. But Evinia had other business on hand, besides playing the invalid, and that the good lady acknowledged, when her niece came to open her budget before her. In raptures with herself for recommending, and her protégée for realizing this *grand parti*, she ran on so fluently and vividly in her excess of relation, that the latter, sickening under the theme, was forced to beg that it might be adjourned over to a more congenial season, this was soon granted to the impatience of the delighted dowager. Gen. Swann waited on her early in the day—stated his pretensions to the fair hand in her gift, as he politely professed to hold it and was favoured with her consent by word of mouth—and that of his "*belli bone*" (which high-flown and obsolete phrase he conjured up after great study for the nonce)—by proxy. Mrs. Russell was now at liberty to proclaim the engagement to the whole world, and showed herself by no means slack in using her privilege. After a due interval, the young lady was prevailed upon to confirm her aunt's assurances with her own lips; and her mind being made up as to the expediency—indeed necessity of her course, and considering herself as

"pledged her spousal faith to wed,"

she bent all the energies of her principles and understanding to the performance of her voluntary assumption: so that her ancient but very sincere lover had no cause to be dissatisfied with her demeanour towards him. It was indeed an arduous task Evinia had undertaken, and one that doomed her to labour, long and unremitting. It could not, as the reader may suppose, be the work of a day to eradicate feelings and affections so deeply seated as her's had been—to pull down an unlawful idol, and erect the tabernacle of a holy and reasonable worship on its shrine; but the noble achievement was not all her own. The axe had been laid to the root of her love by Ernest's own hand, and it only remained for her to persist and finish what he had so cruelly begun. Unlike these heroines, recorded in romance, who find their struggles to pursue the right defeated by destiny, most perversely bent on crossing their good purposes—none of the obstacles in these august cases made and provided, lay in our heroine's path; no lover faithful, not barely unto death, but through the far severer ordeal of scorn, separation and utter hopelessness; no husband harsh as Bluebeard, and jealous as Bellmere, by his suspicious provoking the very "*fate his fretting lips foretold*." Virrian, a monster, whose love was not of that Werter sort to live and hope against hope—never interfered to prevent the sacrifice, which was her own free choice, or to persuade her to their mutual destruction, by an elopement, as soon as Hymen had set his seal upon her front. Each, the distracted lover, and the faithless maid, kept the contrary tenor of their way, striving to regain the peaceful path, which their joint steps had strayed from in a vain search after bliss. In this attempt at lost repose, and the healing of wounds, whose scars long imprinted their hearts, the lady was

most successful: still her recovery was slow—though unimpeded by relapses, it was complete. When she gave her hand to Gen. Swann, if her heart went not with it, her esteem and confidence did; and though subdued and changed in tone and character, by the spiritual process of purification, originated by her amatory disappointment, and so perfected as to enable her to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," the short period of her wedded life, if barren of raptures, was fertile in many pleasant circumstances and feelings. Among these, the ability of contributing to the comfort and enjoyments of her, to whom Evinia's life from infancy had owed nurture and tenderness—and the delights of maternal love, were paramount, and how superior to all the glow of the most intense and prosperous passion! But we are anticipating.

The day following the play at Swann's Court, and the next day and the next after that, passed by without aught seen or heard of Ernest. Miss Swann beside herself with impatience and apprehension—for, now or never was the time to move him, at last she thought her of a visit to Louisa Virrian, from whom she learnt equally to her anger and dismay that her brother had gone down to Long Lane, as a step preparatory to foreign travel. There was not a moment to lose; once gone, he was gone forever, at least to her: so ere night fell, the indefatigable schemer, who no longer a pluralist in love-affairs, dedicated herself so commendably to a single one—had spread through the town, or rather the upper part of it, the incredible news of Miss Livingston's rejection of the restless Ernest Virrian, and her engagement to the dignified father of the celebrated Maria Swann. There was deep policy in this report so unpalatable to her own vanity, as the event proved. The fugitive, from the field of his defeat, who, with the arrow yet rankling in his breast, had shut himself up at his country-seat, not there to brood over love-lorn woe—but to hide from the world his present state of spirits, while completing the arrangements indispensable to his absence abroad—was roused like the worried lion in his lair, by letters from his friends, (who, a set of pestilent fellows, by the way, themselves fulfilled of all unrighteousness, yet first in the highest and most correct circles, felt the want of their choice and leading spirit) complaining of the abominable slander afloat, and hinting at his temporary return to his old haunts as the most effectual mode of contradiction. All that Ernest had suffered from his bootless passion seemed as nothing when weighed against this, the very master-stroke of persecution—the last and bitterest drop in the cup of shame. He, the hero of a hundred flirtations—the atlas who held up the world of fashion on his shoulders, who had been painted as a model, dressed after by all pretending to taste or *ton*, and whose mere appearance in the stage-box, had interrupted the finest scenes of Shakspeare, and caused the first actresses to pause and trip in their part—he, to be published as rejected!!! cast down! retreating! about to become an absentee—though first caricatured as a disconsolate Strephon, sighing and plaining to the shades of his mistress' perfidy!!! Away with the thought! it was death! dishonor! He tore the communicative epistles into a thousand shreds, ordered his dogs, valet, and currier, and in ten minutes, was on his way to town, driving as if life depended on his speed.

When there, all his thoughts centered in disproving the supposition so destructive to his rest and fame: Miss Swann, though, had been before-hand with him. She heard on all sides of the double rumour so skillfully put into circulation by her own sly self; and naturally applied to for the truth of it, would shrug her shoulders, and confirm the approaching nuptials of "papa, so suddenly and strangely possessed towards

that Livingston girl, that she must have given him love-powder." As to the other branch of the story, it was denied *in toto*; and woe be to the wight, who ventured to intimate faith in it. He was threatened with her royal and heaviest displeasure; and then while positively asserting Virrian's engagement in another quarter, as prior to Miss Livingston's. The wily advocate would look down to blush, and look up to sigh—and play off the thousand grimaces, which mock-modesty employs to intimate what it affects to disclaim. Those, who understood our *belle's* character, or believed in her omnipotence of attraction, would in turn, proclaim *her* the arbitress of Ernest's destiny; an inference though half discouraged, never denied. The hero himself was now upon the ground, and diligent in making his own defence. In the course of his progress, as bright and erratic as a comet's track, he heard every month open in praise of his late champion—the alacrity with which she had espoused his cause, and the high way she had taken to put down the scandal; and the object of her exertions could not but be grateful for them. The sense of a service all important in his eyes, and the desire of showing that he was occupied elsewhere, and had no claim upon the affianced Evinia, led him constantly to her rival's side; by her flatteries and fondness so soothing after the late mortification to his vanity, and such as soon gave rise to the report that Maria Swann, the most admired woman on the continent, who had set her foot on the heels of ambassadors and senators, was desperately in love with the Long Lane Apollo—the "single lady wishing to be double," recommended herself greatly to him. She went on putting forth all her blandishments and allurements, and wove their meshes so surely and subtly around him, that his high mightiness, the incomparable Ernest Virrian, found himself, like the royal brute of the forest, snared and secure in her toils, ere he was aware of them.

The wedding-day arrived, and Evinia, decked in "gems rich and rare," yet less so than the loveliness that shined her—and surrounded by each splendid art,

"Which, if it cannot cheer the heart
May stun and stupify its smart,

For one gay, busy day!"—

became a bride, and saw herself consigned not only to the dull duty of tending the ailments and humors of a man three times her age, but to a principled oblivion of him so fatally beloved. But she no longer thought of the past with yearning and despair; it was never referred to, save to praise God that the peril was over, and that her safe way lay straight and clear before her. Her husband, though not the minion of her fancy, was an upright and gifted man, recommended by reason and gratitude; and earning her kind thoughts of him by the most unbounded trust and devotion. Though so different from the winged dreams of ecstasy, irradiating the morning of life, the lot she had drawn was not the less blessed; for, taught by the despair of a heart, whose tenderest earthly ties had been disrupted, she had applied herself to seek wisdom from on high, and had obeyed that gracious invitation so tenderly made, yet made only to be slighted, for the weary and heavy-laden to take upon them the Saviour's easy yoke. She was greatly aided in this happy tendency by the step, which Ernest, to his own amazement, no longer free but bound, took soon after her marriage. This was nothing less than bestowing his hand and name, for he gave her nothing else—that hand, which many a princess might have sighed to take—that name synonymous with every thing splendid and surpassing, on Maria Swann, the superannuated coquette, and would-be fine lady, as little worthy of him as the Loathly Lady of Sir Gawaine. This match capped the climax of the bathos, and put

the cope-stone on his downfall; all the country rung with its absurdity, for, in fact, it amounted to the bride-groom's abdication of his fashionable supremacy. He was laughed at for being taken in by over-age, and a downright courtship; after all his protestations against marriage; and such a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, was not to be retrieved.

Evinia strove to be on cordial terms with this ill-sorted pair, and in some degree succeeded; though her former lover could never divest himself of a certain constraint in her presence. Maria, the very essence of impudence, was always at her ease, and soon laughed and rallied her husband and "mamma" so freely on her recent love-passages between them, that, accidentally and piece-meal as it were, the whole affair so perplexed of intricacies & darkened by mistakes from the first, following the offer and refusal of the *Ring*—became clear and comprehensible in all its bearings; and they, who had been thus bewildered and baffled in the matter dearest to their hearts, awoke, as if out a dream, to wonder at their own shyness and stupidity. Mrs. Swann, however, under the influence of that grace, which enabled her to say,

"In each event of life how clear,

"Thy ruling hand I see!"

had grown perfectly reconciled to this appointment of Providence; she only sighed in mistrust of Ernest's chances of conjugal happiness; but they were beyond her power to relieve or recall. All she could do was to commend him in many a pure and fervent prayer to that Power, on whom she cast the burden of all her own cares and troubles, and whose most grievous dispensations were not merely sacred, but merciful in her eyes.

Not so the duped and disgusted Virrian, who, like the hapless stag that Esop commemorates—had lost himself through the very graces in which he had so exulted. Never in the least, attached to the woman whom in a moment of pique against another, he had so rashly and revengefully made his wife, he daily became more and more averse from her company and caresses, and ashamed of having saddled himself with such a yokemake. For awhile she liked him as well as she could any thing; as long that is, as she could excite the envy of her compeers by producing as a husband, him, who once moved a demigod amongst mortals. But Ernest did not tamely submit to be shown about as her appendage. In despair of relief, and loathing the banquet and the ball, the victim to his own vanity and violence of temper—a very Narcissus bound to the hateful Echo, addicted himself to a species of dissipation as yet untried; and in draining the goblet to banish reflection, too often found his better senses likewise submerged. At first the remedy did not reach the disease—and amid all his excesses, he felt that

"While pleasure fir'd the maddening soul,

"The heart—the heart was lonely still."

Evinia's image, at such moments, would arise on his memory, like a star that once had trembled over the deep of his existence, then turned away its lovely beams. But she survived only as a sweet and cherished recollection; the Miss Livingston of the past, he could not identify with the Mrs. Gen. Swann, forming so conspicuous and charming a part of the present; and little by little the precious picture, so fondly painted by love on the tablet of remembrance, faded away, leaving scarce a trace behind. Louisa, his pious sister, bitterly repenting her, now that Evinia had turned out a pattern-wife, of the fatal interference, that had directed her brother towards the cajoling Miss Swann, was all that brother could cling to as near and dear to his breast. The fashionable lady, who had just saved her distance, and by a bold stroke for a husband, made out to gain harbour among the matronage—soon fell into his careless train; and

their union, unblest of children, was, though not formally dissolved, *de jure* rather than *de facto*.

Things went on at this rate till our heroine, after three years wedlock, was left a widow with one infant. And now were to be made known the actual contents of Gen. Swann's will, and the ultimate ownership of that property, upon which public curiosity—that is to say, the tongues of those gossips of either sex, who so benevolently devote themselves to the settlement of other people's affairs—had been so intent. Every body, when the truth was at last disclosed, declared it to be exactly as they had expected; and yet the estate, so long and currently assigned to the heir male by the solemn obligation of an oath on the Bible to that effect, taken beside the death-bed of his first wife, was found to be given in fee simple to the general's young relict—the whole placed absolutely and unconditionally at her disposal, who was now accused of having sold herself for this ample consideration.

Direful was the disappointment and virulent the vituperation of the eldest children; especially Xenophon, who, taking alarm in time, had within one week after the *écât* of their joint buffooneries as Echo and the Beast, allied himself in matrimonial bands with the amiable Miss Delia Jeffers, thus precipitating matters lest his father's wedding designs should get wind, and defeat his own. The lady's fortune was ample—her affections warm; she was bent upon a husband, and young Swann, the heir-apparent of that high house-ranked as a capital catch. So far, so good. Xenophon, disdaining the common and ungallant idea that he saw his charmer's visage in her purse, professed to be vastly smitten with what he styled her "*unbleached majesty*," a misquotation particularly complimentary to its object, who was as brown as mahogany. But though credulously inclined in the days—or rather *hours* of courtship, that happy disposition did not promise to continue; for, as a wit observed of the red-haired bride—if less civil than an orange, she was, literally and figuratively of the same jealous complexion: and her husband, who, in the plenitude of his self-conceit, had fancied that he should act the Solomon to this queen of Sheba, found himself domineered over in all ways, and matched with one, proving herself the flower of brimstones, and cream of tartars. Luckily his temper was good; and broken in to the yoke by the high-handed practices of his lady-mother, he resigned all aspirations after the crown matrimonial—and devoting himself to the management of his wife's possessions, made shift to lead a peaceable life, and acquit himself to admiration in the capacity of a steward.

Nothing could have more surprised and pained Evinia than her husband's entire bequest. Luckily it was in her power to do that justice, which, reposing the highest confidence in her integrity and disinterestedness, she believed he had only deputed her to perform. Without delay, the generous legatee executed a deed making over under certain provisions securing the gift from their creditors, the portion that Mrs. Virrian would have been, of right, entitled to an equal division of the estate, to herself and her partner, thereby relieving them from serious distress: and winning the esteem even of the cold and prejudiced Louisa; and Ernest eventually owed his preservation from poverty and ruin, to the hand of the only woman he had ever really loved.

She thought not of a second choice—but engrossed with the education of her daughter, continued to reside at Swann's Court, diffusing around her the light and force of an example lovely in all christian and womanly graces, and making her villa the seat of virtue.

And thus ends the series of mischances and mismatches, arising from the *RING*, and *LOVES'* MIS-TAKES.

E. C. S.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
LACONICS—No. V.

Young men are frank and open because they have not often been deceived, and credulous for the same reason. They imagine they know more than they do, and for that reason are apt to be too positive.

Derive all possible advantage from every circumstance or accident.

Overlook affronts when it is not your interest to resent them.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect when either of these two is wanting.

The most reluctant to promise is always the most faithful to his word.

A man never becomes learned without studying constantly and methodically.

A polite, an active, and a supple behaviour are necessary to succeed in life.

You must prefer the opinion of the company to your own—or even to truth.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body; it banishes all anxious cares and discontents, soothes and composes the passions and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm.

Neither the cold nor the fervid, but characters uniformly warm, are formed for friendship.

A contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy in all conditions.

Liberality consists less in the gift, than in the manner of giving.

All faults are pardonable when one has the courage to avow them.

If politeness does not inspire a man with goodness, equity, complaisance, gratitude; it at least gives the appearance of these virtues, and makes a man appear outwardly what he ought to be inwardly.

I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses ere he can acquire more.

Let every man do as he pleases, it concerneth not you what another man doeth, provided you are not injured by it, or it interfereth not with your plans and pursuits.

Keep your ideas, opinions, plans and intentions, as much as possible within your own breast.

There are three kinds of men who are indiscreet: an impudent man, a man drunk, and a fool.

Scorn to depress thy competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods; strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him: so that thy contest for superiority be crowned with honor if not with success.

From the experience of others do thou learn wisdom, and from their feelings correct thine own faults.

In all thy undertakings let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavours; if thou despairst of success thou shalt not succeed.

Benignity is preferable to munificence.

So far a man ought to make use of suspicions as to provide, as if that should be true that he suspects, it may do him no hurt.

A charitable man censures not his neighbour, he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence, neither repeateth he their slanders. He assisteth the poor in their trouble; he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

Endeavour to be first in thy calling whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well doing; nevertheless do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talent.

Laugh not at your own wit and humour, leave that to the company.

Be not eager to interrupt a person speaking, nor uneasy at being yourself interrupted: give all leave to speak in their turn.

In company, think yourself, or make it appear to others that you think yourself of no consequence; put on an appearance of humbleness and modesty, and deference, if you possess them not—these are the surest means of acquiring the good will and cordiality of the company.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

Your opinions of persons, places, communities and countries should be expressed with caution and care—unless your speech conveys flattery—for if you shoot an arrow into the crowd it will probably hit somebody.

Look only to your own interests; enter not into the cabals, disputes or quarrels of others.

Avoid discussing politics and religion as much as you can.

Be firm in your resolutions—but weigh well before you resolve.

Accurate knowledge is the best, and indeed the only true foundation of true eloquence. Lord Chesterfield seems to think otherwise; but the eloquence he recommends is like his favourite system of manners, not solid, but showy and superficial.

Contempt and esteem are more or less to be regarded, according to the wisdom or goodness of him who esteems and contemns. To have the esteem of fools, can gratify none but fools; to be despised by such can never dishearten a man of spirit.

To be praised for good qualities which we are conscious that we do not possess, is, to a generous mind, not pleasing but mortifying.

With one you think yourself acquainted at first sight; of another, after long trial, you can make nothing, and if he is very cautious he may elude your acutest observation for years.

A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg, and a number of the like; but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth which are blushing in a man's own. If he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you or that you should hear him. The latter is the most general desire; and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they receive daily favors, but still practise a skillful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse.

Good breeding, which all who understand their own interests are anxious to acquire, always assumes the look and language of humility: a proof that it is universally pleasing: as ostentation and pride are to the same extent and in the same degree offensive.

Be patient under the reproofs of thy master; and when he rebuketh thee, answer not again. The silence of thy resignation shall not be forgotten. Be studious of his interests, be diligent in his affairs, and faithful to the trust which he reposes in thee.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
THE PASSING YEAR.

Why do those deep reverberating notes,
So wont to fall upon the slumberer's ear,
And lull it to forgetfulness or serve
A theme for fancy's airy hand to weave
Her ever busy tale,—now break upon
The solemn stillness of the hour as if
To rouse, "pale midnight on her starry throne,"
Chasing sleep's finger from the half closed eye,
Waking to lonely musing—yes, they breathe,
The knell of fleeting time—the dying year!—
Roll on, thou billow of eternity!—
Thou movest as does the rushing restless wave
Of the impetuous torrent to o'erleap
Thy bounds, like those before thee gone and sink
In the dim misty ocean of the past.—
To summon up thy joy in retrospect,
It seems as if but a fleeting summer's day,
Since first we welcomed thee newborn with joy,
And fondly listened to the tales of bliss,
Which bright anticipation read in thee.
Another page in Time's deceiving book,
The course of the grand wheel of nature hath
Fulfilled its round.—Twelve times the evening stars
Have hailed the moons new crescent—and as oft
Have bid its waning lamp adieu, and in
Its course the busy husbandman has sown
And reaped, and ever varied earth has worn
Spring's flow'ry garb—and summer's gorgeous green,
And autumn's yellow leaf—and the rude blast
Has strewn them rustling to the earth and laid
Its icy hand upon the general pulse of life—
And yet, where are thy trophies fleeting year,
The victor spoils of time, a share of which
Thy brow, a link in its vast chain,—should wreath,—
These are no lasting monuments to leave:—
Faint hold on immortality were these
To point the eye of coming years, and show
Thy fleeting reign, thy hurried footsteps in
The track of time,—and soon forget, for spring
Again in bloom will come, and summer too,
The grove left leafless by the wasting hand,
Will soon display in all its sylvan pomp—
And spread its verdant carpet o'er the mead,
Decked with the daisy and the violet,—
The mountain rivulet will laugh again—
As onward chimes its chrystal course, and the
Blithe birds shall warble carollings as sweet,
As when they sang for thee, and nature shall
Not bear a trace of all thy ravages,
And thou wilt be forgot!—forgot by earth—
The studded firmament—the omnipresent wind,
The waving wood—the deep-toned thunder, and e'en
Old ocean's voice, leaving the moonlit shore,
Shall whisper nought of thee, and thou wilt pass
As but a light and rippling wave upon
The beach of blank oblivion.—But man!—
Man is thy monument, a tablet on which
Thy passing hand ne'er fails to leave a slight
Memento of its power—yes, thou hast stole
The rose from beauty's cheek,—sown silver hairs
Amid the raven locks of manhood's pride—
And left another furrow deep upon
His brow, indelible,—the cheerless hearth,
Forsaken chair, and silent hall, so late
The abode of happiness, now desolate.—
All speak thy reckless hand—thy trophies
Sleep in memory's shrine dewed with affection's tears,
And there the lonely heart will read them—but adieu!
We turn to hail thy new successor, and to greet
The sun that with his rosy beams proclaims
His birth fresh from the hand of God—
A boon all-worthy of the Glorious Giver,
Another long,—another happy year!— J. W. S.

THE WIFE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl, when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflections of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake.—Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm and eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead, and "melted into beauty on his lip."

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of heaven, and every heart blessed them as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw those lovers.—They were seated together where the light of summer's sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtain, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting, and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartments. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow too was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition and pride had grown over it, and left the traces upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark of his hair, which had become thin around his temples, almost to baldness. He was reclining on his splendid ottoman with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night"—said his wife in a low, sweet, half-enquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. "It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidden glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsive features and the gloomy brow—the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions—the involuntary sigh of sorrows in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know."

The wife essayed once more. "Edward," she said slowly, mildly and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one, who had never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and yet refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his God, and he had failed in a high career.—He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country—he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen—miserably fallen—and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The soften-

ed light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek, of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward—my dear Edward," she said "I have come to save you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God, my purpose is nearly executed.

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eye-lash, "I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choked tones of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself."

"But Margaret," said the husband, "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell." "Oh, speak not of me, my dearest Edward," said the devoted woman. I can endure any thing for your sake. Haste, Edward, haste, and all will be well," and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady, that the time allotted to her visit had expired. "Farewell! we shall meet again," responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—the wife and husband—but only as the dead may meet—in the awful commings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit, until the last great purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband—and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found wrapped in the habiliment of their destined victim, the pale but still beautiful corpse of the devoted WIFE.

LORD CULLEN, THE MIMIC.

Robert Cullen, the son of the celebrated physician, and who finally officiated as a judge in the court of sessions, possessed amazing powers of mimicry, which were manifested in his earliest years. One evening, when his father was going to the theatre, he entreated to be taken along with him, but, for some reason, was condemned to remain at home. Some time after the departure of the doctor, Mrs. Cullen heard him come along the passage, as if from his own room, and say, at her door, "Well, after all, you may let Robert go." Robert was accordingly allowed to depart for the theatre, where his appearance gave no small surprise to his father. On the old gentleman coming home, and remonstrating with his lady for allowing the boy to go, it was discovered that the voice which seemed to give the permission had proceeded from the young wag himself.

In maturer years, Cullen could not only mimic any voice or mode of speech, but enter so thoroughly into the nature of any man, that he could supply exactly the ideas which he was likely to use. His imitations were therefore something much above the mimicries—they were Shaksperian representatives of human character. He has been known, in a social company, where another individual was expected, to stand up in the character of that person, and return thanks for the proposal of his health; and this was done so happily, that, when the individual did arrive, and got upon his legs to speak for himself, the company was convulsed with an almost exact repetition of what

Cullen had previously uttered, the manner also, and every inflection of the voice, being precisely alike. In relating anecdotes, of which he possessed a vast store, he usually prefaced them with a sketch of the character of the person referred to, which greatly increased the effect, as the story then told characteristically.—These sketches were remarked to be extremely graphic, and most elegantly expressed.

When a young man, residing with his father, he was very intimate with Dr. Robertson, the principal of the University, and the celebrated author of the life of Charles V. To show that Robertson was ill to imitate, it may be mentioned, from the report of a gentleman who has often heard him making public orations, that, when the students observed him pause for a word, and would themselves mentally supply it, they invariably found that the word which he did use was different from that which they thought suitable. Cullen, however, could imitate him to the life, either in his more formal speeches, or in his ordinary discourse.—He would often, in entering a house which the Principal was in the habit of visiting, assume his voice in the lobby and stair, and when arrived at the drawing-room door, astonish the family by turning out to be only Bob Cullen. Lord Greville, a pupil of the Principal's, having been one night detained at a protracted debauch, where Cullen was also present, the latter gentleman next morning got admission to the bedroom of the young nobleman, where, personating Dr. Robertson, he sat down by the bedside, and, with all the manner of the reverend Principal, gave him a sound lecture for having been out so late last night.—Greville, who had fully expected this visit, lay in remorseful silence, and allowed his supposed monitor to depart without saying a word. In the course of a quarter of an hour, however, when the real Dr. Robertson entered, and commenced a harangue exactly duplicating that just concluded, he could not help exclaiming, that it was *too bad* to give it him twice over. "Oh, I see how it is," said Robertson, rising to depart; "that rogue Bob Cullen must have been with you."—The Principal became at length quite accustomed to Bob's tricks, which he would seem, from the following anecdote, to have regarded in a friendly spirit. Being attended during an illness by Dr. Cullen, it was found necessary to administer a liberal dose of laudanum. The physician, however, asked him, in the first place, in what manner the laudanum affected him.—Having received his answer, Cullen remarked, with surprise, that he had never known any one affected in the same way by laudanum, besides his son Bob.—"Ah," said Robertson, "*does the rascal take me of there too?*"

Mr. Cullen entered at the Scottish bar in 1764, and distinguished himself highly as a lawyer, was raised to the bench in 1796, when he took the destination of Lord Cullen. He cultivated elegant literature, and contributed some papers of acknowledged merit to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*; but it was in conversation that he chiefly shone. We are informed by the late Sir William Macleod Bannatyne, who was his early associate, that the late George IV. always spoke of him as one of the most delightful men he had ever met. Lord Cullen died on the 28th of November, 1810.

SINGULAR SECURITY.

"What pity 'tis," said John the sage,
"That women should, for hire,
Expose themselves upon the stage,
By wearing men's attire."
"Expose," cries Ned, who loves to jeer;
"In sense you surely fail:
What can the darlings have to fear,
When clad in coat of male?"

LARRY BRANNIGAN; OR, THE FAIRY'S FIDDLER.

"Is it yondher fiddler ye'd be afther maning, my lady? Ye're sartainly right, whin ye say the praties or the corn we might grow on id 'ud keep ourselves an' the childer from starvin'—that is, if any blessed thing we could get to grow on id. But I'd be sorry Pat should risk the thryin' to put spade on that 'arh any how. But may be ye nivir heard the reason why that fiddler runs wild and untoucht, whilst many a poor lad 'ud be glad to cultivate it, but that the good people have takken it intirely for their own. Well, I'll tell ye then, ma'am. There was once in these parts, a broad, short, merry-faced lad, by name Larry Brannigan, by reason he come of genteels, (a thirteener of whose money he nivir set his eyes on,) 'ud live on the bit gain he could get by 'tending the christenin's and weddin's roun' the country, as a fiddler. He was ever the welcome visitor, for if praties wur scarce, or bacon dear, (and the Blessed Virgin have care on us, 'ud 'tis too often the case, my lady,) well, whatever ill was in the cabin, Larry was the lad to make 'em forget it althegither. He'd pass the joke, and when's the time he has even brought the whiskey himself to the fore,—for whin he was lavin' some kindly cabin, on a cowlid night, may be the purty bride 'ud bring him a bottle of somethin', and tell him, 'It 'ud keep the frost out on his road home;' and then, if Larry could bethink him iv a wake, or any sorrowin', where they might be short of the whiskey, to that place he'd be shure to turn his steps. So you see he'd the charitable soul, my lady; an' the pratie says that 'ud go nigh to savin' us from harm.

"But poor Larry had a besittin' sin, and that was a love of the whiskey, just a taste too much. Ye wud be shure nivir to see him at a sorrowin' widout the crathur anyhow, and often he'd take the sup too many, an' thin Larry was givin' to boastin' how he'd bin come of genteels, and how his skhill in the playin' come of the larnin' he'd got.

"Well, every one, they say, has somethin' or other to be wishin' for in this world, and poor Larry wished for nothin' more nor less than the purty colleen May Dooney. Arrah, an no wondher, for she was as bright as the month she was named afther, and as sweet. Such beautiful brown hair, such beamin' hazel eyes, and such scarlet lips, as made the heart of many an' her besidhes Larry's leap like a fish in its own filament; and Larry, though he tould the tale, and laughed and jokked till it did every body good as heard him, had the sorrow at his heart, as any one might tell as looked at him when others were jokin'.—Faith, and 'twas thin ye might see Larry was not what he seemed, happy and joyful, but had the trouble and the care like all the rist iv us. Do ye ask what trouble could Larry have? It was that same May Dooney as made his happiness too. 'Tis quare, ma'am, that thin two things ginirally goes thegither, but so it is. What we hope for as our greatest happiness affen turns out our greatest misery. But I'll not be talkin' to ye of what ye'll know, but just till ye that May Dooney did't love him at all, at all. She'd givin' her heart to a boy as she thought more fittin' her station, for she had got many a thirteener put by in an old brogue in the chimney corner. Well, wherivir May Dooney was seen, there was shure to be poor Larry Brannigan; but, as I said afore, ye mightn't have guessed he was miserable, for he played so merrily (more especially when May was lootin' it,) as if he'd been mad, but sorra a bit too fast for her, for she was the queen of dancin' as well as beauty; an' whin she'd lave the fiddle, Larry 'ud put down his fiddle, and take a long draught of whiskey.

"Well, at last, as most such things do, May's coor-

tin' came to the weddin', and the askin' wint roun' and roun' to the merry-makin'. Amongst the rist, of course poor Larry was not last to be thought of, and he was called to it. Some have said as 'twas cruel in May to ask him, but others said as she nivir tho't the love iv her lay deep in Larry's heart, an' it seems likely such a light-hearted colleen, who wudn't look beyond his giniral appearance mght not think iv such a thing; an' evin if she hadn't asked him, it is said as he was herd to say 'he'd go to the dancin' that night if the 'good people' should kiver his path from one cabin to the other.' Others say, that he vowed alther that night 'he would nivir play agin not even for the queen of the fairies beisel.' No doubt, if he did say either iv these things, it wud gratefully offend the 'good people,' who do not like to be made light of, for all the love an' beauties in the world.

"Well, to the weddin' he wint, an' those that heard him play that night say, 'twas the shrangest sight an' hearin' in ould Ireland, for his face glowed like crimson, his eyes almost leaped from his head, an' his laugh was 'he loudest iv any; but, above all, his fiddle gav' out the shrangest soun's, quire like the wailin' of some unearthly crathur, an' that, too, whin he was playin' the merriest dances iv any. 'The time at last passed away, and thin come the cloakin' an' hoodin', an' the sly kiss wid the helpin' 'em on; an' Larry, playin' till the last, they'd all left before him. At length it came time for him to lave too, and the purty May Dooney comin' up to him, gav' him a large leather bottle iv the whisky, sayin' so swately, 'Larry, ye must tak' this for the sake iv the bit iv love there was once, or as ye fancied there was once, in yer heart for May Dooney.' All the rist, whin they took lave, kissed and blessed the bride, but Larry caught her in his arms, and hugged her so tight that she could scarcely breathe. He thin sazed the whiskey in his hand an' drank it off there an' thin.

"Well, the cabin where he had been used to stan' a little funder up the country, an' this very road on which we are now standin' is the one he tuk for his own home. I must now tell ye, my lady, that next mornin' poor Larry was found on that same field, lyin' as tho' he was dead, and whin he came to his senses, he seemed stark ravin' mad; but it was only the good people that ud bewitched him, for he could tell all what happened to him from the first to last. He got on quite well till he reached yondher field, and just as he touched it his head began to turn roun' and roun' just as if he had been whirlin' in the dance, and sparks of fire whirled about his eye. Iv a sudden he heard some strange singing close to his ears, and down he fell to the earth. No sooner was he down than all he had said of the good people went into his head, and sure enough he foun' out how offended they were. They at first danced roun' an' roun' him, and thin they crawled upon the top iv him, and began stamping on the strings iv his fiddle. All the time one little crathur, as he said was the queen, kept laughing and callin' him her fiddler; and thin they bade him get up, which he was obliged to do the mimit they tould him to do so, tho' he was very sore and stiff, and to play while they danced till the morning began to dawn. It was not long alther this that some of them that had been with him the evenin' found him just as dead. He said too, that the queen had tould him to come every night to play for her, and shure enough the next night, altho' they did all in their power to keep him in the cabin, he slipped from them, and away to the fairy ring. I can but just remember him, for he died whin I was quite one iv the little childer; but May Dooney nivir let him want for the bit or dir-p so long as she lived, tho' she died before him; an' afther that he got but the little that one or another could spare from their childer. I've heard genteels talk away about it, an' say as he nivir saw the fairies at all, at all; but

they were Englishers, as did not know the 'good people' of Ireland. They said as the quantity iv whisky he drank took the effect of makin' him giddy and fall down, and that the rist about the fairies was a dhrame althegither; and thin they sed he was realy mad from the occurences of the night, an' the whisky wid them, but there niver was madman so kind and good-natured, even to childher, as Larry.

"Well, ma'am to finish my raisons why niver a boy in the country would be turnin' the sod of yondher piece, poor Larry still plays there every night. Many's the one has heard the screechin' iv his fiddle not so long since, as they returned from weddin' or wake, and I myself have seen bright sparks come from the groun' on a dark night. Most likely 'twas the light feet of the queen herself, whirlin' and caperin' to the tunes played up by Larry Brannigan." E. A. C.

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.



BY SARAH STICKNEY.

There is one circumstance connected with the rose, which renders it a more true and striking emblem of earthly pleasure than any other flower—it bears a thorn. While its odorous breath is floating on the summer gale, and its blushing cheek, half hid amongst the sheltering leaves, seems to woo and yet shrink from the beholder's gaze, touch but with adventurous hand the garden queen, and you are pierced by her protecting thorns; would you pluck the rose and weave it into a garland for the brow you love best, that brow will be wounded: or place the sweet blossom in your bosom, the thorn will be there. This real or ideal mingling of pain and sorrow, with the exquisite beauty of the rose, affords a never-ending theme to those who are best acquainted with the inevitable blending of clouds and sunshine, hope and fear, weal and wo, in this our earthly inheritance.

With every thing fair, or sweet, or exquisite in this world, it has seemed meet to that wisdom which ap-

points our sorrows, and sets a bound to our enjoyments, to affix some stain, some bitterness, or some alloy, which may not inaptly be called, in figurative language, a thorn. St. Paul emphatically speaks of a "thorn in the flesh," and from this expression, as well as from his earnestness in having prayed thrice that it might be removed, we conclude it must have been something particularly galling to the natural man.—We hear of the thorn of ingratitude, the thorn of envy, the thorn of unrequited love—indeed of thorns as numerous as our pleasures; and few there are who can look back upon the experience of life, without acknowledging that every earthly good they have desired, pursued, or attained, had had its peculiar thorn.—Who has ever cast himself into the lap of luxury, without finding that his couch was strewn with thorns? Who has reached the summit of his ambition without feeling on that pinnacle that he stood on thorns? Who has placed the diadem upon his brow, without perceiving that thorns were thickly set within the royal circles? Who has folded to his bosom all that he desired of earth's treasures, without feeling that bosom pierced with thorns? All that we enjoy in this world, or yearn to possess, has this accompaniment. The more intense the enjoyment, the sharper the thorn; and those who have described most feelingly the inner workings of the human heart, have only unfailingly touched upon this fact with the melancholy sadness of truth.

Far be it from one who would not willingly fall under the stigma of ingratitude, to disparage the nature of the number of earthly pleasures—pleasures which are spread before us without price or limitation, in our daily walk, and in our nightly rest—pleasures which are scattered around our path when we go forth upon the hills, or wander in the valley; when we look up to the starry sky, or down to the fruitful earth—pleasures which unite the human family in one bond of fellowship, surrounded us at our board, cheer our fireside, smooth the couch on which we slumber, and even follow our wandering steps long—long after we have ceased to regard them with gratitude or joy. I speak of the thorn which accompanies these pleasures not with murmuring or complaint. I speak of the wounds inflicted by this thorn with a living consciousness of their poignancy and anguish; because exquisite and dear as mere earthly pleasures may sometimes be, I would still contrast them with such as are not earthly. I would contrast the thorn and the wound, the disappointment and the pain which accompany all such pleasures as are merely temporal, with the fulness of happiness, the peace, and the crown, accompanying those which are eternal.

A Love-Lighted Eye.

I have gold in my coffers, 'tis good and 'tis bright,
I have gems in my case would illumine the night,
I have ships on the ocean, and steeds in the stall,
But the dark eye of beauty is better than all.

Gold and gems fall away like the leaves from the tree
They were yours, they were his, now they're settled
on me;

The galleys will perish, the coursers will die,
But eternity shines in a love-lighted eye.

Mutual Sympathy indispensable to Domestic Felicity.—The courtship of the last but one Earl of Pomfret, and the heiress he afterwards married, was conducted after the following fashion:—"Do you like buttered toast?" "Yes."—"Buttered on both sides?" "Yes."—"So do I; don't you think we had better be married?" "Yes."—"The lady's fourth "Yes" was pronounced before the altar.



Pere la Chaise, Monuments of Massena, Lefebvre, &c.



Remains of a Moorish Bridge, on the Darro.

Monuments of Massena, Lefebvre, &c. Pere la Chaise.

Massena and Lefebvre were among the bravest and ablest of the Imperial generals.

The former had seen fourteen years' service in the army before the Revolution, and we find him a general of division of high character in 1793. He was with Napoleon in all his celebrated Italian campaigns; was selected by him to take to Paris the ratification of the Peace with Austria; and made governor of Rome, where he is accused of having acted with great rapacity. During Buonaparte's absence in Egypt, he was commander-in-chief in Italy, and, being afterwards commissioned to hold Genoa, was compelled to surrender it to the enemy. We now hear no more of him until 1805, when he forced the passage of the Adige in the presence of a superior force, and afterwards attacked and routed the whole Austrian line strongly posted near Caldiero. His name is subsequently and most honorably connected with the battles of Eylau, Pfaffenham, Landslut and Eckmuhl; and particularly with the defence of the villages of Aspern and Essling, from the latter of which he took in 1809, the title of "Prince." Napoleon called him at this time "his right arm." In 1810 he compelled the British, under Wellington, to retire through Spain to Torres Vedras, but in the beginning of the following year was only able to exhibit his skill in a masterly retreat through the Peninsula, and Buonaparte, being dissatisfied, did not afterwards employ him.

By Louis XVIII. though he confirmed him in his rank, Massena thought himself neglected; he therefore rejoined the Imperial standard during the Hundred Days, but acted indcisively: on the Second Restoration he retired wholly from public life, and died rich, April 4, 1817.

Lefebvre's career was also long and brilliant. He was a veteran-sergeant at the opening of the Revolution, a general of division at the close of 1793, and fought bravely under Pichegru, Moreau, Hoche, and Jourdan, sustaining alone, at Sidekbach, the attack of 36,000 men with 8000. On this occasion he was severely wounded.

When, on the 18th Brumaire, the other leaders of the Revolution were paralysed by the opposition they encountered, this general entered the Council of Five Hundred at the head of a file of grenadiers, and by rescuing the President, Lucian Buonaparte, gave a decisive turn to the events of the day. Napoleon seems never to have forgotten this service.

Lefebvre was distinguished in all the campaigns with Russia in 1805, and in 1807 invested and took Dantzic, sustaining in person several assaults of the enemy. Buonaparte now created him Duke of Dantzic. In 1809 he successfully defended the passes of the Tyrol, and was subsequently engaged at Thaur, Abersberg, and Eckmuhl. In the disastrous Russian campaign he commanded the Imperial Guard.

Louis XVIII. created him a peer of France, but he rejoined his old master's standard in 1815. This, however was graciously pardoned on the Second Restoration, and the marshal died in peace and with a high character for disinterestedness, September, 1820.

Remains of a Moorish Bridge on the Darro.

Following the course of the Darro, and leaving the principal entrance to the Alhambra by the street of the Gomez to the right, the tourist reaches the remains of an old Moorish bridge, which crossed the river at this point, and connected the ancient mint, which lay on the opposite side, with the Alhambra.—The battlements of the fortress immediately overhang the old houses which are built upon the foundation of

the old bridge; whilst in the distance is seen the summer palace of the Generalife, high overshadowed by its ancient cypress trees, said to have been planted by the fair hand of one of the sultanas. One of these is still pointed out by tradition, as being that beneath which the unfortunate sultana of Granada was accused of having formed assignations with the noble Abencerrage. Still keeping along the bed of the Darro, the tourist comes to the Alameda, and crossing the stream, ascends the ravine that divides the Alhambra from the Generalife by the pass of the Mulinos, immediately above which the judicious artist took his view of the Tower of Comares.

Force of Imagination.—A few years ago, a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the force of imagination, being desirous to add experimental to his theoretical knowledge, made application to the minister of justice to be allowed an opportunity of proving what he asserted, by an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister complied with his request, and delivered over to him an assassin, a man who had been born of distinguished parents.—The physician told him that several persons who had taken an interest in his family had obtained leave of the minister that he should suffer death in some other way than on the scaffold, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution; and that the easiest death he could die would be by blood-letting. The criminal agreed to the proposal, and counted himself happy in being freed from the painful exhibition which he would otherwise have been made of, and rejoiced at being thus enabled to spare the feelings of his friends and family. At the time appointed, the physician repaired to the prison, and the patient having been extended on a table, his eyes bound and every thing being ready, he was slightly pricked near the principal veins of the legs and arms with the point of a pin. At the four corners of the table were four little fountains filled with water, from which issued small streams falling into basins placed there to receive them. The patient, thinking that it was his blood that trickled into the basins, became weaker by degrees, and the remarks of the medical men in attendance in reference to the quality and appearance of the blood (made with that intention) increased the delusion, and he spoke more and more faintly, until his voice was at length scarcely audible. The profound silence which reigned in the apartment, and the constant dropping of the fountain, had so extraordinary an effect on the brain of the patient, that all his vital energies were soon gone, although before a very strong man, and he died without having lost a single drop of blood.—*Le Chamelion.*

Things that I like 'Powerfully.'—I like to hear candidates for office agree in politics with every man they converse with—it looks so much like principle.

I like to hear men denounce others for things which they themselves are guilty of—it looks so much like consistency.

I like to see young women peep through windows or the cracks of half-opened doors to catch a glimpse of the young men, and when they come in their presence appear over-modest—it is so admirable.

I like to see plenty of churches, yet having no ministers to preach in them—it looks so much like a wise disposition of charity's funds.

I like to see a parcel of young men stand before a church door, at the close of service, and stare every female full in the face as they pass out—it looks so much like good breeding.

And for your special benefit, Mr. Editor, I would add that I also like to see subscribers forget to pay the Printer—it must really be very encouraging.

THE CONSUL'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GRAY."

At one of the most beautiful ports in the Mediterranean, Major Ponsonby held the office of British consul. The parliamentary interest of the noble family with which he was connected had obtained for him this office after serving his country, with no slight distinction, during the glorious year of the Peninsula. Major Ponsonby was a widower, and his family consisted of an only daughter, Henrietta, who was a child of very tender years when he first obtained his appointment, but who had completed her eighteenth year at the period, memorable in her life, which these pages attempt to commemorate. A girl of singular beauty was Henrietta Ponsonby, but not merely remarkable for her beauty. Her father, a very accomplished gentleman, had himself superintended her education with equal care and interest. In their beautiful solitude, for they enjoyed the advantage of very little society save that of those passing travellers who occasionally claimed his protection and hospitality, the chief and certainly the most engaging pursuit of Major Ponsonby, had been to assist the development of the lively talents of his daughter, and to watch with delight, not unattended with anxiety, the formation of her ardent and imaginative character: he had himself imparted to her a skilful practice in those fine arts in which he himself excelled, and a knowledge of those exquisite languages which he himself not only spoke with facility, but with whose rich and interesting literature he was intimately acquainted. He was careful, also, that, although almost an alien from his native country, she should not be ignorant of the progress of its mind; and no inconsiderable portion of his income had of late years been expended in importing from England the productions of those eminent writers of which we are justly as proud as of the heroes under whose flag he had himself conquered in Portugal and Spain.

The progress of the daughter amply repaid the father for his care, and rewarded him for his solicitude: from the fond child of his affection she had become the cherished companion of his society; her lively fancy and agreeable conversation prevented solitude from degenerating into loneliness: she diffused over their happy home that indefinable charm, that spell of unceasing, yet soothing excitement, with which the constant presence of an amiable, a lovely, and accomplished woman can alone imbue existence; without which life, indeed, under any circumstances, is very dreary; and with which life, indeed, under any circumstances, is never desperate.

There were moments, perhaps, when Ponsonby, who was not altogether inexperienced in the great world, might sigh, that one so eminently qualified as his daughter to shine even amid its splendour, should be destined to a career so obscure as that which necessarily attended the daughter of a consul in a distant country. It sometimes cost the father's heart a pang that his fair and fragrant flower should blush unseen, and waste its perfume even in their lovely wilderness; and then, with all a father's pride, and under all the influence of that worldly ambition from which men are never free, he would form plans by which she might visit, and with advantage, her native country. All the noble cousins were thought over, under whose distinguished patronage she might enter that great and distant world she was so capable of adorning; and more than once he had endeavoured to intimate to Henrietta that it might be better for them both that they should for a season part; but the consul's daughter shrunk from those whispers as some beautiful tree from the murmurs of a rising storm.—She could not conceive existence without her father—the father under whose breath and sight she had ever lived and flourished—the father to whom she was indebted, not only for existence, but all the attributes that made life so pleasant, her sire, her tutor, her constant company, her dear, dear friend. To part from him, even though but for a season, and to gain splendour, appeared to her pure, yet lively imagination, the most fatal of fortunes; a terrible destiny—an awful dispensation. They had never parted, scarcely for an hour: once, indeed, he had been absent for three days; he had sailed with the fleet on public business to a neighbouring port; he had been obliged to leave his daughter,

and the daughter remembered those terrible three days like a frightful dream, the recollection of which made her shudder.

Major Ponsonby had inherited no patrimony—he possessed only the small income derived from his office, and a slender pension, which rewarded many wounds; but in the pleasant place in which their lot was cast, these moderate means obtained for them not merely the necessities, but all the luxuries of life. They inhabited in the town a palace worthy of the high, though extinct nobility, whose portraits and statues lined their lofty saloons, and filled their long corridors and graceful galleries; and about three miles from the town, on a gentle ascent facing the ocean, and embowered in groves of orange and olive trees, the fanciful garden enclosed in a thick wall of Indian fig and blooming aloe, was a most delicate casino, rented at a rate for which a garret may not be hired in England, but, indeed, a paradise. Of this pavilion Miss Ponsonby was the mistress; and here she lived amid fruit and flowers, surrounded by her birds; and here she might be often seen at sunset glancing amid its beauties, with an eye as brilliant, and a step as airy, as the bright gazelle that ever glided or bounded at her side.

One summer day, when every body was asleep in the little sultry city where Major Ponsonby, even in his siesta, watched over the interests of British commerce—for it was a city, and was blessed with the holy presence of a bishop—a young Englishman disembarked from an imperial merchant brig just arrived from Otranto, and according to custom, took his way to the consul's house. He was a man of an age apparently verging towards thirty, and, although the native porter who bore his luggage and directed his path proved that, as he was accompanied not even by a single servant, he did not share the general reputation of his countrymen for wealth, his appearance to those practised in society was not undistinguished. Tall, slender, and calm, his air, though unaffected, was that of a man not deficient in self-confidence; and whether it were the art of his tailor, or the result of his own good frame, his garb, although plain, had that indefinable style which we associate with the costume of a man of some mark and breeding.

On arriving at the consul's house he was ushered through a large, dark, cool hall, at the end of which was a magnificent staircase leading to the suite of saloons, into a small apartment on the ground floor fitted up in the English style; and which, although it offered the appearance of the library of an English gentleman, was, in fact, the consular office. Dwarf book-cases encircled the room, occasionally crowned by a marble bust, or bronze group. The ample table was covered with papers, and a vacant easy-chair was evidently the consular throne. A portrait of his Britannic majesty figured on the walls on one part of the chamber; and over the mantel was another portrait, which immediately engaged the attention of the traveller, and, indeed, monopolized his observation. He had a very ample opportunity of studying it, for nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before he was disturbed. It was the full-length portrait of a young lady. She stood on a terrace in a garden, and by her side was a gazelle. Her form was of wonderful symmetry; but although her dress was not English, the expression of her countenance reminded the traveller of the beauties of his native land. The dazzling complexion, the large deep blue eye, the high white forehead, the clustering brown hair, were all northern, but northern of the highest order. She held in her small hand a branch of orange-blossom—the hand was fairer than the flower.

"Signor Ferrers, I believe," said a shrill voice. The traveller started, and turned round. Before him stood a little parched-up, grinning, bowing Italian, holding in his hand the card that the traveller had sent up to the consul.

"My name is Ferrers," replied the traveller, slightly bowing, and speaking in a low, sweet tone.

"I have the honour to be the chancellor of the British consulate."

It is singular that a mercantile agent should be styled a consul, and his chief clerk a chancellor.

"I have the honour to be the chancellor of the British consulate," said the Italian; "and I will take the earliest opportunity of informing the consul of your arrival. From Otranto, I believe? All well, I hope, at Otranto?"

"I hope so too," replied the traveller; "and so I believe."

"You will be pleased to leave your passport, sir, with me—the consul will be most happy to see you at the casino: about sunset he will be very happy to see you at the casino. I am sorry that I detained you for a moment, but I was at my siesta. I will take the earliest opportunity of informing the consul of your arrival; but at present all the consular messengers are taking their siesta, the moment one is awake I shall send him to the casino. May I take the liberty of inquiring whether you have any letters for the consul?"

"None," replied the traveller. The chancellor shrugged his shoulders a little, as if he regretted that he had been roused from his siesta for a traveller who had not even a letter of introduction, and then turned on his heel to depart.

The traveller took up his hat, hesitated a moment, and then said, "Pray, may I inquire of whom this is a portrait?"

"Certainly," replied the chancellor; "'tis the Signora Ponsonby."

It was even upon as ignoble an animal as a Barbary ass, goaded by a dusky little islander almost in a state of nudity, that, an hour before sunset on the day of his arrival, the English traveller approached the casino of the consul's daughter, for there a note from Major Ponsonby had invited him to repair, to be introduced to his daughter, and to taste his oranges. The servant who received him led Mr. Ferrers to a very fine plane-tree, under whose spreading branches was arranged a banquet of fruit and flowers, coffee in cups of oriental flagree, and wines of the Levant, cooled in snow. The worthy consul was smoking his chibouque, and his daughter, as she rose to greet their guest, let her garter fall upon the turf.

The original of the portrait proved that the painter had no need to flatter; and the dignified yet cordial manner, the radiant smile, and the sweet and thrilling voice with which she welcomed her countryman, would have completed the spell, had, indeed, the wanderer been one prepared, or capable of being enchanted. As it was, Mr. Ferrers, while he returned his welcome with becoming complaisance, exhibited the breeding of a man accustomed to sights of strangeness and of beauty; and, while he expressed his sense of the courtesy of his companions, admired their garden, and extolled the loveliness of the prospect, he did not depart for a moment from that subdued, and even sedate manner, which indicates the individual whom the world has little left to astonish, and less to enrapture, although, perhaps, much to please. Yet he was fluent in conversation, sensible and polished, and very agreeable.

It appeared that he had travelled much, though he was far from boasting of his exploits. He had been long absent from England; had visited Egypt and Arabia, and had sojourned at Damascus. While he refused the pipe, he proved, by his observation on its use, that he was learned in its practice; and he declined his host's offer of a file of English journals, as he was not interested in their contents. His host was too polished to originate any inquiry which might throw light upon the connexions or quality of his guest, and his guest imitated his example. Nothing could be more perfectly well-bred than his whole demeanour—he listened to the major with deference, and he never paid Miss Ponsonby a single compliment; he never even asked her to sing; but the fond father did not omit this attention. Henrietta, in the most unaffected manner, complied with his request, because, as she was in the habit of singing every evening to her father, she saw no reason why he should, on this occasion, be deprived of an amusement to which he was so accustomed. As the welcome seabreeze rose and stirred the flowers and branches, her voice blended with its fresh and fragrant breath. It was a beautiful voice; and the wild and plaintive air in which she indulged, indigenous to their isle, harmonized alike with the picturesque scene and the serene hour. Mr. Ferrers listened with attention, and thanked her for her courtesy. Before they withdrew to the casino, he even requested the favour of her repeating the gratification, but in so quiet a manner that most young ladies would have neglected to comply with a wish expressed with so little fervour.

The principal chamber of the casino was adorned with drawings by the consul's daughter: they depicted the surrounding scenery, and were executed by the hand of a master. Mr. Ferrers examined them with interest—his observations proved his knowledge, and made them more

than suspect his skill. He admitted that he had some slight practice in the fine arts, and offered to lend his portfolio to Miss Ponsonby, if she thought it would amuse her. Upon the subject of scenery he spoke with more animation than on any other topic: his conversation, indeed, teemed with the observations of a fine eye and cultivated taste.

At length he departed, leaving behind him a very favourable impression. Henrietta and her father agreed that he was a most gentlemanlike person; that he was very clever and very agreeable; and they were glad to know him.—The major detailed all the families and all the persons of the name of Ferrers of whom he had ever heard, and with whom he had been acquainted; and, before he slept, wondered, for the fifteenth time, "What Ferrers he was?"

The next morning, Mr. Ferrers sent his portfolio to Miss Ponsonby, to the consul's house, in the city; and her father called upon him immediately afterwards, to return his original visit, and to request him to dine with them. Mr. Ferrers declined the invitation; but begged to be permitted to pay his respects again at the casino, in the evening. The major, under the circumstances, ventured to press his new acquaintance, to comply with their desire; but Mr. Ferrers became immediately very reserved, and the consul desisted.

Towards sunset, however, mounted on his Barbary ass, Mr. Ferrers again appeared at the gate of the casino, as mild and agreeable as before. They drank their coffee and ate their fruit, chatted and sang, and again repaired to the pavilion. Here they examined the contents of the portfolio;—they were very rich, for it contained drawings of all kinds, and almost of every celebrated place in the vicinity of the Mediterranean shores; Saracenic palaces, Egyptian temples, mosques of Damascus, and fountains of Stamboul. Here was a Bedouin encampment, shaded by a grove of palms; and there a Spanish Signorita, shrouded in her mantelle, glided along the Alameda. There was one circumstance, however, about these drawings which struck Miss Ponsonby as at least remarkable. It was obvious that some pencil-mark in the corner of each drawing, in all probability containing the name and initials of the artist, had been carefully obliterated.

Among the drawings were several sketches of a yacht, which Mr. Ferrers passed over quickly, and without notice. The consul, however, who was an honorary member of the yacht club, and interested in every vessel of the squadron that visited the Mediterranean, very naturally inquired of Mr. Ferrers, to whom the schooners in question belonged. Mr. Ferrers seemed rather confused; but at length he said: "Oh, they are stupid things: I did not know they were here. The yacht is a yacht of a friend of mine, who was at Cadiz."

"Oh, I see the name," said the major: "The Krakan. Why, that is Lord Bohun's yacht!"

"The same," said Mr. Ferrers; but perfectly composed.

"Ah! do you know Lord Bohun?" said Miss Ponsonby. "We have often expected him here. I wonder he has never paid us a visit, papa. They say he is the most eccentric person in the world. Is he so?"

"I never heard much in his favour," said Mr. Ferrers. "I believe he has made himself a great fool, as most young nobles do."

"Well, I have heard very extraordinary things of him," said the consul. "He is a great traveller, at all events, which I think a circumstance in every man's favor."

"And then he has been a Guerilla chieftain," said Miss Ponsonby; "and a Bedouin robber; and—I hardly know what else; but Colonel Garth, who was here last summer, told us the most miraculous tales of his lordship."

"Affectations!" said Mr. Ferrers, with a sneer. "Bohun, however, has some excuses for his folly; for he was an orphan, I believe, in his cradle."

"Is he clever?" inquired Miss Ponsonby.

"Colonel Garth is a much better judge than I am," replied Mr. Ferrers. "I confess I have no taste for Guerilla chieftains, or Bedouin robbers. I am not at all romantic."

And here he attracted her attention to what he called an attempted at a bull-fight; and the conversation dropped, and Lord Bohun was forgotten.

A fortnight passed away, and Mr. Ferrers was still a visitant of our Mediterranean isle. His intimacy with the consul and his daughter remained on the same footing. Every evening he paid them a visit; and every evening,

when he had retired, the major and his daughter agreed that he was a most agreeable person, though rather odd; the worthy consul always adding his regret that he would not dine with him, and his wonder as to what Ferrers he was.

Now, it so happened that it was a royal birth day, and the bishop, and several of his leading persons of the town, had agreed to partake of the hospitality of the British consul. The major was anxious that Mr. Ferrers should meet them. He discussed this important point with his daughter.

"My darling, I don't like to ask him; he really is such a very odd man. The moment you ask him to dinner, he looks as if you had offered him an insult. Shall we send him a formal invitation? I wonder what Ferrers he is? I should be gratified if he would dine with us. Besides, he would see something of our native society here, which is amusing. What shall we do?"

"I will ask him," replied Miss Ponsonby. "I don't think he could refuse me."

"I am sure I could not," replied the major smiling.

And so Miss Ponsonby seized an opportunity of telling Mr. Ferrers that she had a favour to ask of him. He was more fortunate than he imagined, was his courteous reply.

"Then you must dine with papa, to-morrow."

Mr. Ferrers' brow immediately clouded.

"Now, do not look so suspicious," said Miss Ponsonby. "Do you think that ours is an Italian banquet? Is there poison in the dish? Or do you live only on fruit and flowers?" continued Miss Ponsonby. "Do you know," she added, with an arch smile, "I think you must be a ghoul."

A sort of smile struggled with a scowl over the haughty countenance of the Englishman.

"You will come!" said Miss Ponsonby, most winningly.

"I have already trespassed too much upon Major Ponsonby's hospitality," muttered Mr. Ferrers; "I have no claim to it."

"You are our countrymen."

"Unknown."

"The common consequence of being a traveller."

"Yes—but—in short—I—"

"You must come," said Miss Ponsonby, with a glance like sunshine.

"You do with me what you like," exclaimed Mr. Ferrers, with animation. "Beautiful—weather," he concluded.

Mr. Ferrers was therefore their guest, and strange it is to say, that, from this day, from some cause which is now useless to ascertain, this gentleman became an habitual guest at the consul's table; accepting a general invitation without even a frown; and what is more remarkable availing himself of it, scarcely with an exception.

Could it be the consul's daughter that effected this revolution? Time may, perhaps, solve this interesting problem. Certainly, whether it were that she was seldom seen to more advantage than when presiding over society; or whether, elate with her triumph, she was particularly pleasing, because she was particularly pleased; certainly, Henrietta Ponsonby never appeared to greater advantage than she did upon the day of this memorable festival. Mr. Ferrers, when he quitted the house, sauntered to the mole, and gazed upon the moonlight sea—A dangerous symptom. Yet the eye of Mr. Ferrers had before this been fixed in mute abstraction on many a summer wave, when Dian was in her bower; and this man, cold and inscrutable as he seemed, was learned in woman, and woman's ways. Shall a consul's daughter melt a heart that boasted of being callous, and clear a brow that prided itself upon its clouds?

But if the state of Mr. Ferrers' heart were doubtful, I must perforce confess, that, as time drew on, Henrietta Ponsonby, if she had ventured to inquire, could have little hesitated as to the state of her own feelings, her companion her constant companion, for such Mr. Ferrers had now insensibly become, exercised over her an influence, of the power of which she was unconscious,—only because it was unceasing. Had for a moment the excitement of her novel feelings ceased, she would have discovered, with wonder, perhaps with some degree of fear, how changed she had become since the first evening he approached their pleasant casino. And yet Mr. Ferrers

was not her lover. No act,—no word of gallantry; no indication of affection, to her inexperienced sense, ever escaped him. All that he did was, that he sought her society; but, then, there was no other. The only wonder was, that he should remain among them; but, then, he had been every where. The vague love of lounging and repose, which ever and anon falls upon men long accustomed to singular activity and strange adventure, sufficiently accounted for his conduct. But, whatever might be his motives, certain it is, that the English stranger dangerously interested the feelings of the consul's daughter; and when she thought the time must arrive for his departure, she drove the recollection from her mind with a swiftness which indicated the pang which she experienced by its occurrence. And no marvel either that the heart of this young and lovely maiden softened at the thought, and in the presence of her companion; no marvel, and no shame; for nature had invested the Englishman with soul-subduing qualities. His elegant person; his tender, yet reserved manners; his experienced, yet ornate mind; the flashes of a brilliant, yet mellowed imagination, which ever and anon would break forth in his conversation; perhaps, too, the air of melancholy, and even of mystery, which enveloped him, were all spells potent in the charm that enchants the heart of woman. And the major, what did he think? The good consul was puzzled. The confirmed intimacy between his daughter and his guest alike perplexed and pleased him. He certainly never had become acquainted with a man whom he would sooner have preferred for a son-in-law, if he had only known who he was. But two months, and more than two months, had elapsed, and threw no light upon this most necessary point of knowledge. The consul hesitated as to his conduct. His anxiety almost mastered his good-breeding. Now he thought of speaking to Mr. Ferrers, and then to his daughter. There were no objections to each line of conduct; and his confidence in Mr. Ferrers was very great, although he did not exactly know who he was; he was decidedly a gentleman; and there was, throughout his conduct and conversation, a tone of such strict propriety; there was so much delicacy, and good feeling, and sound principle, in all he said and did, that the consul at length resolved that he had no right to suspect, and no authority to question him. He was just on the point, however, of conferring with his daughter, when the town was suddenly enlivened, and his attention suddenly engrossed, by the arrival of two other English gentlemen.

It must be confessed that Captain Ormsby and Major McIntyre were two very different sort of men to Mr. Ferrers. Never were two such gay, noisy, pleasant, commonplace, persons. They were "on leave" from one of the Mediterranean garrisons, had scamped through Italy, shot red legged partridges all along the Barbary coast, and even smoked a pipe with the Dey of Algiers. They were intoxicated with all the sights they had seen, and all the scrapes which they had encountered; and which they styled "regular adventures;" and they insisted upon giving every one a description of what every body had heard and seen. In consequence of their arrival, Mr. Ferrers discontinued dining with his accustomed host; and resumed his old habit of riding up to the casino, every evening, on his Barbary ass, to eat oranges, and talk to the consul's daughter.

"I suppose you know Florence, Mr. Ferrers?" said Major McIntyre.

Mr. Ferrers bowed.

"St. Peter's, of course, you have seen?" said Captain Ormsby.

"But have you seen it during Holy Week?" said the major. "That's the thing."

"Ah, I see you have been every where," said the captain. "Algiers, of course?"

"Never was at Algiers," replied Mr. Ferrers, quite rejoiced at the circumstance; and he walked away, and played with the gazelle.

"By Jove," said the major, with elevated eyes, "not been at Algiers! why, Mr. Consul, I thought you said Mr. Ferrers was a very great traveller indeed; and he has not been at Algiers! I consider Algiers more worth seeing than any place we ever witnessed." "Don't you, Ormsby?"

The consul inquired whether he had met any competitors at that famous place. The military travellers as-

wered, that they had not; but that Lord Bohun's yacht was there; and they understood his lordship was about to proceed to this island. The conversation for some time then dwelt upon Lord Bohun, and his adventures, eccentricities, and wealth. But Captain Ormsby finally pronounced "Bohun a devilish good fellow."

"Do you know Lord Bohun?" inquired Mr. Ferrers.

"Why, no!" confessed Captain Ormsby; "but he is a devilish intimate friend of a devilish intimate friend of mine."

Mr. Ferrers made a sign to Miss Ponsonby; she rose, and followed him into the garden. "I cannot endure the jabber of these men," said Mr. Ferrers.

"They are very good-natured," said Miss Ponsonby.

"It may be so; and I have no right to criticise them. I dare say they think me very dull. However, it appears you will have Lord Bohun here in a short time, and then I shall be forgotten."

"That is not a very kind speech. You would not be forgotten, even if absent; and you have, I hope, no thought of quitting us."

"I have remained here too long. Besides, I have no wish to play a second part to Lord Bohun."

"Who thinks of Lord Bohun? and why should you play a second part to any one? You are a little perverse, Mr. Ferrers."

"I have been in this island ten weeks," said Mr. Ferrers, thoughtfully.

"When we began to count time, we are generally weary," said Miss Ponsonby.

"You are in error, I would willingly compound, that the rest of my existence should be as happy as the last ten weeks. They have been very happy," said Mr. Ferrers, musingly; "very happy, indeed. The only happy time I ever knew. They have been so serene, and so sweet."

"Any why not remain, then?" said Miss Ponsonby, in a low voice.

"There are many reasons," said Mr. Ferrers; and he offered his arm to Miss Ponsonby, and they walked together, far away from the casino. "These ten weeks have been so serene, and so sweet," he continued, but in a calm voice, "because you have been my companion. My life has taken its colour from your character. Now, listen to me, dearest Miss Ponsonby, and be not alarmed. I love you!"

Her arm trembled in his.

"Yes, I love you; and, believe me, I use that word with no common feeling. It describes the entire devotion of my existence to your life; and my complete sympathy with every attribute of her nature. Calm as may be my speech, I love you with a burning heart."

She bowed her head and covered her face with her right hand.

"Most beautiful lady," continued Mr. Ferrers, "pardon me if I agitate you; for my respect is equal to my love. I stand before you a stranger, utterly unknown; and I am so circumstanced, that it is not in my power, even at this moment, to offer any explanation of my equivocal position. Yet, whatever I may be, I offer my existence, and all its accidents, good or bad, in homage to your heart. May I indulge the delicious hope that, not if now accepted, they are at least considered with kindness, and without suspicion?"

"Oh, yes! without suspicion," murmured Miss Ponsonby,—without suspicion. Nothing, nothing in the world shall ever make me believe that you are not as good as you are—gifted."

"Darling Henrietta!" exclaimed Mr. Ferrers in a voice of melting tenderness; and he pressed her to his heart, and sealed his love upon her lips. "This is confidence; this is the woman's love I long have sighed for. Doubt me not, dearest; never doubt me! Say you are mine; once more pledge yourself to me. I leave our life this night. Nay, start not, sweet one! 'Tis for our happiness; this night, I shall return to claim my bride. Now, listen, darling! our engagement, our sweet and solemn engagement, is secret. You will never hear from me until we meet again; you may hear of me, and not to my advantage. What matter? You love me; you cannot doubt me. I leave with you my honour; an honour never sullied. Mind that—Oh no, you cannot doubt me!"

"I am yours: I care not what they say; if there be no faith and truth in you, I will despair of them for ever."

"Beautiful being! You make me mad with joy. Has fate reserved for me, indeed, this treasure! Am I at length loved, and loved only for myself?"

He has gone; Mr. Ferrers has departed.—What an event! What a marvellous event! A revolution had occurred in the life of Henrietta Ponsonby: she was no longer her own mistress; she was no longer her father's child. She belonged to another; and that other a stranger, an unknown, and departed being! How strange! And yet how sweet! This beautiful young lady passed her days in pondering over her singular position. In vain she attempted to struggle with her destiny. In vain she depicted to herself the error, perhaps the madness, of her conduct. She was fascinated. She could not reason; she could not communicate to her father all that had happened. A thousand times her lips moved to reveal her secret; a thousand times an irresistible power restrained them.—She remained silent, moody, and restless; she plucked flowers, and threw them to the wind; she gazed upon the sea, and watched the birds in abstraction wilder than their wings; and yet she would not doubt her betrothed. That voice, so sweet, and solemn, and so sincere, still lingered in her ear; the gaze of that pure and lofty brow was engraven on her memory: never could she forget those delicate adieus!

This change in his daughter was not unmarked by the consul, who, after some reflection, could not hesitate in considering it as the result of the departure of Mr. Ferrers. The thought made him mournful. It pained his noble nature, that the guest whom he so respected might have trifled with the affections of the child whom he so loved. He spoke to the maiden; but the maiden said she was happy. And, indeed, her conduct gave evidence of restlessness rather than misery; for her heart seemed sometimes exuberantly gay; often did she smile, and ever did she sing. The consul was conscious there was a mystery he could not fathom. It is bitter for a father at all times to feel that his child is unhappy; but doubly bitter is the pang when he feels that the cause is secret.

Three months, three heavy months passed away, and the cloud still rested on this once happy home. Suddenly Lord Bohun arrived, the much talked of Lord Bohun, in his more talked-of yacht. The bustle which the arrival of this celebrated personage occasioned in the consular establishment was a diversion from the reserve, or the gloom, which had so long prevailed there. Lord Bohun was a young, agreeable, and somewhat affected individual. He had a German chasseur and a Greek page. He was very luxurious, and rather troublesome, but infinitely amusing, both to the consul and his daughter. He dined with them every day, and recounted his extraordinary adventures with considerable self complacency. In the course of the week he scamped over every part of the island; and gave a magnificent entertainment on board the Kraken, to the bishop and the principal islanders, in honour of the consul's daughter. Indeed it was soon very evident that his lordship entertained feelings of no ordinary admiration for his hostess. He paid her on all occasions the most marked attention; and the consul, who did not for a moment believe that these attentions indicated other than the transient feelings that became a lord, and so adventurous a lord, began to fear that the inexperienced Henrietta might again become the victim of the fugitive admiration of a traveller.

One evening at the casino, his lordship noticed a drawing of his own yacht, and started. The consul explained to him, that the drawing had been copied by his daughter from a sketch by an English traveller, who preceded him. His name was inquired, and given.

"Ferrers!" exclaimed his lordship. "What, has Ferrers been here?"

"You know Mr. Ferrers, then?" inquired Henrietta, with suppressed agitation.

"Oh yes, I know Ferrers."

"A most agreeable and gentleman-like man," said the consul, anxious, he knew not why, that the conversation should cease.

"Oh yes, Ferrers is a very agreeable man. He piques himself on being agreeable,—Mr. Ferrers."

"From what I have observed of Mr. Ferrers," said Henrietta, in a firm, and rather decided tone, "I should not have given him credit for any sentiment approaching to conceit."

"He is fortunate in having such a defender," said his lordship, bowing gallantly.

"Our friends are scarcely worth possessing," said Miss Ponsonby, "unless they defend us when absent. But I am not aware that Mr. Ferrers needs any defence."

His lordship turned on his heel and hummed an opera air.

"Mr. Ferrers paid us a long visit," said the consul, who was now desirous that the conversation should proceed.

"He had evidently a great inducement," said Lord Bohun. "I wonder he ever departed."

"He is a great favourite in this house," said Miss Ponsonby.

"I perceive it," said Lord Bohun.

"What Ferrers is he?" inquired the consul.

"Oh, he has gentle blood in his veins," said Lord Bohun. "I never heard his breeding impeached."

"And I should think, nothing else," said Miss Ponsonby.

"Oh, I never heard any thing particular against Ferrers," said his lordship; "except that he was a rouse; and a little mad. That is all."

"Enough, I should think," said Major Ponsonby, with a clouded brow.

"What a rouse may be, I can scarcely be supposed to judge," said Henrietta. "It, however, it be a man remarkable for the delicacy of his thoughts and conduct, Mr. Ferrers has certainly some claim to the title. As for his madness, he was our constant companion for nearly three months; if he be mad, it must be very little indeed."

"He was a great favourite of Henrietta," said her father, with a forced smile.

"Fortunate man!" said the lord. "Fortunate Ferrers!"

Lord Bohun stepped into the garden with the consul; Miss Ponsonby was left alone. Firm as had been her previous demeanour, now that she was alone, her agitated countenance denoted the tumult of her mind. A rouse! Could it be so! Could it be possible! Was she, while she had pledged the freshness of her virgin mind to this unknown man; was she, after all, only a fresh sacrifice to his insatiable vanity! Ferrers a rouse! That lofty-minded man, who spoke so eloquently, and so wisely, was he a rouse, an eccentric rouse; one whose unprincipled conduct could only be excused at the expense of his intellect? She could not credit it; she would not credit it; and yet his conduct had been so strange, so mysterious, so unnecessarily mysterious; and then she recollected his last dark muttered words. "You may hear of me, and not to my advantage!" Oh, what a prophecy! And from him she had never heard. He had, at least, kept this sad promise. Very sorrowful was the consul's daughter. And then she bethought herself of his pledge, and his honour that had been never sullied. She buried her face in her hands—she conjured up to her recollection all that had happened since his arrival, perhaps his fatal arrival, in their island; all he had said, and done, and seemed to think. She would not doubt him. It was madness for a moment to doubt him. No desolation seemed so complete, no misery so full of anguish, as such suspicion: she could not doubt him; all her happiness was hope. A gentle touch roused her. It was her gazelle; the gazelle that he had so loved. She caressed it, she caressed it for his sake; she arose and joined her father and Lord Bohun in the garden, if not light-hearted, at least serene.

There must have been something peculiarly captivating in the air of our island; for Lord Bohun, who, according to his own account, had never remained in any place a week in the whole course of his life, exhibited no inclination to quit the city where Major Ponsonby presided over the interests of our commerce. He had remained there nearly a month, made himself very agreeable, and, on the whole, was a welcome guest, certainly with the consul, if not with the consul's daughter. As for the name of Mr. Ferrers, it occasionally occurred in conversation. Henrietta piqued herself upon the unsuspected inquiries which she carried on respecting her absent friend. She, however, did not succeed in eliciting much information. Lord Bohun was so vague, that it was impossible to annex a precise idea to any thing he ever uttered. Whether Ferrers were rich or poor, really of good family, or, as she sometimes thought, or disgraceful lineage; when and where Lord Bohun and himself had been fellow-travellers—all was alike obscure and shadowy. Not that her noble guest was inattentive to her inquiries: on the contrary,

he almost annoyed her by his constant devotion; she was almost, indeed, inclined to resent his singularly marked expressions of admiration as an insult; when, to her utter astonishment, one morning her father astounded her by an announcement that Lord Bohun had done her the honor of offering her his hand and heart. The beautiful Henrietta was in great perplexity. It was due to Lord Bohun to reject his flattering proposal without reservation: it was difficult, almost impossible, to convince her father of her expediency of such a proceeding. There was in the proposal of Lord Bohun every circumstance which could gratify Major Ponsonby. In the wildest dreams of his paternal ambition, his hopes had never soared higher than the possession of such a son-in-law; high birth, high rank, splendid fortune, and accomplished youth, were combined in the individual whom some favouring destiny, it would seem, had wafted to this distant and obscure isle to offer his vows to its accomplished mistress. That his daughter might hesitate, on so brief an acquaintance, to unite her eternal lot in life with a comparative stranger, was what he had, in some degree, anticipated; but that she should unhesitatingly and unreservedly decline the proposal, was conduct for which he was totally unprepared. He was disappointed and mortified—for the first time in his life he was angry with his child. It is strange that Lord Bohun, who had required a deputy to make a proposition which, of all others, the most becomes and most requires a principal, should, when his fate was decided, have requested a personal interview with Miss Ponsonby. It was a favour which she could not refuse for her father required her to grant it. She accordingly prepared herself for a repetition of the proposal from lips, doubtless, unaccustomed to sue in vain. It was otherwise never had Lord Bohun conducted himself in a more kind and unaffected manner than during this interview: it pained Miss Ponsonby to think she had pained one who was in reality so amiable; she was glad, however, to observe that he did not appear very much moved or annoyed. Lord Bohun expressed his gratitude for the agreeable hours he had spent in her society; and then most delicately ventured to inquire whether time, might, perhaps, influence Miss Ponsonby's determination? And when he had received her most courteous, though hopeless answer, he only expressed his wishes for her future happiness, which he could not doubt.

"I feel," said Lord Bohun, as he was about to depart; "I feel," he said, in a very hesitating voice, "I am taking a great, and unwarrantable liberty; but believe me, dear Miss Ponsonby, the inquiry, if I could venture to make it, is inspired by the sincerest desire for your welfare."

"Speak with freedom, Lord Bohun; you will ever, I am sure, speak with kindness."

"I would not willingly despair then, unless I believed that heart were engaged to another."

Miss Ponsonby bent down and plucked a flower, and her brow covered with blushes, with an agitated hand tore the flower to pieces.

"Is this a fair inquiry?" she murmured.

"It is for your sake I inquire," said Lord Bohun.

Now an irresistible conviction came over her mind that Lord Bohun was thinking of Ferrers, and a desire on her part as strong to learn at length something of her mysterious lover.

"What, indeed, if I be not mistress of my heart?" She spoke without raising her head.

"In that case I will believe that it belongs to one worthy of such a treasure."

"You speak of Edwin Ferrers?" said Miss Ponsonby.

"The same."

"You know him?" she inquired, in a choking voice.

"I know and honour him. I have long believed that the world did not boast a man more fitted; now I know that it does not possess a man more blessed."

"Shall you see him?" she inquired, in a quick tone.

"Probably you will see him first: I am sufficiently acquainted with his movements to know that he will soon be here. This Greek boy whom you have sometimes noticed in his page: I wish him to join his master again; and methinks the readiest way will be to leave him in this isle. Here, Spiridon, bow to your new mistress, and be dutiful for her sake, as well as that of your lord's—Adieu! dearest Miss Ponsonby!"

This strange conversation with Lord Bohun at parting, was not without a certain wild, but not unpleasant influence over the mind of Henrietta Ponsonby. Much as

it at first had agitated her, its result, as she often mused over it, was far from being without solace. It was consoling, indeed, to know that one person, at least, honoured that being in whom she had so implicitly relied. Lord Bohun, also, had before spoken of Ferrers in a very different tone; but she felt confidence in the unusual seriousness of his last communication; and with satisfaction contrasted it with the heedlessness, or the levity, of his former intimations. Here, too, was the page of Ferrers at her side—the beautiful and bright-eyed Spiridon. How strange it was! how very strange! Her simple life had suddenly become like some shifting fairy tale: but love, indeed, is a fairy, and full of marvels and magic—it changes all things; and the quietest domestic hearth, when shadowed by its wing, becomes as rife with wonders and adventure as if it were the passionate theatre of some old romance. Yes! the bright-eyed Greek page of her mysterious and absent lover was at her side—but then he only spoke Greek. In vain she tried to make him comprehend how much she desired to have tidings of his master. The graceful mute could only indulge in airy pantomime, point to the skies and ocean, or press his hand to his heart in token of fidelity. Henrietta amused herself in teaching Spiridon Italian, and repaid herself for all her trouble in occasionally obtaining some slight information of her friend. In time she learned that Ferrers was in Italy, and had seen Lord Bohun before the departure of that nobleman. In answer to her anxious and often-repeated inquiries whether he would soon return, Spiridon was constant in his consoling affirmative. Never was such a sedulous mistress of languages as Henrietta Ponsonby. She learned, also, that an Albanian scarf, which the page wore round his waist, had been given him by his master when Spiridon quitted him; and Henrietta instantly exchanged the scarf for a Barbary shawl of uncommon splendour.

Now it happened one afternoon towards sunset, as the Greek page rambling, as was his custom, over the neighbouring heights, beheld below the spreading furt, the neighbouring straits, and the distant sea, that a vessel appeared in sight, and soon entered the harbour. It was an English vessel—it was the yacht of Lord Bohun. The page started and watched the vessel with a fixed and earnest gaze; soon he observed the British consul in his boat row to the side of the vessel, and almost immediately return. At that moment the yacht hoisted a signal—upon a white ground a crimson heart—whereupon Spiridon, drawing from his breast a letter, kissed it twice, and bounded away.

He bounded away toward the city, and scarcely slackened his pace until he arrived at the consul's mansion—he rushed in, dashed up the staircase, and entered the saloons. At the window of one, gazing on the sunset, was Henrietta Ponsonby—her gaze was serious, but her beautiful countenance was rather tinged by melancholy than touched by gloom—pensive, not sorrowful. By her side lay her guitar, still echoing, as it were, with her touch, and near it the Albanian scarf, on which she had embroidered the name of her beloved. Of him, then, were the gentle musings? Who can doubt? Her gentle musings were of him whom she had loved with such unexampled trust. Fond, beautiful, confiding maiden! It was the strength of thy mind as much as the simplicity of thy heart that rendered thee so faithful and so firm! Who would not envy thy unknown adorer? Can he be false? Suspicion is for weak minds and cold-blooded spirits. Thou never didst doubt; and thou wast just, for, behold, he is true!

A fluttering sound roused her—she turned her head, and expected to see her gazelle; it was Spiridon; his face was wreathed with smiles as he held towards her a letter. She seized it—she recognised in an instant the handwriting she had so often studied—it was his! Yes! it was his. It was the handwriting of her beloved. Her face was pale, her hand trembled; a cloud moved before her vision; yet at length she read these words:—

"If, as I hope, and as I believe, you are faithful to those vows, which, since my departure, have been my only consolation, you will meet me to-morrow, two hours before noon, in our garden. I come to claim my bride; until my lips have expressed to you how much I adore you, let nothing be known to our father."

"My dearest Henrietta," said the consul, as he entered, "who, think you, has returned! Lord Bohun."

"Indeed!" said Henrietta. "Have you seen him?"

"No, I paid my respects to him immediately, but he was unwell. He breakfasts with us to-morrow at ten."

The morrow came, but ten o'clock brought no Lord Bohun; and even eleven sounded: the consul sought his daughter, to consult her—he was surprised to learn that Miss Ponsonby had not returned from her early ramble. At this moment a messenger arrived from the yacht to say, that, from some error, Lord Bohun had repaired to the casino, where he awaited the consul. The major mounted his barb and soon reached the pavilion. As he entered the garden, he beheld, in the distance, his daughter and—Mr. Ferrers. He was, indeed, surprised. It appeared that Henrietta was about to run forward to him; but her companion checked her, and she disappeared down a neighbouring walk. Mr. Ferrers advanced, and saluted her father.

"You are surprised to see me, my dear sir?"

"I am surprised, but most happy. You come, of course, with Lord Bohun?"

Mr. Ferrers bowed.

"I am very desirous of having some conversation with you, my dear Major Ponsonby," continued Mr. Ferrers.

"I am ever at your service, my dear sir; but at the present moment I must go and greet his lordship."

"Oh, never mind Bohun," said Mr. Ferrers, carelessly. "I have no ceremony with him—he can wait."

The major was a little perplexed.

"You must know, my dearest sir," continued Mr. Ferrers, "that I was to speak to you on a subject in which my happiness is entirely concerned."

"Proceed, sir," said the consul, looking still more puzzled.

"You can scarcely be astonished, my dearest sir, that I should admire your daughter."

The consul bowed.

"Indeed," said Mr. Ferrers, "it seems to me impossible to know her and not admire: I should say, adore her."

"You flatter a father's feelings," said the consul.

"I express my own," replied Mr. Ferrers. "I love her—I have long loved her, devotedly."

"Hem!" said Major Ponsonby.

"I feel," continued Mr. F., "that there is a great deal to apologize for in my conduct, both towards you and herself: I feel that my conduct may, in some degree, be considered even unpardonable; I will not say that the end justifies the means, Major Ponsonby, but my end was, at least, a great, and, I am sure, a virtuous one."

"I do not clearly comprehend you, Mr. Ferrers."

"It is some consolation to me," continued that gentleman, "that the daughter has pardoned me: now let me indulge the delightful hope that I may be as successful with the father."

"I will, at least, listen with patience to you, Mr. Ferrers; but I must own your meaning is not very evident to me; let me, at least, go and shake hands with Lord Bohun."

"I will answer for Lord Bohun excusing your momentary neglect. Pray, my dear sir, listen to me."

"I wish to make you acquainted, Major Ponsonby, with the feelings which influenced me when I first landed on this island. This knowledge is necessary for my justification."

"But what is there to justify?" inquired the Major.

"Conceive a man born to great fortune," continued Mr. F., without noticing the interruption, "and to some accident of life, which many esteem above fortune; a station as eminent as his wealth—conceive this man master of his destiny from his boyhood, and early experienced in that great world with which you are not unacquainted—conceive him with a heart, gifted, perhaps, with too dangerous a sensibility; the dupe and the victim of all whom he encounters—conceive him, in disgust, flying from the world that had deceived him and divesting himself of those accidents of existence which, however envied by others, appeared to his morbid imagination the essential causes of his misery—conceive this man, unknown and obscure, sighing to be valued for those qualities of which fortune could not deprive him, and to be loved only for his own sake—a miserable man sir!"

"It would seem so," said the consul.

"Now, then, for a moment imagine this man apparently in possession of all for which he had so long panted; he is loved, he is loved for himself, and loved by a being surpassing the brightest dream of his purest youth; yet the remembrance of the past poisons, even now, his joy. He

is haunted by the suspicion that the affection, even of this being is less the result of his own qualities, than of her inexperience of life—he has every thing at stake—he dares to submit her devotion to the sharpest trial—he quits her with the distinct understanding that she shall not even hear from him until he thinks fit to return; and entangles her pure mind, for the first time, in a secret from the parent whom she adores. He is careful, in the mean while, that his name shall be traduced in her presence—that the proudest fortune, the loftiest rank, shall be offered for her acceptance, if she only will renounce him, and the dim hope of his return. A terrible trial, Major Ponsonby!"

"Indeed, most terrible."

"But she is true—truer than even truth—and I have come back to claim my unrivalled bride. Can you pardon me? Can you sympathize with me?"

"I speak then——" murmured the astonished countess.

"To your son, with your permission—to Lord Bohun!"

FOREIGN FORTUNE-HUNTERS.

A CHAPTER FOR THE LADIES.

Baden has lately been resorted to by foreign fortune-hunters, in pursuit of English heiresses. To some of these adventurers a few hundred pounds are an object, and the wife that must be taken along with the money no very great hindrance. If the lady cannot find herself in her new situation, she can return, broken-hearted and penniless, to her friends; she can take to gallantry, or obtain a German divorce: these things are easily managed on the Continent. It may be as well, while I am at a fortune-hunting station, to give my fair country women a little information on the pursuit generally.

And, first, you must know, as you are yourselves decided title-hunters, that an edict was promulgated in 1828, forbidding any Russian or Polish subject from taking the title of count or prince unless there was attached to the former rank a sum equal to £35, and to the latter about £50 per annum. You see, therefore that title implies no very great station in those countries. You must further know that all Russians who are termed *knesen* at home, translate that appellation into prince the moment they cross the frontier, though it is not even a title, and corresponds to our term esquire more than any thing else. The French, German, and Italian nobility you have learned to know to your cost. In those countries a nobleman's sons, let him have as many as he will, are all noble; their descendants again are noble *ad infinitum*,—so that the countries are overrun with a pauper population of counts and barons. A foreign title gives you, therefore, no rank in a foreign country, and it is altogether a very different thing from an English one. An English lady, not of noble birth, had, while at Dresden, been in the habit of going to court, where, as she well deserved, she was always well received. She married a Saxon nobleman, and was then refused admittance, having, by her marriage, become a Saxon lady, but not being of noble birth.—Remonstrance at Dresden proved fruitless; she, therefore, applied to Mr. Canning, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who declined, however, to interfere at the court of Saxony in favour of a Saxon baroness, but undertook to write a sort of half-official letter in her favour. The object of the epistle was to express a hope that Miss M. had not so far degraded herself by her marriage, with a Saxon nobleman as to deserve exclusion from the court to which she had before been admitted.

You must further know, that there are persons in Paris, who are always ready to fit out good-looking young foreigners for a fortune-hunting tour to England. They are, in proportion to their looks, *tourneurs*

and assurance, furnished with money, titles, decorations, and introductions, even to good families. The thing is looked upon by the French themselves as so fair a pursuit, so complete a despoiling of the enemy, that no French lady or gentleman will hesitate about soliciting letters from their English friends *pour un jeune seigneur* about to visit England. I have known such letters obtained through the medium of milliners and chamber maids. Having once got footing in a good house, the gentleman makes the most of it; and asks for further introductions, even to the best families, without the least scruple. The adventures of a Greek count at Brighton are well known. He was anxious to get into the house of a nobleman of some station in the fashionable world, but had been unable to manage the affair. Hearing, at last, that a family of his acquaintance were going to a ball given by his lordship, he called upon them, and requested permission to accompany them, insinuating that he had an invitation to the party; but, being a stranger, wished to go along with some one who could introduce him on his first appearance at the mansion. The trick nearly succeeded; the noble hostess was just going to introduce Monsieur le Comte to a partner for the next quadrille, but, not having heard his name very distinctly, applied for information to the introducer, asking the "title of his foreign friend." This led to an explanation, which ended in the count being walked out of the room, instead of being walked up to a partner. The "untoward" event by no means cooled the Greek's courage; he stood the laughs and sneers of the place for a week, at the end of which the adventure was forgotten, and he very composedly resumed his former station in society. This gallant Mereot was not ultimately so fortunate as from his modest assurances might have been expected. He got two wives indeed, but they proved to be without fortune; and, the double arrangement having been discovered, he was obliged to leave the country, as he entered it, before he could secure a third.

It is no unusual thing for a married foreigner to take an additional wife in England, provided he can get a little money with her. The chances are that a moderate sum keeps the foreign lady quiet, it even she hears of the affair. If she is troublesome, it is only going back to the Continent with the English money and without the English wife. I have myself known three cases of this kind; and, strange to say, the heroes, as it intended to serve as samples of their respective nations, were all three from different countries. The one was an Italian, the other a Frenchman, and the third a German. The Italian managed best; he contrived to hush up the business, and to reconcile the parties. The Italian wife, who is by far the prettiest of the two, lives at the expense of the English one, and sometimes pays her a sentimental visit, and is very kind to the Anglo-Italian children.—The German took advantage of his English lady's indignation on hearing of the previous marriage, and obtained, in some of the little principalities of Germany, a favourable divorce, which left him in possession of the best part of the English fortune. The Frenchman mismanaged the affair; and was obliged to run for it; and I do not know how matters have been settled; families like to keep these things quiet, or we should hear of many more,—for they are now of almost daily occurrence. It is indeed generally asserted that Prince Puckler Muskau himself only came to this country in order to marry a rich widow, now higher than a countess, but then only a discountess.—That he had a wife living, seemed no great objection in his eyes; the ill-natured world abroad say, that it was the only objection in the lady's eyes.

I could fill volumes with accounts of English misdoings and undoings at Florence; but have at present

MRS. HEMANS.

BY W. G. CLARK.

We weep not, when the yellow sheaves are gathered,
While Autumn's peace and plenteousness abound;
When, from the tinted boughs, like rainbows withered,

The golden fruits drop richly to the ground;
When solemn Nature round her sadness throws
A mellow glory and a warm repose.

We weep not then, amid the fruitage falling,
Whose affluent incense rises in the sky;
Though then we hear soft spirit-voices calling,
That tell how loved and cherished things must die;

For to the fairest blooms a change must come,
That the ripe treasures may be garnered home.

'Twas thus with thee, Beloved! their holy mission
Thy heart and soaring lays at last fulfilled;
Then rolled the cloud beyond thy spirit's vision,
Till all the music of thy lyre was stilled;
And like a melting wave, or wanning sun,
Passed from this vale of ill, the Gilded One!

'Tis well, divinest Soul, with thee! for Heaven
Had filled thine inmost thoughts with sacred dreams;

And to thy reverie and song was given
A world of radiant and immortal gleams;
Yea, gorgeous pictures of a better land
Did ever to thy view their scene expand.

Now, all their fadeless pomp and glow perceiving,
Thou breathest freely, in celestial air;
The tender heart hath ceased its weary grieving,
And the pure mind is bathed in rapture there;
While, mid fair ways no earthly foot hath trod,
In white thou walkest, present with thy God!

Thou hearest melody, whose flowing numbers
Once came but faintly to thy mortal ear,
When ills of time were lost in evening slumbers,
And magic Fancy brought her Eden near;
Thou hast thy yearning hopes' fruition now,—
The wreath of Paradise surrounds thy brow!

Thou hearest harps delicious, sweetly ringing,
And sister Spirits fan thee with their wings:
With them thou minglest, and with them art singing,
Where, named of Life, the crystal river springs:
Where, like some changing prism, expand the skies,
And purple hills from vernal vales arise.

Thou art in glory, oh rejoicing Spirit!
Thou look'st on flowers that no pale frosts may stain:

And from a changeless Friend, thou dost inherit
A lyre triumphant, breathing not of pain:
Thou hast thy Home at last, from sorrow free,
And all is blessedness and peace with thee!

Sir William Scott, third Laird of Harden, being made prisoner by Sir Gideon Murray of Elbank, in a bloody border feud, was condemned to lose his head or to marry Agnes, a daughter of his captor, known by the descriptive appellation of "Muckle-mouthed Meg." To the latter alternative he consented, but not before he ascended the Scaffold. He lived with the lady, however, long and happily, and had by her eight children; from the eldest son springs the present Laird of Harden, (who is now claiming before the House of Lords the title of Polworth,) and from the third lineally descended the late Sir Walter Scott.

only time to give a couple of characteristic sketches of Anglo-Italian conduct and manners.

A lady of some property, so far advanced in years as to be safe against the attacks of ordinary scandal and gallantry, was induced by her friend to settle at Florence, where she had relations living, in order to get over some family differences that for a time rendered her stay in England unpleasant. On her arrival in the Etrurian capital a young Italian nobleman was introduced to her, who offered his assistance in settling up her establishment. The offer being accepted, the Marquis was all attention, and certainly proved himself very useful; but it so happened that he always, by some chance or other, called exactly at dinner time.—At first our good countrywoman invited him to stay; but, getting tired of his regular attendance, she left off inviting him, and he then invited himself; and when, at last, desired to make himself scarce, he flatly refused, declaring that dinners, and all such trifles, were perquisites of the *amico*,—a character in which he considered himself regularly established, not merely by public voice, but, he hoped, also by the lady's good will and affection. The idea that such a thing should ever have been thought possible, frightened the good old lady into a fit of sickness, from which she only recovered in order to take flight, fearing to tell, even her friends, of the cause of her departure. On settling her accounts, it appeared that Monsieur le Marquis had not only dined in the servants'-hall every day when she herself happened to be out, but that he had breakfasted there regularly—the servants having all been of his own providing. He also received a certain commission from all the tradespeople. Well this man is now one of the leading dandies in Florence; and was courted, even in the first circles in London, when he came over, as the world said, in search of an English heiress.

Another English lady of a certain age, possessing a fortune of two or three hundred a-year, came out to visit relations in Florence. *Pour passer le temps*, she joined the younger branches of the family in taking Italian lessons from a gallant who taught both love and language; indeed he taught the former branch of useful knowledge so well, that he persuaded the lady in question to elope with him from the house of her relatives. Italians are gay deceivers; but they deceive for money, and not for love; he therefore married the lady in order to get possession of her fortune, and then left her immediately. She hardly ever saw him afterwards, nor would he contribute one farthing to her support; on the contrary, she was grossly insulted by his family for withholding from them, as they said, her large fortune, in order that she might bestow it on her English relations. Charity enabled her to return to England, where she now gains her bread by teaching the language the learning of which caused her ruin.

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS BOTTLE.

Sober. Touch thee! No. Viper of vengeance!
I'll break thy head against the wall.
Did you not promise?—ay—
To make me strong as Sampson—
And rich—rich as Croesus—
(I'll wring thy villainous neck,)
And wise—wise as Solomon,
And happier than the happiest!
But instead of this—villain!
You've stripped me of my locks—
Left my pocket empty as a cuckoo's nest
In March—fooled me out of all my senses—
Made me ragged—made me wretched,
And then laid me in a ditch!
Touch thee! sure as there's vengeance
In this fist, I'll scar the moon
With thy broken skull!

OH! GAZE ON ME.

Moderato.

mf

Oh gaze on me for I for - get, Re - neath thy glance of

p

love - - - That earth con - tains mis - for - tune yet, That

f *p*

heav'n is all a - bove; Let thy soft voice still

p

OH! GAZE ON ME.

155

sweet - ly swell, His mu - sic charms mine ear, And

f

smile that smile I know full well, We'll fade with pity's tear.

p

f

Oh, sigh not, for thy gentle heart
Was never made to weep;
Let tenderness its balm impart,
And soothe thy cares asleep.
Yet sigh, and smile, and let thine eyes
Beam love's pure rays divine,
But give me all I ask, I prize,
The bliss to call thee mine.

Marriage.—A man should marry by all means, yet I am convinced that the greater part of marriages are unhappy; and this is not an opinion which I give as coming from myself, it is that of a very excellent, agreeable, and sensible lady, who married the man of her choice, and not encountered, ostensibly, any very great misfortune, as loss of health, riches, children, &c. She told me this unreservedly, and I had never any reason to doubt her sincerity. For all this, I am convinced a man cannot be truly happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in; a tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results; yet the reverse is the fact; there is certainly something wrong in the constitution of society; the times are out of joint. It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who marry according to what is considered their own inclinations. Doctor Johnson once proposed to have all matches made by the Lord Chancellor, affirming that the amount of happiness would be as great as is produced by the actual system. I believe him. The deceptions which the two sexes practice on each other brings into the Temple of Hymen as many ill assorted couples as could be joined by the arbitrary pairings of a legal matchmaker. Many a man thinks he marries from choice, who only marries by accident. In this respect men have less the advantage of women than is generally supposed.—*Lord Byron's Conversations.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

The education of young ladies has undergone an infinite number of changes. For a long period, nothing was thought of but teaching them dancing, music and painting, without paying the smallest attention to the cultivation of their minds. After spending twelve years in teaching to dress elegantly, to dance gracefully, to sing and to play on musical instruments in the most dashing manner, they were married from motives of ambition, or suitableness of rank and fortune, and were then pushed forward into the world with this grave advice:—"Go, be modest and unaffected; let your inclinations be always sound and moderate; never fascinate any one—it would be a crime; and above all things, be always insensible to the praise you may receive for your personal beauty and accomplishments." One may easily conceive the effect of such advice on a young lady of sixteen, who during the intervals of her occupations, has never been able to think of anything but the happiness and the glory of obtaining the distinguished success at a ball or a concert.

The Flying Parson.—In the first village we occupied, (Mortigo,) the only character worthy of note was a most active half-starved curate, whose duty it was to marry and to bury every body within a wide range, besides performing the usual services in sundry chapels in that and the adjoining villages. He was so constant at a gallop on horseback in pursuit of his avocations that we dubbed him the *Padre volante*.—(the flying parson.) We did there, as in all Spanish villages the moment we took possession, levelled the ground at the end of the church, and, with wooden bats cut out in the shape of rackets, got up something like an apology for that active and delightful game.—Our greatest enjoyment there was to catch the *Padre* in one of his leisure moments and to get him to join in the amusement, of which he was remarkably fond, and he was no sooner enlisted than it became the malicious aim of every one to send the ball against his flank ribs. Whenever he saw that it was done intentionally, however, he made no hesitation in shying his bat at the offender; but he was a good-natured soul,

as were also his tormentors, so that every thing passed off as was intended. The *Padre*, in addition to his other accomplishments, was a sportsman, and, as he was possessed of a pointer dog, (a companion which, as we had more mouths than food, we were obliged to deny ourselves,) his company in the field on that account was in great request; whatever his feats might have been there, however, he generally came off but second best. I remember that two of our gentlemen accompanied him the first day, and, when they sprung the covey, the *Padre's* bird, out of the three shots, was the only one that came to the ground, but, notwithstanding, one of the officers immediately ran up and very coolly placed it in his own bag. The *Padre* ran up too, and stood gaping open-mouthed thinking he had pocketed the bird in joke; however, the other went on deliberately loading as if all had been right. Meanwhile, the other officer coming up, said, "Why, S., that was not your bird, it is the *Padre's*!" "My dear sir," he replied, "I know it is not my bird, but do you suppose that I would allow a fellow like that to think that he had killed a bird! My good sir, I would not allow him to suppose for one moment that he had fired at it!"—*Kincaid's Random Shots.*

From the Saturday Evening Post.
MY LADY LOVE.

Come lady, love, the flowing tide
Returns to bear our bark away,
Come, let us o'er its bosom glide,
And through yon fertile woodland stray.

The stars beam from their vaulted dome,
And glitter in the glassy wave,
The wandering night-bird leaves her home,
And seeks the pebbled shore to lave.

The mountain-breeze from off the height
Surcharged with fragrance rich and free,
Waits ambient through the silent night
And spreads an incense o'er the sea!

The moonlit-spire gleams in the air
The green-topped pine ascends in pride,
The arching cypress clusters there,
And sweetly flows the evening tide.

Come dearest to the pearly strand
Our bark's impatient to be gone,
Come, let us to yon fairy land,
And sport upon its dewy lawn.

We'll wander through its spicy grove,
Where grapes in clusters strew the ground,
Where, though the parting trees above
The hallowed moonbeams play around.

Yes! where the wild-flowers thickly spread
Their blushing petals to the gaze,
There we will haste with lightsome tread,
And follow through each winding maze.

Will watch the glorious orb of night,
That upward mounts the spacious sky,
The twinkling stars that shed their light,
And shine refulgent from on high.

And when we see them each depart
Amid the hills that crown the west,
I'll clasp thee, dearest, to my heart,
And one fond kiss shall seal our rest.

Come lady, love, the swelling gale
Floats onward with that rising star,
Come let us up yon distant vale,
And o'er the bright blue lake afar. E. B. G.

From the American Monthly for January.
LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

*** I left Crawford county in July, 1833, and travelled down the river some forty miles, to the country of Pope, where I intended to take up (as they say here) a school. After travelling over a fine, rolling, upland country, I descended into the bottom of a creek called Little Piney, nine miles from the river—and came at once upon a small log house. I stopped to take a survey before entering; for I had been directed to the settler who lived there. It was like most other settlements in this country. A field of about forty acres was under cultivation,—filled with huge blackened trunks, gigantic skeletons of trees, throwing their bare, withered, sapless branches forth as though a whirlwind had been among them with its crashing destruction. About the house were a number of peach trees, scattered about with very little regard to regularity. The house itself was roughly built of logs, and in front was a shelter made of poles, covered with green branches. The owner of the clearing was sitting in front, dressed throughout in leather, and playing lustily on the fiddle. Hearing that sound, I judged there would be no churlishness in his disposition, and I marched boldly up. He greeted me heartily, and without any attempt at politeness, and in two minutes we were on the best terms in the world. He, too, had been at Santa Fe, and, as old travellers over the prairie, we had a claim upon one another's kindness. The heart naturally warms to one who has been through the same scenes of danger, difficulty, and privation, as yourself.

With deference to those respectable gentlemen of former ages, called troubadours, romancers, et cetera, I incline to believe that the best and most gallant knights of olden time were much such men as the old and stalwart backwoodsmen. The same bold, brave, and careless demeanour—the same contempt of danger and recklessness of the finer courtesies and sympathies of life—the same fighting, revelling, carousing, and heedless disposition—the same blunt and unpolished manners exist in the latter which are recorded to have belonged to the former. My present host was one of the purest specimens of the bone and sinew of the West. Tall and athletic, he would hardly have feared a death-grapple with a bear. His frame was close knit, muscular, and well-proportioned. He combined the activity of the panther, the strength of the lion, with much of the silent, quick, and stealthy movements of the Indian. He had been a journeyer over deserts and mountains, and a soldier at the battle of New Orleans. Of course he was an excellent Jackson man.

My object being, as I said before, to get a school, I opened the subject to my host, and inquired what might be the prospect? "Why," said he, "if you would set in, right straight, I reckon thar' might be a right smart chance of scholars gittin', as we have had no teacher here for the best end of two years. Thar's about fifteen families on the creek, and the whole tote of 'em well fixed for children. They want a school-master pretty much, too. We got a teacher about six months ago—a Scotchman, or an Irishman, I think. He took up for six months, and carried his proposals round, and he got twenty scholars directly. It weren't long, though, before he cut up some ferocious, and got into a priminary; and so one morning he was found among the missing."

"What was the trouble?"
"Oh! he took too much of the essence of corn, and got into a chuck of a light—no great matter, to be sure; but he got whipped, and had to leave the diggings."

"And how am I to manage to get a school?"

"I'll tell you. You must make out your proposals to take up school; tell them how much you ask a month, and what you can teach; and write it out as fine as you can, (I reckon you're a pretty good scribe) and in the morning there's to be a shooting-match here for beef; nearly all the settlement, (laying the accent on the last syllable) "will be here, and you'll get signers enough."

I followed his advice. The neighbours gathered in the next morning; I was duly introduced to them, and soon had twenty scholars subscribed. Reader, didst ever see a shooting-match in the West? I dare swear you never have, and therefore there may be no tediousness in a description of one. I hate your set descriptions; laid out, formally, in squares and parallelograms, like an old fashioned garden, wherein art hath not so far advanced as to seem like nature. You can just imagine the scene to yourself. Conceive yourself in a forest, where the huge trees have been for ages untouched by the axe. Imagine some twenty men—tall, stalwart, browned hunters—equipped in leather, with their broad knives by their sides, rifles in hand, and every man with his smoke-blackened board in his hand. The rivals in the first contest were eight sturdy fellows, middle-aged and young men. The ox for which they were to shoot was on the ground, and it was to be the best six shots out of eleven. The four quarters, and the hide and tallow, were the five prizes; they were to shoot *off-hand* at forty yards, or with a *rest* at sixty, which is considered the same thing. Two judges were chosen, and then a blackened board, with a bit of paper on it about an inch and a half square, was put up against a tree. "Clare the track!" cried the first marksman, who lay on the ground at his distance of sixty yards, with his gun resting over a log. The rifle cracked, and the bullet cut into the paper. "Put up my board," cried another—"John shade my sight for me!" and John held his hat over the sight of the gun. It cracked, and the bullet went within half an inch of the centre. "My board!" cried another; "I'll give that shot *goos*!" and he did; fairly boring the centre with the ball. The sport soon became exciting. It requires great steadiness of nerve to shoot well, for any irregularity in breathing will throw the bullet wide of the mark. The contest was longer than I had anticipated; but it was decided without quarrel or dispute. The judges decided, and their decision was implicitly obeyed. The whole eleven shots of one man, who won two quarters, could be covered with a half dollar. You have made a show of Davy Crockett; but there are thousands of men in the West who are better marksmen, better bear-hunters, and every whit as smart as Davy himself.

Speaking of him, however, reminds me of an anecdote of him, which may, perhaps, be contained in his autobiography; if not, it is too good to be lost, for it does him more honour than the fact that he has been in Congress. Before he was a candidate, or had any idea of being one, there was a season of scarcity in the Western District, where he lived. He went up the Mississippi, and bought a flatboat load of corn, and took it to what he calls his "old stamping ground." When a man came to him to buy corn, the first question he asked was—"Have you got the money to pay for it?" If the answer was in the affirmative, Davy's reply was, "Then you can't have a kernel. I brought it here to sell to people who have no money." It was the foundation of his popularity.

We naturally slip from the sublime to the ridiculous. Let us leave Crockett and come to school-keeping. My school-house was a small log house, with a fireplace the width of one end—no floor—no boarding or weather-boarding—a hole for a window, and one for a door. In that place I taught a collection of urchins two months, and then was taken possession of by the

fever and ague, which lasted me another month, and ended my school-keeping in this mortal life. I was to get my pay, half in money and half in pigs; and I managed to get *three* dollars of the former, and omitted to say any thing of the quadrupeds. That made four and a half months, during which I had laboured at mine office and vocation. For the first six weeks I got just enough to pay my board; and for the last school, as I said before, three dollars. How many pigs I may have at this day in Pope county, it is impossible for me to tell. However, while I was employed in this thankless office, I wrote "hapes" (as my predecessor in the school would have said) of poetry, part of which I have since published in a book. If it did not make me famous, it ought to have done it; for it was all I got for my three or four months' hard work.

From Godwin's *Lives of the Necromancers*, just published by the Harpers.

WITCHCRAFT IN NEW ENGLAND.

As a story of witchcraft, without any poetry in it, without anything to amuse the imagination, or interest the fancy, but hard, prosy, accompanied with all that is wretched, pitiful, and withering, perhaps the well known story of New England witchcraft surpasses any thing else upon record.

The prosecutions continued with little intermission, principally at Salem, during the greater part of the year, 1692. The accusations were of the most vulgar and contemptible sort,—invisible pinchings and blows; fits, with the blasting and mortality of cattle; and wains stuck fast in the ground or losing their wheels. A conspicuous figure in nearly the whole of these stories was what they named the "spectral sight," in other words, that the profligate accusers first leigned for the most part of the injuries they received, and next saw the figures and action of the persons who inflicted them when they were invisible to every one else. Hence, the miserable prosecutors gained the power of gratifying the wantonness of their malice, by pretending that they suffered by the hand of any one whose name first presented itself, or against whom they bore an ill will. The persons so charged, though unseen by any but the accuser, and who in their corporal presence were at a distance of many miles, and were doubtless wholly unconscious of the mischief that was hatching against them, were immediately taken up and cast into prison. And what was more monstrous and incredible, there stood at the bar a prisoner on trial for his life, while the witnesses were permitted to swear that his spectre had haunted them and afflicted them with all manner of injuries. The poor prosecuted wretch stood astonished at what was alleged against him, was utterly overwhelmed with the charges and knew not what to answer, was all of it interpreted as so many presumptions of his guilt. Ignorant as they were, they were unhappily and unskilful in their defence; and if they spoke of the devil, as it was natural, it was instantly caught at as a proof how familiar they were with the fiend that had seduced them to her damnation.

The first specimen of this sort of accusation in the present instance was given by one Paris, minister of a church at Salem, in the end of the year 1691, who had two daughters, one nine years old, the other eleven that were afflicted with fits and convulsions. The first person fixed on as the mysterious author of what was seen, was Tituba, a female in the family, and she was harassed by her master into a confession of unlawful practices and spells. The girls then fixed on Sarah Good, a female known to be the victim of a morbid melancholy, and Osborne, a poor man that had for a considerable time been bed-ridden, as persons whose spectres had perpetually haunted and tormented

them: and Good was twelve months after hanged on this accusation.

A person who was one of the first to fall under the imputation, was one George Burroughs, also a minister at Salem. He had, it seems, buried two wives, both of whom the busy gossips said he had used ill in their life time, and consequently it was whispered that he had murdered them. This man was accustomed foolishly to vaunt that he knew what people said of him in his absence; and this was brought as a proof that he dealt with the devil. Two women, who were witnesses against him, interrupted their testimony with exclaiming that they saw the ghosts of the murdered wives present (who had promised them they would come,) though no one else in the court saw them; and this was taken in evidence. Burroughs conducted himself in a very injudicious way on his trial; but when he came to be hanged, made so impressive a speech on the ladder with protestations of innocence, as melted many of the spectators into tears.

In such a town as Salem, the second in point of importance in the colony, such accusations spread with wonderful rapidity. Many were seized with fits, exhibited frightful contortions of their limbs and features and became a fearful spectacle to the bystander. They were asked to assign the cause of all this, and they supposed or pretended to suppose, some neighbor, already solitary and afflicted, and on that account in ill odour with the townspeople, scowling upon them, threatening and tormenting them. Presently, persons, specially gifted with the "special sight," formed a class by themselves, and were sent about at the public expense from place to place, that they might see what no one else could see. The prisons were filled with persons accused. The utmost horror was entertained, as of a calamity which in such a degree had never visited that part of the world. It happened, most unfortunately, that Baxter's *Certainty of the World of Spirits* had been published but the year before, a number of copies had been sent out to New England.—There seemed a strange coincidence and sympathy between vital christianity in its most honorable sense, and the fear of the devil, who appeared to be "come down unto them with great wrath." Mr. Increase Vailther and Mr. Cotton Mather, his son, two clergymen of highest reputation in their neighborhood, by the solemnity and awe with which they treated the subject, and the earnestness and zeal which they displayed, gave a sanction to the lowest superstition and virulence of the ignorant.

All the forms of justice were brought forward on this occasion. There was no lack of judges and grand juries, and petty juries, and executioners and still less of prosecutors and witnesses. The first person that was hanged was on the 10th of June; five more on the nineteenth of July; five on the nineteenth of August; and eight on the twenty-second of September. Multitudes confessed that they were witches, for this appeared the only way for the accused to save their lives. Husbands and children fell down on their knees and implored their wives and mothers to own their guilt. Many were tortured by being tied neck and heels together till they confessed what was suggested to them. It is remarkable, however, that no one persisted in her confession at the place of execution.

The most interesting story that occurred in this affair was that of Giles Cory and Martha his wife. The woman was tried on the 9th of September, and hanged on the 22d. In the interval, on the 16th, the husband was brought up for trial. He said he was not guilty; but being asked how he would be tried, he refused to go through the customary form, and say, "By God and my country." He observed that of all that had been tried, not one had as yet been pronounced not guilty; and he resolutely refused in that mode to undergo a trial. The judge directed, therefore, that,

according to the barbarous mode prescribed in the mother country, he should be laid on his back, and pressed to death with weights gradually accumulated on the upper surface of his body, a proceeding which had never yet been resorted to by the English in North America. The man persisted in his resolution, and remained mute till he expired.

The whole of this dreadful tragedy was kept together by a thread. The spectre seers for a considerable time prudently restricted their accusations to persons of ill repute, or otherwise of no consequence in the community. By-and-by, however, they lost sight of this caution, and pretended they saw the figures of some person well connected, and of unquestioned honor and reputation, engaged in acts of witchcraft.—Immediately the whole fell through in a moment.—The leading inhabitants presently saw how unsafe it would be to trust their reputation and their lives to the mercy of these profligate accusers. Of fifty-six bills of indictment that were offered to the grand jury on the third of January, 1693, twenty-six only were found true bills and thirty thrown out. On the twenty-six bills that were found, three persons only were pronounced guilty by the petty jury, and these three received their pardon from the government. The prisons were thrown open; fifty confessed witches, together with two hundred persons imprisoned on suspicion, were set at liberty, and no more accusations were heard of. The "afflicted," as they were technically termed, recovered their health; the "spectral sight" was universally scouted; and men began to wonder how they could ever have been the victims of so horrible a delusion.

THE WIFE'S FIRST LOVE.

"I pray you play on *this pipe*—*Hamlet*."

Adelheid, hearing her husband's approaching footsteps, hastened to extinguish the little taper that was burning on the table, and adjusting her collar and collar before the mirror, unlocked the door of the boudoir, and went forth to meet him with an unembarrassed air. "Comment! ma belle Hermite, toujours au boudoir! I was looking for you at the Tuileries this very day. Truly, my incomparable, I shall begin to grow jealous of that crimson *fautuil*, whose arms encircle you so often." As De Morier playfully spoke thus, he drew his Adelheid affectionately towards him, but she complained of a slight indisposition, averted her face, and withdrawing herself from his clasp, pointed his attention to some passing object in the street, and began to talk of their projected tour to Fontainebleau.

Adelheid Eichrodt was a young and lovely Berlin-ese, who, at the age of seventeen, had been introduced to the Count de Morier, a Frenchman of family and distinction. He became deeply enamored of her beauty and simplicity. The offer of his hand was graciously accepted, and he brought her in triumph to his hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain; where notwithstanding the little dissensions, that a difference of national tastes and prejudices is apt to occasion, they lived in the very plenitude and perfection of conjugal concord.

They had been married about a year and a half, when De Morier fancied he observed an alteration in his wife's habits and manners. It appeared to him that his adored Adelheid was becoming less frank and confiding towards him; she was reserved, dis-
There was an air of mystery in her proceedings. In fact, it was evident that she had some secret with which she was sedulously desirous he should remain unacquainted. He was constantly in the habit of finding scraps of paper scattered about the floor, for the appearance of which she accounted in various unsatisfactory ways. He more than once surprised her

in whispered conference with old Karl, a German domestic, who, having lived in her father's service since the period of Adelheid's infancy, had on the event of her marriage requested to be allowed to accompany his young mistress to Paris. On his approach they would suddenly separate, and, as it seemed to him, in something of confusion. He had also on one occasion been exceedingly perplexed and mortified, by overhearing two ladies in society, after extolling the undeniable beauty and grace, and affability of Madame de Morier, make an exception to her prejudice, (the "particulars" did not reach his ear) which was immediately followed by an exclamation of "*Mon Dieu! ce ne pas possible—une bete, un monstre affreux degoutant*." He was not quite sure that the epithets were applied to his wife, but he more than suspected they were. It was not long after, that, on entering her apartment unexpectedly, he saw her rush towards the open window, and dash something to the ground. "Bah, bah! Adelheid, why surely I have entered Houbjant's fabrique, in mistake for my own hotel! Essence de Millefleurs! Attur du Rose! What are all these scents that you are scattering about the room? You will suffocate me with your many sweets. I have often told you of my aversion to strong perfumes."

The suspicious husband having observed Madame, in one of her late mystic meetings with the old steward, confide a large purse of gold to his possession, hastily quitted the room, full of vague apprehensions and surmises, and lully resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying himself in what manner his wife was in the habit of employing the intervals of his absence from home, which, owing to a pending law suit, had become of late very frequent and protracted. Yet he loved and respected her too much to distress her with open and direct inquiries on the subject of her visible confusion. Accordingly on the day following this little *busquerie*, he took occasion during breakfast, to signify that he was engaged out on business for the whole of the day, and should probably be detained until the evening of the morrow. Not long, however, after the usual hour of dinner, he made his appearance: the old steward opened the door.

"What Karl! as I left you in the morning I find you in the evening—*tojours la pipe!* Always smoking! Is Madame at home?"—"Non, Monsieur, non."—"No! I think you are mistaken Karl; I am nearly positive that I saw her close the jalouse of her boudoir this moment in a white dress gown. Is she alone?"—"Yes, Sir—alone Sir! to be sure she's alone—at least, that is—I will tell her you are come, and—"—"I thank you, I can inform her myself."—"Why no; that is—just if you please, sir to allow me—may be she might be engaged, or—"—"Engaged! how, what, with whom?"—"Oh, with nobody, Sir."—"Let me pass old man, what does this mean?"—"Nothing Sir, but if you would only now—do, Sir only just wait a moment that I may tell my lady, Sir, she will be so frightened—you will be so angry."—"Angry, yes, I am angry at your unaccountable detention of me. In truth I do begin to have some evil surmises and suspicions. Hear me Karl—tell me all you know of your lady—why does she speak to you in whispers—give you gold?"

The old steward trembled. "Oh, pray don't ask me, Sir; I can't tell you, my lady is a sweet and beautiful angel; but it is certainly lamentable that she should be so fond of that great long—"

The Count trembled in turn. "What! Who? What is my wife fond of—"

Only a little, Sir; sometimes by way of recreation she does not often, and they do say people's inclinations are not in their power."

The Count's brain instantly took fire. Imagination mastered reason; yet he adopted a reasonable course in resolutely shaking the old man from his hold, and

striding swiftly and silently along the range of rooms that led to his Adelheid's apartment. In a state of considerable excitement, he pushed open the boudoir door with vehemence, but stood transfixed on the threshold at the spectacle that presented itself to his view.

His young and lovely wife was reclining listlessly in the large arm chair, her foot reposing on a low foot-stool, her elbow resting on a small table at her side, while her delicate hand sustained an enormous *chibouque*, from which she was puffing clouds of fragrant incense.

His astonishment soon relaxed into immoderate laughter. "So, so, my fair Mussulman, I've caught you at last—now the secret's out, and the mystery, like most other mysteries, ends in smoke. That Jesuitical old Karl, too, to conspire against me. Truth, Adelheid, I don't know that I ever saw you look so graceful, charming, more eminently lovely. Nay, don't pout and blush and cry, and throw down that most magnificent *chibouque* so disdainfully; I'll buy it of you, mignon; will you sell it to me, eh?" and throwing his arms around her, he hid her tears of mortification in his bosom. "And now, my sweet wife," resumed De Morier, as Adelheid released herself from his lengthened embrace; "we will put away this pretty toy, if you please, until we go back to Berlin. Custom here is everything. Now, the Parisian ladies are not yet accustomed—that is, not yet the fashion here, in short, my love, the Parisian ladies don't smoke."—*London Court Journal.* CAMILLA.

From the Oriental Annual.

A MAN AND TIGER COMBAT.

The next scene was of a far more awful character. A man entered the arena armed only with a Coorg knife, and clothed in short trousers, which barely covered his hips, and extended half way down the thighs. The instrument which he wielded in his right hand was a heavy blade, something like the coulter of a plough, about two feet long, and full three inches wide, gradually diminishing towards the handle, with which it formed a right-angle. This knife is used with great dexterity by the Coorgs; being swung round in the hand before the blow is inflicted, and then brought into contact with the object intended to be struck with a force and effect truly astounding.

The champion who now presented himself before the rajah was about to be opposed to a tiger, which he volunteered to encounter almost naked, and armed only with the weapon I have just described. He was rather tall, with a slight figure, but his chest was deep, his arms long and muscular. His legs were thin, yet the action of the muscles were perceptible with every movement; whilst the freedom of his gait and the few contortions he performed, preparatory to the hazardous enterprise with which he was about to engage, showed that he possessed uncommon activity, combined with no ordinary degree of strength. The expression of his countenance was absolutely sublime when he gave the signal for the tiger to be let loose; it was the very concentration of moral energy, the index of a high and settled resolution. His body glistened with the oil which had been rubbed over it in order to promote the elasticity of his limbs. He raised his arms for several moments above his head when he made the motion to admit his enemy into the arena. The bars of a large cage were instantly lifted from above; a huge royal tiger sprang forward and stood before the Coorg, waving his tail slowly backward and forward, erecting the hair upon it, and uttering a suppressed howl. The animal first looked at the man, then at the gallery where the rajah and his court were seated to see the sports, but did not appear at all easy in its present state of freedom; it was evidently confounded at the novelty of his position. After a

short survey, it turned suddenly round and bounded into its cage; from which the keeper who stood above beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it but in vain. The bars were then dropped, and several crackers fastened to its tail, which projected through one of the intervals.

A lighted match was put into the hand of the Coorg, the bars were again raised, and the crackers ignited. The tiger now darted into the arena with a terrible yell; and while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, tamed, and writhed, as if in a state of frantic excitement. It at length crouched in a corner, snarling as a cat does when alarmed. Meanwhile its retreat had been cut off by securing the cage. During the explosions of the crackers, the Coorg stood watching his enemy, and at length advancing towards it with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused and retreated, the fur on its back being erect, and its tail apparently dilated to twice the usual size. It was not at all disposed to commence hostilities, but its resolute foe was not to be evaded. Fixing his eyes intently upon the deadly creature, he advanced with the same measured step, the tiger retreating as before, but still presenting its front to its enemy. The Coorg now stopped suddenly; then moving slowly backward, the tiger raised itself to its full height, curved its back to the necessary segment for a spring, and lashed his tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire; and so soon as he was at so great a distance that the fixed expression of his eye was no longer distinguishable, the ferocious brute made a sudden bound forward, crouched, and sprang with a short, sharp growl. Its adversary, fully prepared for this, leaped actively on one side and as the tiger reached the ground, swung round his heavy knife, and brought it with irresistible force upon the animal's hind leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared; but turning suddenly upon the Coorg, who had by this time retired several yards, advanced fiercely upon him, his wounded leg hanging loose in the skin, showing that it was broken. The tiger, now excited to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its three legs towards its adversary who stood with his heavy knife upraised, calmly awaiting the encounter. As soon as the savage creature was within his reach, he brought down the ponderous weapon upon his head, with a force which nothing could resist, laid open the skull from ear to ear, and the vanquished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped the knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified salutation to the rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators.

DOG ANECDOTE.—Like most little dogs, Rover had a great soul, yet, as must have been expected, he was no match for the generality of his species. But what he wanted in physical strength, he made up for in policy. He wisely employed a portion of his riches in subsidizing his poorer but stronger neighbour; and thus acquired a weight and an importance among his own race in the village to which he could not otherwise lay claim. In plain language, Rover kept a dog in pay to fight his battles for him. This I discovered, by observing, that, whenever he got a bone which he could not compass, he immediately hid it, and then went off in search of the baker's mastiff, whose more potent jaws soon demolished the provision. This I at first set down to generosity, or a natural love of patronage; till I ascertained the true motive, by observing that, whenever he was attacked by a larger dog than himself, he forthwith set off in search of his Swiss, the said mastiff, to whom he delegated the office of thrashing his opponents.—*Blackiston's Twenty Years in Retirement.*

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

My Married Daughter could you see.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILY.

My married daughter could you see,
I'm sure you would be struck;—
My daughters all are charming girls;
Few mothers have such luck.
My married one—my eldest child—
All hearts by magic wins;
And my second so resembles her,
Most people think them twins!

My married daughter spoils her spouse,—
She's quite a pattern wife;
And he adores her—well he may—
Few men lead such a life!
She ne'er had married mortal man
Till he had won her heart;
And my second darling's just the same,—
They're seldom known apart.

Her husband oft has press'd my hand,
While tears were in his eyes,
And said, "You brought my Susan up—
With you the credit lies."
To make her a domestic wife,
I own was all my aim;
And my second is domestic too,—
My system was the same.

Now do you know, I've often thought
The eldest of the two
(She's married, so I may speak out)
Would just have suited you!
You never saw her?—how shall I
My eldest girl portray?
Oh! my second is her counterpart,
And her you'll meet to-day.

A Puritan preacher was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, and a member of his class, whose hair had been usually very plain. "Ah! Eliza," said he, "you should not waste your precious time curling your hair; if God intended it to be curled, he would have curled it for you." "Indeed," said the witty maid, "I must differ with you. When I was an infant, he curled it for me, but now that I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do so myself."

IDLENESS.—Burton in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' describes idleness as being 'the cushion upon which the devil reposes.' Dr. Johnson designated it as the 'rust of the soul.'

EXTREMELY POLITE.—A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired as usual about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, "He is dead, I thank you."

"Milk is so dear," exclaimed a young widow to her milkman, for the twentieth time at least; "I wish I could afford to keep a cow of my own." "Wouldn't it be cheaper, ma," replied her little daughter, archly, "to keep a milkman of your own?"

THE VERY LAST.—"Grandmam," said an urchin to his father's mother, the other day, living somewhere in Worcester. "Grandmam, the Railroad is coming through our town." "Is it, 'Siah," said the venerable dame. "Well, I hope it will come through by daylight, for I long to see one terribly."

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THE DUBLIN AUDIENCE.—The visitors of the galleries in the Dublin, and indeed all the Irish theatres, differ in conduct from the natives of any other country. They single out individuals whom they know in pit or boxes, and keep up a fire of interrogatories by no means pleasant and not always decorous. On one occasion a Mr. C—, a wine merchant, about whom some delicate affair was then murmured, was in the pit: a lad in the gallery began to enquire of Mr. C—, "How's Mrs. So-and-so, Mr. C—? Why wouldn't you bring her along wid you, Mr. C—?" &c. &c. Mr. C—bore this for some time with great good humor, but at last rose, and said, "As the gentleman wishes to have a chat with me, will some of ye just throw him over to the pit, and then we shall be able to converse at our ease?" On another occasion when there was a cry of "sit down in front," a gentleman at the back of the gallery immediately replied, "Wid all my heart; only let me get there, I'll sit down fast enough." When Tom Cooke was leader of the band, they used to call him whenever any body in the course of the scene had to make love to Mrs. Cooke, (who played the chambermaids,) and a song of, "when I'm a widow," was commonly honored with double encore, that the gods might reiterate again and again, "d'ye hear to that, Tom Cooke?" I am speaking of Dublin theatres twenty years since, when they were, if they took to an actor, the most liberal auditors in the world; but woe betide the unhappy wight to whom they did not take.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

ANECDOTE.—At the opening of a small canal in an obscure country town, the squire of the village delivered a speech, and a large party assembled at the village inn to partake of a collation. After the cloth was removed the company called for something to wash down the toasts. Flash, the landlord, immediately appeared—"Gentlemen," said he, making a respectful bow, "I have some good wine—some excellent wine, gentlemen—and more than twenty barrels of prime cider, the best you ever tasted gentlemen—will you have some cider?—The company applied in the affirmative. "Well, gentlemen, you can have it—and good cider it is too, I can assure you. Here Johnny, take the pitoher and draw the gentlemen some of our best cider—d'ye hear? draw it from the fourth barrel on the left side in the arch, Johnny." The boy started for the cellar with a pitoher in one hand and a candle in the other. In about ten minutes Johnny came posting back without the pitcher, bellowing like a good fellow. "Oh Johnny," said Boniface, "what's the matter of ye?" Oh! daddy, daddy," exclaimed he, with a pathetic grunt, "I've tipped over the great jug and spilt all the cider!"

Anecdote of a Turtle.—A British officer, on board of a ship which touched at the island of Ascension on her way to England, informed me that they took in several large turtles, and amongst others, one which from some accident had only three fins. The sailors on board called it "Lord Nelson," and it was marked in the usual way; by having certain initials and number burnt upon its under shell with a hot iron, which marks are never to be obliterated. Owing to various causes the ship was delayed on her voyage, many of the turtles died, and others became sickly. This was the case of Lord Nelson, and it was so near death when the ship arrived in the British Channel, that the sailors threw it overboard, in order, as they said, to give it a chance. Its native element, however, appears to have revived it; for two years afterwards the very same turtle was again found at its old haunts in the island of Ascension. The proofs brought forward of the accuracy of the statement places the fact beyond doubt, and affords a wonderful instance of the instinct of this fish.—*English Paper.*

ELLISTON AND THE CRYER.—Elliston had several relatives and many friends in the church; visiting one of the latter, who had some occasion to call upon his clerk, who was also the public cryer, Elliston accompanied his friend; the cryer was from home, and whilst the reverend gentleman explained to the good man's wife the purport of his business, Elliston looked over two or three things that had been left to be cried that afternoon, amongst others one was of a dog lost, who, mid his peculiar spots and blemishes, had "sore eyes;" Elliston, allways on the *qui vive* for a frolic, altered the word "sore" to "four." The cryer came home, took up the several matters, and commenced his duties, enunciating in sonorous tones, "Loss: a black and tan-coloured terrier, answers to the name of Carlo, has two white legs and four eyes." "You scoundrel," cried a traveller, who was the owner of the animal, "how d'ye think I shall ever get my dog if you describe it in that manner?" The cryer protested it was according to copy, and on examination it was evident the paper had been tampered with. Home went the cryer, boiling with indignation; his wife had informed him of the call of his reverend employer, but had said nothing of his companion, and therefore no doubt remained in the official's mind that the clergyman himself had played him the trick. He awaited patiently until Sunday for his revenge, and before he took his seat as clerk, removed the book of St. John from the New Testament. The clergyman gave out the lesson, as the 2nd chapter of St. John, and then began to look in vein for the book in question; at last he whispered to the clerk, "What has become of St. John?" "He can't come," was the reply, "he has got sore eyes."

There is a certain prettiness in the *JEU DES MOTS* in this little song, about little things, which is amusing.

There was a little maid, and she wore a little bonnet,
And she had a little finger, with a little ring upon it;
And what's a little odd, her little heart was then
In love, but not a little, with the little best of men,

For the little youth had exercised his little flatt'ring
tongue,
And down before her little feet his little knees had
flung;
He pressed her little hand, and in her little face he
gazed,
And looked as though his little head had been a little
crazed.

Alas! her little lover did with little warning leave
her,
And she found him little better than a little gay de-
ceiver;

Then in a little moment, stifling all her little wishes,
She took a little jump all above the little fishes.

Now all you little maidens whose little loves grow
fonder,
Upon the little moral of this little song may ponder;
Beware of little trinkets, little men, and little sighs,
For you little know what great things from little things
may rise.

A little fellow having been sent to church by his mother alone, his father being sick, thought it was a good opportunity to have a morning play. It happened luckily for him to see the people coming from church: he a cordingly hastened home. Soon after his arrival he was asked by his mother what was the text? he replied "and Jonas swallowed a whale three days," his mother supposing he had misunderstood the text, asked him who preached? "Quotha," said Jack, "the preacher, who do you think?"

SMOOTH CIDER.—A friend of ours has just returned from the country where he met with the following adventure. At the house of an old acquaintance, his host was determined that the guest should have the very best the house afforded. Molly, the help, made two trips to the cellar before a bottle of cider from the right corner could be produced—and when the entertainer had poured out a sparkling goblet of it, he stood with "an attent ear" to hear the commendation which he expected would come of course. Disappointed by hearing no spontaneous burst of praise, he inquired—"Aint it good?" "Why—ah yes, but it has a queer flavor, I must acknowledge." "Molly, where did you get the cider?" "Under the arch." "Well, there!" exclaimed the old lady, "if that aint one of the castor oil bottles."

AN ORIENTAL PARADISE.
A Persian's heaven is easily made—
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.

An itinerating dentist lately called at a house and applied for business. "Don't you want your teeth drawn?" says he to the owner. "No." "Don't your wife?" "No." "None of the children?" "No." Can't you give me some sort of a job?" says the dentist. "Why," says the gentleman, "I have got on old *cross cut-saw*, the teeth of which are out of order. You can have that job, if you'll fix 'em."

VERY NICE.—The captain beckoned to us the other day across the street—and there was such a quizzical look on his face that we knew he had something new in his 'gourd.' No sooner had we reached his side, than he threw back his head and for two minutes indulged in a soundless laugh. Then his eye twinkled, he threw his rusty broad brim a little back—laid his finger on his nose—caught us by the button, and then began. "Upon my word I've something now, first rate, and true too—it is't often now-a-days that you can double these together. It's a specimen of consolation. There's an old woman in the town of H— whose house caught fire lately, and when the neighbors ran up to help her, the old lady lanted herself right before the door and screamed, 'No, no, them stairs has just been washed—I cleaned them with my own hands, and I aint a goin to have you runnin up and down with your great clumsy feet—I wont so, arter I've scrubbed them myself.' So there she stood and away went the house, and in a little while the fire made prodigious love to it, and carried it pretty much all off. 'Well, well,' said the old woman, 'I do n't believe there's a house in Massachusetts could burn down cleaner than that, for I scrubbed it with my own hands—and that's some consolation!'"—*Bos. Galaxy.*

FORENSIC WIT.—At the last Gloucester Assizes, whilst Mr. Alexander was busily engaged in the cross-examination of a witness, he was interrupted by one learned brother, on his right, who, addressing the bench, said, "My Lord, I apprehended"—but he in his turn, was assuddenly stopped short in his commentary, by the interruption of another learned friend on Mr. Alexander's left, who began to address the Judge in the same phraseology. "My Lord, I apprehend"—whereupon Mr. Alexander thus drily addressed the Bench—"My Lord, what am I to do? here I stand between two apprehensions—while I seek only for one fact."

HAPPY PUN.—A gentleman who was blessed with a mouth of unusual dimensions was once asked by a friend, if he had a lease of that mouth of his. "No," said the good humouredly rejoined the other, "I have it only from year to year."

From the Boston Courier, Jan. 1.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1836.

This year will be famous for a thousand wonderful things. From January to December, the days will consist of twenty-four hours each: and there will be such a number of eclipses, that many wise people will be in the dark. There will be fogs in Maine, fires in Constantinople, and a lack of brains in many a fool's head.

South America, this year, will not extend beyond Cape Horn; and the North Pole will be exactly in 90 degrees of latitude. Those who lose money will look sad, and those who are in want of cash when they borrow, will want it more when they come to pay.

Wisdom will cry aloud, but few will regard it.—There will be long speeches in Congress; but, for all that, Lake Superior will not be upset.

Quadrupeds, this year, will go upon four legs, pretty generally; and cow's horns will be crooked. The fate of lottery tickets will be dubious; but whether there be a war with France or not, mortal wounds will be apt to kill, and he that is sick with old age will have a disease harder to cure than the mumps or chin-cough.

The celestial aspects indicate that political parties will not agree for some time to come; but whoever is President, water will run down hill, and ducks will waddle as heretofore.

Cabbages, this year, will be rather round than three-cornered, and carrots will be decidedly red. Coals will be as black as ever; cats will love fish, but hate to wet their feet, and all on account of Halley's comet.

The world, this year, will turn upside down, but not in consequence of the Governor's proclamation. The crop of hay will depend upon the weather; but whether it rains or not, there will be plenty of sand at Cape Cod.

Whoever sells his house to buy moonshine, will hardly get his money's worth. Whoever runs to catch the rainbow, will get out of breath for his pains. For all that, eastern lands may be had for the buying.

Locomotives and auctioneers' tongues will run fast. There will be mortal war between cats and rats, as well as between a dervish and roast turkeys. People will talk about the end of the world, but it is ten to one that the solar system will not run against the dog-star between now and next December.

Sea Serpents, this year, will be hard to catch, and none but a conjurer will be able to get a quart into a pint bottle. Those who have wooden legs, will suffer a little when they freeze their toes. Wigs are expected to be fashionable among the bald, but blind folks will have some difficulty in seeing.

Divers steam-boats will blow up this year, yet it is hardly possible that any southern slang-whanger will be able to set the Mississippi on fire. Apples will ripen about October, sooner or later; but that is all one, provided we have cider enough. Foxes will pay particular attention to poultry; there will be very few old birds taken with chaff, and wild geese will not lay tame eggs.

But, most of all, there will prevail, this year, a horrible epidemic, worse than the cholera, small pox or plague, which there will be no escaping, and for which there will be no cure. The Italians call it *poco danaro*; the Germans, *kein geld*; the French, *faute d'argent*; in this country it goes under various appellations, but it is most commonly known by the name of *empty pockets*.

"How many kinds of motions are there," said a professor of physics to one of his very bright pupils. "Three, Sir," was the reply. "Three! name them." "The Retrograde, the Progressive, and the *stand still motion*."

AN ARISTOCRATIC OSTLER.—At the late Doncaster races, an ostler, had one of the small bones of his leg fractured by a kick, and was making sad lamentations during the time the surgeon was setting it to rights.—"Do not make such a fuss about a trifle," said the *medicus*, "you will be right in a few days."—"Do not think, Doctor," said to the sufferer, "that I should have uttered one word of complaint if the Queen of Trumps, or any real good thorough bred, had broken both my legs in a playful kick; but to have even a small bone broken by a brute of a jackass is really too bad, and more than any respectful ostler can bear without complaining."

From the Comic Almanac for 1836.
BOXIANA.

I hate the very name of *box*;
It fills me full of fears;
It minds me of the woes I've felt,
Since I was young in years.

They sent me to a Yorkshire school,
Where I had many knocks;
For there my school mates *box'd* my ears,
Because I could n't *box*.

I pack'd my *box*; I pick'd the locks:
And ran away to sea;
And very soon I learnt to *box*
The compass merrily.

I came ashore—I call'd a coach,
And mounted on the *box*;
The coach upset against a post,
And gave me dreadful knocks.

I soon got well; in love I fell,
And married Martha Cox;
To please her will, at last I *Box Hill*,
I took a country *box*.

I had a pretty garden there,
All border'd round with *box*;
But ah, alas! there liv'd next door,
A certain Capt. Knox.

He took my wife to see the play;
They had a private *box*;
I jealous grew, and from that day,
I hated Captain Knox.

I sold my house—I left my wife;
And went to Lawyer Fox,
Who tempted me to seek redress
All from a jury *box*.

I went to law, whose greedy maw
Soon emptied my strong *box*;
I lost my suit, and cash to boot,
All through that crafty Fox,

The name of *box*, I, therefore dread,
I've had so many shocks;
They'll never end,—for when I'm dead,
They'll nail me in a *box*.

A GOOD CUSTOMER.—A certain runaway couple were recently married at Gretna Green, and the Smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this!" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave a guinea." "True," said the Smith, "but he was an Irishman, I have married him six times before, he is a customer—you I may never see again."

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear Sir," was the reply. "Tis not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed."

FEATS OF INDIAN JUGGLERS.—One of the men, taking a large earthen vessel, with a capacious mouth, filled it with water, and turned it upside down, when all the water flowed out; but the moment it was placed with the mouth upwards it always became full. He then emptied it, allowing any one to inspect it who chose. This being done, he desired that one of the party would fill it; his request was obeyed; still, when he reversed the jar, not a drop flowed—and upon turning it, to our astonishment, it was empty. * * I examined the jar carefully when empty, but detected nothing which could lead to a discovery of the mystery. I was allowed to retain and fill it myself; still, upon taking it up, all was void within, yet the ground about it was perfectly dry, so that how the water had disappeared, and where it had been conveyed, were problems which none of us was able to expound. The vessel employed by the jugglers on this occasion was the common earthenware of the country, very roughly made; and in order to convince us that it had not been especially constructed for the purpose of aiding his clever deception, he permitted it to be broken in our presence; the fragments were then handed round for the inspection of his highness and the party present with him. * * The next thing that engaged our attention, was a feat of dexterity altogether astonishing. A woman, the upper part of whose body was entirely uncovered, presented herself to our notice, and taking a bamboo twenty feet high, placed it upright on a flat stone, and then, without any support, climbed to the top of it with surprising activity. Having done this, she stood upon one leg on the point of the bamboo, balancing it all the while. Round her waist she had a girdle, to which was fixed an iron socket: springing from her upright position on the bamboo, she threw herself horizontally forward with such exact precision, that the top of the pole entered the socket of her iron zone, and in this position she spun herself round with a velocity which made me giddy to look at,—the bamboo all the while appearing as if it were supported by some supernatural agency. She turned her legs backwards, till the heels touched her shoulders, and grasping the ankles in her hands, continued her rotations so rapidly, that the outline of her body was entirely lost to the eye, and looked like a revolving ball. Having performed several other feats equally extraordinary, she slid down the elastic shaft, and raising it in the air balanced it upon her chin, then upon her nose, and finally projected it to a distance from her, without the application of her hands. She was an elderly woman, and by no means prepossessing in her person, which, I conclude was the reason that the Rajah, though he applauded her dexterity, did not give her a proof of his liberality. We, however, threw her a few rupees, with which she appeared satisfied.—*The Oriental An.*

Extracts from Coleridge's Table Talk.

Ghost stories are absurd. Whenever a real ghost appears—by which I mean some man or woman dressed up to frighten another—if the supernatural character of the apparition has been for a moment believed, the effects on the spectator have always been most terrible—convulsion, idiocy, madness, or even death on the spot. Consider the awful descriptions in the Old Testament of the effects of a spiritual presence on the prophets and seers of the Hebrews; the terror, the exceeding great dread, the utter loss of all animal power. But in our common ghost stories, you always find that the seer, after a most appalling apparition, as you are to believe, is quite well the next day. Perhaps he may have a headache; but that is the outside of the effect produced. Alston, a man of genius, and the best painter yet produced by America, when he was in England, told me an anecdote which confirms what

I have been saying. It was, I think, in the University of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took it into his wise head to endeavour to convert a Tom-Pamish companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed him self up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon first awaking; and seeing the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A, very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face, and said, "I know you. This is a very good joke; but you see I am not frightened. Now you may vanish!" The ghost stood still. "Come," said A, "that is enough. I shall get angry. Away!" Still the ghost moved not. "By —," ejaculated A, "if you do not in three minutes go away, I'll shoot you." He waited the time, deliberately levelled the pistol, fired, and, with a scream at immobility of the figure, became convulsed, and afterwards died. The very instant he believed it to be a ghost, his human nature fell before it.

"HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."—A comical comedy was enacted in front of the Park Theatre, one night last week, by two gentlemen amateurs, for their own benefit. It seems, that after dining and wineing at the fashionable hotel in Broadway, they dropped in at Sandy Welsh's for oysters and champagne. They supped, and after paying Welsh a low bill, and his *chef de cuisine* a high compliment, proceeded to wind their way "back again." It was a miserable night, or rather morning, and the rain fell in torrents. Both gentlemen were in *high spirits*, particularly one of them, as Pat would say. It being pitch dark, of course the street-lamps were not lighted, that convenience being dispensed with by the Corporation, except on bright moonlights, so that the gentlemen were compelled to make their way, as they best might, across the gutters. It was about 4 o'clock in the morning; the rain fell in drops as big as small potatoes, and more of 'em, and our "ancient and most quiet watchmen" had gone to roost. After fording several large streams (not generally laid down in the map of the city) they commenced the passage of what seemed a young Mississippi. The water was up to their knees, and they were ruminating on the fate of Sam Patch, and the value of their life insurances, when "the midnight clock struck sadly on their ears." They halted to learn the hour, while "the gentleman in blue," (not black) marked each stroke of St. Paul's with an expressive stamp in the water. "One!" said he, and splash went his foot. "Two!" another splash, that wet them still more. "Three!" splash again. "Four!" and now they were as wet as drowned rats. At this instant the City Hall bell commenced tolling the hour, but the gentleman not remarking it, continued on "Five!" and resumed his splash. "Six!" splash again. "Seven!" another "heavy wet." "Eight!" The gentleman began to look wild; either the clock was wrong—this was another dark day—or he had drunk too much wine. Before he could make up his mind on which horn of this dilemma to hang a doubt, the bell of St. Paul's commenced ringing for fire, and he presumed he must have been dreaming. It was only eight in the evening by "Shrewsbury clock," he was sure, and he continued his count, making the mud fly right and left, as he kept time with the rapid strokes on the bell. He counted Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve! Thirteen! Fourteen!!! When he came to Fourteen, he gave it up. "Well, I'm blamed!" said he, "if this isn't later than ever I knew it!"—*Spirit of the Times.*

When I see a young man in health attempting to support his dignity with a cane, I think he has a weak spot somewhere, (say in his head, if you please.)

From the National Intelligencer. "POOR TOM"—A REASONABLE TOPER.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the w dow of fifty;
Here's to the indolent, slovenly queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Widow or lass—let the toast pass—
I warrant that 'twill prove an excuse for the glass.

Old Song.

"My guide hearers! I am muck'le fash'd to learn that unco mome amang ye are fain to pass the great or part o' yere time in that awfu' practice o' dram-drinking. 'Tis the deil's wark, an' ye mauna wark langer for sic a master. Do not I beg o' ye, keep DRAM-DRAMING it a' day lang. A wee sup, when ye first get up i' the morn'—particularly if its cauld—does na harm; and another jist ye sit down to breakfast—that is if ye wad get thereby an appetite—but ye must not be DRAM-DRAMING it a' the day. Weel, betwixt your breakfast and dinner, I suld not forbid ye a halt gill or so, to stay your stomach; but take na mair then, till ye are jist about to sit down to dinner; when ye may take anither without blame; (ye'd muckle better use a quart o' gude maut liquor wi' your dinner.) After dinner ye may toom anither coggie; forbye, it helps digestion; but, do not keep DRAM-DRAMING it a' day. Now, na mair till supper time, unless ye feel low-spirited; then ye may drink a glass or so between times.—Before supper, sup jist aie glass only—no more. After supper, as ye will have nae ither till morning, ye may tink' twa. This advice I gie ye, for general occasion; on meetings o' mirth, as weddings, an' christenings, an' sic like, I suld not haud ye wi' sae tight a bridle; ye may indulge yersels wi' a few extra drams; but, ance for a', let me beg o' you, dinna keep DRAM-DRAMING it a' day an' ilka day."—*Scotch Parson's Sermon on Intemperance.*

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

As you like it.

"I wonder how," says Toper Tom,
Some folks drink at all seasons;
I never drink, you know, unless—
Unless I have—my reasons.

"When reason dictates, then I take
A glass—it may be, two;
But never drink for drinking-sake,
As many people do.

"When times are dull, and business bad,
Or when you get a letter,
The news in which has made you sad,
Then, take a glass—'twere better.

"My reason's this: a glass, just then—
(I think you'll see its merits:)
Men can't support their troubles when
They are in such low-spirits.

"Well, business mends! and times grow fair;
A letter comes to tell you
Your uncle's dead—you are his heir—
Some windmill has belied you—

"Why, then I drink. Since Fortune gave
All, for which I besought her,
Shall I so scurvily behave
As toast 'good luck!' in water?

"Charlotte my billet-doux returns,
But don't return my passion;
Shall I go hang, or shoot myself,
After the Werter-fashion?

"Reason says, 'No!' (I take a glass—)
My care she does not merit;
(Another glass!) What! hang myself?
No! now I've too much spirit.

"But, haply, she returns my love,
And keeps my billet-doux:
What in such case, would any man,
Who'd any spirit do?

"As over-grief, so ever joy
Bring fever on, believe me;
Water won't do! some wine, here, boy!
I drink, then—to relieve me.

When a man's sick, a bumper then,
We know will ease his pain;
And then he must drink his own 'good health,'
When getting well again.

"Is my 'Play' by the critic damn'd?
Damn'd by his breath mepetic?
'A bottle!' so! It's out: and now
I can damn every critic.

"Oft I've forsworn the 'generous' glass;
As against the constitution?
Reason! ever in the end
Cries 'pshaw! treat Resolution.'

"So, poor Will's dead! it shakes my nerves
So much!—(you'd scarcely think it!)
Well! Heav'n, if any one deserves,
Does that man!—I must drink."

"A son! well, Fred, I give you joy;
"I'm pleas'd to hear the news!"
"Come! drink," says Fred, "health to the boy!"
"I will:—I can't refuse."

"Give me your hand! good bye! but, stay—
One glass! perhaps the last!"
"What! back again! we thought you dead,
Come, boy, here's to the past!"

"I'm sick—I'm faint—the ghost of years,
Ill-used, abus'd, neglected,
Stand round my bed! I have some fears,
I'm weak; I feel dejected.

"Nurse, nurse! that brandy! more! pour more!
Health, wealth, old age, renown!
My fame has been a tavern score—
A foolscap been my crown."

"Poor Tom," thus reason'd jok'd, and drank!
What more is to be told?
Disease—remorse—in youth he sank—
And now, "poor Tom's a-cold."

*Why not?

† This is simply another mode of expressing Burns's idea, in answer to the question which he put to himself, as to how he had passed his life. He says he had "Been stringing blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing."

POLITENESS.—No station, rank, or talents can ever excuse a man for neglecting the civilities due from man to man. When Clement XIV. ascended the Papal Chair, the ambassadors of the several states represented at his court waited on his holiness with their congratulations. As they were introduced, and severally bowed, he also bowed, to return the compliment. On this, the master of the ceremonies told his holiness, that he should not have returned the salute. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said he, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

MAHMOUD, 2 vols. Harper and Brothers. This is the title of a new novel, purporting to be an autobiography of a Greek, whose life was principally passed amid the bloody scenes of Egypt and the Morea. It is replete with incidents of an exciting nature—such as battles and deadly personal encounters—and affords enough of the horrible to satisfy the most voracious appetite. The author in his preface, declares that the whole of the narrative is a combination of facts, derived from private sources or from personal observation, and that the events detailed, so far from being improbable, constitute the every day picture of eastern life.

We extract the following account of the death of Mohammed, the chief of the Mamlouks, and the master of Mahmoud.

For some days I had not been indifferent to rumours that were afloat, respecting the attack which had been made by myself and others upon the Syrian hadj. Such affairs were of frequent occurrence, particularly among the Arabs, and no notice was taken of them. It appeared, however, that the enmity of a certain faction, ever on the alert to do me some disservice, now directed all its virulence against me, resolved to make this occurrence the means of my destruction.

We had all sworn among ourselves to keep the affair secret: but one of my companions, dissatisfied with his share of the booty, disclosed the affair to those who were ever ready to seek occasion of animosity against me. It was communicated to Murad Bey, and by him carried to Mohammed.

I heard of it one evening, as I returned from an excursion to Yaffa, from my friend Osman, who came hurriedly to my tent, expressed his fears for my personal safety, and urged me to fly instantly—there was yet time: he even offered to bear me company, but I would not hear of such a step. If taken, both of us would fall a prey to Aboodahab's vengeance. I resolved, however, upon immediate flight, and began to select such articles of value as would be necessary to me hereafter.

While thus engaged, a tchaoosh suddenly entered my tent, announcing that he was commanded to bring me before Mohammed. The tchaoosh was my intimate friend, and I said, "Is it even so?"

"It is even so," he replied; "I fear there is no hope for you."

"How came our chief to know of this?" I demanded.

"I need not say more," he replied, "when I tell you that Murad Bey has just been with him. Your name was frequently mentioned during the conference, and I heard sufficient to convince me that you have little mercy to expect at the hands of the scheick-el belled."

"Are there no means of flight?" I said. "My horse is ready, and you have only to walk away."

"Willingly would I assist you," he replied: "but if you cast your eyes without the tent, you will see several of your old enemies, who followed me hither, carelessly standing by, doubtless expecting such will be your object."

I looked out, and found what he stated to be but too correct. Escape was thus cut off, and my fate appeared inevitable. Summoning my resolution, I turned round to Osman, and cheerfully bade him farewell. He fell on my neck, the tears stood in his eyes, but he was unable to give utterance to the feelings raging in his bosom. I hurried to Mohammed's tent. On my way I encountered several of my most implacable foes, whose darkened countenances betrayed a scorn-

ful malice, and a sneering triumph, at the calamity which had befallen me. It was a severe trial of my manhood—my pride, however, sustained me, and I moved forward with that carelessness of demeanour which had marked the days of my labour.

Upon reaching Mohammed's tent, I was immediately taken before him. The first glance which I caught of his eye told me what I had to expect. I had witnessed its expression so frequently on former occasions, that it required no great penetration to convince me it boded me no good. His countenance was flushed, more from the effects of a violent fever, with which he had been seized in the morning, than the vehemence of his wrath. At times he gasped for breath; I thought he trembled, when at intervals he sipped the sherbut which stood beside him, to slake his burning thirst.

"The wise man," at length he said, after a long pause, "neglects not the warnings of his friend; but the fool despises them and perishes. If my clemency could so far forget the dictates of justice as to overlook thy folly, I could not save thee."

"Tis what I expected," I replied, calmly; "warnings I have had—had it not been for my fidelity I might have profited by them."

"Thy fidelity?" he cried, raising his voice, and surveying me with a look of scorn: "where was thy fidelity when the tchibookchee was slain?—where was thy fidelity on a late occasion? What is there in thee, that thou shouldst dare to plan and prosecute enterprises of that nature? Is thy head the fountain of wisdom? thy person the centre of attraction? Who trembles in thy presence?—who dreads thy sway?—Is thy arm all-powerful here? and thy courage so paramount, that it must needs show itself upon a few defenceless pilgrims?"

"The malice of my enemies has triumphed."

"Thy enemies! Hadst thou possessed their courage and sagacity, thou hadst not been reduced to this."

"There was a time," I said, stung at the charge, "when I was thought to surpass them in such qualities."

"In the vanity of thy own estimation," he added with a fearful laugh.

"Ay," I said, inflamed at his words, "and in the opinion of others. But I have been deceived—the gratitude of man is like water cast upon the desert."

"And his insolence like oil to flame," he returned, fiercely. "The wise man warms himself with the brand with which the fool fires the tent."

"And the tyrant," I cried, regardless of what I said, observing his increasing weakness and agitation, "may yet learn to tremble in the presence of the fool."

"By my head, and by my beard!" he exclaimed, gnashing his teeth and gasping for breath, from the violence of the burning fever raging in his veins, while his eyes glowed like coals of fire, "thou shalt die a death of torture: thy body shall be rent asunder by the wild horses of the desert: and thy limbs scattered for the dogs of the camp to prey upon."

"My life is in the hands of Allah!" I ejaculated.

"Though Allah and his hosts surround thee—though the sword of the prophet protect thee," he cried, drawing his dagger with one hand, while he raised the other and clenched it in an excess of impotent fury—"though thou wert in the Kaaba itself, or the harem of the sultan, I would tear thee from their sanctuary, and immolate thee!"

A power mightier than any he ever dreamed of struck him in the midst of his blasphemy. He attempted to rise, but the vehemence of his passions, and his convulsive respiration overpowered his utterance; he fell back on the cushions, powerless and gasping for breath, as if in the agonies of the last desperate struggle. His eyes seemed as if they would have darted from their sockets, glaring round the tent, fixed upon

no object. He laughed—but his mirth was the out-breakings of a distempered brain, his words the wild and incoherent exclamations of a madman.

I stood by, contemplating the frightful scene with feelings of awe and amazement, and murmured inwardly, "It, to be the slave of passions like these, Mahmoud, thou has coveted power—if thy presumption, overstepping the boundaries of reason and humanity, has hurried thee into crime—behold now the littleness of authority, and the emptiness of pride!"

Not many minutes had elapsed since I entered the tent, but in that brief period, my own fate and the destinies of a nation were decided. For a day or two Mohammed had suffered under a slight fever, which to-day had increased in violence. Even now, while I stood before him, the fatal disorder, fastening its relentless fangs upon the heart of its victim, corrupted his fluids, and struck him with madness. His outrageous passions heightened the foul distemper, and he sank beneath its violence, as if under the influence of the poisonous wind of the desert, and with a suddenness which no human agency could avert.

A moment I stood gazing upon the frantic bey, who rolled and flung his arms over his head, in all the wildness of delirium, his blistered tongue giving vent to expressions of mingled blasphemy and menace. His shrieks of agony were horrible, heard even by the inhabitants of the town. Restrained by his impetuous disposition from disturbing him in moments like these, his attendants stood without, unconscious of the cause of his outcries, fearful of coming to his aid. At length one or two, more bold than the rest, entered the tent, and were struck with dismay at the frightful picture presented to their view.

"How is this?" they demanded, with glances of fire directed at me.

"Shar Allah!" I exclaimed, pointing at the bloated and delirious figure. "Behold the justice of God! the bey is dying."

They rushed forward to raise him, for he lay wallowing on the floor, but their united strength was insufficient to restrain him. Seeing how matters stood, others now came pouring in, and the tent soon became thronged with his Mamlouks. I was unheeded amid the general uproar: and managed to make my way out without being observed, perplexed and confounded by the scene.

THE HUMOROUS MAGICIAN UNMASKED.—Mr. A. B. Engstrom, of this city, has just published a little volume under this title, professing to give a full explanation of the principal performances of Legeidemain, as exhibited by Monsieur Adrien and other performers, in this country. Some of the explanations are illustrated with drawings, showing the character of the machinery necessary to aid the performer, and the whole of the experiments are very interesting. The publication in fact is a guide book for those who desire to learn magic, and with its assistance, almost any one may exhibit a great number of curious tricks. The annexed experiment, has a beautiful effect when well performed.

To kindle a blaze under Water.—Take a champagne glass—place therein three grains of phosphorus, and three times as much of chlorite of potass, and fill the glass with water. Have also a cup, containing about a tea-spoonful of sulphuric acid. Have also a common tobacco-pipe.

To perform the Experiment.—Place the glass, with the pipe and acid, upon the table. Take the glass and hold it before the audience, stating, at the same time—you perceive that the glass contains nothing but water, which is commonly used to extinguish fire. But I will now produce a fire in the water, which may appear rather unnatural to most persons. Take the

pipe and put the end of the stem through the water, against the composition in the glass. Pour into the bowl of the pipe the sulphuric acid, which will instantly ignite the composition, and produce a very curious flame. This is the way to "set the Thames on fire."

AWFUL DISCLOSURES OF MARIA MONK.—This is a work deserving of the severest censure, unless, indeed its records be founded in truth; if so, all will agree with us, that the matter deserves to be investigated.—But is it possible that there can be so much wickedness—so much depravity, abroad in the world? Can it be that men, under the garb of sanctity, will practice the most revolting crimes; and that, too, with the utmost impunity? We would have to draw largely upon our credulity to give it a moment's credence.—And yet, in glancing through the pages of the book in question, we must confess that it wears at least the semblance of truth; for crimes, to which we cannot give a name, are alluded to in the fewest possible words, instead of being depicted in a manner that would tend to deprave the mind, and corrupt the passions, as would probably have been the case, had the writer intended it solely for a pecuniary speculation. But a word or two of Maria Monk, the narrator. It appears that she sought and procured admission into the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal, Canada, where she remained five years as a Novice, and two years as a Black Nun. She tells us that the priests, all of whom, connected with the institution, she has named, are wicked and profligate; that the females who are admitted as nuns, become their slaves in the worst sense of the word—obedient, upon all occasions, to their will; that the fruits of their inlame are instantly strangled and put out of the way; that nuns, for various reasons, are frequently murdered; and that she was an eye-witness to the death of one of them—Saint Francis, so called, by the order—who was smothered between two beds by the priests—five in number—and the Lady Superior, because she would not comply with the iniquitous demands of the Reverend Fathers. These are a few of her confessions.

The book has been proved to be a base forgery, it having been discovered that it is a translation from an old book in the Spanish language—and its author has been disowned from the Methodist connexion, of which he pretended to be a minister.

Since the above was in type, we find the following paragraph, in relation to the "disclosures," in the New York Commercial Advertiser, edited, as every body knows, by Col. Stone, which we think it our duty to give a place in our columns:

"Not believing the disclosures to be true, we have taken no notice of this book, which is yet exciting so much of the public attention. We must, however, put our friend of the Philadelphia Gazette right upon one point. The Gazette says, 'the work is of course known now, to be a translation from some old Spanish narrative.' Such is not the fact. The writer of the book, who took the relation from the lips of the unfortunate young woman herself, is a gentleman of perfect integrity and honor—a man of excellent character and spirit—who, although the tales may have been imposed upon him, would be the last man to impose what he did not honestly believe to be true, upon others. Thus much in justice to an esteemed friend."

THE BRITISH PULPIT.—This is the title of a work just published in this city, by Messrs. Grigg & Elliott, and Desilver, Thomas & Co. It embraces discourses by the most eminent living divines in England, Scotland and Ireland, accompanied with pulpit sketches, scriptural illustrations, and selections on the office, duties and responsibilities of the Christian Ministry.

It is issued under the editorial supervision of the Rev. Mr. Suddards, Rector of Grace Church, and fills an elegant octavo of 500 pages.

In the work there are fifty-six sermons, from the ablest British Divines, most of them now living, and as each discourse is from a different preacher, a great variety of style, manner and subject is furnished. The work is by no means sectarian, the editor having taken great pains to make selections of discourses, from all the prominent sects in England. Prefixed to the title is an engraving, containing likenesses of T. Chalmers, R. Hall, D. Wilson, T. Raffles, and R. Newton.

The volume altogether, is one possessing much interest for the religious reader, and we have not a doubt of its being extensively read.

MR. POWER'S WORK ON AMERICA.—Mr. Power's "Impressions of America," just published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, of this city, is an interesting and popular work. With the specimens we have seen, we have been greatly pleased, and we append a short extract, no less liberal in its tone, than it is amusing in detail. The extract relates to Mr. Power's unprofitable theatrical trip, in company with Mr. Jefferson, to Alexandria.

My worthy manager had often pressed me to accompany him, on one of our off-nights, to Alexandria, which he assured me boasted a very pretty theatre, and a population, if not generally theatrical, still capable of filling the house for two or three nights, upon an extraordinary occasion. Such he was pleased to consider the present; and although I suggested the probability that most of the play-loving Alexandrians had, most likely, during the late very lovely nights, visited the Washington theatre, Mr. Jefferson, argued there yet existed a sufficient body, of the unsatisfied curious, to repay us for our short trip. * * * In due time, I mounted, and rode down to the city, to make my toilet and receive the Alexandrians. The first I soon effected, and the last I should have rejoiced to have also done; but they would not be received; "the more we waited, the more they would not come." I took possession of the stage, the only portion of the house occupied, where, eyed by half a dozen curious negroes, who were evidently amateurs, and by their good-humoured air, ready to become admirers, I awaited the appearance of the audience. In lieu of these, some half hour after the time of beginning, Mr. Jefferson made his appearance, solus, with an expression half comic, half vexed.

"It's no go, my good friend," said I.

"They're not come yet," said Mr. J.

"Nor are they on the road, Mr. Jefferson."

"They're a long way off, I guess, if they are," said he.

"And won't arrive in time, that's clear. Hadn't you better postpone the business, sine die?"

"We've nothing else left for it, I fear," said Mr. J. taking a last careful survey of the well lighted solitary *salie*, adding, "We must dismiss."

"That ceremony will be quite superfluous," observed I, "unless as far as we ourselves are concerned, and our sable friends here."

I had observed that two or three little knots occupying the intervals of the side scenes were evidently interested observers of our debate, and grieved and disappointed by the result. I should have liked to put them all into the front, and then have acted to them, could one have insured their not being intruded upon by any stray white man. As it was, Mr. Jefferson begged me to consider myself at perfect liberty.

"It's provoking, too," added my good humored manager, who was quite a philosopher in his vocation, "for it's a pretty theatre, isn't it?"

"It's a very pretty theatre," responded I. And so it was, exceedingly so. It had been built when the place flourished, and the community was prosperous and could afford to be merry. Now, trade having decayed, and money ceased to circulate, the blood has also grown stagnant amongst this once gay people: the fire is out, and the drama's spirit fled.

Mr. Jefferson, however, had a much more summary mode of accounting for our desolate state; for on my suggesting that his bills might have been ill distributed, or his notice insufficient—being rather desirous thus to find a loop hole for my vanity to creep out of—he convinced me that all points of vantage had been most provokingly well cared for.

"What the plague can be the reason they won't come for *once*, at least, Mr. J? One would be less surprised at their not answering to a second summons."

Jefferson shook his head, in a fashion that expressed more than even Puff designed Lord Burleigh's shake to convey: adding, by way of commentary, "The Bank question, sir! all the Bank question!"

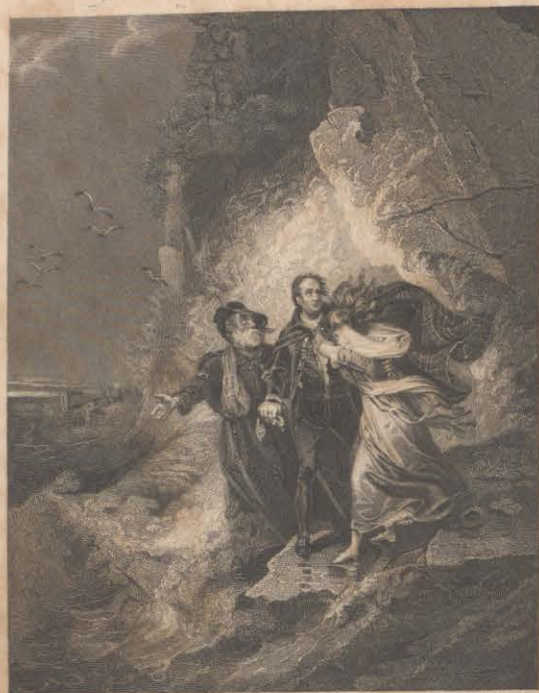
I waited for no more, feeling that this was, indeed, an explanation sufficiently satisfactory; since, for some time, it served to account fully for every possible event, moral or physical—the depression of the markets, the failure of the fruit crop, the non-arrival of the packets, the sinking of stock, and the flooding of the Ohio.

Joining my friends at the hotel—an exceedingly good one, by the way—we were soon once more in saddle; and, lighted by as beautiful a moon as ever silvered the smooth surface of the Potomac, off I dashed with them, for Washington, at a slipping pace, in no way regretting my having visited Alexandria, or my premature return, since my day had been most delightfully passed; and my not having a source of my own, enabled me to assist at one given by a very charming and intelligent person, to which I was bidden, but in consequence of my engagement to Mr. J. had no hopes of attending.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.—Another volume of the series of valuable publications under this title, has just been published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. It is from the pen of the Rev. William Kirby and its design is to illustrate the power, wisdom and goodness of God, as manifested in the creation of animals and in their history, habits and instincts. The work is embellished with numerous engravings, and the elucidation of the text is at once learned, powerful and deeply interesting. We regard these treatises as among the most valuable publications of the day.

WORKS OF HANNAH MORE.—The Harpers have just published a handsome edition of the works of Hannah More, complete in seven volumes. The first volume contains a beautiful engraved likeness of the author, and an appropriate vignette title page, as do all the succeeding ones—being spirited illustrations of her works by eminent artists. Of the subject matter, we need not say a word—our readers are sufficiently enlightened upon this point—we need only commend the work as a specimen of beautiful typography, and neat and substantial binding. Every library should possess it.

PANORAMA OF TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.—Uriah Hunt, of this city, has lately published a work with the above title, embellished with eighty-two engravings. It conveys instructions to almost every trade and profession that can be named—such as the Agriculturist, Hatter, Tailor, Millner, Barber, Merchant, Dentist, Painter, Printer, Mason, Blacksmith, Clergyman, Physician, Attorney at Law, and even the Author. The book cannot fail of being useful.



THE EQUINOCTIAL STORM.

Published by J. C. Atkinson.

GALILEY

THE EQUINOCTIAL STORM.

The storm was coming on fast, and the sea was running high. The lighthouse beam shone out brightly, and the men on the shore were looking on with anxiety. The woman was holding the man's arm, and they were both looking out at the sea.

THE EQUINOCTIAL STORM.

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"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him, "and you too, who have lost your own life in endeavouring to save ours!"—"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I have lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder at the back o' a dyke, in a wreath o' seaweed, or in the wame o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gaber-lunzie dies!"

15, 1836.

All kindness and feeling, so soon would be cold?
Not him who now mourns o'er the crush'd, wither'd blossom,
Lamenting he cannot its beauties unfold.
Fare thee well!—fare thee well! tho' my hopes cannot borrow,
A strain to disclose all my anguish and woe—
Deep—deep in my heart there's a fountain of sorrow,
That over remembrance forever must flow!—S. P.



OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to belt the clouds;
The wind shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchanted flood.

No. 4.

PHILADELPHIA.—APRIL.

[1836.]

THE EQUINOCTIAL STORM.

The description of the storm, and the perils of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter, in the '*Antiquary*,' have been always deemed one of the finest passages in Scott's Novels. In presenting our readers with an engraving, illustrative of the most interesting part of this scene, we cannot do better than quote the particular words to which the picture refers.

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice—toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those which had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them. Still, however, loth to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in the precarious path where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, here then they experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward however; but, when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible. The signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and, "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur—"My child! my child!—to die such a death!"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him, "and you too, who have lost your own life in endeavouring to save ours!"

"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I have lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder at the back o' a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wamie o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gabertanzie dies!"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing?—of no help?—I'll make you rich—I'll give you a farm—I'll—"

"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters—"they are sae already; for I hae nae land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours."

While they exchanged these words, they paused up on the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain. Here then they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element.

Original.

STANZAS.

"Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
For earthly love to merit thee."

Another bright flower from earth has been taken

To grace the fair gardens of beauty above;

After blooming below long enough to awaken,

A tender affection, 'twas torn from its love.

Decay was commission'd to bear it to Heaven—

And, breathing upon it his withering kiss,

He blasted its beauty—it droop'd—and one even,

He bore it away to the gardens of bliss!

This fair flower bloom'd by a beautiful river,

On whose banks a fond youth often struck his guitar;

And a sweet little Zephyr essay'd to deliver,

Its notes, nor their feeling nor melody war.

Decay stole along with the Zephyr, and enter'd

The fair flower's heart with those warbles of love,

But it could not corraide them,—for deeper they center'd

The nearer it came to the gardens above.

Ah, loveliest! who could have thought that thy bosom,

All kindness and feeling, so soon would be cold?

Not him who now mourns o'er the crush'd, wither'd blossom,

Lamenting he cannot its beauties unfold.

Fare thee well—fare thee well! tho' my hopes cannot borrow,

A strain to disclose all my anguish and woe—

Deep—deep in my heart there's a fountain of sorrow,

That over remembrance forever must flow!—S. P.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER VIII.

Whenever the steam-packet comes in, I speed to the post-office, where, thanks to my stars and my friends, I never fail to find kind letters from England, and then the "*Cherub Content*" flutters his wings over my heart. How do I continue to like this place? is your first question. Why, wonderfully well, considering all its discomforts. The worst thing is, that the restaurants have got a bad reputation. Do they deserve it? No; on my honour and conscience, I do not believe one word of the calumny; but Algiers is an ill-speaking place, and they say that when you are devouring what is called lamb or mutton, you may be unconsciously eating of a gigot or jackal or haunch of hyena. I repeat to you my sincere faith that this is all falsehood and scandal; but still, though Othello was not a jealous man, he was made miserable by insinuations; and in like manner, when I sit down sharp-set to my plate of mutton, I am haunted with chimerical fears that I may be faring on the lion's provider. God pity the man who has one misgiving thought about either his mutton or his marriage-bed! "Who doubts, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves."

Again, you say, what is the climate of Algiers? From all that I can observe and learn, if we except some spots on the Matidjah and about Bona, it is a healthy climate. The heat was great when I arrived, but I never felt it quite intolerable except on one occasion, and then only for a very short time. In the middle of one night of September, I awoke from sleep, in a breathless and burning heat, though I was conscious that I had neither ate nor drank any thing that ought to have fevered me. I got up and opened the window, that I might respire more freely, but the air that rushed in was like the heat from a baker's oven, and made me fall half insensible on the floor for several minutes. I recovered, however, and was well enough next day to tell the accident to my friends. "Poh," they said, "that was nothing but a visit of the simoom, or wind of the Desert, who had heard of your arrival at Algiers, and thought it his duty to pay his respects to you." "Thank God," I replied, "that he was not a long-winded visitor!"

Well, but with all its faults, I like Algiers. I can easily get out of the dismal city, and outside of the walls everything is beautiful. When I sally forth from the gate of Bab-el-Oued, the bold sea-beach smells so freshly, and sounds so musically, that I little wonder at Homer calling the sea "*Divine*." The air of autumn nerves my limbs, and the atmosphere is so clear, that I feel as if a veil of gauze had been removed from my eyes since I looked on the scenery of Europe. Every object—every turf and tree is so distinct a mile off, that it seems to me as if I could touch them.—They took like a picture held up to the eyes by the close light of a candle. I can fancy the Father of Nature himself enjoying the beauties of his own creation, and admiring, by the light of the blessed sun,

"His children's looks that brighten at the blaze."

But your letter challenges me to subjects of more matter-of-fact consideration. Before I can attempt to answer what you ask me about Algiers, I must reduce your desultory questions into distinct heads. Query 1st. Will the French retain this colony? Query 2d. If they do retain it, will they profit by it? Query 3d. How do the natives like the French? Query 4th. Will the advantages likely to be derivable by France, from Algiers, be pernicious to Great Britain? And query 5th. Will the French possession of this part of Africa be a benefit to the general cause of civilization?

I venture on these questions rather as a diffident speculator, than as one hoping to solve them. After all, can you expect me to predict infallibly what the French may do with Algiers, when, at this moment, the French nation itself scarcely knows its own mind upon the subject. But offering my opinion at the lowest rate at which you may value it, I do think that the French will keep Algiers, being pledged thereunto by their national pride. I am led to this opinion by the conversations I have had with their officers, civil and military; and I am certain that I have had more frank (observe, I do not say confidential) intercourse with them than any Englishman who has been here since the conquest. The French mind seems to me to wince at the idea of abandoning the colony, and above all, at the slightest hint of England interfering against their possession of it. If you wish them to retain Algiers, your surest way is to begin to squabble about it. A whimsical circumstance has by chance broken that reserve between the French and myself which our nationality might have otherwise created. They found by chance in Algiers a volume of "*Blackwood's Magazine*,"* in which I am described as a man eaten up with Gallicism, one who, if a French and English regiment were about to charge each other, would wager in favour of the French. Now this calumny nettled me; and I wished Blackwood at the black devil. I protested indignantly to the first French party I went into—it was when dining at General Voiron's—that I was no Gallician—no renegade. My regard for France, I said, impairs not one jot of my native patriotism. Because I love my mother, is it necessary that I should spit in the face of every other decent old woman that I may meet with? Well, the French took my word for this; but they insisted that I had no Anti-Gallican prejudices—no, none whatsoever. And one good effect has resulted to me from this character—namely, that they have put up with my speaking more plain truths to them than they would have otherwise borne, and that seeing me an undisguised man, they are outspoken with me. I am much mistaken if their national pride will speedily resile from retaining Algiers, although it costs them at this moment about a million and a half sterling a year, for the support of somewhat less than 30,000 soldiers, the expense of the civil government included. The chance of the natives turning them out of the country I reckon at nothing, and even their power of opposing their further invasion I should calculate not to be great, if the French were to employ more cavalry and light artillery instead of mainly depending on their infantry. The infantry man, loaded with arms and equipage, under a climate that alternates deluges of rain with burning heat, and frequently, in a hilly country, is very unfairly tried against Arabian cavalry, who are the best in the world at desultory warfare. To see the mounted Arab sweeping down declivities on which no jockey of England would venture, would make your head spin round, and when he fires and manoeuvres, you would imagine him a piece of his own horse. My astonishment is that the little Frenchman, at one time drenched to the marrow with rain, and at other times dissolved in heat like a boiled onion, has been able to cope as well as he has done with this enemy. But the French will improve in their warfare by experience. At present they have somewhat under 500 Arab cavalry in their pay, but they will increase their number, and in this manner they will have it in their power, if they choose, to conquer the country. Whether they will choose to do so or

* "*Blackwood's Magazine*" treats me as if it were a playful cat. Upon the whole, exceedingly kind, it often purrs applause beyond my deserts; but anon, it purrs the claws out of the velvet sheath, and gives me a scratch that makes me suck my bleeding finger.

not, is a different question. Bonaparte would have settled the matter sooner. Instead of groping and pawing about for the partial conquest of a coast five hundred miles in extent, he would have struck up at once to Constantia, into the heart of the regency.—My opinion, then, is, that if the French be true to their feelings of national glory, they are able to retain, and to extend their dominion over Algiers.

Query 2d. Will her occupation of the colony repay France for her expenses, present and to come? Why, not for a long time; but, I should venture to think, ultimately. The golden prospects from indigo, cotton, sugar, and cochineal, may have been exaggerated; and as to corn, I cannot understand how a country so little irrigated could ever have been a granary to the Romans. That fact is no doubt asserted about ancient Numidia, and you will observe that the said tradition would fall in pat with my purpose, if I were engaged as a special pleader to argue what is, nevertheless, my general opinion, that this colony might be made in the end a most productive colony to France. But the Cereal renown of old Numidia is, I confess, to me a stumbling-block. As it is written in Greek and Latin, I am bound to believe it; but as a matter of comprehension, I give up the problem. North America, I suspect, will, for an indefinite number of years, rear Indian corn and all manner of grain cheaper than it can be cultivated here. But, on this account, I am far from surrendering my main position, that Algiers might be made a richly available colony to France. It is a conquerable country. Its mountains are rich in metals and timber. In its eastern part, towards Oran and Mostaganem, there is fossil or spontaneous salt enough to supply the whole world with that article; and if the vine, the tobacco plant, the olive, and the silk-worm were cherished, the whole universe might sit down with oil to their salads, with silken velvet on their backs, and with cigars and wine at the cost of half nothing.

Query 3d. How do the natives like the French?—To be plain, I don't think they have yet acquired a taste for them. The Jews complain that, since the arrival of the French, there has been "*Point de commerce*;" and the only Turk whose acquaintance I have made, cuts me short from all conversation about them by exclaiming "*Bestia!*" To be sure, poor fellow, he owes them no love, for they thumped and misused him shamefully. The Moors are reserved in their conversation. Only on one occasion have I met with a rich, influential individual among them from whom I could elicit a sincere opinion; but as I got it under his own roof, and with no warrant to publish it, I omit his name. I said to him, that I would give much to know his sentiments respecting the French. He eyed me significantly, and replied through the interpreter, "I will answer you with another question. How would you like the French if they had come into England, dug up the bones of your parents and countrymen, and sent off a ship load of them, to be used by the sugar-bakers of France?" Here he alluded to the French having made a highway through the Moorish cemetery at the Bab-el-Oued gate at Algiers; and though for this operation they had the tyrant plea of necessity, I believe they conducted it unfeelingly, and allowed their soldiers to pilfer the marble turbans that adorned the most respected tombs.—As to the ship full of bones and sugar-bakers, I cannot so well vouch for that story.

Before we parted, my entertainer expressed himself very freely about the Jews. He told me, with fierce delight in his countenance, that one satisfaction which the Mussulmans would enjoy, in case of a change would be the punishment of those Hebrew dogs. "They insulted us," he said, "the day after the entry of the French, and the day after their departure we should have our revenge." From all that he told

me, I believe that barbarous civil wars would be the result of France suddenly abandoning this conquest, and that the miserable Jews would stand a chance of being generally massacred.

I come to the next question.—Whether Old England will suffer damage by the French possession of Algiers? You ask me how I can tolerate the idea of France continuing in possession of so large a portion of Northern Africa, and of thus beginning to realize Bonaparte's idea of converting the Mediterranean into a great French lake? Let the French, you say, once settle themselves at Algiers, and they will by and by extend themselves right and left to Tunis and Morocco; Gibraltar and Malta will then cease to be ours. But this is all a vision. It requires France, at the present moment, to support 30,000 men, each man, on an average, costing £40 a year, in order to keep hold of a few stations on the African coast. Let her conquests extend to Morocco and Tunis, and with 90,000 men for her African army, she would have a yearly expense of between four and five millions.

Further, you ask my opinion whether it would be worth our while to put in a word against the said possession, as well as to claim for ourselves some portion of the Algerine coast—say Oran? I have given you my opinion that, in the long run, much wealth might accrue from the colony to France; but I am not ashamed to say that it is only a conjectural opinion. However, supposing the country to be ultimately productive to France, (its speedy productiveness is palpably out of the question) is it certain and necessary that the wealth of our neighbours would be ruinous to us? I think not. I suspect that the issue might be quite the contrary, and that the African wealth of France might make her a better customer to our manufacturers. As to our claiming a part of the coast, if we had it, would only involve us in garrison expenses, and be a source of quarrel with France, like those which arose out of the juxtaposition of our colonies and theirs in North America; nay more, the French would not concede an inch of the coast, unless England were to negotiate with her hand on the hilt of her sword; and what Englishman, at this time of day, would suffer his beer to be taxed one farthing in the hogshead for the sake of a war about Algiers? The idea is preposterous.

Next comes the more extensive question.—How far the general cause of human happiness and civilization is likely to be affected by French occupation of Algiers? I address you as one who believes that, if civilization and happiness be not synonymous terms, civilization, at least, diminishes the horrors of human misery. If I thought otherwise, I should not discuss the subject with you.

The moment an Englishman can divest himself of apprehensions, as I think he safely may, that the French can do any harm to England by retaining Algiers, it will be natural, at the first view of the subject, for the liberality of his heart to argue thus:—France is, by much, the more civilized nation, and her dominion ought to insure some chance of civilization, as she has already brought into Algiers the abolition of hideous punishments, and the knowledge of arts and sciences that diminish bigotry and barbarism. Yee, my friend, this position is true; and its truth is some consolation to me. When I go out to the gate of Babazon, and am shown the spot where the Jews used to be burnt alive, and where criminals were precipitated from a high wall, to be caught by hooks halfway down, and detained in tortures for perhaps a week, I bless the event that has put Algiers under any dominion that will exclude such horrors. At the outside of that dreadful gate, as late as 1813, a friend of mine, too authentic an informant, saw a state criminal chained to a post to be starved alive. The sufferer

was a florid, stout man, on the first day of his punishment, and he bore the pangs of famine for several days with heroic fortitude; but on the ninth day he was heard screaming for water to quench his thirst, and died with his bones coming through his skin.

Further, in spite of all that I hear and see, as to the difficulty of getting the natives to coalesce with their conquerors, I cannot divest my mind of the idea that the French will ultimately plant here the most important arts and sciences that tend to abate human misery. The Mussulman's bigotry must ultimately retreat before civilization; and God knows there is room enough for improvement in this barbarous land. The native population, though it will sometimes show you heads and forms worthy of a scriptural picture, exhibits incomparably more numerous objects of such wretchedness as you would not meet in an European city: elephantiasis and blindness are common; and disease and poverty may be said to walk the streets. Until the French arrived, there was scarcely an European surgeon or physician in the regency, except some runaway druggists' prentices from Christendom; now there is an established school both of surgery and medicine, under the inspection of talented men. The doctrine of fatalism opposes itself in *limine* to the very profession of medicine and surgery.—A French officer, who has written an account of the conquest, describes an interesting scene which he witnessed between a young Arab, who was brought in wounded to the French camp, and his aged father, who came to visit him. The leg-bone of the youth had been shattered, but his life might have been saved by amputation of the limb. The old man hung over him in agony, beseeching him not to offend God and Mahomet by submitting to the operation. His son followed the advice, and Mahomet took him to himself in reward of his piety. There are, nevertheless, Moors and Jews who pretend to make both clinical and surgical cures, and women who are called in as *sages femmes*; but the native doctors know not a title of anatomy, and scarcely the names of their own medicines, many of which are noxious in the cases in which they are prescribed. In surgery they understand not even the use of a lancet. They console the cholic, the stone, and pleurisy, with the application of red-hot iron to the suffering parts. This treatment often elicits shrieks of assurance from the patients that they are perfectly cured, and intreaties that the application may be removed. They bleed and amputate with a razor, and stop hemorrhage with boiling pitch. Dr. Abernethy, in lecturing on the disease of wens, said that he knew not how to cure them, and that perhaps whistling to them was not the worst prescription. In like manner, it is possible that the amulets bestowed on the Algerines by their holy marabouts are amongst the most innocent of their cures.

Enormous mortality and suffering necessarily result from this ignorance of the healing art. For one hideous malady they know no sort of remedy. The blood of the sufferer runs infected in his veins all his life, and make his children also its victims. When the plague used to come here, its ravages exceeded all conception; whole villages and cities have been known to be unpeopled by it; harvests rotted on the ground for want of reapers; and flocks and herds wandered wide without a master. Large encampments of the Arabs might be met with, where the dead lay unburied under their tents. Leweson, who witnessed the plague of Algiers, in 1787, says that, of an evening, the only sounds to be heard were the lamentations at funerals and the howlings of jackals.

I am restrained only by the disagreeableness of the subject, from mentioning other instances of the human misery resulting from ignorance and barbarism in this country; but I assure you I have seen enough to convince me that the retention of the country by

France, as a *point d'appui* for the entrance of European civilization into Africa, is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

I have already alluded more than once to the faults which the French have committed since their occupation of the colony, including, under the gentle denomination of faults, a few useless murders committed on the natives. With regard to this subject, however, I am deterred from bestowing my prolixity upon you by two considerations. In the first place, the French themselves speak with regret of those occurrences which have sullied their character for humanity: their press has indignantly exposed them; and it is my firm opinion, if France perseveres in retaining Algiers, that she will learn, as we ourselves have certainly learnt in India, to a certain degree, the policy of being just and humane. In the next place, I should feel it my duty, as an Englishman criminalizing the cruelties of the French in northern Africa, to cast a glance at the question whether our own conduct in Caffraria has been perfectly immaculate? In my opinion, the latter country could make out a stronger case against us than Algiers could against the French: so on this subject I shall abstain from drawing up any special indictment against the French, though I leave you to understand in general that their conduct would admit of amelioration.

A prominent trait in the French mismanagement of this colony is their so often changing the Governor-general. The successor to Voiron, who has just arrived, will make the sixth that they have had in five years—Bourmont, Clausel, Berthézie, Duc de Rovigo, Voiron, and D'Erlon. General Voiron, however, is not to leave Algiers immediately; this is to me an agreeable circumstance, as he is a frank, kind-hearted Helvetian, who has shown me much hospitality. It was singular that I should meet under his roof with a translator of my own poems. Calling one day at the General's, I was shown into a room where his secretary Capt. Saphor, was sitting at his papers. He rose to receive me with uncommon cordiality, and expressed a wish to make my acquaintance, saying "I have read your poetry," &c. &c. &c. "Pshaw," I said, "you Frenchmen are always paying compliments; I'll be sworn, now, you never read two lines I ever indited." "But I beg your pardon," he replied, pulling out a drawer and handing me several clean-written sheets. "That is a specimen of what I have already done in the translation of your poems, and I mean to translate them all if my military life will allow me leisure." I read the version, though I cannot say coolly or candidly; my heart, suborned by vanity and gratitude, knocked up my head from being an impartial critic, and my nerves were flustered (to use the title of a comedy ascribed to the late Lord L.—) by the "Unexpected Surprise." Besides, it is only a Frenchman who can judge competently of the French style; but everybody gives Saphor the character of a highly-accomplished man.

A day or two after the new governor's arrival, our consul waited upon him, and took me with him for presentation. Count D'Erlon received us very civilly. Though he has not the hearty manners of his predecessor, he is a gentlemanlike old man. His age is said to be sixty-nine; but he looks much older, owing no doubt to his hard military life. He had an excellent reputation as a soldier; but a more unworn man methinks would better suit the critical state of the colony. The Count is splendidly lodged in a house that belonged to a son of that Dey of Algiers whose death made way for the last one, Hussein Pasha; the chambers present alcoves and recesses, gilt on the ceilings with barbaric gold. His excellency seated the British consul, the vice-consul and myself on a sofa, drew in his chair beside us, and talked in the warmest manner of his partiality for the English.

The source of his affection for our countrymen was his having fought so many bloody battles with them in the Spanish Peninsula. We have a proverb in the North, "that scratching and biting is Scotch folks' wooing;" in like manner it would seem that Count D'Erlon's love for us had been won by being so often brought up to the scratch. "Ah! what brave men," he exclaimed, "are the British soldiers; and how loyal their officers, and what courtesy, nay, brotherly love, subsisted between the combatants!" In short, he could not express the tenderness with which the French and English cut each other's throats during the Peninsular campaigns. "What has become," he said, "of your famous General El? I have had many parleys with that gallant man." "El," I thought to myself, "that is a military fish I never heard of;" but Mr. St. John at once enlightened my mind by saying to the Count, "*General Lord Hill is now Commander-in-chief of the British forces.*"

The new Governor has made his *debut* to-day by a proclamation to the natives which is worthy of Mawworm, and begins thus:—"In the name of God, elect and merciful! Praise be to God, the Lord of the Universe, who will judge us all at the day of judgment! We hope in his goodness and we repose upon his strength. It is he who rewards the good, and who punishes the wicked; for he knows our most secret thoughts, and nothing is hid from him. At the end of ages he will raise up the dead; for he is all-powerful." After this Count D'Erlon styles himself Khalif of the King of the French, and he indites his proclamation "*To all Arabs Great and Small.*" The Moors of Algiers have been forced to get up a voluntary *lète* in honour of the new governor; I was present at it when it was celebrated in one of the largest houses of Algiers. The entertainment consisted of coffee and sweetmeats, and dancing in the French style. Of course, the Moors never dance; but they had a concert of their own music, and miserable it was. I was touched with compassion when I heard the discord of their barbarous instruments, that outraged harmony and melody, and seemed to mock even their own humiliation. They seemed to me more pitiable than the Hebrews by the waters of Babylon.

You advise me not to speak my mind too freely among the French. It is good counsel. Decorum enjoins that a stranger, plumped so freshly among them as myself, should be reserved in passing judgment on their colonial policy in a settlement so full of difficulties. I keep this maxim in view; and except by some random words about the *Pépinière*, I have never found that I have given them offence. I must say also that the leading officers, both civil and military, whose acquaintance I have made, treat me in the most amiable spirit, and there is no courtesy lost between us. On certain sore points respecting their maltreatment of the natives I purposely abstain from all declamation, because I see, by the French press, that the nation at large is sensitive on the subject; and I have the fullest hopes that ameliorated conduct will result from the reflections of the French themselves. At the same time, on any point where I find their minds obtuse I will frankly own to you that I abandon reserve, and speak out to them like a true citizen of the world. Whilst a chance remains that this colony may introduce civilization into Africa, I cannot look down the vista of futurity with indifference, or converse perpetually on so interesting a subject with locked up thoughts. I admire several traits in their penal code; but I cannot forbear telling them that it is still, if possible, more merciless and unmeasured than our own. I have studied in detail, from the most authentic documents, their whole system of galley-slavery, and it is enough to make the flesh creep on your bones. Further, they have not abolished the practice of exposition on the pillory—a mode of

punishment which would puzzle the author of evil himself to surpass, in devising means for hardening the shamelessness of guilt, for excluding the possibility of reformation, for torturing penitence to despair, and for degrading at once the sufferer and the spectator. And yet it was but the other day that I heard of a French officer, nominally and in rank a gentleman, having been condemned to be put into the pillory and exhibited in the public square. Do you blame me that, in every company I went into, I spoke freely against the pillorying of an European amidst a rabble of Moors, Kabyles, and Jewish shoe-blacks? The wretched object of this sentence is, I grant you, an adventurer. He obtained, I know not how, in Spain or Portugal, the rank of a lieutenant-colonel; but he is evidently a bad subject, from his having been convicted of scraping silver off five-franc pieces. Very well, and let him be punished condignly; still, however, let justice be tempered with mercy. After standing in the pillory for an hour, he is to be kept a year in solitary confinement, and then sent for ten years to the galleys. The galleys alone, one would think, were punishment enough for any crime short of murder. When the poor devil heard of his presentation to the mob of Algiers being about to be an overture to his other sufferings, he exclaimed, "I might survive all the rest of my punishment, but the pillory will kill me." Unfortunately, he was the husband of an amiable woman, whose family is highly respectable. When the officers of justice led him away to prison, his wife was left alternately swooning and convulsed in her lone lodgings, with scarcely a franc to purchase medicines for restoring her. They conveyed her to the hospital, where she lay for three days moaning and complaining that her heart was bursting and would break: on the third day she died literally of grief.*

The day that I heard of this sentence, I dined by invitation *tête-à-tête* with M. Lawrence, the *Procureur du Roi*, and I did not lose that opportunity of arguing against the superfluous, not to say impolitic barbarity, of superseding the pillory to so severe a sentence. I combated his doctrine, that law has a right to inflict the moral torture of disgrace on any peccant individual, to a degree that utterly shuts out the possibility of his future reformation to society. I said, "If you choose to hang a man for scraping silver coins, you give him a brief punishment, the public ignominy of which, whilst it is unavoidable, is perhaps assuaged by its awfulness. Even by going to the galleys, no doubt this miserable man will lose character, and small may be the chance of his ever redeeming it. But why wantonly annihilate the last vestige of such a chance, by driving his soul to despair even before he goes to the galleys?" "Oh! Sir," I said, "in the name of civilization, I appeal to you to apply to the high authorities at home, and to spare us the sight of an European in a pillory of Algiers. Is it thus that you are introducing civilization into Africa?" The *Procureur* at first looked gravely; but when my remonstrance grew warm, he burst in a loud laugh. "C'est bien drôle," he said, "that a poet should be lecturing the first law-officer of Algiers!" I implored him to consider my very freedom of speech as a mark of my confidence in his humanity, and to forgive my

* The letter in which I wrote an account of this case to a friend in England is now before me; but it is torn, by the opening of the seal, exactly at the place where I mentioned the particulars of the sentence. I believe I understate it, from fear of going beyond the mark. If I could confide in my memory, I should say that the culprit was condemned three years' to solitary confinement, and twenty years at the galleys. That he was sentenced to at least ten years of galley slavery I could depone to having heard.

zeal, if it had unintentionally any appearance of officiousness. He replied, "I give you credit for good motives, *I will think over this matter.*"*

Among the French from whom I have experienced civilities here, I have particularly to thank Colonel Maret for his efforts to procure me the best specimens of Algerine poetry. Indifferent, I must own, are the best; but that is not the fault of the gallant Colonel. He mentioned my name to Ben Omar, the ex-Bey of Titeri, who though no longer a prince, is one of the richest and most influential Moors at Algiers, and counts a Dey amongst his nearest ancestors. Colonel Maret brought me next day an invitation to dine with him, which was doubly gratifying to me as a mark of hospitality from a total stranger, and as a means of seeing at least, as much of the domestic manners of the Moors as can be exhibited in a dinner from which the charm of woman's society is shut out. At six o'clock I repaired in company with the Colonel to the town-house of Ben Omar. It is situated in one of the gloomiest alleys of Algiers; but it is nobly furnished within. At the servant's lodge, or floor that enters from the ground, a nephew of our host, a sprightly lad about thirteen, dressed so becomingly that he might have trod the stage, welcomed us both, and shook us by the hand. The negroes in the hall told us that their master was not yet arrived from the country, but might be expected every moment; and in the meantime they requested us to walk upstairs. Colonel Maret, however, who perfectly understood both the Arabic language and Moorish etiquette, told me that it would be thought more polite if we were to wait for his ex-highness's arrival. The tread of his horse very soon announced his coming, and the quadruped preceded Ben Omar in entering the ground-floor, through which he passed into his stable. Our host apologized in French, which he speaks very fairly, for having detained us; he then took a candle and gave another to his chief negro, and by the light of these we marched up stairs to the *Salle à manger*. It is a room after the Moorish fashion which I have already described, with the difference of having only one upper side room divided from the one below by a curtain of silk, richly embroidered. The walls are hung with an infinity of pistols, guns, scimitars, and yataghans, ornamented with gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, and ivory. The ottomans, too low to be called sofas, are of rich crimson silk, well besmeared with gold. My attention, however, was diverted from contemplating inanimate objects by a living bit of furniture in the room, namely, the younger nephew of our host, a boy about four and a half years old. I never saw puerile beauty to match this indescribable cherub, with his large blue eyes and auburn hair. What is painting, what is statuary, to the living workmanship of nature? The beauty of the little infidel made me faithless to the curiosity which I owed to the scene before me, and I could rivet my eyes on him, whilst the ex-Bey was courteously describing his curious armory, and showing us his Damascus blades, with minute histories of many persons of distinction whom they had the honour of decapitating.

The guests were Colonel Maret, two other Frenchmen, and myself. Our host placed me on an ottoman, and after taking a few whiffs of a long pipe, handed it to me moist from his own lips, as the greatest respect that can be shown a stranger. At last the dinner-table was brought in, or rather a large round tin tray, which was placed on a slight elevation from the floor. In the midst of it was a bowl of exquisite

*That my advice had any influence I scarcely flatter myself. I rather believe that the alteration of this poor man's destiny arose from fortuitous circumstances; but so it was, that his exposition in Algiers never took place.

rice-soup, and each of us having squatted himself cross-legged on a low cushion like so many tailors, we were helped to a plateful of soup a-piece, and we fed ourselves with wooden spoons. The plates were fine English porcelain. Before each of us was placed a long napkin, which our host told me was of Smyrna cloth. Next came a large broiled fish, deliciously flavoured and stuffed with pudding; it was sent round, and every one clutched a portion of it with his fingers and thumb. By my faith, I thought, on tasting this regale, 'or aught that the French can do in civilizing African cookery, they may as well stay at home. I was so pleased with the fish, that I desired to be helped a second time from it; whereupon the ex-Bey with exemplary politeness, grasped a handful of it and laid it on my plate.

Behold, my friend, what it is to move in a high life, and to see the world! Presently we had roasted fowls, flanked by some savoury dishes of vegetables, well soured with oil, and by and by followed couscousou. The pullets were tore asunder by strength of hand, but with ineffable delicacy. Meanwhile my heart was yearning after the rich legumes that were floating in gravy, as golden bright as the clouds of a summer sunset. There was no spoon, and so I poured a part of the vegetables on my plate, and by the aid of a piece of bread, and my spoonless fingers, whiped considerable portions into my mouth. "For shame!" methinks you are already exclaiming: "Is this your high life, to sit pawing your food like a squirrel? Could you not have asked for a spoon?" Well, I did so when the couscousou came in; but in the mean time I was desperately hungry. For the glorious couscousou we of Christendom were allowed spoons, and though our words could not describe its relish, our mouth did it ample justice without uttering a word. Since the days of my boyhood I never ate a heartier dinner.

But pleasures are like poppies spread.
We seize the flower—its bloom is fled;
Or like the snow-falls on the river,
A moment white, then gone for ever.

How limited is all human felicity! In twenty minutes I found that my appetite was playing me false, and that I was tasting the subsequent dishes of the feast rather out of courtesy than inclination. Ben Omar, who was attentive to us all, but particularly to his English guest, pressed me frequently. I asked him if it was a custom in the better society of this country to press the stranger to his food. "Not at all," he said, "but I only recommend our ragouts to you as the pride of our cuisine. You are rather a poor eater," he added, "or you don't like my dinner?" "A poor eater!" I replied, "My excellent host I have that within me which assures my conscience of having done ample justice to your hospitality." All this time, nevertheless, I was conscious of making but a miserable figure as an eater by the side of the other Christian convives. There was Colonel Maret, a bold dragon, six feet some inches high, who might stand for the picture of Sir William Wallace. But there were two skinny Frenchmen who beat even him all to nothing at the board of nourishment. The stomachs of Pharaoh's lean kine seemed to have transmigrated into their bodies, and to have pressed them to the twentieth dish that went round would have been a work of supererogation. The desert was of a piece with the dinner, presenting a vast variety of fruits both fresh and confected. We had now spoons of tortoise-shells, with handles made either entirely of sea-horse tooth, or of ivory with amber tops. The porcelain was very rich, and Ben Omar told me to my surprise that it came, like the dinner plates, all from England. After washing our hands, we had pipes and coffee, with silver-wire wine-cups supporting the English ones.

We sat conversing till ten o'clock. I need not tell you that we had no wine, either at or after dinner; and the want of that comfort, you know, is apt to dispose an English mind to pensiveness after a hearty meal. I thought of Philoctetes in the desert island, when the Chorus laments that the genial wine-cup is never raised to his lips. I regretted in my heart that so perfect a gentleman as Ben Omar should live in a state of *Mahometan delusion*; and recalling to mind the pious clergymen of Scotland, I acknowledged how justly they had denounced that *Arch-imposter Mahomet*. Colonel Maret and our host maintained an animated conversation; but I found the same fault with it that the Athenians alledged against one of their dramas, that it had nothing to do with Bacchus. By and by a thought touched and tickled my fancy. Were I to give a hint for a drop of *the liquid ruby*, and were our host to grant it, what a triumph over the infidels would it be—far beyond that of the Crusaders, who only poured out their blood—if I could make them shed their wine! But by this time I fear my delicacy may again be taking alarm, and soliloquizing thus:—*What ask for wine under the roof of a hospitable Mussulman?*—oh no; I did not ask, I only hinted, and so distantly, that the hint would not reach. My motive, I also assure you, was not so much the love of wine, as the indulgence of a jocular thought. I turned the conversation to the subject of Arabic literature, not that I cared half a straw at that moment about Arabic literature, but because it gave me an opportunity of asking about some songs in the poetry of the Mussulmans which extol the joys of wine. I also quoted a verse of the Koran, promising wine in golden cups to the best in Paradise. "I never heard of such a text," said Ben Omar; and I rather believe he never had, for I had taken the liberty of coining it on the spot. Mine host I scarcely believe suspected my drift.

Ben Omar had been a wealthy merchant before his appointment by General Clausel to be Bey of Titeri, one of the four grand divisions of the Regency. He has travelled through Italy and France; and at Paris he received the cross of the Legion of Honour, in reward of his services to the French. He is about forty-seven. His conversation, without being brilliant, is sensible; and his manners are so like those of the general gentleman of the world, that you speedily forget his wearing a turban. He told me that in his town and country-house he has an establishment of eighty-four servants, and that he is besides obliged to give hospitable means of bread and chopped mutton, preserved in grease, to about five hundred Moorish rustics, whenever any of them choose to come to town. He spoke to me feelingly of the miseries which Algiers had suffered, under the government of the Turks; and the greatest sufferer, he said, of the Mussulman population was the Dey himself. Even the last and most fortunate of all the Deys, Hussein Pasha, lived but as a prisoner in his own palace at the Kassaba for some twelve years. He durst not sleep nor stir out of it, and he never left it till the French de-throned him.

On the road-side, as you go out by Bab-el-Oued, there are the tombs of six Deys who were all successively elected and beheaded on the same day. "Why did they compete?" I said, "for a throne which was so precarious!" He answered me—"They did not compete. When the Janissaries elected a Turk to wear the caftan, he durst not refuse it. I would rather have been the lowest shop-keeper in Paris than the Dey of Algiers."

In talking about the Turks, I told him an anecdote of one of the most distinguished Algerine Turks who came over to London and waited on the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lord Bathurst, who received him, of course, with due respect. But his Algerine

Excellency thought that etiquette required him also to pay his respects the next day to Lord Bathurst's cook. He was shown into a lower saloon, and cookery was brought thither with his apron before him, and his shirt sleeves tucked up. Panic-struck was the lord of the frying-pan, as he gaped at the salaam of his Oriental visitor; and he ran back to his kitchen in a stew of astonishment. "Aye," said Ben Omar, "the simple Turk thought that your manners were like those of Algiers. Here it was necessary for the Dey's cook to be his confidential friend, for a little mistake in his cookery might have affected his Highness's stomach to a degree that might have created the necessity for a new election. Thus the cook was a high dignitary at the Court of Algiers; and for that matter, so was the hangman—a very great officer indeed, scarcely inferior to the Hasnaggee, or Prime Minister." At parting the Moor shook me cordially by the hand, and requested me to come and see him at his country house. "Have you any beech-trees on your estate?" I asked him. "Oh, yes, plenty." "Then you will receive me under one of them." As we were going home, one of the lean Frenchmen enquired what possible curiosity I could have about the beech-trees on the ex-Bey's estate? "My motive," I replied, "was simply to ascertain whether I could with a safe conscience, address him in the words,—

"Tityre, tu parles recubans sub tegmine fagi."

From the Dublin Satirist.
The Earl of Surrey to the Lord of Kildare's Daughter.

"What love is, in this heart of mine,
How oft I've tried to tell?
My tongue hath lost its ready power,
My pen hath lost its spell.
Then vainly can I hope e'en now
To say what I have been,
Or what I am; my heart! my soul's
With thee, my Geraldine!

"Thou art the author of my thoughts,
The prompter of my tongue;
For thee—for thee, my Emerald love,
I tuned my harp and sung.
Fair art thou in thy father's hall,
And o'er his princedom Queen;
Fairer to me—thou reign'st supreme
O'er me, my Geraldine.

"In Spain I have proclaim'd thy charms—
In climes far, far away,
And dared all Europe's chivalry
My challenge to gainsay.
The golden curl thou gavest me
Nods o'er my helmet's sheen—
A prouder trope than war can give,
Is thine, my Geraldine.

"My heart is sick with love of thee,
Gem of the sister isle!
But hope is high encompass'd by
The glory of thy smile.
To love thee less were worse than death,
Since life hath rapture been;
To love thee better cannot be,
My heav'n! my Geraldine!"

Clad in a wandering Minstrel's garb
He came beneath her bow'r,
And breath'd his passion in his songs,
At evening's holy hour.
One star its silvery cresset threw
Athwart the glittering scene;
The Minstrel did not sue in vain—
He won his Geraldine.

THE COUSIN OF THE MARRIED,
AND THE COUSIN OF THE DEAD.

[From the French.]

There was found, under the Restoration, a man who was surnamed *The Cousin of the Married*, and who merited the appellation by a course of industry and ingenuity truly singular. He repaired every morning to the office of the Mayor of the twelve districts of Paris, and stationed himself before the little grate, where are endorsed notices of all marriages about to take place. He read attentively the names of the affianced persons, learned their qualities, and informed himself of their fortune. When he obtained all this information, the ingenious Cousin made his choice, always deciding, however, in favor of that marriage which was expected to attract the greatest number of guests, and which promised the most sumptuous dinner. He would then buy an enormous bouquet, put on his fine black coat, a pair of open-work stockings and light pumps, and then take from his bandbox his new hat; so attired he would proceed cautiously among the carriages, with a buoyant step, to the church where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, join the crowd of attendants, and officiously offer to hold the nuptial veil. When the benediction was pronounced, he created himself *Master of Ceremonies*, leading the way to the carriage, giving his hand to the ladies, carefully lifting their dresses to prevent them from coming in contact with the coach wheels, shutting the coach doors and bidding the drivers proceed to the appointed hotel. For himself he was no less careful, as he always contrived to secure a place for himself in one of the carriages, so as to arrive with the rest of the company. It was then that he was brilliant, and then that his liveliness and gaiety served to beguile, with the company, the tedious hour before dinner. He had for all some remarks to excite laughter—he repeated a pleasant little story, adapted to the time and circumstance of the assembly—he hastened the preparations for the repast—humorously recommended the guests to be patient, and to prepare their appetites for eating, and when all was ready he would announce the fact himself. He was the Major Domo of the house—the man indispensable—the commissary of the feast. Every voice was in his praise—"that gentleman is very amiable"—and if any one indiscreetly inquired his name, it was answered that he was presumed to be the parent or friend of the bride, or a cousin or an intimate friend of the groom.

But it was at the table that his efforts to please were particularly conspicuous. He would post himself in the place of honor—seize the great carving-knife—cut up the meats with admirable promptness and dexterity, and carefully and politely wait upon every guest. He directed the servants, overlooked the courses, and tasted the wines. Then when the desert was brought, he would take from his pocket a piece of pink paper, mysteriously unfold it, and sing from it a stanza in honor of the newly married couple, composed by himself expressly for the occasion. The good fellow knew but one little story and but one stanza, but he served them up every morning in a new edition.

Unfortunately this witty sharper was one day detected in his career of imposition. Seduced by the attraction of great names, he went to the marriage festival of a rich nobleman of the Faubourg St. Germain. He had assisted at the mass—returned in an elegant barouche to the hotel—had glided unobserved into the parlor, and stood waiting for a suitable opportunity to rehearse his amusing little story, and to commence his impromptu remarks, so often before repeated. All at once he became the object of general attention; all at once he found all eyes fixed upon him. The mistress of the feast had counted her plates and her guests, and had ascertained that of the latter there was one too many. She was astonished to find on inquiring the

name of the Cousin, that no one knew him, and that no one recognized him as a friend. For the first time the *Cousin of the Married* lost his self-possession and his assurance. How was he to escape the gaze of the eyes fixed upon him? How was he to answer the questions which might be addressed to him? Presently, a gentleman advances towards him and asks—"By which of the married couple were you invited—on which side are you?"

"On which side?" said the Cousin of the Married, taking his hat, "on the side of the door;" and so saying, he quickly descended the stairs and left the house. Since that day no one has heard tell of him.

But if we have no longer the Cousin of the Married, we have now the *Cousin of the Dead*, an expression equally as significant as the first.

Ruined by the Revolution of 1793, the Count of V*** was obliged to accept of a very modest employment. In consequence of a change in the Ministry, the old clerk was compelled to leave his office, with no other resource to sustain life than a miserable income of 400 francs per annum. He was old, and alone in the world. His strength did not permit him to labor, and by constantly dwelling on his poverty, he became melancholy, and subsequently fell dangerously sick. By carefully attending to the advice of a physician, who generously refused to accept the small sum the old man offered to give for his services, he became, in time, somewhat restored. This physician prescribed for his patient, on pain of a relapse, frequent exercise and a daily ride. You may judge of the poor man's embarrassment! How could he ride every day in a carriage, when his little income was scarcely sufficient to procure the essentials of life? The smallest excursions in a cabriolet cost twenty-five sous—one excursion per day would be four hundred and fifty francs per annum, and his whole yearly income amounted to only four hundred. At that time omnibuses were not invented.

He was beginning to despond when the heavens sent him succor. In passing near St. Rock, he observed that the gate of the church was hung in black, and that a long line of vehicles were in waiting to conduct a funeral procession to *Père La Chaise*. The coachmen were on their seats, and their strong and beautiful horses, covered with the trappings of mourning, were awaiting with impatience, the moment of departure. The advice of the physician recurred with great force to the mind of poor V***—a feeling of jealousy glided into his offensive heart. He envied the fortune of those who could thus ride gratis—he envied, for one instant, the happy destiny of the deceased, in being conveyed to his last earthly home, in a splendid hearse, drawn by four magnificent horses. Feeling a curiosity to know the name and history of one upon whom fortune had so lavished her favours, he entered the church and piously knelt down among the mourners. V*** had on his only black coat, and he was immediately taken for one of the friends of the deceased, and after the ceremonies in the church, was offered a place in one of the funeral carriages. The occasion was too opportune to be neglected, and he gladly jumped into the wished-for carriage.

On the way, a thousand ideas passed through his imagination. He thanked heaven for having furnished him with the means to fulfil, in so economical a manner, the recommendations of his physician. He accompanied the corpse to the grave—saw the coffin laid in the tomb, and on leaving the churchyard, he found the coach in waiting, and the coachman ready to convey him home.

Since that event V*** has become the willing assistant of all public interments; and what was, at first, only useful as a means of exercise, has become for him a pleasure and a delight. He goes to a funeral as others go to the theatre, to a ball, or to a festival. He

BARNABY PALMS.

'Blackwood's Magazine' has long been famed for the bitter justice of its satires on the follies and vices of the times—a reputation to which it is right fairly entitled.—The last (January) No. contains a tale—"Barnaby Rums, the Man who felt his Way"—(from the pen of the dramatist Jerrold, it is said,) which fully sustains this reputation. The hero is traced through his career of mingled sycophancy, selfishness, and base intrigue, to its appropriate conclusion. The tale is very long—we extract one of Barnaby's earlier but characteristic adventures:

Old Palms was seated in his oaken parlor, steadily employed upon a breakfast, of which beef and Kentish ale, with an incidental drop of white brandy, formed the principal part. Before him sat Barnaby in his trim travelling attire. He looked and spoke the creature of humility. Could he have made the transfer, he would have given his soul to his uncle as freely as he advanced the mustard. The truth is, Barnaby was about to enter the world—he had drawn on his boots for the great pilgrimage of life.—In a few hours he must feel his way through the crowd of London, being destined to the warehouse of Messrs. Noakes and Styles, mercers, City. Hence the reader may imagine that Barnaby was subdued by the approaching event—that he felt some odd twitchings at the heart, as he stared at the old wainscot, with its every worm-hole familiar to him, that a something rose to his throat, as he looked out upon the sea, tumbling and roaring in concert with a January gale—at the sea which had sung his early lullabies—that his heart, like the ocean shell, still responded to the sound. It was reasonable to believe, though we cannot substantiate the fact—that some such emotions rose in the bosom of the pilgrim. Of this, however, we are certain, Barnaby looked with the eyes of a devotee towards a small leathern bag, laying on the table at the right hand of his uncle, and Barnaby continued to gaze at the string securing the neck, until, distracted by the appearance of Patience Mills, who—the more serious portion of the breakfast consumed—entered with a dozen of eggs.

Now Patience had a face as round, and cheeks as red as any pippin, eyes as blue as heaven, and a mouth, as a certain young man on the coast avowed, as sweet as honeycomb. Nevertheless had Patience been some smoke-dried hag, Barnaby had not visited her with looks less charitable. Patience replied to the glance by a giggle, solacing herself, when out of hearing, by muttering, glad he's going. Barnaby looked at his uncle's fingers, then at the bag. Heedless of the hint, old Palms took an egg.

"Come eat, Barnaby eat. Ye'll have a cold ride to London; the north wind's edged like a scythe. What! not take eggs?"

"Doat on 'em, uncle," cried Barnaby, aroused, like Shylock, from 'a dream of money bags.' The fact is, Barnaby had that day determined to take every thing; on that occasion he wished to leave a vivid impression of his meekness and humility. "Quite a weazel at eggs, uncle," continued Barnaby, and he began to chip the shell. Now, it so happened that Barnaby had fallen upon an egg, which, on being opened, emitted conclusive evidence of its antiquity. Old Palms, instantly perceiving the work of time, roared to Barnaby to cast the abomination out of the window. Barnaby, however, determined to give an example of his economy—of his indifference to petty annoyance—sat like a statue, still holding the egg between his thumb and finger—his uncle applying the same instrument to his own nose.

"Out with it Barney!" Barney smiled a remonstrance, and handled his spoon. "Zounds," cried old

daily reads the lists of deaths in the city, and these lists are to him a journal, and the only one for which he conceives there is any use. Still more, he has taken lodgings opposite the dwelling of the undertaker, and every morning he crosses the street to converse with the undertaker, and inform himself of the burials of the day. He puts on his blue surcoat or his black dress, according to the rank and fortune of the deceased, the expenses of the funeral, &c., and for all grand ceremonies he wears crape on his arm. V*** is now generally known by the title of the *Cousin of the Dead*. For fifteen years he has not missed a single funeral. His views are too liberal to adopt party feelings; he has assisted to inter Bellart and Manuel, Talma and the Bishop of Beauvais, a female follower of St. Simon and the lady Superior of the Convent of Minimes, and he hopes to live to inter many other characters equally distinguished. He once presented to the Chamber of Deputies, a petition for a law interdicting the embalming of infants, by which the number of funeral processions is materially lessened.

The Cousin of the Dead possesses a remarkably expansive sensibility, and an extraordinary quantity of sympathy for the afflictions of others. He feels the grief of a bereaved mother, the despair of a heart-broken widow, the sorrow of a childless father, with the poignancy of truth. Many a legator, in noticing his sorrow at the grave, has taken him for a disinherited relative; many a mother has been gratified to see him shed tears over her favorite son, and many a husband on losing a beloved wife, has been astonished at his grief over her remains. He composes funeral orations for all illustrious persons; the burial place is his life and his world. At times, struck with the appearance of grief depicted on his countenance, the friends of the dead have desired him to be the principal mourner.

One day, during the burial of a personage of considerable importance, the Cousin of the Dead was observed to shed an abundance of tears. One of the mourners approached him and desired that he would make a few appropriate remarks—*jeter quelques fleurs sur le cercueil*—on the individual whose remains they had just deposited in the cold grave. The procession closed around him as he prepared to speak.

"The tomb," said he, "is again about to enclose the remains of a distinguished citizen." He stopped for a moment, and inquired, in a low voice, the name of the deceased. He was answered, "Augustin Leger."

"Augustin Leger," he resumed, "was a man, grave and austere. His long life was but a continued series of virtuous and benevolent acts. He was entirely devoted to the holy, the legitimate cause of—"

He was a regicide!

"The rights of the sovereign people. His disinterestedness—"

He was a usurer!

"His laudable economy, his aversion to luxury, his unassuming and modest deportment, had gained for him universal esteem. But still more worthy of admiration were his virtues in private life—his patience, his humility, and his devoted and unchangeable attachment to the wife of his bosom, the lady of his choice."

He had been divorced!

"For his children he cherished the most affectionate and tender regard."

He had driven them from his house!

"Virtuous friend! May the earth rest lightly on thy coffin!"—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

Never pass your opinion on any one's conduct; let every man do as he pleases provided he injures no one but himself.

Palms, almost grinning through his disgust at what he deemed the ignorance or simplicity of his nephew—"Zounds! nephew—why—ha, ha!—you'll never eat it?"

Barnaby, mistaking the humor of the uncle, nodded knowingly.

"You will? I tell you 'tis a musty egg—a bad egg—pah! the egg stinks?"

Barnaby looked as though he believed he had won his uncle's heart for ever, and then complacently made answer, "I don't care for eggs over fresh."

Now, we boldly declare the egg of Barnaby to be a grander subject for the moralist and the romance writer than either the egg of Columbus, the famous rook's egg of the Eastern Princess, the golden egg of Æsop, or the egg of Mother Goose. Reader, pause a moment, and reflect on the prosperity of whole hordes of people, whose success in life is solely attributable to their participating in the taste of Barnaby. Look at his lordship sparkling with honors, and padded with bank paper! know ye to what he owes all this? Oh, doubtless to his high statesman-like qualities—his profound knowledge—his indefatigable industry. Not so, not so; the simple story is, he was wont to confidentially breakfast with the minister, and on such occasions showed that he 'cared not for the eggs over fresh.' But shall we stay at courts and courtiers? No! from a palace to a workshop there is ever some ductile eater—some omnivorous, obsequious Barnaby at breakfast, who has made, or looks to make, a figure in the world by not caring for his eggs 'over fresh.' Many are the ways in which the tale may be told. There is Tom Spangle, a handsome, healthy, six foot animal of two and thirty. He had not a shilling; now, he rides blood, and writes checks. Do you know the secret of the change? Very well; he married the ancient, the yellow widow of an army contractor. Ay, even so; he cared not for his eggs 'over fresh.'

The avowed taste of Barnaby was not lost upon his uncle. The old man looked through the youth with a thinking eye—an eye that seemed to read his moral anatomy, and then uttered a long 'hem!' at the same time stretching his hand to the money bag. Invisible fingers were playing on the heart-strings of Barnaby, whilst from the corner of his eye, he watched his uncle slowly until the strip of knotted leather which 'compressed the god within.' The bag was opened; its glorious contents blazed on the table; and as they rang upon the oak, Barnaby instinctively rose up upon his feet, standing respectfully uncovered in 'the presence.'

"Barnaby," said old Palms, and reverently laid his hand upon the gold, "Barney, my child, you see the little hoard I've set apart for you." The life-blood of Barnaby tingled in his very eye, and his ears rang with music. "You see the few savings and scrapings I have made for the child of my brother. For I feared that you, an innocent, unprotected, unassisted lad, would need the aid which money can alone afford. Barnaby, I trembled for the softness of your heart, the simplicity of your nature." Here Barnaby felt almost in peril of tears. "Yes, Barnaby, these were my weakest anxieties, my foolish fears." Saying which, the old man began to return the guineas to the bag. During the operation not a word was spoken. Barnaby scarcely ventured to breathe, stood with his head bent upon his breast, and one eye bent upon the table, silent and subdued. The tinkling of the gold—the voice of Barnaby's fortune, was alone audible, and, as note followed note, the young expectant became possessed as though he listened to the angelic trumpets. The bag being filled, Palms proceeded to tie its mouth, talking as he leisurely tied: "Barnaby, I find my fears were the fears of ignorance. You

need not such a sum as this; you are already rich in strength, in wisdom."

"I, uncle?" cried Barnaby, sensitively shrinking from the compliment, and at the same time—struck by the manner of Palms—breaking into a profuse sweat. "I strong? I wise? Oh, uncle!"

"Come, Barnaby, why so modest? I say, strength and wisdom, as the world goes, are yours. Here we've a hundred guineas in this little bag, what then? to a lad of your wit they are little worth. You'll never miss 'em. Now here, and Palms slid the coin along the table, here are five guineas."

"Five, uncle!"

"Five.—The reward of your skill—of the skill you have shown this morning."

"Five guineas? skill? uncle?"

"Never doubt it, Barnaby, take up the money, and never mistrust that head of thine; for well I know, that the fellow who, in this working world, cares not for eggs 'over fresh,' will in the end, flourish as well though he began with five guineas, as with five thousand."

"The tone and manner of old Palms forbade any reply on the part of his nephew, who, nevertheless received the eulogy with a sulkiness worthy of the great cynic. Indeed, had Barnaby pocketed five snow-balls, he could not have mounted the borrowed horse, ready saddled to convey him to London, with more reluctant leg, with grimmer countenance. No wonder, Barnaby thought he had securely felt his way; now Barnaby had lost ninety-five guineas."

MRS. HEMANS AT WAVERTREE.

From the London *Ethnaum*.

The house which Mrs. Hemans occupied was too small to deserve the name; the third of a cluster of row close to a dusty road,—and yet too *townish* in appearance and situation to be called a cottage. It was set in a small court, and within was gloomy and comfortless; its parlours being little larger than closets; and yet she threw something of her own spirit round her, even in so unpromising an abode,—and with her books, and her harp, and the flowers which sometimes half filled her little rooms, they presently assumed a habitable, almost an elegant appearance. Sometimes, indeed, the scene was varied, by odd presents, literary and others. I remember once paying her a visit, when a persevering writer, personally unknown to her, had sent her a hundred sonnets, printed on separate slips of paper, for inspection and approval; these had not yet been consigned to the "chaos drawer," as she used to call it, from which many a precious piece of folly and flattery might have been disinterred for the amusement of the public; and as the day was windy, and the window chanced to be open, this century of choice things, was flying hither and thither, much to our amusement—a miniature snow storm, chased by her boys with as much glee as if they had been a butterfly hunting. Scarcely had she settled herself at Wavertree, than she was besieged by visitors, to a number positively bewildering; a more heterogeneous company cannot be imagined. Many came merely to stare at the strange poetress,—others to pay proper morning calls, and these were surprised that she was not ready with an answer, when the talk was of housekeeping and like matters. Others, and these were the worst, brought in their hands small cargoes of cut-and-dry compliment, and as she used to declare, had primed themselves for their visit, by *getting up* a certain number of her poems. Small satisfaction had they in their visits; they found a lady, neither short nor tall; though far from middle age, no longer youthful nor beautiful in her appearance, (her hair, however, of the true auburn tinge, was as silken, and as profuse and curling as it

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DOOR LATCH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

"Go back and shut that door!" roared I, in a voice of thunder.

"How can you, my dear," said Julia, with a supplicating glance, "speak so very loud, when I have just told you that my head is bursting with pain."

"Because," said I, "I can bear it no longer. It is now ten years since we moved into this room, and ten times every day have I been compelled to get up and shut that door after one and another. I have talked, and talked, but it is all of no use; the door still stands wide open, and I cannot bear it—No! and I won't bear it any longer—I'll sell the house before I endure it another week."

Her tiny white hand was pressed against her throbbing forehead, as I finished the sentence with a glance at her undissembled sternness, and the mild look of patient suffering and imploring submission with which she returned my angry frown—it cut me to the heart! I could read my own death warrant at this very hour with less pain than I felt at that moment, as she raised her blue eyes, glistening with suppressed tears, and with all the innocence and affection of an expiring saint, begged me, in the silent eloquence of nature, to spare her whom I had promised to "cherish and to love."

"I have never seen you troubled," said she (uncomplaining spirit! there was no emphasis—no! not the least, on the word *troubled*!) "I have never seen you troubled at any thing except that door—and gladly would I remedy it, but you know I cannot. Were a very little filed from the inside of the catch, it would shut without difficulty—I should never think of it," said she, after a pause, "on my account, but it causes you so much vexation."

It was true as she had said, that I felt more anger in consequence of that unfortunate door, than all the other untoward events which I had experienced from the time of my marriage. A heavy loss—a sore disappointment—a great calamity, I could endure with composure. The trial required philosophy for its support, and the exercise of philosophy was a gratification to give. But a doorlatch! what occasion could that give for philosophy? None; and therefore I felt it gall me to the quick! It was, as I observed, so easy to shut it with a little care—such a little thing, if only attended to. "True!" whispered Philosophy in my ear, "but such a 'little thing' to get angry about! such a 'little thing' to make you miserable for an hour every day! for shame, Mr. Plowman!" To tell the truth, I began to feel a little ashamed when I recollected how much unhappiness it had caused not only myself, but through me, my dearer wife.

"I declare, my dear," said I, "that if that doorlatch had only been filed ten years ago, it would have saved each of us one year of pain before this time!"

Thomas had brought in a file before my speech was finished, and in a few moments the door shut as easily and firm as ever door did. I swung it a few times on the hinges, with an air of triumph, and I verily believe that the work of that single moment conferred more happiness on Julia, as well as myself, than all his blood-bought triumphs ever yielded to the conqueror.

"The root of bitterness," said I, "is removed at last, and I can only wonder at my own stupidity in not thinking of the simple remedy before—but heaven forgive me! I had entirely forgotten your headache; the sound of that file must have been torture to you."

She smiled sweetly, as she leaned her head on my shoulder, declaring—although her forehead burnt, and the blood was raging through her veins—that it was

had ever been;) with manners quiet and refined, a little reserved and uncommunicative, one too, who lent no ear to the news of the day—

Who gave the ball, and paid the last visit.

The ladies, however, when they went away, had to tell: "that her room was in a sad litter with books and papers, and that she wore a veil on her head like no one else." Nor did the gentlemen make much way by their Della Cruzcan admiration; in fact, the stock of compliment, once being exhausted, there remained nothing to be said on either side: though there were none more frankly delighted, or more keenly sensible of the genuine pleasure she gave by her writings than Mrs. Hemans. Her works were a part of herself, herself of them; and those who enjoyed and understood the one, enjoyed and understood the other, and made their way at once to her heart. I must not forget to allude to what Charles Lamb calls the "album persecution" which she was called upon to endure. People not only brought their own books, but those of "my sister and my sister's child," all anxious to have something written on purpose for themselves. One gentleman, a total stranger to her, beset her before (as the housewives say) "she was fairly settled," with a huge virgin folio splendidly bound: which he had bought on purpose "that she might open it with one of her exquisite poems." On the whole, she bore her honours meekly, and for a while, in the natural kindness of her heart, gave way to the current, wishing to oblige every one. Sometimes, however, her sense of the whimsical would break out; sometimes it was provoked by the thorough-going and coarse perseverance of the intrusions, against which it was difficult to guard. What could be done with persons who called thrice in one morning, and refused to take their final departure till they were told "when Mrs. Hemans would be at home?" It was on one of these occasions, that she commissioned a friend of hers, in a lively note, to procure her "a dragon to be kept in her court-yard." At another time (and that I well remember was a flagrant case,) her vexation worked itself off in a no less cheerful manner:—

"They had an album with them, absolutely an album! You had scarcely left me to my fate—oh! how you laughed the moment you were set free!—when the little woman with the inquisitorial eyes, informed me that the tall woman with the superior understanding—Heaven save the mark!—was *ambitious* of possessing my autograph—and out 'leaped in lightning forth'—the album. A most evangelical and edifying book it is truly, so I, out of pure spleen, mean to insert in it something as strongly savouring of the Pagan miscellany as *I dare*. Oh! the 'pleasure of fame!' Oh! the little girl in the top of the elm tree again! Your much enduring F. H."

In the course of one of my excursions in the Navigator Islands, my confidence was put to a severe test, as I observed, while wandering amongst the trees, far from the reach of any assistance, several natives approaching, armed with spears, poised, as if in the act of throwing, and they immediately began exercising their skill, by seeing whose weapon could approach the nearest to me without striking me. During the several minutes that they were occupied with this alarming experiment, I remained perfectly still, and affected to be amused at the whole proceeding. On being afterwards asked, through the medium of an interpreter, whether I thought it was their intention to kill me, I answered no, that never having injured them, I did not suppose they would intentionally harm me. This reply seemed to give great satisfaction, and the whole party pressed their noses against me, laughed heartily, in token of approbation.—*Nightingale's Oceanic Sketches.*

"quite cured, since the door shut so easily!" Uncomplaining, devoted, self-sacrificing treasure of my heart! How could I do less than clasp her to my bosom, and swear to cherish her with tenfold care, and pray—while I kissed away the tear from her eye—that my own cruel thoughtlessness might never fill its place with another.

Such pleasure was too rare and valuable to be interrupted at the moment of its birth; so I took my arm chair from the corner, and sitting down at the side of Julia, who, while she held my hand, looked me in the face with very much of that expression of innocent delight, which so rarely survives childhood. I pursued my cogitations somewhat in the following order:—"Life is made up of moments. Our happiness or unhappiness, during any of these moments, depends almost invariably upon the merest trifles. If these momentary trifles are in the scale of happiness, life is happy. Take care, then, of trifles, and great events will take care of themselves. (Somewhere here I began to talk loud.) I lost a grandfather—an amiable, excellent, and most affectionate grandfather—and my grief was great. Nevertheless, I do believe that if the hard-bottomed chair [N. B. It was of white,] in which I have sat for the last eight—yes! nine years—if that chair had but been well covered with a good soft sheepskin, that sheepskin, purchased at the cost of ninepence, would have saved me from a greater grief than the death of my grandfather!"

"It is a mortifying reflection," said Julia, interrupting my soliloquy, "and one which, at first thought, would seem to speak little for your heart—yet a true one, perhaps; and yet not more true with you than many others."

"And still," said I, "I am without the sheep skin. Why? Because the pain endured in a single moment is so trifling, that if we do not take the trouble to add all the moments together, and look at the pain in the aggregate, one would hardly turn his hand upside down to be freed from it."

"But why not purchase the sheep skin now that you have added the moments together?" said she.

"After all my reflection, I should never have thought of that but for you. But a sheepskin! It will never do! A green velvet cushion may answer instead; and as the old one in your rocking chair seems to be somewhat worn, I must even buy another for you."

"Oh! green velvet, by all means!" said she. "It will correspond so well with the carpet and the new hearth rug which you promised me a month since. That was to have green for its border, you know."

I could not withstand the hint, and brought in the rug with the cushions that evening—and, to one who has ever seen my wife, I need not say that the smile that lit up her face and beamed from her eye, was worth the price of a thousand.

Extract from Washington Irving's *Abbotsford*.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S FIRST BREAKFAST WITH SCOTT.—On the following morning, after an early breakfast, I set off in a post chaise for the Abbey. On the way thither I stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent the postilion to the house with my written introduction and my card, on which I had written that I was on my way to the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Scott (he had not yet been made a baronet,) to receive a visit from me in the course of the morning.

In a little while the 'lord of the castle' himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the description I had read and heard, and the likeness that had been published of him. He was tall, and of a large, powerful frame. His dress was simple, and almost

rustic. An old green shooting coat, with a dog whistle at the button hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking staff, but moved rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron grey stag hound of a most grave demeanour, who took no part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give a courteous reception.

Before Scott had reached the gate he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand. "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he, "you're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey."

I would have excused myself, on the plea of having already made my breakfast. "Hout man," cried he, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast."

I was accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage, and in a few moments found myself seated at the breakfast table. There was no one present but the family, which consisted of Mrs. Scott, her eldest daughter, Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen, Miss Ann Scott, two or three years younger, Walter, a well grown stripling, and Charles, a lively boy eleven or twelve years of age. I soon found myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome I experienced. I had thought to make a mere morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. "You must not think our neighborhood to be read in a morning, like a newspaper," said Scott. "It takes several days of study for an observant traveller that has a relish for auld world trumpery. After breakfast you shall take your visit to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some household affairs to attend to, but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and the neighborhood it stands in, and he and my friend John Bower will tell you the whole truth about it, with a good deal more that you are not called upon to believe—unless you be a true and nothing doubting antiquary. When you come back I'll take you out on a ramble about the neighborhood. Tomorrow we will take a look at the Yarrow, and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, which is a fine old ruin, well worth your seeing"—in a word, before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed for a visit of several days, and it seemed as if a little realm of romance was suddenly opened before me.

A certain member of Parliament, having heard many speeches in the House, to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory, and accordingly watched for a favorable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself. It was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which public spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker, have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were these laws made?" So saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious eloquence, when another member rose up, and delivered his thoughts in those words: "Mr. Speaker, did the honorable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"

ORIGINAL.

LESBIA;

OR THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

BY THE MILFORD BARD.

Oh! that men should put an enemy into
Their mouths, to steal away their brains.

Shakspeare.

The fortunes of women, says a celebrated writer, are very precarious; and it is true. Many a lovely woman, happy in her father's house, and blessed with every thing that wealth could purchase, or affection bestow, has looked forward to the future day of courtship and marriage with delight, and promised herself years of happiness unshadowed by a cloud. But alas in how many instances are those brilliant prospects blasted, and the grave, how often has it closed over the young and lovely. How many a thoughtless girl has plunged into matrimony without duly considering the step she was about to make, and without having bestowed a thought upon, or made any enquiries concerning the character of the man, to whom perhaps she was about to offer herself a victim. Much horror is expressed concerning the *suttee* of Hindostan, or the custom of burning the widow alive upon the funeral pyre of her dead husband; but alas, how many wives die broken-hearted during the lives of their husbands! Men of the worst habits are always shrewd enough to conceal their evil courses when addressing a lady, and it requires the most consummate art to detect them at such a time, so studied is their pretended virtue, and so cunning are their devices.

Alexander Vernon was a rich merchant of New York, who had acquired wealth by the importation of French goods, and had retired in his old age to enjoy the fruits of his industry. He had but one child, a daughter, beautiful, gentle, and generous, and the idol of her aged father and mother. Expense had not been spared in her education, and she had received every accomplishment that is taught in female seminaries in America. She was of small stature, but faultless in her form, her complexion fair and florid, the blood mantling like a hectic on her cheek, and her large dark eyes sparkling like diamonds. The pulses of many hearts were quickened when gazing upon her angelic face, or pressing her small white hand.—She possessed, as the floridity of her temperament would indicate, a lively disposition, and she had often been heard to express the happiness she enjoyed in her father's house. As would be readily supposed, she had many admirers, and among some of the most talented, wealthy, and handsome young men in New York. It is hard to account for the unexpected choices which many ladies make from the number of their lovers, and it was thus with Miss Vernon. She fixed her heart upon Lieutenant Roland, an officer in the navy, a handsome and polished young man, but one whose character was at variance with his noble appearance. He had killed his man in a duel, and was said to indulge occasionally in gaming. His general character was that of a wild young man. He was also poor, and paid his devotion to Miss Vernon, for the double object of obtaining a lovely woman, and an independent fortune. In her presence, and in that of her parents, he was a rigid moralist, ever deprecating on the evil propensities of human nature, and the horrors arising from the indulgence of bad passions. The aged parents, who were religious, mistook him for a Socrates or Seneca, and encouraged by their kindness, his attentions to their daughter.—Miss Vernon was of a singular disposition, and often expressed her desire to reform a rake. She seemed a little disappointed in the thought that she would not

have an opportunity to do so, if she gave her hand to Roland.

It was one evening in May that Roland knocked at the door, and was ushered into a splendid parlour, the floor of which was covered with the richest Turkey carpet, and the walls painted in the most lovely landscapes. Miss Vernon was reclining on a sumptuous ottoman, her hair luxuriantly falling round a neck, white as alabaster, and smooth as marble. For a moment Roland imagined himself in a romantic woodland, so complete had the painter sketched the perspective, and that the charming Miss Vernon was the goddess of the scene. The moon shone through the window in the end, and just shed light sufficient to render the illusion perfect.

Roland advanced, took her small hand, and falling upon one knee, poured into her bosom the warm protestations of his own.

"It is vain," he cried after a pause of impassioned eloquence, "I cannot live without you. In you are bound up the brightest hopes of my life, you are the charm of my existence, and without you the world is a wilderness and life a blank. Oh, yes, in my affection for you I have embarked all my hopes of happiness, and if I am wrecked I am lost forever.—My beautiful Lesbia, if you are mine, I am happy; if not, life will be no longer a blessing."

Lesbia lisened to him with her eyes fixed upon the floor, and when he ceased, plainly told him that her heart and hand were his. In the meantime when she was looking forward to brighter bliss, a cloud darkened the horizon, and a storm threatened to wreck the barque freighted with her hopes of happiness. The parents of Lesbia had learned the true character of Roland, and determined on snatching their only child from the arms of a wild young libertine. Miss Vernon admired his spirit of wild adventure, so true is it that young women in general love bad men in preference to good ones. That is, they admire the wild and romantic, rather than the sober and sedate. The reason is obvious to every one who will spend a moment in reflection. Thus the lovely Lesbia adored Roland and prided herself on the opportunity to reform a rake. Alas what a fatal mistake has it been to many a lovely woman. The parents of Lesbia remonstrated with her, but in vain. They threatened to disinherit her if she persisted in her determination, but she disregarded equally their entreaties and their threats, and they resorted to coercive measures. The weeping Lesbia, lovelier in her tears, was confined to her chamber and not suffered to see the object and idol of her heart. Despair seized upon her, and like Calypso, she was inconsolable. But opportunity offered, and she bribed a servant to convey a letter to Roland, to which she soon received an answer, couched in the strongest terms of affection. Thus a stratagem was devised to cheat her fond devoted parents, and to leave forever the home of her childhood, and the scene of many a blissful year.

It was a charming day, in the latter part of summer, that Lesbia sat near a window in her chamber, amusing herself with a favorite bird, which had been given to her long before by a young man who had bowed at the shrine of her beauty, and had been rejected.—That night she was to fly to the arms of Roland; and as the hours of the evening slowly passed away, she mused upon the step she was about to take, and addressed herself to the bird, in the language of farewell.

The clock struck eleven; and twelve was the hour of Roland's appearance. The silver crescent of the moon was sinking in the west. The favorite robin was sitting upon her fair hand, and scarcely had she breathed the words—"My poor Charley, who will feed and caress thee when I am gone," when the poor bird drooped its head, and fell dead on the table. A

tear was still lingering on her cheek, when the well known voice of Roland pierced her ear. The sad omen before her almost changed her resolution, for she was a little superstitious; and who of us are not? Roland ascended the ladder, and entered the room, where he no sooner found that she was wavering, than he fell upon his knee, and implored her either to consummate her first determination, or put an end to a life that was no longer desirable. His protestations of undying devotion were renewed; and he declared that it was in her power to make him what she pleased, good or bad, happy, or miserable.

Lesbia first pitied him, then loved, because she pitied, and then again resolved to fly. It is thus that women love bad men, for if a woman suffers herself to pity the misfortunes or foibles of a man, she identifies her own feelings with his; and ere she is aware of it, her sympathies have ripened into love.

In a few minutes, Lesbia had gathered together her clothes and jewels, and had fled forever from the roof of her fond parents, whose hearts were devoted to her happiness. I never knew a happy marriage which had been consummated against the expressed will of the parents. Lesbia wept when she thought that her parents were wrapped in slumber, unconscious of the act of her disobedience. Ere the sun gilded the lofty spires of New York with his rays, the indissoluble knot was tied, which united them in the holy bonds of wedlock. The morning came; and a servant knocked at the door of Lesbia's chamber, but no voice answered. The door was locked, and alarm pervaded the whole family. They feared to enter, least they should find her stretched upon the bed of death. The room, however, was at length forcibly entered, and to their inexpressible astonishment and mortification, they found that the idol of their hearts, and only child, was gone. The weeping mother wrung her hands in agony; and the father enraged, fled from the house in pursuit. At a well known boarding house, he found his lost daughter in the arms of her husband. "How dare you villain," exclaimed the angry father, "steal into my house at midnight, and entice from her happy home, the only child of my bosom, the prop and pride of my declining years?"

Roland hung his head, and said not a word, for guilt is neither loquacious nor resentful.

"Forgive us, my father," exclaimed Lesbia, falling at his feet, "and never again, while life remains—" "Never!" cried the father with increased rage, "you have blasted the hopes and happiness of your dearest friends; and like the serpent, you have stung the hearts of those who gave you life, and nurtured you from the cradle, you have fled from your once happy home, with a man whose habits and propensities will bring you to poverty and suffering, and him to ruin and disgrace. Mark me, that child can never be happy, who brings her parent's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave."

"Oh keener than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child,"

exclaimed the old man, as he burst into tears, and left the house.

"He will, he must forgive us," cried the lovely Lesbia, weeping upon the neck of her husband.

"I care not a curse," muttered Roland, in a low tone, unheard by Lesbia, "so I get his fortune."

Roland, though young in years, was well acquainted with the world, and had studied human nature, as well from observation as from books; and he now sedulously watched his conduct, and walked straightly; for he knew it would please him whose purse he was desirous of opening. The old man, who had been closely scanning his conduct for a year or more, fancied that he had been mistaken in Roland's character, and frankly offered to establish him in business. He

readily agreed; and left the navy, regretted by all the officers, for he was considered a brave man. But Lesbia was not so much mistaken, for she knew him to be a regular drinker of spirits, and had often remonstrated against it, but his invariable reply was—

"Do you suppose I am such a slave to it, as to suffer it ever to gain the mastery? No, I am a man of too much resolution; and I would suffer death, sooner than it should triumph over me. My father drank for forty years, and was never drunk."

In a short time Roland was established in a whole sale store in Broadway, in the very house in which Lesbia's father had acquired a fortune. It was a good stand; and with the influence of his married connections, he soon had an extensive business, and bade fair to reap a rich harvest. He now had a new motive for being frugal, for Lesbia had presented him a daughter. But Roland had attached himself to a curse, which has ruined many a noble young man; I mean bad company. He mingled with associates who were ever prating of honor, and yet addicted to the worst of practices. With them he spent many of his evenings, and they flattered him and enticed him to drink, for the purpose of winning his money, which they knew he had plenty of.

It was a cold night in January, and the spirits moaned mournfully round the turrets of the lofty building. Lesbia was sitting by the cradle of her infant, wondering what business could have delayed so long the coming of her husband, her heart's idol. Vague fears crossed her mind; and memory wandered back to the dead bird, which expired in her hand, on the night of her elopement. Her fancy was busy in fashioning that omen, when she heard a thundering knock at the street door, which rung in repeated echoes through the dark silent halls. She opened her chamber door, and flew down the stairway, her heart pulsating, and her temples throbbing with an indefinite fear. She had no sooner opened the street door, than she beheld the object of her heart's first devoted love, in the arms of two men, his clothes torn and stained with blood. A sickness came over her, and the recollection of the dying bird again flashed upon her mind. The two men declared that he had been knocked down in the street and robbed, and that they had found and conveyed him home. Lesbia even hoped that this had been the case, as the less of two evils, but when laid on the bed, she discovered that he had been drinking; and that circumstance was the key to all the rest. All night he was delirious, and raved about the game he had been playing, swearing he had been cheated out of a thousand dollars. A little before day, he awoke, feverish and sick; his tongue parched, his mouth dry and and his eyes blood shot.

"Oh! how horrible I feel," he exclaimed, "I am suffering both mental and bodily anguish. Villains they must have been who knocked me down, and robbed me in the street last night."

The gentle Lesbia, hearing him thus attempt to cover his fault with falsehood, could bear up against her feelings no longer; and she threw her arms round his neck, and burst into tears. Seeing that she knew all, the ungrateful man felt irritated, and all men are irritable when recovering from a fit of drunkenness, and he repulsed her. It was the first act of unkindness, and she thought of the dead bird, as an omen that she had left the home of her happiness, for a life of misery. She knelt down by the bed on which lay her husband, and prayed fervently that his mad career, but just begun, might be stayed; and that the grace of God might win him to virtue. But Lesbia believed had never thought of religion; and how could she expect her prayers would be heard, when she had counted in girlhood, the possession of a wild and dissipated

rake, merely through the vanity of reclaiming him. Lesbia had now the first idea of her error.

Roland was heartily ashamed of his conduct, yet would not suffer her to mention the subject. All day he was moody and morose; yet by chance she discovered that he had really lost a thousand dollars, and a gold lever watch, worth one hundred and fifty. But so devoted was this beautiful and unhappy woman, that she concealed his error, and never mentioned it, even to her parents or bosom friends. Through the day, Roland drank occasionally, as was his custom; and particularly now, as he said; to relieve the awful feelings occasioned by the last night's debauch. Towards night, he began to recover, and sat down with Lesbia to the supper table.

"I think I never will gamble again," he said, pressing his high, intellectual forehead with his hand, "or drink too much. I never believed that I would thus have been led away."

"I am rejoiced to hear you express yourself so frankly," returned the smiling wife, glad that he had introduced the subject. "But I fully believe there is no safety except in total abstinence. There is no man who intends to be a drunkard when he begins to drink; but so fascinating is its influence and effect, that the votary is led on by imperceptible degrees till he wakes as from a dream, to the horrors of his situation. You have the brightest prospects before you: the prospects of wealth, honor, and a happy old age. You have a wife who loves you with an undivided heart; yet a course of conduct like that of last night, would soon send her to the grave with a broken heart. And your child, your darling child, that lies beside you in the cradle, with your likeness stamped upon its innocent countenance, and wholly unconscious of its father's errors, what is to become of it, if you yield to the charmed influence of the social glass, and mingle with gamblers, in preference to the society of your wife, who you know is your true friend, and to whom in courtship you promised undying devotedness and love. How often did you declare, that I had charms to win you to virtue; and that I had it in my power to make you what I pleased. Ah, Roland, have those poor charms which won your heart, so soon faded? Have I so soon ceased to be your better genius, as you once declared me to be?"

"Oh! Lesbia you are too severe," exclaimed the conscience stricken Roland, melting into tears; "you stab me to the heart. Spare me, and I promise you to drink no more."

"In that promise," returned the sensible and lovely Lesbia, "is contained all others, for drinking is necessary to, and leads to all other vices. Many of the fashionable follies of the day, would go down, were it not for the bottle: it is the master vice of all other vices; and in the language of the justly celebrated Dr. Rush, it is a devil to the soul, the wife's woe, and children's sorrow."

Lesbia arose and embraced her husband, rejoicing that he had pledged himself to total abstinence, for she knew that that was the only way to destroy the habit, the only way to kill the Hydra, and to cleanse the Augean stable. Her good sense taught her, that to drink moderately was to fan the coals, and keep the flame alive, and that total abstinence was the only mode of destroying the desire and the habit. For, if a man desires to cease from the practice of swearing, he must do so at once, and entirely; for if he indulges in it occasionally, he will, infallibly, soon become as great a swearer as ever. If a man desire to rid himself of the habit of gambling, he must not indulge in it occasionally; for if he do, he will, infallibly, soon become as great a gambler as ever. Indeed it is the way to make an incorrigible gambler, swearer or drunkard, because resolution becomes weaker at every failure.

Several weeks passed away, and the gentle Lesbia enjoyed uninterrupted happiness. She congratulated herself that she had indeed accomplished what she had so long desired to accomplish. She rejoiced that her husband had extricated himself from the clutches of a demon, that Hercules had slain the Lernean serpent, and strangled Anteus. But alas! how oftentimes vain are human hopes; how transitory human bliss. Roland began again occasionally to remain late at night from home, and to rise before his usual time in the morning. Again Lesbia's fears were renewed, and again she recalled the omen of the dead bird. She looked at a large cage, containing a canary bird, which hung against the wall, and sighed. The bird, which had been singing, stopped, and seemed to look wistfully at her. It may have been fancy, for we are most superstitious when most distressed. Though Lesbia had enjoyed happiness, at the prospect of her husband's restoration, yet it was not unalloyed; for though her father had established him in business, he had not forgiven her, and had never entered her house. She was now doubly wretched; for she could plainly see, she imagined, an alteration in the looks of Roland, and believed that he rose early, that he might go unseen to the tavern.

"Oh! horrible," cried he, one morning, "is a life of dissipation! I am the most miserable wretch living."

"Ah! Roland," exclaimed his forbearing and despairing wife, you promised that you would drink no more. Why did you not continue to regard your pledge, as you did for some weeks?"

"Oh! God," he exclaimed, while he trembled from head to foot, "I have not only broke my solemn word, but I have imposed upon the best of wives. When I promised you, I did cease to drink distilled spirits, but drank beer. After a time, I tasted wine, and becoming excited by it, and being in the presence of some old friends, I took a glass of brandy. From that hour I have been a wretched man. From the bar I went to the gaming table; and shall I tell you the truth?" exclaimed the infatuated man, shouting at the top of his voice, while on his countenance, despair and remorse were depicted; "I am a beggar! I am a ruined man; for I have gambled away every dollar I am worth in the world. This house alone remains of all I possessed. Hell itself, is too good for such a wretch as I."

The unhappy Lesbia heard not his last words, for she had fainted and fallen on the floor. Roland rushed from the house to a grog shop, and there drank, to drown the horrors of his conscience. No sooner did he recover to feel the acute stings of remorse, than he again gulped down the liquid poison, and forgot, in insensibility, his own wretchedness, and the misery of her whom he had enticed from a happy home, and whose parents who now look upon her as an outcast, and an alien from their hearts.

The news was soon spread abroad, that Roland was a ruined man, and his step-father went to the store to examine into his affairs. Nearly every thing had been carried to the different auction rooms, and sold to supply the means of indulging in drinking and gaming. Roland was in debt some thousands, for goods bought of a house in Pearl street. The partners came upon him with the threat of a prison; and he now awoke to his wretched situation. To a man thus addicted to the vices of drinking and gambling, a prison is doubly terrific, for there, within its gloomy walls, they cannot be indulged. He went home on Tuesday, in an agony, to his no less agonized wife. She had not seen him since the Friday before, and his very looks alarmed her, and she involuntarily shrunk from him, as from a loathsome and polluted being. His face was bloated like a bladder filled with wind; his eyes red and swollen, and his whole appearance wild

and haggard. The fond, confiding Lesbia, could scarcely recognize in him the once gay and gallant officer, the once noble and talented Roland, who in earlier days had won her heart's fond devotion, and bade her feel the luxury of love's first dream. She could scarcely persuade herself, that he once bowed down at the shrine of her youthful beauty, the acknowledged and favored votary, ere care had set a seal upon her brow, and ere sorrow had withered up the freshness of her heart. It is to be lamented, that men of the most generous hearts, and that men of the finest and most brilliant talents, are generally most inclined to the vice and habit of drinking. How many exalted intellects have been blasted; how many generous hearts have been blighted by that greatest curse that man ever entailed upon himself.

Lesbia, however, still clung to him, with that undying devotion, for which woman has been celebrated in every age and country. She clung to him as the vine still clings to the lofty oak, which has been rent and riven by the lightning of Heaven, willing to bind up his shattered frame, and shield him from the keen blasts of adversity, and the scorn of a cold, unfeeling world. All night he tossed upon his pillow, like a bark stranded upon a rock, and dreamt of fortunes won and lost; of tears, remorse and suicide. The spectre of injured innocence, heart-broken, and despairing beneath a parent's curse, stood before him in his distempered sleep; her hair dishevelled with grief, and her eyes streaming with tears. Again he fancied himself a convict in prison, chained to a flinty floor, and dying like Tantalus with thirst, while the brimming cup continually eluded his grasp; and again he saw his unhappy wife and child in rags, begging through the streets a scanty subsistence—he saw her at her father's door, pleading for admission to that once happy home, from which he had enticed her—he saw her imploring, with streaming eyes, a morsel for her famishing child, and oh! God, he saw her rudely repulsed from the presence of those parents, who once idolized with a devotion due only to perfection; and he awoke, struggling with emotions too painful to be endured. He arose in the morning, sick even to death, and trembling from head to foot, as with the palsy.—A vague fear of sudden death pervaded his mind, and a wild expression alone gave animation to his dead and blood-shot eye-balls. He started with fear from the sudden climpse of a shadow, or from hearing an unusual sound, and his diseased imagination transformed the common appearance of things into spectral shapes, and unearthly features. He was suffering some of the horrors of *mania a potu*. He could scarcely take time to clothe himself, ere he tore himself from the arms of his wife, disregarded her entreaties to stay, and fled to those shops where ruin is sold to thousands of infatuated beings. The effect of liquor had destroyed his appetite, and he ate nothing during whole days, nay weeks at a time. He next went to the house to which he was indebted, and sold the building in which he lived, for half the value, for the sake of a few hundreds which were his, over the amount he owed. With this in his pocket, he shunned the home where mourned the lovely young bride, whose heart he won and made wretched, and took up his abode with a wretched female, who cherished him, only that she might rob him of the last dollar he possessed. Here he drank and gambled, while Lesbia was actually suffering for the necessities of life, yet keeping from the world a knowledge of her hopeless condition, and the base abandonment of her husband. She, however, discovered his retreat, and at night went and implored him to return. The guilty wretch who harbored him, drove her from the house, and weeping she returned to the cradle of her poor fatherless child. As she sat meditating upon her miserable

condition, she cast her eye up at the cage, and saw the poor canary bird lying upon its back quivering in death. She arose, took it in her hand, and attempted to feed it with the last bread she possessed, but it was in vain, for in a few minutes it expired, the victim of hunger. In the midst of her sorrows it had been forgotten.

The next day came, and Lesbia was under the necessity of pawning a gold ring, given to her by Roland at the time of her marriage. She thus obtained bread, which lasted some days. In the meantime all that was in the house was seized for Roland's debts, not leaving her even the cradle in which slumbered her infant. Thus was she reduced to the last verge of human endurance. What a change had three short years made in her condition! Then she enjoyed every luxury and happiness in her father's house; now she was abandoned by a drunken wretch, who had promised, in marriage, to love and protect her; she was suffering all the privations of poverty, with a sick child, without bread, without wood, without sufficient clothing in an inclement season, and without money to buy. The news spread through the neighborhood, that a lady who had seen better days, was suffering for the common necessities of life. One morning a gentleman and lady, richly attired, entered and enquired if they could be of service to her in her distress. At the first glance she recognized in the gentleman a former suitor, who, three or four years before, solicited her hand and had been rejected. But long suffering and hardship had so altered the once beautiful Lesbia, that Mr. Smith did not recognize in her, the angelic being at whose feet he had once bowed down, and for whose smiles and favor he would have given worlds. She was now dressed in a coarse calico gown, which in the eyes of Smith, but ill suited the symmetrical form which he had so often seen arrayed in the richest products of India's looms. In a modest manner, Lesbia made herself known, and in tears related the sad tale of all her own miseries, sedulously avoiding the errors of her unhappy husband, who was at that moment bestowing his affections upon a polluted and miserable creature. Mr. Smith, when he had conversed awhile, arose, silently pressed her hand, and departed with his wife, who had once been the associate of Lesbia at a boarding school up the Hudson. Her mind now reverted to those scenes, and the happy hours she had spent with Caroline Bowers, now the wife of Smith, and while memory rambled through the sunny spots of the past, the tears of regret stole down her pale cheeks, and a deep sigh broke from her bosom. She could not bear the retrospection, and rising to look for food for her child, her eyes fell upon a five dollar note, which Mr. Smith had laid upon the table as he left the room.

"Heaven bless that generous man!" exclaimed she, falling upon her knees, and lifting her dark eyes, streaming with tears to Heaven, "my child we shall not starve yet."

"Thus did this once favored, and now unfortunate woman, eke out a miserable existence, dependant upon the hand of charity for support. Her parents lived far from her in another part of the city, and never visited her. Oh ye who were born in the lap of luxury; ye who dwell in pomp and pride, ye know not the agonies which poverty brings to those whom fortune has forsaken. Of all poverty, that is the worst which has sprung from former abundance and luxury; of all conditions, it is the most painful and humiliating."

It was about a month after this, that Lesbia was sitting at night with her child, hovering over a few coals, when a knock was heard at the door. Supposing it to be some charitable individual, she arose and opened it, when, to her astonishment, Roland staggered into the room, in search of plunder, his money

having all been squandered. Seeing that all the furniture had been removed, he enquired in a stern tone where it was. The heart of Lesbia was full; her affection for Roland was not changed, and as she rushed forward to throw her arms round his neck, he struck her a blow that felled her to the floor. The child screamed and seeing blood flow profusely, and hearing Lesbia say, in a mournful voice—"Oh! Roland, you have killed me," he fled back to the wretched hovel at the Five Points from whence he came. It was past midnight when Lesbia came to her senses. She was lying upon the cold floor, the blood clotted over her face and form, and the child lying upon its bleeding mother's bosom. She arose and after cleansing herself from her own gore, she spread her scanty bed and retired, not to rest, but to weep and sigh over the recollection of her wrongs, and the errors of her misguided and miserable husband.

The next week, the owner of the house ordered her to leave it within ten days, as it had been rented. Lesbia, though a woman of firm mind, now turned pale, and a sickness came over her, for she had no friends. Whither could she fly? Where apply for succor? The last of the ten days arrived, and it was a cold snowy day in February, the wind blowing a hurricane from the northeast. On such a day, she found herself half naked in the streets, with her shivering child in her arms, and with an old pair of shoes that leaked like a riddle. She wandered up and down the streets, without knowing whither to go, while her tears froze as they fell. Oh, who can imagine the sorrows that filled the heart of that amiable and unfortunate woman! Her agony was heightened by the recollection that she had married against the will of her parents, and had been warned of her fate.

The day was far spent, when cold and hunger, she bent her steps towards her father's house, that once happy home, in which she had spent her childhood and the bright morning of her existence. That pride which had hitherto supported her, gave way when she heard the piercing cries of her child for food. The last rays of daylight were gradually sinking in night, when covered with snow, and shivering, she set her foot upon the marble steps of her father's large and luxurious mansion. A cheerful fire was burning in the parlour, and throwing its bright rays against the painted walls, which she could see from without. She feebly knocked at the door, and her grey haired father appeared and accosted her.

"Who are you, my good woman, and what do you want here at such an hour?"

"Oh! my dear father, have you so soon forgotten your once loved daughter, and —"

"Yes," replied the stern old man, "I forget those who forget their duty to their parents."

"Oh give me and my poor child the meanest apartment in the —"

The old man slammed the door ere he heard the last sentence, and left her to reflect in the darkening streets upon her forlorn and wretched situation. Her tears flowed in torrents, and pressing her hungry and shivering child to her bosom, she wandered up a dark alley, where, worn out with fatigue, she sunk down in the snow, while drowsiness gathered thickly over the senses of her child. About ten minutes after, an aged black woman was seen standing over her, weeping bitterly, for she recognized in Lesbia, the child whom she had nursed in other years. After long exertion, she roused the drowsy sufferer, took her child in her arms, and led the way to her master's house, declaring that she should be fed, whether she was admitted into her father's house or not. When they arrived, the generous nurse entered the parlour, told the piteous tale of the perishing daughter, and then, in tears, pleaded with nature's eloquence, for mercy. The aged mother melted into tears, and flew to the kitchen to em-

brace once more her erring and long lost daughter. So much had suffering altered the appearance of Lesbia, that her mother could scarcely recognize in her, the once gay and beautiful girl. They embraced each other, while tears flowed plentifully, and many a heartfelt sigh escaped their bosoms.

"Give me food for my perishing child, Oh! my mother," exclaimed Lesbia, forgetting her own hunger, "she has not tasted food since yester night."

Food was brought, hunger was appeased, and they were placed in a downy bed, from which Lesbia did not arise till the end of six weeks. A raging fever seized her, and in her delirium, she talked of her sufferings and wrongs, which she had so long hid from the world. Many tears flowed, even at the feverish recital of her sufferings and sorrows, hid from the world.

In the mean time, Roland had drunk to such excess, that he had brought on *mania a potu*, and was suffering all the horrors of hell. When he laid down, he imagined that devils were grinning in his face, and his ears rung with their execrations. Demons were continually dragging the bed clothes off him. The common objects in the room, were spectres; and every sound, his distempered imagination transformed to words of hideous import. Loathsome vermin were crawling upon him, and he fancied that he was to be put to death with more than Indian tortures. When he fell in a doze, horrible visions presented themselves; he fancied himself dead, and found himself in the dark domains of Hell. He awoke trembling with agony only to undergo the same again when he fell asleep. In the day, his path was beset with the most hideous creatures, that with wide extended jaws menaced his approach. If the miseries of the damned are greater, great must they be indeed.

In this situation, the officers of the Alms house ordered him taken. The wretched Roland conceived the horrific idea, that he had murdered his wife; and that the officers of mercy who were after him, were the ministers of justice. Their very words of pity, he transformed into execrations and condemnation. He believed that they were about to convey him to prison, and endeavored with all his strength to escape.

He was taken to the Alm house, searched and placed in a cell, which he believed to be a dungeon in Bridewell. Here he suffered all the terrors of the reality, and perhaps, more than the guilty criminal, inasmuch as his fancy was unnaturally excited. The inmates of other cells, he imagined to be criminals, like himself condemned to die, and he believed that three days were all that he had to live, overlooking entirely the circumstances that he had not been tried. He counted every moment as it passed, and so great was his dread of death, that cold drops of sweat would start from his brow, and his face become livid and pale. Oh, if there is one young man who has just entered the path of dissipation, let him stay for a moment his mad career, and consider the horrid sufferings that are in store for him. Let him not think that the awful terrors I have described, are but the creatures of fancy, they are real, and the dissipated man whose eye falls upon these pages, will confess and recognize the truth of their portraiture. Roland could not lie down, but he was surrounded by demons or devils of the most uncouth appearance, that taunted him with the certainty of his approaching fate, and threatened him with the tortures he should endure after death, when his unhappy spirit should be doomed to the gloomy abodes of Pluto. At another moment Satan would wind him up in an inextricable labyrinth, while the wretched captive was struggling for breath, and struggling to be free. In such horrors as these, Roland passed some of the long winter nights, and endured sufferings too great to be conceived.

It was as he fancied, on the night before his execution was to take place, that the bleeding spirit of his

murdered wife stood before him; one of her eyes hanging from her head, and her skull so much fractured that the brain was escaping from the wound. A wild agony seized him, and he fancied she had come to conduct his spirit down to the abodes of wretchedness and despair. When this frenzy had partly passed from the busy brain of the maniac, he could hear the sounds of the hammer and axe, used in the building of the gallows on which he was to be hung next day. He could hear the voices of the builders, and the horrid speculations of the bystanders, who were quarrelling about the possession of the body after the death. His dread of death was now unutterable, and he trembled from head to foot like an aspen. Never, certainly, was the reality more terrific.

At length the morning came, and the keeper entered his cell to shave him. Roland immediately conceived that he was the jailor, and that he had come to shave him preparatory to the execution. This dreadful idea took full possession of his mind, and he trembled to such a degree that he could scarcely be shaved. He now fancied that the jailor spoke, and bade him prepare for death, saying that a vast multitude had assembled to witness the awful spectacle. Roland fancied that he could hear the shouts of the multitude, calling on his name with imprecations. The keeper had marked an extraordinary wildness in his eye, and turned round for a moment to adjust some small matter, when Roland, unseen, seized the razor, and at one stroke, cut his throat almost from one ear to the other. The torrent of blood gushed upon the keeper; he turned suddenly round, and beheld Roland falling backwards, his eyes wildly fixed upon vacancy, and his countenance distorted with the emotions of fear and despair. The keeper fled in the apothecary's room, where, luckily, he found the attending physician and one or two students, who immediately repaired to the cell of the bleeding maniac. The floor was covered with his blood, and he had fainted. Upon examination, it was found that he had cut one of the jugulars, and had just touched the carotid artery.—The bleeding and severed vessel was taken up, after some difficulty, and the insensible Roland was placed in a bed, where he fluctuated between life and death for some days. At length, after much suffering, he began to recover, and enquired for Lesbia, whom he supposed he had murdered, and who had indeed suffered every thing but death. She was happy, however, to hear that he was recovering, and with woman's confiding fondness, was ready to trust him once more.

In four or five weeks Roland nearly recovered, and was discharged from the Alms house. Lesbia was sitting in her father's parlour, watching her child play on the sofa, when the door opened, and Roland entered. Lesbia sprang from her seat and rushed into his arms, and wept for joy upon his bosom.

"Oh! Lesbia, my much injured yet forgiving wife, I am a changed, an altered man," exclaimed Roland, after my first embrace. "Never again shall you weep over my follies, or despise my conduct. You have suffered; in future you shall rejoice."

Every one present wept for joy as he continued.—"No, I am resolved in future, not only to abstain from dissipated liquors, but from every thing that contains alcohol, for the weaker liquors invariably lead to the stronger."

Roland the next week signed a list of names devoted to temperance, and he has ever since religiously kept his promise. Lesbia and her husband still reside in New York. His business is not as prosperous as it once was, though he has amply improved the capital given him a second time by his father-in-law. In total abstinence, he has found that safety and happiness to all around him has been the result. Three blooming children are growing up in their smiles, and will inherit an honorable name from their father, who once bade

fair to go down in infamy to an untimely tomb. Bless is that dissipated man who believes and adheres to TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

SOMETHING THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

There is no mania so general among the readers of fiction, as the mania for incident—incident of all kinds. The dialogue may be brilliant, the descriptions beautiful, the characters original, the sentiments noble and well expressed—no matter—your book must have a duel in it, a "sudden death," a "found drowned," a "dreadful murder," or a "mysterious disappearance."

We record the following "incident," in the hope that such as may be going to dine—ravenously hungry—upon a "three vol. post oct." will not find their appetite impaired by a "relish" that owes its existence to real life.

"What a place for a gentleman to live in!" said Henry Evanshaw, a victim of the Greek-and-Latin-incompetency system, as he sat in his back attic, which "served him for parlor, and kitchen, and all," one dreary afternoon in September; and in "melancholic mood and accents low" he began taking an inventory of the properties which constituted his "furnished lodgings," and consisted of very little more than pens, ink, paper—six treatises, eight epics, and nine novels!

Henry had again resigned himself to the gloom of contemplative retrospection, when the accents of his landlady broke upon his ear—not "like Houri's hymn," but in a tone the very reverse of that kind of voice which has been pronounced to be "a most excellent thing in woman"—intimating that the "postman" had been again with the letter from Brighton, and had again "refused to leave it," save for prompt payment. This was from his father, to whom he had written two days previously for another "last supply."

In the evening Mr. Evanshaw was passing a neighbouring coffee house to which he sometimes resorted, and longing to be possessed of such a sum as would justify him in entering, when he was accosted by its proprietor—"I think, sir, your name is Evanshaw?"

"It is," said Henry; and tailors and bailiffs alternated before his eyes.

"I have a parcel for you, sir, left this afternoon," and in two minutes the packet was placed on the table at which Henry had now seated himself, and the poor scholar was left monarch, *pro tem*, of all he surveyed.

A flush of hope crimsoned his hungered cheeks, as he broke the seals of the packet; it was but momentary, and the sight that instantly followed bespoke the man whom experience had taught to expect disappointment, but whose sanguine temperament bade him hope the best.

The packet contained a letter, and a hundred pound Bank of England note! The former had neither signature nor date, nor was the address of the writer mentioned; farther, the handwriting was perfectly unknown to him. The contents were as follows:—

"Mr. Henry Evanshaw is informed that if he will go this night to 11 — street, Cavendish square, he will find apartments fitted up for his reception, and the people of the house ready to pay him every attention. Mr. H. E. is further informed that, if he will call to-morrow at Messrs. Drummond's, he may, on stating his name, and the above address, receive the sum of £250; a third such may be had by him, on personal application, every quarter. Enclosed is a hundred pound note."

A Royal salute, a discharge of artillery, would con-

vey but a faint idea of the echoing rat-tat-tat, which astonished the intellects of the inhabitants of — street, Cavendish square, as the clock struck ten, on the night of the day when our incident commenced. The lion's head, had it been a real one, would have ached until the following Christmas.

"Mr. Evanshaw, I presume?" said the landlady; "pray, walk up stairs, sir. The gentleman in blue told me to be prepared to receive you at about ten: we have just finished. The gentleman in blue, I'm sorry to say, s.r., left about three minutes ago."

These last observations of the landlady were just concluded, as the parties entered the drawing-room. The effect this produced on our hero as he entered, was very similar to that which the palace of the three sisters had upon the fisherman in the Arabian Nights. Astonishment is said to be the result of ignorance: all marvelling, therefore, must be excused in a man who for the last eight years had been doomed to the bare walls and sterile interior of a poet's attic.

The room he entered was a noble one. The finest Turkey carpet hushed the treading of the delighted feet, rich crimson velvet curtains helped to inclose the warmth imparted by the cheerful fire, and the imagination partook of their fervid glowing—of their gorgeousness. A mirror, which reached the ceiling, was hung over the white marble mantel-piece; the walls were plentifully adorned with a few of the choicest pictures of the old masters, with the exception of that opposite the fire-place, which was totally covered by a mahogany set of book-shelves. And

"Round the lamp of fretted gold
Bloom'd flowers in urns of china's mould."

The other room contained all the appurtenances of an elegant sleeping apartment.

But one thing surprised him more than all this. The books, the papers, the beloved inkstand, the gilt of a dear friend, and all that he could have cared for in the abject poverty from which he had just been rescued, were there! less than three hours before, they had lain scattered about the forlorn attic in — lane! He had thus nothing to regret—every thing that could contribute to his well-being, mental and physical: misery seemed to have been changed into happiness, as suddenly and unaccountably as Harlequin changes a beefsteak into a beautiful goddess.

Verily, it, as Bishop Berkeley contends, our life is but a dream, what a supper must many of us have eaten before we first went to bed! What a very improper quantity of superfluities we must have indulged in, that such not-to-be-accounted-for and contradictory things takes place; that misery and happiness come and go—now one and now the other; that now we are beloved, now hated—now weeping, now laughing; in short, how very good an argument it is in support of the Bishop's theory, that our life is so very like the dreams that we have on our beds of down or flimsy couches—equally paradoxical, absurd and useless!

Weeks passed away, during which Henry heard nothing of the "gentleman in blue," whom he had suspected to be a relation of the "gentleman in black." He nevertheless had done little else than enjoy himself in the company of his delightful old authors—friends, who had been his only ones in need, and to whom he now felt increased gratitude, as well as respect and affection.

There are few pleasanter places than a public exhibition-room—the realm of colour, delight, and refined enjoyment. About a theatre, we know not why, there is an inherent appearance of dissipation; the effort to get at pleasure strikes us more than the pleasure itself; everybody laughs, but apparently only because others do; and, furthermore, the fatigues of the day have left the revellers weary and listless. But a morning

exhibition—with the sun pouring in through the windows, the sleep-freshened faces, the sociable mingling of the enjoyers, the moving to and fro, the approving hum, in short, the animation that is really partaken of by every one—is a remnant of the golden time; a place apart, sacred to innocence and knowledge—a temple fit to adorn the purity of a poetical paradise. Mr. Evanshaw agreed with us, and, after he had been there some two or three hours, found that he had not yet done one room.

He was now struck by a particularly fine picture of Edward Landseer's, and sat down on a bench to enjoy it at his leisure. He had not been long seated thus, when a gentleman, who had, unperceived by him, placed himself by his side on the bench, observed to him that he thought the picture he was looking at was the finest in the room. The stranger was a man of proportions the very smallest, though delicately moulded; and his deportment had that character which is implied, though not expressed, by the word *gentlemanly*—a mixture of elegance, modesty, and self-consciousness. His features were handsome, but chiefly remarkable for sweetness of expression and that patient quietude which is the result of either past suffering or habits of study. His dress, by the way, was blue.

"I am happy, sir, in being able to agree with you," said Evanshaw. That picture of Landseer's has, to me, more genius about it than any other I have seen,—more truth. The artist has a power greater than any other, of expressing what he feels; and it is this power to express, and not to feel only, which constitutes the fine painter, as well as the fine poet and musician. But there are many other very beautiful pictures."

"There are, indeed," replied the stranger: "You will forgive me if I am mistaken in judging from your last observations, that you are disinclined to make comparisons."

"I did not mean so by what I then said. I simply wished to cultivate a feeling of gratitude for any thing of the beautiful that an artist gives us, however little that beauty may be. I will not forget, in my admiration of Landseer's genius, the feeling and truth of that little landscape yonder. A dewdrop is lovely, though the smile of my mistress is more so; and certain troubles, Sir, have made my heart bound forward with the deepest gratitude to the mind that can bring a smile from my heart, or for an instant unnerve the frown that suffering has placed upon my brow."

"I cordially sympathize with you in that feeling," returned the stranger; "that theory has been my comfort through life—has enabled me to encounter poverty with a light heart."

"What would become of love," asked our hero, "if that theory was not the true one? What would become of association? That one finest thing which our experience had taught us, and that one only, would then be beloved by us, and the whole wisdom of 'natural piety' be done away with. In fact, it is impossible for humanity to feel otherwise, seeing that it is a creation whose happiness is half-generated by memory—by the past, however sad or various."

Some time passed, and the two gentlemen seemed disinclined to drop a conversation in which their own separate views and opinions discovered themselves to be so agreeably in unison. The lateness of the hour, however—it was nearly four o'clock—obliged Evanshaw to think of returning home, and he intimated as much to his companion, who, with an un-English cordiality, yet with the truest and most differential politeness, proposed that they should dine together at his own house. This arrangement Evanshaw gladly consented to; and, arm in arm, as though they had been friends who had "grown up inseparably together," they descended the staircase, mounted our hero's

cab, and in ten minutes were seated at their ease in the stranger's drawing-room, in Hanover street.

The dinner was over, and for some reason or other, Henry was happier than he had felt for many years.—With a man who was evidently not only a scholar, but one also of refined taste and profound reading, he felt, for the first time these eight years, in his element; and as he turned over the pages of his friend's parchment-covered Theocritus or Homer, pages browned by the breath of antiquity, the flush of sympathy suffused his face, and he could have taken him by the hand with all the glowing cordiality of an old and fond associate.

"Were you ever in Italy, sir?" said the stranger host, after some conversation on other matters.

"Yes, some ten years ago."

"You travelled over the Alps, of course?"

"Yes, I did," said Evanshaw. "The Alps are dear mountains to me. Their grandeur, scenery, their memories, I can appreciate to the full; but it is extraordinary how a little bit of the heart, how a feeling, a particle of *love*, takes precedence with me of all that is merely *mental*. I saved a man's life on the Alps, and my gratitude to Heaven for giving me the opportunity of doing so makes me daily happy; for daily I give vent to it ere the labours of the day are entered upon."

"Did you ever meet, in Italy, with an Englishman of the name of Barrow?"

"Barrow! 'Twas his name; the name of him I preserved. Is he living?"

"He is."

"Do you know him?"

"Strange to say, though I have seen him every morning for many years, I do not *know* him. I mean in the profound acceptance of the word. If I did *know* him, I should have mastered one of the greatest metaphysical difficulties in the world."

"You speak in riddles. Can I see him?"

"That is for you to say. I should think you might, for he sits close to you at this instant." And with these words the stranger bared his wrist, and discovered to his friend the scar made by a wolf's teeth.

The friends were now in each other's arms.

"Domestic calamities, of all sorts, have altered me, my dear Evanshaw," said Barrow, after a time. "But good philosophy has enabled you to carry cheerful and unimpaired looks, despite your long poverty. Is every thing arranged as you like it in — street?"

"How is it possible you could know my lodgings?"

"Simply, because I—I am the gentleman in blue."

There was too good an understanding between the friends—the faith of each in the other's nobility of nature, set all entreaties on the part of the one, and all refusals to be obliged on that of the other, quite out of the question. They felt, as it were, with the same heart.

Many years have passed away, during which period the two friends have not been once separated. They took up their abode together the day after their meeting at the exhibition: have both married since; and, with their respective children, still have one roof covering them—are, while we are writing, in the very best health, (we drank tea with them last night) and as young at heart, and as full of hopefulness and kind doctrines as they were twenty years ago. H. H.

Since the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee, it behooveth thee, O man! to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

Never be forward to teach or inform others, without being invited to do it: no man, though he be ignorant, likes to be thought so.

THE COUNTERFEITER'S DAUGHTER.

In the year 1814, our regiment, after having distinguished itself in the Peninsular campaigns, and having suffered severely in the sortie from Bayonne,—which, as the news of the treaty of Paris arrived immediately after, was the closing scene of the war,—set sail from Bordeaux, to gain new laurels in America. I had just been promoted to the grade of Captain, having served as Lieutenant for ten years, and received a wound in my knee, the effects of which I shall carry to my grave. Part of the expedition was destined for the Chesapeake, but a large detachment was despatched to the Canadas, comprising our corps. Being somewhat of an invalid upon our arrival, I was not detailed for active service, but remained during the short period that elapsed before the peace of 1815, first in garrison at Quebec, and latterly at Trois Rivières, where my health became re-established.

As the spring of 1815 opened, I used to take my fowling piece, a real Joe Manton, and a pointer named Ponto, given me by a brother officer who died upon the field of battle at Salamanca, and thus accounted, would ramble about for miles in the vicinity of the town, stopping occasionally to rest in the houses of the *habitans*, as the French settlers in the Stigories are termed, and lancing myself among the peasantry of the France I had so recently quitted; though pines and hemlocks were but an indifferent substitute for the olive and vine. It was an excursion to the Rivière du Loup, a tributary to the St. Lawrence, in order to view some falls which had been represented by an old *habitant* as highly picturesque, that the following incident befel me:

I had chosen for a guide one of a tribe of Indians called *Abenquis*, who knew the exact situation of the falls, and set out from Trois Rivières early on a clear June morning. We viewed successively the falls of the Gabel, La Frays, and Chevenegon, which last some consider nearly equal to Niagara itself in grandeur, and passed the night in a retired hut in the Seignory of Machiche. The next morning we pursued our journey leisurely, and at noon arrived near the desired spot. The Indian, as if satisfied of having performed his task as guide, pointed listlessly in the direction of the falls, and seated himself on a stump, seemingly unconscious of the attractions of the scene; but I, though much fatigued, forgot all my toil in the animating prospect, and rushed forward to view the object of my search. My haste was near proving fatal. The sods of the bank loosened by the melted snow, and undermined by the spring freshet, gave way, and had I not caught a branch of a projecting birch, I should have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks in the bed of the river, an hundred feet below. The branch, however, sustained me, though sunk far below the level of the bank; and bracing my feet against a projecting stone, I called loudly upon my guide. But no Indian appeared. "The noise of the waterfall may drown my voice," thought I, and I hallooed yet louder than before. Still no appearance of help.

"God of heaven!" I ejaculated,—as I remained swinging in mid air, grasping a weak and pliant branch, and dreading to make any effort to rise through fear of breaking my only support,—"he has fallen asleep!" As the possibility flashed through my mind, a cold sweat crept over me, and I felt my remaining strength deserting me. The frail branch seemed about giving away in my hands, and my senses became painfully acute. I fancied I could hear the bits of gravel dropping from the bank under my feet, and the tree slowly uprooting beneath my weight. And then I thought on my sins and my past life, and in mental agony exclaimed, "If I survive this,—if a Providence interferes to rescue me,—I will be a changed

man." Then I thought of the futility of a death-bed repentance, and shrieked again wildly for succor.

A soft voice struck my ear: I looked up, and, merciful Heavens! beheld the face of a girl, anxiously bending over the bank. She was attired in the common dress of the *habitans*—and saying, "Ah mon Dieu! c'est un homme!" she disappeared in an instant.

I now had a ray of hope, though exhausted nature threatened to fall at every moment. However, in a few minutes, which my anxiety made ages, she returned with an elderly man, and my recreant guide. The stranger had a rope, which he contrived to throw about me, and bracing my feet against the bank, I was slowly drawn up. On reaching the top, I faintly.

When I recovered I found myself on a bed, in a large room, which, from the smoky rafters over head, seemed the kitchen of a cottage. My wounded leg felt as if again broken, and a high fever was stealing over me. At the bedside sat the girl whom I had seen on the bank. I endeavored to address her, but she motioned me to be quiet, putting her finger to her lips, with an expressive gesture. The old man, who appeared to be her father, came in, and eyed me with a singular look, which struck me even in the midst of my pain, and which I have often since recalled to mind. After uttering some unintelligible words, he went to a cupboard, took out a pipe, which he filled, and then sat down in a corner of the huge fire place, where he was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The girl, whom the old man called Marie, rose from my bedside, and began to arrange the apartment, preparatory to supper. As I looked at the old Frenchman in the corner, my fever grew more violent, and I began to feel a singular expansion of the head. Then I thought his pipe a cannon, and the smoke, that of a battery: and I cried out to cheer the combatants, and finally lost all recollection in a wild delirium.

How long this lasted I know not. My first sensation was a feeling of utter feebleness. I opened my eyes, and saw nothing but the lured light of some of the embers, over which several persons appeared to be conversing, for the darkness prevented me from distinguishing forms. A voice which I recognised as that of the father of Marie, began in French:

"If he goes back, our place, with all its advantages, will be discovered, and then we can never be secure. Perhaps he has seen nothing, but we cannot trust to that—and if he suspects anything, we are blown at once."

"It's all the fault of Marie," said another voice; "had she left him dangling where she found him, we should have been saved all this. A plague on all soft-hearted folks, I say!"

"Pierrot! Pierrot!" said a voice, which I took to be that of Marie, beware how you provoke me with your taunts. Your life is in my hands, and you know it. If you would be safe a day, beware how you exasperate me! We have had crime enough without adding murder to the list. Besides, he is delirious, and we need apprehend nothing."

"Remember how Le Noir was seized: had he shot the officer, he would have escaped."

"Le Noir was a fool, and went to Montreal against father's express direction; he deserved to suffer; besides, it was for murder."

"Marie is right," added the father, "though I am uneasy at his stay. Leave him to her, and she will contrive to get him away, as she brought him here, without his knowing it. So we may consider this matter as finished." With this I heard a stir of persons rising to depart, and half a dozen forms flitted before the embers, and left the house,—their steps being audible at some distance from the cottage. Marie raked up the coals, and retired to rest.

All was still in the apartment, save the melancholy chirping of the crickets in the hearth; but sleep had

been effectually chased away from me, and I remained in a state of disturbed wakefulness all the night. Marie entered in the morning, singing gaily some old French *refrain*; but gathering from the altered expression of my face, that I had recovered my senses, she suddenly stopped and on my attempting to speak, she checked me with a gesture, and whispered: "Be silent as you would live!" I nodded assent.

Marie and her father were the only persons who for many days subsequent, and indeed till my entire recovery, were seen by me, though I thought I could distinguish the sound of footsteps, and suppressed conversation overheard. At length I made ready to depart.

"Ma chère Marie," said I to her on the eve of my departure, "how can I reward you for your care of a lone and helpless man? Tell me what present I shall bestow on you or what request fulfil. Name it, if any there be."

She looked at me inquiringly, then replied, "can I trust you?"

"I am a British officer, and my word has never been doubted," answered I with energy.

She ran into an adjoining room, and returned, bringing a small clasped bible. "Swear upon this," cried she, "never to reveal to mortal, the existence of this dwelling, or what you have seen within its walls." "I swear," replied I, pressing the sacred volume to my lips. "Next," said she, "I must insist on you submitting to be blindfolded. No harm shall betide you, but you must yield."

I complied, and was bandaged across the eyes by her own hands. This done, she took my hand and led me for about ten minutes, when we came to a halt, and the bandage was removed. I was in open space near the river side, and close by was a man on horseback, holding another horse by the bridle.

"Adieu, Monsieur," exclaimed she, as I mounted—"adieu! and do not in your prayers forget poor Marie."

I bent in my saddle as though wishing to speak to her; she approached, and I stole a kiss. She started back with a mingled blush and laugh. My guide set spurs to his horse, and I followed his example. Turning round to look for Marie, she had disappeared.

The Canadas were slowly recovering from the effects of the American war, and the energy of the executive was constantly put in requisition to correct the moral tone of a people deteriorated by frequent opportunities of rapine and pillage. Among other evils, the crime of counterfeiting had increased to an alarming extent, and so bold had those engaged in it become, that it was not uncommon to meet Canadians, and refugee Americans, boasting publicly of the success of their attempts to cheat the community. One flagrant instance of villainy occurred in the town of Trois Rivières. Three were concerned, of whom one was apprehended and taken before the authorities of the place.

The criminal obstinately refused to give any account of his accomplices, till frightened by the *ruse* of setting up a gallows, accompanied by a threat of instant execution, he confessed himself one of a gang of counterfeiters, and offered, if secured a pardon, to discover the haunt. The chief, he said, was named Jacques Dessaul, and he described his character and ferocity in such a manner that it was deemed advisable to detail a military party for his apprehension.

Being fond of adventure, I solicited and obtained the command; and early on the following morning we set out for our destination, having first placed the prisoner in front, with his hands pinioned behind him, and giving orders in his hearing to shoot him if he attempted to escape. As we advanced rapidly into the interior, the scene became more and more familiar, till at last I recognized the identical spot where my life had been endangered, and the guide declared that we were near the dwelling of Jacques. I halted the

men behind a thick clump of underwood, and crept forward to reconnoitre. A few steps brought me to the open space where I had taken leave of Marie, and I could doubt no longer that her father's house was the rendezvous and workshop of the counterfeiters.

The truth just flashed through my mind when I heard the sound of footsteps, and had hardly time to crouch behind a hemlock stump, before Marie herself, driving a cow, and singing merrily, crossed the opening and entered a narrow path among the bushes. I marked the direction she took, and returned to my men.

It was now dusk, and the night hawks began to whirl in mazy circles over our heads, while the whip-poor-wills, with their almost human cry, filled every thicket. We remained stationary till we thought, from the lateness of the hour, the inmates had retired to rest, and then with noiseless steps followed our guide. He conducted us along the path taken by Marie, and in a few minutes brought us in front of a low stone cottage of one story, with gables, so completely embosomed among trees and shrubbery as to be hardly visible, even when pointed out, and entirely unperceivable by the casual observer. We surrounded it silently, and then listened to detect any movement of those within. One of the men declared he heard the sound like a press, and creeping close to the wall, I put my ear against it in order to ascertain. A slight jar as of something moving upon rollers, convinced me that they were engaged in striking off bills, and I rapped loudly at the door. The noise ceased instantly, and all was still as death.

Again I knocked and demanded admission. I heard a sound as of persons conversing within, and then a voice, which I knew as that of Jacques Dessault, cried out, 'Qui va là?' (1)

'Open the door!' was my reply, 'or I shall force it!'

'I know his voice,' said Marie—'open it, father.'

And the old man cautiously opened the door, just sufficiently to allow him to peep out, when it was violently pushed by a rush of the soldiers, throwing Jacques upon the floor with the recoil.

He rose like a tiger, and drawing a pistol, fired at me. The shot would have proved fatal, had not Marie, crying, 'Ne tirez pas!—Ne tirez pas!' (2) struck the barrel upward with her arm.

'Meurs, traîtresse! c'est toi qui nous as perdus!' (3) shouted the infuriated father, discharging a second pistol at his daughter.

She murmured 'Mon Pere!' and fell prostrate on the floor. I rushed to her aid, and placed her upon the well known bed. She cast on me a look that spoke volumes of reproaches, and expired.

The father was instantly pinioned hand and foot, and remained a passive spectator of the search made for counterfeit money, of which we found a great quantity, with the plates and press for its fabrication. The latter we destroyed, and most of the former, preserving a few specimens only, to serve as proofs.

During this operation, old Jacques remained perfectly passive, without showing the least visible sign of emotion. But when, in pursuance of our arrangements for passing the night, the guide was brought in, he comprehended at a glance the means used to entrap him and the innocence of his daughter.

'Grand Dieu! je suis l'assassin de ma fille!' (4) shrieked he, in a tone of agony which, even now curdles my blood. 'Permettez-moi la toucher!—Let me but touch her! Let a father embrace his daughter!'

- (1) 'What goes there?'
(2) 'Do not fire!—Do not fire!'
(3) 'Die, traitress!—it is thou who has ruined us!'
(4) 'Great God!—I am the murderer of my daughter!'

Having satisfied myself that no arms were concealed on his person, I directed the men to unbind him. As soon as unopposed, he flung himself upon the bed, crying in a tone of anguish which brought tears from all around, 'Parlez-moi! ma fille! ma Marie! parlez! c'est ton pere qui t'appelle!' (5)

But Marie was beyond the sound of any human voice.

The old man sank into a chair at the bed side, and as the sentinels on the watch asserted, kept his eyes fixed on the corpse in a steady glare, without so much as moving his eye lids perceptibly, during the whole night. The rest is soon told. We buried her at dawn near the cottage wall, and returned with our prisoner to Trois Rivières. From thence he was sent up the river to be tried at Montreal, but while passing a rapid, though secured hand and foot, he contrived on a sudden lurch of the vessel, to throw himself overboard. The current was violent, and he was never seen afterwards.

'For myself,' concluded the Major, 'though years have intervened, my first care on my arrival here, has been to order a plain white marble slab to place on the grave of the counterfeiters' daughter. Perhaps you will accompany me to the spot. It bears for its inscription, 'MARIE.'

On the Death of Mrs. Hemans.

Ah songstress of the thrilling strain,
Hemans! for us thy lay no more,
Shall tell of sorrow or of pain;
Or sing of joy: no, never more.

High-hearted! is that lowly tomb—
Thy last lone dwelling? But the sound
Of eve's low sighing breeze and gloom,
Pleasant and sad are felt around.

Italica mourn! Hemans lies cold—
Who now shall sing of thy bright sky?
And who thy beauties yet untold
Portray to fancy's glowing eye!

Jonah weep! Of thy high deeds,
And matchless valour and bright fame,
The song that others far exceeds,
Records no more: nor speaks thy name—

And Spain! of thy fair sunny plains,
And clustering vines, and sparkling rills,
And towers, and palaces, and fanes;
No sweet voice to the listner sings.

Hushed is the lyre: its silvery tone
Comes melting on the ear no more:
Wreath it with cypress! she is gone
Who sweetly touch'd its chords of yore.

Round her blest tomb let violets blue,
And evening primrose sweets exhale—
And jouquill! spread thy golden hue—
Lift there thy pure head, snow drop pale!

You who in life she loved so well,
Come! deck her grave and brightly blow!
And to the passing stranger tell
Felicity sleeps this mound below!

If while on earth thy song was sweet,
Thrice sweet is now its sound in heaven:
Thee, sister of the skies we greet!
To heavens high Lord thy praise be given.

- (5) 'Speak to me, my daughter—my Marie! speak to me,—tis thy father who calls thee!'

From Kincaid's Random Shots.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

THE WIFE OF THE REGIMENT.—While the troops of the light division, as already noticed, were strutting about with the consciousness of surpassing excellence, menacing and insulting a foe for which their persons, knapsacks, and all, would barely have sufficed for a luncheon, a dish of mortification was served up for those of our corps, by the hands of their better half, which was not easy of digestion. To speak of the wife of a regiment is so very unusual as to imply that she must have been some very great personage, and, without depriving her of the advantage of such a magnificent idea, I shall only say that she was the only wife they had got, for they landed at Lisbon with eleven hundred men, and only one woman. By what particular virtues she had attained such a dignified position among them, I never clearly made out, farther than that she had arrived at years of discretion, was what is commonly called a useful woman, and had seen some service. She was the wife of a sturdy German, who pined in the art of shoemaking, whenever his duties in the field permitted him to resort to that species of amusement—so that it appeared that she had beauty enough to captivate a cobbler, she had money enough to command the services of a jackass, and finally she proved she had wit enough to sell us all, which she did the first favorable opportunity, for after plying for some months at the tail of her donkey, at the tail of the regiment, and fishing in all the loose dollars which were floating about in gentlemen's pockets, (by those winning ways which ladies know so well how to use, when such favorable opportunities offer) she finally bolted off to the enemy, bag and baggage, carrying away old Coleman's all and awl. It was one of those French leave-takings which man is heir to, but we eventually got over it, under the deep obligation all the time for the sympathy manifested by our friends of the 43d and 52d.

DARING AND BRAVERY OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER.—Nothing shows the daring and inherent bravery of the British soldier so much as in the calling of a body of volunteers for any desperate service. In other armies, as Napier justly remarks, the humblest helmet may catch a beam of glory; but in ours, while the subaltern commanding, the forlorn hope may look for death or a company, and the field officer commanding the stormers an additional step by brevet, to the other officers and soldiers who volunteer on that desperate service no hope is held out, no reward given; and yet there were as many applicants for a place in the ranks as if it led to the highest honours and rewards. At the storming of Badajos and St. Sebastian, I happened to be the adjutant of the regiment, and had the selection of the volunteers on those occasions, and I remember that there was as much anxiety expressed, and as much interest made by all ranks to be appointed to the post of honour, as it had been since our situations, in place of death warrants which I had at my disposal. For the storming of St. Sebastian, the numbers from our battalion were limited to twenty-five; and in selecting the best characters out of those who offered themselves, I rejected an Irishman of the name of Burke, who, although he had been on the forlorn hope both at Ciudad and Badajos, and was a man of desperate bravery, I knew to be one of those wild and untameable animals that, the moment the place was carried, would run into every species of excess.

The party had been named two days before they had been called for, and Burke besieged my tent night and day, assuring me all the while that unless he was suffered to be of the party, the place would not be taken! I was forced at last to yield, after receiving

an application in his behalf from the officer who was to command the party; and he was one of the very few of that gallant little band who returned to tell the story. Nor was that voracious appetite for fire-eating confined to the private soldier, for it extended alike to all ranks. On the occasion just alluded to, our quota, as already stated, was limited to a subaltern's command of twenty-five men; and as the post of honour was claimed by the senior lieutenant (Percival) it in a manner shut the mouths of all the juniors; yet were there some whose mouths would not be shut, one in particular (lieutenant H.) who had already seen enough of fighting to satisfy the mind of any reasonable man, for he had stormed and bled at Ciudad Rodrigo, and he had stormed at Badajos, not to mention his having had his share in many, and not nameless battles which had taken place in the interim; yet nothing would satisfy him but that he must draw his sword in that also. Our colonel was too heroic a soul himself to check a feeling of that sort in those under him, and he very readily obtained the permission to be a volunteer along with the party. Having settled his temporal affairs, namely, willing away his pelisse, jacket, two pair of trousers, and sundry nether garments, and however trifling these bequests may appear to a military youth of the present day, who happens to be reconnoitering a merchant tailor's settlement in St. James's-street, yet let me tell him that, at the time I speak of, they were valued as highly as if they had been hundreds a year in reversion. The prejudice against will making by soldiers on service is so strong, that had H. been a rich man in place of a poor one, he must have died on the spot for doing what was accounted infinitely more desperate than storming a breach; but his poverty seemed to have been his salvation, for he was only half killed, a ball entered under his eye, passed down the roof of his mouth, through the palate, entered again at his collar-bone, and was cut out at the shoulder-blade. He never again returned to his regiment, but I saw him some years after, in his native country, Ireland, in an active situation, and excepting that he had gotten an ugly mark on his countenance, and his former manly voice had dwindled into a less commanding one, he seemed as well as ever I saw him.

TALES OF THE CAMP.—The early part of their evenings was generally spent in witticisms and tales; and, in conclusion, by way of a lullaby, some long-winded fellow commenced one of those everlasting ditties in which soldiers and sailors delight so much; they are all to the same tune, and the subject (if one may judge by the tenor of the first ninety-eight verses,) was battle, murder, or sudden death; but I never yet survived, until the catastrophe, although I have often, to attain that end, stretched my waking capacities to the utmost. I have sometimes heard a fresh arrival from England endeavour to astonish their unpolished ears with 'the white blossomed sloe,' or some such refined melody, but was invariably coughed down as instantaneously as if it had been the sole voice of a conservative amidst a select meeting of radicals.—The wit and the humor of the rascals were amusing beyond any thing, and to see them the next morning drawn up as mute as mice, and as stiff as lamp-posts, it was a regular puzzle to discover on which post the light had shone during the bye-gone night, knowing, as we did, that there were at least a hundred original pages for Joe Miller, encased within the head-pieces then before us. Their stories, too, were quite unique: one (an Englishman) began by detailing the unfortunate termination of his last matrimonial speculation. He had got a pass one day to go from Thorncliffe to Falkstone, and on the way he fell in with one of the finest young women 'as ever he seed! my eye, as we say in Spain, if she was not a *wapper*, with a pair of

cheeks like cherries, and shanks as clean as his ramrod, she was bounding over the downs like a young colt, and faith, if she would not have been with her heels clean over my head if I had n't caught her up and demanded a parley. O Jem, man, but she was a nice creature! and all at once got so fond of me too, that there was no use waiting; and so we settled it all that self-same night, and the next morning we were regularly spliced, and I carries her home to a hut which Corporal Smith and I hired behind the barracks, for eighteen pence a week. Well! I'll be blessed if I wasn't as happy as a shilling a day and my wife could make me for two whole days; but the next morning, just before parade, while Nancy was toasting a piece of tommy for our breakfast, who should darken our door but the carcass of a great sea marine, who begun blinking his goggle eyes like an owl in a gooseberry bush, as if he didn't see nothing outside of them; when all at once Nancy turned, and, my eye, what a squall she set up as she threw the toast in the fire, and upset my tinful of crowdy, while she twisted her arms round his neck like a vice, and began kissing him at no rate, he all the time blubbering like a bottle-nose in a shoal, about flesh of his flesh, and bones of his bones, and all the like o' that. Well! says I to myself, says I, this is very queer any how, and then I eyes the chap a bit, and then says I to him (for I began to feel somehow at seeing my wife kissed all round before my face without saying by your leave), an says I to him, (rather angrily,) look ye, Mr. Marine, if you don't take your ugly mouth farther off from my wife, I'll just punch it with the butt end of my rifle! thunder and oons, you great sea lobster that you are, don't you see that I married her only two days ago, just as she stands, bones and all, and you to come at this time o' day to claim a part in her! [There had been no impropriety on the part of the lady, for she had good reason to believe that the marine was at the bottom of the sea. An amicable arrangement was therefore entered into by the two claimants. But as brevity formed no part of the narrator's creed, the author curtails the conclusion, and gives it in his own words, thus.]—The explanation over, a long silence ensued, each afraid to pop the question, which must be pop'd, of whose wife was Nancy; and, when, at last, it did come out, it was more easily asked than answered, for, notwithstanding all that had passed, they continued both to be deeply enamoured of their mutual wife, and she of both, nor could a voluntary resignation be extracted from either of them, so that they were eventually obliged to trust the winning or the losing of that greatest of all earthly blessings (a beloved wife) to the undignified decision of the toss of a halfpenny. The marine won, and carried off the prize, while the rifleman declared that he had never yet forgiven himself for being cheated out of his half, for he feels convinced, that the marine had come there prepared with a halfpenny that had two tails.

A SURRENDER AT DISCRETION.—At the storming of the heights of Bera, on the 8th of October, 1813, colonel, now sir John Colbourne, who commanded our second brigade, addressed his men before leading them up to the enemy's redoubt with, "Now my lads, we'll just charge up to the edge of the ditch, and if we can't get in we'll stand there and fire in their faces." They charged accordingly, the enemy fled from the works, and in following them up the mountain, sir John, in rounding a hill, accompanied only by his brigade major and a few riflemen, found that he had headed a retreating body of about 300 of the French, and whispering to his brigade major to get as many men together as he could, he, without hesitation, rode boldly up to the enemy's commander, and demanded his sword. The Frenchman surrendered it with the usual grace of his countrymen, requesting that the other would bear

witness that he had conducted himself like a good and valiant soldier! Sir John answered the appeal with an approving nod; for it was no time to refuse bearing witness to the valour of 300 men, while they were in the act of surrendering to half a dozen.—*Random Shots.*

A LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Upon a rock that high and sheer
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer
Had sat him down to rest,
And bared, to the soft summer air,
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between,
And rivers glimmered on their way
By forests, faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A voice so soft and low,
That weather in the mind or ear,
The listener scarce might know;
With such a tone, so sweet and mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,
"Thou faint with toil and heat!
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou would gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky,
Amidst the moonlit haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze;
As if the vapours of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And mountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank,
He saw the glittering stream; he heard
The rustling bough, and twittering bird.

And friends—the dead—in boyhood dear,
There lived, and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the region's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right towards his resting-place,
And stretched her hand, and called his name,
With sweet and smiling face.
Forward, with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned, in act to rise.

Forward he leaned, and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern and brown,
An instant, in his fall—
A fearful instant, and no more—
The dream and life at once were o'er.

Curious Taste.—There is a man living at Versailles, Vt. who eats no meat but fried snails. He was formerly very thin and meagre—now he weighs two hundred pounds, and sleeps twenty hours a day. He has a wife and fifteen children—the oldest but fourteen years of age. What a prodigy!

Original.
A DREAM OF SONGS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Letter from Ariella Shadow to Ombrelina Vapour.

MY DEAR FRIEND—

Last evening on my return from Melania Medley's musical party, I could not but meditate on the fate that so generally attends even the most meritorious compositions of the sons of song: honoured for a while with a short-lived popularity; and then allowed to float down the stream of time, unnoticed and forgotten—or only remembered as things too entirely passed to be played or sung; and, indeed too old-fashioned to be even mentioned in presence of "care polite."

Falling asleep with these ideas in my head, they suggested a dream, in which I imagined myself visited by impersonations of almost innumerable songs; many of which had been "pretty fellows in their day," but have now given place to others whose chief characteristic is that of having no character at all.

The following outline may give you, my dear Ombrelina, a slight idea of my vision, making due allowance for the confusion, incoherence, and absurdity that are always found in those pictures that imagination, when loosened from the control of reason, presents to the mind's eye of the slumberer.

I thought myself mistress of a handsome and spacious mansion in a fine romantic country, whose hills and woodlands sloped down towards the ocean; and I seemed to be duly prepared for the reception of a numerous party of visitors, whom I recognised intuitively, as soon as I saw them, for the heroes and heroines of certain well-known songs.

The earliest of my guests were some old and valued friends, descendants of the "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled." They murmured so strongly that I could scarcely help exclaiming "Hurrah for the bonnets of blue!" I felt particularly honoured by the presence of that gallant chieftain, "Kinloch of Kinloch," who for the express purpose of making me a visit, had relinquished, for a time, his shooting excursions "O'er the moor among the heather;" had turned his back on "Thy blue waves, O Carleton," given up his musings on the "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon;" and bade, for awhile, "Adieu! a heart warm fond a lien!" to "The Birks of Aberfeldy."

Next arrived that ancient laird, "Logie o' Buchan"—and then "Auld Robin Gray," came tottering along, supported by his pensive daughter Alice, and by "Duncan Gray," his laughter-loving son, well known among the lasses as a "Braw Wooer." The "gray family" took their seat at "The Ingie Side," where old "John Anderson" had already established himself in one of the arm chairs, and the other was taken by the venerable Robin. Logie o' Buchan joined them; but his habits being somewhat peculiar, it was not till they talked of "Auld Lang Syne," that he was induced to mingle in the conversation—yet, the ice once broken, he was as merry in his reminiscences as either of his companions.

Robin Gray reminded the laird of Buchan of his elopement with that extreme blonde, the "Lassie wi' the lint white locks," who when only "Within a mile of Edinburgh," gave him the slip, and ran off with "Jockey to the Fair." The laird retorted by laughing at Robin for having been one of the six and thirty suitors of that remarkably ugly heiress "Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen."—John Anderson was made to recollect his having been jilted by the beautiful but coquettish "Kathrine Ogie," who afterwards became "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch."

These old stories were at first very amusing to the hearers, but they continued so long, and with so many episodes, that we at length discovered that "We were a' addin'." Finally, they were checked by the arrival of mundry damsels, following that very deceiver "Robin Adair," himself a verification of the indisputable fact that "The love is warm awhile, soon it grows cold."

Robin Adair, whose thoughts, after all, seem to have run chiefly on balls and plays, the had been spoiled by a visit to France) had first made love to, and deserted that "Bewildered Maid," the unfortunate "Highland Mary." Next he paid his devoirs to "Jessie the flower o' Dumbane," when he met her one morning as she was "Com-

ing thro' the rye." And he had lately entered into a flirtation with "Dunbarton's Bonnie Bell"—a young lady whose literary tastes had recently procured for her the new and unique title of "The Blue Bell of Scotland."—But it was whispered in society that she had nearly frightened him away, by asking him that puzzling question "Why does azure deck the sky?"

Yet, however Robin Adair might be a favourite with the ladies, who often tapped him with their fans, saying "Fly away, pretty moth," he did not seem to be held in equal esteem by his manly compatriots—On his presuming to clap "Young Lochinvar" on the shoulder, and accost him as "Friend of my soul," that high-spirited chieftain immediately proceeded to "Draw the Sword of Scotland," with the intention of chastising his familiarity. But "Swift as the flash" Robin eluded the blow, and danced out of the room, singing "I'd be a Butterfly."

At the desire of several of the ladies, I accompanied them into the veranda to look at the prospect of the beautiful surrounding country, and our attention was soon arrested by notes of distant music.

"What airy sounds," was our unanimous exclamation, and presently we heard the tramp of horses, and beheld a numerous company descending by its circuitous path, the hill that rose in front of the house. As "I saw them on their winding way," I had no difficulty in recognizing each individual of the troop.

Foremost came "The Baron of Mowbray," mounted on his "Arab Steed," and accompanied by a "Captive Knight," whom he had rescued from a Saracen prison, and I soon discovered that "It was Dunois, the young and brave." Dunois was followed by his accomplished but wilful page "The Minstrel Boy," who having broken his harp in a fit of spite, was obliged to use an inferior substitute, and to strike "The Light Guitar," which he retained as "The Legacy" of a "Gallant Troubadour," who had fallen beside him in battle.

Behind the minstrel, strode a "Happy Tawny Moor," performing powerfully on a "Tartar Drum." "The Young Son of Chivalry," brought with him a fair damsel whom it was easy to distinguish as "Araby's Daughter," though "Rich and rare were the gems she wore,"—she had aided in his escape, and had testified her readiness to "Fly to the desert," with the brave Dunois; to glide with him "Thro' icy vallies" amid the wilds of Siberia; or to accompany him even across "The sea! the sea! the open sea!"—So desirous was she of becoming "The Soldier's Bride," that she would gladly have given all her pearls and diamonds in exchange for "The Plain Gold Ring."

The strangers from Palestine were followed by a motley group, whose homes were to be found in every part of the world. Looking as if he had just issued from "The Vale of Oveen," and wrapping around him a damp overcoat, thread bare wherever it was whole, came an "Exile of Erin," who proved to be the famous serenading free boater "Ned of the Hills." Near him was his fellow outlaw, "Allen-a-Dale," who being something of an exquisite, looked with hauteur on "The Way worn Traveler." A "Bavarian Broom Girl" was endeavouring to persuade Mynheer Van Clam to waltz with her down the hill: but finding it impossible to induce in him a rotary motion, and that his steps never could be made circular, she gave him up for a "Merry Swiss Boy," who whirled round with her to her heart's content. Next came "The Maid of Loch," ambling on her poney. I did not think much of her. She was followed by "The Maltese Boatmen," chanting their Barcarole. Then there was that ill-used but persevering lover, "Tommy Tompkins," patiently enduring the bitter taunts, and side-long glances of the disdainful "Polly Hopkins."

But it would be too tedious, were I to particularize all the members of this assemblage. I must confess that there were some among them whose company I could well have dispensed with, particularly "The Galley Slave," and "The Beggar Girl." I looked in vain for my sensible and excellent friend "The Pilot," whom I was afterwards informed by "A Smart Young Midshipman," had gone to the assistance of an endangered vessel, whose "Minute Gun at Sea," he had heard the night before.

Again the sound of distant music floated on the air. "Far, far o'er hill and dell," I at first thought that "The Campbells were coming," none of that noble and warlike clan having accompanied "The Sons of the

Clyde," that had already arrived. But as the sounds approached, they were easily distinguished as the charming and exhilarating notes of "The Hunter's Chorus," that splendid triumph of musical genius which alone would have been sufficient to entitle the composer of *Der Freyschutz* to his tomb in Westminster Abbey. We soon saw the bold yagers of the Hartz forest descending the path that led round the hall, their rifles in their hands, their oak-sprigs in their hats, and looking as much at home as if they were still in their "Father Land."

I welcomed the whole company into the house, though well aware that among them all, there was "Nobody coming to marry me," and the evening was passed in much hilarity. "Away with melancholy," was the general feeling. A toast was suggested in compliment to their hostess, but unwilling that they should "Drink to me only," I proposed "A health to all good lasses"—and it went round with enthusiasm.

After supper (at which "Jim Crow" was chief waiter, till his antics obliged me to dismiss him from the room) music and dancing continued till a late hour. At length "I knew by the smoke," that the lamps were about to expire, and recollecting that "At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise," and that our German friends were in need of repose, I was not sorry when the party from Scotland broke up the company by taking leave with "Gude night and joy be wi' you a'." And in a short time, "All the blue bonnets were over the border."

Hitherto, whenever "I've wander'd in dreams," it has generally been my unlucky fate to lose all distinct recollection of them by the time "The Morn' unbars the Gates of Light." This once, I think it safest to entrust to your care this little memorandum of my singular vision.—And should you lose it, and I forget it, we have still the consolation that "Tis but Fancy's Sketch."

ARIELLA.

LITERARY GLADIATORSHIP.

We observe in the last New Yorker, two translations of "De Lamartine's dying poet." The one by H. W. Herbert, redolent with fine poetry, but eclipsed by the delicious breathings of Mrs. Ellet's lyre. For instance, hear the lady poet:

'Tis thus at night the wild harp, far and faint,
Blending with wailing streams its airy plaint,
Pours to the wind spontaneous melodies:
The charmed traveller says his steps to hear,
And thrilled with wonder, marvels whence so near
The sounds celestial rise.

Thus as follows, we have the gentleman's translation:

So the wild wind-harp, through the midnight sky,
Its wailings mingled with the river's sigh,
Makes mournful Music at the gal's command,
While nightly wanderers, with delighted ear,
Drink the sweet sound, and marvel whence they hear
Those spirit warblings of no mortal hand.

Again the accomplished poetess:

Give to the winds, the flame, the ocean's roar,
These strings which to my soul respond no more.
The harp of angels soon these hands shall sweep!
Soon, thrilled like them with an immortal fire,
Seraphic hosts, perchance, my ardent lyre
In ecstasy shall sleep.

The same verse, as translated by Herbert:

Break—scatter to the winds and waves, my lyre,
Soon to be voiceless to poetic fire.
Ere long my touch o'er sera h strings shall play:
When steeped in rapturous ecstasy divine
Angelic hosts shall dwell on notes of mine,
And Heaven itself confess the minstrel's sway.

Respect a good man that he may respect you; and be civil to an ill man that he may not affront you.

Original.

THE OLD MAID;

OR TOO PERFECT FOR ANYBODY.

L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.

I happened, the other night, to make one of a gay company, where the above quoted aphorism—true in all the events of life, but held by the French, to be specially so in matters appertaining to matrimony—was proposed to the young people as a *Proverbe Français* for their performance—and, in default of histrionic capabilities, illustrated by sundry tales, among which, from several, worthy all commemoration, I select the following, as no less authentic than remarkable in its exemplification of my motto.

"Perfection is
Insipid in this naughty world of ours."

Mr. and Mrs. Ellersby were a clever couple, as suitably matched in temper, intellect, and circumstances as their neighbours—and living in what town the deponent saith not. They enjoyed health, good repute, and an easy fortune—moved in the first circles (by which is understood some score of persons, notorious for silly airs of affected superiority—and finding their false and extravagant pretensions generally and most humbly submitted to)—and, in short, would have been as happy as their state seemed prosperous, save for one source of care and coil; but that one—they—the best judges of where the shoes pinched—averred to be like Aaron's rod sufficient to swallow up all other troubles, were they ever so numerous. The poor lady and gentleman were universally pined—and esteemed themselves as tried beyond the visitations of Job; for, gentle reader, of whose sympathy, in these days of desperate vestals and hard-hearted *célibataires*, our overwhelmed pair may be sure they had for off-prints, not one single boy, and nine daughters! The paces brought upon Egypt by Moses or Jacob's twelve godless sons, who kept the patriarch in continual hot water—were not to be put in parallel with this numerical edition of the muses: even the fifty damsels of King Darius must have been far preferable, since the Argive princesses found their cousin-husbands readily provided for them. Never, before or since, were luckless parents cursed with so sore a curse; for the Ellersbys dwelt in a place, swarming like a slave-market with old maids and marriageable young ladies of all ages, sizes, and hues, from the gipsy-like brunette with her "cheek of ruddy bronze" to the pink-eyed and pearl-colored albiness, and the parboiled veterans, whose

"May of life
Had fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf"—

and their complexions into a symptomatic "green and yellow melancholy." There were just beaux enough to decimate the belles, had the gallant spirit moved them so to do; but, in such a state of things, it was pleasanter to coquet than to conjugate—and scarce and saucy had become the watch-word among the highly praised male animals. Amid a population so constituted, what was to be done with three times the ordinary number of girls to *chaperon* and cater for? The furious father stamped and swore—the afflicted mother sighed and scolded, as bad after bad of female bac appeared; but, as one by one, they put forth their infant leaves—and seemed opening into bloom, if not beauty, matters began to mend a little. The fates, vexed, perhaps, at seeing the sex they dignify, so undervalued, used their shears pretty freely—and saved a world of trouble, parental and filial, by clipping the thread of four supernumerary lives. The eldest of the remaining brood—indeed of the original most odious number—gave promise almost from the dawn of existence, of such "a goodly day," as prevented the parents, who, like Dr. Ashe, found themselves "smothered with petticoats," from being so unreasonable as to desire to amend her gender. In all enchanting endowments, this rare child outdid any princess ever gifted by a congress of benevolent fairies; a d Childe Harold's laithie—alias Lady Charlotte Harlequin—must have been a fair fool for her. Beautiful as a Hourii, and gentle as Aikin depicts *Pity* in his charming allegory, she took to all sciences and accomplishments, with an appetite that seemed like the love Hamlet refers to in his mother, "to grow by what it fed on." Nothing was too difficult or

delicate—too sublime or too trivial for her comprehension and acquirement; and in her, might be said to centre all the hopes and affections—the pride and enjoyment of both father and mother. The junior "pests," who had thrust their superfluous selves into a world, chock-full of their betters, were all put aside and pretermitted for the incomparable Gloriana, who, now grown to womanhood, walked in the pride of her pure and peerless presence among her young associates, like "the maiden of the moon," through the firmament, paling with their chaste and silvery sheen, the envious and emulous stars around her path. Grateful as the stately ship upon the seas—as learned as *Mme. Dacier*—and hardly less captivating, when she choose it than *Cleopatra*—her beauty was of that perfect and spirited cast characteristic of the angelic order, rather than the voluptuous loveliness that allures in woman.

"An eye of most transparent light"—

lips, around which, as they parted, showing pearls and dimples, played a series of smiles as glorious as the waving of a seraph's glittering wing—a brow, wherein high intellect, and calm, clear chastity seemed serenely clasped—and a shape, that might have served Raphael as a study—impressed the beholder with such tender and breathless awe as if he gazed upon something ethereal. Thus fair—and fancy-free, did Gloriana Ellersby, at the age of eighteen,—(for among her other choice attributes she possessed not the precocity of our present dynasty of baby-belles)—enter the world amid volleys (if the expression be allowable) of applause, and the most liberal predictions as to her splendid and prosperous career; by which last epithet, was meant among the match-makers and beau-catchers, that she should not fail to immortalize herself by a superlative marriage, ere she had been out a full season.

But the year passed away unfruitful of this anticipated event; and there was now, not only Miss Ellersby—the wonderful Miss Ellersby—but Miss Matilda Ellersby on the tapis. The lady mother of this troublesome progeny, had imitated Queen Charlotte in her teeming terms; so there was but fifteen months difference betwixt these, her eldest children. The last named, barely passable in person—and inanimate in mind, appeared in "the celestial presence" of Gloriana, as the dull, dim lamp, burning in a noisome sepulchre, contrasted with the mellow and moon light rays, streaming through alabaster, over an atmosphere, redolent of music and perfumes. Her peculiar style, if the term may be applied to an appearance so totally uninteresting, is best designated as the sedate; and yet, behind this demure mask of quietness and monotony,—there lurked a depth of cunning—an intuitive dexterity in "the arts of wilful woman, laboring for her purpose," that was more than an offset against the refined but artificial dignity of her surpassing elder. The latter, was not, as may be well imagined, without a host of adorers; but the *cortège*, at first so many and so eager—soon dwindled down like Lear's knights under Goneril's retrenchment. The very fame of Miss Ellersby—her exquisite but unearthly beauty, of a sort, however, rather to inspire admiration than to excite desire—the indifference and dignity, marking her general manner,—and, above all the bug-bear of her vast erudition, checked and cowed the men. True she was lovely—most lovely—all the prejudice in the world could not gainsay that,—but then she was learned: and a learned lady, in polite society, finds herself much in the predicament of a learned pig. She is held to have enjoyed the privileges and perquisites of her own sex, without acquiring a right to the immunities monopolized by the other; she is shunned as a woman to be stared at and approached as a monster—one of the anthropophagi for example,—might be, when going through the motions of civilized usage for the amusement of a marvelling audience. However plain and unaffected in her discourse, she must still expect to be stigmatized as pedantic; however well versed in the theory and practice of domestic economy, she must still submit to be branded as unpardonably ignorant of all it behooves a being destined for the part of a house-wife, to understand—and have the hue, and cry raised after her, as a trespasser on that tree of knowledge, whose unseemly fruit she is forbidden to taste. Howe'er much her studies may have done for her—and if properly conducted, they will invariably have that effect—in strengthening her mind, regulating her temper, and teaching her the re-

lative duties of her sex,—it is assumed as a self-evident truth that they must have had exactly the opposite tendency; and while she, the intelligent, the high-principled, the correct, is scoffed at as odd, unfeminine, pestilential—or to sum up all in one emphatic condemnation—learned: to be weak, vain, and light-minded, and upheld by word and action, the safe maxim that "ignorance is bliss" and innocence too, is preferred and lauded as the proper tone of the female character; 'tis true the lords of the creation profess a great respect for cultivated women, which they affect to testify by allowing their charges to attempt all the higher sciences, embraced in the present range of female education; but this is solely from the idea of a necessary compliance with the fashion—and that it can do them no harm to dabble in what is so far above their comprehension. Such an inference could not be drawn from Miss Ellersby's progress in encyclopedic lore; the ripest scholars, sitting in judgment on her merits, pronounced them astonishing, not merely in a comparative but an actual sense: nor did they scruple to affirm that, had her lot been cast in Italy, she might have disputed with the *Rovellas* and the *Bettinas* of that classic land, their chairs of eloquence and philosophy.

Still these high-flown attainments, as much as they might contribute to her renown, and make her a public gazing stock, acted as repellents rather than absorbents of the tender passion; and while eulogized by sages, and wondered at by terror-struck belles and dandies, the *gloriotte* of the day, could number fewer declared votaries than many inferior idols. This paucity of suitors was a good deal owing to the demeanour of our fair prodigy, which was, in general, more polished than pleasing. With the most fastidious reserve of mind, which, in its eagerness to avoid the imputation of forwardness, was apt to produce the contrary extreme, and render her, if not still, for that was impossible with her innate elegance, at least cold; she cherished a devout belief in the omnipotence of her own attractions and ability to fascinate when and where she pleased. This persuasion tended to increase her natural carelessness of the arts of conciliation; and then she had not the least turn in the world for flirting—was too proud to seem gratified by that flattery always more or less agreeable to the softer sex—and more likely to be revolted by the impertinence of this, than, and the other person daring to comment upon and compliment her than propitiated by the intensity and humility of their involuntary admiration. Even when she chose to put forth all her powers and dazzle by excess of light, this acknowledged piece of perfection, sometimes found her pains taken only to be disappointed or foiled. One or two among the *élite* of *ton*, on whom she deigned to cast her bewitching eyes, withdrew from the supernal sphere enlightened by her graces and glory, to toy with, and be caught in the toils of the weak and the trifling; for how could they have hopes of her, who lived only for books—and fancied a mere look the height of encouragement?—And more than once, after the most splendid exhibition of herself, she had the mortification to overhear the oracles of the age—the American *Porsons* and *Jeffreys*, the chief advocates for a parity of intellectual accomplishments in woman—conclude her panegyric with the remark that "the young lady was, certainly, a most surprising creature—a *racoon*, a credit to her sex and country; but they questioned if, after all, she knew the component parts of a pudding—or how to cut out and make a shirt." This essential part of education, the staid Miss Matilda took due care to assert her exclusive claim to—a claim however more plausible than just—and made out to establish herself in the best odour as a plain but amiable girl—no deist, as your learned ladies too often were—but thoroughly pious—an excellent manager—and far better qualified to perform the duties of a wife than her nonpareil of a sister. Fortune, too, took it into her head to befriend the second Miss Ellersby, who had been so overlooked by nature. In about twelve months after her *début*, she inherited a handsome legacy from the rich maiden aunt, whom she was named after; and on the credit of the immense sum that a little excusable exaggeration converted it into—and her previous pattern character, was sought and won by a high-born, though not well by Englishman, holding a high diplomatic rank.—and who, at the same time, that he wanted a household drudge to eke out his slender income by her contrivance—and found the fortune of his American choice the most convenient of wind falls,—privately resolved never

to pollute the aristocratic circle of his grand connexions, by her introduction among them.

Despite the lofty understanding, and kind impulses of the resplendent Gloriana, she was still so far from woman as to feel a pang of jealousy at this achievement of the ignoble Matilda. Here had she—the inferior—almost the underling—whom nobody deemed worthy so much as to lift her eyes from the ground, beside her admirable elder—already naturalized—gained herself one of the first places in the front rank of society; while she—the ornament of the fashionable, the boast of the literary world, with the reputation of having disordered as many lovers as there are days in the year, still wrote herself spinster. Not that Glory—the endearing diminutive given her by her proud parents—was in any hurry to lay aside the maiden style; that she could do triumphantly at any hour—and it was yet early in the day, for she was scarce in her twenty-first year. She was only lost in the depths of amazement at an event so unlooked for and unnatural—such a transposition of the order and fitness of things, as it appeared to herself and every person else except the bride, who enjoyed her triumph as might have been expected. As the Hon. Mrs. Walsingham, she reigned over those who had hardly been conscious of her existence, while Matilda Ellersby, and even Gloriana were doubly defied when led forward by her august ally. She continued to have constant accessions of admirers; but they came and departed like shadows, inasmuch as no substantial good resulted from their traces of ecstatic gazing and their talking in the air; so at least thought and said the doating papa and mamma in their anxiety to see the whole world at the feet of their dainty darling, who just of the other mind, sickening of *Pembaras de richesses*, desired only one proposal—and that not from a peerless as herself, since she considered that self, like the fabulous phoenix, without a counterpart in creation—but from some dignitary able to enthronize her on the pinnacle of exclusive grandeur. Meanwhile those who presumed to offer themselves to her, were sped in a most summary manner—and not rapidly succeeded by others, who could only stand off, and look and languish and pine for the excellent beauty, whom they wanted courage to address. Some broke their hearts in secret for her, while a few thinking as soon “to wed a bright, particular star,” as her, so much too perfect for them,—shunned a presence well nigh as fatal in its effects as that of the Princess Rezia. One, for a while all ardent and (in his own conceit at least) the most distinguished of the list—soon cooled down to zero, under the disheartening influence of that conversation, which, though as far as possible from ostentation, of course, bore the impress of wit and a literary taste. How could Mr. Lewis Latimer, as dense as a London fog in November—and founding his claims to pre-eminence in the *beau-monde*, on a starched collar, that Brummel need not have been ashamed of,—feel at ease, with a lady, however radiant and smiling, who talked like a book, and was ready, if not to snap him up at every blunder; and he made as many as any Irishman—to turn him into all sorts of ridicule the moment his back was turned. So after hovering a month or two around this charming, but fearful “*Tourandote*” without finding himself at all familiarized with her majesty—and tired, as he said, of having to mind his p’s and q’s every time he opened his mouth, off he went, and took to wife the very character he sought to escape—a half-bred vixen of an actress, puffed up with a smattering of learning, and showing him to his cost, how the “shallow draught had intoxicated her brain,” as soon as he was safely noosed, and she at liberty to let loose her tongue upon the dolt of a dandy, whom, however invaluable as a husband, she despised as a man.

His first flume—so eagerly eschewed, because she had drunk deep of the Perian spring—was scarce aware of her gain or loss of this rich simpleton. She was now courted by one whose fortune, talents, and commanding position in high life, invested him with a Sultan’s right to choose at pleasure—and hardly do more than signify that choice by a sign. He was middle-aged and a foreigner—though not of the same nation with her *attaché* brother-in-law, the honorable Joseph Walsingham, and as far before that important person in all intrinsic and aggrandizing circumstances, as Gloriana was superior to her sister, Matilda. All the ladies round about had been ready to pull caps for the prize that they understood to be coming within their reach; but the general prophecy, which assigned this great man to the supreme Miss Ellersby, was

triumphantly verified by his immediate assumption of her chains. Here was an opportunity presented of a *parti comme il y en a peu*; and, though Gloriana’s heart was untouched by the mental excellencies and sumptuous expenditures of her matron lover, she received, with great complaisance, the devoirs of him, whom even her parents, matchless as they esteemed their minion, approved of as an eligible husband for her. The treaty of alliance which pending between two such illustrious personages—crossed the undivided attention of the town—proceeded as smoothly as possible; the titled German—if not impassioned, was earnest and unremitting in his assiduousities, which were most graciously smothered upon by their bright object, proud of the homage of not merely a *souvent*, but a nobleman; and the happy denouement of the august affair was at hand, when the merest trifle in the world sundered them as far as Indus and the poles.

“Such dire effects from little causes spring!”

The lavish and learned Baron prided himself on being the first chess-players of the age; he had beaten every antagonist worthy his encounter in Europe and this country, and was deemed as invincible as Maelzel’s automaton on its first production before the public. For days and nights, it was said, he would hang over the board forgetful of food or rest as Archimedes immersed in his sublime calculations—playing both sets of men with the most scrupulous exactitude and impartiality—and often unable, so equally were the parties matched, to bring the game to a close. While thus engaged, the summons to judgment might have sounded, unheard or misheard by him, who was as insensible to all sublimity interruptions as Budé himself. Once, as the rumour ran, he was called in great haste to the bed-side of a dying sister, who had in something of import to communicate; but all absorbed in the interest of the contest, which he was bent on winning by a state-mate in his opinion the perfection of the game, as equivalent to a masterly retreat—he stayed, regardless of imploring messages to play it out, and then hastening to receive the confidence of his relative, found her dead. More than once he had been shrewdly suspected of sacrificing an appointment with his divine mistress, to his mono-mania, for which he was willing to give up every body and every thing else; and the issue of their engagement, as it actually was, soon left him at liberty to devote himself wholly and solely to this favourite pastime. The all accomplished Glory was likewise famed as an adept at Palamides’ invention; at all events, she relished a trial of skill,—and happening so to express herself before her *inamorato* at a large party, one evening, was instantly challenged by him, intent upon being her conqueror at this as well as the game of love in progress between them. Down they sat, the centre of a watchful circle, whose attention, however, was principally on the symptoms of irritation necessarily co-existent to their contest—and were soon absorbed heart and soul, in the scientific management of the battle-array before them. Perhaps the wily God, who delights in confounding wise heads, might be at the bottom of his bewilderment; perhaps he fell into the common, but dangerous mistake of undervaluing his adversary; but certain it is that the gentleman, who was once or twice guilty of gazing on the face opposite to him, when his eyes ought to have been on the board, never played so ill; while Miss Ellersby, as little liable to amatory sensations as if she had been matched against her grand father, proceeded with all the coolness and calculation of Philidor,—and, bad politician as she was, achieved the victory no little to her own surprise, who had neither contemplated nor cared for such a conclusion. Napoleon’s face upon the lost field of Waterloo, as described by his Flemish guide, fell short of the consternation depicted on that of our noble disciple of Vida; he was thunderstruck—dumb founded; or if capable of an audible ejaculation, it would, doubtless, have been, “*Ichabod! Ichabod!* the glory has departed from me!” His time had passed away—his superiority was at an end—the wretch torn from his brow! He had, at last, been beaten at chess—and beaten by a woman! Gloriana, who had risen from the table after dealing the *coup de grace*, remained quiet unconscious of the stupendous blow, inflicted by her hand; for ere the Baron accented her again, he had rallied himself and his powers of speech, which, however, were only taxed to say good night, when they found themselves brought together for a few minutes by the rush of the crowd. The losing

party, anxious to keep up appearances—tried to throw into his smile, its usual expression of bland fondness—but could only make out to “grin horrible a ghastly grin,” and so hideous was the contortion, which assimilated his countenance to that of a patient exhausted by the cramps of the cholera, that his beautiful lady-love inquired with a due degree of interest whether he felt unwell. Seizing upon the idea, he complained of illness from eating ice—and hurried off to the lodgings, occupied by himself and smile during his sojourn at —, and which he had fitted up with true German magnificence.

Yet when arrived there, far from his vexed soul were all thoughts of rest, which had been effectually murdered in him; so that:

“In the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,”

he would have invoked “nature’s soft nurse” as vainly as Henry IV.’s soliloquy. Dismissing his valet with astounding abruptness,—all night he sat up, deliberating upon the steps to be taken after such foul, public dishonour; for had it chanced in private, his manhood could better have borne it, though galling enough even then:—But in the face of the whole world! amid hosts of tittering misses and their smiling satellites, of malicious downers, inimical, because disappointed mammas, and stately signors all assembled, as it seemed to his disordered mind, only to witness and exult in his overthrow,—the dart was not only fatal but evoked to add agony to annihilation. His first thought was of suicide, the natural refuge of a countryman of Werter’s; and the thing itself conceived and approved, it only remained to select the mode of execution. Long did the desperate foreigner halt betwixt the merits of prussic acid and a pistol—of hanging and drowning. The two latter were promptly rejected as almost the exclusive practice of female felodese; besides a rope was not conveniently to be had at that late hour—neither was it exactly the season for taking to water: the shock of immersion—the horror of the cold plunge, it became a free-thinker and a courtier to shrink from, greatly more than from death or the dread of something after that mortal consummation. The poison, to be sure, lay quite handy; (for like all great philosophers our learned wight was addicted to cruel experiments upon cats and dogs;) but then it was rash to take it without Chabert’s antidote (as yet undiscovered) in case of repentance. He next bethought him of running away—and all his late tragic fancies were at an end. How came he to overlook this most obvious and easiest of expedients? which was only to order horses and be off, leaving his right-hand man, the trusty Socrate—the very model of a gentleman’s gentleman—to adjust matters and follow him; and this would be a proper punishment for the insolent baggage, whose presumption and strange good-fortune—for, of skill, she, of course, possessed not a particle—had thus disgraced and shaken a gentleman and a nobleman. It was decided; he would start at dawn, and leave her to be confounded in turn by his check-mate to her connubial hopes; and in solitude and darkness—for even the glare of candle-light seemed a reproach to his shame—the lover so outraged by the trivial success of his intended, awaited the hour of departure.—It came, however, only to find him in a high fever, and so much indisposed, (he was subject to violent attacks of the gout) by the ill effects of such a night upon one of his regular and luxurious habits,—that, instead of getting into his carriage, he was right glad to be undressed and helped into bed.

“With the morning, cool reflection came.”

and the first intolerable smart of ignominy and mortification over, he had full leisure for a calmer retrospect. In the course of his eternal meditations—as sombre as those of Hervey among the tombs—on one subject, it occurred to him that the best way of effacing the stigma of the late disastrous affair, was to hush it up altogether—and make it appear as if his defeat was a matter of choice—a delicate compliment to the fair lady, which would look probable enough, their relative position being considered.—Perhaps this idea was a little assisted by some kindly visions of the culprit herself in all the light of her superlative loveliness, which would intrude, and move him in her behalf. Miss Ellersby really liked Baron Zerndorf well enough to be sorry for his apparent state of suffering; and this slight feeling had given softness to her soft voice,

and an earnestness to her eyes during their hurried leave taking as new, as at any other time, they would have been acceptable to the object so highly-honored. As it was, the image of the bright offender, every charm heightened by her anxious looks and tone, now doubly vivid upon recollection—went a great way towards assuaging his wrath, and disposing him to hope the best for his credit from a reconciliation instead of a flight: so all things considered, our vanquished and vindictive chess-player thought it best to forgive and try to forget.

But he had undertaken too much for him in every sense. Of a sensibility neither deep nor lively, his selfish pride of character predominated greatly over the softer affections: these were alienated, and that done by a presence, operating as the perpetual memento of his degradation. Hence, when restored to health, and schooled to placibility, he found himself again with her, who in becoming his conqueror, had ceased virtually to be his mistress, the bitter remembrances and feelings rife within him, rose into full sway, and tintured the whole tenor of his manner towards her. It was no longer submissive yet exulting complaisance of an approving lover—but a sort of sultry proneness to find fault, the result of a latent grudge—a determination to depreciate all that she said or did—and that with a sneer, the most assiduous and insulting of all the innumerable modes, where by disapprobation can be testified. The semblance of cordiality could not long mark an intercourse, when the sentiments itself existed only on one side,—and there but for a short time: for Miss Ellersby little disposed to brook a slighting word or look from the first Emperor in Christendom had he professed himself her lover, neither overlooked nor pardoned the behaviour, which, without being absolutely disrespectful continually bordered upon it. Accordingly after more than one interview, conducted in this discordant spirit, she put the finishing stroke to the discomfiture of her illustrious *fiancé* by wishing him every happiness independent of her, who claimed a woman’s privilege to change her mind, and decline the connexions, no reason assigned therefor. Nothing could exceed the indignation of our noble philosopher, unless it was his astonishment, at this catastrophe, which he no more dreamed of than of his unexpected defeat at chess. Though his own excess of unmanly spleen, had drawn this dismissal upon him, it yet appeared to him the most unjustifiable thing in the world—and one, which he could by no means acquiesce in silently, as upon the former startling occasion. The haughty beauty, who had said her say, listened with the most provoking *non chalance*, while he went on to speak his mind, with more freedom than politeness, on what he called her unprincipled conduct; for, though most sorry at the bottom of his heart, to be absolved from a contract, which, since their luckless encounter with kings, castles, and pawns, had pressed upon him like a galling yoke, his sense of the effort so irreverently put upon an European and a baron, prompted him to take what revenge he could in the way of cutting language. For him—a member of every learned and royal society in existence—ennobled by seven descents and counting sixteen quarterings—the grandson of a Count of the Empire—and related by a left-hand marriage, to the Elector himself—for him to be first despoiled of his just renown, foiled at the game, which had been his study for thirty years, and the source of a succession of triumphs—and then broken off with by a little Yankee plebeian, whose ancestors, if she could reckon any beyond her father, were shopkeepers or mechanics to a dead certainty; all the blood of the Teutonic knights boiled to avenge the wrong, and to head the most sublime of crusades—one in defence and preservation of the rights of the privileged orders. It was the case of Dido and Aeneas reversed: the forsaken gallant pouring forth his torrent of invective as fluently and fiercely as German phlegm could manage to do,—and the faithless fair, answering never a word, but smiling, bowing, and attitudinizing as if in acceptance of the most honored vows. For Gloriana, cut to the quick by the inexplicable rudeness of her suitor, and never once connecting it with her own *mal à-propos* disregard of his pretensions to infallibility at chess—since in that case she might have stooped to soothe the masculine pride, that is known to abhor losing a game to a lady—and all her visions of rule and splendour put to sudden and final flight,—rejoiced to see how the offender could be made to smart under her scorn, and exerted the cool carelessness in which she was so perfectly at home, to aggravate

the matter a thousand fold. When Baron Otho von Mansfeldt Von Zerndorf at last stunted in his speech, Miss Ellersby offered him, in the finest strain of irony imaginable, her congratulations on his delivery from an enthrallment so degrading, even though it were wrought through her most hearty rejection of him; she wound up with every wish for the future elevation of his course—and more temper and better luck the next time he ventured on a trial of skill, —for some unguarded expression, dropped in his wordy perturbations, betrayed the rankling of that sore. And thus ended our heroine's first engagement; an engagement so brilliant in its promises—so surprising to all her acquaintances in its termination,—the cause of which continued an inscrutable mystery, and a great impeachment to Gloriana's sanity: for none could conceive how any woman in her right mind came to put by an alliance, the next of kin to one with royalty. But the answer was speedily forthcoming and laid all the blame on her bookishness. It was always just so, they said, with your learned women who were mere babes in the affairs of real-life, and as blind as bats to their own nearest interests. But in vain, the curious wondered and pushed their inquiries as far as they dared, in vain Mr. and Mrs. Ellersby, who had begun to consider themselves the parents of a noble as well as of a prodigy, railed and regretted; the mischief was done—the tie severed, and the German grandee gone, never to return.

By this time there was a third sister formally out—and far more disposed than Mrs. Walsingham had ever been to set herself up for a share of that admiration, which among the Ellersbys, the eldest was held to possess a patent right for. Felicia was a smart, pretty girl with a good deal of that flippancy, which some rigid censors affirm the young men, with all their prate about modesty—to be so much more and sooner taken by. She laughed, romped, and danced reels, while the divine creature, likely to prove too perfect for anything or anybody, and who, like the "Queen of Love, by her graceful gait was known," rarely displayed her "poetry of motion" even in the courtly caudition and majestic *minuet de la cour*, sung comic songs, while the finest voice in the world,

"Untwisting all the strings that tie
The hidden soul of harmony"—

thrilled forth Scotch melodies and Italian *bravuras* to the most exquisite of harp-accompaniments,—and mimicked in half Dutch, the Irish brogue and hirsute English,—while her blue *helle* of a sister talked away in French and all other fashionable tongues with an ease and intermixture like the Egyptian Queen entertaining the ambassadors of seven nations without an interpreter. Thus while Glory, the misjudging Gory—chilled, not admiration by love, by a display throwing all around to an immeasurable distance from her and irritated that vanity, the ruling principle of action in either sex,—the apparently giddy Felicia, paying court to this primary and ever active impulse, as Rouchefoucault makes it—became universally popular among the men, as the drollest girl in the world—the prattling little trifler a-going. The upshot of it all was, that while the surpassing elder was gazed at as

"A proud star
Too far

For them to feel its warming flame,"—

another lively junior, "that near the *beaux* smiling came," again took precedence of her lured away Frank Goldsborough, a lieutenant in the navy, handsome, sentimental, and full of the most exalted notions of female perfection, who worshipping Gloriana Ellersby, as far above him, she shone down (to copy his quotation) like

"A winged messenger of heaven,
Unto the white, upturned, wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on her,"—

stumbled as it were into an entanglement with the merry sprite, whom he was wont to resort to for consolation under his goddess's cruelty,—and was wedded to the infinite satisfaction of her friends, for Mr. Goldsborough was a rising young officer, no less than to her own unfeigned amazement and delight.

Our heroine felt less sure about this second marriage than the first, inasmuch as the lieutenant's lady was a greater favourite than Matilda had ever been. She still moved in her own atmosphere of attraction,—the sus-

trous halo around her brow beaming brilliant as ever.—Hitherto she had turned off her lovers with as little ceremony as the mistress of a family does her domestics; but that time was past. The tide was now about to turn, and that bon-on as cold as they deemed it to be, to be animated by the passion which she had so often and so fruitlessly inspired. The person towards whom she was becoming prepossessed was perhaps the last man in the world that one would have supposed calculated to move the refined mind of the regal Gloriana to any other emotion than that of contempt. Ugly in feature, halting in his gait, and of a habitual profanity in language, making the hearer tremble,—Frederick Watson had the redeeming points of wit at will—the most insinuating manners in the world when he chose to be at the pains of putting them on—which, by the way, was seldom enough,—and a dare-devil spirit that would have qualified him to be king of the Mohocks. Like Yorick, "he was a fellow of infinite jest—of most excellent fancy"—whose "gibes, gambols, songs, and flashes of wit, were wont to set the table in a roar," and whose voice, moreover, "as musical as Apollo's lyre," could soften down most charmingly when a love-tale was to be whispered into a fair maiden's ear. These qualities made him quite a pet among the ladies, who, in this instance, as in many others, proved that Pope knew well enough what he was rhyming about when he produced that spiteful line

"Every woman is at heart a rake."

Even the super-refined, the haughty, the ethereal Gloriana, before whom so many had bent in worldless ecstasies as before an angel, seemed not exempt from the debasing strain, since Watson, whom she saw in such general favour with the highest and fairest in the place, could please the taste of one, who might have been judged as too delicate so much as to cast her eyes down upon him. It was as if Ariel—the "dainty Ariel" had been smitten with a fancy for the brute, Caliban.

On his part the reckless Frederick was struck down—annihilated by the splendour of the apparition so perfect in speech and semblance. At first he found himself, like the rest of her many and mute idolaters timid and silent, he had passed through the care of Trophonius, the transition from mirthful to melancholy, could not have been more sudden and complete. But this was a mood not likely to last, his bold and saucy spirit, though subdued, was far from extinct; so he speedily rallied himself, and true to his motto that "faint heart never won fair lady," went on after his old way, though with infinitely more circumspection and *restraint*. For the first time in his life, he was congratulated on keeping a decent tongue in his head; yet though addressing himself with the utmost vigilance and varied power to propitiate the nice master piece of creation, who

"Rayed down
Her smiles sweet beaming"

on the wild genius, beginning to be so reclaimed, he still rattled on, though in a more reverent strain, with all others; thereby offering an indirect, but most flattering tribute to her ascendancy over him. His audacity, in that impulse often does, and was crowned beyond his warmest hopes. He, the lame—the uncouth—the profane—to win acceptance from the most beautiful of women—to melt the divinity hitherto so insensible to all the vows and incense heaped on her marble shrine!—he to realize that charming fancy expressed in the stanza—

"A maiden heart give me,
That locked and sacred lay,
Tho' tried by many a key,
That ne'er could find the way,
Till I by gentler art,
Touch'd the long-hidden spring,
And found that maiden-heart,
In beauty glittering—

Amidst its herbage buried like a flower
Or like a bird that sings deep in its leafy bower!"

no wonder he felt as much surprised and elated as doubtful of himself and his happiness as the wily duke of Gloucester after his successful courtship of the lady Anne.

Perhaps the coy charmer, here so strangely propitious, liked the wilful, wayward Fred—*le diable boiteux*, as he

was well enough nick-named—upon the principle, which makes the sexes seek their contraries: be that however, as it may, he was evidently graced with her regard in an unprecedented degree. This fact so monstrous and incredible, excited general wonder, and at first struck Mr. and Mrs. Ellersby, who had believed their unrivaled child far above the fantasies of passion—proof against the infectious infirmity of love—utterly aghast. They soon set their faces against the matter—and sent the enterprising and obnoxious wooer to Coventry. For their paragon, destined to be the partner of a Secretary at the least—to be fooling away her time and compromising her immaculate dignity with one who had so little claim to simple civility,—they were out of all patience at the bare idea: nor could their friends blame them, the circumstances of the case, and the candidate for Gloriana's favour considered. He was amiable in his temper and ardent in his affections—came of a good family—and had some property and a growing reputation in his profession, which was the law; but what were these paltry recommendations to parents, when the question was of their precious jewel, whom they would have thought cheaply sold at the price of

"A world from'd

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite."

"This dissolute, deformed, fun-loving pettifogger," as the worthy couple somewhat unjustly, characterized him in the heat of their distemperature—"a match for their daughter!"—as Glory was always emphatically styled: good luck! good luck!—they would much sooner have seen her dead at their feet than have agreed to such an exchange of a pearl of countless price for a handful of base copper coins. Fred, was at once forbidden the house and Miss Ellersby charged by every holy and moving exhortation, to forbear all future intercourse with him.—She promised; for to the tears of a mother—the heart-breaking petitions of a father—both so devoted, so tenderly indulgent in all but this, where her conscience whispered they were in the right—the placed sweetness of her nature could refuse nothing.

Besides the exclamation suitable here was

"Oh! spite too high to be enthralled so low!"

and Gloriana blushed in secret for an attachment, which, ardent and involuntary as it was, she could not but acknowledge to be a manifest and unnatural falling off from her high estate. It had stolen on her imperceptibly; so that she "was took ere she was ware;" but the calm reflection, of which she was still capable, convinced her that she could assign no worthy reason for a preference so fraught with unpleasant consequences—so perilous to her future peace. Unlike those susceptible and refractory breasts, whose love is born of opposition, and destroyed by a consent, hers could own the claims of fond parents, the duty of obedience and self-claims as paramount over a more selfish, though intense affection.—Loving Frederick Watson as tenderly and truly as ever woman loved, and content as she would have been to have dedicated herself in penury and retirement to his happiness, she still felt that she had no right to break those hearts, trusting so securely in her, for the sake of one, a stranger whose regard, as yet untried, was idle and ephemeral in comparison with that so existent with her life, and lavishing on her the sum total of its future expectations. She firmly believed that no good could attend a union in opposition to the express will of her natural and devoted guardian; and so thinking, in vain the almost frantic Watson sought to move her to clandestine measures. She had pledged herself solemnly to her father and mother for the contrary—and still kept her word; though such was the gentle constancy of her nature, that her lover, though abjured, was in no danger of being speedily forgotten: and it was long indeed ere she could bring herself to endure a look or word of admiration from another.

At length the ceaseless and pathetic remonstrances of her parents, like the dropping of water upon marble, wore away her steady though quiet fidelity to the remembrance of her first and only love. One of her suitors—a fine, romantic-looking figure of a man, with the dark paleness, haughty brow, and immense mustachios of a corsair-chief—who, though rejected over and over again, persisted in offering himself, his frowns, slaves, and numberless estates—backed by the purest and highest blood in the

union, and the intercessions of the nearest relatives on both sides—to her acceptance, seemed about to reap the reward of his perseverance. Miss Ellersby, now about five and twenty, and disposed to carry out her doctrine of passive obedience—or rather to escape that most cruel and systematic of persecutions, carried on out of excess of regard and the best motives, which, every day, and all day long din into her ears of the loathing victim with every variety of appeal, the merits of a particular person no less than of yielding to the prayers of those, to whom she was bound by every sacred and natural obligation,—consented to "commence a bride;" and the most splendid preparations—such would have gone far in reconciling any woman to compliance—went forward for the important occasion. And now was verified still more strikingly than in Gloriana's previous celibacy, the truism chosen for the head-piece of this version of indubitable facts. Man had appointed,—but God saw fit to disappoint, ten days before that fixed upon for the celebration of the ceremony, the bride-groom was called where there is "neither marrying or giving in marriage." The merest accident in the world, the slight cut of a finger by the slipping of a pen-knife, occasioned his death from lock jaw; and the woman, ordained to be, in spite of charms or circumstances, an Old Maid, was thus a second time freed from an engagement on the point of completion. Though greatly shocked, she was, by no means, inconsolable under the dispensation; and in truth, had she been of a mercenary turn there was substantial consolation to be found in the large bequest by which her unfortunate lover attested his undying attachment. For the prescribed time, she was left to her sorrow and her sables, undisturbed by the voice of love; though not without the annoyance of a vast deal of sympathy and condolence from "the dear five hundred friends," whose regard was mightily increased by her recent acquisition of fortune.

While Gloriana secluded herself from society by reason of her late loss, the two youngest of the five Misses Ellersby, had a fine opportunity of starring it in absence of the sun, whose refulgent beams dimmed all lesser luminaries. Abby, the next after Mrs. Goldsborough—fair but dreadfully freckled—with a turn up nose, a sly yet sneering leer, giving a cast any thing but becoming to her light grey eyes—and a person as puffy and awkward as her manner was petulant—had neither address nor amiability to compensate for the want of attraction in her exterior. But then she had ample stock of that "mother sense," one ounce of which is said to be worth a pound of wit—was profoundly artful, and could wheedle, mine, and countermine, with any political hypocrite in the land. Virginia, the last of the sisterhood—was eminently lovely as a profusion of fine flaxen ringlets, a skin whose snowy softness, suffused with the vermeil tints of the morning's first blush, seemed absolutely to melt away under the touch, and a regularity of features diminutive in their delicacy, yet irradiated by a pair of dove-like eyes and a smile of seraphic sweetness, may be supposed to make her. She was gay without pertness—meek, though high spirited, and looking up with the humblest yet fondest deference and admiration to her eldest sister, whose pet and play-thing she had ever been, and who now studied every opportunity to bring her forward among her own and most elevated set. But all Glory's plans for the matrimonial preferment of the charming *cadette*, were thwarted by the underhand interference of Miss Abby, who, uncourted herself, had pre-determined that that affected minx, as she styled Virginia, should not forestall her at the altar. Meanwhile Miss Ellersby unsuspecting of these mal-practices, exhausted herself in wonderment at the abrupt or unsatisfactory termination of so many promising flirtation—and fretted a great deal more at the ill-luck of her *protégée* than she had ever done at the untoward circumstances, detaining herself in a state of "single blessedness." At length the impatient Virginia, whose fairy-like delicacy of figure and complexion, could ill stand the wear and tear of late hours and a life of dissipation, beginning to get alarmed at her faded though still fair aspect—caught at a proposal made her, during Abby's absence from home, and became Mrs. Judge Dade, in despair of ever being titled by any one else.—Her husband, thus hastily accepted, was a sedate man of five and forty,—not remarkable for good looks, and stern in his temper and manners; the very antipodes, in short, of the young and soft-looking creature, who had given

herself to his arms—and to whom he was very tenderly, though not very obviously attached. The match, too, was highly agreeable to all the family; for Elias Dade—besides his juridical dignity, was possessed of both talent and property.

And now the bright Gloriana, whose manifold perfections had stood so in her way, had seen the third wedding among her younger sisters, while she herself continued single. Nevertheless she was not only resigned but rejoiced that Virginia had been able to dispose of herself to so much advantage—as well as to the furious mortification of her immediate predecessor in the order of consequence, Miss Abby, well deserving the commemoration of a sketch similar to that by Byron, beginning

"Born, in a kitchen, in a garret bred,"

and who had never been solicited by other protestations save those of a conceited pedagogue, employed to give the young ladies lessons in elocution,—burned with ire and envy at the bridal priority of Virginia; and since she had been unable to prevent that consummation so devoutly abhorred,—she vowed with a vow of bitter and binding force to keep a better look out on the operations of Gloriana, now out of mourning, and mixing in all companies. At though unconscious of her sister's ill designs against her change of condition, a knowledge of them would have given their object but little uneasiness, since disappointed in her only partiality—and greatly shocked by the sudden demise of the man, whom as her future companion, she was striving—and that not altogether without success—to esteem—may love, (to say nothing of the first death blow to her ambitious projects in the rupture with Baron Zerndorf,) she began to feel greatly averse from any farther experience in affairs of the heart or hand. Besides her inclination for books and study, always the chief bent of her nature, had been, of late, so much indulged in, that she could not resolve to break away from its delights for those of another, and how much more uncertain kind. Hence, though surrounded by smiles more pressing than ever—for if disposed to angle, she could now bait her hook with gold, our heroine's extreme coldness of manner, added to the invidious misrepresentations of the malicious Abby—kept them effectually at bay; and though one or two broke through the barrier erected around her by her own distance and the detraction of another—only to have their pretensions die a violent death, she contrived mostly to screen herself from amorous importunity.

She had now lost her mother,—and her surviving parent was so wrapt up in this, his idol—so utterly dependent on her presence for comfort under his bereavement as to grow daily more reconciled to the allotment, which, though so utterly at variance with

"All that her early fortune promised once,"

she seemed to have chosen, or rather to have had inflicted upon her. All his anxiety was to be disencumbered of his other single daughter, in which Gloriana heartily concurred; for though not apt to cherish unfriendly feelings towards any one, much more a sister, she could not help thinking Abby a most ungenial inmate. But in process of time, the young lady accomplished to remove herself—and that by a first-rate settlement; being nothing less than the capture of the rich Mr. Lewis Latimer—now a widower,—and who, having made some demonstrations towards a renewal of his dangle after "the superb Miss Ellersby," by which epithet he always characterized her,—was taken in by the ugliest and subtlest of schemers,—and found himself ere he knew where he was, hampered with a second and most undesirable wife.

The insolence of Abby's exultation over Glory—"poor, dear Glory!" (as she affected to term her,) compelled, for the fourth time, to dance in her stocking-feet—or, at least, furnished with the occasion to do so—is inescapable. But in her joy at being rid of one so unamiable and so burdensome to her charity, the person thus pitied and triumphed over, would willingly have paid the penalty, had it been exacted; and as the carriage bearing the new married couple swept from the door, she sat herself down with a sense of full security to the performance of her filial duties, and the enjoyment of

"An elegant sufficiency—content,
Retirement—constant quiet, friendship, books—
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven."

Here we take leave of her, whose history has shown her to be "too perfect for any body;" and here is she likely to remain; for though she has still as many vows addressed to her as any image of the Virgin, as holy and as cold,—there is every reason to believe—so, at least the close of the narrative, which I repeat, here, that Gloriana Ellersby will die, as she has, of late, lived, an OLD MAID.
E. C. S.

USEFUL BUT DISAGREEABLE HINTS.

For the Beginning of a New Year.

There is much good sense in the adage, "frequent reckonings make good neighbors." Settlements, however, are often postponed, because there is some trifling disagreements between the parties; and to look over accounts is a dry undertaking. And to this our too common propensity to put off till to-morrow, and too grossness of feeling, regarding the high obligations of justice, and we find the root from whence spring many bitter quarrels and law suits. Wherefore, gentle reader, here the voice of experience.

Fix on the *First day of January every year*, as a date beyond which no controversy of yours shall remain unsettled, so far as in you lies.

If your books are back, take care to have them "posted up" at that period.

If you find any person's account open which has been paid, *balance it*.

Where the balance is against you, saddle your horse and go directly off and pay it—in money if you have it—if not give your note.

Take special care when your good easy neighbor, confiding in your honesty, has let his claim lie more than six years not to permit that plea of rescals, out-lawed, to induce you first to doubt whether it is due, and finally to offer to settle it if he will throw in a trifle. Pray why did you not pay him before, when his witnesses were living and the facts fresh? Such claims ought to be paid with interest, and that without delay lest you die, and your executor refuse to pay.

When the balance is in your favor, don't by any means neglect a settlement of such a claim. 'Tis true, your neighbor may have said "he would take no advantage;" but he may die, or forget, or find on examining your bill that 'it is larger than he expected,' and he may think that you have omitted some credit. You do not meet him on even ground.

Is there any matter that lies unadjusted between you and any one of *doubtful honesty*? I beg of you to see well to that. Such a man, especially if poor, will have the heavy claim *against your estate*, in the event of your decease, get a discharge from him, and call it even, though he may owe you a trifle. A release from such a person is as good as bank stock.

Finally, let not the light of any new year's morning rise upon you until you shall have remitted, "postage paid," all you owe to *proprietors of newspapers*. Those are honorary claims. Should the press stop for want of funds, the land will soon grow dark.

For the Saturday Evening Post. TO EMELINE.

Midst all the dear, and valued ones who claim
A kind remembrance in thy youthful breast
Respected friend, I fain would have my name,
By memory's hand inscribed among the rest—
And when in future years, though far away
And many kindly whispered words of praise,
Or when the untiring powers of memory,
Love to recall the scenes of by gone days—
Deign to bestow a passing thought on me,
However bless'd may be thy happy lot,
And if thou art clouded in adversity;
Midst thoughts of dearer friends, forget me not.
J. G. M.

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL, FOR 1836.

The Proud Spinster.

Our next and final extract must be made from one of the "Sketches on the Road." The principal figure is a proud spinster, old pedigree, and poverty, and anti-pedestrianism; indeed, it is told of her, that she had declared "speaking of certain humble obsequies, that she would rather live for ever than have a walking funeral!" Fancy the dilemma of such a lady, on occasion of her one horse choosing to expire, whilst in the act of ministering to her "air and exercise!"

A recent American author has described as an essential attribute of high birth and breeding in England, a certain sort of quakerly composure, in all possible sudden emergencies, such as an alarm of the house on fire, or a man falling into a fire by one's side;—in fact the same kind of self-command which Pope praises in a lady who is "mistress of herself, though China fall." In this particular Miss Norman's conduct justified her pretensions. She was mistress of herself, though her horse fell. She did not start—exclaim—put her head out of the window, or even let down the front glass; she only adjusted herself more exactly in the middle of the seat, drew herself bolt upright, and fixed her eyes on the back of the coach-box. In this posture Humphrey found her.

"If you please, Ma'am, Planty-ginit be dead. The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

"I've took off the collar, and the butt out, and got out out o' harness entirely; but he be as unamiable as his own shoes;" and the informant looked earnestly at the lady to observe the effect of the communication. But she never moved a muscle; and honest Humphrey was just shutting the coach door, to go and finish the laying-out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

"Humphrey!"

"What's your pleasure, Ma'am?"

"Remember, another time—"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"When a horse of mine is deceased—"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Touch your hat."

A respectable gig-man (to borrow a word from Mr. Carlyle) offers to extricate her from her present difficulties; but she listens to him in haughty silence—a stage coach risks the loss of its time to succour her; but she refuses to condescend its publicity—'Fride, however, goeth before a fall.

The stage rattled away at an indignant gallop; and we were left once more to our own resources. By way of passing the time, I thrice repeated my offers to the unfortunate old maiden, and endured as many rebuffs. I was contemplating a fourth trial, when a signal was made from the carriage-window, and Humphrey, hat in hand, opened the door.

"Procure me a post chaise."

"A po-shay!" echoed Humphrey, but, like an Irish echo, with some variation from his original—"Lord help ye, Ma'am, there be can't such a thing to be had ten miles round—no, not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there be can't coach, cart, nor dog-barrow, but what be gone to it!"

"No matter," said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation. "I revoke my order; for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding that I prefer.—And Humphrey—"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Another time—"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Remember once for all—"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I do not choose to be blest, or the Lord to help me."

Another pause in our proceedings, during which a company of ragged boys, who had been blackberrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage. Miss Norman had now no single glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low life faces staring at her with all their might. Neither could she help hearing some such shocking ill bred remarks as, "Vy don't the frizzled-rigged old Guy get into the german's drag?" Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She seemed to draw a sort of supplementary neck out of her bosom, and sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favouring the circle, like a mad bull at bay, with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words:

"I CHOOSE to be alone."

"It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys chose to remain; and in reply to each conge, only proved by a general grin how very much teeth are set off to advantage by purple mouths."

We must skip over a few more expedients proposed and rejected, to close our notice with the close of this melancholy history:—

"Hope revived at the sound of wheels; and up came a tax cart, carrying four insides, namely, two well-grown porkers, Master Bardell, the pig-butcher, and his foreman, Samuel Slark, or, as he was more commonly called, Sam the Sticker. They were both a trifle the worse for liquor; if such a phrase might honestly be applied to men who were only a little more courageous, more generous, and civil and obliging to the fair sex, than their wont when perfectly sober. The Sticker, especially—in his most temperate moments a perfect sky blue-bodied, red faced, bowing and smirking pattern of politeness to females, was now, under the influence of good ale, a very Sir Calidore, ready to comfort and succour distressed damsels, to fight for them, live or die for them, with as much of the chivalrous spirit as remains in our times." They inquired, and I explained in a few words the lady's dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

"Mayhap you warnt half purlite or pressing enough," observed Sam, with a side wink at his master. "It an't a bit of a scrape, and a civil word, as will get a strange lady up into a strange german's gig. It wants warmth-like, and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her, for a persuader, and I'll have her up in our cart—my master's that is to say—afore you can see whether she has feet or hooofs."

"In a moment the speaker was at the carriage-door, stroking down his sleek forelocks, bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice over. She would be perfectly safe, he told her, sitting up between him and his master, and quite pleasant, for the pigs would keep themselves to themselves at the back of the cart, and as for the horse, he was nothing but a good one, equal to twelve mules an hour—with much more to the same purpose. It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and two butchers, and she did not say it. She merely turned her head away from the man, to be addressed by the master, at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air. "A taxed cart, Madam," he said, "mayn't be exactly the vehicle accustomed to, and so forth; but thereby, considering respective ranks of life, why, the more honour done to your humbles, which, as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful; likewise the distancing the two hogs. Whereby, everything considered, namely, necessity and so forth, I will make so bold as hope, Madam, excuse more pressing, and the like, and dropping ceremony for the time being, you will embrace us at once, as you shall be most heartily welcome to, and be considered, by our humbles, as a favour besides."

"The sudden drawing up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Bardell's behaviour. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesman would have called 'an advantageous opening,' for pouring in a fresh stream of eloquence; and the Sticker, who shewly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and as junior counsel followed on the same side. But he took nothing by the motion. The lady was invincible, or, as the discomfited pair mutually agreed, 'as hard for to be convinced into a cart, as anything on four legs.' The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close in, and no Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation, and favoured no afterwards with the result, the Sticker being the orator. It was a man's duty, he said, to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old; it was what we all come into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex. As for himself, purtecting females was his nature, and he should never lie easy again, if so be he left the lady on the road; and providing a female wouldn't be purtected with her own free will, she

ought to be forced to, like any other 'live beast unsensible of its own good.' Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up. They knowed Miss Norman, name and fame, and was both well-known respectable men in their lines, and I might ax about for their characters.—Whereby, supposing I approved, they'd have her, right and tight, in their cart, afore she felt herself respectfully off her legs.

"Such were the arguments and the plan of the bull-headed pair. I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly been only asked as a compliment.—The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not, but Pride gave away to Nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits! We contrived to get her seated on the step of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pool near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned, the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sat, in the cart, right and tight, between the two butchers, instead of the two Salvages, or Griffins, or whatever they were, her hereditary supporters. They were already on the move. I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into Waterford. Unfortunately her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, struggling in the bright blue, and somewhat greasy, arms of Sam the Sticker, screaming in concert with the two swine, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well, by sight, as her own carriage!"

ANECDOTE.—Mr. Taggart was an old fashioned clergyman, very plain and sincere in his manners.—Being on his way to Washington, one winter, he encountered at a public house two young democrats, who were very noisy in their professions of republicanism, and attracted the attention of the whole company by their violent denunciation of federals and are istocrats. At dinner, however, they were very pre-emptory in their calls upon the servants, and very fastidious about their food. The moment they came in contact with their inferiors, their manners were haughty and unbending; but the talk about the democratic in politics was still kept up. One of them pushed a bottle towards Mr. Taggart, and asked him to take wine. The old gentleman politely accepted the invitation, provided they would allow him to give them a toast. This was gladly assented to, and the company suspended the play of knives and forks to listen to the sentiment. The Doctor bowed to the young men and gave them—"A little more REPUBLICANISM, and a little less TALK ABOUT IT.—*Greenfield Mercury.*

Faults of the head are punished in this world—those of the heart in another; but as most of our vices are compound so is also their punishment.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate of vice than poverty.

Desire the women to take all you have, and the men to give you nothing, and both will be sure to grant all you ask of them.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling into the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

No man is content with his own condition, though it be best; nor dissatisfied with his wit though it be the worst.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Sketches of the Western Bar.—No. VIII.

Gen. Samuel Blackburn, of Bath County, Va.

In journeying westwardly from Staunton, Va., towards the Warm Springs, in Bath county, after a ride of about thirty miles, through a country generally wild and uncultivated, but occasionally picturesque and beautiful, the attention of the traveller is arrested by a handsome country seat, in full view of the stage road, and distant on the left hand, probably two hundred yards, from it. The mansion is of brick, and in much better taste than most of the dwelling houses in that section of Virginia, and the numerous out-houses and negro cabins which surround it, indicate the wealth of the proprietor. The situation is one of peculiar beauty—just on the brow of a verdant knoll which swells up gently from the extensive meadows which are spread out at its base, and the whole scene, with its dewy meadows, noble groves, and meandering streams, now glancing in the sun-beams like a silver thread, and now concealed by the luxuriant wild growth that fringe its banks, when viewed by the weary traveller who is whirled along in a crowded stage-coach, suffocated with heat and dust, seems almost like an oasis in a desert. This seat is called "The Wilderness," and was the residence of the late General Samuel Blackburn—a man whose name is well known throughout Virginia, not less for the richness of his intellectual endowments, than for the eccentricity of his character.

Gen. Blackburn was a native of Frederick county, Virginia; and as his parents were in humble circumstances, he had many difficulties to encounter in procuring an elementary education. By perseverance and industry, however, he overcame them to some extent, and made considerable proficiency in the study of the classics, and of such branches of science as were generally taught about the period of the revolution. His studies were, however, soon interrupted by a summons to the "tented field." The call was promptly obeyed, and he was among the first to fire a gun at Guilford, and among the last to leave the battle ground. He was probably an actor in some other scenes of our revolutionary history, but the writer of this hasty sketch, is not sufficiently informed, to speak with certainty on the subject.

After the restoration of peace, and the establishment of our national independence, Samuel Blackburn resumed his studies, and in order to procure the means of support while engaged in them, he took charge of a school, and performed, at the same time, the double duty of student and instructor. At one period he contemplated the study of divinity, and with that view commenced a preparatory course of reading, but he subsequently changed his purpose, and adopted the profession of the law, which at that day, was regarded, in Virginia, as the high-road to wealth and fame. Shortly after he obtained his license, he intermarried with Anne Matthews, a sister of the present Judge Matthews of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and daughter of the late Gen. George Matthews of Georgia.

For many years Gen. Blackburn was a resident of Staunton, where he acquired great distinction in his profession, and mingled actively in the political contests of the day. Subsequently he removed to "The Wilderness," where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred in March, 1835.

In many respects, Gen. Blackburn, was one of the most remarkable men of his day. Nature seemed to have marked him out for an orator of the highest grade, and if his application had equalled his capacity, he would have fulfilled, what appeared to be his destiny. But, unfortunately, satisfied with the triumph which his natural abilities enabled him to achieve, he never devoted himself assiduously to the more ab-

struse studies of his profession. He was endowed by nature with a rich and fertile imagination, an easy and graceful elocution, a strong and quick perception; and wherever these faculties were called into requisition he was always fortunate in his efforts, but when engaged in the more grave and arduous conflicts of the mind, his deficiencies in legal knowledge were often perceptible. As an advocate he possessed at times, the most unbounded control over the feelings and passions of his auditory—alternately melting them to tears, and convulsing them with laughter.—His perceptions of all subjects differed from those of other men, and even the most common place events were oftentimes invested by his fancy with a garb so unique and grotesque, as to defy the gravity of Nestor himself—and then the transition was almost instantaneous, to the most soul-subduing pathos. But if there was any department in which he was pre-eminently distinguished, it was in sarcasm and invective. His powers in this respect were scarcely inferior to those of John Randolph himself. Even to this day, many of the older citizens of those counties in which he practised law, in his palmy days, can repeat whole passages of his speeches, abounding in the most withering sarcasm: generally, however, his satire was not continued through a series of sentences. He usually concentrated his bitterness in the narrowest compass possible, and winged his shaft with such dexterity, that it had sunk into the heart of his victim, and was rankling there before he had heard even the twang of the bow from which it was sent. As a necessary consequence of his fame in this respect, he was retained in every suit involving character, in all the neighboring counties; and it rarely happened that the opposite party would not sooner compromise the matter in dispute, than incur his terrible denunciation.

His person and address were also well calculated to give effect to his speeches. His figure was noble and commanding—his action graceful in the extreme—and his countenance more like a lion's than any other man's that ever lived. He possessed a command over the muscles of his face that was truly astonishing, and gave a variety to its expression which could not be surpassed.

In consequence of his intention in early life to adopt the clerical profession he had made himself intimately acquainted with the scriptures, and his speeches were frequently adorned with the most beautiful and touching illustrations drawn from that source. Many of these are treasured up in the memory of his contemporaries, but the writer will not venture to detail any of them here.

Gen. Blackburn was also peculiarly happy at times, in seizing upon a particular crisis in the progress of his cause, or in the feelings of his audience, and using it with the most electrical effect. An example of this kind was related to the writer by a late distinguished citizen of Virginia, who had it from an eye witness, and although the writer is sensible that no pen, however graphic, much less his, could do justice to a scene which depended for its effect so much upon the manner and character of the orator, and the context of circumstances, he will, nevertheless, hazard its insertion. It occurred in the Virginia House of Delegates, of which Gen. Blackburn was then a member from the county of Bath. During the discussion of an important measure which was pending before the House, a member whose sentiments were opposed to those of Gen. Blackburn, took occasion to express his views of the subject very much at large—dwelling upon the great fundamental principles of democracy—lauding the sovereign people to the skies—and concluding his declamatory harangue with the true quotation "Vox Populi, Vox Dei!" The speech was not without its effect, and Gen. B. observing it, rose with an air of dignity and solemnity peculiar to him-

self and well befitting his silver locks, and repeated in a slow and distinct tone, the words "Vox Populi, Vox Dei!"—after an emphatic pause, elevating his voice, he continued, "Yes Mr. Speaker—Vox Populi—Vox Dei!"—and so said the Jews, when the Saviour of the world hung groaning on the cross—Vox Populi—Vox Dei!" and immediately sat down. The effect was magical—the House was electrified—these few words produced a result which the most laboured effort of reason could never have accomplished.

Upon another occasion he dealt a left-handed blow to a member of the Virginia Legislature, which is so characteristic of his peculiar sarcastic humour that the writer cannot forbear narrating it. The Legislature had been in session probably two months and but little business had been despatched. Instead of attending to the local interests of the State and returning to their homes, the members deemed it incumbent on them (and it is to be feared that there is still room for amendment in this particular) to instruct the General Government as to their duties. Under these circumstances a proposition was introduced that the House should meet at an earlier hour. Considerable opposition was made to the motion, and many members joined in the discussion. Amongst others, a member from one of the western counties, who, although he had been a delegate for many years, had never opened his mouth in the House, except to say "aye," or "no," was impelled by his anxiety to get home, to address the House in favour of its adoption. He adverted to the backwardness of the business, reproached members with neglect of duty—stated that they had been in session for two months and had done nothing, and concluded by asking in a very pompous manner, the question "What shall I tell my constituents when I return home?" when he had taken his seat, Gen. Blackburn—with a corrugation of his brows which cannot be described—one of them arching half way up his forehead, and the other lowering over the eye like a thunder cloud,—rose from his seat, and fixing his gaze steadily on the member, responded to his enquiring in the most scornful tone, "Tell them you made that speech!"

Instances of this kind might be multiplied, but these are sufficient to afford some idea of the peculiarities of the subject of this sketch.

As a private individual, Gen. Blackburn possessed many noble traits of character. He was steadfast in his attachments, and decided in his antipathies. His hospitable mansion was always open to receive the visits of his acquaintances, and no one failed to receive a hearty welcome at his plentiful board. By his last will he emancipated all his slaves, forty-six in number, upon condition that they would emigrate to Liberia, furnishing them the means of doing so; forty two of the number are probably at this moment traversing the wide ocean in fulfilment of the condition which is to entitle them to their precious liberty.

THE RIGHTEOUS.

It is rare to find in the same compass more exquisitely polished versification, and more real piety, than are contained in the following stanzas.

Pilgrim is thy journey dear?

Are its lights extinct forever?

Still suppress the rising fear—

God forsakes the righteous never?

Storms may gather o'er thy path,

All the ties of life may sever—

Still, amid the fearful sea,

God forsakes the righteous never.

Pain may rack thy wasting frame,

Health desert the couch forever,

Faith still burns with deathless flame,

God forsakes the righteous never!

From the Saturday Evening Post.

LACONICS.—No. VI.

A few short sentences of Advice.

Never divulge a thing confided to you.
 Let nothing ruffle your temper.
 Never neglect small matters and expenses.
 Keep your own secrets.
 Deceive him who attempts to deceive you.
 Be prudent and circumspect in all you say and do.
 Beware of being duped—the world is full of knaves.
 Let all your actions be manly.
 In every thing be cool, determined, and vigorous.
 All comparisons are odious and should be avoided.
 He scatters enjoyment who can enjoy much.
 Make no one your confidant.
 Consult with feeling, and act with vigour.
 Never interfere in other people's concerns.
 Never put implicit faith in a man who has once deceived you.
 To the poor owe nothing.
 Of the rich ask nothing.
 Neither flatter nor censure the vain.
 Never believe the flatterer.
 To the blabber, speak not.
 To the silent, open yourself with caution.
 Attempt not to curb a madman or to make a fool wise.
 Think of what you are doing.
 Man may live content in any situation.
 Observe the three grand properties—time, place and persons.
 Say little—but say that little well.
 Never disgrace yourself in order to do honor to any one living.
 Whatever you undertake—persevere in it—but consider well before you do undertake a thing.
 Be always punctual to your engagements.
 Be industrious and frugal and you will be rich.
 Let nothing throw you off your guard.
 Be cautious and reserved with people you do not know.
 Never give your opinion if it be likely to be contrary to that of any one present.
 Contradiction is telling a man you are wiser than he is—which can hardly be very flattering.
 Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. If often turns the good natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.
 Drunkenness insensibly weakens the understanding and impairs the memory.
 It does not require one half the trouble to check our passions that it does to gratify them.
 Health is the one thing needful: therefore no pains, expense, self denial, or restraint which we submit to for the sake of it, is too much. Whether it require us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favorite indulgencies, to control intemperate passions, or undergo tedious regimens; whatever difficulties it lays us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit to.
 Irregularities have no limits, one excess draws on another, the most easy therefore, as well as the most excellent way of being virtuous is to be so entirely.
 The criminal commerce of the sexes corrupts and depraves the mind and moral character more than any single species of vice whatsoever.
 The most agreeable way of flattering a man is asking him for information—in such cases you must appear to be ignorant, although you may be much better acquainted with the subject than he.

'Tis wisdom in a doubtful case, rather to take another man's judgment than one's own.

When the Egyptian was asked what he carried so secretly under his cloak, he gravely answered "his bid under my cloak that thou mightest not know what it is."

Certainly if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts, and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part.

As our domestics have an equal right with the rest of mankind to human happiness, we are by this rule forbidden.

1. To enjoin them unnecessary labor or confinement from the mere love and wantonness of domination.

2. To insult them by harsh, scornful or opprobrious language.

3. To refuse them any harmless pleasures, and by the same principle are also forbidden causeless or immoderate anger, habitual peevishness, and groundless suspicion.

Avoid entertaining suspicion—and however just cause you may have of suspecting a man of dishonesty or unfair dealing, let not your suspicion be expressed or discovered:—condemn no one on mere suspicion—but rather seem to consider all men incapable of dishonesty or cheating.

When you feel yourself unfit for society, avoid it entirely; take a walk or a canter on horseback; exercise and a communion with nature are the best and easiest cures for an uneasy mind, bilious irritability, and nervousness.

Always be doing something; never seem to have nothing to do.

To live peaceably in the world, and to avoid ruts, satire, or familiarity, you can hardly be too cautious or too reserved in your conduct—'tis better to use too much, than too little ceremony and apparent respect—do this courteously.

Praise everything and everybody, right or wrong, and you will please more than by telling the truth like an honest man.

If you dislike people, shun their society, but do not express your dislike, or utter complaints against them.

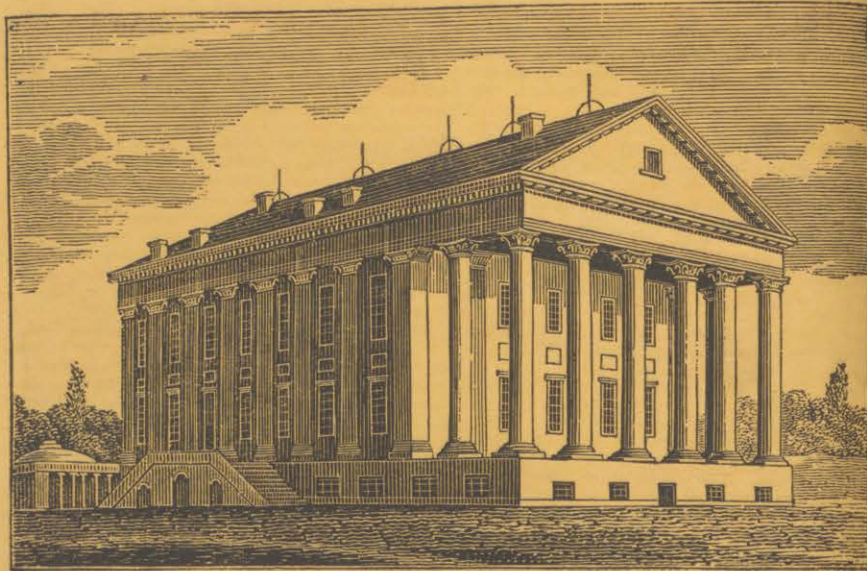
All that a man has to do in a place where he is a stranger, is to bridle his tongue and his temper, cultivate good feelings and kind affections, and meet every advance of his neighbour with courtesy, cordiality and cheerfulness.

In any society, where a difference of opinion arises on matters of little or no consequence, it is wise to give in, although you may have incontestable proofs to support the correctness of your opinion—this flatters the other's vanity and cannot injure yourself.

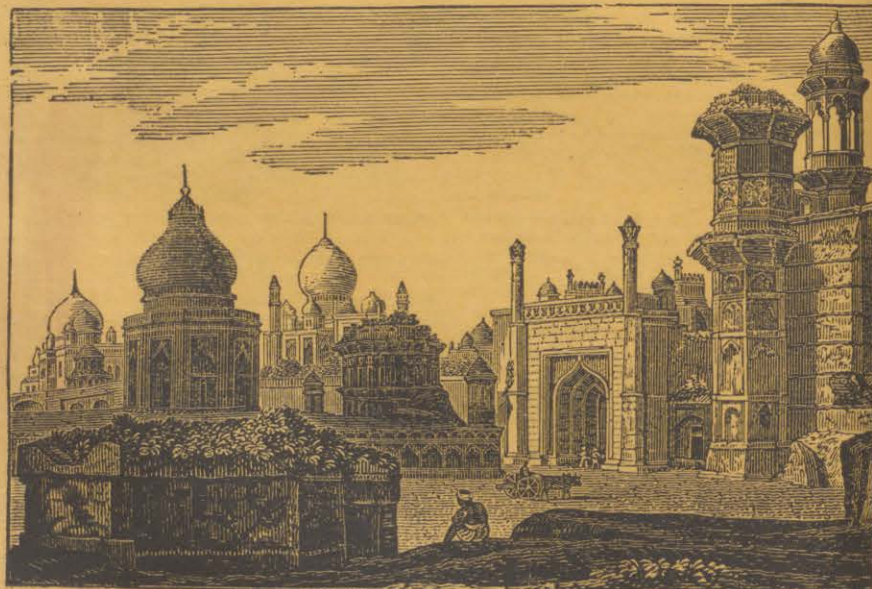
If I thought my very cap knew my secrets, I would throw it into the fire.

If you cannot keep your own secret, how can you hope or expect that others will do it for you!

Love, though the sweetener of life, cannot constitute its business. In whatever relation we may stand to society, we are bound to the performance of certain active duties, inconsistent with a life of contemplative indulgence. The world is our creditor, and a hard one, for it will relax nothing of its claims; a life devoted to love, though one of the staple fictions of poets and romance writers, is incompatible both with the natural character of man, and his social relations.—Our bodies and our minds are alike framed for action, and he who could merge all his duties, in the indulgence even of the purest passion, would, in so doing, prove himself to be an object not of love, but of contempt.



Capitol of Virginia, at Richmond.



Ruins about the Taj Mahal, Agra.

CAPITOL OF RICHMOND, AT VIRGINIA.

The first permanent settlement in Virginia, dates in 1606. It had been visited by the English before that period, but the attempts for a colony failed. Newport was built on James River at that period, about forty miles from the sea. But Captain John Smith, who was there a little later, may justly be considered the principal man in effecting a settlement. There is no very large city in Virginia, as in most of the other states. Richmond, the seat of government, is the largest, with a population of 16,000. Norfolk, the largest commercial town, has about 10,000 inhabitants; and is situated near the mouth of James river. Richmond is at the head of the tide water, on the same river. It rises gradually from the river, and has a fine appearance. Two bridges cross the river at Richmond.—“Most of the houses are brick and many are elegant.—The public buildings are a court house, a state prison, an almshouse, a museum, eight churches, and the Capitol. This is considered an elegant structure.—It stands on the highest ground in the city, and the prospect from it is extensive and interesting.” Richmond is about one hundred and twenty miles from Washington city, and one hundred and fifty from the mouth of the river. It is a place of considerable business. There are falls in the river, not far above Richmond; but a canal has been made round them and a boat navigation is thus secured for two hundred and twenty miles. This adds much to the trade and prosperity of the city. There are good schools in Richmond, and convenient houses of worship belonging to different sects. The constitution of Virginia has lately been revised and altered; but the changes are not very material. The interior of the state is filling up with inhabitants; and the population west of the Blue Ridge is even now the greatest. Virginia has been rich in great men; among the most distinguished were General Washington, Patrick Henry, Arthur Lee, Richard H. Lee, George Wyeth, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, and John Marshall.

RUINS ABOUT THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

This engraving gives a view of Taj Mahal, as it is seen from the banks of the Jumna. The arched gateway that appears in the drawing, is the way into an enclosed, though large space of ground, that lies before the great entrance and front wall of the Taj Mahal. The top of this kind of triumphal archway, with its row of small cupolas, may be distinguished in the engraving. The high conical-shaped dome in the distance stands on the centre of the building itself; the minarets and the side mosques of the Taj are likewise seen.

No one that ever lived lies enshrined in such splendour, as Shah Jehan and his wife Mumtāz Zama, whose remains are deposited in this gorgeous sepulchre. The Taj Mahal is very justly celebrated as the finest, and by far the most beautiful, of all the monuments of Hindostan; its design is at once elegant and grand; its dimensions are great, and its proportions admirable; the materials of which it is constructed are costly in their kind, and superior in their quality; its exterior and interior ornaments and embellishments are elaborate and rich; and whether it is viewed as a complete and exquisitely finished work of a graceful and noble style of architecture, or taken and examined separately in all its various and minutely wrought parts, it exhibits a structure that surpasses, we might safely assert, any thing of the kind that continues on the face of the earth, at this day, to arrest the attention, and demand the admiration, of those who travel into distant lands.

“The modern district of Agra joins the Delhi division a short distance north of Kosee, and extends along the banks of the Jumna to its junction with the Chumbul. On the west it is bounded by the pergunnahs of Deeg, the Bhurtpore territories, and the pergunnahs of Dholpore, Barree, and Rajakera. That portion situated between the Chumbul and the Jumna is a table-land, elevated above the beds of both rivers about sixty feet, and composed of a light soil. In many parts, during the dry season, the tanks, streams, and rivulets are without water, which, for agriculture and domestic purposes, is procured from wells. Cultivation, in this province, when compared with its condition in the Company's old provinces, has made but little progress. The waste lands are very extensive, and a portion of them might, without injustice, be set aside for the maintenance of watchmen, or for any other public measure.”

Of the native inhabitants of the province of Agra, the following account has been given in the Indian Gazetteer:—“The natives are in general a handsome robust race of men, and consist in a mixture of the Hindoos and Mahomedans, few of the Seiks having come so far south. A considerable number of the cultivators to the west of the Jumna are Jauts, and the country of the Macherry Rajah contains many Mewatties, long noted for their thievish propensities. The Hindoo religion is still predominant, although the country has been (until recently) permanently subject to Mahomedan princes since the thirteenth century. Pagodas are numerous, and mosques rare, while the Rajpoot and Braminical races prevail among the peasantry. The woods and jungles are full of peacocks, another symptom of Hindooism; and most of the names are followed by the affix of Singh, which ought to be peculiar to the Rajpoots of noble descent; but the Jauts assume it without ceremony, and so do the Seiks likewise, who, being apostates from the Braminical faith, have still less claim to such a distinction. The language of common intercourse is the Hindostanee; but the Persian is used for public and official documents, and is also spoken in conversation by the higher classes of Mahomedans. The Brui dialect is spoken around the city of Agra, and extends to the Vindhya mountains. In the words of the Lord's prayer, in this language, twenty eight correspond with those occurring in the Bengalese and Hindostanee specimens, besides two or three Sanscrit words of frequent recurrence in the Bengalese. The ancient language of Kanoje, the capital of Upper Hindostan, at the period of the first Mahomedan invasion, is thought by Mr. Colebrooke to form the basis of the modern Hindostanee.”

This capital does not appear to have struck Bishop Heber as possessing superiority in architectural remains over other places in India, by any means so much as it did the writer of these notes; and the difference was more apparent on revisiting Agra, after seeing Delhi and other places. There is a peculiar brilliancy about Agra, that no one acquainted with Eastern scenery can well conceive; and which no one, who has seen it, can easily forget. Yet there are animated descriptions of what he saw at Agra, to be found in Bishop Heber's Journal, as the following account of some of the buildings and halls, in the interior of the fort, will amply show. “The fort is very large and ancient, surrounded with high walls and towers, of red stone, which command some noble views of the city, its neighbourhood, and the windings of the Jumna. The principal sights, however, which it contains, are the Motee Masjid, (Pearl Mosque,) a beautiful building, of white marble, carved with exquisite simplicity and elegance.” So beautifully laid are the stones in this mosque, that it looks as if it had been cut out of a solid block of marble.”

“The palace built by Akbar, in a great degree of the same material, and containing some noble rooms, is

now sadly disfigured and destroyed by neglect, and by being used as warehouses, armories, offices, and lodging-rooms for the garrison. The hall, now used as the "Dewanny Aum," or public court of justice, is a splendid edifice, supported by pillars and arches of white marble, as large, and more nobly simple, than that of Delhi. The ornaments, carving, and mosaic of the smaller apartments, in which was formerly the Zennana, are equal or superior to any thing which is described as found in the Alhambra. The view from these rooms is very fine; at the same time, there are some adapted for the hot winds, from which light is carefully excluded. This suite is lined with small mirrors, in fantastic frames; a cascade of water, also surrounded with mirrors, has been made to gush from a recess at the upper end, and marble channels, beautifully inlaid with cornelians, agates, and jasper, convey the stream to every side of the apartment." This is a fine description of a rich and magnificent palace.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE HOLY WARS.

No wars have occurred more novel and interesting in their character, or which have exerted a greater influence on the moral and political aspect of society, than those usually denominated the crusade or holy wars. In taking a historical retrospect of the time which elapsed from their commencement to their completion, we are surprised at the influence which artful and aspiring men (especially when clothed in the holy and reverential garb of religion) are capable of exerting over the human mind, as well as at the length to which superstitious enthusiasm leads its votaries.—The crusades were the most extravagant enterprises which ever occupied the attention of mankind, still history records no instance of perseverance or devotion, even in more worthy causes, which in any way compares with these wars. The project which had been before devised was renewed by Peter the hermit. Naturally ambitious and artful, he devoted for years all the energies of a highly gifted mind to raise himself to power and affluence, and engrave his name in imperishable letters on the temple of fame. He finally hit upon the expedient of uniting the powers of Europe against the Saracens, who then occupied the holy land. With these intents he started for Rome. On his arrival he found the Pope at peace, and all the vast resources of his empire unemployed. He attained admission to the papal palace, and although the Pope listened with interest to his project, he was not wholly convinced of its feasibility. He repeated his visit, and knowing that the success of his measure and his own hopes of future aggrandisement, depended much on that effort, he brought into play all the energies of a highly gifted mind, backed with uncommon eloquence, and a thorough knowledge of the human heart, and the springs of action, and he touched those springs with such a masterly hand, that the opposition of the Pope fell before him. The command immediately went forth and all the followers of the cross were warned to prepare for the dreadful shock. Preaching heralds overran Europe, calling upon every one in consideration of the rewards of heaven and a free forgiveness of all past offences, to engage in the holy enterprise of taking Jerusalem from the hands of the infidels, and against all who refused their assistance, denouncing the endless wrath of deity. Influenced by these considerations enforced by all the fascinating charms of eloquence, it is easy to imagine the effect that would be produced on a people buried in superstitious ignorance, and instructed from childhood to esteem the decree of the Pope, as the prototype of that which should be pronounced against them immediately after death. The millions of Europe united

under the banner of the cross. Kings, dukes, and nobles placed the vast resources of their dominions at his command, while all classes of society pressed on with enthusiastic zeal in that which appeared to their disordered fancies, a holy and glorious undertaking. The poverty stricken mother, warned by the spreading flame, buckled onto her son the only support and solace of her declining years, his scanty armour, bidding him with a mother's parting blessing to conquer or die in the contest. The grey headed father equipped his numerous offspring, and sent them forth as a blood offering to propitiate the favour of a holy God. In a few months the whole power of Christendom was arrayed, while the banner of the cross destined soon to be drenched in blood, reigned triumphantly over Europe. But numerous obstacles opposed their advance. In their wild zeal they had pressed forward without a supply for the army, trusting to the miraculous interposition of Providence for subsistence, and when this was withheld, they plundered and destroyed the defenceless villages through which they passed, until the inhabitants armed in self defence, and skulked about destroying all who came within their reach.

Thus of this immense army, but few reached Palestine; and those who did, were only reserved to become the prey of the merciless Turks, who repulsed them with tremendous havoc. But still the aspiring priesthood were not content to give up the project as hopeless—new levies were constantly made over from the best families of Europe, who only reached Palestine to fall before the fierce barbarians. Such are some of the disasters which befell crusaders during the two centuries in which the concentrated powers of Christendom were arrayed against infidels; a war in which millions sacrificed their lives as a blood offering to the moloch of ambition. During this period business was at a stand, and a general system of bankruptcy and ruin prevailed over the land. The honest gains of the industrious poor were wrested from them to fill the coffers of the avaricious priesthood and aristocracy. Such is but a faint picture of Europe at the close of these wars. But although their efforts for the moment were disastrous in the extreme, still they were destined to be the instruments for producing that moral and political reform, which during the last century has progressed throughout the world.—For centuries before the crusades, mankind were held in superstitious ignorance, into which no ray of moral or scientific light penetrated. Learning in none of its forms was diffused. All knowledge was confined to the great city of Constantinople—the only one which had withstood the encroachments of the barbarians during the dark ages. As they passed through this city, in their course, they brought back with them some knowledge of the arts and sciences, which in the course of a few years spread over Europe. Men of original and powerful minds excited to action, rolled on the wheels of the reformation, which already has dispelled the murky clouds of despotism, and superstition, and opened to the admiring gaze of man the true dignity of human nature. Thus by means of one of the most destructive wars which ever deluged the world in blood, will be brought the regeneration of mankind—already the sun of liberty has enlightened a large portion with his cheering beams. The dark clouds of priestcraft and ignorance have melted away like morning mist where first the blushing day appears cheerily over the mountain tops in smiling beauty, and the signs of the times seem to indicate that the day is not far distant when the banner of political and religious freedom shall wave triumphantly over the world. "JUNO."

Happiness is a wise man's fortune, but there can be none without virtue.

From the Knickerbocker for February.
OLLAPODIANA.

There is a pensive, melancholy feeling which overpowers the heart of a resident in a city, when he goes at twilight, from the scene of his business and his cares to the fireside of home. As he passes along the crowded thoroughfare, jostled by the hundreds that meet him—as he looks forward through the uncertain atmosphere, to forms and dwellings dimly described, by twinkling lamps in the distance, and sees damp walls and streets receding from his footstep,—he falls into a train of musing. How many deeds does the night bring on! How many an unsuspected and impatient eye watches the golden sun go down into the glowing bosom of the West; how many hearts beat high with suspense or disquiet, while the wan twilight deepens into evening, and the stars, one by one, glittering like diamonds through the infinite air, 'set their watch in the sky!' The affianced bride waits for her lover, counting the footsteps that fall upon the pavement, and taxing the discipline of her ready ear with the task of decision whether they be his or no; the church-goer longs for the bell, whose voice proclaims the hallowed hour of prayer, and 'fingers in fond solicitude for the moment when the chapel-ward step shall be taken. In unnumbered bosoms are kindled in the emotions of praise—and they are pure and holy. Nothing can exceed the beauties of a truly calm and chastened affection. It is alike lovely, when bestowed on God or man. The relinquishment of self—the trusting dependence on the great Power of Nature—the fond aspirations for better enjoyments—these are the true solace and hope of mortality.

For one I am a deep lover of the 'poetry of heaven.' Delicate and perfect indeed is the 'glitterance of the stars.' I love to watch their birth in the depths of the evening firmament; and to see the moon walking in their midst—the Queen of the Evening, whose blue pathway glitters with the fadeless jewelry of the universe. Some of these glorious spheres spring with their ho-y lustre upon the sight with the quickness of thought, blessing the eye with their sweet radiance, and almost haunting the ear with that music which seems to echo from that dim period of the past, when the morning stars sang together. When I behold them devotional feelings possess my heart; and I go back on the wings of memory to the far away scenes of my boyhood. I think again, as I did then, that all created things make melody to their God, and, singing as once I sung, I say:

Ask of the ocean-waves that burst
In music on the strand—
Whose murmurings load the breeze
That fans the Summer land;
Why is their harmony abroad—
Their cadence in the sky,
That glitters with the smile of God
In mystery on high?
Question the cataract's boiling tide,
Down stooping from above—
Why its proud billows, far and wide
In stormy thunders move?
It is that in their hollow voice
A tone of praise is given,
Which bids the fainting heart rejoice,
And trust the might of Heaven.
And ask the tribes whose matin song
Melts on the dewy air,
Why, like a stream that steals along,
Flow forth their praises there?
Why, when the veil of Eve comes down,
With all its stary hours,
The night-bird's melancholy lay
Rings from her solemn bowers?

It is some might of love within,
Some impulse from on high,
That bids their matin-song begin—
Or fills the evening sky
With gentle echoes all its own—
With sounds, that on the ear
Fall like the voice of kindred gone,
Cut off in Youth's career!

Ask of the gales that sweep abroad,
When Sunset's fiery wall
Is crowned with many a painted cloud—
A gorgeous corona—
Ask why their wings are trembling then
O'er Nature's sounding lyre,
While the fair accidental hills
Are bathed in golden fire?

Oh! shall the wide world raise the song
Of Peace, and Joy, and Love,
And shall man's heart not bid his tongue
In voiceful praises move?
Shall the old forest and the wave,
When summon'd by the breeze,
Yield a sweet flow of solemn praise,
And man have less than these?

No one, I fancy, can regard the wonderful mechanism of the heavens, or the revolutions of this goodly frame the earth, without emotion. I at least cannot. When I behold the moon, coursing her sweet and mysterious way through the azure vault of evening, or the sun, mounting from his golden tabernacle of morning clouds, to smile from the zenith upon a beautiful world, I am filled with wonder and admiration. The coming on of Spring—the advent and departure of the Summer—are to me scenes and themes of amazing thought. Then, how solemnly does Autumn come on; rustling his fallow leaf, and shaking his withered spray, in token that Winter is near!—telling the heart, as Wordsworth does the eye, that
'Summer ebbs; each day that follows,
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows,
Where the frosts of Winter lie.'

I value every season as it affords me subjects for reflection. New-Year's day is fruitful of thought. Standing upon the threshold of cycle, we look forward with questioning eyes into the unknown future, wondering what it may bring to us of weal or wo. Merciful is the cloud that hangs over that untrodden way—grateful the uncertainty which begets its uninvestigated span. Methinks it adds a fresher glow to that social communion wherewith we greet the opening year; that it gives to love a holiness, to friendship a charm. I would that the time-honoured custom of Gotham might be extended through the Atlantic cities; that friends might be gathered together around each other's fireside at the morning of the year, there to renew the sweet feelings and generous sympathies of life.

It is the renewal of precious and holy feelings, that makes the new year in New-York so delightful. The citizens bid a truce to care; and the generous principle of friendship comes fully into play. To tell the truth, the custom begins to radiate from the commercial metropolis, and its delights, 'like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,' are already springing up in other towns. I had a taste of them at the commencement of this present year, in the Rectangular City; enough to convince me that the mode is germinating freely, and will soon abundantly fructify. It fell on the day, that I had some dozen friends to visit; and the employment was truly a New York affair, altogether. One hospitable household, well known for the kindness of its members, and the regal bounty of its domestic appointments, conducted the matter in veritable Gotham

style. On a table which groaned—if mahogany *can* groan—with its burden, were placed all sorts of rich edibles and copious excellences of great variety, in the way of potato. Many were the pleasant-tasted things that reminded me, through the interpretation of the palate, that I might consider myself in New York; and as for the nonce, 'I drained huge draughts of Rhenish down,' I can assure the reader that the American London was 'in my flowing cups freshly remembered.' Great, however, is the stability of my brain and so it was, that I escaped without injury; though I do religiously believe that should 'some persons' imbibe thus much of things spiritual and substantial, their footsteps would indicate a knowledge of the curvilinear zig-zag.

It is right wholesome to me, to perceive the effect of the new year on an old bachelor. His forehead wears less wrinkles then, and that part to which phrenologists assign the organ of benevolence, seemeth to bulge as it were, with a preternatural expansion. He becometh frisky; 'takes much to imbibe'—and thinks seriously of changing his condition. I never knew but one that the new year could not re-vivify, and he was a biped whom long years of 'scoondrelzing' had indurated, in the region of the heart, to perfect ossification. The sarcophagus of a mummy, or the flesh of patriarchal turkey—the cock of his peculiar walk of life—could not be harder. I met him, 'the first of last January was a year,' as they say in Brotherly Love. 'Well Tompkins,' said I, 'your bosom friend Jones has been swept away within the past year, into the vortex of matrimony.' 'Yes,' said he, with some such grin as Satan may have shed upon Ithuriel in Paradise—'yes, Tom has gone, and I am glad of it. I don't know why I should be, though; for he never did me any injury!' He sported this remark for a new year's original—yet, like his wig, I believe it was not natural, but borrowed for the occasion.

It is diverting in the extreme, to observe the pompous grandiloquence in the advertisements of the amusements furnishing public, about Christmas and New Year. Sublimity glares from the theatrical hand-bill, and the menagerie *affiche*. Curiosities, then, have a 'most magnanimous value.' I remember not long ago, that I desired a lovely lady, a French Countess, to accompany me to a Zoological Institute, to behold an *American Eagle*. I was pleased at the expressed wish which led me to make the invitation, and proud of the prospect of showing a living emblem of our country's insignia to one who felt an interest in the subject. The bills of the institute set forth, that 'the grand Columbia's Eagle was the monarch of its tribe, measuring an unprecedented length from the tip of one wing to the other, in full plumage, and vigor.' The countess had never seen but one eagle, in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, and that was a small one and ungracious; so that her anticipations of novelty were as great as mine. We went, and with interesting expectancy, asked of the president of the institute, who was engaged in the noble pursuit of feeding a sick baboon with little slips of cold pork, to discover to us 'Columbia's eagle.' He marshalled us to the other end of the institute, past the cages of lions, bears, libbards, and other animals,—among which was a singular *quadruped*, with six legs—to the cage of the eagle. 'There,' he exclaimed, with professional monotony—'there is the proud bird of our country, that was caught in the West, and has been thought to have killed many animals in his life-time. He was five hours and twenty three minutes in being put into the cage, so strong was his wings. Look at him *clus*. He'll bear inspection. Jist observe the keen *irish* of his eye.'

An involuntary and hearty laugh from us both, followed the sight, and the announcement. It was a dismal looking bird, about the size of a goodly owl, with a crest-fallen aspect, the feathers of the tail and wings dwindled to a few ragged quills; and the shivering lowl, standing on one leg, looked with a vacant, sceptical eyes at his visitors.—Nothing could be so perfectly burlesque, and we enjoyed it deeply and long. I shall never be deceived by show bills again.

ARRORS OF HOLIDAYS. To the young and the light-hearted, they are what they seem. To those who have passed the purple and flowery boundaries of minority—that 'infancy' of law—they are forbidden gardens of pleasure, whose fruitage is only for the eye. To the adult, it is a season of preparation for the payment of bills—or *Williams*, as they should be more classically denominated—that fall due on or about the first of the year. These absorb his soul. The mercer, the *botlier*, the manufacturer of those glossy receptacles which environ, the chamber of the soul, all such send in their accumulated *Williams*, until the sight thereof astounds the receiver.—Forthwith he sets about defraying the same; and great is his satisfaction when he says *eureka!* of their end. I have a 'cotemporary,' if he be yet alive, sojourning in foreign lands—N. Pantagruel Wilkins by name—who was once visited, about Christmas, by the senior of the firm of 'Wright, Wright and Wiggins, mercers, drapers, and fabricators of good habits.' The elder of the house—a fat and burly biped, with a turnip countenance, and nose of extraordinary redness—bore to Wilkins his bill. Wilkins was oblivious.

'Can you tell me, my dear Sir, where you have ever seen me before?'

'Certainly—yes, Sir—I can. You are a customer of ours, at — street, No. 27. Here's your bill.'

'Ah—so it is: Wright, you are right. But, my dear Sir, there is one trifling circumstance connected with this bill which makes it a little awkward. I have not the wherewithal to settle it. This is the only obstacle in the way, at present. I do not quote often,—but you will allow me, on this occasion, to observe, in the language of the cockney to Mathews' cub-driver—'I can't not got no money whatsomsoever; on the contrary, it is quite the rewarer.' Besides my friend I have a plan from which I never depart, in the cancelling of my leger-liabilities. I pay my blank-book demands *alphabetically*. Your firm is Wright, Wright and Wiggins. The plan strikes you, I see, visibly; and its propriety is as clear, seemingly, to you, as the light on a lily, in the spring-time, or the glow on the red side of a bursted peach, in October. The divine thought touches you nearly, and you acquiesce, evidently. *Adios*, my friend: as soon as I reach your name in my payments, some ten months hence, I will advise you promptly. I say this, with a difficult nerve; but I trust you twig me decidedly. I mean as I say. Good morning—good morning.

READER, since I last communed with thee, the despot sickness has held me in subjection. I have had dull days, and weary nights,—but my books have been companions, and I have had, beside, friends and newspapers. I mention this, thing partly to excuse my brevity, and lack of variety, and also as a prelude to this piece of advice:—*Lend not thy umbrella*, nor suffer it to be stolen from thee. In this wise, did I procure my indisposition. The night was dark, the rains descended—the floods came, and beat against me—the umbrella was loaned—it has never come home. Heaven forgive the borrower! There are some who do not even borrow this in-rainy-weather-much-to-be-desired-and-requisite article. They *steal* it, without compunction. I lately heard a man of God, at a Wesleyan conventicle, deliver the following speech from the al-

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

NAPOLEON AND LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The following comparison between the present despot of France and Napoleon Bonaparte, is, we understand, generally circulated throughout the dominions of Le Roi Citoyen.

Napoleon, in order to reign, deposed no one; Louis Philippe dethroned Henry V.

Napoleon ruled fifteen years with twelve ministers; Louis Philippe has tried upwards of fifty during a reign of five.

Under Napoleon, Europe was really in a state of agitation, and France comparatively tranquil; under Louis Philippe, Europe is comparatively tranquil, and France positively distracted.

Napoleon declared war against kings, but never made it against royalty; Louis Philippe wages war against royalty, but does not declare it against kings.

Napoleon used his generals only in a time of war; Louis Philippe calls his generals into action in a time of peace.

Both republicans and legitimists surrounded the throne of Napoleon; the same parties now conspire against that of Louis Philippe.

Napoleon, a single Corsican, is already enrolled in the family of the Casars; Louis Philippe, descended from the blood of the Bourbons, cannot find a woman who will wed the heir to his crown.

Napoleon required only a budget of eight hundred millions, and four hundred thousand soldiers, to make him respected by *all the world*; four hundred thousand soldiers, and a budget of *twelve* hundred millions are not sufficient to make Louis Philippe respected by the French.

MUSIC.—Billings, the celebrated composer of music, boasted, that there was no point in the science that he did not fully understand. A Boston wag, knowing his unbounded vanity, addressed a note to him, requesting an interview with him at the Lamb Tavern on a particular day, stating that he had a question in music to propose to him, which, no other man in Boston could answer.

Billings met the gentleman promptly, and with much self complacency remarked, that he had devoted his life to music, and believed that there was no question on the science which he could not at once answer, and asked what the difficulty was, 'The question,' said the inquirer, 'is one which effects the whole world, and has never been settled.' 'Let me hear it,' exclaimed Billings. 'Well it is this—when a man snores in his sleep, through at least two octaves, and so loud as to be heard throughout the whole house, do you consider these sounds *vocal* or *instrumental* music?'

JOHNSON ON THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.—'How false,' said he, 'is all this, to say that 'in ancient times learning was not a disgrace to a peer, as it is now!' In ancient times a peer was as ignorant as any one else. He would have been angry to have it thought he could write his name. Men in ancient times dared to stand forth with a degree of ignorance with which nobody would now dare to stand forth. I am always angry when I hear ancient times praised at the expense of modern times. There is now a great deal more learning in the world than there was formerly; for it is universally diffused. You have, perhaps, no man who knows as much Greek and Latin as Bentley; no man who knows as much mathematics as Newton; but you have many more men who know Greek and Latin, and who know mathematics.—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

tar: 'I would ad'nonce to the cod'ngregation, that, probably *by mistake*, there was left at this house of prayer, this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear of an exceeding-ly pale blue color, in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella, new, and of great beauty. I say, my brethren, it was probably by mistake, that of these articles, the one was taken and the other left; though it is a very improper mistake, and should be discountenanced, if possible. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a *leetle* too common!'

Selected for the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES

Written in a Church yard by a school boy, since deceased.

'It is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us make three Tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.'—Matt. xvii.

Me thinks, it is good to be here:

If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?

Nor Elias nor Moses appear,

But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom;

The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to ambition? ah, no!

Affrighted he shrinketh away;

For see they would pin him below

In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,

To the meanest of reptiles, a peer and a prey.

To beauty? ah no! she forgets

The charms which she wielded before—

Nor knows the foul worm, that he treads

The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,

For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of pride—

The trappings which dizen the proud?

Alas! they are all laid aside—

And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,

But the long winding sheet, and the fringe of the shroud!

To riches? alas! 'tis in vain—

Who hid in their turns have been hid—

The treasures are squander'd again—

But here in the grave are all metals forbid,

But the tinsel! that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford,

To the revel, the laugh and the jeer?

Ah! here is a plentiful board!

But the guests are all mute at their pitiful cheer,

And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to affection and love?

Ah no! they have wither'd and died,

Or fled with the spirits above—

Friends, brothers and sisters, are laid side by side,

Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto sorrow? the dead cannot grieve,

Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,

Which compassion itself could relieve!

Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear,

Peace, peace, is the watch word, the only one here.

Unto death? to whom monarchs must bow?

Ah no! for his empire is known,

And here then are trophies enow,

Beneath the cold dead! and around the dark stone,

Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

Then the first unto hope we will build;

And look for the sleepers around us to rise!

The second to faith, which ensures it fulfill'd—

And the third to the lamb of the great sacrifice,

Who bequeath'd us them both, when he rose to the

skies.

ECHO.

(From the January Southern Literary Messenger.)

THE WAGONER.

I've often thought if I were asked
Whose lot I envied most—
What one I thought most lightly tasked
Of man's unnumber'd host—
I'd say, I'd be a mountain boy,
And drive a noble team, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry,
And lightly fly
Into my saddle seat;
My rein I'd slack—
My whip I'd crack—
What music is so sweet?

Six blacks I'd drive, of ample chest,
All carrying high the head;
All harness'd tight, and gaily drest
In winkers tipp'd with red—
Oh yes, I'd be a mountain boy,
And such a team I'd drive, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry,
The hint should fly—
Wo, hoy! you Dobbin! Ball!
Their feet should ring
And I would sing,
I'd sing my fal de rol.

My bells would tingle, tingle ling,
Beneath each bear-skin cap,
And as I saw them swing and swing,
I'd be the merriest chap—
Yes, then I'd be a mountain boy
And drive a jingling team Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry—
My words would fly,
Each horse would prick his ear;
With tighten'd chain
My lumbering wain
Would move in its career.

The golden sparks, you'd see them spring
Beneath my horse's tread;
Each tail I'd braid it up with string
Of blue, or flaunting red;
So does, you know, the mountain boy
Who drives a dashing team, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry—
Each horse's eye
With fire would seem to burn;
With lifted head
And nostril spread
They'd seem the earth to spurn.

They'd champ the bit, and fling the foam,
As on they dragged my load;
And I would think of distant home,
And whistle upon the road—
Oh would I were a mountain boy—
I'd drive a six horse team, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry—
Now by yon sky,
I'd sooner drive those steeds
Than win renown,
Or wear a crown
Won by victorious deeds.

For crowns oft press the languid head,
And health the wearer shuns,
And victory, trampling on the dead,
May do for Goths and Huns—
Seek them who will, they have no joys
For mountain lads, and Wagon-boys.

"Black stockings of all colors," were lately advertised in a country newspaper.

MONUMENTAL TRUTH.—In a village churchyard, a few miles from town, there is a superb monument, which, after narrating the name, merits, and death of the "poor inhabitant below," rather oddly adds the armorial motto, which is "*volens volens*,"—will he, will he.

This is "the patent age of new inventions," truly. A new kind of horseshoe has, it is said, been invented by a veterinary surgeon, of Taunton, Somersetshire, which is said to succeed most completely, having been tried by an extensive coach proprietor, previously to the inventor taking out his patent. They are produced by a machine with steam power to the number of 3,000 an hour, and can be sold at 2d. each—one-fourth of the usual cost.

THE TEAR.

Sweet tribute of the parting hour,
Twin-sister of the word—farewell;
Thy honied nectar has a pow'r
Beyond what human tongues can tell.

HOPE.

Hope is a bright, a sempiternal star,
Shining serene in love's extensive sphere;
By whose soft light the traveller from afar
Sees what he wishes, and forgets to fear.

STRONG PARENTAL AFFECTION.—A weaver of St. Denis, named Vatel, having a son, to whom he was most affectionately attached, became distressed at the apprehension of the youth's being drawn for the army, as he was unable to pay the money for a substitute. He consulted a lawyer as to the means of getting his son exempted. Among the causes of exemption enumerated by the counsel, he mentioned the eldest sons of widows. Satisfied with this information, M. Vatel returned home and hung himself, leaving a note declaring that his only motive was to save his son from the conscription.

Association of Ideas.—Bishop Stillington tells us a story of a clergyman who was eagerly engaged in a fox chase, when the fox took to earth, on which he cried out, "Gentleman, I must leave you. This puts me in mind that I have a corpse to bury at four o'clock this evening; and I fear that I shall be an hour too late.

MATHEMATICAL TOAST.—The following toast, it is said, was drank at an association of School Masters. The sentiments which are embodied in it, are well worthy the attentive consideration of every American lady:

The fair daughters of Columbia: May they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociality and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination by a modest christian deportment.

A COMPARISON.—"Jack," said a gay young fellow to his companion, "what can possibly induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here to-night at the ball? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene." "Pardon me," replied the other, gravely, "for not agreeing with you, but for my part I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of snuffers."

When the Irish peasants go over to work at the harvest, the general salutation between them and their acquaintances when they land is, "Ah! Paddy I am glad to see you on the other side of the water."

From the British Lady's Magazine.

SIGNIFICATION

Of some of the most usual Christian Names.

Anna, derived from the Hebrew,	Gracious.
Adelaide, German	A Princess.
Arnold, German	A maintainer of Honour.
Blanche, French	Fair.
Charles, German	Noble spirited.
Cynthia, Latin	Fickle.
Catharine, Greek	Pure and Cold.
Clara, Latin	Clear and bright.
Caroline, Latin	Noble Minded.
Emma, German	A Nurse.
Edward, Saxon	A Vow.
Edwin, Saxon	Happy Keeper.
Edmund, Saxon	Happy Conqueror.
Frederick, German	Happy Peace.
Francis, German	Rich and Peaceful.
Felix, Latin	Free.
George, Greek	Happy.
Gertrude, German	A Farmer.
Henry, German	All Truth.
Isabella, Spanish	A Rich Lord.
Margaret, German	Of a bright brown color.
Mary, Hebrew	A Pearl.
Mariah, Hebrew	A Drop of Salt Water.
Rebecca, Hebrew	Bitterness.
Robert, German	Fat.
Sophia, Greek	Famous in Council.
Susan, Hebrew	Wisdom.
Thomas, Hebrew	A Lilly.
Virginia, Latin	A Twin.
	A Maiden.

The Drunken Sow and her Poor Pigs.—A woman who drank deep at the wine cup, as well as the brandy bottle, was the mother of a lovely little girl about ten years of age, who often wept in secret at her mother's degradation. One day observing the grocer, where her mother used to get her supplies, empty a quantity of cherries into the street that had been in a barrel of rum, and a sow with a brood of pigs, eagerly devouring them, till she could neither stand nor walk, and her pigs running and squealling in alarm, the little girl cried, "Mother, mother, come to the window;—Why, what's there my dear?" "O mother, see, see the sow, how my heart bleeds for those poor pigs." "And why do you feel so much for the pigs?" "Because to think how ashamed they must be to have a drunken mother." The rebuke was effectual; the mother thus far has ceased to drink.

FULL MEASURE.—A Quaker alighting from the Bristol coach, on entering the Inn, called for some beer, and observing the pint deficient in quantity, thus addressed the landlord: "Pray, friend, how many bottles of beer dost thou draw in a month?" "Ten, Sir," replied Boniface. "And thou would like to draw eleven?" rejoined Ebenezer. "Certainly," exclaimed the smiling landlord. "Then I will tell thee how, friend," added the Quaker—"Fill the measure."

A Singular Dream Verified.—While the plague was at its height at Alexandria, a Mahometan merchant dreamed that eleven persons would die of the plague in his house! When he awoke he remembered the dream; and there being exactly eleven persons in his house, himself included, he became very uneasy. His alarm increased, when on the following day the wife, two female slaves, and three children died; but he became quite certain that his death was at hand, when, on the fourth, his two remaining children, a woman servant, and an old man servant sunk into the grave. He accordingly made his preparations to pass into eternity—related his dream to some of his friends, and begged them to make inquiry every

morning, and, in case he should be dead, to have him buried with the usual solemnities. A cunning thief, who had heard the circumstance, took advantage of the merchant's fright to open his door in the night, and when the terrified man called out, "Who's there?" to answer, "I am the angel of Death," in order, while the merchant concealed himself underneath the bed clothes and was quite beside himself, to pack up what effects he found in the house and carry them away.—Unluckily for him he was seized with the plague and died on the stairs. The merchant, however, did not venture for many hours to put his head from under the bed clothes, till at length his friends came, heard from him what had happened, found the effects, recognized the thief, discovered the truth, and confirmed the strange accomplishment of the dream.

HAPPY DAYS.—A paper was found after the death of Abderam III., one of the Moorish Kings of Spain, who died at Cordova in 961, after a reign of 50 years, with these words written by himself—"Fifty years have passed since I was Caliph. I have enjoyed riches, honors, and pleasures; heaven has showered upon me all the gifts that man could desire. In this long space of apparent felicity I have kept an account of how many happy days I have passed—their number is fourteen. Consider then, mortals, what is grandeur, what is the world, and what is life.

From the Troy Budget.

PICNICS.

My note is in the Bank, and I,
Must let it be protested;
'Tis one o'clock—and I shall die—
Ye gods! how I'm molested.

Here John! what said Miss Neverpay,
Did you the bill present her?
Yes:—and she said—"another day
Would quite as well content her."

She did! Well, what said Mister Spry,
About his note and entry?
Why Sir—he said—"Tis all i' my eye,
Till money comes more plenty."

Out—out upon the man—I pray
That heaven would send him reason,
And me—the means my debts to pay
In any decent season.

Here, Sam, go up to Mister Flocks,
And try to borrow fifty,
And tell him, *I am in the stocks!*
But soon shall be quite thrifty.

My note is in the Bank, and I
Must let it be protested;
Deo favente—I will try
No more to be molested.

EPIGRAM.

AN INVITATION.

Look in to-morrow evening, do, dear B.
We'll have a little reason after tea.

THE RESPONSE.

What do I hear? you've lost your wits this season;
What! reason after tea—why, that is treason!

"What is the matter, uncle Jerry?" said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah R—, was passing by, growling most ferociously. "Matter," said the old man, stopping short—"why, here, I've been lugging water all the morning, for Dr. C—'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?" "Why I suppose about ninepence," answered Mr. —. "Ninepence be —! she told me the Doctor would pull a tooth for me some time!"—Bangor Mechanic.

CHINESE ANECDOTE.—When Youen-kong lived in his native province, a rebellion suddenly burst forth, which filled all the country with confusion. In his precipitate flight he lost his only son, and when he reached a distant asylum, he resolved to take a wife of the second rank, in order to procure an heir. It so happened that a man of the country offered his wife for sale, and Youen-kong purchased her for thirty ounces of silver. Scarcely had she reached his house when she burst into a passion of tears and refused to be comforted. He tenderly asked her the cause of her grief. 'We were reduced to extreme misery,' she replied, 'and were on the point of perishing with hunger. Seeing that my husband meditated self destruction, I offered to allow myself to be sold to procure him sustenance. I am thinking of the kindness he showed me, and on the mutual attachment by which we were united. In one morning the happiness of both has disappeared; he is left in solitude, and I am forced to become the slave of another man. Such, sir, is the cause of the tears you see me shed.' Youen-kong was touched with compassion; he conducted her back to her husband, and not only refused to take back the price, but presented them with an hundred ounces of gold to procure the necessities of life. The reunited pair accepted his gift with tears. They resolved to seek out some young lady fit to become his wife. When they reached the town, they found some merchants who had a boy to sell. 'Since we have not been able to find a girl,' said they, 'let us purchase this youth and present him to our benefactor.' They asked the merchants what price they demanded? It was answered, 'An ounce of silver for every year the boy is old.' As he was twelve years of age, they instantly bought him for twelve ounces of silver, and conducted him to Youen-kong. The benefactor received the boy, and on examining his features attentively, discovered that he was his long lost child. The father and son flew into each other's arms, and the happiness of the rest of their lives more than atoned for their previous sufferings.—*Chinese Code of Morals.*

Letter from an Oxford Student to his Mamma.
Brazen-Nose Coll. 1832.

Dear Mamma. Your anger to soften;
At last I sit down to indite;
'Tis clear I am *wrong* very often,
'Since 'tis true I so seldom *do write*!

But now I'll be silent no longer,
Pro and con all my deeds I'll disclose.
All the *pro's* in my verse I'll make stronger,
And hide all my *con's* in my *pro's*.

You told me on coming to college
To dip into books and excel;
Why the tradesmen themselves must acknowledge
I've dipt into books pretty well.

The advice you took pleasure in giving
To direct me is sure to succeed,
And I think you'll confess I am living
With very great credit indeed.

I wait on the Reverend Doctors,
Whose friendship you told me to seek,
And as for the two learned proctors,
They've called for me twice in a week.

Indeed we've got intimate lately,
And I seldom can pass down the street
But their kindness surprises me greatly,
For they *stop me* whenever we meet.

My classics, with all their old stories,
I now very closely pursue,

And ne'er read the "*Remedia Amoris*"
Without thinking dear mother, of you.

Of Virgil I've more than a smatter,
And Horace I've nearly by heart,
But though I am'd for his smartness and satire,
He's not quite so easy as *Smart*.

English bards I admire every little,
And doat upon practical lore,
And, though yet I have studied but *Little*,
I hope to be master of *Moore*.

You'll see from the nonsense I've written,
That my Devils are none of the *Blues*,
That I'm playful and gay as a kitten,
And nearly as fond of the *Muse*.

Bright puns (oh how fondly you'll bear 'em)
I scatter, while logic I cram,
For Euclid and *puns* asinorum,
We leave to the Johnians of Cam.

My pony, in spite of my chidings,
Is as skittish and shy as he can be,
Not Yorkshire, with all her three *ridings*,
Is half such a *shier* as he.

I wish he was stronger and larger,
For in truth I must certainly own
He is far the most moderate charger,
In this land of *high chargers* I've known.

My doubts of profession are vanish'd,
I'll tell you the cause when we meet,
Church, Army, and Bar I have banish'd
And now only look to the *Fleet*.

Come down then, when summer is gilding
Our gardens, our trees, and our founts,
I'll give you accounts of each building—
How you'll wonder at *all my accounts*.

Come down when the soft winds are sighing,
Come down—Oh! you shall and you must,
Come down when the dust clouds are flying,
Dear mamma! come down with the *dust*.

The following beautiful extract is taken from the "*Tales of a Physician*," a work recently published in the country:

"There is scarcely a profession in which the sympathies of its professors are more painfully excited than that of the medical practitioner.—How often is he called to the bed of hopeless sickness; and that too, in a family, the members of which are drawn together by the closest bonds of love! How painful is it to meet the inquiring gaze of attached friends, and weeping relatives, directed towards him in quest of that consolation, that assurance of safety which he has not to give! And how melancholy is it to behold the last ray of hope which had lingered upon the face of affection, giving place to the dark cloud of despair!

And when all is over—when the bitterness of death hath passed from the dead to the living, from the departed to the bereaved—hark to that shriek of agony, that convulsive sob, that bitter groan, wrung from the heart's core, which bespeaks the utter prostration of the spirit beneath the blow!

There, cold in the embrace of death, lies the honored husband of a heart broken wife—her first her only love? Or it may be, the young wife of a distracted husband—the bride of a year, the mother of an hour—and by her perhaps, the blighted fruit of their love; the bud by the blossom—and both are withered!"

Those men who have seen most of the world, have generally most honor and least vanity.

LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Harpers of New York, have just published a large octavo volume of 400 pages, entitled "A Narrative of Events connected with the Rise and Progress of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia," added to which is an appendix, containing the journals of the various Episcopal Conventions held in Virginia.

This will prove a work of great interest to members of the Episcopal Church, as well as to the christian community generally. The author is the Rev. F. L. Hawks, Rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York. The annexed dedication is prefixed to the work.

To the Right Rev. William White, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and Senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

Right Reverend and Dear Sir:

If it were in my power to consult my brethren of the clergy, I am sure that all would name you as the individual to whom a work, concerning any part of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, should most properly be inscribed. To this consideration of propriety, allow me to add, that I, at least, find another in the ready kindness and advice with which you have furthered my purposes, and encouraged my efforts in the prosecution of this work.

I beg leave, therefore, to offer it as the humble tribute of affectionate respect justly due to the one who for more than half a century has watched the progress of the church in America; and who to the piety which becomes a prelate adds the learning of a scholar, and the courtesy of a gentleman.

With affectionate veneration,
I am, sir, your grateful friend and servant,
THE AUTHOR.

MELLEN'S POEM.

THE PASSIONS, is the title of a poem pronounced some time ago at the Odeon, Boston, by Grenville Mellen, Esq. on occasion of the anniversary of the birth of Spurzheim.

We regard this effort of our author's muse, as one that will greatly enhance his reputation. Indeed, Mr. Mellen deserves to rank with the first of American poets. There is a grace and beauty in his style, which are worthy of the highest commendation. He does not indulge in that mysticism and bombast, which so generally characterize the poetry of the day. He is essentially the child of nature, weaving only those flowers into the garland of poesy, which delight by their exquisite fragrance and beauty.

Mr. Mellen, in addition to his fugitive poetry—which, by-the-by, is among the best the country has produced—published a volume a year or two ago entitled "*The Martyr's Triumph; Buried Valley; and other Poems*," which we remember to have perused with a high degree of satisfaction. The "*Ruins of Balbec*," especially, is a spirited and soul-stirring poem, fraught with all that wildness and sublimity which accord so finely with the subject. We cannot refrain from making the following brief, though beautiful, extract:

I entered the old walls; the heathen Gods
Lay smitten to the ground—and every niche
Stared on the havoc which they could not save.
Above, the storms had roared and revelled on,
And yet the glorious work had warred with them,
And laugh'd at time when he went thundering by
Upon his cloudy pinions.

"The Passions," however, we are inclined to think,

is Mr. Mellen's best production. It may not partake of the same energy and pathos which mark some of his previous efforts, but it displays more simplicity and classic beauty; and you feel, in its perusal, that the poetic standard has been refined and elevated. We quote the following stanzas for the gratification of our readers. The subject is a trite one, but Mr. Mellen has invested it with new charms.

Both were devoted. She was beautiful—
And the rich blood that cours'd her cheek and brow,
Each radiant as the flower she stoop'd to cull,
Mantled, as she gave back the whisper'd vow,
With a new glory. She had found a home!
An altar-place, where, dedicate, she bow'd,
In virgin loveliness—no pictur'd dome,
No palace, with its pillow deck'd and proud,
Could promise the chaste slumber of that breast,
Where her young head was laid in confidence and rest.

He lov'd her with a perfect love. His eye
Grew lustreless, yet restless, when she went,
And when she came, in beauty's panoply,
And blest him with her presence; it was bent
With that deep light upon her, which alone,
And but for once, will kindle at the shrine
Of Passion, that no other hope will own,
Save this which marks its worship just divine!
She was his idol—and his service there
Was new devotedness—and promises—and prayer.

In conclusion, we have only to say of Mr. Mellen, in the language of a cotemporary, "Let him couple his genius with some epic, worthy to resist the waste of centuries, and preserving the sensibility and pure moral taste, which has characterized all his poetry, do justice to his country and to himself."

A VOLUME OF POETRY.—Benjamin Lundy, the philanthropist, has issued proposals for the publication in this city, of the poetical works of ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER, with a memoir of her life and character, written by himself. It speaking of this lady, in the introductory portion of his prospectus, he says, "Although the amiable and highly gifted author is not extensively known by name, yet some of her writings have been widely circulated, and greatly admired. She wrote, occasionally, for some of the popular periodicals of the day, in Philadelphia and elsewhere. During a period of more than eight years, she contributed largely and regularly to the pages of the "*Genius of Universal Emancipation*." She also acted as the principal editor of the *Female Department* of that work, (and was the author of nearly all the original matter in that department,) upwards of four years, previous to its temporary suspension in 1834. But, owing to her retiring modesty—her particular aversion to public notoriety, she very seldom permitted her name to accompany the articles which she sent to the Press. Thus, while a great number of readers even of the most refined taste in the circles of philanthropy and literature, were delighted and edified by the excellent productions of her pen, her exemplary character was little known beyond the pale of her family connexion and private acquaintance."

We might add, that this lady has frequently contributed to the poetical department of the Saturday Evening Post, over the signature of "*Emily*;" and that her effusions have been, generally, very much admired.

Mr. Lundy has made a selection from the choicest of her poetical works, which, with an interesting memoir of her life, will shortly be published in a handsome volume of about 200 pages, 18 mo. Price 62½ cents per copy: orders for the work, free of postage, are to be forwarded to Lemuel Howell, 400 Coates street, Philadelphia.

POWER'S IMPRESSIONS.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard have already published a second edition of this work, the first having been exhausted within 24 hours after it was issued. The press of this country appear to be unanimous in its praise, and even in England the liberal feelings of the author are highly commended. The annexed notice of the "Impressions," is from the London Literary Gazette. "The sketchy and lively manner in which these volumes are written, though extremely agreeable to the general reader, will not so extensively recommend them to favor, as the right spirit and tone which pervade their every page. Well received and hospitably entertained in the United States, Mr. Power has not repaid that kindness with ingratitude; and neither has he made a servile and sycophantic return of flattery. His sentiments are those of an independent man; his statements are those of an impartial observer. Yet there runs throughout his whole work, a feeling of friendliness which ought ever to be cultivated between England and America—between nations speaking the same language, related by the nearest ties of descent, and enjoying (though under different forms of government) the same glorious principles and privileges of liberty. This is the style in which the English traveller ought to write of his transatlantic brethren; the style in which the natives of that vast continent ought to write of us, when their welcome visits (and we believe always warm receptions) are over. It is to be regretted that any other should ever have pervaded; and we trust that the examples of an Irving on the one side, and that now so laudably set by Mr. Power on the other, will not be lost on those who may succeed them."

We append an extract giving a highly graphic and interesting sketch of a scene on our coast.

THE PILOT BOAT.

Dec. 9th.—I engaged a pilot boat to run down the coast south as far as Savannah, which, although some hundred miles out of my line, I had set down as a place to be seen. My Charleston managers, two worthy industrious souls, hearing of my route, begged of me to permit them to take the pilot boat off my hands for the transport of their company, on condition that I would halt in Savannah for three or four representations. To this I was readily moved by their strongly-expressed desire, and gave up my little schooner, becoming a passenger where I had looked to reign sole proprietor; the whole thing was arranged in the course of the day. The wind continued steadily about north east, and the freight, composed of the paraphernalia, was shipped and stowed; the company assembled; and, after sundry holdings-on for some music book forgotten in the orchestra, or some actor left at his lodging, we, in about one hour after the time fixed by the pilot for the latest minute of tide, slipped the hawsers of the smart little Washington, and fell off into the stream of ebb.

When we got on the bar, it was almost low water; the schooner drew eight feet, and we had just nine feet sounding over the bank; we cleared all, however, after a minute of some anxiety, owing to there being a heavy northerly swell setting in, which appeared each moment to increase.

Once over the bar, we got nearly before the wind with a straggling breeze, and went along right merrily. Our representative of all the Juliets and Julias had a pretty voice; the Kemble of the company, a fine, tall, good-tempered fellow, sang duets and trios well enough for a tragedian; a chorus was easily mustered out of the remaining members of the corps who continued fit for duty; and we roused old ocean with "When the wind blows," until he became too obstreperous in his emulation, and fairly drowned our melody.

The wind did blow, at last, in such a sort as to disperse our chorus; the schooner was about forty tons measurement, sharp as a wedge below, and not over three feet and a half between decks, the cabin was about the same square measurement, with two little berths, into which we stowed the ladies, the managers and the principals occupying the remaining space; in the hold, over the ballast, the rest of the company stowed themselves away.

To penetrate either of these close quarters I found utterly impossible: all were ill save the stout tragedian; comedy, farce, and opera, ballet and band, the manager, his subjects and his proprietors, were alike disorganized and overwhelmed. I resolved, therefore, on keeping the deck as I best could, by the help of a stout dread-naught, a pocket full of cigars, and a mild infusion of old cognac, provided for me by a considerate friend.

Within two hours, the wind had gradually increased until it blew a gale; the foresail was taken in, the mainsail close reefed, and the saucy boat flew along before it like a gull, the following seas just kissing the edge of her taffrail, as she slipped away before them.

Our pilot, the owner of the craft, was a careful and steady old Bristol man, but somewhat nervous and timid; his regular crew consisted of two fine white boys, apprentices, and a couple of stout slaves; we had, in addition, taken on board an old apprentice of the pilot's who as we started had volunteered to accompany his once master. This was a droll subject, a regular long-sided dare-devil of a South Carolinian; he was full three sheets in the wind when we sailed, and managed to keep the steam up by the contributions liberally proffered during our short season of festivity.

As the gale freshened, the fellow showed out; when a sail was to be handed or a reef taken in, he was a crew in himself; one of the coolest and smartest fellows I ever met, but somewhat profane in his humour, and rather hard upon the nerves of the chief; few of his sayings will bear repetition; but the exaggeration of his figures of speech, the wild fantastic spirit of reckless humour by which he was governed, I shall not lose sight of; during the night I supplied him with cigars, and with his oddness wore away the time. One little bit of dialogue will describe this wild man of the water better than any words of mine. We had already taken in two reefs when the pilot gave directions—"Stand by to lower away the peak."

"Ay, ay," sang out his *aide*, as he sprang nimbly to the foot of the mast; adding, "but what the devil are you going to do now, stranger?"

"Bear a hand!" cried the senior, "take in another reef!"

"What! you're afeard little Wash-the-water goes through it too fast, are you, old man?"

"To be sure; I don't want to get off the bar before daylight."

"Don't you? Why then you must tie her fast to a stump, my friend; for if you let her go ahead, she'll make the light long afore you can see your way across the bar, between the white water."

"The wind between now and then may slack a little," urged the senior, looking back over the seas now rolling very high, as though he wished the time was come.

"Well, that's a curious kind o' guess you've made, any way, old stranger," laughed his tormenter, clapping his foot against the companion, and taking the pull of a giant on the reef-tackle as he spoke. "If you ever know'd where to look for the fog ind of a north-easter at this time o' year, it's more nor you ever larnd me to do, and that I do say wasn't down your honest duty by me. I'd lay a pistreen this breeze would last the Washy, to the south'ard o' the Tortugas, and well you know it too."

"Well, suppose it would, I can't help it—what would you do, Matthew? It blows like thunder; I can't tell how fast she's going,—I don't want to overshoot the light, and then have to thrash back through such a smother of a sea."

"Well, now I see what you are at; and it's all right, I guess," observed Matthew, with affected deference of tone. "I know the varmint's pretty slick, but I never should ha' thought of her crawling over money miles in four hours;"—it was at this time about midnight. "You ask me what I'd do; why now I'll tell you, if I was you, I'd say, Mat. here take the stick,—it wouldn't be the first time,—and I'd crawl out o' that hole and shake myself; and then I'd ask this gentleman for a cigar and a mouthful of liquor, and then I'd clap a bit o' the square mainsail on her, and lift the sloppy little slut out of it a yard or two; that's what I'd do, and now what have you to say again it, ha?"

"You have a square mainsail in the craft, I suppose?" here, inquired I, by way of taking Matthew off the old man a little.

"Why, I don't know; may be the old man has had it cut up to make trousers; but there used to be one when I was in her, an such an omni-po-tent teater—it had a hoist to heaven, it sheeted home to home, outspread the eternal universe, and would ha' dragged a frigate seventeen knots through a sea o' treacle, by the living jingo! Why, I've seen it afore now raise the leetle hooker clean out o' water, and tail off, with her hanging on, like the boat of a balloon."

With the least possible sail, we continued to slip along at a snapping rate, and long before daylight made the light at the entrance of the Savannah river; had our pilots known this bar as familiarly as they did that of Charleston, we might have run in; as it was, we hove-to in a very heavy sea for upwards of two hours, and the Washington behaved, under these circumstances, to admiration! she lay-to like a sea bird, now floating buoyant upon the foamy crest of the great seas, then sliding down their sides into the trough where they would threaten to enclose her.

The senior pilot never quitted the little square hole sunk over the run, wherein he stood to steer, although sometimes, when she rolled to windward and made a dip, the green seas would make a rush over her quarter, and sweep the deck a foot deep; luckily there was nothing to hold the water; but, for fourteen hours, the old man's hand never left the tiller.

Soon after daylight we once more filled-away, and brought the little jewel of a boat snugly by-the-wind, hauling in for the bar, although not without some ugly doubts; for Matthew and the old man could not agree, and the sea all along in-shore looked plaguy white and ugly as we neared the low land; however, in we flew, having breakers on either hand, over-near to be pleasant, and, in a few minutes, entering the river close by the wreck of a large brig, were in comparative security.

Our counsel was even now divided about the true channel, until one of the boys who had made a couple of trading trips up to the city, took it upon his own responsibility to read the buoys and landmarks as far as he knew them.—Keeping the lead constantly going, we quietly jogged up the river with a stiff breeze; the country bleak and bare, a region of half-redeemed swamp and lagoon; being in smooth water, our party all turned out; stores were rummaged, and a good breakfast provided upon the deck of the boat so recently swept by the green seas: the past was forgotten, the sun shone out, and again the glee and the merry song floated through the air of morning.

Matthew had by this time become quite sober, and took his spell at the helm; admitting, evidently to his senior's satisfaction, that it certainly was a real nulli-

fier of a breeze, enough to blow the leetle Washy into pieces."

About six miles off the city, we got at last set fast; when growing impatient of such confinement, I requested the captain to set me on shore. The thing was voted impracticable; but I decided to make the attempt, and was accordingly rowed to the right bank of the river, when I took to the swamp, hungry and savage enough to have eaten any alligator fool-hardy enough to assail me. After a hard scramble together with two or three plunges, waist deep, I escaped suffocation, and gained one of the banks dividing and draining these vast fields: following this, unimpeded by other difficulty, I reached, after half an hour's march, the high land; and, attracted by the sounds of merriment, mounted the first bluff, where I found a large barn occupied by a couple of score laughing, noisy negroes, employed thrashing out the crop; from one of these I received directions how to reach Savannah, whose spires were clearly to be seen.

At the end of about five miles, I found myself an exceeding dirty gentleman entering upon the long well-shaded mall which protects the river front of the city. I was, by this, tolerable tired of my walk; for the light sandy soil was ankle deep, and the sun broiling. After passing one block or range of counting houses, I gladly read on the first of the next range the name of a friend from whom I felt certain of welcome.

A capital dinner, and a glass of the finest Madeira in the States, made light of past labor; and during the evening I was glad to learn that the Washington had arrived with her freight all safe and well. My friend Matthew now informed me that he had given the boys in the boat directions to wait for me half an hour, which they did, fully anticipating that I should never clear the cane break and swamp lying between the river and fields; and, in sooth, it required some perseverance.

AMERICAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.—The February number of this periodical, edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, has just appeared. It contains a number of well-written and interesting articles, principally, it not exclusively, from the pens of accomplished females. That on the Druids evidences much industry and research, and will well repay a careful perusal, and the two next, "The Pickletons," and "The Massacre of Wyoming," from the pen of a young lady of Troy, N. Y. are excellent. Miss O. should, by all means, cultivate her talent for writing. The number contains several other compositions of merit, which we have not space to notice more particularly. We extract, however, a poetical article, with which we are particularly well pleased, from the pen of Mrs. Locke.

WINTER.

An Extract from an unpublished Poem.

[BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.]

I love the Winter, and I love to hold
Communion high with nature in her might;
For, to my heart, her's is a language bold,
Casting o'er my sick soul a line of light;
Tenching with higher gift than man the way.
O'er earth's empoisoned soil, where sighs are not,
Where tears are not, and friends no farewells say,
Nor broken vows nor sickening memories blot
The bright realities of that long day,
Nor fear her shadow casts to tempt our souls away.
Nature has love, has music, in her speech,
How furious soe'er she play her part;
'Tis with a master's tone her varyings teach,
And with a master's hand she moves the heart;—
Ay, there were those who loved her voice with me;
Companions of my way, and teachers, too;
Inspirers of my song, my minstrelsy;

Their pride, their hope; its notes their joy to woo,
Though feeble, weak its numbers, and its varyings
few.

But where are these my kindred, my youth's stay?

Departed, passed, all passed to join the dead;

One in her infancy led on the way,

Fearless;—I knew *her* not, so early sped

She from my pathway, all unstained by earth;

One, too, in youth, and one in manhood's pride;

Brothers, who cheered and cherished me from birth;

And one sister in love, matron she died;—

Yet sad their memory in my heart will e'er abide.

And one with hoary head and weary feet,

Has parted from me, full of years and toil;

Sudden, tho' safe, we trust he passed, to meet,

In that far better land, death's earliest spoil,

The firstlings of the flock—his children there;

Fresh sealed the grave o'er him, and fresh my woe;

Sad rite, scarce finished, scarce, with solemn care,

Hoping and trusting, yet my tears fast flow,

For him, my father, guide, protector, here below.

How thought he this kind friend that last we miss,

"Long years it tries the thrilling frame to bear?"

Then dry my tears—his heritage is bliss,

And he has entered on possession there.

Still, still, rude Winter, may'st thou hold thy reign,—

My heart has sympathy with thy hoarse blasts,

Thy barrenness and desolation: yet, again,

My soul in cheerful hope her vision casts,

When nature's verdure, as her own, forever lasts.

Bright world of kindred and familiar ones,—

Of glorious men long passed from earth's array,—

Of Seers,—of Prophets,—and of gifted tones,—

Why shrink our souls along thy rugged way?

Why pull we in the path, and backward turn,

Moved oft by vain desires and longings vain?

While quenchless there thy vestal altars burn,

Nor pure affection chills, nor bears a stain,

Gift up thy strength, my soul,—thou'lt meet past

loves again.

OBSERVATIONS ON HEALTH.

(From a book recently published in London, on Dietetics and Domestic Economy.)

GRAY HAIR.—The sedentary, the studious, the debilitated, and the sickly, are, with very few exceptions, those who are earliest visited with gray hairs. The agricultural labourer, the seaman—all whose employment consists of, or involves exercise in the open air, and whose diet is as necessarily simple, are those whose hairs latest afford signs that the last process has commenced, that the fluids have begun to be absorbed, the textures to dry up and become withered. All whose employment renders much sitting necessary, and little or no exercise possible; all who study much; all who, from whatever cause, have local determinations of blood, particularly if toward the head, are the persons most liable to carry gray hairs. It is well known that mental emotions, violent passions, have in a single night made the hair gray. Instances of this are numerous. They are in the same way to be understood and explained. They are owing to the increased determination of blood, stimulating the absorbents into preternatural activity, and causing them to take up the colouring matter of the hair. It will indeed be fortunate, if a desire to prevent the youthful luxuriance of her hair, should induce any fair votary of fashion and civilization to forego late hours and heated rooms, and try whether it is not better, and productive of more happiness, as well as calculated to produce this end, to exercise her limbs, and inhale the fresh and untainted breath of the morning hours. It will indeed be fortunate, if this, or any thing else, induce any fair victim of civilization, to steal from her

labours one single hour, as an offering to her health.

THE BED ROOM.—The bed room ought not to be heated, but, on the contrary, to be kept as cool as is consistent with the feelings and the health, and means ought always to be taken to secure a constant change of air in it. For these purposes, either the door ought to be left partially open, or the windows opened a little at the top. No fire ought to be allowed, unless under very particular circumstances, if the room is not unusually large; and even then the fire ought to be a small one. The curtains of the bed ought to be of as light a texture, and they should be as little drawn as possible; the floor only in part carpeted; and there ought to be only necessary chairs, tables, &c. Furniture, to a remarkable degree, prevents free ventilation, and all woollens, as carpets, absorb the moisture, whether from breath or in damp weather, and so render the air less pure and more relaxing. A light ought not to be allowed in a bed-room, if it can be avoided; if it is necessary, let it be put in the fireplace. Gas ought never to be burned in a bed room. Of the importance and value of gas, it is not for me to speak here. I am not about to decry it as a street light, or as a shop, or warehouse, or passage light; but as a mode of lighting dwelling houses, and especially bed rooms, I do think that it cannot be sufficiently decried. In itself a poison, carburetted hydrogen, or coal gas, cannot be burned in any hitherto contrived way, without allowing some portion to escape unconsumed, and this diffusing itself is, it is true, diluted, but still it is noxious; and I have repeatedly known it to produce—indeed I have repeatedly experienced, its bad effects. Even in the theatre and the ball-room, many persons must have felt the headache, and giddiness, and sense of faintness, which the unconsumed gas produces. The effect which breathing it, night after night, during sleep, produces, is more insidious, but is, at all events, not less considerable. Until gas is rendered still purer than it yet is, and until a burner can be found which will enable every particle to be consumed, it should be banished from the bed room, the sitting room, and, unless there is free ventilation, even from the public room of the theatre. A bed room ought not to be on the ground floor, but rather on the first or the second. Yet it is well that it should not be in the upper story of the house, at least if the house is much exposed to the sun's rays, and the upper rooms are heated by them. For the same reason, it is generally well that the bed room should not be on the sunny side of the house.

THIN SHOES.—Thin shoes, as articles of female dress I am sufficient of a Goth to wish to see disused; and I would replace them with shoes having a moderate thickness of sole, with a thin layer of cork or felt, placed within the shoe, and over the sole. Cork is a very bad conductor of heat, and is therefore to be preferred; if it is not to be had, or is not liked, felt may be substituted for it. I think thin shoes ought not to be used, unless for the purpose of dancing, and then they ought only to be worn while dancing. The invalid or dyspeptic ought assuredly never wear thin shoes. And, as to the common practice of changing thin shoes for warm boots, it is a practice which I know to be replete with danger, and therefore to be rash and almost culpable. There is another custom, or habit, or usage, in the dress of my fair countrywomen, which must be noticed here; it is that of covering the head with a cap, in the morning, and leaving it uncovered in the afternoon or evening. It is indefeasible, useless, absurd, and dangerous.

THE MECHANIC.—With no inheritance but health, with no riches but industry, and with no ambition but virtue, is the sole king among men, and the only man among kings.



are they diminished in size.

19, 1836.

[illegible]

Thanks to the being who made the rose.

Thanks to the being who made the rose.



Engraved for the Casket May 1836. Published by S.C. Atkinson.



LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

So the gay lady, with excessive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea and air;
Furs, pearls and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

No. 5.

PHILADELPHIA.---MAY.

[1836.]

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

Fig. 1. A pink satin robe, finished by a blond lace flowers, at the top of which is a *tulle ruche*, looped up at intervals with pink satin rosettes; *corsage a la gabielle*, *sabot* short sleeves, quite flat upon the shoulders, and covered with longer ones of blond, just reaching the elbow; girdle of pink and black brocaded satin ribbon, tied in a rosette and long ends, two similar bows on each sleeve; a small Andalusian hat of pink satin extremely *evase*, two pink and white feathers droop gracefully over the crown. Necklace and ear rings of mosaics and gold, white kid gloves, black satin slippers.

Fig. 2. An open robe of jonquil satin, the skirt rounded off in front, and gathered into very full equal plaits, displays a white satin petticoat, plain in front and plaited very full on each side, pointed *corsage* and white gauze *seigne* plaits, looped down with a twisted satin ribbon, ending in a small rosette at the point of the waist; triple *sabot* sleeves, lined with white satin and moderately full; on each shoulder, and in the centre of the bosom, bouquets of the crimson china rose, similar ones down the open fronts of the robe. The hair is dressed in long soft ringlets at each side and gathered into bows behind, wreaths of pearl twined amongst them, one row being fixed behind, and brought like a collar round the throat; diadem of roses in front, white kid gloves, trimmed at the top with white roses; white satin shoes.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Blond lace which has been so long the mode for trimming the interior of hats and bonnets, is at length discarded, or partially so. The newest style of trimming being of tulle bouillons, sometimes with, but as often without flowers underneath the tulle. A row of broad blond laid flat over the forehead, is sometimes adopted as a finish to a trimming of this kind.

Bonnets.—It is expected that velvet bonnets will not retain their vogue this season as long as usual. The bonnets now making up are principally of satin. There has never been a season in which there are so many of rose color; drawn ones of this color still continue the mode.

Sleeves.—Short tight sleeves are expected soon to be very general in evening dress, but as yet no attempt has been made to alter the form of long sleeves. Neither are they diminished in size.

19, 1836.

Lady's Dress.—White satin petticoat, made very short, and trimmed *en tunique*, with bands of dark green velvet. The robe open in front, and considerably shorter than the petticoat, of gold-colored satin. The body of the robe is made excessively long in the waist, and with a deep peak before and behind. A *bouillon* of crimson satin trims the bottom of it, and is ornamented by a bow and long ends of crimson ribbon before. The body is tight to the shape, high behind, but round and open on the bosom. It is trimmed with a lappel of crimson satin. A single band of velvet encircles the skirt. Short tight sleeves, terminated by full *bouillons* of white satin. White lace chemisettes. The hair is curled in full clusters of curls on the neck. Gold colored satin hat, a large turned up brim, trimmed underneath with a bow of crimson ribbon on one side. A single long white and rose feather adorns the crown.

LINES.

Author of Beauty, Spirit of Power,
Thou who didst will that the rose should be,
Here is the place, and, this is the hour
To seek thy presence, and bow to thee.
Bright is the world with the sun's first rays;
Cool is the dew on the soft green sod;
The Rose tree blooms while the birds sing praise,
And earth gives glory to Nature's God.

Under this beautiful work of thine,
The flow'ry boughs that are bending o'er
The glistening turl, to thy will divine,
I kneel, and its Maker and mine adore!
Thou art around us. Thy robe of light
Touches the gracefully waving tree,
Turning to jewels the tears of night,
And making the buds unfold to thee.

Thy name is marked in delicate lines,
On flower and leaf that deck the stem;
Thy care is seen and thy wisdom shines
In even the thorn that is guarding them.
Now while the rose that has burst her cup,
Opens her heart and freely throws
To me her odors, I offer up
Thanks to the being who made the rose.

THE ALIBI; AN ASSIZE ANECDOTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

A country town in Ireland during the assizes, is a scene of "most admired disorder." It would seem as if the personified presence of Justice, in the figure of the two ermined and white-wigged individuals, who sit in their court, was the virtual license for every breach of the law: while the gyrations of the sheriff (and the satellites who revolve in his orbit) in hopes of catching a culprit or two, resemble very much the merry-go-round of a dog coursing his own tail.

Justice is (really) lame as well as blind among us. She has not the least chance in the game of hide-and-seek, at which she is constantly playing with crime, in my "unhappy," "mis-governed," and otherwise over-epitheted country.

In the very teeth of the judges, and in the very precincts of the court, the most flagrant outrages may, or at least used to be, seen. Murder was sometimes, riots, robberies, assaults and battery, and every minor offence in the calendar were, at all times rife, on those half-yearly Saturnalia of idleness, litigiousness, and debauchery.

About half a century ago, when there was no armed police, and a very scanty provision of public conveyances from town to town,—when five-sixths of the population laboured under the yoke of political degradation,—when a judge cracked jokes on the bench and made puns on the prisoner he was condemning to death—when deeds, commonly called "of night," were as frequently done in open day, the state of things was no doubt much worse than it is even now; and it was as far back as between forty and fifty years ago, that a circumstance very much in unison with such social disorganization took place, and which I am now about to narrate.

About noon on a fine day in July, in the year 1791, the chief town of a southern county of Ireland was just beginning to warm into the various excitements which are self-generated by the beer-and-whiskey heats of the assize season. The judges had gone in solemn state to the court-house, attended by the high sheriff with his white wand, the sub with his horse-whip, the mounted constables halberds in hand, and scarfs over shoulder, and the bailiffs on foot with staves and sticks of varieties of head-breaking capability. The two cracked trumpets of the volunteer cavalry corps had sounded their discordant *fanfarre*, and some almost as unharmonious shouts from the mob, gave the final salute to their "reverences the joodges," and "his honour" Squire Flaherty the sheriff, a fine man and a rare jintleman, long life and good luck to him, hurra!"

The solemn business of pleading and prosecuting, the battle for life and death, tricks of chicanery, over-reaching, and false swearing, were soon in full play within the courts; while the whiskey shops and tap-rooms had already begun to reap the early harvest of intemperance.

The host of "The Flaherty Arms" was up to his eyes in business, serving customers at the bar, superintending the dinner-dressing in the kitchen, running up stairs after the chambermaid, and down stairs after the cook, seeing that the ostler "whipped down" the horses, that the waiter "rubbed up" the spoons, knives and forks, and glasses; that "the boy" was cleaning the boots; "the girl" plucking the poultry; thus duly keeping himself in practice for his own supereminent vocation of plucking the customers. In the midst of this bustle—but I cannot vouch for the landlord's particular locality at the moment, whether kitchen, pantry, or scullery, he was attracted by a loud ringing at the outer bell, and vociferous bawls

for the ostler, passed through a straggling crowd of servants and retainers, in his various titles of "Tim!" "Carney!" "Tim Carney!!"—and by such soft inducements as "why thin, bad luck to you Tim, why don't ye run to the bell?" "To the devil wid you Carney, can't you come when they're are callin' you?" "Tim Carney, you brute, why do you keep the jintleman and his sarvint and the other basties waitin'?"

"Pray, thin, mister Timothy Carney," at last said the landlord, seeking in his own person the dilatory functionary in the darkest recess of the stables, "by what manes do you daar to keep the qwallity stannin' in the street while you are snorin' under the the man-ger? It's a nate pattrern of an ostler you are, is'nt it? Why, thin, the curse o' Cromwell on you, Tim Carney, this blessed day, but it's a broth of a boy you are, an' mighty fit for an ostler at the head inn of a county town in the 'sazes! Bad scratch to ye, Tim, an' the likes o' ye for a lazy, limpin', ould, good-for-nothin' thief o' the world!"

To all this abuse, and the loud shouts of laughter which accompanied it from all the "by's" and girls, old and young, who lounged in the yard and under the gateway, old Tim only muttered, as he hobbled along, his opinion that some one out of all those who took such pains to call him might themselves have taken hold of the horses and led them into the stable. To the justness of this opinion my readers will no doubt give their assent. But the division of idleness is a too well established principle of political economy in Ireland to run any risk of being violated, by any one individual doing any thing that is 'nt "his place."

"Why thin, my gracious! Dinnis Murphy," exclaimed mine host, reproachfully but pathetically, as he encountered the waiter with an arm full of plates and dishes, and flirting with the kitchen maid in the passage, "could'nt you have thrun down thim crockery, and helped the jintleman to get off his horse, while he was waitin' in the street for that draamin', ould hop-an'-go-constant of an ostler of ours?"

"Indeed, Mister Mulligan, I don't think that's the business of a head waiter entirely. Any how it's not my place."

"An' you, you sthree-lavally, that stands there grin-gin' and laughin' wid your coarse arms a-kinbo, could'nt you have caught hold of the bridle an' led a customer into the house?"

"The Lord save us, how cross you are this mornin' mister Mulligan! By my fecks, it wasn't to hould horses that I hired myself to your service—an' I'd have you to know that it is'nt my place."

"Go 'long, thin, and feed the pigs, you imp'rent hussey!"

"Oh, that's another thing entirely—I'm never above my business," replied the bare-legged slattern; striding off to her elegant occupation.

The landlord found no greater satisfaction from the boot-boy, or the cow-boy, or the cook, in arguing and disputing with whom he lost a good quarter of an hour of his own and their time, while the gentleman in the tile-floored and sand-covered parlour was waiting with great patience, first for the waiter and then for the host, who were respectfully roared after and hallowed for, in modifications of the same kind of summonses as were addressed elsewhere to the ostler.

When Mr. Mulligan at last bowed himself into the parlour, he was not a little struck with respect, and somewhat with admiration, at the presence of his new customer. He was a fine-looking young man, that is to say, of about thirty, tall and well-built, his athletic shape shown to great advantage by the skin-tight leather breeches reaching half-way down the calves of his legs, where they were met by a pair of brown-top-ped-boots, and they were joined at the waistband by a double-breasted and broad-flapped scarlet kerseymere

waistcoat; a blue coat with broad fancy-gilt buttons, a profuse white muslin cravat, and a frilled and ruffled shirt completing his costume, the whole style of which showing that he could not have ridden more than a very few miles that morning, and that he had taken his journey very easy indeed. The powder, to be sure, was a good deal shaken out of his hair and scattered over the low collar and wide lappels of his coat; but this added to the careless grace of his whole appearance.

"I am your honour's most humble sarvint to command, and will be proud to resave your honour's orders"—for dinner, would have added Mr. Mulligan, in his usual style of anticipating the wishes of his customers; but there was a military air and a sternness of brow about the stranger which repelled a too great familiarity.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Mulligan," said the latter, with a most relaxing smile, which at once put the landlord much more at his ease; but he only just sat on the edge of the mahogany-painted deal-bottomed chair, holding it at each side as if he was as much afraid of falling forward as he seemed to be of reclining backwards.

"I want to ask you a few questions," continued the stranger, "about the road to Ballymagarry."

"Is it to Ballymagarry, your honour? I suppose, thin, Sir, you're going to dine and sleep with his lordship the Marquis?" said poor Mr. Mulligan, rather annoyed at the prospect of losing his customer so soon. "Don't be in a hurry, my good landlord; I may ride over to see his Lordship to-morrow or next day, perhaps; but for this day and night, at any rate, I promise to be your guest."

"And proud I'll be of the honour of entertaining such a jintleman, an' its the first of thratement that's to be had at the 'Flaherty Arms,' Sir, for a man and baste. An' what 'ud your honour choose to be after orderin' for dinner, Sir? An' for supper in the evenin'?" or by way of snack now, Sir? we have ivery thing quite convaniant, your honour."

"That'll do," said the stranger to the groom, who now came in, in a fine lace-coloured livery, and was busily placing saddle-bags, riding cloak, and two brace of pistols on a side table; "but stay, Robert, for fear of accidents, you had better shake the powder out of the pans and draw the bullets, as we shall remain in this comfortable inn for a day or two."

"Thin, perhaps, Kurnel, I had better ride across the country, and warn the Marquess that you're not coming to-day?" said the groom, awkwardly saluting his master like an undrilled recruit.

"No, his lordship does not quite expect me to-day; but if necessary, you can provide me a messenger, Mr. Mulligan?"

"Is it a messenger, your Honour? By my soul—savin' your Honour's presence—an' it's myself that can do that same; for I'll back my b'y, Mat Quinlan, to trot from here to Ballymagarry Park and back again, before your honour's sarvint that's here to the fore could well find his way to the cross roads at the foot of Kil-goblin mountain."

"Why that would greatly depend on the horse Mat Quinlan was mounted on," said the stranger, smiling; "but never mind, we can talk of that by-and-bye."

"The horse! what horse, Kurnel, is it you talking about; why it's on his own two legs, an' the feet that's tangin' to them, that my b'y Mat goes his messages; an' it's thrue enough for me."

"Well, well, no more about that now," said the stranger sharply, and his original expression of countenance returned.

"Yis, your honour—no, your honour!" exclaimed the host, rising from his seat abruptly, confused by his customer's look; and his eyes were in the meantime fixed on the groom, who coolly extracted three bullets

each from the two brace of pistols, and placed the dozen missiles on the mantel-piece.

"Upon my word, Kurnel, an' it's well provided your honour was, Sir, in case you met any bad company on the road; but there is'nt much fear o' that in 'size time," said Mulligan sneakingly, being quite browbeat by the stranger's military frown.

"I don't know that, landlord; I've known daring fellows take the very presence of the judges as the time for their exploits, and I am sure I rode through as ill-looking a set of fellows coming up to your house as ever intested the highways."

"Indeed, Kurnel, its thrue enough for your honour, we have plenty of bad ones an' to spare in town this fine day, an' that's the rason that I think the road so safe."

"The assizes have brought all the country together it seems?"

"Why, yis, indeed, your honour, there's a great throng o' the quality as well plenty o' backguards to the fore. An' it's the greatest luck in the world that I've a decent bed to spare for your honour, an' that's only becase of Squire Flaherty Cavin, afther the ball to-night, to go home and sleep at Castle Flaherty, an' it's very proud I am intirely to have the bed for—"

"How far off is Castle Flaherty?"

"Just five short miles, Kurnel."

"In what direction?"

"Oh, straight on to the say side, your honour—every one knows Castle Flaherty. An' what 'ud your honour be orderin' for dinner, Sir?" was the winding up the landlord's speech, for he heard anxious calls for him throughout the house, and the waiter was beckoning him outside the window.

"Whatever you like, landlord; whatever you can spare from your numerous guests."

"Oh, by Jemini, there's lashing, your honour, for every one; for the Gran' Jury, and the Joodges, an' the Counsellors, an' the whole kit o' them,—an' all sorts for your honour into the bargain. Comin', Comin'! I beg your honour's pardon; but there's no tellin' you the confusion of the house at 'size time whin I'm not every where—"

"To make confusion worse confounded?"

"Just so, indeed, Sir, it's thrue enough for you, Kurnel," exclaimed the unconscious landlord, sliding away towards the door, until the stranger waved his hand in token of permission that he should retire. When he was gone the traveller talked a short time with his servant, and having soon dismissed the latter, and then examined all the framed daubings which disfigured the walls, and read carefully all the effusions in prose and verse cut on the window panes, he betook himself to the repose of an arm chair, and the refuge of thought.

Scarcely had he sat, when a gentle tap at the door announced an intruder.

"Come in!" cried the traveller, in a voice loud enough to have manœuvred a battalion, and he instinctively clapped his hand on one of the pistols on the table beside him (forgetting that the balls were extracted and the priming out) as though he expected an inroad from the rough company he had observed in the street. It was only Mr. Mulligan, who reappeared, and who said, in his most submissively coaxing tone.

"I was just thinkin', your honour, that in regard of a snack, just a damper as a body might say, that there's a fine round o' beef, or a fillet o' vale, or a could turkey, or a slice o' ham, or some rashers and eggs, or any little thing o' that kind quite at your service, Kurnel, in the larder; an' in the mane time I made bould to bring your honour a little recreation in the way of a book or two, for I'm sure you must be lonesome, Sir."

"You are very obliging, Mr. Mulligan; send in the whole stock of your larder if you like it—"

"An' a bottle of Madary, may be, your honour? It's of the right sort, Sir—or Tinareet, or sherry, Kurnel, or a thrifle of cherry brandy, by the way of a relish?"

"Bring a bin full of what you please, Mr. Mulligan; and let me see those books—what they are?"

"Why, Sir, they're jist a few books for the 'size jentleman, the counsellors, and the gran' jurors, and the likes; there's the Justice's Vaddy-makem, an' the last Turnpike Act, and the Newgate Calendar, an' the last new Life of Captain Quilty the high-way-man, with his pictur in front."

"A nice collection, indeed! Faugh! don't show me that," exclaimed the traveller, giving a kick to the Newgate Calendar. "Nor that stupid stuff," added he, tossing the law-books upside down. "Let me look at this Life of Captain Quilty, there may be some fun in that."

"Is it fun, your honour? By Gorra, thin it's quare fun that's in it, for its nawthin' but murthers, an' rapes, an' robberies from first to last; and its well for you, Kurnel, that you didn't meet him on the road this blessed mornin'; or well for him, may be, for by my sowl, I think thin bull-dogs, with the three bullets a-piece in 'em, might make even Quilty look crooked."

"He's a fierce fellow, if this is like him, landlord." "Och, thin, sure enough it's him it is, Kurnel,—at laste all the world says so; an' it's wicked enough he is; an' by the same token, there's one of his min to be tried for a robbery and murder to-day; and the devil's cure to him, and the likes of him, says I. But I'll go an' order the snack, your honour, and maybe then you'd go out an' take a taste o' the frish air an' get an appetite for dinner."

"What is there to be seen in this town of your's Mulligan?" said the stranger, flinging aside the book. "One can't read before dinner in the dog days."

"What is there to be seen in it, Sir? Why there's plinty. There's the call' with five legs, an' the horned cock, an' the two-headed dwarf in a bottle of whiskey, all for tuppence apiece, your honour; an' there's the rope dancin' in the Market-square by-an bye, and the tumblin'—"

"Well that's quite sufficient, Mulligan. I'll go out and look about me a little."

"Maybe your honour'd like to strolle into the coort-house and listen to the thrivals? I'm tould by the joodge's cryer that there's some lively business comin' on; three min for marthur wid spades and pitchforks, an' a woman for pisonin', an' two girls for stranglin' their children, to say nothin' of manslaughter and burnin' and housebreakin' and the likes."

"You make out a tempting list, landlord, but those lively horrors have no pleasure for me. Yet, let me see, I think I should be inclined to look in at the court, if I thought there was any chance of getting a decent place."

"Is it a place, Kurnel? Och, thin it's that you shall have, one beside the very joodges on the binch. It's rare that so fine-dressed an' generous a jentleman as yourself axes a sate there,—barrin' the gran' jury, an' the marquess, an' the other noblemen or jentlemen of the county; and far it be from me to say a word in disparagement of sich generous customers as they are iv'ry one o' them."

"And how can you get me this seat, landland?"

"Nawthin' aiser, Kurnel; I'll jist send a bit of a note to the clerk o' the crown, that sits under the joodge, on the tip o' the cryer's white wand—"

"A rather uneasy seat," said the stranger with a smile.

"Not at all, your honour; it's wide an' comfortable, but it hasn't a stuffed cushion on it like the joodge's binch, that's God's truth."

"Well, and what'll you say in your 'bit of a note'?"

"Why, jist that your honour, Kurnel O'Carroll, of the Royal Irish Dragoons, an' long life to them! is on your way to the Marquess's at Ballymagarry-park an' was steppin' in promiskis into the Coort-house—"

"So my servant has told you my name, I see. Incautious rascal!" (muttered the stranger aside.)

"To be sure he did, your honour, an' a fine name it is, an' a fine man it is that's the owner of it, that's yourself, Kurnel jew'l, so it is," said Mr. Mulligan, waxing gayer and more familiar every minute, and paying no attention to his guest's dissatisfied looks, nor to the ill-tempered exclamation.

But the "Kurnel" cut short his compliments, by telling him to send in "the snack;" and accordingly a most overwhelming display of viands soon appeared, over which the traveller long lingered without eating much. It appeared as if he felt as little appetite for the encounter of all the labours of sight-seeing so profusely recommended by the landlord. But after two or three hours had been in one way or another gone through, the traveller, and well he might, in very weariness, determined on a lounge. He therefore once more summoned his host, who produced his "bit of a note," ready written; and under his guidance the stranger was soon in the market-place, his broad-leaved hat carelessly placed on one side of his head, and his large knotted stick carried with a rokish flourish in his hand. Mr. Mulligan bowed and scraped at every question of his guest, who seemed amazingly inquisitive regarding every building, whether public or private, and appeared to take particular interest in the various squabbles that arose among the strangling and half-drunken vagabonds who reeled about the town in all directions. But none of the shows enumerated by Mulligan, nor the attraction of the court-house itself, could draw him from those out o'-door observations, until his servant, who seemed also to have been killing his hour in the same manner, was seen walking briskly towards the inn and as he passed by his master he saluted him in his usual awkward way, but he attracted no notice from the Colonel.

"Now, Mr. Mulligan, let us go to the court-house," said the latter at length; and they were soon accordingly at the building.

The moment the handsome and flashy-looking stranger entered the criminal court, he attracted considerable attention. The "bit of a note" duly passed over to the clerk of the crown, on the tip of the cryer's wand, was handed up to the Judge, who, immediately on perusing it, gave orders to have Colonel O'Carroll conducted to the bench, on which, close beside his Lordship, he was soon seated, fulfilling Mr. Mulligan's prophecy to the letter, and to the no small gratification of the latter, the value of whose patronage was thus proved in a very eminent manner; and who, having seen his protégé snug cheek-by-jowl with the judge, hurried off to the Post-office, at the Colonel's request, to inquire for letters which he expected, somewhat impatiently, by the mail, which passed through the town about that hour.

There was a kind of *interregnum* in the court at this moment, the jury having just retired to consider the verdict in the case of a highwayman (the one alluded to by Mulligan), who had been tried for the robbery and murder, committed about six months before, on the body of an unfortunate traveller. The trial had been very short. The circumstantial evidence was of a nature to leave no doubt as to the guilt of the accused on the minds of any one in court. He had made no defence, except most solemn protestations of innocence, and positive assertions that if he had money enough to pay the expenses of bringing witnesses from a considerable distance, he could have clearly proved that he was not in Ireland at the time the offence was committed. But this produced no effect in his favour. The judge's charge was (as usual with his Lordship,

who was called familiarly "the hanging judge") all against the prisoner. He was moreover an ill-looking fellow; an example was called for; and to be accused of belonging to the band of the notorious Quilty was enough to hang any one in those days. His fate was therefore considered as quite decided, and the clerk of the crown was busily employed (not to lose time during the retirement of the jury) in reading over—some new indictment, and the judge was conversing merrily with the fox-hunting—or clerical—or both fox-hunting and clerical—magistrates who occupied the bench beside him.

His lordship was a bluff, boisterous-looking, red-faced man. He wore a shooting-jacket under his robes, and he had the reputation of considering the prisoners who had the misfortune to be tried before him as subjects of sport rather than in any more serious aspect.

After a few minutes the jury entered, and the foreman announced a verdict of "Guilty."

"To be sure! to be sure!" exclaimed the judge, searching beside him for his black cap. "No twelve honest men could suffer such a scoundrel to escape. Thank you, gentlemen of the jury, thank you. Bring up the prisoner Gahagan for judgment."

And accordingly the culprit was led up by the gaoler, and placed at the front of the dock, where he stood with a most dejected air, his head leaning against his hands, and his eyes cast down.

"So! Go on, Mr. Clerk of the crown. Let's see, what's the fellow's Christian name? Where are my notes?" said his Lordship, fumbling among his papers, while the official Register beneath him turned over his. But he thought it better to cut the matter short, by applying to the prisoner himself.

"Hollos, Gahagan, my fine fellow! what's your Christian name?"

"I wint by two names in the family, my Lord," replied the culprit, in a melancholy tone. "My mother christened me Terence; but my father always insisted on calling me Pat."

"Your father was a fool, Gahagan; he should have honoured your mother. By calling you Terence pretty often, he would soon have had your name *pat*, and then both had been satisfied; but it's no matter now. Go on, Mr. Clerk of the Crown, and quick, if you please; there is a good deal of business to be done yet."

"What have you to say, Terence Gahagan, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?" hurriedly asked the Clerk of the Crown,—the prisoner not quite relishing or understanding the joke which had set every one else laughing.

"Why, that I don't deserve it, Sir; an', that I'm kilt and murdered intifely by false swearin'; an' that I'm as innocent as the child unborn," replied the prisoner, with a disconsolate tone and downcast looks.

"Pooh, pooh!—nonsense, nonsense!" exclaimed the Judge, adjusting his black cap on his head, and puffing out his red cheeks. "That's the old story with every hardened offender." And then, proceeding in the most expeditious technicality of the case, he was beginning to pronounce sentence of death, when the prisoner suddenly lifting his eyes towards the bench, they rested on the face of Colonel O'Carroll, who seemed already tired of the proceedings, and was reading over, for the second or the third time, a couple of letters handed to him by Mulligan some minutes before.

"Oh, Jasus! is it possible?" exclaimed the culprit, and he instantly fell back in a kind of fit. Considerable bustle was excited by the incident. The Judge, however, went on with the formula of sentence-passing, until stopped by the sheriff, who whispered to him that the prisoner was insensible. It became absolutely necessary—for decency, if not for justice's sake—to pause awhile; and as soon as the gaoler announced

that the culprit had recovered sufficiently to hear the rest of the sentence, he was again placed at the bar, the compassion of the audience overcoming, in a great degree, the general repugnance to the criminal. Even the Judge was forced to a semblance of humane consideration for the unfortunate sufferer, and he asked him what was the cause of his sudden emotion, and the exclamation he had uttered.

"Oh, my Lord!" replied he, "my life is saved! There's thin in Coort, and convanient to your Lordship's honour, that can prove my *allybee*."

Every look was fixed on the bench. None of the three or four gentlemen who sat there, including Colonel O'Carroll, seemed to understand the prisoner's remark as applying to them.

"Oh, it's thrue for me, your Lordship! That handsome jentleman in the red wescut, on your Lordship's right-hand, knows me well enough, an' 'll swear to my innocence."

The Colonel, on being thus absolutely appealed to, looked intently on the prisoner for some seconds; and then, in answer to the Judge's question as to whether he knew anything of him, replied that he was sorry, for the poor wretch's sake, to be obliged to declare that he had not the least recollection of having ever seen him before.

"I thought as much;—a common trick, Colonel, to excite compassion, and stave off the sentence of the law. These rascals impose on my good-nature sometimes; but it won't do now. No, no, Mr. Gahagan, you shall not escape the vengeance of the offended laws."

"Oh, my lord! it's as thrue as that your honour has a wig on your head that the jentleman knows me, if he'll but give himself time to consider. He can save me by one word."

Again the Colonel protested that he did not know the man, and again the too-long baffled Judge was resuming the awful sentence: and then again did the poor prisoner, bursting into tears, protest that the strange gentleman could save his life, though he might have forgotten his face; but he was quite sure of bringing it to recollection, if he might be allowed to ask him three questions. The interest and curiosity of all present were now strongly excited: the Judge waxed impatient for the result, but could not refuse his consent to let a drowning man catch at a straw; and the Colonel declared himself ready, and indeed anxious, to reply to the poor devil's questions.

"Why, thin, let me ax your honour if you did not land at Dover from France, jist six months ago las Saturday fortnight?"

"Upon my word," said the Colonel smiling, "I cannot, at a moment's notice, remember the day so exactly specified; but I certainly did land at Dover from Calais in the early part of last January."

"In troth, it's thrue for your honour, you did so. And don't you remember the man in the sailor's jacket that carried your honour's two trunks in a wheelbarrow from the beach to the head in, and lifted your honour clane through the surf on the shingles?"

"I really do not remember the face of any particular porter on the occasion," was the disheartened reply.

"Ah, thin, sure an' it is't possible that you forget, Sir, this wound in my head, which I showed your honour that same day, and tould you all about the action wid the Frinch privateer, in which I got the same." And as the prisoner earnestly spoke he took off his wig, and displayed a deep scar high upon his forehead.

"Good God!" exclaimed Colonel O'Carroll; "I do indeed perfectly remember the circumstance, and the very remarkable wound; and I have every reason to believe this to be the very man, though his face had escaped my memory, altered as it was by the wig. But

I can put the time of this transaction quite beyond doubt, for I have a memorandum of the day I crossed over from Calais in my pocket-book."

Upon examining the pocket-book with the Judge, and even he became melted with compassion, and almost rejoiced with all the other witnesses of this almost miraculous escape from an ignominious death, the date of the Colonel's landing was found noted with various other memorandums, and it was found to be exactly the same with that laid in the indictment for the double offence for which Terence Gahagan had been tried.

The impulse of astonishment and delight at this providential discovery was irresistible. The Judge gave permission to the Jury to re-consider their verdict. The Colonel was put in the witness-box, and he clearly testified on his oath to the facts he had already admitted. The verdict of "Not Guilty" was hailed with joy; a subscription for the lucky prisoner was immediately made; a handsome sum was thus put in his pocket; and he was set at liberty, and left the Court amidst the noisy acclamations of the crowd.

Colonel O'Carroll, the happy instrument of this result, was congratulated by all the gentlemen present as having, under Providence, been the means of saving the life of an innocent fellow-creature. He was invited to dine with the Grand Jury, pressed to go to a ball in the evening, and loaded with civilities; but, as though he were overpowered by this excess of notoriety, he declined all the attentions thus heaped on him, declaring that the letters he had just before received made it absolutely necessary that he should proceed forthwith to Ballymagarry Park, to dine with his friend the Marquis. The Judge, the Sheriff, and the other gentlemen saw him depart with regret; but consoled themselves with the certainty of meeting him at the Marquis's the next day, at a grand entertainment to be given to their Lordships the Judges and the first people of the country.

Colonel O'Carroll settled his bill at Mr. Mulligan's both for what he had consumed and what he had ordered, but did not wait to enjoy; and he soon rode out of town, followed by his servant, but finding it difficult to make his way through the drunken, rioting, and fighting rabblement.

The same night Squire Flaherty, the High Sheriff, was stopped in his carriage, about a mile from his own house, returning from the the assize ball, and robbed of his watch and a large sum in money and bank-notes. But as he was thoroughly rifled, a party of mounted constables came up to the spot, a rather dilatory escort to the magistrate, and between them and the three highwaymen who perpetrated the robbery a severe scuffle ensued. The latter, after a desperate resistance, were overpowered, all of them and several of the constables being badly wounded; one of the highwaymen died of loss of blood on the way back to the county town. On examining the faces of the other two, and stripping them of their disguises, they were recognized to be the *sédisant* Colonel O'Carroll and the acquitted prisoner, Terence Gahagan; and the former was the next day fully proved to be no other than the famous and terrible Captain Quilty, who was put into the dock with his hardened associate, and his sentence was joyfully pronounced from the very bench he had so lately sat upon, by the very Judge he had so successfully mystified; and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law with all the daring and swaggering hardihood to be expected from his character.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the whole getting-up of the *alibi* was a preconcerted plan, through the management of some accomplice admitted to see the prisoner (under pretence of relationship, or some other as plausible) before his trial; and that the Colonel—or the Captain, more correctly speaking—had waited to make his appearance in Court for a signal

agreed on with the fellow who acted the part of his servant (the man afterwards killed by the constables) as to the moment at which his false testimony might be most likely to excite the compassion of the Judge and the Jury.

THE WYANDOT'S STORY.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"The mouth of the white man," began the Wyandot, "speaks loud words; the tongue of Chagha shall only utter truth. The Great Spirit, who looks into the bottom of the hearts of men, shall witness that Chagha does not add one to the number of his wrongs. Forty summers have now passed, since Wintehah was head man among the Wyandots; he was a great chief—wise at the council fire—terrible in battle; yet was Wintehah mild and gentle to his friends, and in his wigwam, peace ever dwelt. Thehetti, the young Swan, was the fairest among the daughters of the Iroquois; and when, after she had borne him three sons, a daughter was added, the chief of the Wyandots could ask nothing more from the Great Spirit—he was happy.

They lived on the borders of The Beautiful River; the woods gave bear, and deer, to the rifle of Wintehah, and the maize grew tall, and fresh, under the care of Thehetti. The Wyandots had buried the hatchet, and exchanged the wampum of peace, with the Miamis. The Delawares had made themselves women, had taken the hoe and laid down the rifle. Then a messenger came from the great father, the Sagemash king. The Chemocomauns had risen against their father, and he wished his red children to join with his warrior, and bring the young ones to reason.

The Wyandots opened their ears to the words of their great father; they dug up the hatchet, and it was soon made red with the blood of the Longknives. Many scalps were taken to the warriors of our great father on the lakes, and blankets, and medals, and powder, were plenty in the wigwams of the Wyandots. At last came some, who would have filled the ears of Wintehah with tales that his great father, the king, had buried the hatchet, and made peace with the Longknives—but the chief shut his ears to such tales.

"My great father," said he, "would not do this, without first telling his red children, that we might all smoke the calumet of peace together."

Yet it was so. The great king had been beaten by his children, and he made peace, forgetting the Wyandots, who had taken up the hatchet in his cause.

Then came a warrior from the Longknives; he spoke of peace. Wintehah opened his ears. "The great west," said the "mocomaun," "is open to the Wyandots; let then, their white brethren, the Americans, have one little spot on the borders of the Beautiful River, and the hatchet shall be buried so deep in the ground, that no man shall hereafter be able to find it."

The words of peace were ever sweet to the ears of Wintehah—he gave the white man much land—more than he asked—"Only," said he, "let this spot be reserved to Wintehah and his old men; the young warriors will go to hunt the deer, far, far towards the great lakes." It was so.

Wintehah remained at his wigwam, by the Beautiful River—and the maize still sprang up, fresh and green in the fields of Thehetti. There the children of Wintehah grew up, and the soul of the Wyandot rejoiced in the thought that his sons would be first among the warriors of his nation. Outsie, the Bending Flower, was fair as her mother, and when she decked her hair with wreaths of bright flowers, and looked with her smiling eyes in the face of her fa-

ther, the heart of the great chief was soft, and war and hunting grounds were forgotten in the beauty of his child.

Higachee, the first son of Wintehah, was now a strong youth—his father said to him, "take this rifle—the great king, Sagemash, gave it to Wintehah many summers ago—take it, and be brave. Tomorrow, I go to hunt the deer at the Licks, you shall go with me—a good hunter is, in the eyes of the Great Spirit, next to a brave warrior."

At the dawn of day, the Wyandot and his son left the wigwam. Thehetti feared nothing—there was peace with the Miamis, the Delawares were women, and the Longknives had buried the hatchet in a forgotten place. Three days had passed—the fourth had been named by Wintehah, for his return; yet he came not. Another—and another day—still the wigwam of Thehetti was void, and grief was in her heart. The tenth sun was sinking in the west, when a poor wounded boy crept towards the wigwam—one broken arm hung motionless by his side; his cheeks were hollow, and his eyes looked dim, and his back—on his back was the mark of the lash. Yes! the lash had cut deep in the flesh of the son of Wintehah—for it was Higachee. Outsie tore her hair, and wept aloud at the sight of her brother. The Young Swan looked not on her child, her thoughts were with her absent husband—"Where is he?" she cried—"where is the Great Chief?"

Higachee spoke not—his spirit was dead; he glared round the wigwam with a dull stony eye, and fell to the ground. He was not a great chief—he was only a boy, and shame—the lash—the white man's whip, had made his heart soft. We raised him from the floor; Outsie brought milk to drink, and fresh water to bathe his skin. The boy recovered and the Young Swan again screamed in his ear—"Where is your father? Dog! where is the Great Chief?"

"Dead! dead! dead!"

Yes, Wintehah was dead, slain by the white man's rifle, and his son was scored and lashed, like the white man's dog! 'Twas long before the boy could tell the death of his father, and when he did, we thought lying words came from his lips—yet they were true. Wintehah and his son had journeyed one day towards the Licks, night came on, and the warrior spread his buffalo robe on the ground, took out his parched corn and dried venison, they ate—and then the father and the child slept, side by side, in peace. At the first dawn of morning the warrior roused his son—"Up! Higachee! up! To-day we must reach the Licks."

As he spoke, Higachee heard the sound of a rifle, and the body of Wintehah fell at the feet of his child—a ball had pierced his heart.

Before Higachee could move, or speak, or think, for he was but a boy, two white men sprang from the thicket—one seized and bound the boy, while the other stripped the body of Wintehah.

"See!" said he, putting his finger into the hole in his breast—"Did I not hit him prettily—right over the heart?"

"True, John; but why did you fire at all. It is peace now, and this red skin is, as I told you, the head man among the Wyandots."

"Who cares for the Wyandots? Not I—but, to tell the truth, I fired because I could not help it. The savage stood so fair, and his bare bosom made such a good mark, that I could not, for my life, help trying my rifle on him."

"Well John, that's a sort of reason; but what are we to do with the boy? If we take him to the settlement, he will be sure to tell of this fine prank, and then what will the general say to you?"

"What are we to do with him?" said the Longknife—"I'll soon show you,—he raised his toma-

hawk, and would have slain Higachee, but his companion hindered him; they determined to leave the boy in a hut, in the woods, while they went into the settlement. They did so: they bound his legs, and arms, and left him, helpless, on the floor.

Thrice the sun rose and set, and yet the white men came not to their prisoner; he lay, without food or drink. On the fourth day they came.

"How now, Indian!" said the hunter as he loosed the ropes—"Why do you not get up?"

The poor boy could only point to his mouth, and groan out, "Water, water."

The other hunter came in—"Why, John, the poor boy is dying with thirst—here! here! drink, boy!"—and he gave him water.

"But how is this John—did you not come here yesterday, and day before, as you promised?"

"Why, to tell the truth, no, the day before I could not come—and yesterday, as I was coming, I roused a deer, and he led me to the other side of the settlement, and I could not lose the deer, for the sake of an Indian; besides, I thought the boy would do very well for a day or so longer—and you see he has, only a little thirsty—but he will get over it. See! he recovers already. Sit up, and take some more corn."

Higachee tried to rise, but he could not.

"Damn you!" said the white man, "why don't you get up, get up I say," and he struck the boy a heavy blow with the breach of his rifle.

"For shame John," said his companion; "I declare, you have broken the boy's arm! Here, take this, my poor boy, and lie down. He gave Higachee some parched corn, placed water within his reach, and binding his leg with a chain, to which they fixed a padlock, they left the hut. Next day Higachee was stronger, and he resolved to escape. With a wrench he tore the staple from the post, and gathered up his chain—he could not get the links from his leg—he left the hut. But the white man was near, Higachee ran; in his haste he dropped the chain—it caught in a log—he fell. The white man regained his prisoner. "I'll teach you to run off," said he; and he tripped the blanket from this back—the lash followed—the lash tore the flesh of Higachee.

When the white man was weary of his labor, he fastened the chain in a firmer place, and left the boy—to die, for as he went, he swore on oath that he never would return.

Higachee was the son of a great chief; he would not lie down and die like a dog. All day he labored at the chain, and when night drew near, the strong link was worn through—he escaped, and returned to the wigwam of Thehetti.

Such was the story of the death of Wintehah; he had been killed because his bare bosom was a good mark for the white man's rifle. The warriors, who had remained with him on the reservation, met in council on the death of the Great Chief. The young men wished to dig up the hatchet, but the old men would not.

"We are few," said they, "and the Longknives are like the leaves on the trees. We have made peace with them; we have buried the hatchet in a forgotten place. We will go to the lodge of our white brother; we will tell him that the bad men have done this; he will seek them out, and give them to us—thus shall the death of Wintehah be avenged."

These words pleased the council. They sent to the house of the white warrior, Sukach-gook. He promised fair, and in three days a runner came to the wigwam with good news from the White Chief. The men who had done the great wrong were caught, and should be kept in prison many, many days. "The sun shall not shine on them," said he, "the fresh wind shall not cool them—neither shall they walk through

the woods any more. Their souls shall be sick in the walls of their prison."

Theheti was comforted. The spirit of the warrior should not wander unavenged. In the meantime Higachee wasted away; his food did not nourish him, nor his drink refresh him. The wise men said an evil spirit had possession of him, and the medicine man was sent for, to drive him out.

He came—he looked on Higachee. "No evil spirit has possessed him," said the medicine man; "'tis the lash of the white man has poisoned his blood—he will die."

It was so. The young chief wasted away—he died. Theheti and her children made no lament over Higachee, he could never be a great chief. The Wyandots would have scorned to take for leader, a whipped dog of the Long-knives. It was best he should die.

We wrapped him in the dead clothes of a chief; but the old men would not have a hatchet, nor flints, nor bow and arrows, buried with him—"Higachee," said they, "was not a warrior;" Outesie took a withered branch from the oak that overhung the cabin of Wintehet, and cast into the grave of his son.

Two days had passed away, when, as Outesie returned from placing the ripe papaw, and fresh water, near the grave of Higachee, she met the hunter—he was free. Our white father had promised to keep him, many moons in prison—one had not yet passed, and he walked the forest, free as the wild deer. Theheti went to our white father, to tell him of the escape of the prisoner, but the face of our white father was turned from his children, and his words had fallen to the ground.

"I have pardoned him," said the white chief. "Let the death of Wintehet be forgotten."

Theheti returned to her wigwam; her soul was dark—Wintehet was dead—Higachee was dead—and the white man who had drank their blood was free.—Theheti called her son Mecami—he had not yet seen sixteen summers; yet he was strong, and active, as became the son of Wintehet. "Mecami," said Theheti, "take the rifle of Wintehet—go, bring the scalp of the Long-knife." Mecami went—and ere two days, the rifle of Wintehet rang out on the hills, and returned with the scalp of the white man. "Now," said Theheti, "let the soul of Wintehet rejoice, as he snuffs up the blood of his enemy."

Next day came a messenger from the white chief—"who," said he, "has slain one of my men?"

"'Tis I," said Mecami—"tis the son of Wintehet, has slain the enemy of his father."

"You must go the white chief—he has words to speak to you."

Theheti would have persuaded her son not to go; but the old men said go. He went—and I, Charcha, went with him. We came to the white men—they seized Mecami, and cast him into prison. "Fear not, Mecami," said I—"tis only four days, and you will be free, as he was."

The fourth day came—I went to the white chief—"Father," said I, "the son of Wintehet has passed four days in prison—the slayer of my father did no more. Let Mecami go free."

"No," said he—"Mecami is a murderer—he must be tried; to-morrow he shall be brought before the wise men of my camp."

At the dawn of day I returned to the house of the white chief. He sat in his high place to judge Mecami. Twelve men were sworn on the Holy Book of the Christians, to slay the son of Wintehet.

"Did you, Mecami, slay our scout, John Harris?"

"I did."

The twelve men talked together, and soon one of them rose up, and said, "Guilty." Mecami was carried back to his prison.

I went to the great white chief—"How many days," said I, "must Mecami remain in prison?"

"One, said he; to-morrow he shall be made free."

I hurried to the wigwam of Theheti—"Rejoice, Young Swan! to-morrow Mecami will return, our white father has said it."

The soul of Theheti laughed in her breast: "We will go," said she, "at the dawn of day, and bring home my brave; he is the son of a warrior; he will be a great chief, Wintehet will live in his son."

Next day, Theheti, Outesie, and Charcha, all made haste to the lodge of the white man. As we drew near, Outesie cried out, "What is that which dangles from the sycamore; beside the white man's dwelling?" It was the body of Mecami! The white man had choked him, he had hung up the son of Wintehet, as the Wyandot does the skunk or the opossum. Mecami was dead.

Theheti returned to her wigwam. She never gave the death scream for her child; but when the sun sunk behind the western hills, she sought the banks of The Beautiful River, plunged in, and her spirit rejoined the spirit of Wintehet. Next day, Outesie was with me, but the Young Swan was gone. What could I do; I was a boy; and Outesie, the Bouding Flower, was a young girl; fourteen summers measured her age, and fifteen mine. I went to the old men of my tribe.

"Fathers," said I, "Wintehet is dead; the white man's lash cut the heart of Higachee; they choked Mecami; and now, Theheti, the Young Swan—my mother—is gone!"

The old men were grieved. At length Ountega spoke, "What can we do? Our warriors are dead; only old men and squaws remain on the reservation; and now it is too small even for them. Son of Wintehet! turn your face to the great lakes; there dwells Tallassie; his father was the brother of Wintehet. With Tallassie you can live; Outesie will be safe, and Charcha will be a great chief."

The words of Ountega were wise in my ears. I returned to the wigwam of Wintehet, and the next day Charcha and Outesie left the graves of their fathers, to seek a home beside the distant lakes, in the wigwam of Tallassie. On the third day, we stopped at noon by the waters of the Yellow River. The clouds had passed from our hearts. "We shall yet be happy," said Outesie, "in the wigwam of the Wyandot of the lakes."

As she spoke, I heard the sound of the rifle—I tried to seize mine, but my right arm would not move—a bullet had broken the bone. I looked around—the white men were upon us—"Fly! fly, Outesie!" and plunged into the thicket. Outesie followed, but the white men were swift on her track, and I soon heard her scream, as they caught her. I hid myself in the hollow of a sycamore; they sought long for me, but their eyes were dim. At length they ceased the search, and prepared to continue their hunt. I followed on their trail. I had no rifle, and could not raise the tomahawk—yet I followed, in the hope that Outesie might escape, and then I should be near.—Three days they wandered through the woods, Outesie still near them.

She never complained—never wept. I saw her bring water for the white man's drink—and when he struck her with his ramrod, to hurry her steps, the daughter of the great chief uttered no scream of pain, though the hard blows raised large welts on her tender breast. The fourth morning they remained long in their camp; they held a talk. I crept through the tall brushwood, and hid close to the seat of the white men. There were three.

"What shall we do with her?"—said one pointing to Outesie, who stood a little way off.

THE PLAGUE IN FLORENCE.

BY E. L. BULWER.

"Oh, shoot her—she is only a trouble to us—shoot her by all means."

"True," replied the other, "I suppose we may as well. Will you do it, Tom?"

"Oh, I don't care if I do. Here, you squaw, stand up, will you?" Outesie, at first, heard not the words.

"Stand up, and turn towards me," said the hunter.

The Bending Flower turned her face towards him. She saw him raise the rifle. She saw his eye, and she knew that death was near. "Oh! white man! Oh, brother!" she cried, "Don't kill! Oh, white man! don't kill!"

As she was pleading thus, the white man took calm, deliberate aim—"Brother!" said the Indian girl—even at the word he fired—and of the children of Wintehet, I alone remained.*

SELECTED. THE BRIDE.

They tell me gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,

That the wreath is woven in thy hair, for the bridegroom by thy side,

And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone,

As they give thee to another's arms, their beautiful, their own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet, For it seemed to me, as though a joyous crowd had met,

To see the saddest sight of all, a young and girlish thing;

Cast aside her maiden gladness, for a name and for a ring.

When I think how often I have seen thee with thy face so calm and mild,

And lovely look and step and air and bearing like a child,

Oh, how mournfully, how mournfully, it comes across my brain

That you never more mayest be that free, and girlish thing again.

I would that as my heart dictates, that such might be my lay,

That my voice should be a voice of mirth, of music, like the May;

But, ah! in vain, within my heart, how frozen are the springs,

The murmur dies upon my lip, the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,

That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy guest;

That thy life shall be a summer's day, thy evening shall go down,

Like the evening of the eastern clime, that never knows a frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring has pressed thy hand,

When those thou lovest, and those that love thee weeping round thee stand,

Oh, may the rhyme which friendship weaves, like a spirit of the air,

Come o'er thee at that moment, for a blessing and a prayer.

* The fate of Outesie is no fiction. The man is now living—or was two years ago—on the Mississippi, who killed an Indian girl under the precise circumstances here mentioned. Nothing has been added—not even the word "brother," which was on her lips, when the white man's rifle-ball pierced her innocent heart.

From Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes.

It was a bright, oppressive, sultry morning, when a solitary horseman was seen winding that unequalled road, from whose height amidst fig trees, vines, and olives, the traveller beholds gradually break upon his gaze the enchanting valley of the Arno, and the spires and domes of Florence. But not with the traveller's customary eye of admiration and delight passed that solitary horseman, and not upon the usual activity, and mirth, and animation of the Tuscan life, broke that noonday sun. All was silent, void, and hushed; and even in the light of heaven there seemed a sicklied and ghastly glare. The cottages by the road side were some shut up and closed, some open, but seemingly inmateless. The plough stood still, the distaff plied not; horse and man had a dreary holiday. There was a darker curse upon the land than the curse of Cain! Now and then a single figure, usually clad in the gloomy robe of a friar, crossed the road, lifting towards the traveller a livid and amazed stare, and then hurried on, and vanished beneath some roof, whence issued a faint and dying moan, which but for the exceeding stillness around could scarcely have pierced the threshold. As the traveller neared the city, the scene became less solitary, yet more dread. There might be seen carts and litters, thick awnings wrapped closely around them, containing those who sought safety in flight, forgetful that the plague was every where! And, as these gloomy vehicles, conducted by horses, gaunt, shadowy skeletons, crawling heavily along, passed by, like hearses of the dead, sometimes a cry burst the silence in which they moved, and the traveller's steed started aside, as some wretch, on whom the disease had broke forth, was dropped from the vehicle by the selfish inhumanity of his comrades, and left to perish by the way. Hard by the gate a wagon paused, and a man with a mask threw out its contents in a green slimy ditch that bordered the road. These were garments and robes of all kinds and value; the brodered mantle of the gallant, the hood and veil of my lady, and the rags of the peasant. While glancing at the labor of the masker, the cavalier beheld a herd of swine, gaunt and half famished, run to the spot in the hopes of food, and the traveller shuddered to think what food they might have anticipated! But ere he reached the gate, those of the animals that had been busiest rooting at the infectious heap, dropped down dead among their fellows.

"Ho, ho," said the masker, and his hollow voice sounded yet more hollow through his vizard—"comest thou here to die stranger! See, thy brave mantle of tripple-pile and golden broderie will not save thee from the gavocciolo.* Ride on, ride on: to-day fit morsel for thy lady's kiss, to-morrow too foul for the rat and worm!"

Replying not to this hideous welcome, Adrian, for it was he, pursued his way. The gates stood wide open: this was the most appalling sign of all, for, at first, the most jealous precaution had been taken against the ingress of strangers. Now all care, all foresight, all vigilance, were vain. And thrice nine wardens had died at that single post and the officers to appoint their successors were dead too. Law and Police, and the Tribunals of Health, and the Boards of Safety, Death had stopped them all! And the Plague killed art itself, social union, the harmony and mechanism of civilization, as if they had been bone and flesh!

So, mute and solitary, went on the lover, in his quest of love, resolved to find and to save his betrothed.

* The tumour that made the fatal symptom.

ed, and guided (that faithful and loyal knight!) through that wilderness of horrors by the blessed hope of that strange passion, noblest of all when noble, basest of all when base! He came into a broad and spacious square, lined with palaces, the usual haunt of the best and most graceful nobility of Italy. The stranger was alone now, and the tramp of his gallant steed sounded ghastly and fearful in his own ears, when, just as he turned the corner of one of the streets that led from it, he saw a woman steal forth with a child in her arms, while another, yet in infancy clung to her robe. She held a large bunch of flowers to her nostrils (the fancied and favorite mode to prevent infection,) and muttered to the children who were moaning with hunger—"Yes, yes, you shall have food! Plenty of food now for the stirring forth. But oh, that stirring forth!"—and she peered about and round, lest any of the disease might be near.—Adrian paused.

"My friend," said he, "can you direct me to the convent of—?"

"Away, man, away!" shrieked the woman.

"Alas!" said Adrian, with a mournful smile, "can you not see that I am not, as yet, one to spread contagion."

But the woman, unheeding him, fled on; when after a few paces, she was arrested by the child that clung to her."

"Mother, mother!" it cried, I am sick—I cannot stir."

The woman halted, tore aside the child's robe, saw under the arm the tumor, and deserting her own flesh, fled with a shriek along the square. The shriek rang long in Adrian's ears, though not aware of the unnatural cause;—the mother feared not for her infant, but for herself. The voice of nature was no more heeded in that charnel city than it is in the tomb itself. Adrian rode on at a brisker pace, and came at length before a stately church; its doors were wide open, and he saw within a company of monks (the church had no other worshippers, and they were masked,) gathered round the altar, and chanting the *Miserere Domine*—the ministers of God, in a city hitherto boasting the devoutest population in Italy, without a flock.

The young cavalier paused before the door, and waited till the service was done, and the monks descended the steps into the street.

"Holy fathers," said he then, "may I pray your goodness to tell me my nearest way to the convent Santa Maria dei Pazzi?"

"Son," said one of these featureless spectres, for so they seemed in their shroud like robes and uncouth vizards; "Son, pass on your way, and God be with you. Robbers or revellers may now fill the holy cloister you speak of. The abbess is dead; and many a sister sleeps with her. And the nuns have fled from the contagion."

Adrian half fell from his horse, and, as he still remained rooted to the spot, the dark procession swept on, hymning in solemn dirge through the desolate street the monastic chant:

"By the Mother and the Son,
Death endured and mercy won;
Spare us, sinners though we be;
Miserere Domine!"

Recovering from his stupor, Adrian regained the brethren, and as they closed the burthen of their song, again accosted them.

"Holy fathers, dismiss me not thus. Perchance the one I seek may yet be heard of at the convent. Tell me which way to shape my course."

"Disturb us not, son," said the monk, who spoke before. "It is an ill omen for thee to break thus upon the invocation of the ministers of Heaven."

"Pardon, pardon. I will do an ample penance, pay many masses; but I seek a dear friend—the way—the way—"

"To the right, till you gain the first bridge. Beyond the third bridge, on the river side, you will find the convent," said another monk, moved by the earnestness of Adrian.

"Bless you, holy father," faltered forth the cavalier, and spurred his steed in the direction given. The friars heeded him not, but again resumed their mournful dirge. Mingled with the sound of his horse's hoofs on the clattering pavement, came to the rider's ear the imploring line—

"*Miserere Domine!*"

Impatient, sick at heart, desperate, Adrian flew through the streets at the full speed of his horse. He passed the market place—it was empty as the desert:—the gloomy and barricaded streets, in which the counter cries of Gueff and Ghibeline had so often cheered on the Chivalry and rank of Florence. Now huddled together in vault and pit, lay Gueff and Ghibeline, knightly spurs and beggar's crutch. To that silence the roar even of civil strife would have been a blessing! The first bridge, the river side, the second, the third bridge, all were gained, and Adrian at last reigned his steed before the walls of the convent. He fastened his steed to the porch, in which the door stood ajar, half torn from its hinges, traversed the court, gained the opposite door that admitted to the main building, came to the jealous grating, now no more a barrier from the profane world, and as he there paused a moment to recover breath, and nerve, wild laughter and loud song, interrupted and mixed with oaths, startled his ear. He pushed aside the grated door, entered, and, led by the sounds, came to the refectory. In that meeting place of the severe and mortified maids of heaven, he now beheld gathered round the upper table, used of yore by the abbess, a strange disorderly ruffian herd, who at first glance seemed indeed of all rank, for some wore serge, or even rags, others were tricked out in all the bravery of satin and velvet, plume and mantle. But a second glance sufficed to indicate that the companions were much of the same degree, and that the finery of the more showy was but the spoil rent from unguarded palaces or tenantless bazaars: for under plumed hats, looped with jewels, were grim, unwashed, unshaven faces, over which hung the long locks which the professed brethren of the sharp knife and hirling arm had just begun to assume, serving them often instead of a mask. Amidst these savage revellers were many women, young and middle aged, foul and fair, and Adrian piously shuddered to see amongst the loose robes and uncovered necks of the professional harlots, the saintly habit and beaded rosary of the nuns. Flasks of wine, ample viands, gold and silver vessels, mostly consecrated to holy rites, strewed the board. As the young Roman paused spell-bound at the threshold, the man who acted as president of the revel, a huge swarthy ruffian with a deep scar over his face, which, traversing the whole of the left cheek and upper lip, gave his large features an aspect preternaturally hideous, called out to him—

"Come in, man, come in. What stand you there for, amazed and dumb? We are hospitable revellers, and give all men welcome. Here are wine, food, and women. My Lord Bishop's wine and my Lady Abbess's women!"

"Sing hey, sing ho, for the royal Death, That scatters a host with a single breath; That opens the prison to spoil the palace, And rids honest necks from the hangman's malice, Here's a health to the Plague! Let the mighty ones dread,

"Sing hey, sing ho, for the royal Death, That scatters a host with a single breath; That opens the prison to spoil the palace, And rids honest necks from the hangman's malice, Here's a health to the Plague! Let the mighty ones dread,

The poor never lived till the wealthy were dead. A health to the Plague! may she ever as now Loose the rogue from his chain and the nun from her vow;

To the gaoler a sword, to the captive a key, Hurrah for Earth's Curse—'tis a blessing to me!"

Ere this fearful stave was concluded, Adrian, sensible that in such orgies there was no chance of prosecuting his inquiries, left the desecrated chamber and fled, scarcely drawing breath, so great was the terror that seized him, till he stood once more in the court amidst the hot, sickly, stagnant sunlight, that seemed a fit atmosphere for the scenes on which it fell. He resolved however not to desert the place without making another effort at inquiry; and while he stood without the court, musing and doubtful, he saw a small chapel hard by whose long casement gleamed faintly, and dimmed by the noonday, the light of tapers. He turned towards its porch, entered, and beside the sanctuary a single nun knelt in prayer. In the narrow aisle, upon a long table, (at either end of which burned the tall dismal tapers whose rays had attracted him,) the drapery of several shrouds showed the half distinct outline of human figures hushed in death. Adrian himself, impressed by the sadness and sanctity of the place, and the touching sight of that solitary and unselfish watcher of the dead, knelt down and intensely prayed.

As he rose, somewhat relieved from the burthen at his heart, the nun rose, and started to perceive him.

"Unhappy man!" said she, in a voice which, low, faint and solemn, sounded as a ghost's—"what fatality brings thee hither! Seest thou not thou art in the presence of clay which the Plague hath touched—thou breathest the air which destroys! Hence! and seek throughout all the desolation for one spot where the Dark Visitor hath not come!"

"Holy maiden," answered Adrian, "the danger you hazard does not appal me;—I seek one whose life is dearer to me than my own."

"Thou need'st say no more to tell me that thou art newly come to Florence! Here son forsakes his father, and mother deserts her child. When life is most hopeless, the worms of a day cling to it as if it were the salvation of immortality! But for me alone, death has no horror. Long severed from the world, I have seen my sisterhood perish—the house of God desecrated—its altar overthrown, and I care not to survive the last whom the Pestilence leaves at once unperjured and alive."

The nun paused a few moments, and then, looking earnestly at the heathen countenance and unbroken frame of Adrian, sighed heavily—"Stranger, why fly you not?" she said. "Thou might'st as well search the crowded vaults and rotten corruption of the dead, as search the city for the living."

"Sister, and bride of the blessed Redeemer!" returned the Roman, clasping his hands—"one word, I implore thee. Thou art, methinks, of the sisterhood of von dismantled convent;—tell me, knowest thou if Irene di Gabrini, *—guest of the late Abbess, sister of the fallen Tribune of Rome,—be yet amongst the living?"

"Art thou her brother, then?" said the nun. "Art thou that fallen Son of the Morning?"

"I am her betrothed," replied Adrian, sadly. "Speak!"

"Oh, flesh! flesh! how art thou victor to the last, even amidst the triumphs and in the lazar-house of Corruption!" said the nun. "Vain man! think not of such carnal ties; make thy peace with Heaven, for thy days are surely numbered!"

"Woman!" cried Adrian, impatiently—"talk not

* The family name of Rienzi was Gabrini.

to me of myself, nor rail against ties whose holiness thou canst not know. I ask thee again, as thou thyself hopest for mercy and pardon—is Irene living?"

The nun was awed by the energy of the young lover, and after a moment, which seemed to him an age of agonized suspense, she replied—

"The maiden thou speakest of died not with the general death. In the dispersion of the few remaining, she left the convent—I know not whither; but she had friends in Florence—their names I cannot tell thee."

"Now, bless thee, holy sister! bless thee! How long since she left the convent?"

"Four days have passed since the robber and the harlot have seized the house of Santa Maria," replied the nun, groaning; and there were quick successors to the sisterhood."

"Four days!—and thou canst give me no clew?"

"None—yet stay, young man!—and the nun, approaching, lowered her voice to a hissing whisper—"Ask the *Becchini*."

Adrian started aside, crossed himself hastily, and quitted the convent without answer. He returned to his horse, and rode back into the silenced heart of the city. Tavern and hotel there were no more; but the palaces of the dead were held in common by the living. He entered one—a spacious and princely mansion. In the stables he found forage still in the manger; but the horses, at that time in the Italian cities a proof of rank as well as of wealth, were gone with the hands that fed them. The high-born knight assumed the office of groom, took off the heavy harness, fastened his steed to the rack, and as the wearied animal, unconscious of the surrounding horrors, fell eagerly on its meal, its young lord turned away, and muttered, "Faithful servant, and sole companion? may the pestilence that spareth neither beast nor man, spare thee! and mayest thou bear me hence with a lighter heart!"

THE STAR OVER THE WATER.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

See that glorious star on high,
Shining o'er the tranquil main;
Which appears a second sky,
Where that star may live again.
Mark it in calm purity
Mirror'd in the glassy sea.
Now behold the evening breeze
O'er the quiet waters sweep;
That bright image in the seas,
Trembles with the trembling deep;
But departs not, for the star
Still is shining from afar.
So the Christian's Heaven appears,
Mirror'd in Life's placid sea;
So it shines through happy years,
In its pure serenity.
For undying hope must be
Shadowed from reality.
But if tempests should arise,
With the storm that hope may shake,
Though reflected from the skies,
It can never quite forsake;
And will still, while surges roll,
Tremble, and yet light the soul!

Knickerbocker.

* According to the usual customs of Florence, the dead were borne to their resting place on biers, supported by citizens of equal rank; but a new trade was created by the plague, and the lowest dregs of the populace, bribed by immense payment, discharged the office of transporting the remains of the victims.—These were called *Becchini*.

We translate the following very interesting sketch from the French, as we find it related in a French newspaper. We do not remember having seen it before in an English dress:—

PROMOTION WITHOUT INTRIGUE.

M. Menneval, under the Consulship of Napoleon, was employed in the office of the *Journal de Paris*, a Parisian newspaper, of which M. Røderer was one of the proprietors: from this humble situation, by mere accident, he was elevated to one in which he enjoyed the most intimate confidence of the Emperor.

Menneval was a grandson of Palissot, and had obtained a good education; he was courteous and modest, and so timid that he always felt as if he required the assistance of some one to enable him to retain the friendship and esteem of those he served. His office in the *Journal de Paris* was of small importance and gained him but little remuneration. His business was to prepare items of local news, to record suicides and fires and paragraph broken legs; and writing a fine hand, he was employed in his leisure hours, in directing newspaper packages for the mail.

Louis Bonaparte having been appointed Colonel of the Fifth Regiment of Dragoons, and being in want of a Secretary, one day asked M. Røderer to transfer to him M. Menneval. The request was complied with, and the young man passed several months at the Military School, in transcribing the orders of the day, and in conducting the Colonel's correspondence. About this time Joseph Bonaparte had collected together at Mortfontaine, a large quantity of books, of which he was desirous of forming a library; and meeting one day his brother Louis, he asked him if he knew a young man capable of classifying the books and making a catalogue. Louis mentioned his Secretary, and without further inquiry, and even without knowing his name, Joseph sent M. Menneval to Mortfontaine.

During a fortnight M. Menneval laboured assiduously, but he soon found himself sadly embarrassed. Having no longer his situation in the *Journal de Paris*, he was no longer in the receipt of its trifling emoluments, and Joseph had dreamed of every thing else but fixing the salary of his young Librarian. He came to his *château*, on one occasion, and appeared greatly pleased with the progress of the work, but Menneval, although without the means of sustaining himself, wanted the assurance to speak of his poverty. He first borrowed some money from the Journal, and finally taking courage, he dared to write to Joseph to ask him to fix his compensation. Joseph was anxious to atone for his forgetfulness, and M. Menneval was promptly constituted his Secretary and Librarian, with a salary of 3000 francs per annum. Menneval might have remained there all his life; but he was called to a higher destiny.

One day, the First Consul, in speaking with Joseph, expressed a desire to procure a young man, of competent talents and industrious habits, to assist M. Bourienne, who was overloaded with care and business.

"Can you give me any one?" said he to Joseph.

"I do not know: I have at Mortfontaine a young man that I have employed to arrange my library—I have seen him but little, but he appears to possess considerable intelligence. He is very mild, very modest, and writes a beautiful hand."

"What is his name?"

"I have known his name, for he has written to me, but I have altogether forgotten it."

"No matter—he must be sent for."

An officer of the Guards was called; he received orders to take a carriage, go to Mortfontaine, and find a gentleman whose name was not mentioned, but who was pointed out as being employed as Librarian at the *château*. The officer thought that he was

charged with an arrest; he took an escort, proceeded to Mortfontaine, and carried off Menneval, without giving him time to breathe. Without making a word of explanation, he watched him with great care, as a prisoner of state. On returning to Malmaison, the officer rendered an account of his mission. He was told to take the gentleman, and put him in M. Bourienne's office, in which he had scarcely entered before he was put to work. He had not yet breakfasted, when he was taken from his library, and when the dinner hour arrived, no one thought of him. He continued at his work, however, and when almost ready to faint and fall down, for want of sustenance, M. Bourienne perceived the change in his appearance, and asked him if he was not sick.

"No, Sir," replied he, "but I am very hungry."

"How—very hungry?"

"Yes, sir, I had not breakfasted this morning, when I was brought here, and I have not dined."

"And why did you not say so?"

"I could not be so bold."

M. Bourienne hastened to give his young assistant that of which he had need, and afterwards to render an account of what had passed to the First Consul. His modesty and simplicity greatly pleased Bonaparte, who in a short time perceived that M. Menneval possessed many excellent qualities, which only required to be developed to be rendered extensively useful. Bonaparte became more and more attached to him, and when he was compelled to dismiss M. Bourienne from office, M. Menneval was installed as his successor.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
LACONICS—No. VII.

The man who stands listening even to a barrel organ, because it repeats "the tones he loved from the lips of his music;" or who follows a common ballad singer, because her song is familiar in its sweetness, or linked with touching words, or hallowed by some other dearest voice: surely that man has a thousand times more "soul for music" than he who raves about execution, chromatic runs, semitones, &c.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

Either say nothing of the absent, or speak like a friend.

He that would be well spoken of himself, must not speak ill of others.

A wise man doth that at first, which a fool must do at last.

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

A wise man will not tell such a truth as every one will take for a lie.

Improve by other men's errors, rather than find fault with them.

Trouble not yourself about news, it will soon grow stale and you will hear it.

Forget not in all your plans and operations that there are two worlds.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.

Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyment, not in our own sense of them.

The enjoyment of high minds is only to be found in the unbounded vehemence and strong tumult of the feelings; and all gentler emotions are tame and feeble, and unworthy to move the soul that can have the agency of the greater passions.

Original. THE JUDGMENT.

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord.
Epistle to the Romans chap. xii. verse 19.

There runs a popular saying that "murder will out;" an old, yet not a true one, though honoured with all devout acceptance. In most cases it may be that the guilty person is brought to a reckoning even here: nature animate and inanimate may combine to betray him; he may have borne on his shirt the stain of blood unsuspected and unsuspected,—and after the lapse of years, and when all his apprehensions are lulled, the merest trifle may, contrary to all human probability, lead to his detection: yet though the divine denunciation "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," be in the main, specially and signally verified—there are still many instances of the foulest and most unnatural taking away of human life, forever concealed and undreamed of—or, if surmised, not liable to, or undisturbed by cognizance. Such a criminal like Orestes, pursued by the avenging Furies, is left to a punishment far beyond any appointed by the law; he is given over—not to the ministry of the hangman, but to that of the scourger, conscience, and bears about within him, a sentence of eternal condemnation, which shames the worst sentence of mere mortal justice. Prometheus chained to the rock, with the eagle preying upon his liver, is but a faint type of such a wretch's sufferings.

"Him do the vulture passions tear—
The furies of the mind."

remorse, despair, "fear, frantic fear," the dread of discovery, the constant anxiety of suspense, the inward convulsion—the outward and apparently inexplicable agony—these are a portion and but a small portion of the tortures racking him. He sees the "damned spot" incarnadine his hand,—and in vain cries "out! out!"

"Not all the waters of great Neptune's ocean,
Shall wash it clean again."

He sees the spectre of his victim forever beside, and glaring piteously on him; he hears the life-stream of his crime has spilt, cry aloud from the ground against him, and its scent seems still fresh in his nostrils.

"So writeth the mind remorse has riv'n,
Unfit for earth—undoomed for Heav'n,
Darkness above—despair beneath,
Around it flame—within it death:
So do the dark indeed expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire."

And truly there is no imagery strong enough (not even that of these lines) to paint the state of one thus living, as it were, his own executioner.

There are other murderers suspected, yet not brought to trial; they live shunned without being openly accused or convicted, and are condemned, if not by a legal tribunal, by the verdict of public opinion; but seldom or never now-a-days, have we proof of the direct inference of Providence, in default of the award of earthly justice. A remarkable case of this latter kind was once related in my hearing, as having happened many years since, in a part of the Virginia Allgany, which shall be nameless. Merely premise that it was among the peculiar people promiscuously called the "Dutch," and the "Scotch Irish," who form so large and so worthy a portion of our mountain population, that God himself was said, and firmly believed, to have visibly visited the violator of the sixth commandment, and the inheritor of "the primal curse."

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me," without vouching for its authenticity: the narrator was a grey-headed German, of venerable and most prepossessing appearance, who affirmed himself an eye-witness of the retributive catastrophe, herein set down!

Near a small village, or, more properly, hamlet, consisting of a dozen frame and log-houses, a black-smith's shop—no tavern, for every cabin by the road-side professed to be that, and a post-office, now dignified on the list of mail-routes, with a most euphonious and high-sounding appellation, there lived, as far back as the revolutionary time, Adrian Godefroy and his wife Wilhelmina, a plain,

elderly couple, "well to pass in the world," according to their humble acknowledgment, and with two children, both boys. For many years had this family lived in peace, plenty and content, such as the Israelites enjoyed when sitting every man under his own vine and fig-tree, amid the blessings of the promised land. They owned a prime tract of two hundred acres, in the highest state of cultivation, besides conducting a dairy, famous even in that region of Goshen, for its product, both cheese and butter, which was carried a distance of near three hundred miles to the Lowland markets, the farmer himself (though reputed to be worth from twenty to thirty thousand dollars) driving his huge "Augusta waggon" (as all vehicles of the kind from an upland county were indiscriminately called) drawn by a team of six powerful bay horses, the harness hung with numerous bells, whose pleasant ginsling, sent a clear sonorous sound on "the liberal air." In this, as well as all occupations of husbandry, he was efficiently assisted by his eldest son, William, a fine youth of twenty, with the frame and bearing of an adolescent Hercules, who could do the best day's work of any man in the settlement, rode like an Arab, outdid Nimrod in hunting (an unusual pastime, by the way, for one of his descent) and in short, ranked among the Dutch—then and there considered almost a distinct nation—as the chief and champion of their sturdy lads. Many and many a time had he and his father, proud of "this boy" as ever the Duke of Ormond was of his matchless Ossory, journeyed down to Richmond with their loads of flour, &c. camping out and at the end of each slow day's travel, cooking their savoury meal of fried bacon and eggs, or broiled venison, ham, and immense cakes of corn meal baked in the ashes, nicely washed and relished with butter prepared for their own special use, the like whereof their best and highest customers never had the hap to taste,—and then sitting up all night summoning up their prospective gains—telling ghost, and other superstitious stories, and catching what snatches of sleep they could beside the enormous fire, fed with knots of light-wood whose red glow, chequering over in long gleams the woods and wastes, might be seen as far as that said to be kindled by the goblin-demon of the Hartz in their Fatherland. If the nights proved wet or tempestuous, they snugly adjusted themselves in the arms of Morpheus, under the Osnaburgs covering of their moveable tabernacle, while the huge dogs a cross of the greyhound and mastiff, such as are used in Germany for chasing the wild-boar, with ears erect and eyes as keen and vigilant as those of Argus, kept watch and ward over the lives and property of their masters, so profoundly enjoying "the honey-cue of heavy slumber." It is not surprising, therefore, that William, the companion of all his toils and way-faring, should be cherished by the old man as the apple of his eye; and exultingly would he walk about the streets of the metropolis, followed by the comely young mountaineer, whose gigantic yet perfect proportions and hardihood of mien, reminded one of a barbarian-gladator, fresh from his Dacian forests, and exhibiting himself to the eyes and admiration of "eternal Rome."

While the hale and happy sire thus companioned with his first-born, Wilhelmina, the neat and indefatigable Wilhelmina was left, if not with her favourite child, for the two were co-equal in her love—with the fondling of her tenderest care, to help her in tendance of the cattle and other household concerns; in which they had the further services of a bouncing Dutch damsel—Dutch that is in looks and language, though Virginian-born, who could hunt up the cows, rub down the horses, plough, reap, wield the hoe and axe, and do all the out-of-doors drudgery, held among us Americans as only befitting a strong labourer. In their manifold offices, agricultural, domestic and lactary, our good dame, and the patient and trusty Ulrica, derived but little furtherance from Mynheer Dominic, as he was often in mockery dubbed. From his birth, this had been an ailing child, who grew up slightly deformed, and offering in person the most complete contrast to his athletic brother; it was a dwarf beside a giant—a pigmy G. Oliver, predominating in intellect over the Bredlinging, whose stature so towered above his: for the same disparity existed in point of mental gifts. William was honest and open as the day—a little slow in his conceptions, and when once impressed with an idea clinging to it with obstinacy as invincible as his

strength; the penetration of the ether pierced with the quickness and subtlety of lightning,—and the searching superiority of his intelligence, often operated on the stolidity of his boors among whom he was born and bred, with such force and effect, as a flash of the electric fluid, riving and rendering the gnarled and rugged oaks of his native woods. So strangely were the elements of good and evil mingled in Dominic's character, so wayward was his temper and so wild his ways, that none could tell whether the ultimate tendency of such a nature would be to good or to evil. In sooth he was a rare incarnation of genius—a creature full of all impulses, and lofty aspirations, alien from his state and seeming,—shrewd, poetical, and passionate in his temperament, drinking in draughts of inspiration from the out-pourings of the picturesque and the sublime, amid which he had been cradled and nurtured,—and like Jacques in the forest of Ardenne, forsaking his fellows to love himself in deep and ceaseless meditation "under the melancholy shade of creeping boughs." Had he been permitted like that querulous moralist, to follow the bent of his solitary humour and surrender himself up to the worship of nature in her scenes of mountain-majesty, where admitted as it were, into the presence-chamber, irradiated by the grandeur and glory of the unshrined goddess, her soothing influences wooed him into dreams Elysian,—his fate had probably been a far different one,—and this sketch never penned. But full of a sensibility early agonized by a strong perception of his bodily blemish, and often goaded into madness, by the taunts of those around him, even the little society, that he mixed in, of a sort most uncongenial with his taste, produced pernicious effects on a mind so moody and diseased because of feeling itself out of its own place. Oppressed with yearnings, intense, yet undefined and wandering, which betokened his fitness and eagerness for a higher sphere—a sphere dawning in dim visions, like the sense of a new existence, on its increasing capacities, that mind became like a fine instrument, once capable under a skilful touch, of "discussing most excellent music,"—but now all unstrung and out of tune, from which, instead of its native notes, alternately sublime and soft, and breathing of the sweet South—rude hands struck out only a medley of fierce and most horrible discords. Much of this dissonance of strain arose from the invidious measures which marked a master-spirit in the attempt to coerce it into a mode of life contrary to its natural bias and impatience of control.

From the earliest dawn of reason, the boy had been observed to pore over every piece of old newspaper, or stray leaf of a book, which,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between,"

sometimes fell in his way. He had been taught to read by a traveller—(none of his own family possessing this superfluous piece of knowledge,) who, detained by illness several weeks, where he stopped only for a night's lodging, (in common with the Dutch practice beyond the Ridge, Godefroy afforded entertainment to man and beast,) was struck by the child's studious turn, which had already led the mother—a woman of uncommon understanding—to predict great things of him. But the father, who, deeming it of no consequence how a puny and peevish brat amused himself, had, at first, humoured the tiny scholar by bringing him, now and then, the present of a "picture-book" from Richmond, began, at length to see the necessity of discouraging this passion for learning, by far means or foul. For in vain, as Dominic gained years and strength, did the old man strive to make him perform his share of the plantation-work. The excuses of a weakly constitution, stunted growth—increased of spinal distortion—and a hundred others similar, so plausibly alleged by one parent—and grumblingly admitted by the other—would do no longer. Dominic, though short of stature, with his head deep-set between his shoulders, as if without the intervention of a neck—and his back warped into a decided hump, grew up broad built and brawny, and of a make, which muscular and disproportioned as that of the Black Dwarf, promised some degree, if not an equal measure, of the same strength. Yet though now full able for the jobs appointed as his task, it was too late to break him in the yoke: for the youngster, in attaining size along with his teens, had, by no means, undergone a correspondent improvement in his active habits. He had been indulged or undisturbed in those sedentary and studious propensities, by far the best and largest part of his

nature till thoroughly wedded to them, and determined to debase himself to nothing else. His days and nights had been spent in conning over the volumes few indeed, but precious beyond so many ingots of pure gold, which he had managed to become possessed of; and when he had enriched his memory, with the contents of his scanty library, which was speedily the case, our perverse student was ready to do any and all things, save to make himself useful. He had the passion for music, distinctive of his ancestral nation: a passion, which competed with that for books, and his performance on the double flageolet, brought forth sounds of such touching and delicious melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," as might have characterised "the heavenly airs" played by the genius "Vision of Mirza." But chiefly in solitude did Dominic Godefroy enjoy himself, and exercise the manings of a mind naturally framed for other and higher destinies than apparently were to be his. His taste led him not to green pastures and smiling landscape inland with the garniture of gardens and the abodes of men, with smooth streams gliding between enamelled banks and the sunny light falling on fields of golden grain. Far different were the haunts of his habitude, the haven of his rest. Amid the quiet and sombre woods, within whose lofty and verdant vistas one feels as if in the aisles of a pillared temple, instinct with the presence of divinity,—beside the frowning steep, the headlong torrent,—or in the deepest recesses of the eternal mountains, darkening on sylvan magnificence, and peopled by fancy, with the shapes "shadowy as the sisters-weird," he hid him down

"And dream'd uncounted hours,

Tho' he was chid for wand'ring; and the wise,
Shook their white aged heads o'er him, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe—
And that the only lesson was a blow,
And then they smote him, and he did not weep,
But cursed them in his heart, and to his haunt,
Returned and wept alone, and dream'd again,
Those visions, which arise without a sleep."

Nor—though in every breath of wind, our visionary heard the whisperings of strange voices—and in every wreath of mountain-mist, recognized, like Ossian's heroes, the dim forms of spirits not "to his bidding bow'd," did his thoughts—the thoughts of a wild and teeming brain—dwell only on the wonders of creation—and the mysterious agencies moulding its elements according to the old country creed,—or on the train of livelier ideas and imagery excited by a stony volume of G. B. S., and the extracts composing such compilations as "Scott's Lessons" and "Enfield's Speaker," which during the absence of the elders of the family, he had bought of a yankee pedlar, at the price of a firkin of prime butter. But in these lonely rambles and hours of intense contemplation, he communed with his own kindling heart—and stirred up a discontented spirit, already repining at his base and bounded lot to wrath and venom in considering and comparing himself with others of his kind. To one of his peculiar organization, both moral and physical, such comparisons were as gall and wormwood—and one of the consequences that envy establishes itself as the master-passion of his soul—envy, like the first murderer's of a brother. William, the likely, the tall, the unconquerable—William, his father's favourite—the admiration of his associates—the boast of the settlement, became the greatest of his sorrows; a source of the bitterest heart-burnings to him, who had begun to arraign nature for her partiality towards an elder brother, in terms as rancorous and revengeful, as those employed by the miscreant Francis Moor, in the tragedy of the "Robbers." These evil emotions once admitted within his breast, there was an end of all peace and virtuous hopes. In the solitude, once Paradise to him, and in a vain struggle

"With demons who impair,

The strength of better thoughts and seek their prey,
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,"

he lost his happiness and himself forever.

Not that Dominic the ambitious Dominic much coveted the commendations of clowns, to whom in the pride of his intellect, he felt himself as far superior as the owl to the earth worm; but he panted for distinction—

applause, to be the centre of a circle—the sun of a system—a liege-lord surrounded by vassal votaries, intent upon the words of wisdom falling from his lips, and worshipping in him

"The power of thought—the magic of the mind."

He felt himself born to greater things—cut out to figure upon a wider stage, and before a nobler audience; and here he was confined to a small spot of earth, cramped, cramped down in ignominious endurance, amid the ignorance and insolence of sordid and stupid louts, claiming him, him the intelligent, the soaring, the learned—him, whose nature kindred to the great and eminent of the earth, spurned such base affinity! as their mate!! He saw that distinction (paltry enough, it was) within his reach—the plaudits of those composing the sole community likely ever to be known to him, awarded—not to the ethereal effluence of the mind busy without him—but to mere brute force—to the strength of the ox, and not to the wisdom of the serpent. He too, was strong—strong, that is for one so mish-pen and "curtailed of man's fair proportions," but then, wretch that he was! he lacked that outward favour which serves as the chasing upon the gold—the polishing and setting of the stone. His figure we have described elsewhere; his features were no less remarkable in expression, than for their irregularity,—and like a dusky and uncouth landscape, suddenly lit up by a streak of light shooting out of a thunder-cloud, illuminated by the strong rays of a pair of eyes, gleaming, at times, with dark and lurid lustre. Such an exterior, coupled with a demeanour too often ungracious, always uncertain, and never condescending to familiarity, and a tongue whose words were sharp as a two-edged sword—stinging as a flight of winged and venomous arrows, was ill calculated to win the popular suffrage, had such been his aim and ambition. The neighbours, most of them shrunk from intercourse as he approached to manhood, with the keen, waspish, and wild looking creature, whose deformity of person, extraordinary abilities, and, above all, his habits of gloomy abstraction and unsocial wandering, made him well nigh viewed among a race, imbued with the hereditary notions of *diablerie*, as devoutly believed as any article of their religious creed—as one in league if not with the powers of darkness and their prince, at least with those of the invisible and unhallowed world. Hence with abundance of deferential deprecation, our misanthrope, as he bid fair to be, experienced little encouraging regard at the hands of any one,—and repaid the avoidance of the common crew with a haughty loathing—a bitter and contemptuous sternness, which still more overawed them.

Even the fond affection of his mother—that mother to whose care he owed so much, and who alone appreciated his pre-eminence of mental endowments—he was but too apt to despise; firstly, by reason of his having been so accustomed to hear her derided for what was termed her excessive fondling of himself—and himself stigmatized, by whoever wished to plague him, as "mammy's baby,"—a reproach sure to rouse his ungovernable temper into fury,—and then because she did not cherish him exclusively, but had room in her heart, for two, of which two, our touching male-content, of course, held himself to be the secondary personage. Besides he had always yearned after the love and notice of his father, the honourable head of the house—a man, and as justice of the peace, the greatest man in the district round about; and that father, his whole soul bound up in the perfections of his elder joy—had no love to spare—no notice to waste on the idle, the unprofitable, the hunch back, more resembling an abortion of some hideous monster, than the offspring of humanity, and the brother of the handsomest lad among them all. Here, however the jealous and wayward boy was wrong in both, such an estimate of his own unsightly aspect, and of the paternal tenderness; for while old Godefroy undoubtedly set more store to William than to all the world besides, he was notwithstanding his default as an obedient and industrious child, both proud and fond in a certain sense of his youngest son. He was proud of the talents, which he saw displayed to the wondering of the gaping rustics, who, many of them, not understanding a word of English—listened nevertheless, as attentively to Dominic's recitation of Mar. Antony's Oration over the dead body of Caesar, the tent scene of Brutus and Cassius, and the like, as to the congenial tongue and theme of Germany; Germany the renowned

seat of learning and mysticism—the region hallowed by the breath of poetry and music—that distant and romantic land the idol of his filial reverence and longings—the land of his father's and his faith, in whose popular love were so beautifully embodied, the many and thrilling legends of that hoary superstition, part and parcel of the speaker's nature. To be sure his information on all these points was neither deep nor extensive; but marvelous for his opportunities, it sufficed to astonish the credulous auditors ranged around, who, while he sometimes deigned thus to declaim before them, during the long winter nights, would sit spell-bound, their blood curdling and flesh creeping at the tales of terror so fluently told. And as they harkened to his "words of learned length and thundering sound."

"Still the wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all he knew."

The very fact was proof direct of supernatural patronage; for how else could one much younger and no better than themselves—the son of old Adrian Godefroy, who did not pretend to know a letter of the alphabet, come by such unaccountable knowledge?

The hearty sire, unaffected by these surmises, and chuckling that such a *prodigy* (in more than one sense of the word,) should be his own flesh and blood, moreover delighted in this son's music: for labourer and waggoner, as he might have written himself, had he not been guiltless of ever putting pen to paper, Adrian was like the rest of "Alma's sons," a devotee—and one of some taste too, to the "concord of sweet sounds." True, he often stormed at, and not unfrequently struck his truuant-chap, for orders non-performed and damage incurred thereby; yet, upon the whole, there was no room to find fault with the general kindness of his feelings towards him,—though Dominic, in the pride of his monopolizing temper chose to deem himself nothing, because less than all in all, and looked askant at his brother, "with envious leer malign" as one, who had robbed him of his just portion of a father's regard. And then there was a lass—a fair-skinned lass, whose blue eyes and profuse tresses of paly gold, would have distinguished her even amid the bright-haired damsels of Saxony; and she, too, loved William, the all-perfect William: so at least suspected and said others besides the disgraced youth, who at eighteen was in love, hopelessly, passionately, fiendishly, even as Faust loved Margaret. He loved,—and yet at times he might be said rather to hate; apart from the object of his desperate devotion, he pined in thought and sickened at heart, as if deprived by her absence of the very element of existence; then he was all intense adoration, all overflowing tenderness, as if it were a trifle to lay down his life to save hers, or her happiness; he felt parched to perishing a thirst for her love, as a sinner that repenteth for the living waters from the fountain of divine grace. And yet in the company he so continually and madly honed after. These softer sensations withered under the display of her indifference,—her obvious preference of another—her utter disregard of him, or notice only by a look or word such as she might have bestowed on some fierce and monstrous dog, with whose fangs she sported without fear of them, till startled by a portentous growl. At moments like these, he could have stabbed her to the heart without relenting, or compunction, and would rush out of her presence, and away to his wild haunts, there to gnash his teeth and howl in impotent fury.

And yet William, the happy, envied William, cared not for Love Laurence, pretty as she certainly was—and much as she evidently cared for him. His simple taste had been corrupted by some of the fine ladies, (the fine ladies, that is, of the suburbs and market house) with whom he had come into casual contact during his visits to "Richmond town." As far, therefore, as he, who was no follower of the fair-ex, thought of sweetheart at all, it was on the absent, and not the near, that his reveries ran; but the "old folks," who held matrimony to be the sheet-anchor of respectability and success in life, fancied it high time for him to take a wife, (the worthy couple, ad, themselves, been joined ere so old,) and constantly urged him to that effect. Love, the blooming, modest, maiden, Love, so clearly committed by her artless, yet inadvertent demonstrations in favour of the youth she had played with and liked from childhood upward—was the very person, whom the parents, unsuspecting of the

inclination of their youngest son, and incapable of comprehending such a passion, even had they been aware of its existence, especially recommended—and that not without double authority, to the wooing and wedding of the eldest. There were substantial reasons for this selection. Old Clement Laurence, an Englishman by birth, and a recluse by habit, was reckoned the wealthiest of the neighbouring farmers—and had but one child besides this, a daughter married and gone to the far west: so that the innocent agile Love, with eyes as fair as those of Hope—a cheek downy and glowing as the velvet and vermillion peach, and in disposition, looks, and ways, the very moral of a rural lass, such as Shakespeare's charming song, the pastoral *par excellence*,

"Come, live with me and be my love,"

must have been addressed to—might be, and was considered sole heiress.

Still in spite of such personal attractions, and the extrinsic, and to the self-seeking Dutch, more magnetic bait of her worldly expectations, backed by that strongest recommendation in behalf of woman to vain man, the assurance that she looks upon him with a lover's eye, and with all sorts of opportunities afforded him for pleading his suit, William, his head full of hunting, wrestling matches, and city *belles*, continued refractory; all the effect produced by time, place, and persuasion, was that out of habitual obedience to the parental mandate, he went rather offener to see this flower of country-girls. Meanwhile his brother, like one of the Gnomes represented in his own national fables, as keeping guard over the virgin treasure in the bosom of the earth, seemed resolved that if he could not succeed with the fair mountain-maid, no one else should be the better for her charms. William, though nothing could be more void of object than his visits there, found himself invariably dogged and forestalled at Laurence's cabin by his pertinacious junior, who watched every look and motion, glaring on him like a demon out of those keen and restless optics of his, and hung upon their steps at home and abroad, with the instinct and perseverance of a blood-hound. On these occasions, he would open the battery of his caustic humour on this involuntary rival, and completely overwhelm him with the force and fecundity of his sarcastic vein—even though by so doing he provoked farther manifestations of that partiality, the mere belief in which, eat into his soul like fire. William so belittled and overborne before the rustic beauty whom, as yet, he neither desired nor disdained, but simply wished well to as an old acquaintance, and play-mate, soon began, notwithstanding the zealous way in which Love espoused his cause, to disrelish the company in which he was always subjected to indignity; and though the best natured person in the world, his ire could not fail to kindle at the torrent of invective and ridicule, which Dominic poured out in malicious exultation against him, whose wishes and designs were of a sort so little deserving such revenge. The railer indulged himself with impunity, since nothing could tempt our village Alcides to strike or hurt one so insignificant and unable to contend with himself; for he as well as most others was ignorant of the iron strength seated in those long, brawny arms, which gripped with the tenacity and effect of a bear. Neither was it in the nature of the generous giant long to bear ill will against the brother, whose grievous deformity excited much acerbity of temper,—or to mistrust where bound by such close ties of blood.

One evening, the brothers after a longer space than usual, met in the room in family use at old Laurence's, which, bright with shelves of delf and pewter ware, and rendered comfortable by a good fire and the perfect neatness prevailing throughout, was, at once, (except upon high-day occasions, when their best apartment was opened) parlour and kitchen. William had just returned from Richmond, and at his mother's instigation—indeed according to credible authority, she furnished the purchase-money in the shape of an extra-pot of first rate butter—and some flax-thread, which she was famous for spinning fine,—he brought his early friend, whom they all were so anxious to see converted into a closer relation, a set of pink ribbons, some strands of showy beads, and a horn hair-comb of immense size, and the highest polish, and as precious in the eyes of a primitive upland girl, as a carved coronet of tortoise shell, price fifty dollars, to the *élégante* of a city. As with the bashful complaisance of a coun-

try-bred youth, half awkward, half consequential, he produced his offerings, Love transported out of herself at such a mark of interest from one, hitherto so careless—and whom, both her own father and old Mrs. Godefrey, with a view to keep off other fancies and flatterers, assured her was soon to be her husband, sprang up, oversteering her flax-hemp in the hurry, threw her arms about the donor's neck, and kissed him, as she might have done her own brother, by way of thanks. Surprized, as most youths would have been into a momentary glow, by the suddenness and vivacity of the action, the person so frankly dealt by, returned the caress with redoubled energy, and compound interest, both, in the ardour and confusion of the moment (for, upon the first glimpse of recollection, Love was deeply, painfully confused,) being entirely forgetful that there was a witness to their fond interlude; which witness, pretending to be occupied in one corner of the room, with the huge tome—a tattered volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica—constituting old Laurence the man of letters in these parts, eyed the couple from over his ponderous screen, as did Saran, our original parents in their paradisaical state of love and innocence. As Dominic, his eye-balls seared by the sight, beheld the transient but close embrace—the fair form he so coveted and so despised of pressed in the arms of that brother, already cursed as his evil genius—the mouth rich with the hue and perfume of roses, first touching his cheek and then profaned by his eager kisses—he uttered a yell of mingled rage and agony so piercing and unearthly that, it was heard, as averred, full a mile off,—and according to William's after report, could be compared only to that most singular and appalling of sounds, bursting forth from "Steeds that shriek in agony."

He made one step towards the startled pair—then abruptly turned and fled; nor was he visible to mortal eye for several days thereafter.

Those he threw into such a tremour of consternation, by his wild cry and phrensied retreat, continued some time together; she, confounded by her drawing a happy augury from this hasty betrayal of her secret—and the gallant, beginning to feel somewhat impressed in favour of the fair one so openly and *naïvely* throwing herself upon his mercy. For as Shakespeare makes his favourite Henry V. talk of witchcraft in the lips of the French princess, our young Dutchman (we are aware that this national term is a solecism—but use it as a *local* and generally received phrase) found something similar in those which had just been indulged in saluting. Yet though he was not so far gone in love as to overstay his ordinary time,—still as he wended his way home (a distance of two miles) through the darkening twilight, he found the Laurence heiress much oftener in his head than had ever been the case before. On he went through the deep and loney woods, his fancy lingering over a half-formed vision of the pretty Love, in the high-crowned bronze cap of matronage, seated by his side in her father's snug homestead, and on the endearing position, just enacted by her. Suddenly his spirits, which owing to the pleasant stimulus of the past scene, in addition to their usual state of animal exhilaration, were uncommonly high fluttered and fell like a bird from its utmost pitch of flight prone down to earth; a slight shudder ran through his paralyzed frame;

"Along his bones the creeping flesh did quake—
His damp hair stiffened."

With fright and horror, as something, he knew not, saw not, that seemed to glide grim and ghastly across his path. "All formless but divine," indistinct as awful it passed before him; and at the same instant, a low wild wail, sadder and more musical than the voice of the winged winds, floated slowly along the twilight air, and re-echoing from wood to glen, from glen to rock and cavern, in solemn murmurs died away. William, who, without a fancy excitable enough, to originate such phantasies, was yet a devout believer in the superstitious so rife around him, stood mute and motionless for many minutes after the apparition, real or imaginary, had resolved itself into the thin element of which it was made, and that long mournful shriek, the symphony of its transit, was hushed into the stillness of death. The trance of terror, binding limbs and faculties slowly subsided; the phantom struck, fetching his breath short and quick, his stout breast shaken and reason almost waning, ventured

one glance around the now silent and solitary scene. It fell only on the grotesque boughs and shadows of the huge trees, waving wise and dim, and susceptible in that pale light, and at a moment so appalling of every dubious interpretation; so our visionary, gaining no courage from the hurried sweep of his vision, and his feet no longer glued to the ground, serving him well, fled as if by hate pursued, without pause or backward look, till he hailed the cheering lights of home, and found himself fairly housed. Mynheer and the good dame, who were cozily seated in either chimney-corner, the one dozing with pipe in mouth—the other knitting as if for a wager, were roused into astonishment—indeed alarm, at the paleness of their son's countenance, and the velocity of his breathless advance, but when apprized of the portentous cause they no longer wondered at, but partiedly at—indeed out-did paroxysm. Adrian, with many a hearty high Dutch observation, to clench it withal, repeated a short Latin prayer, stolen by the Lutherans from the Catholic ritual, and deemed a sovereign spell against ghostly intruders,—while his worthy Wilhelmina, sage indeed, yet not above the bewildering fears proper to the times and her own peculiar lineage, piously raised her hands and eyes, blessed and bewailed herself in the same breath,—and, with many a sigh and shake of the head, wished that some evil might not be brewing; for, oh! dire bodement, the hen had that very morning laid an egg in William's bed. However, when the panic had a little abated, and he came to make known after a course of entreating, which would have done credit to one of Lord Brougham's cross examinations, the state of matters between himself and the fair—and what was still better, rich daughter of old Clem Laurence, all ill presages and impressions vanished at such bright prospects like mist before the morning sun; and the two conversed long and cheerily upon that, and various subjects connected with it, and naturally diverging into the labyrinth of plantation concerns and neighborhood news. The absence and disordered state of Dominic, hardly gave rise to a single comment, so used were they all to his uncertain comings and goings, and irregular ways. At the usual hour, the family retired to rest.

But the slumbers of the ancient couple, who generally nored in concert were now strangely perturbed. Old Godefrey moaned and gibbered in his sleep, as if oppressed by dismal phantoms, or a fit of the nightmare; and three several times, an ominous number! did his wife awake with a panic start, her heart beating, and limbs trembling under the idea that she gazed upon some dreadful sight, the nature whereof she could neither comprehend nor define. The last time she was thus stirred and after having put up a prayer and turned heavily over, was trying to compose herself again to rest, a deep, hollow, prolonged sound like the swell of a rising or sinking storm seemed to sweep over and around, and through the house, as if some spirit, with wild funeral dirge, came rushing and shrieking on the wings of the wind. At the same moment, the cuckoo-clock in the kitchen struck one! The single chime struck upon her heart like a death-knell. Again that long, doleful, deepening murmur came howling and raging, by shaking every door and window, as if a whirlwind hurled on the midnight air. As the wild wail rose shrill and sad, then sunk into low, sullen sounds like the sobs of despair, the old woman muttering to herself: "The good God be merciful to us sinners! how awful it blows to night," got out of bed with many a groan and shiver, and going to the little casement that enlightened their sleeping shed, unbuttoned the wooden shutters, and looked out upon the lonely scene. There was no sign of storm or seath abroad; not a leaf quivered, or shadow stirred: the stars shone calm and bright in the blue depths of the high heavens, and the night and all nature slept serene, as at the first day in Eden, ere the elemental fury was let loose to desolate our world. Marvelling at such strange contradictory stillness, and whence came that wild, unearthly sound still ringing in her ears, the harassed Wilhelmina, her mind musing in her that all was not right—but that some evil chance impended over the family or the neighborhood, returned to her husband's side, whom, under the influence of such dreary and excited feelings, she endeavoured, though to no purpose, to rouse; and after a long interval of restless and melancholy musing, haunted by vague and nervous apprehensions, she at length fell a deep, and continued undisturbed during the rest of the night.

Morning came—and with it a wail like that which went forth over Egypt, when the first born perished. Azrael, the angel of death, had been abroad in the night of his destruction, and smitten down the prop of an humble and honest house. Our farmer whose repose had been gravely disquieted by a dream purporting that he saw the roof-tree of his dwelling felled by a single blow—and that Dominic's was the hand that held and aimed the axe, was, nevertheless up and about, and, in some sort, rid by motion of his troublesome fancies—his tidy putner, again herself, brushing hither and thither, getting the breakfast—and Ulrica's house-hold matter in full activity; yet of the farm-work, all that it was William's province to attend to, remained undone, and he himself missing. How came he, who was always stirring with the dawn, thus unaccountably a sluggard? That he was not risen and gone out, ought to have been evident to them from his hat and coat yet lying on the table, where he had hastily thrown them the previous night after the heat of his homeward race. Still they chose to believe—so incredible seemed the contrary supposition—that he was employing himself about some job or other at a remote part of the farm; and again and again did the impatient Adrian, deeming that he heard his merry whistle, or caught a distant glimpse of his comely form, ejaculate, "Thanks to God! here comes my boy at last! and now, Wilhelmina, let's have up the breakfast." But several such disappointments destroyed this idea of his absence; and the mother, hoping it just possible that the loiterer had overslept himself, went up to ascertain. Minutes, that appeared hours elapsed, and she came not down: so Adrian after reiterating her name half a dozen times, accompanied by sundry sonorous oaths (for he was hasty and tough of speech) followed into the off, where—for the more spacious accommodations were reserved for strangers—stood the joint bed of the brothers, swelling with feathers, heaped up with quilts and comforters, and spread with sheets white as the driven snow. The door was shut and something heavy lay against it impeding entrance: old Godefrey drove it open, with a stroke of his foot, all the while loudly invoking Wilhelmina, and pushing his way into the narrow chamber, sunbling at the threshold over her senseless body; apparently she had fainted away across the foot of the bed, and thence sunk down on the floor, thus breaking the noise of her fall. There was, however, no need of questions, had there been any to answer them. The cause of that swoon lay before the father, in another lifeless figure stretched out in that last, long sleep, whence there is no awaking at least in this world. It was William!—his son—his first-born! it was William, still cold, gone forever!—His blood-shot eyes were open and protruding out of their sockets—his face not much convulsed, but black with the blood forced upward by a strong struggle, and now settled there—his hands clenched, and arms thrown out, as if he had died hard. The old man uttered no groan, no exclamation, not a word, as his glance fell on the blasting object; he staggered to the antique and iron-bound chest, that served the purpose of a seat, and there sat himself down, his look still fixed on that dead body, as though the sight had hardened him to stone. His wife was left on the floor unscourred—assistance uncalled; and yet he continued to gaze and gaze

"In helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart."

The mother, so overcome by the sudden sense of her loss, began to evince some signs of life; her husband neither noticed nor stirred to her aid; what did it now import to him, who lived, or who died since the best half of his heart—the dearest of God's creatures—the hope and mainstay of his age, lay there insensible as the clod of the valley—cut off in the first flush of youth? Ulrica, however, wondering that none of them reappeared below—and judging that something must be the matter, came unsummoned, and directed her immediate efforts to the recovery of her wretched mistress. We attempt not to describe the tremendous burst of grief, which succeeded this first deadly shock, but proceed to the steps taken in consequence of an event so cruel and unexpected.

Old Laurence, one of the nearest neighbors, and also a special friend, the faithful domestic forthwith sent for. He came, and with him several other respectable householders, for the news of William Godefrey's sudden demise, soon spread far and wide. At this delicate and melancholy crisis, it fell upon Clement to assume the di-

rection of affairs, as it was in vain to apply to the stricken sire: he sat beside the corpse, holding one of the clay-cold hands in his, and gazing piteously on the distorted face; and in reply to all queries of condolences, could only shake his head with an expression of such abject, ineffable woe as would have moved a heart of stone. This perfect quietude of grief, this humility of heart-broken despair, was the more remarkable since our Dutch patriarch was naturally a man of quick passions, partaking much in the fierce temper so fatal in his youngest offspring. But it seemed that the death stroke dealt to his darling boy, had crushed every energy, physical and mental, and left him too weak and weary even for tears. In one thing, however, he showed himself resolute to resistance: this was not to be severed from these precious remains, which still seemed to him a son, even while they were dressing them in the grave-clothes; and the coroner was compelled to make the examination, deemed necessary in consequence of the inexplicable death and posthumous appearances, in Adrian's presence. He seemed, however, but little moved by it: his grief being too profound, too absorbing to admit of aggravation, even from seeing that admirable frame, so lately enclosing the best and bravest of spirits, handled and turned over by curious strangers—subjected to the cold, judicial inspection and comments of a jury of inquest. Besides the marks already mentioned, and which were as well attributable to a convulsive fit as to violence, there was one less equivocal,—a livid circle around the neck such as would be produced by a cord tightly drawn, and cutting deep into the flesh. One other token seemed to hint at strangulation, which was a lock of hair gripped so strongly that it was found impossible to unclench the fingers from their spasmodic hold without breaking them. From the colour and texture of that hair, its rich shade of auburn, its curling and silky softness, it was no breach of charity to suppose it plucked from the head of one, too near in blood to be so much, as thought of on the present unnatural occasion; but though little was then said about it, and that little indirectly—brows darkened, mysterious looks and gestures implying more than words, were freely exchanged—and suspicion thus fixed in a quarter whence it was never to be removed! The father, though present fortunately took no note of this, or any other horrid circumstance; and the inquest over, he was left again, though not alone, with the dead. The verdict rendered was "Death from some cause unknown."

On the third day, the funeral took place: a matter very different in a remote and lonely vicinity, from what it becomes in town, where the frequency of the occurrence, necessarily deadens the effect (except in the loss of a very dear friend) of all its impressive and monitory circumstances. In a rustic community, where there is little to occupy the minds of men, and but few mutations diversifying the quiet tenor of existence, every trifle, whether an incident of feasting, feud, or mourning—a birth, a marriage, or the final departure of a fellow being, becomes matter of interest to the merest acquaintance. Death, whose doings are mostly unnoted in crowded cities, here seizes on all the sympathies of our nature, and from the chief sufferings to the humblest human breast, is linked the electric chain of that shock, which mortality must feel whenever it is brought seriously to contemplate, even in the instance of another, its own inevitable and not far distant end. There is a great deal too in the time and place of an interment; it is one thing when happening amid the throng and stir of men, surrounded by their works and their vanities, the emblems and efforts of their pride and their littleness, where all is made to wear an aspect of pomp and parade, gloomy indeed, but not the less ambitious,—and every accessory of splendor, bustle and etiquette is lavished to throw a false grandeur around the relics of perishable humanity and the closing grave. A pompous burial passes along the streets of a lively city,—the plumed hearse, the pallied and velvet coffin, the mourners with their scarfs and sables, and the long stirring of stately carriages, glow on the eye; the passer-by gazes a moment, as on any other pageant—and then turns away, the memory and mystery of the thing, the melancholy mortal of man going to his long home, making no more impressions on his listless mind than a dull and cold tale. But mark the countryman who comes suddenly upon such a spectacle, even though far more unpretending

in its accompaniments; how long and wistfully he gazes after the funeral array! a strange thrill of fear, feeling, and prophetic sense, making his heart a moment still and he goes on his way, with a subdued step, and a spirit softened by this exemplification of the divine sentence that "dust we are, and unto dust we shall return." In the country which it has been happily said, that God made, the stillness and seclusion of all surrounding objects, lifts the soul into more immediate communion with him, that made it a living spirit; there is room for reflection which comes in aid of nature, and her holy and moralizing influences; and in such "sweet retired solitude" the thoughts of death, and the judgment recur more solemn and familiar, more frequent, yet more awful. Amid the eternal hills, the placid waters, and all the magnificent creations of Almighty power and goodness, destined to last while aught earthly shall endure, the sense of human nothingness, and evanescence is more deeply felt; and when the natural body, that we have lately seen living and moving, and having its being amongst us, is there to be laid in the bosom of our mother-earth, the ceremony, stript as it may be of all its fantastic and vain glorious apparel, excites other and more abiding emotions and meditations, and the most indifferent by stander feels and owns that a funeral in the country is another and far more imposing thing than the same rite performed in a populous and busy place.

Here in a settlement, where instances of mortality were chiefly confined to the aged and infirm, and rare even then,—for among the simple and moral inhabitants of the mountains, longevity was the order of the day, the sudden extinction of life, in one who seemed to hold it by the surest tenure—the removal in the twinkling of an eye, of the comeliest, the healthiest, and strongest of them all created a vast sensation. It was as though a star, the brightest and loftiest of the planetary train, had been stricken from its sphere; and as the plain, black coffin, unornamented by pall or plate, and supported on three silk handkerchiefs passed beneath it, a youth near the age of the deceased, holding each one of the six ends, was borne out of the house which that deceased had mainly upheld, and along the grave-yard path,—there was not a dry eye among the large concourse, assembled to wait upon the obsequies of one, who, though of humble degree had been pre-eminent over his mates. The parents came next; the father, "grey-haired with anguish," and almost forcibly separated from what that coffin contained, moving as if unconscious whither or wherefore he went; the mother, wringing her withered hands, and sobbing with hysterical violence, as she tottered along towards that "narrow house appointed for all living," wherein her poor William was now to be laid. These two were followed by a long procession of both sexes, walking two and two, and as they wound along the dreary way so seldom trodden, save by the solitary cow-herd or hasty laborer, making a near cut, seeming from their deep silence and measured movements, like a train of shadowy spectres gliding through the gloom and sepulchral stillness of a lone and haunted waste.

The few intervening fields were crossed—and the funeral-train reached the spot, where

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet slept;"—

and where the grim grave was prepared for their young and suddenly summoned descendant. A circle was formed around it, and the bearers resting the coffin on its brink, after a few words of solemn admonition from their venerable pastor, to lay the scene to heart, a hymn, of which the following is a strict translation—was sung with much natural harmony and effect, (music in their extreme passion for it making a part, even of the burial service among the Germans.)

Peace to the parted soul—

The soul to judgment gone!

Peace to ye, who linger here!

But soon to follow on!

Ye labor still in darkness drear;

That rest hath found in higher sphere.

Brother! thy warfare's o'er—

Thy race is briefly run;

Death's shadowy bourne thou'st past.

Eternity is won:

And thou hast stood arraign'd alone,
Fore him that fills th' eternal throne.

To him, the way, the truth,

The life, in ransom giv'n

For man, thy cause we trust;

Thro' faith, we enter Heav'n.

Christ saves the soul by sin else lost;

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

A short prayer was then put up—the coffin lowered, and all was over.

While this tragedy was enacting at the paternal residence, where was Dominic? the miserable Dominic—he who had so mislaid and wished ill to his brother, that brother now low in the silent dust. None saw or heard of the absentee for several days after the funeral; but while some opined that he had fled from fear of conviction, and others that some accident must have happened to him in the course of his venturesome rambles, he, all at once reappeared in the desolate dwelling. Adrian, in the apathy, in which senses and feelings seemed alike sunk, neither took heed of his absence or his return; but his mother, who felt a gleam of joy warm her withered heart, at the sight of this now sole, and always fondly regarded child, learned in answer to her anxious questionings, that he had wandered into the neighborhood of the natural bridge, that grand natural curiosity of Virginia—and so on to gratify his curiosity, by a view of this stupendous piece of mountain scenery. This was plausible enough, as our enthusiast was in the habit of making similar excursions without warning or preparation. But this last one had wrought a change in his appearance, which could not fail to furnish food for wonder and conjecture. He was attenuated—worn down almost to a skeleton state by fatigue, or it might be, the corrosions of some inward and eating care—squalid from suffering and almost savage in his deportment. He heard the news of his brother's death with a vain and fruitless attempt at surprise and sorrow; he was agitated—but it was the agitation, not of grief, but a darker and sterner emotion; and eyes were upon him to remark, tongues ready to report his manner, under the unexpected, if indeed it were so, announcement. There was nothing conclusively condemnatory of Dominic; nothing certain even of William's having come unfairly by his end; but there had always existed a prejudice against the first—not, as he falsely imagined on account of the vile defection of his form, but, by reason of his wild and sullen temper, his ways so overbearing and unlike the ways of others, and his supposed communion with beings immortal and unblest. Then there was the testimony of Love Laurence, who raving on her bed under the loss of her young lover, and recurring to the last scene betwixt herself and the brothers, had at once and loudly accused the youngest of having compassed the other's death, and in spite of all the dissuasion and remonstrances of her more prudent father, persisted in affirming his guilt—the remarkable appearance of the corpse—and, last, not least, the lock of hair, which might have been sworn to as his, who was famous as Absalom for the beauty of that appendage, altogether forming a sort of chain of circumstantial evidence, which, although it might have weighed nothing against a more popular person of like affinity, sufficed to bring the singular and unamiable being, looked upon with so little favour, into at least present disrepute. There was, nevertheless one thing tending to exculpate him in the estimation of those disposed to judge dispassionately, which was his absence previous to and after the melancholy catastrophe; but with the majority, whose minds were already made up, this exonerating circumstance availed him nothing. It was however, of a nature to exempt him from the cognizance of the law, since there were several credible witnesses ready to depose to having met Dominic on the night of his brother's death, so far up among the mountains as to preclude the possibility of his agency in that unfortunate and most mysterious affair. Still the neighbors, many of them wavering in their belief of his criminality, supported, as they were, by circumstances, which, if too slight to be held proof positive, were, nevertheless strong enough to deserve investigation.

The unhappy object of these too probable surmises seemed bowed down under a weight of internal woe, heavy enough to crush the strongest, and scarce susceptible of increase, by any accumulation of outward evil.

Yet there remained one ordeal for him insupportable even in idea; an ordeal where all observation was likely to be upon him; for though none dared provoke the hostility of a creature so malignant and perchance powerful, by hinting to him a title of the mistrust of him abroad (and not ungrounded) he was haunted by a vague, instinctive apprehension of it. The funeral sermon of the late William Godefrey was to be preached; a sad commemoration, which all relations must, of course attend, and whence Dominic could not absent himself without the most glaring impropriety, and disrespect to the memory of the departed. And strange to say, this piece of irreverence was (not to mention the ill reports it might give rise to or confirm) more repugnant to his feelings than a darker and more deadly deed. It was a choice of evils not yet imperative; but in the interior, the wretched and remorseful youth was exposed to a trial still more severe in the great change, which had taken place in his father, and that father's conduct towards himself. The old man, who seemed fast dying by an atrophy of the heart, had no longer relish for any of his former associates and avocations. "Tis true he still roused himself to see after the farm, and to go through the routine of his old employments; but it was mechanically, unconsciously as a puppet might have done that was wound up for it. The salt of existence had been spilt; all earthly things had lost their savour; still he showed himself tender of having Dominic by his side,—and his only solace was in the music now utterly abhorrent to the ears of the compulsory minstrel. Adrian spoke not to him of his lost William, that name so loved and hallowed, alike engraved on his memory and his heart, rarely passed his lips even to Wilhelmina; but there was a little air, "most musical, most melancholy," that the deceased had delighted in, and which his father was never weary of hearing. He would keep Dominic playing it to him over and over again, he sitting the while with his hands clasped, his head depressed, and his rough yet not homely features quivering with nervous twitches,—till his horror-struck son, unable to bear it any longer, would spring up and dart away as if pursued by demons; and so he was, by the demons of a guilty conscience.

The day for the last religious commemoration of departed mortality came; and the father, the mother, and the brother, who had been deemed capable of a misdeed so monstrous, were in the meeting-house seated, and striving the two first to maintain that decent composure of aspect, incumbent on all in the house and worship of God,—and the last to undergo the rack of ten thousand tortures with the fortitude, though not the holy fervour of a martyr. A text, suitable to the solemn occasion, was taken, the fourth verse of the 144th Psalm, "Man is like a thing of naught; his time passeth away like a shadow,"—and an excellent and affecting discourse delivered by the Rev. Mr. Weidemyer, who, in life and lecture approved himself, indeed "a legate of the skies." During the sermon (at the pathetic parts especially) all eyes turned upon Dominic, who, nerved by pride to the endurance, and exerting such command over himself as absolutely brought on a strong spasmodic fit, repressed every change of countenance—every convulsive start, every thrill of agony, such as the patient under amputation feels, when the red-hot iron is applied to the raw and bleeding stump.

"The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown,
Alone his govern'd aspect spoke alone,"

and almost imperceptible of the thousand throes, that only searched him. A mien so calmly, melancholy, so unconscious of guilt, and fearless, because undeserving of the stigma attached to it, yet so expressive of feeling, went a great way in destroying the ill impressions existing against him: for few could conceive of an actual criminal, wearing so artfully the semblance of innocence. But there was one person present, whose looks, the counterfeiter dared not encounter, since he felt that the slightest glance of her eye, would probe him to the quick; one whom he shuddered to think upon much more to meet. This was the blighted daughter of old Laurence, the object alike of his love and his loathing—the direct cause of his crime and his curse, abroad for the first time since her heart had been widowed, as she affirmed by his deed, she now sat within a few paces of the Godefrey's that opportunity at hand for which she had longed with the thirst of vengeance.

"That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire."

She believed herself the commissioned accuser of an assassin—the avenger of righteous blood most foully spilt; and deluged in tears, agitated almost to insensibility as she was, during most part of the service, her looks never left him, her wild resolve never faltered. At last the closing hymn (Luther's fine Anthem on Death) was sung, and the final blessing dismissed the congregation. Dominic saw and sought to evade her, more terrible to him than a thousand embodied fiends; but equally bent on her purpose, and aided therein by old Mrs Godefroy, who felt like a mother seeking the sympathy of a daughter—the mistress and the brother—the culprit and his denouncer, were brought together. With a burst of passionate vituperation, which shamed that bitter and vehement, yet most feminine piece of railing, the lady Anne's in her dialogue with the crook-back Richard—Love Laurence, the once timid and gentle Love, who seemed too soft for an angry word or thought, stood forward, her pale features working with the energy of abhorrence and determination, her right hand open, and rigidly raised in attestation of Heaven—the finger of her left pointing with all the emphasis of truth at the object of her hostile spirit—and charged him, in the name of the Most High, with the murder, the cruel and treacherous murder of his own and only brother. Dominic, trembling more with rage than terror, was not taken by surprise; his "coward conscience" had forbidden something of the sort on this occasion, though scarce from that particular person. Like a bear tied to the stake and baited into fury and self-defence, he stood his ground with dogged self-possession, and repelled the crimination with a torrent of eager and overwhelming eloquence, that might well have passed for the inspiration of indignation. But the popular sentiment sided with the excited Love, who, now flushed and faltering through excess of impatience, her eyes fixed on him as if they could scorch by their living fire—her whole men evincing such scorn and shrinking, such dread, yet defiance, as might move a saint exorcising Satan in his proper form, so ill faced the defendant, and flashed on him that arraignment, which she lacked breath to put again into words. The general and long-stifled suspicions of the many, who wanting moral courage to originate an attack upon one supposed to deal with unonly influences, now boldly followed the lead of a weak but enthusiastic girl, vented itself in hisses and groans, which sounded in the ears of Dominic like a sentence of eternal condemnation. All that followed was confusion and difficulty, disorder and dismay; the parents as much incensed as overcome by a charge so monstrous and incredible, clung confidingly to their son as the best means of protecting him; but none could make themselves heard or heeded, till the voice of their minister, "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound," pealed through the tumult, proclaiming that solemn verse of Scripture, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him!" In an instant every voice was hushed, and the most reverential stillness prevailed, while the holy man in few, but forcible words set forth to them the great sin and sacrilege, of which they, in their pharisaical spirit and presumption, had been guilty, in profaning Jehovah's house, by their carnal clamour and contests. He charged them to return in peace and penitence to their respective dwellings, and striving by a life of humility and charitable forbearance to make their own election sure, to leave this awful matter to the hand of God; a man date, which was immediately and implicitly obeyed—and the more readily since she make-bate, Love Laurence had been already borne off by her father, who burned with shame and anger at what he styled her insane and unfeminine conduct,—and the Godefroy's desired by the revived pastor, to wait for his company home.

From this day, the current of public opinion set more strongly against the younger Godefroy, and people were no longer at the pains to conceal from him their conviction of his enormity. 'Tis true, some used discretion in their denunciations of the formidable being, permitted according to their sage belief to commune with the abstruser and mightier powers; but for one thus prudent, there were scores of the plain-spoken; and the life of the accused was more embittered by this display of general and open detestation, than by the sight of his affected parents, or his own inward pangs. For of all persons living, Dominic was least calculated to bear contumely

or humble himself before the laughtiest of his kind; how much less, then to those over whom he had once exercised, and enjoyed honorable if not exclusive supremacy! The praise of man was the breath of his nostrils; his desire for that grateful oblation, had first excited him against his more pleasing brother; and that presence removed, which had overshadowed him, he deemed himself sure of receiving his due—the due of a wondrous and worshipped intellect. Alas! he dreamed of reaping the reward appertaining to virtue, where he had earned only the wages of sin. From his birth, a restless and unhappy spirit—the child of fancy and ambition,—his very sense so profound and pervading, of the beautiful in nature, taught him to hate himself as a blot on the face of this fair universe, and unblest with equal perceptions of the beautiful in men, he sought not to make the mind within a tone for and efface the stain of outward deformity, under which he writhed and banded. But hiding himself amid solitude and savage scenery, from the scoffs and pity of the more fairly gifted, he nourished the thoughts of wrongs, sufferance, and the sense of enormous injustice awarded him alike by Heaven and men, till he became ripe for ruthless deeds. He had sinned and he had suffered, but he had sinned for a price, which he had found would not be paid him; and spurred by Love Laurence, and condemned by the common voice.

"Here stood a wretch, prepared to change
His soul's redemption for revenge."

Willingly, in the dark and desperate impatience of a perverted mind, would he now have fled to those unhalloved allies, whose slave and instrument he was reputed to be.

Then in addition to the general odium, the poor wretch was haunted by a spectre fiercer than any raised by remorse, in a fond female wrought into frenzy by her loss, and as she continued to aver his act. Love appeared to have lost all the awe, which she had, at times regarded her wild and wayward lover; and he now looked upon her with a mixture of such strange and fiendish sensations, as the Lady of Wheelhope is said in the wild legend of the "Brownie of the Black Hags" to have entertained towards her appointed tormentor—a delirium of malice and vengeance, a depth, not of love or hatred exclusively, neither of disgust or desire—but a combination of them all into such a longing as the great enemy of mankind feels after the souls of the just, redeemed from his infernal thrall. Nor was this inveterate malevolence entirely unprovoked. In spite of all the remonstrances and stern prohibitions of her father, vexed that a wild fancy of his grief-crazed daughter, should be the means of alienating him from the family of his old and tried friend, Godefroy,—she stuck to her vow of active enmity against the person, whose innocence he was equally ready to avouch,—and at home and abroad, in church, or he'd, whenever they met, or his name was pronounced in her hearing she renewed the accusation, and reviled him in a strain, that outdid Queen Margaret's shrewish flow of tremendous maledictions. At no sense of her own proper and imminent peril could she be deterred from this; though her friends, one and all, from the sage crone, who had numberless wild tales to tell of young women, spirited away and misused, and sacrificed by those in compact with "the dwellers in dark abodes," down to the young and scary maidens of her acquaintance, all believing the same as firmly as their Bible, warned her to beware of the dangerous wrath of the servant of the evil one. And in good sooth, had he been tempted with a fair opportunity, there is no saying whether the enraged, and vindictive Dominic, would have stuck at doing her a mischief even at the risk of bringing his neck to the gallows; for, though he did not shake off the existence, which clung to him as a curse, he would have held it a cheap exchange for the deed of complete revenge.

The decree of public opinion irreversibly pronounced against their son, did not in the slightest degree shake the confidence of his parents in him. So far from that, it only led them to mistrust their neighbours, as being some of them in league for the destruction of their sole remaining child: the elder and more important of the two, they were firmly persuaded, had fallen a victim to this diabolical conspiracy! To live exposed to the machinations of such miscreants, was impossible; and Wilhel-

mina, daily incited thereto by Dominic, who would gladly have wandered to the world's end, was bent upon emigrating far her west, and exerted all her influence over her husband to move him to such a step. But though he readily consented to all she suggested, there was no prevailing farther with him; "all hoar with time and trials," one darling son laid in an untimely grave—the other held up to scorn and ignominy, his very life involved by a capital impeachment,—the old man, become

"Like the blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay."

thought of nothing, coveted nothing, but to droop in dull vegetation, through the few remaining days assigned for his continuance upon earth. His wife, seeing there was no hope of nerving him to active measures for the task of removal, and indeed loth to tear herself away from the homestead, where she had spent so many quiet hours, and which was, moreover hallowed by its proximity to the spot where William rested, next bethought her how to eradicate the almost unanimous prepossession, which unaccountable, as it was in her eyes, unfounded, had nevertheless, power disquieted them. There was a way—and but one—for Dominic to clear himself in the sight of the world; yet how to sway one of his peculiar turn of temper to it? could she but do this—would he but descend to redeem himself by the proposed ordeal, all doubts and reports of his unworthiness were at once quelled; and none of Dutch blood or nursed in Lutheran faith, would dare to deem him less than absolved, and his name—the honest name of Godefroy, restored to all its former credit.

There existed among this primitive people, a mode of justification appointed for the especial benefit of those accused, and outlawed upon mere suspicion. It was a relic of the olden and barbarous time, a modification of the chivalrous practice of trial by battle,—and something similar to the Jewish ordeal of the waters of jealousy. The person, aggrieved by the public pre-judgment, after giving due notice of his intent, was in the presence of God, and the congregation in church assembled, to lay his hand on the Holy Scriptures, while declaring himself within the strongest imprecations of instant punishment if he spoke not the truth, guiltless of the offence alleged against him,—and then seal the attestation by the solemn sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Among a community imbued with the deepest sense of religion, it was supposed that no one actually guilty would dare profane its most sacred ordinance, and taste the communion-cup under a pledge so awful, since the most signal vengeance would immediately follow such blasphemous audacity; any one doing it with impunity, was therefore, to be considered as acquitted, and restored to his place in the esteem and society of his fellows. Such were the means, by which Dame Godefroy, holding him as immaculate in this matter as herself, yet unable to hold up her head under the sense of his public shame, wished her boy to purge himself of the imputed stain; but long she begged and prayed, wept and expostulated without finding herself one bit the nearer to her aim, till she had recourse to an expedient and an auxiliary not to be resisted. At any other time she might have shrunk from it, but now, the peace, the reason, the very life of her injured offspring were at stake. To old Adrian, become as docile to her guidance as a child, she stated the urgency of the case, and prompting him to the petition, she had preferred in vain, led the father to the son's feet, and consent was won. Dominic, who shuddering at the impious act of perjury, had wrestled sorely with his own desire, thus to retrieve his character, was subdued by the sight of his father, a supplicant before him; that father whose tractable passiveness, was the surest and most touching sign of his heart-break and mental prostration. Besides as much a slave to the "bubble reputation" as Goodwin's Falkland, Dominic even when buoyed up with the hope of leaving the country forever, deemed death hardly worse than a memory consigned to perpetual infamy: so pressed on all sides he went to the good pastor, who, more than once had visited and ministered to him with ghostly advice,—but in a way so soothing and delicate, that the words of admonition dropped, like the gentle rain from Heaven, on the parched place beneath; and in brief, yet not unseem-

ly phrase, signified his intention to resort to the pledge of the Eucharist (as it was called) in order to destroy the foul charge not judicially but generally preferred against him to his great injury and agonizement: Mr. Wendemyer, who had studied the character and habits of the youth before him with attention, but whose strict watch over himself, in order to hinder the growth of an uncharitable spirit, rendered it almost impossible for him to form a harsh judgment, spent some time in laying before him, the full nature and sanctity of the divine Institution, whereof he desired the benefit, and which, while the spiritual sustenance and support of those, in all faith and humility, partaking of it, if unworthy received, caused the person so offending in the strong language of the apostle "to eat and drink damnation to himself;" he therefore warned his agitated auditor against the danger of tampering with a rite so hallowed—but with as little effect as is usually attendant on these official discussions. The applicant was resolute, and the third Sunday therefrom was assigned as the period of his solemn appeal from man to Heaven.

Accordingly on the next Sabbath, notice was given from the pulpit, that on such a day one, wrongfully suspected of a most unnatural atrocity—being entirely clear of the same, and having no way of redress against the ill thoughts and conversation of his neighbours,—was advised and had come to the resolution of making public profession of innocence, previous to his approaching immediately after the Lord's table. The person so complaining, and appealing from the false judgment passed upon him, was farther stated, to be Dominic Gottlob Godefroy, youngest, and now only son of Adrian and Wilhelmina Godefroy of the Gorefenhau: and the reverend speaker closed by saying, that in compliance with the usage and indulgence of the Church, he should, then, and there, admit the so named Dominic to the pledge of the Eucharist, as the means of justice to one, according to his own showing, grievously wronged.

The interval betwixt this announcement, and the day of trial, went by to the principal character in the dismal drama, like a dream, vague, endless and terrific. In vain he strove to comprehend and realize his situation; it was exactly that of a person, walking in utter darkness amid pitfalls and perils of every kind, with the consciousness that each step might plunge him into irremediable destruction, and yet that he must on!—on!—since to linger was as fatal as to advance. Rest, appetite, and strength forsook him; still his demeanor was (unlike his former mood) strangely, horribly, gay; and there was a wild and varying sparkle in his eye, that spoke not of natural mirth, but of the fierceness of incipient insanity. Since his last return home, after his brother's interment, he had entirely relinquished his far roving propensities,—and, like some forest animal, half domesticated, roamed all night about the house, which all day resounded with his bursts of savage glee. No more did the witching notes of the flageolet

"Like a stream of rich distilled perfume,"

come floating and breathing around the farm, from the far-off nook, in some "bosky dell, where the idler dreamed away his hours;" the music was silent, the sequestered places that had once known his wandering footsteps, knew them no more; and at his mother's elbow, he was everlastingly to be found, as if some holy spell shielded and soothed him there. She—that fond, erring, deceived mother—sympathized with every turn of her son's temper, and essayed with all her simple art to impart to him, and move him to seek out comfort for himself from that sacred source, which is the well-spring of eternal life. But all useless were her zealous efforts to recommend religious studies and consolations to his intractability; he shrunk from meddling with the Bible, as some unclean spirit, such as "believe and tremble," might have done; and at this particular conjuncture, when they ought, had he been what he professed himself, so much to have engaged his attention,—eschewed all mention or memory of divine things, as the worst of abominations in his sight. Dame Godefroy, baffled and bewildered by such profane and perverse mockery, desisted from her pious efforts, and her heart bleeding for the poor boy, half crazed as she thought him, by insult and ill-treatment, resigned herself and him into the hands of a righteous and overruling Providence. Thus passed the time to them

both till Dominic was to go forth to his awful act of self-justification.

The church, the scene of this solemn novelty, was crowded to suffocation by sunrise. Such an incident, though of traditional occurrence in the father-land, had never been witnessed among the Cis-atlantic Dutch. From a country baptizing in America, the least imposing of such ordinances, to the Spanish ceremonial of the August *Auto-da-fé*, religious spectacles are, of all others attractive to the multitude; and this was enhanced by every observance reconcilable with the simplicity of the established worship. On one side, the elders of the church were to be seen ranged in God's array; on the other, the principal persons in the settlement, old Clem Laurence pre-eminent among them, sat in state as if composing the supreme tribunal of judgment, and the table "covered with a fair cloth," and holding the holy elements, in a chalice and plate of richly-chased silver, said to have belonged originally to the monastery, whence the great reformer seceded, was set out, not in its usual place near the pulpit—but in front of the dignitaries, and nearly in the centre of the assembly. The parents of the neophyte were in their accustomed seats, commanding the pity and esteem of all present; old Adrian hardly aroused from his habitual apathy, by what was going on around him; Wilhelmina, pale but composed, triumphant yet trembling; for, though her faith in the guiltlessness of her boy was perfect—yet the time, the place, the occasion—the heavy remembrance of her dead son—the dreadful suspicions defiling the good name of the one in presence there,—over whom her bowels yearned—the obloquy attached to his hitherto unspotted name, the awful pledge about to be given in redemption of it—all combined to flurried nerves, which had stood of late such tremendous shocks. Dominic sat alone, like one doing a public penance, in the most conspicuous part of the holy house, and wearing a look of spectral ghastliness—of rigid immobility, almost approaching to stoniness; it might be the tranquility of innocence—it might be the enforced calm of hardened despair. But none of the many, who scanned him with eager eyes, were now free to scrutinize and animadvert upon one, entitled by all their prejudices and practice to stand superior to unjust accusation.

The service was duly performed: a sermon upon the approaching rite in its usual acceptation, and also its present purport was delivered; during which, the individual, whose soul was harrowed up by a repetition of all circumstances connected with the late tragic dispensation in his father's family, and his own large share in it, sat mute and motionless as if he had "forgotten himself to marble." The pastor, his discourse something of the longest, ended, proceeded to celebrate that holiest mystery, common to all Christian churches; and all in the wide old building leant forward, or half rose, breathless with suspense—almost dizzy with intense and straining observation. Among the most eager of these gazers, was Love Laurence, who with eyes endued with such powers as that ascribed to the fabled basilisk, rivetted with the fixedness of fascination, the sharpness of lightning, upon him she so abhorred, seemed to freeze him, as they pierced into petrification. But though the communicant seemed bewildered under her steadfast and scathing gaze, it was only a momentary confusion; he was summoned to advance; slowly and sternly he did so; the sacred volume was tendered to his touch, the form of exculpation repeated by him deliberately, and distinctly after the clergyman, and with the concluding asseveration "So help me, God!" he kissed the book, uttering at the same time, a long, deep sigh, that ran echoing along the old walls like a hollow and unearthly whisper. The minister then withdrew to the altar, and himself first receiving the consecrated bread and wine, presented the first with the usual formula, "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee! Take and eat this in remembrance that he died for thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving." Dominic, after a protracted pause, obeyed; the holy morsel passed his ashy lips, a minute elapsed, and the whole congregation saw and trembled. A strong spasm shook his shrunken limbs; pale before, he now grew livid and verous; he gasped, he reeled; a purple flush passed over his convulsed face; there was a swelling and rattling in his throat—a stiffening of the muscles cord like form tension, and choked by contending emotions and the hasty attempt

to swallow, he fell at length on the pavement, and was taken up stone-dead, under a doom as sudden and awful as that provoked by Ananias and Sapphira.

To the simple and superstitious apprehension of our mountaineers, there was no need of inquest or investigation, as to the cause of a death so manifestly proceeding from "the visitation of God." One thus judged and executed by the divine justice, was, like the Hebrew rebels of old, decreed to be buried "out of the camp"—that is, far from the place of interment, common to his name and race. They made the grave of Dominic Godelroy, the fratricide, the sacrilegious and perjured wizard, in one of the wild haunts, where he was supposed to have invoked the aid of those demons under whose deluding instigation, such a tissue of foul crime was wrought; and long and fearfully, through all the region of the Allegany, did they talk of and tremble at this true, and most terrible JUDGMENT.

E. C. S.

From the Token for 1836.

YOUTH RECALLED.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

In deepest shade, by fountain sparkling clear,
High o'er me darkly heaved the forest dome,
Sweet tones, long silent, melt upon my ear;
They soothe my spirit like the voice of home;
And blended with them, floats a beam of light,
Radiant, but gentle, through the shadowy night.
My heart, that sunk in dim oblivious dream,
Wakes at the tones, and feels its life again;
My downcast eye uprises to the beam;
Softly untwines my bosom's heavy chain:
A stream of melody around me flows;
Anew the smothered fire of feeling glows.

The charm, long lost, is found; and gushing pours
From Fancy's heaven, its beauty, as a shower:
The mystic deep casts up its wondrous stores;
Mind stands in panoply of fullest power;
Heaving, with wakened purpose, swells the soul;
Its barriers fall; its gathered treasure roll.

Light covers all around—light from on high,
Soft as the last retiring tint of even,
Full as the glow that tints the morning sky,
Pure as the midmost blue of cloudless heaven:
Like pillared bronze, the lofty trunks aspire,
And every leaf above is tipped with fire.

And round me still the magic music flows;
A thousand different tones dissolve in one:
Softer than ever gale of evening blows,
They blend in harmony's enchanted zone:
With pictured web and golden fringe they bind,
For higher flights, the renovated mind.

I feel it round me twine—the band of power;
Youth beats in every vein; life bursts in bloom;
All seems, as when at twilight's blissful hour,
Breathed from the flowery grove, the gale's perfume;
The laugh, the shout, the dance, and then the strain
Of tenderest love, dissolves the heart again.

Ye greet me fair, ye years of hope and joy,
Ye days of trembling fears and ardent loves,
The reeling madness of the impassioned boy—
Through wizzard wilds again my spirit roves,
And beauty, veiled in Fancy's heavenly hue,
Smiles and recedes before my longing view.

The light has fled; the tones that won my heart
Back to its early Heaven, again are still:
A deeper darkness broods; with sudden start
Repelled, my life relapses from its thrill:
Heavier the shades descend, and on my ear
Only the bubbling fountain murmurs near.

MEMOIRS OF COM. MACDONOUGH.

Our materials for the early life of Commodore Macdonough are scanty: but that circumstance is the less to be regretted, as in common with many of his youthful companions in the naval service, his characteristics are merely an unremitted perseverance in the paths of duty and of glory. Our authorities, however, enable us to state one characteristic, which though perhaps not peculiar to him, appears to be more deeply imprinted and more strongly marked.—That habitual devotion to, and that firm persuasion of, the constant operation of the providence of God, by which he now appears to be actuated, have long been conspicuous in his life.

The battle on lake Champlain, in the vicinity of Plattsburg, on the 11th September, 1814, by the skill and courage with which it was conducted, and by the importance of its effects upon the state of the war on the northern frontier of the United States, first conferred distinction on his name, and pointed him out as the object of national curiosity, inquiry and pride.

THOMAS MACDONOUGH is a native of the State of Delaware, and at the date of the battle just mentioned, was about twenty-eight years of age. He entered the service at an early period of his life. At the siege of Tripoli, he was a midshipman under Lieutenant Decatur, and was one of those brave volunteers, by whom the frigate Philadelphia and the Turkish gun-boats were destroyed. Of his meritorious conduct on this occasion, we may be sufficiently persuaded, from his having been recommended, by Mr. Decatur, to Commodore Preble; by whom he was promoted. Of his subsequent progress, we have little information, until the affair of lake Champlain.

It had become an object of solicitude with the beligerent parties on the northern frontiers, to obtain the superiority on the lakes. Indeed, the success of the land operations was considered to be entirely dependent on that of the marine. Commodore Perry had already established our dominion on lake Erie; and that of lake Ontario had been successfully disputed by Commodore Chauncey with Sir James Yeo. The states of Vermont and New York were threatened from lake Champlain. To counteract hostile attempts from this quarter, the command of the American squadron on this lake was entrusted to Commodore Macdonough; while the defence of Plattsburg, depended upon the exertions of Gen. Macomb and his gallant little army; and in September 1814, an attack was anticipated upon these youthful commanders. Accordingly, on the 11th of that month, the expected event took place.

For several days the enemy had been on his way to Plattsburg, by land and water, and it was well understood that an attack would be made at the same time by his land and naval forces. Com. Macdonough determined to await at anchor, the approach of the latter.

At 8 o'clock in the morning, the look-out boat announced the approach of the enemy. At 9 he anchored in the line ahead, at about 300 yards distance from the American line: his flag ship, the *Confiance*, under Com. Downie, was opposed to Commodore Macdonough's ship the *Saratoga*; the brig *Linnet* was opposed to the *Eagle*, Capt. Robert Henckley;—the enemies' galleys, thirteen in number, to the schooner, sloop, and a division of galleys, one of his sloops assisting his ship and brig; the others assisting his galleys: the remaining American galleys being with the *Saratoga*, and *Eagle*.

In this situation, the whole force on both sides became engaged; the *Saratoga* suffering much from the heavy fire of the *Confiance*, though the fire of the

former was very destructive to her antagonist. The *Ticonderoga*, Lieutenant Commander Cassin, gallantly sustained her full share of the action. At half past ten o'clock, the *Eagle*, not being able to bring her guns to bear, cut her cable and anchored in a more eligible position, between the *Saratoga* and the *Ticonderoga*, where she very much annoyed the enemy, but unfortunately left her commodore exposed to a galling fire from the enemy's brig. The guns of the *Saratoga* on the starboard side, being nearly all dismounted or not manageable, a stern anchor was let go, the bower cable cut, and the ship winded with a fresh broadside on the *Confiance*, which soon after surrendered.—The broadside of the *Saratoga* was then sprung to bear on the brig, which surrendered in about fifteen minutes after.

The sloop that was opposed to the *Eagle*, had struck some time before, and drifted down the line; the sloop which was with the enemy's galleys, having struck also. Three of them were sunk, and the others pulled off. While Macdonough's galleys were in the act of obeying the signal to follow them, all the vessels were reported to him to be in a sinking state; it then became necessary to countermand the signal to the galleys, and order their men to the pumps.

At this time there was not a mast standing in either squadron, in a condition to hold up a sail; the lower rigging being nearly all shot away, hung down along the masts.

The action lasted without intermission two hours and twenty minutes. The *Confiance* had one hundred and five round shot in her hull. Her shot passed principally over the heads of her antagonists, the hull of the *Saratoga* received but fifty-five shot, and there were not at the close of the action, twenty whole hammocks in the nettings. The *Confiance* had 199 men killed; and one of the captured sloops, the *Club*, had but five men alive. The British Commodore Downie was killed at the first broadside. Commodore Macdonough was three times knocked down, by the splinters and falling spars and blocks, but escaped with trifling injury. The *Saratoga* was twice set on fire by hot shot from the enemy's ship.

The following is the statement of the killed and wounded on board the American squadron, and of the force engaged on each side; taken from Commodore Macdonough's letter to the Secretary of the Navy, dated, "United States ship *Saratoga*, at anchor off Plattsburg, September 13, 1814," accompanying the flags taken from the enemy.

AMERICAN FORCE.

<i>Saratoga</i> , 8 long 24 pounders,		
6 42 pound carronades,		
12 32 pound ditto.	Total 26	
<i>Eagle</i> , 12 32 pound carronades, and		
8 long 18 pounders.	20	
<i>Ticonderoga</i> , 8 long 12 pounders,		
4 18 do.		
5 32 pound carronades.	17	
<i>Preble</i> , 7 long 9 pounders.	7	
10 galleys, viz.		
Allen, 1 long 24 pr. and 1 18 pr. Columbiad	2	
Burrows, 1 24 1 18 do.	2	
Boyer, 1 24 1 18 do.	2	
Nettle, 1 24 1 18 do.	2	
Viper, 1 24 1 18 do.	2	
Centipede, 1 24 1 18 do.	2	
Ludlow, 1 12	1	
Wilmer, 1 12	1	
Alwyn, 1 12	1	
Ballard, 1 12	1	

Total Guns 86

Recapitulation.—14 long 24 pounders,
6 42 pound carronades,
29 32 pound do.
12 long 18 pounders,
11 12 pounders,
7 9 pounders,
6 18 pound Columbiads.
Total 86 guns.

ENEMY'S FORCE.

Frigate Confiance,	27 long 24 pounders,		
	4 32 pound carronades,		
	6 24 pound do. and		
	2 long 18 prs. on birth deck	Total 39	
Brig Linnet,	16 long 12 pounders,	16	
Sloop Chubb,	10 18 pound carronades,		
	1 long 6 pounder,	11	
Sloop Finch	6 18 pound carronades,		
	1 18 pound Columbiad, and		
	4 long 6 pounders.	11	
13 galleys, viz.			
Sir James Yeo,	1 long 24 pr. and 1 32 p. carr.	2	
Sir Geo. Prevost,	1 24 1 32 do.	2	
Sir Sy Beckwith,	1 24 1 32 do.	2	
Broke,	1 18 1 32 do.	2	
Murry,	1 18 1 18 do.	2	
Wellington,	1 18	1	
Tecumseh,	1 18	1	
Name unknown,	1 18	1	
Drummond,		1 32 p. carr.	1
Simcoe,		1 32 do.	1
Unknown,		1 32 do.	1
Ditto,		1 32 do.	1
Ditto,		1 32 do.	1
Total, guns 95			

Recapitulation.—30 long 24 pounders,
7 18 do.
16 12 do.
5 5 do.
13 32 pound carronades,
6 24 do.
17 18 do.
1 18 pound columbiad.

Total, 95 guns.

An attack by the British army, under the governor general of the Canadas, Sir George Prevost, upon General Macomb, commanding at Plattsburg, was made simultaneously with that of the British squadron on the lake, upon Commodore Macdonough.

Sir George having collected all the disposable force in Lower Canada, with a view of conquering the country as far as Crown Point and Ticonderoga, entered the territories of the United States on the first of September, with fourteen thousand men, and occupied the village of Champlain. As was before intimated, the co-operation of the naval force constituted an essential part of the arrangement. The consequence was, that instantly on the discomfiture of the fleet, the army retired with great precipitation, having lost two thousand five hundred, in killed, wounded, and missing.

Thus, by the valor and conduct of two young commanders, joined to the exertion of the forces under their command, the enemy was expelled from lake Champlain and its vicinity, his cherished enterprise miscarried, and the prospect of future success was rendered more distant and hopeless than ever.

This victory was announced to the department of war, by Commodore Macdonough, on the day it was obtained, in the following brief and modest communication: "The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on lake Champlain, in the capture of one frigate, one brig, and two sloops of war of the enemy."

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book (London) for 1836, contains an exquisite portrait of youthful loveliness entitled 'The Golden Age,' to which the Quaker Minstrel, Bernard Barton, has appended the following characteristic stanzas:

I MARVEL not that the artist's pride,
When he finish'd this lovely page,
With Innocence, Beauty, and Youth supplied,
Should have named it 'The Golden Age.'
'Tis the portrait of one in her girlhood's prime,
Unclouded by Care, and unsullied by Crime.

And an age so blissful, and pure, and bright,
In a weary world like ours,
With its spirits as gay, and its heart as light,
As a butterfly round Spring flowers,
May bring forward tides manifold,
A bearing so happy and high to hold.

'Tis the age when the heart in its blithesome glee
Can at each glad impulse bound;
When all that the young before them see
Has a halo of beauty round;
When grief is pangless, and joy is pure,
And the whispers of Hope seem true and sure.

It may chance in a volume like this, design'd
For the joyous young and fair,
That these hasty and artless lines may find
A reader as free from care,
As lovely a type of Life's Golden Age,
As the being portray'd in the perishing page.

Maiden! think not I would cloud thy brow
By a bidding of future ill;
Or that bosom which throbs so lightly now
With a warning voice would chill;
Unworthy the bard of his calling high,
Who would wake in that heart a causeless sigh.

'Tis the morning of Life? Be blithe and gay
As the birds which around thee sing;
Yet remember that morn is but part of the day,
That evening's shadows must bring,
And the darkness of night must soon follow that eve
When the fast-fading twilight hath taken its leave.

But fear thou not! Let thy morning be spent
So that eve may its course approve;
And when stars come forth in the firmament,
Thou shalt view them with hope and love;
And mark unappall'd the gathering night
Waiting a morning of endless light.

'Tis the Spring-time of being; yet bear in mind
Its Summer will soon be here;
That its autumn will linger not long behind,
When the flowers and leaves turn sere;
And that Winter will come, which comes to all,
When the flower must die, and the leaf must fall.

So guard the blossoms thou bearest now,
That when Summer shall be o'er,
The fruitage of Autumn on every bough
May prove thy Winter store;
And when Time's brief seasons no changes bring,
Thou shalt know an everlasting Spring.

Now in thy youth beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforget;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength, to thee!

From the Metropolitan, for September.

THE FIERY VAULT.

A TALE OF ITALY.

"The story's still extant, and written in very choice Italian,"—
Hamlet.

VENICE! The word frights editorial ringlets from their place, the revising pen flutters with revived terror, and the ink rolls in troubled waves from its silver stand. The echo of a hundred tales rings in the ear—gondolas, red masks, daggers, cowls, tortures, and poison, float in an undistinguished mass before the eye. The Sea Cybele fresh from the ocean—would she had left her historians at the bottom!—But let us see.

"Truly, my son, thou sayest rightly; there will be feasting, and music, and mirth, in the proud palazzo to-morrow. But by the wings of the lion—" and old Carruchio paused, his eye fixed on the white towers of the Morentali mansion, but not in listlessness.

"The duke, my master, is a gallant gentleman, father, and liberal; and I warrant me, has done wild deeds. I have often, when steering his gondola, seen him glance among female faces as though—"

"Silence, my son, would better become a faithful servant. Nay, were the duke to hear thee judging his looks, there are warmer places for tattling spies than even these stones at noon. Forget not thy friend, Miollano, who for merely recognizing a trinket in a maiden's hair, had the pleasure, as every body believes, of shrieking out of his life in one of yon fiery prisons."

"True, father, but his master was not the Duke Antonio di Rezola, nor, after all, is it quite certain that it was Miollano's scorched body that we fished up."

"Santi! if thou thinkest the doubt worth solving, the burning chamber is still *there*. For me, I love a cooler abode. Farewell, I see a fare yonder;" and the old gondolier stepped upon the prow of his dark and elegant boat, a vigorous effort brought her round, and in a few moments he was far from the marble stair. His companion, a muscular young man, with features strikingly handsome, yet on a second look bearing a sinister expression, removed his broad slouched cap from a brow of bronze, and fanning himself therewith, soliloquized.

"Dungeons, and death—mayhap it may be so, yet I am free to think. That same proud Count of Morentali, too whose daughter is to wed Lorenzo the duellist, might thank me for keeping his secret. By St. Mark, I am inclined to let him know his obligation. He would, perhaps, repay me with a lodging under the eave of the Three, as he favored poor Miollano. Truly the prospect is pleasant, but how am I to blame! A grandee visits a woman who lives near me, doubtless on an errand of charity; nay, I am sure of it, for he gave her money, and what of it? If, indeed—"

"If what, friend?" said a third person, advancing.
"If I could get a fare this morning before my hour of attending my employer, it would lighten my heart, and load my pocket."

"What noble of Venice is happy in the service of so prudent and veracious a gondolier?"
"He must be a stranger here who knows not the badge of the Duke di Rezola."

"I am one," said the masked speaker; "I would see somewhat of your city; give a cast of your office along the most notable streets, if you call them so, and enlighten me as to some of the owners of these gorgeous piles."

They are floating on the deep blue waters; the stranger reclines under the half-drawn awning.

"Who inhabits that beautiful building?" said he, as

the bark glides near one of the palaces of Venice. The stone front, interspersed with marble-edged openings, long and narrow; the first and second stories centred each by a large window, richly ornamented with arabesque tracery; the terrace projecting a few feet from two doors appropriated to visitors, ascended by short stairs, the two other entrances at opposite sides, level with the water which flowed into them to dark platforms beyond, one for the domestics and humble citizens, the other for the more secret movements of the master of the mansion; the lofty turret-looking chimney, and the shaded verandahs, bespoke the haughty abode of a wealthy noble.

"That is the palace of Count Morentali."

"I have heard the name, I think. What character does he bear?"

"It is not for such as myself, signore, to talk of those so far above me."

"Nay, thy words need not flow so niggardly to me—What care I for the Count or his affairs? I ask but for curiosity, and methinks thou mightest oblige me."

"You can be silent, signore?"

"I shall be forgetful, in a week, of thy whole history, which is the same thing. There is an earnest of my secrecy."

"Thanks, signore," said the gondolier, taking the piece of gold. "All I can tell you of this count is, that he is considered haughty and cruel. We know he is rich; and that he is merciless, was shown in the fate of a fellow-boatman, who, for some trifling indiscretion of the tongue, was put to a horrible death in a dungeon of the Council."

"How is that known?" said the stranger.

"I myself, with my father, dragged up the burned and mangled body from the canal."

"Were there witnesses of your discovery? Such a sight is not often seen, I should think."

"None, signore; for we speedily replaced the corpse, not choosing to meddle with the business of others."

"A prudent course, friend. Play, is the count married?"

"His lady died many years ago, in giving birth to a son and daughter. The young countess is now in the palace, as beautiful as Venus. Her wedding is to take place to-morrow, to Lorenzo di Castiglia, the duellist, as he is called."

"Ah! and the son?"

"That part of the tale is most surprising, signore; the child disappeared when about three years old, and has never since been heard of. Some say that he must have fallen into the canal, and that seems most probable."

"Do you ever see the count abroad?"

"Not frequently, signore; the last time I saw him was a few days ago, and then by accident."

"How? and where?"

"You seem interested, signore; and as a stranger, I do not fear telling what to a Venetian ear it would be hazardous to disclose. I live in a street to the right of yon church—the Church of St. Mary—and nearly opposite reside an old woman and her daughter. The girl is very beautiful, and the count, I suppose thinks so; for I saw him enter the house a few evenings since, where he remained nearly an hour."

"How could you know him? I thought the fashion of Venice was to go masked on such adventures."

"So did the count, signore; but as he was leaving the house, in putting up his purse, his mask fell off. He seemed terribly angry at the chance, and instantly restored it."

"No wonder. Men of his age and rank should be careful. Can a stranger have access to the noble?"

"Not usually, signore; but if you were to introduce yourself as wishing to be present at the wedding of

the Lady Giulia, the count's courtesy might be taxed to welcome you."

"I am determined to try friend. So turn about, and make for the palace. Here is for thy pains."

A second piece of gold chinked in the pouch of the gondolier, as he dexterously swung round his boat, and a succession of vigorous strokes again brought them to the mansion.

"Where will you enter, signora?"

"Oh! the servants' gate. I must begin modestly."

The gondolier shot through the dark passage, and reached the landing platform. The stranger sprang from the boat.

"You will ascend those stairs, signora, and turn to your right, where you will find a porter who can bring you to the count."

"He thanks you."

The door above flew open, and a strong light fell upon the stranger's form. He removed the mask, and the terrified gondolier quailed before the sneer of the Count Morentali. The next moment the gates through which they had entered, closed, the noble waved his hand, and the unfortunate boatman found himself a prisoner.

"Remove the gondola, and place the fellow in the dungeon," and Morentali ascended the stairs without deigning another glance at his victim.

The Lady Giulia sat in her chamber. Before an enormous mirror, in a rich gold and flower-enamelled frame stood an exquisitely inlaid marble table, on which reposed the awful instruments of the toilet of an Italian damsel.—The odour of several delicate plants filled the apartment, a young girl rested on a low couch near her mistress, mingling the sound of a guitar with the plaintive notes of an oriental ballad, while another maiden assisted the bride.—Both, seen alone, had been esteemed pretty, but by the side of their lovely lady were forgotten. If the poet's dream of the incarnation of beauty were ever fulfilled, it was in person of Giulia. Proudly lofty was her snowy brow, which had seemed even haughty, but for the soft large blue eyes below, which carried their eloquent pleading into the very soul. Her long, glossy, dark hair now hung loosely around her face, heightening the effect of an exquisite complexion. She raised to her ruby lips a cross of pearls, which were far surpassed by those her kiss disclosed. A dark robe, which she wore at the toilette, left bare her lustrous arm and shoulder, and flowed to the little feet resting uncovered on a velvet cushion. She raised her hand, its tiny form is hidden in her ringlets, she leans upon her arm and weeps.

And why flow the tears of Giulia Morentali? Are they for her bridal on the morrow? Why should the ceremony, the thought of which, and of the feast and ball to follow, turns the heads of half the maidens of Venice, moisten the eye of the bride? Perchance those tears are the usual tribute of love to modesty—perchance the lady thinks of the horrible screams which sounded on her ear, as, some months before, when, with a party of companions, she visited the Doge's palace, she had missed her way, and wandered alone towards a part of the building unknown to her. Perhaps the agonized supplication she heard, "One drop of water for the love of God!" was not forgotten. Perhaps the bridal dress had not been made to please the wearer. We will not waste time in conjecture.

"Do not weep, signora, it will make your eyes red.—Let me sing you a merry song."

"You make so much noise with your guitar," said the other maiden, "that you have given my lady the head-ache."

"Trust me, Claudine," said the laughing songstress, "it is rather your great hands in the signora's hair."

"Your's are not so small, Maria, but they can hold

a love-letter," retorted the elder; "which, I thank the saints, mine never d.d."

"I believe you, Claudine; but father Anselmo says, that a person who has had no temptation, deserves no praise."

Claudine was far too dignified to reply; she tossed up her head, and having completed adorning her lady's head, inquired whether in signora was satisfied.

"It is very well, Claudine; but as I shall not leave the palazzo to-day, you need not stay to dress me. I will send for you in a short time. Maria, you will remain with me."

"And now, signora," said the latter, as the door closed, "how can you be so melancholy on the eve of your wedding? I'm sure if I were going to be married I should do nothing but laugh, and dance, and sing, for a month. Pray signora, tell me, are you unhappy?"

"O Maria, if I might tell you!" and the lady burst into a violent flood of tears. Her attendant caught the infection, and clasping her mistress in her arms, they mingled their sorrows.

The Count Morentali entered the apartment.

"What! daughter, weeping, and at such a time as this! For shame, for shame, up and be dressed, or the gondola races will be over, and the chains awarded, before Giulia di Morentali has left her chamber."

"I cannot join the party at St. Angelo to-day, my father, nor would you wish it, I am sure."

"Not wish it, when my word was pledged to Lorenzo that I would bring you to the terrace myself, as the only means of preventing his fetching you in person; which you so earnestly desired he might not do. By St. Mark, I think thou art offended that he has not disobeyed thee—a maiden had rather be surprised by a young gallant, than by an old father, perhaps."

"Dear father, do not ask me to leave the house to-day."

"Ask thee! faith, not I; asking twice suits not my humour. Either be dressed and accompany me immediately, or Lorenzo shall do his errand himself."

"What I cannot do for you, my father, I will not do for another," said Giulia, with the flashing eye which spoke her Italian birth.

"Pretty, forsooth—and dutiful too," returned Morentali, with a half laugh; "but even with all, by your leave, we will try our youth's skill at persuasion—an art he may not need long," he added, waving his hand, as he departed.

"He may not, indeed, as far as poor Giulia is concerned," said the lady; "but he will surely come, and we must prepare for his reception."

A forced smile was on her lip, but her eye swam in moisture. We will leave her for the present.

Terrible indeed, was the secret council chamber of the Doge of Venice. A large and lofty room, lighted not by the sun, but by several lamps carefully arranged, to throw their strong lustre away from the judgment seats, and upon a central point, surmounted by a low massive rail, was rendered utterly impervious to sound, by means of doubly quilted arras, and treble doom. The floor was thickly carpeted, save in the space alluded to, which was about twelve feet in diameter, and appeared to be boarded. Within this room deeds were whispered to have been done, at the mention of which human blood is freezingly arrested. A concealed door behind the arras led to a smaller apartment, where every engine for wrenching the joints, crushing the flesh, and grinding the marrow of their fellow mortals, had been stored by the relentless agents of Venetian tyranny. Those boards surrounded by the rail could be raised, and the half-breathing body, which had undergone the agonies of that chamber, was thrown into an abyss of appalling depth, at whose bottom, it was rumored, years before a machine had been placed, which the falling mass set in motion, and by which it

was mangled to atoms. A winding staircase, entered from a corner, also hidden by the tapestry, conducted down to a spot where a more hideous torture than all was prepared. A small low roofed room was there, built entirely of iron, not sufficiently large to enable the inmate to stand erect, but allowing the full range of limb in every other direction. Below was a furnace. Stripped to the skin, the victim was led thither, and though in utter darkness, ventilation was supplied him.—For some hours, perchance, he was thus left, until he began to dread a perpetual imprisonment. But the atmosphere grows more confined, still more so, and the blood is thrown violently to his head. Air is again admitted, he breathes again,—it must have been a fancy. But no, this time there is no deception, the heat is stifling, the floor below him is unbearable, he raises himself on his extremities, he raves, he screams for mercy. Anon his scorched limbs become blistered, and writhings and shrieks proclaim his excruciating agony. A few minutes, and all must cease in death. No. The tormentor's craft has been better taught. Suddenly the iron floor is drawn from beneath him, its place is supplied by a slab of the coldest marble, while gushes of icy water from above fall upon his burning frame. The transition is exquisite, almost too delicious for mortal bearing. For a time he lies in semi-insensibility, but not long. The chill comes over him, and the relief becomes another torment. Then is accomplished the crowning efforts of the fiends, who know too well the indescribable effect of the unexpected substitution of one agony for another. The marble bed is drawn away, and the wretch is writhing on a red-hot floor. Then scream follows scream, and the body is drawn into every form and posture conceivable, with terrible swiftness. Malice has now done its utmost, a few more struggles, and a few more groans, and a blackened and undistinguishable corpse is withdrawn from its fiery cavern, and hurled through a trap-door near, eventually to find its way into one of the canals of Venice. Such had been the fate of that Miollano, whom the gondoliers have mentioned as one of the last victims of Count Morentali. Who is to be the next?

The count sat alone in the secret council chamber, reclining with Italian indolence upon a richly cushioned couch. The lamps were lighted, and beneath them stood two half-dressed muscular men, in visors, the executioners of his pleasure. "Bring in the hound!" and the ill-fated gondolier, Speranza, heavily manacled, stood before Morentali.

"So, thou art here. Hast any more tales of the cruel and merciless count to tell?"

The prisoner, pale as death, muttered only, "My lord! my lord!" and convulsive breathings seemed to drown his voice.

"Thou shalt know another," continued Morentali, in the same cold, sneering tone, "ere long. Pity that thou wilt not be able to tell it."

"My lord? remember—your promise—"

"Was of secrecy, I believe; and it shall be kept. Look around, whom dost thou fear can overhear thy stories of the count, or thy screams which may follow them?"

"Recollect, my lord, I am servant to the Duke di Regola."

"I do not forget that; on the contrary, it shall add to thy reward. For the rest, dost thou think Antonio, though beardless, will discover thee here? Should he indeed recognize thee floating before his palazzo, perhaps he might be amazed, to prevent which surprise thou shalt find thy way down the abyss below thee, which, I think, does not lead to the canal."

"Oh! mercy, my good lord, as you hope for it yourself hereafter, as you—"

"So! menaces and remembrances having failed, thou wouldst now try prayers—'tis well, but address

them elsewhere, while thy worthy friends on each side remove thy superfluous dress, preparatory to a pleasure thou hast not dreamed of."

At a sign from the count, some of the chains were removed, with the upper portion of Speranza's garment.—Morentali then spoke again.

"If there is any peculiar torment thou wouldst select, name it, and we, to the best of our poor abilities, will humor thee. There is the rack, or the screw, or the sharp pendulum, or the bath of molten lead. Or thou mayst prefer the barrel of razors. Or, as thou art a man of a friendly disposition, there is the burning chamber, in which thy companion Miollano some few weeks since expiated the crime of noticing a jewel in a lady's hair, as being once the property of a Venetian noble. Thou didst find the body, and therefore knowest something of the sentence he underwent. Truly he did our machinery credit; his cries were loud, and his agonized struggles and contortions vigorous. I myself was present at the operation of reducing him to a cinder, and have seldom been more delighted.—What sayst thou, wilt try that room, in a spirit of friendly emulation?"

During the count's speech, the gondolier stood as a man half awakened, but at its conclusion, as the noble's taunting laugh rang on his ear, he staggered from his companions, and sank at the edge of the rail in complete insensibility. Terror had benumbed him.

"Nay," said Morentali, "twere hardly worth while to submit the fool to the torture in this state. Remove him, let the surgeon attend, and see him prepared for my visit this night."

We will, briefly trace so much of the life and situation of the count as is necessary to elucidate this careful and veracious history. He had been raised from low rank to sudden nobility, when young, by the rapid successive deaths of the various heirs to the title which occurred with such unexampled speed as to excite widely-spread notice, and almost suspicion. But the glittering circlet having once wreathed his brow, the new count effectually silenced all slanderous tongues—some by the splendor and liberality of his entertainments, others by a more certain method. He married a young lady of great beauty, and the gorgeous nuptial ceremony was for a month the theme of Venice, but the countess dying within a year, the noble widower retired in a great measure from the pursuit of pleasure to that of ambition. Wealth and intrigue here, as elsewhere, crowned his wishes with full success, and Morentali became a member of the Council of Ten, and, as men whispered with fearful caution, of another tribunal none dared to name in public. One misfortune only had befallen the count, and, independently of its own severity, it became the more galling from novelty. His children, in giving birth to whom their mother had been sacrificed, were one day playing on the terrace before the mansion, when their attendant's eye was withdrawn from her charge by a passing gondola. On again reverting to the terrace, to her unbounded dismay the young Adolpho had disappeared, his terrified sister knew not where. Every search was made without success, the boy was never again heard of, and the general rumor of the count's power and severity produced such an effect on the female attendant, that in a moment of agony she threw herself into the canal, the noble's last hope of eliciting information as to the fate of his child perishing with her. There was one trivial circumstance, however, which, years afterwards, when his daughter had grown up into womanhood, and the name of his son was all but forgotten, had produced a powerful impression on his mind. Deprived of his wife, it was not surprising that the count should, in the pride of manhood, and with every advantage around him, occasionally seek female society, although he abstained from forming a second matrimonial connexion.

For other purposes than those of enjoying air, or of dispensing charity, was Morentali supposed to visit the more retired streets of Venice.

For some time a singular and costly jewel was observed to glitter in the hair of a very pretty black-eyed damsel, residing in the strada, now known by the name of St. Ginseppe. The fair wearer seemed by no means desirous of concealing her ornament, and one evening as she wandered along the bank of a neighboring canal, shooting those roguish glances so well on the Adriatic, a young gondolier, who accidentally approached her, incautiously exclaimed, "Saints of heaven! I could risk my soul on the identity of that jewel with—" and the rough hand of a friend which was suddenly placed upon his lips, did not prevent the remark from being overheard. That night Miollano found himself in one of the dungeons of the Council of Ten.—He was subsequently examined by Morentali, who appeared to take an interest in the trinket, but the gondolier could give no satisfactory replies, save that he persisted in recognizing the jewel, though unable to say to whom he supposed it to belong, or upon what his suspicion were grounded. His silence was judged to be contumacious, and a severe application of the rack ensued, but without better success. It was then considered that he had seen too much for liberty, and at the instigation of the count, who witnessed the perpetration, he underwent the horrible agonies and death of the Fiery Vault. His fate, in itself, would have produced no effect upon Morentali, who was far too much inured to similar scenes for pity or remorse, but a short time after the occurrence, a thought arose in the noble's mind too startlingly hideous to be borne. For days and nights it never left him, until the uncertainty could not be sustained, and as a last resource, the haughty Venetian resolved to seek a celebrated magician, or astrologer, who resided in a wing of the Doge's palace, retained for the purpose of imposing a more fearful and undefined idea, of the power and knowledge of the Council upon the popular mind, than could be preserved by mere human agency. But the skill of Columbo Asprenici, did not exist in report alone. Difficult of access, even the count was compelled to request as a favor, admittance to the astrologer. It was towards midnight, when wrapped in a large cloak, armed, but unattended, Morentali entered the awful abode, around which the very air seemed filled with terror.

Few of the appendages, with which romance and superstition have invested the communer with other worlds, were to be seen in the small and gloomy apartment where the magician pursued his tremendous studies. The chamber or rather vault, to which name its stone walls and arched roof would better entitle it, was reached by the count after he had traversed several spacious halls, and darkened galleries, admirably adapted to secure seclusion, not by gate and barrier, but by the far more powerful agency of fear.—The calculating mind of Morentali armed him with courage as he pursued his dreary way, nor was the astrologer's reception of his visitor such as to strike awe, or even unusual respect. A slightly formed, middle-aged man, with a countenance of delicate and precise outline, shaded by the tuit and moustache of the age, simply but neatly apparelled in a dark dress, rose to meet the Italian noble, with the air rather of a retired and satisfied man of the world, than with that which might have been expected in a sage of such undoubted fame. A transparent globe, in the centre of which a light seemed glowing, a few mathematical instruments scattered around among numberless papers and parchments, with a low black marble column, inscribed with foreign characters, were all the uncommon features of the room. Behind Asprenici was a large window, but no moonlight was visible through it, although the queen of heaven was silvering all Venice

as Morentali entered the palace. The count removed his mask, and bowed, and the astrologer first spoke.

"To what fortunate circumstance is the humble student to ascribe the visit of the noblest senator in Venice?"

"After craving pardon for my intrusion, learned sir, I have to beg from you the assistance which none other in the world can give me."

"Even had I known nothing of the Count di Morentali, the hospitality I have received in your glorious city would compel me to do all the little in my power for any of her sons. Speak, signore, and my service is with you."

"Learned Asprenici, to one to whom the past is so well known as to yourself, I have only to name an incident, to bring it to recollection. A short time ago an unhappy man, for an insult to myself, died in a dungeon of this palace. In his examination he named a jewel, with which strange ideas are connected in my imagination. If it please you, I would have the whole event cleared up, that I may at least know my doom."

"The victim bore the name of —?"

"Miollano, among his fellows," replied the count, in a stifled voice.

"The jewel was given by yourself, signore, to a damsel of the city," said the astrologer, with a half-smile; "from whence did you obtain it?"

"It was among many that have long been in my family. I have no particular recollection of it, however, but took it for my purpose, as being elegant and of small value."

"Thus far, signore, my knowledge extends, but beyond this the answers of another must be sought, if you are resolved on gaining the information. I would caution you, here, against pursuing the inquiry, for it will be fearful in its following out, and its end may be fatal. Can you not rest satisfied with the belief, which appears to me most probable, that Miollano had made an empty boast, which obstinacy prevented him from retracting, or that he was totally mistaken in supposing that he knew the trinket?"

"I have not sought you, Asprenici, for the mere opinion of a lawyer, and I am not to be terrified by the dangers of the pursuit. I pray you immediately to satisfy me by those means which you alone possess. I will not offend you by naming the reward," added the count, as he placed carelessly a heavy purse on the table.

"I have said, signore, that I will obey you, but beware of shrinking when he appears, who must answer the questions you must yourself propose. Be seated for the present, and be silent."

Columbo Asprenici arose, and from a box near him took a small silver dagger, sheathless, and exquisitely chased. Retaining this in his left hand, he proceeded with the other to withdraw from the same cabinet a light long chain of dark metal, occasionally studded with crimson spots, which glistened like spangles, as the links were shaken. The astrologer, attaching one end of the chain to the upper part of the black column before mentioned, placed the other below the transparent globe, which continued to glow with internal fire. His next movement was to a corner of the apartment, from whence in a few moments came the sound of an enormous bell, and it appeared to Morentali that sparkles of light were bursting from Asprenici's hand, as it struck the wall. If so, they were speedily extinct, and the magician returned to the globe, and with the silver dagger touched the chain near its centre. The flame in the globe was instantly extinguished, an appalling roar, neither of thunder nor animal, ensued, and the vault was for an instant in utter darkness. Then a light green flame arose from the summit of the column, and its inscriptions were seen in characters of fire. As this subsided, the same horrible roar was again heard, and the chamber was once more

dark. The astrologer took his guest's hand, and guiding him to the column, placed him at a short distance from the window. As Asprenici raised the latter, the dreadful sound arose for the third time, and Morentali gazed forth upon an open plain. It appeared to be night, but there was no moon in heaven. All seemed as objects we behold in a feverish dream.

"Now be firm, and fear not," whispered Columbo.

A wide expanse of dark blue sky was before them, and it was without a cloud or star. A rustling, as of dried leaves before autumn winds, commenced, and gradually increased. Then meteors danced before the eyes of the count, and successively expired. Two long lines of red light, apparently descending from above the building, and reaching the plain at a distance, were next visible. The space between them became filled with various colored fires, until a broad belt was formed from the heaven to the earth. The deafening bell sounded—once—and the lights changed their places among themselves, glowing with the utmost brilliancy; twice—and a dark form was seen to pass rapidly down the fiery arch, to its termination in the distance; thrice—and the fearful, yet half-defined shape rushed rapidly to the window, as the appalling roar again echoed around. Morentali dared not look at the hideous object, but enveloped his face in his ample cloak. Asprenici again whispered.

"Speak, boldly and to the purpose; three questions only may be heard."

In a faltering voice, the once haughty noble asked, while he trembled for the answer, "Does my son live?"

"He is dead," was the reply, in a low, thrilling, unearthly tone, which penetrated to the soul. The count was silent, his last hopes were blighted, and he half-turned away, with a deep sigh, when his companion reminded him that two more questions were yet to be demanded. In a firmer voice he inquired, "What jewel was it that I gave Julia Venyas?"

"Thy wife wore it on the last day she ever wore ornament."

"How did Miollano recognize it?" said the count, in a tone of but little concern.

The answer was given, and the Italian nobleman, with a shriek of the direst anguish, sank insensible upon the ground. * * * * *

Lorenzo di Castiglia led his beautiful bride from her wedding gondola to the steps of the church of Saint Anne. In the prime of life, with a noble person and large wealth, all admitted that the bridegroom was worthy of Giulia di Morentali. The soubriquet of the duellist, which he had acquired, told of the numberless exploits of the sword, and the chamber of many a Venetian lady might have testified his skill in the science of love. His influence, too, was great, and it was this which had given him favor in the eyes of Morentali, before all the other suitors for his daughter's hand. In obedience to her father's commands, Giulia had accepted the offer of Castiglia, though with a heavy heart, for though her virgin affections had not centred elsewhere, she abhorred the man for whom she was about to swear to love. The bridegroom was not blind to her feelings, but he cared not for them, the rather that he intended to put her affections as a wife to but little proof, for he married principally because the fancy seized him, and possibly because his libertine career had in some measure rendered it needful, even in Venice, that he should retrieve a little of his reputation. Such were the feelings of those who stood that lovely morning, at the head of a magnificent bridal train, on the steps of the church of Saint Anne, awaiting the appearance of the Count Morentali.

The count arrived, and the procession entered the church. The organ poured out a full tide of melody, the censers waved, the pennons glistened, and the bridegroom reached the altar, with his lovely com-

panion. A wide semi-circle was formed by the friends of each, and the priest stood forth to record their vows. Morentali advanced and confronted them.

"Stay, father, I have a word to say to our friends, and to those children too, ere thou joinest their hands. Lorenza and Giulia, and you around, listen. It was this day month that a gondolier, named Miollano, was seized by the agents of the Council at my command, and brought before me, in the torture chamber of the palace, for the crime of recognizing this jewel. Daughter, have you ever beheld it before?"

The lady Giulia received the trinket, and burst into tears. Her father proceeded.

"Ha! thou knowest it. But, my friends, I am to inform you that it once belonged to my wife, and that I gave it to an easy damsel of this city, for good reasons, and from whom I have regained it. Miollano saw it in her possession, but as he refused, when before me, to say why he recollected it, I broke every limb in his body on the rack, and then roasted him to death in a fiery vault."

The effect which this horrible communication produced, delivered as it was by Morentali, with a cool and almost flippant manner, may be imagined. Lorenzo was the first to speak.

"Methinks, signore, this tale were better fitted for the secret archives of the Council, than for the holy church, at least of all is it suited to the ear of Lady Giulia."

"Why not, Lord of Castiglia, seeing the sufferer was my son, and her brother?"

A loud and maniac yell followed these words. The Count di Morentali pressed a pistol to his temples, and the report mingled with the dying cry of Giulia, as she sunk, broken-hearted into the arms of Castiglia.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

The following beautiful reply to the stanzas of Mr. Wilde, published in the first number of the Messenger, is attributed to Mrs. Buckley, the wife of a distinguished citizen of Baltimore, a lady whose fine taste and poetic capacity are most happily displayed in these touching lines. The answer is a very perfect counterpart of Mr. Wilde's stanzas, and it we are called on to decide upon their relative merits we do not know which of the two would most demand our admiration.

ANSWER,

TO "MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE."

The dews of night may fall from Heaven,
Upon the wither'd rose's bed,
And tears of fond regret be given,
To mourn the virtues of the dead:
Yet morning's sun the dews will dry,
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,
Affection's pangs be lull'd to sleep,
And even love forget to weep.

The tree may mourn its fallen leaf,
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,
And friends may heave the sigh of grief,
O'er those who sleep within the tomb:
Yet soon will spring renew the flowers,
And time will bring more smiling hours;
In friendship's heart all grief will die,
And even love forget to sigh.

The sea may on the desert shore
Lament each trace it bears away;
The lonely heart its grief may pour
O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay;
Yet when all trace is lost and gone,
The waves dance bright and gaily on:
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,
And even love forgets to mourn.

From the American Monthly Magazine for March.
THE FORTUNES OF THE MAID OF ARC,
DEATH OF LA PUCELLE.

Warwick—And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Shakspeare.

Three months had elapsed—since, in the flower of youth and beauty, in the flush of conquest, and in the accompaniment of her own, or all her country's aspirations, the Maid of Arc had fallen, through the envious treachery of the Count de Flavy,—he who had shut the gates, and raised the bridges of the Compiègne against her—into the hands of John de Ligny-Luxembourg,—since he, false gentleman and recreant knight, had sold the heroine of France—sold her, despite the prayers, despite the tears and the reproaches of his high-minded lady,—sold her for base and sordid ruse to the unsparing loemen. Three months had elapsed of wearisome confinement—not in a guarded chamber;—not with the blessed light of heaven streaming, albeit through grates of iron, into her prison-chambers;—not with the miserable semblance of freedom that might be fancied to exist in the permission to pace the narrow floor;—not with the wonted dungeon-fare of the worst malefactor—not with the consoling religion, vouchsafed even to the dying murderer;—not even with the wretched boon of solitude! No—in a dungeon many a foot beneath the surface of the frozen earth, with nought of air, but what descended through a deep-cut funnel; with nought of light, but what was furnished by a pale and winking lamp; loaded with a weight of fetters, that would have bowed the strongest man-at-arms to child-like helplessness; bound with a massive chain about her waist, linking her to the rocky floor; led on the bread of bitterness, her thirst slaked with the waters of sorrow; her feelings outraged by the continual presence of a brutal soldier, violating the privacies, alike by day and night, of her sad condition; the noble girl had languished without a hope of rescue, without a dream of liberty or life; taunted by her foes, and persecuted, deserted by her friends and utterly forgotten. Yet, though her frame was shrunken with disease and worn with famine, though her bright eyes were dimmed with weariness and watching, her dark locks streaked, as it were, by premature old age, her stature bent to half its former height, and her whole appearance deprived of that high and lustrous beauty that had of yore been peculiarly her own; her confidence in Him, whom she believed, erroneously perhaps, but not therefore the less fervently, to have sent her on that especial mission which she had so gloriously accomplished—her confidence in that Being whose decrees are, of a truth, inscrutable—was all unshaken. If she had formerly displayed the courage to inflict, she now exhibited, and yet more forcibly, the nobler courage to endure. If she had proved herself the equal of men in the mêlée of active valor, she now showed herself to be endowed in no secondary degree with the calm fortitude of her sex, the uncomplaining, patient resignation to inevitable pain or inconsolable affliction which is so much harder to put on than the bold front which rushes forth to meet the coming danger. Day after day she had been led forth from her cold dungeon, to undergo examination, to hear accusations the most inconceivably absurd, to confute arguments, the confutation of which aided her cause in nothing; for when did prejudice, or—yet worse than prejudice—fanatic bigotry, hear the voice of reason, and hear it to conviction? Night after night she had been led back to the chilly atmosphere of that dark cell, hopeless of rescue or acquittal; harrassed by persecution, feeble of frame, and

and sick at heart, yet high and firm in her uncompromising spirit as when she first rode forth, with consecrated blade and banner, to raise the siege of Orleans. From the very commencement of her protracted trial she had felt a sure foreknowledge of its termination! She had known, that in the hearts of her judges her doom was written down already; yet, with a calm confidence that would have well become a Socrates, nay, or the apostle of a holier creed, she had striven to prove her innocence, to posterity at least if not to the passing day—to eternity at least if not to time! When reviled, she answered not—when taunted, her replies were meek but pertinent—when harrassed by the simultaneous questioning of her hard-hearted judges, seager to confuse by clamor the weak woman whom they could not confound by sophistry, she was collected as the sagest jurist, undisturbed as though she were pleading another's cause and not her own. The base Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, the bigoted, bribed fanatic, to whom had been committed the conduct of her judicial murder, strove hard, but strove in vain, to wring from her pale lips some evidence of unholy dealings, for which he might condemn her to the stake, some word of petulance which he might construe into treason.

"Swear"—he cried in haughty and imperious tones, from his crimson chair of state, to the fair trial girl, who, clad in sackcloth, with bare feet and discolored hair, stood at his footstool, upheld by the supporting might of conscious innocence—"Swear to speak truth—question thee as we may!"

"I may not swear, most holy Bishop," she replied, and her eye flashed for a moment, and her lip curled as she spoke, so that men deemed it irony—"I may not swear, most righteous judge—since you may question me of that, which to reveal would be foul perjury—so should I, if I swore, stand perjured in the same by speech or silence!"

"Swear—Joan of Domremi, most falsely styled of Orleans and of Arc—Swear to thy judges, that thou wilt seek no rescue—attempt no escape!"

"Be not your letters strong enough?"—she asked in answer; and she half raised her feeble arm, to show the weight of rusty steel that had already well nigh crippled it—"Be not your letters strong enough—your rock-hewn vaults, where never comes the first-created gift of natural light—your iron cages, and your steel-clad warders?—This will I not swear, O thou most merciful, so shall you not condemn me of faith broken."

"Then thou dost look to rescue—dost hope for liberty—wouldst evade, hadst thou the power, the bonds of Holy Church?"

"To whom should I look for rescue, save to Him who has abandoned his frail servant for her transgressions."

"Ha! she confesses!"

"Mark well the words—Sir scribe."

"No need for further question!"

"She has avowed it!"

Such were the disjointed clamors that burst at once in fiercest exultation from the lips of that holy-seeming conclave; but ere the wily Bishop could express his sentiments, the Maiden again took up the word.

"I have confessed—Great Sir—I have confessed it an-gression—And make not ye the same—at prime, at matin, and at vesper—the same avowal!—Kiddle me then the difference, ye holy men, between the daily penitence ye proffer, for the daily sins which even ye confess; and this the free confession of a helpless, friendless, persecuted prisoner!—Tell me, Lord Bishop, what am I, that I should suffer judgment to the utmost, for the same avowal that thou makest daily, if thou dost obey the bidding of Him whose cross thou has uplifted!—But ye did ask me if I hope for liberty—if I would exchange the prison-house—the

hall of condemnation, and the bread of tears, for the free air, the blessed sunshine, and the humblest peasant's life!—Go, ask the wild herds of the forest, will they prefer the yoke and the goad, the halter and the stall, to the green woods and liberal pastures in which their Maker set them!—Go ask the eagle, will he endure the jesses and the hood of the trained goshawk, will he choose the perch and mew before the boundless azure, will he list to the whistle, or regard the lure of the falconer when the thunder is rolling beneath him, when the lightning, which he alone can gaze upon undazzled, is flashing round the æthereal Creator made him to inhabit. If these shall answer yes—then will I do your bidding, and swear to keep my prison, though the chains should be stricken from my limbs and the door of deliverance opened; though the fagot were kindled to consume me on the one hand, and the throne of your monarch were tendered on the other!—then will I swear—Sir Priest—and not till then."

Such was the tone, and such the tenor of all her speeches; ever submissive to the forms, to the ordinances, and to the spirit of religion; ever professing her faith in holy writ; her whole and sole reliance on the Virgin and her blessed Son; ever denying and disproving the charge of witchery or demon worship—offering to confess under the sacramental seal—to confess to her very judges—she yet suffered them to know, at all times, to perceive, by every glance of her eye, to hear in every word of her mouth, that it was the religion they professed, and not the men who professed it, to which her deterrence was paid, to which her veneration was due.

Still tho' they laboured to the utmost to force her into such confession as might be a pretext for her condemnation, the court could by no means so far confuse her understanding, or so corrupt the judges, as to effect us uncharitable purpose. With a clear understanding of her own cause she refused, at once boldly, to answer those questions on nice points of doctrine which she perceived to have no bearing on her case. On every other matter, she spoke openly and with the confidence of innocence, maintaining to the last, however, that "Spirits, were they good or evil, had appeared to her;" but denying that she had ever by sign or priap, by spell or charm, invoked the aid of supernatural powers, otherwise than by the prayers of the Church offered in Christian purity of purpose to the most Holy Virgin and her everlasting Son. It was at length proposed that the question should be enforced by the means of torture! But by Cauchon himself the proposition was overruled—not in mercy, however,—not in charity toward a weak and suffering woman, but in the deepest refinement of cruelty. Confident, as he then was, that she should be condemned to the fierce ordeal of the fagot and the stake, he spared her the rack lest by exhausting her powers of endurance it might diminish the duration of her mortal agonies. Bitterly, however, was that corrupt judge and false shepherd disappointed when the decisive verdict was pronounced—"Perpetual chains—the bread of sorrow and the waters of misery!"—The courts ecclesiastic had no weapon to afflict her life, and for the present the secular arm had dismissed her beyond the reach of its tyrannic violence. The sentence was heard by the meek prisoner in the silence of despair—she was remanded to her living tomb—she passed through the gloomy archway—the bolts groaned heavily behind her—she deemed that all was over, that she should perish there—there, in that dark abyss, unheeded by the fresh air or the fair daylight, unimpeded by her relentless foemen, unassured by her faithful friends; and she felt that death—any death, so it was but speedy—had been preferable to the endurance of that protracted torture which life had now become

to her, who lately fought and feasted at the right hand of princes.

Not all the sufferings however, of the wretched girl; not all the mental agonies and corporeal pains, that she must bear in silence, could satisfy her fears of England, or the policy of England's Regent. It was not in revenge, much less in hatred, that the wise Bedford urged it on the court that they should destroy—not her body only, but her fame. He well knew that it was enthusiasm only that had thus far supported her and liberated France;—he deemed not, for a moment, that she was either heavenly messenger, or mortal champion;—but he felt, that France believed in joy—England in trembling!—he felt, that dead or living—so she died a martyr—Joan would be equally victorious. Her death, it attributed to vengeance, would but stir up the kindling blood of Gaul to hotter anger, would but beat down the doggedness of Saxon valor with remorse and superstitious terror!

"Ill hast thou earned thy See," he cried at their first interview, "false Bishop!" As well she were a horse and in the field, as living thus a *Junius* prisoner! She must die! *die*, Sir Priest, not as a criminal, but as a witch and a heretic! Her name must be a scoff and a reproach to France—her death an honor to her slayers—a sacrifice acceptable to Mother Church, and laudable throughout all Christendom! See it done, Sir,—Nay, interrupt me not, nor parley; an *thou* mayest not accomplish it, others more able, or perchance more willing, may be found and that in fit speedily; the revenues of Beauvais's Bishopric might serve a Prince's turn! See that thou lose them not!" And he swept proudly from the chamber, leaving the astounded churchman to plot new schemes, to weave more subtle meshes for the life of the innocent. Nor did it occupy that crafty mind long time, nor did it need deep counsel! The sentence of the Church decreed, that she should never more don arms, or masculine attire! The Bishop's eye flashed as it lighted on that article. "Ha!" he muttered—"Here then, we have her on the hip! Alas, what ho! Let them bid Gaspard father—the warden of the Sorceress—and let us be alone!"

He came; and with the closed doors they sat in conclave—The highest officer, save one, of Holy Church; the lowest and most truculent official of state policy! Ear heard not, nor eye saw, the secrets of the meeting; but on the morrow, when the first glimpse of sickly daylight fell through the tunnelled window of her dungeon, the Maiden's female garb was gone, and by the pallet bed lay morion and corslet, chishes, and greaves, and sword—her own bright azure armor! At the first moment, ancient recollection filled her whole soul with gladness! Joy, triumph, exultation thrilled in her burning veins; and the tears that rained down full and frequent, tarnished the polished surface, were tears of gratitude and momentary bliss. Then came the cold reaction—soul-sickening terror—the prophetic sense of danger—the certainty of treachery! She donned them not—she rose not from her wretched couch, though her limbs were cramped, and her very bones were sore with lying on the hard and knotted pallet. Noon came, and her guards entered; but it was in vain that she besought them, as they would not slaughter a poor maiden—slaughter her soul and body—to render back the only vestments she might wear in safety.

"Tis but another miracle, fair Joan," sneered the grim warden. "St. Katharine of Fierbois has returned the sword, she gave thee erst, for victory. Tête Dieu! 'tis well she felt thee not the *destrier*, to boot of spurs, and espaldron, else wouldst thou have won through wall of stone of grate of iron! Don them, then, holy Maiden, don the Saint's gift, and fear not; she will preserve thee!"

And, with a hoarse and chuckling laugh the chur-

laid down the scanty meal his cruelty vouchsafed her, and departed!

Thus three days passed away; her prayers for fitting raiment were unheeded, or, it heeded, scoffed at.—Meantime the chill air of the dungeon paralyzed her as she lay, with scanty covering, cramped limbs and curdling blood, on the straw mattress that alone was interposed between her delicate frame and the damp rock-hewn pavement.—On the third day she rose; she donned the fatal armor—all save the helm and falchis—she might not otherwise enjoy the wretched liberty of moving to and fro, across the dungeon floor.—Scarce had she fastened the last rivet, when the door flew open! A dozen men-at-arms rushed in, and dragged her to the chamber of the council! The board was spread with all the glittering mockery of judgement—the brass-bound volumes of the law; the crosier of the church; the mace of state; the two-edged blade of Justice, and the pointless sword of Mercy! The Judges were in session—waiting the moment when necessity should force her to don the fatal armor! From without, the clang of axe and hammer might be heard, framing the pile of execution, prepared already ere the sentence was pronounced on that doomed victim, condemned before her trial.

"Lo! there—my Lords," cried Bauchon, as she entered, dragged like a lamb to the slaughter. "Lo! There, my Lords! What need of farther trial? Even now she bears the interdicted arms, obtained as they must be by sorcery! Sentence, my Lords; a judgment!"

And with one consent, they cried aloud, corrupt and venal Frenchmen, "Judgment; a sentence!"

Then rose again the Bishop, and the lust of gain twinkled in his deep gray eye, and his lip curled with an ill-dissembled smile, as he pronounced the final judgment of the Church:

"Joan of Domremi—sorceress, apostate! Liar, idolater, blasphemer of thy God! The Church hath cast thee from her bosom, excommunicated and accursed! Thou art delivered to the arm of secular justice. And may the temporal flames which shall, this hour, consume thy mortal body, preserve thy soul from fires everlasting! Her doom is said; hence with her, to the fagot!"

Steadfastly she gazed on the face of the speaker, and her eye closed not, nor did her lip pale, as she heard that doom, the most appalling, that flesh can not endure.

"Ye have conquered," she said slowly but firmly; "ye have prevailed, and I shall perish. But think not that ye harm me; for ye but send me to my glory! And believe not, vain that ye are, and senseless, believe not that, in destroying me, ye can subdue my country. The fires, that shall shrivel up this weak and worthless carcass, shall but illumine the blaze of vengeance in every Frenchman's heart that will never waver, nor wink, nor weary, till France again be free! This death of mine shall cost thousands—hundreds of thousands of the best lives of Britain! Living, have I conquered your best warriors heretofore! Dead, will I vanquish them hereafter! Dead, will I drive ye out of Paris, Normandy, Guienne. Dead, will I save my King, and liberate my country! Lead on, assassins—lead me to the pile! The flesh is weak and fearful; yet it trembles not, nor falters, so does the spirit pine for liberty and bliss!"

Who shall describe the scene that followed; or, if described, who would peruse a record so disgraceful to England, to France, to Human Nature? England, from coward policy, condemned to ignominious anguish a captive foe! France, colder and more cruel yet, abandoned without one effort, one offer of ransom, one stroke for rescue, a saviour and a friend! and human nature witnessed the fell deed, pitying perhaps in silence, but condemning not, much less opposing the

decree of murder, sanctioned as it was, and sanctified by the assent of Holy Church.

It is enough! She perished—perished as she had lived, undaunted and nobly. Her fame, which they would have destroyed, lives when the very titles of her judges are forgotten! The place of her torture is yet branded with her name! Her dying prophecy has been fulfilled! A century had not elapsed, ere Flanders, Normandy, Guienne were free from England's yoke; and every battle-field of France hath reeked, from that day downwards to red Waterloo, with blood of England, poured forth like water on the valleys of her hereditary foe.

The Maiden perished, and the terror-stricken soldiery, who gazed on her unnumbered agonies, beheld—or fancied they beheld—a saintly light, paler but brighter than the lured glare of the fagots, circling her dark locks and lovely features; they imagined that her spirit—visible to mortal eyes—soared upward, dove-like on white pinions, into the viewless Heaven—and they shuddered, when they found, amid the tinders of the pile, the heart which had defied their bravest, unscathed by fire, and ominous to them of fearful retribution!

From the Saturday Evening Post.

TO

Apart from thee I only feel,

How much of life with thee remains,
Not only in the hours I steal,

From daily pleasures, toils or pains,
To muse of thee in waking dreams,

By memory and hope inspired,
While o'er the sea of absence gleams,

The cheering lights that love has fired;
Nor in the visions of the night,

Alone, does thy lov'd form appear—
Thine image is a part of sight,

Than even light itself more dear,
With age, the feeble sense grows dim;

But thou, the light that fills my soul,
And mantling to its widening brim,

O'erflows with bliss life's golden bowl,
Shall live—when e'er thy fading star

By time and sense to darkness given,
Seems but a halo from afar—

Shall glow the radiance of heaven.

Apart from thee my bosom bounds,
To the fond hour our lips shall meet,

And feel in all "life's varied sounds,"
There's not a moment half so sweet,

As when two hearts that truly love,
By doubts and fears of absence tried,

Seal with a kiss—hope's fairy dove—
The union blest so long denied,

From feelings deep o'erflowing well,
Pour countless thoughts in rushing tide,

Mingling a rapture and a spell—
The sympathy of hearts allied.

Alas—I know not what of fate,
May intervene the hour between,

I know not whether soon or late,
That hour—through distance dimly seen,

As faintly o'er the dark'ning wave,
Gleams the white wing of bird afar—

May be, an omen of the grave—
May be, of hope the rising star,

Where'er it be in earth or heaven,
When'er it come in weal or woe—

This heart from thine forever riven,
Would fondly, vainly seek to know;

But in the doom that bears me on,
Unfading hope still lights the way,

For love like thine—not vainly won—
Is wealth that passeth not away.

JULY.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER XI.

An unpleasant report has prevailed here for several days that the cholera has come over from Europe to Oran.—For that city it was my intention to have taken shipping by the first good opportunity, as travelling by land is out of the question; but I thought, in the event of the news proving true, that it would be imprudent to go out, as it were anticipating a meeting with so redoubtable a personage as the cholera, which would be interpreting rather too strictly the medical maxim, "*venienti occurrere malo.*" In order to ascertain what credit the rumour deserved, I called on General Voirol, and finding that he did not believe it, I requested his assistance to obtain for me a passage on board of the first government steamer that might be going to Oran. "That," he said, "is not so easy as it may seem, there are so many applicants for passage; however, we must see what can be done for you. Come, if you please, and dine with me to-morrow; you will meet General Demicels, who is to embark the next day as commandant for Oran, and I hope he will be able to take you with him." I went accordingly, and we had a very pleasant party, everybody agreeing to despise the report of the cholera having come to Oran. General Demicels told me he could not give me a passage unless I was invested nominally with some office in his suite. "Then, make me your Latin Secretary," I said, and it was agreed to *in-lanter* that I should write all the Latin letters he might have occasion to send to the Arabs. After a cheerful evening, however, I awoke to hear serious news in the evening. I called at an early hour on General Demicels—his countenance was very serious; the intelligence of the pestilence having broken out at Oran had arrived at Algiers about midnight. "It is my duty," he said, "to go to the infected place, but if I were you I should not go." I told him that such was my resolution, not merely from apprehension of cholera, but from the fear of being shut up in Oran for an indefinite time by the embargo that would be imposed upon the place. I took leave of him with rain, to see a brave man going off to the chance of an unglorious death.

Well, but the cholera at Oran is but a prelude to its being at Algiers, and Heaven knows how soon that itinerant performer may be leading the dance of death amongst our alleys of darkness and dense population! His revels here will be frightful: shall I fly from the infection and return to Europe? Nay—no, I thought, in communicating with myself: curiosity brought me hither, and fear shall not drive me hence, with my curiosity balked. In this mind I called at the house of the Intendant-Civile, the Baron Bondurant, and found his lady in her drawing-room, surrounded by all the world. She showed her friendly interest in me, by inquiring what were my intentions as to remaining at Algiers? I told her I meant to stop; but instead of complimenting my courage, as I expected, she replied, "You are a perfect madman." As for me, I must remain, as in duty bound, by my sick husband, but if you have a grain of sense left, get off immediately to Marseilles." Hem! I thought, you are perhaps in the right. After her lecture I turned round to Madame de Verger, the wittiest and the most musical of French women. "And what do you think of me, Madame de Verger?" "I think," she said, "that you are a poltroon." "Why so?" "Because you did not go to Oran." "Oh, how I admired your *beau courage* when we dined at General Voirol's, but where is it all now?" She added, with laughing compassion, "Pray take Madame B's advice, and get over to Marseilles." If Jem Smith had seen me under her quizzing, he would have said that I looked more like a *Sheepie* than a *Leo Africanus*. I said, "Ladies, you are really too hard upon me, but I am neither a madman nor a coward—I belong to the *juste milieu*."

To be serious, I am not sensible to the danger of remaining here; but it provokes me to think of having come so far and of going away after seeing so little, and thus my crossness performs the part of courage: so I

*The General looked as if he had anticipated calamity, and one of his family, I believe his nephew, was carried off by the malady.

shall stop here, waiting for a change of visiting other parts of the Regency. Boujah and Bona, on the sea-coast, I am sorry to say, are the only accessible places at present, and into the interior there is, alas, no hope of safely penetrating beyond twenty miles from Algiers; for though the French once took possession of Belida, Colabah, and Medea, they were obliged to quit them, after learning from the natives some hard lessons in the tactics of retreat.

I find the society of the French very agreeable; but it would be more so if they would not so constantly and ignorantly boast of their resemblance to the Romans. For the present, at least, nothing can be more unfortunate than this comparison, in as far as relates to Numidian colonization; both Rome and France have left ruins here, but those of France are the work of destruction, whilst the Roman ruins are vestiges of what they created. About the distance of fourteen miles from Algiers, on the side of the river Aratch, there are still visible the ruinous traces of a Roman city, which is supposed to have been the Rustonium mentioned by Ptolemy, and named Rusucrum by other geographers. Here, scarcely emerging from brushwood and brambles, there are fragments of walls, vaults, porticoes and arches, and trunks of columns, bits of Etrurian pottery, and sprinkling of mosaic pavement. There are traces also of a jetty which sheltered the shipping. To judge by its remains, Rustonium must have been a mile in length, and about half as broad. The Emperor Claudius bestowed on it the privileges of a Roman city; but what a shadow is human existence!—the hyena now laughs at the fallen glory of Rustonium, and the tortoise crawls over its tassellated floors.

There is a stone with a Roman inscription in Algiers itself, which I do not find mentioned either by Shaw or by any other traveller. It is a part of the outside wall of the mosque nearest to the marine. I can make out upon it the words "*Sulpicius Rufus Donum Dedit.*" Other letters are irretrievably obliterated; what remains, however, proves that the existing mosque was built partly with stones which had been formerly used by the Romans, and it probably stands where a Roman temple once stood.

Among the antiquities near Algiers may be mentioned some large unhewn stones, erected evidently by the hand of art, a few miles to the west of the city, in the direction of Sidi Ferruch. They stand by threes and fours, with a stone of equal size surmounting the rest. The French call them Druidic tombs. That these erections may be Phœnician I can imagine, though their being Druidic is a different question. I remember to mention of Druids in any ancient author, either Caesar, Strabo, Mela, Diolorus Siculus, Tacitus, Lucan, Pliny, or Ammianus Marcellinus, which alludes to stones of this description forming their sepulchres. We have all concurrent testimonies that they performed their religious rites in the depth of groves, and cemeteries have had among all people more or less of a religious character. Around erections given out to be Druidic, both in France and Britain, we have no tradition of woods having ever existed; and if such stones be Druidic, it is strange that there should be none in the isle of Anglessea. It has never been more than dimly conjectured that Druidism came from Phœnicia, and it may be more than conjecture that such stones, whether in Africa, England, and elsewhere, are of Phœnician erection. The data for reasoning are so faint and few, that although the sage in the academy can say a great deal more about the matter, he knows in reality little more than the child in the nursery. Still, if you let me choose one guess more, feasible than another, I should follow the opinion of those who ascribe such monuments to the Phœnicians. Strukely, the most rational of our old antiquaries, thinks so with regard to the piles at Stonehedge, and I have heard my friend Gwilt, the learned translator of "*Vitruvius*," maintain the same opinion.

From the table-land containing these supposed Druid tombs, you may ascend in an hour's walk or ride (though a horse's footing is scarcely secure on these steep, stony pathways), to the top of Mount Bonaria, which is 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and behind it commands a view of the Metedjah plain, as well as of the whole range of the Lesser Atlas. This bird's-eye prospect gives wings to the imagination, leading it by sea over the waves that roll to Spain and Italy, and overland to mountain-

tops that overlook the path of the caravan towards the zone of our planet. It is merely a prospect, however, and not a landscape for the painter. Looking down to the Metedjah plain, I said to M. Descousses, who was riding beside me, "See, there; there are seven—eight encampments of the Arabs—I can spy their tents, and the smoke ascending from their fires. How I long to see them nearer! Will not you, who were a captain of Napoleon's cavalry, accompany me down to the plain and risk a visit to them?" "Could we not reach them in safety?" "Aye," said Descousses, "we might reach them in safety, but our coming back is a different question."

On the summit of Mount Bousaria, there are the ruins of two small villages, containing some forty houses, out of which, however, only a dozen seemed to be inhabited. On the brow of the mountain, towards the east, a commanding military position, the French have built a large block-house, which is guarded by several pieces of cannon, the pathway back to Algiers, is so precipitous and rocky, that I had serious apprehensions of my neck.

Along all the roads about Algiers the French have established cabarets, where songs reach you without, which indicates jollity within, and the soldiers sometimes circulate the bottle so quickly, as to throw it at each other's heads. Very different from these haunts of revelry are the quiet coffee houses of the natives, which are generally placed in some sequestered ravine, and embosomed in a grove of orange or other fruit-trees. In the porticoes and orchards of these coffee houses, the Moors of the neighbourhood will come to while away an entire day, squatted on mats of reeds, and drinking coffee or playing at draughts; you will see them also counting their beads, an act, which with the Mussulmans as with the Catholics, is supposed to be accompanied by devotion. I was passing one of these cafés the other day in company with a French officer, who recognized and spoke to an elderly native. The Moor was resting beneath a fig-tree, with a rosary in his hand; his beard and turban white as snow, and his gravely placid countenance made him seem to me the most venerable man I had ever seen. An interesting-looking youth sat beside him, whom I took to be his son, and I recognized in the few words that passed between them, the tones of paternal and filial kindness. When we left them, I said to the Frenchman, "How respectable are these cafés of the Moors, compared to our dram-shops of Europe; their pleasures are indolent to be sure, but they are innocent. Is it not pleasant to see your temperate old friend passing the day with that boy, who seems to be his son, and the comfort of his age?" "Boy—son—bah! b.h!" cried the Frenchman; "that companion of his is neither his son nor one of the male sex."

I should avoid alluding to the profligacy of the Moors, like any other impure subject, if it were not illustrative of an important moral truth. I have heard untravelled philosophers defend polygamy, as a safeguard against the grosser licentiousness which fills our streets with degraded women; but Algiers is a proof that this is not a fact. At the occupation of the place by the French, there was found a greater number of such women than could be reckoned, in proportion to its population, in the most profligate town of Europe. The wretched females of this description were not, to be sure, so much incarcerated as the married woman; but they had habitations allotted to them under the surveillance of a magistrate, called the Mezzar, who let them out to Mussulmans, and who punished them with death if they admitted Jews or Christians as their admirers.

This shows that polygamy is no antidote to profligacy; and, indeed, how can it be so? It is true that the Moors, like all frugal Mussulmans, seldom have more than one or two wives at a time, though they can easily divorce them, but can the wife thus married for a moment imagine herself more than a mistress, or can the husband say to her, like Brutus to Portia—

"You are my true and honourable wife,

And dear to me as are the ruddy drops

That visit this sad heart?"

The Mezzars often treated these public women very cruelly. When the French came, it was wonderful how soon they learnt the politics of the day. Though shut up in their houses, they set up yells of joy at the French military music; they were thumped and threatened, but they snapped their fingers at their gaolers, and were finally emancipated.

I fear you will think me an incurious traveller, when I tell you that I have not yet seen any Moorish funeral, except that of a poor person; it is only at the interment of the better orders, that the honours paid to the dead are performed with any imposing solemnity. But it is not so easy, as you might imagine, to get admitted to such a spectacle. Since the cemetery adjacent to the gate of Bab el Oued has been desecrated by the French, and its tombs destroyed, the rich have ceased to be buried in that quarter, though there is a ravine in the same direction stretching upwards to the south, and remote from the high road, where graves are still dug for the poor. There is one burial-ground, and there may be more for aught that I know, within the walls of Algiers; but the Moors, who have country-houses, generally inter their friends in their vicinity. Formerly it was advisable for Christians to keep out of the way of their funerals, and they are still averse to any but the faithful being present at them. I extracted a promise from a young Moor who has been in France, and is no bigot, to help me some day to the sight of a native burial; but he has not kept his word, probably apprehending the prejudices of his countrymen.

I understand that the first ceremony performed over a deceased Moor or Mouress is to wash the corpse all over. Cotton steeped in camphor is then put into the mouth, ears, and nostrils; the body is dressed out in the best attire that can be found, as for a festive day, and is finally wrapped in linen. Those who can afford it purchase linen that has come from Mecca, and is therefore supposed to be consecrated. By the time that the toilette of the corpse has been made, all the female friends of the family have assembled, and they join in a loud lamentation over the defunct. The men take no share in these howlings, and it would be thought weakness if they either sighed or wept, although their countenances often express a deeper grief than that of the noisy complainers. The dead are never kept more than twenty-four hours, indeed, sometimes for a much shorter time; so as to make it but too probable, that persons interred prematurely have often awoke in their graves only to struggle and be suffocated. The tiers of females are curmudgeons, those of male have no covering but the shroud. Women never accompany a funeral to the grave, except in rare instances, when female slaves have been emancipated by the will of the deceased. The procession is attended by an Imam or priest, and it generally stops on the way to the grave at the nearest mosque, where verses of the Koran are chanted chorally. At the place of rest the same chanting is repeated, at least I was told so; but I should think that a sepulchral requiem is a luxury appropriated only to the rich—for at the poor man's funeral which I witnessed, the Arabic words uttered over him were rather a growl than a chant. The corpse is laid in the grave, resting on one side, and having the face towards Mecca; flags of slate or planks of wood are laid over it, to prevent the jackals from making a night's entertainment of it; the earth is then thrown in and the grave is covered with turf and branches of trees, unless the family of the individual be rich, and then his tomb has marble slabs at head and foot, and a regular building over it. The private burial-grounds of the wealthy are kept with extreme care; they are surrounded by walls mantled with ivy and vines, and the graves are shaded by palm trees, or cypresses. Often within the walls there is a covered gallery of white marble pillars, under which there are carpets spread, for those who come to mourn and pray. The Moorish women, otherwise so closely immured, can always repair to the tombs of their relations; and those places, so says report, are resorted to sometimes for assuaging other passions than grief. Medicaments always follow the funerals of the rich, and are distributed to them. Finally, the friends and relatives return home and have a social meal, with plenty of couscous, fowls, and mutton. Your English refinement, I dare say, revolts at the idea of a feast after a funeral; but remember I am a Scotchman, and if you abuse these poor people for this custom, you will cast a reflection indirectly on the recent barbarism of my native land. Alas! I fear these Moorish festivities after funerals are decency itself, compared with those which I have witnessed with my own eyes in Scotland. Not very long ago a Highland funeral, or *dregy* as it is called, used to be followed by a regular supper to the company and a ball.

"Where hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and merriment in their heels."

I have heard a young Highlander in the rank of a gentleman say, that he never spent a pleasanter day than at his grandmother's *dregy*; for the mourners had as much whisky and dancing as they could set their faces to. At his death, the Laird of —, in Argyleshire, left a beautiful young widow, of course inconsolable for his loss. After the burial and banquet, clansmen and clanswomen, attended by the piper and fiddler, convened for a dance in the castle-hall, resolving to mitigate their grief with the Highland fling—when unexpectedly the widow herself came in, all weeps and tears, with the tip of her nose scarcely peeping from her crape cap—and she seated herself mournfully on a bench. The gentleman who was to lead down the dance thought that he could not in good breeding ask any other lady than the mistress of the house to stand up with him, and with a deep sigh she consented. He then asked the disconsolate woman to name the spring, i.e. the time she would wish to be played. "Oh," she said, "let it be a light spring, for I have a heavy heart."

The epitaphs of the Moors are generally brief and simple, unlike those sepulchral rigmorles where—

"So very much is said,

One-half will never be believed,

The other never read."

Mr. Tulin, Vice-Consul, who is an excellent Arabic scholar, favoured me with the translation of two inscriptions on a tombstone within Algiers. At the head are two lines of verse on an erected slab of slate, meaning as follows:—

"There is but one God, the Master of all things, the all-potent and all-powerful.

Mohammed is the Envoy of God, the executor of his will, and the beloved."

At the feet there is another upright slab, inscribed to this effect:—

"This is the grave of the deceased,

By the charity of the Ever-living and Ever-lasting,

The Hadjee* Mobarck, son of Mohammed, son of Basel."

The graves of eminent men are surmounted by marble tombs designating their rank. When the French made their road through the great burial-place at Bab el-Oued, they suffered the soldiers to carry off those tombs. I have just returned from an apothecary's shop where one of them stands inverted on the counter, and is used as a mortar by the man of rhubarb.

LETTER XII.

I cannot say that my friends the Israelites are so free from verbosity as the Moors in their sepulchral inscriptions; yet still I am glad that the conquerors have spared them. Farther west from Bab-el-Oued than the demolished Moorish tombs, and happily out of the line of the great road, lies the Jewess cemetery. It has neither flowers nor trees; but it is, to my taste, a picturesque and interesting place: it contains, I should think, though I cannot say I have reckoned them, hundreds of graves, covered with large slabs of pure white marble, with the Hebrew character beautifully engraven and coloured black, and here and there surmounted by sculptured heads, denoting the tombs of rabbis. I need not apologize to you for my interest in the Hebrews; the very characters of their language beget reverence in my heart. Most ancient and ill-used people! it is some comfort to see their ashes undisturbed in a country where they have suffered so much. I often visit this cemetery by clear moonlight, when the many tombs contrast their foreground splendidly with the blue amphitheatre of hills above; and here, as if the ground inspired my memory, I can vividly recollect the brightest passage of that prophetic poet Isaiah, who painted futurity like a present scene. Fifteen years ago I applied with some earnestness, to the Hebrew language; but my knowledge of it is now so much decayed by disuse, that I could only transcribe some of the inscriptions in this cemetery, whilst imper-

* The appellation of Hadjee is given to those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

fectly understanding them. I can make out that some of the tombs are those of martyrs who suffered for the Jewish faith, and I think it is indicated that they suffered death by fire. I got a Jew, who speaks a sort of English, to translate them for me, and he agreed with me that one of the epitaphs conveys that meaning. But the Jew's English version is scarcely more intelligible than the original Hebrew; I can perceive, however, that these epitaphs are all in verse, and even in rhyme.

Neither the Moors nor Jews wear black in token of mourning for the dead; but the latter always attend funerals in their worst attire, to denote their grief. The Jewish men weep plentifully at interments. The women sometimes attend them; but not always. When they do, you may be sure their grief is not silent.

A discourse, long or short in proportion to the importance of the deceased, is preached at some little distance from the grave; prayers are chanted; and collections are made for the poor. One extraordinary superstitious custom still remains. When a man dies, they believe that the devil stands in ambush before the house, in order to get possession of the corpse on its way to its last abode. As the rabbis, however, surround it all the way to interment, his infernal majesty is cowed by their presence; but still he follows the procession, in hopes of finding some favourable opportunity, or of slipping into the grave along with the defunct. When the body, therefore, is near the opened grave, the bearers suddenly retreat with it to a certain distance, and a rabbi attending them throws some gold pieces as far as he can in different directions. The devil, who is by this time either in the grave or near it, is tempted by his avarice to go and pick up the money; and whilst he is thus employed, the corpse is hurried back to the tomb, and earth thrown over it. One day that I talked about this custom to a Moor, who has a bigoted hatred of the poor Israelites, I asked him if it was not unlike a Jew to throw away his money? "Ah, yes," he said; "but it is very like a Jew to cheat the devil." In the burials of females this scattering of money is never practised; Satan, it is alleged, has trouble enough upon his hands to wish getting hold of a woman.

On certain days families go out to weep over the tombs of their parents.

To start a livelier subject than tombs and epitaphs—I have transcribed for you a few Algerine melodies. I expressed to you a mean opinion of the native music, and if you heard it fiddled and flageoleted by the minstrels here, I think you would not blame me for fastidiousness. They certainly execute their tones like executioners. At the same time, I imagine I have undervalued the intrinsic merit of their music, from the wretchedness of its performers; for incomparably better judges than myself tell me, that many of the native airs are expressive and pleasing. Madame de Verger says so, and such is the opinion also of my inspired and valued friend, the Chevalier Neukomm, whom I have met in Algiers. Of all happy incidents, that which I least expected in Africa was to meet this great man—the nephew of Haydn, worthy of his uncle—the composer whose touches on the organ are poetry and religion put into sound. He has crossed the Mediterranean merely to visit his friends the De Vergers. Colonel De Verger called on me the other day, bringing the Neukomm with him; I need not tell you how I greeted him—we talked about Algerine music, and he told me that he found something in it which he liked for being natural and characteristic. I said, "You surprise me, Chevalier; then I suppose you can admire even our Highland bagpipes?" "Nay," said Neukomm, "don't despise your native pibrochs; they have in them the stirrings of rude but strong nature. When you traverse a Highland glen you must not expect the breath of roses, but must be contented with the smell of heath: in like manner, even Highland music has its rude, wild charms."

Well, upon reflection, his words seemed to confirm me in the opinion that the greatest artists are the ablest discoverers of merit, be it ever so rude and faint, in works of art. Our poets, Scott and Gray, could discover genius in bar-

* Since returning to England, I applied to Mr. Hurwitz, Professor of Hebrew in the London University, to translate the epitaphs which I brought home, and he very kindly took the trouble to do so. He tells me the style is modern, or corrupted, Hebrew, which has its difficulties to the best Hebrew scholar.

barous ballads that had eluded the obtuseness of common critics. Our sculptor Flaxman walked among the uncouth statuary of old English cathedrals, where defects of drawing and proportion are obvious to the eyes of a child. A surface critic would have derided those monuments; but Flaxman's eye penetrated beyond their shade into their spirit—he divined what the sculptor had meant, and discovered tender and sublime expression. I send you a few native airs. The words are not even an attempt at poetry—but mere nonsense verses to point out the measure.

I. Epitaph on a Female.

Call forth the lamenting women (*a*) to prepare a mourning, and to weep over the graceful and lovely lady (*b*) who was smitten with the plague in the day of anger, and descended into the lonely grave through the wrath (of God). She buried her husband after the death of her husband (*c*). She was of fair form and statue,—agreeable in her deeds to those who knew her. Hannah her name was called, the consort of the Rabbi Joseph, of the family Bulies. In the month Siven (*d*), in the year of the creation 5517, her blameless soul ascended to the highest heaven.

II. On a Young Man.

(This is) the tombstone of a lovely, upright, and worthy young man—Joseph, the Levite, of blessed memory, who was slain for no crime, but in consequence of false imputations raised against him and his seven companions, who were all killed with him on the same day, on account of an unjust sentence that was pronounced against them by his enemies concerning something. May God, in his mercy, avenge them and the innocent blood which was shed in the land.

Be amazed, ye heavens, at this! How have the righteous thus ceased, and come to an untimely end! Woe to the eyes that have seen this, and woe to the ears that hear this! On the 4th day of Tam-muz (*e*), in the year of the world 5500, their souls went into the upper Paradise, where they will find rest.

III.

Crown of the Law! faithful Judge!—the crown is fallen from our heads.

Woe unto us that we have sinned!

The tombstone of the sage, the perfect, the distinguished Judge, the Holy Rabbi, who was slain for the sanctification of the law (*f*)—our instructor and rabbi, Isaac. The memory of the holy and just be blessed! Learning weeps over him, and sheds the bitter tear. With wailing she reproaches reckless, faithless Time (for being) the perpetrator of a wicked deed:—“How durst thou pluck up a monument so fair? There is, indeed, a time to unroot a plant and a time to plant it (*g*). How shall we drink the bitter cup, or how couldst thou give it to so pious a man, whose mental taste was sweet, like honey and manna—whose extensive wisdom was as that of Asaph and Hymen (*h*)?”

He was renowned amongst those who possess wisdom and knowledge, filled the chair of instruction, and judged a people not forsaken (*i*). Noble-minded, generous, and merciful, he often shed agonizing tears for his congregation.

(*a*) Women whose business was to raise cries of lamentation over the dead.

(*b*) Literally, a graceful chamois, or wild goat; a form of endearment among the Israelites here, however uncouth it may seem to us. It reminds me of a compliment paid to the ladies of England by a mulatto servant whom I hired at Algiers, after my faithful Kayble left me to return to his native mountains. My mulatto—a cunning, flattering knave, had been in England, and could speak the language. “Ah, mistar,” he used to say, “show me de land like London for good cheese and porter. And den de English ladies—dey are all like she-goats,”—he meant Gentlemen.

(*c*) That is, she had the two-fold calamity of being deprived of her husband and children.

(*d*) The third month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year.

(*e*) The fourth month of the year.

(*f*) That is, he fell a martyr to his religion.

(*g*) This line Mr. Horwitz thinks was introduced merely for the sake of the rhyme.

(*h*) Names of two celebrated Levites. 1 Chron. vi. 18: v. 24. Ps. lxxviii. 88.

(*i*) Jeremiah xii. 5.

tion, whose sorrows touched his feeling heart as if they were his own; for they (the people) had been delivered over to destruction as the destruction of Shalman. At last the enemy spread the net for him, and smote him with the well-known scourge of his tongue, and tore his neck with the sword. Isaac, of the family of Abulchur, was his signature. On the 28th day of the month Ziv he so departed to enjoy the bliss which God had prepared for him.

IV.

The tombstone of the worthy, esteemed, charitable, pious, and wise Rabbi Jacob Zeror. He rested in glory in the month Nisan (*j*), 5500.

The stone upon the grave awakens a weeping and a bitter lamentation for a man of a noble and honourable mind. How beautiful and glorious were his works! Faithful in his dealings, of the strictest integrity, a great benefactor to the poor of his congregation, a shield to his numerous offspring, the crown of a good name; treasurer at first, to the Society (denominated) No'sai Mithah (*k*), and at last their associate; of a holy family, his good name being well known in the cities. And after all his endeavours in this world, there arose against him the sons of Belial, and raised a false imputation against him, for which he was condemned to die an uncommon death. At the hearing of this the ears tingle, and the eyes that saw it weep blood. He amazed at this, ye heavens! How they have shed the blood of a righteous man, on account of the wickedness and falsehood of his accusers! His bones will seek vengeance before God, who dwells on high. As for him, he is gone to Paradise, to dwell in the dew of light. May his soul be tied in the bundle of life!

V.

This stone cries as a woman that bringeth forth her first child to all that pass to and fro, saying thus:—“Alas! all ye that fear God, raise a lamentation with a bitter heart. Put on sackcloth instead of costly garments for the death of R. Abram, of the family Leon, who was an upright and glorious man. He departed this life on the 14th of Kislay, in the year 5441, in a ruin and a burning fire.”

VI.

Alas! all ye virtuous women, come to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her. She was the wife of R. Abram, of the family Leon. She died in the ruin of her own house, in the year 5441, the 14th day of the month Kislay. May God, in his abundant mercy and great kindness, gather her soul in Paradise, with other righteous women!

ORIGINAL.

MELODY.

Come; strike thy harp my pretty fair,
And let it music swell,
With magic sweetness on the air,
And break eve's silent spell.

Oh! how it soothes the aching breast,
And scatters care away!
How sweetly lulls the soul to rest,
And binds with rapturous lay.

Each rising note, like budding love,
So melting and sincere;
Some seraph music from above
Seems lingering in the air.

And when thy voice gives life and rest,
To every fitful glee;
I scarcely know which to love best
Thy music, song, or thee.

Sweet strains of earth! together blend,
And in one concert rise;
While some celestial notes descend
To meet you in the skies.

E. B. G.

(*j*) Name of the first month of the ecclesiastical year corresponding with March and April.

(*k*) That is, the carriers of the bier—a society, composed, whose business it was to see the dead properly interred.

JACK IN A CHURCH.

“Some of you fellows are looking snoozy,” said a “wide awake” member, addressing the watch one at night. “What say ye to a yarn?”

“That’s right Bob,” cried two or three, starting up.

“Let’s have it!”

“It shan’t be a doleful one, because we’ve runned out our grog—and watery stories, d’ye see! require a dash of the spirits,—ha! ha! that’s good, arn’t it?”

“Humph—tol’rable!”

“And it shan’t be false, ’cause then, you see again, you can’t place no dependance on it. I likes a story that when you’re telling it again you can say, ‘I’m launged if it aint as true as the bible!’ Then the people can’t shake no heads at ye, or if they do you may blow ’em up for it with a good conscience. But this, boys, is as true as you’re all sitting there, so when you’re paying it out again, you may all say that you’ve seen it yourselves; and I’ll be bail for your ‘debility.’”

“Well, you’ve heard what things the Killease, * 40, did in the West Ingy seas, and what a set o’ stiff fellows she had aboard her. I know’d a few on ’em in different places, and was once half inclined to serve aboard her myself; only at the time I wanted, I was serving in the Andrew† Maakie, one of the crack thirty-sixes, and had a skipper what I didn’t want to part company with,—’tall events, as I said afore, I know’d a few of her men, and jolly fellers they were too—capital hands at the grog, and as glib at a yarn, long or short, taught or brightish, sad or merry, true or ‘poetryphal, as ever you’d wish to see. I’ll tell you how I got ‘quainted with Joe Fisher, who was one of the best among ’em. It was at Falmouth, and I was in a public-house, with a pipe in my bow port, and a pot o’ beer afore me, sittivated in one of the inshore reaches. There was a good many coasting crafts, and unregular navigators, brought to an anchor about, and amongst ’em was Joe: he and I, you must know, were the only thorough-breds in the place. Well! I didn’t know nothing of Joe then, in course, and though I could see he was a true ’un—and he must have made me out to be the same—we hadn’t as yet hailed each other. Well! I, and some of the long-shore coveys, got into conversation, and starting some professional subjects, at last, into summat like a breeze.

The fellers hadn’t no right to dispute the ’pinion, certainly, of a man of wars’ man; but, howsomeyer, they did, and afore I know’d where I was, or into what latitude I’d got, I found myself carrying on like the devil, in a stiffish running fight, with a couple of blazers ahead, and some small craft in each bow. They jawed, and I jawed, till their woiise nearly runned me down; for four to one, you know, wasn’t fair play; and I was just thinking of hauling off out of the smoke, when up shot Joe Fisher on my starboard quarter, begannd thundering away on my side. I directly gathered fresh heart, and remanning my guns, peppered away on two of the coveys on my starboard beam, while Joe, already loaded and primed, sent a whole broadside slap aboard, the others. Even now there was four to two—but, Lord! Joe’s metal was fifty times as heavy as his ‘tagonists; and his guns was so well served, that their fire gradually fell off to nothing. By and by, they all begunnd to sheer off, wonderfully disabled in their upper rigging; and when the smoke had a little cleared away, I hailed Joe, and Joe hailed me, and we begunnd to grow wondrous thick. He singed out for biscuit and cheese, and I for porter, and we soon got as comfortable as a couple o’ kings, and know’d each other’s history, from the time we showed off our keels into the ocean of service, to the moment he steered down to my assistance. A ge-

nerous feller was Joe indeed! for when ‘to pay’ was the word, and the landlord shoved in his warrant, while I was rummaging for small shot, he tossed a handful o’ coppers into his starboard fin, and told him to bear off, and say nothing to nobody. But, howsomever, I was even with Master Joe another time,—but never mind about that. Well, you must know, my lads, that Joe wasn’t going to stay at Falmouth only a very little time, for his skipper had only put in there for a day or two, and was bound for Portsmouth harbour. The day a’ter this, Joe and I shook hands, and steered different courses—he went aboard his craft, and I cut off for Sheerness; and I didn’t hear on him for some time a’ter. But blow me!—if I haven’t forgotten to tell ye that he had been married for a couple o’ years, and his partner—a well-rigged young ’oman, so he said, fond of new clothes in her mainsail, and of mighty genteel behaviour,—he had her from a ‘pectable stock: for her father kept a wholesale crockery shop, and her mother had been cook-maid to an admiral’s lady:—none o’ yer flaunty, fly-away, bunting decked, ginger-bread, tittering las-es, but an orderly tort sailing-craft, that never runned with loose rigging, but had al’ays her spars scrupulously squared, and her cordage neatly rattled down; al’ays answering her helm, and turning lightly to wind’ard, and never missing her stays. She lived in Portsmouth, and, in course, Joe was in a main hurry to join company whilst he stayed in port.

“Well, what’s to come, I had from a very ’edible witness, and when I sawed Joe a’terwards, and axed him about it, he full bored out the other’s *testy money*, and confessed that no long bow had been drawn in the business. The next day a’ter Joe got ashore, happened to be Sunday, and as his consart was very ‘ligious, nothing would do but he and she should go to church. Joe hadn’t been to no church for a number o’ years, and strived hard to be excused the service. But this only made the young ’oman ten times more dissolute; an, at last, Joe was reasoned down into the voyage, and made to the ship his holiday togger.

Afore they got aboard the praying place, his missus thought fit to give him a little destruction in the way he should behave himself, and amongst the rest, says she to him, says she, ‘Joe’ says she, ‘mind you musn’t say nothing to nobody, till the business is all over, and then only in a whisper.’ ‘Very well,’ says Joe, ‘I won’t.’ ‘You musn’t’ says she, ‘keep rolling your eyes about the deck; and when the people gets up, and sits down, mind you gets up, and sits down too.’ ‘Ay, ay,’ says Joe; ‘I won’t sit down at all, and then I can’t fail o’ being right.’ ‘Well,’ says she, that’ll be better than keeping your seat all the time, says she, ‘and with a little reg’lation from me, you’ll do in that respect tol’rable well. Now, the next thing,’ says she, ‘what I’d have you mind of all things, is that you must remember, no one upon no account whatsomdever must say nothing, except the parson.’ ‘Aye, aye,’ says Joe, ‘I’ll be blowed if I won’t mind that, specially as I know nobody has no right to give no orders, except the captain.’ ‘Well, that’s all, I sposes,’ says he? ‘Yes,’ says she, ‘that’s all, only be sure to remember that nobody’s to speak never a word, except the parson.’ And with that, they cried hands to the lee braces, and stood in.

“Well, my lads, having slackened sail, they brought their helm to port, and espying a sunny anchorage, with only a single craft moored in it, stood across to-ards its nearest end. Then they clued up their courses, and let fall their hedgers. But they’d got so far abaft, that they could see little or nothing of what was a going on; and, as Joe kept every now and then poking up his starboard eye, over the hammock rail, and seemed mighty restless, his missus thought they might get a better berth. So she got under weigh, and with her consart in her wake, doubled a cape, and stood on

* Achilles.

† Andromache.

under an easy sail, through the whole fleet, till at last she brought to, under the bows of the Admiral's ship, and threw out a signal for Joe to do the like. This was a much better situation, for they could hear beautiful, and faced the whole congregation. All went on very well, for some time; the parson was a getting through his log, like an East Indian in a stagger, and Joe seemed very tentative. Well, my hearties! as bad luck would have it, just as the old gentleman, who was a reading, had cut through a tarnation long thim-gum-bob, a strange voice from above singed out—drawing it out as long as the maintop bowline—A—men! My eyes! you should ha' seen Joe; he pricked up his ears directly, and as he didn't know well what to make on it, at first, he said nothing to nobody, but looked very queer, and began to grumble to himself. His missus, who all along been very fearful of his behaviour, heered him saying summat just above his breath, and "What's the matter, Joe?" says she. "Matter!" says he, "blow me! nothing's the matter, only this here feller in the fore-top has been a saying what he should'n't ha' said." Well, the people about began to look rather funny, and Joe's partner told him to let down his bowsprit, and not say no more. The parson, you know, had it all to himself now for some time, and Joe knewed all that was right enough, and so kept wonderful quiet.

"But by and bye, you know, the fore-top feller striked up again, and began to sing out summat considerable longer than the first. Joe bobbed up his truck again, and rather flustered. 'Poll,' says he, 'didn't you tell me afore we comed in, that nobody was to say nothing, except the parson?' 'Hush! for goodness sake, be quiet, Joe,' says she. 'Quiet,' says ne, 'when I sees no discipline aboard the Admiral's ship, d—d if I will!' Joe started up, throwed down his log-book, and primed for action. 'I say, you mister!' he sings out, 'you mister in the fore-top, ahoy! What 'thority have you to cry out when the captain's a speaking, and you've orders to run in your piece, and lash down the port? Pretty regg'lations aboard here, indeed! Don't you see, his honour looks quite dumfounded with your impudence? What bus'ness have you to keep there mocking the skipper, in this here insinivating way, eh—you long-shore toddler? I wish I'd got you aboard the Kill-ease, that's all; I'd see if you play such pranks again. And you, too, old gentleman, why don't you unship your binnacles, and sing out for the master-at-arms. If you won't make your men pay you proper respect why that's your fault, that's all.

"By Jove! but you *should* ha' seen the church. All in as much confusion, as the cock-pit after a thundering action. The lighter craft screamed, and began to scud from their moorings. The men o' war beared up, and wanted to see what was the matter. The parson dipped down the hatchway, and swunged down to the lower deck; while the charity boys, and the chap what keeps order, comed running through the reaches, to get hold o' Joe. Joe got on the seat, and was singing out like a thirty-two pounder. "I say! you sir" says he, "you chap with the cocked hat, three-penny cane, and laced toggery*, capital order you keeps 'tween decks, when the captain can't say his say, without being put out every minute. I'll warrant you was ogling the young woman alongside, instead of attending to your duty. Clap on more sail, old bottle-nose, and bowl down as you ought to do. Clear away your grappling-irons, and run aboard your chase, or the clipper 'ill clip through your fingers. I've a good mind, only it 'ud be interfering with regg'lations, to bring you down myself. You'll soon heave to in limbo, that's one comfort: so come down, and victual for the cruise, and be d—d to you!"

* The Parish constable.

"Howsomdever, Joe was stopped short in his 'dress to the ship's company, and hauled out by a half-dozen of the hands, into the stern galleries. A few o' those on board, 'specially the parson, and his first and second mate, wanted to march him off for a court-martial, under the charge, as they said, of disturbing the congregation at their 'votions; but one or two of the most 'spectable passengers offered to become bail for his 'pearance, and so they taked off *lumbargo*, and let him warp away. The damage 'afer all wasn't of no great importance; but often as he's been since in Portsmouth, blow me if you could ever get him into any thing what mounted a steeple, or had a warrant officer torreds with a cocked-hat, cane, and laced jacket."

BILL ROGERS.
LATE H. M. S. "FIRE FLX"

From the American Magazine.

WOMEN ARE FICKLE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

It was about ten o'clock, of a fine bright morning, that the Countess of Salignac awoke. With her lovely white hand she pushed aside the curtains of her bed, and rang for her maid, who leisurely made her appearance.

"You are somewhat tardy, Marguerite," said her mistress.

"My lady, I was receiving a visitor, the Viscount Charles d'Atry."

"What, before twelve o'clock. For a country beau, that is being in a hurry indeed. For my part, I am not at all anxious to see him. I am going to write a letter."

"But the Viscount is waiting, my lady."

"Let him wait, Marguerite."

Marguerite wisely left the room, and the capricious beauty indicted the following epistle:—

"Dearest Matilda.—You are a happy woman not to inhabit this hateful city. I am almost ready to grumble at you, for leaving me here so long. I am in the midst of a racket which will certainly kill me. I am deprived of a sleep even during those hours usually devoted to that purpose.—Pity me, my lovely friend. Pleasure dwells in Paris, and happiness in the country; and trust me, yours is the better lot. But I, too, shall soon share your happiness, if the Hermitage, whither we contemplate returning, is nearly finished. I send you the last opera, which would be prettier if it were less fatiguing. Do you know, dearest, that our retreat will be much talked of. Six pretty widows, with each twenty-five thousand francs a year, and neither of them twenty-five years of age, leaving Satan and the world, and its pomps and vanities, and starting off one fine morning to live in a desert, to pray and weep, without rhyme or reason, like St. Francis or St. Jerome, will, I flatter myself, produce some sensation in Paris. When I say pray and weep, I yield my pen to the guidance of my head, as my old fool of a lover, the academician said, when he laid his heart and laurels at my feet, of which precious treasures I have no idea of depriving my sex. Do not be alarmed, Matilda, you dearest, alone know whom I love."

"Do not be alarmed, I know that men only love well in novels, and Werter has ruined me for any lovers. It is utterly impossible to love in Paris; one has no time for that sort of thing. I have such a capital theory on that subject, that I brave all dangers, and set at defiance the mob of dandies that besiege me. Pray, pray let the hermitage be got ready. The very streets of Paris oppress, distress me. I am dying to roam about the fields with you; to gather violets and daisies and drink milk. I am more than ever convinced, dearest, that true happiness can only be enjoyed, as M. Lamartine so beautifully says, while sitting under a far spreading oak, and looking at peasants dancing on the green."

"To think of love when one has a friend, what a perfect honour. Matilda, I await your orders. Let me have but a line from you, and I set off instantly to join you at our sweet, sweet Hermitage for which we must select a sweet, sweet name. Ah! I had almost forgotten; you must examine our garden, and choose a little shady re-

tired nook where I can erect a pretty little temple dedicated to friendship. My architect has procured me the design of the temple at Turin, which I assure you is the ninth wonder of the world. You shall see it. I have wasted so much money lately, that it is quite time now to think of something useful. Farewell, my only, only love, we shall soon be in each other's arms; until which happy hour, I send you as many kisses as there are miles between us."

HENRIETTA DE SALIGNAC.

This important letter sealed and despatched, the Countess bethought herself of her visitor.

"My lady," said Marguerite quietly, "the Viscount is still down stairs. He would not go away. There he stands, with his letter from your Uncle in his hand. He says he is your cousin."

"First or second cousin, Marguerite?"

"That I don't know, my lady, but he certainly looks like you. He has beautiful dark eyes, and black hair, and a famous pair of mustachios. He is very young, very tall, and very handsome; but for all that I do not admire his mustachios."

"Who asked you to tell me all this nonsense," said the Countess.

"Ah, my lady, my lady, he was standing gazing in perfect ecstasy at your picture."

"Ah, another victim," sighed forth the beauty.

Madame de Salignac found her early visitor as Marguerite had described, with folded arms, and eyes and heart so riveted on the beautiful portrait, that he did not notice the entrance of the lovelier original. It is true that the Countess' pretty little feet touched the grounds as lightly and noiselessly as the falling snow. The interview was a short one. The Viscount presexed his letter, and owing either to the intercession of an uncle, all powerful with Henrietta, or to the title of cousin, or to the graceful reserve of his own manners, Charles received permission to call whenever it suited him. One week's time saw him enlisted among the most assiduous and ardent of the Countess' lovers. His friends saw it with pity and regret. In vain they asked him—"why will you devote yourself to a coquette, who laughs at your affection, and is talking of secluding herself from the world? Why will you swell the number of those whose flame she feeds with smiles and contempt? Do you expect to change her nature, and soften that heart of iron? Charles gazed upon and admired the Countess as you would one of Raphael's lovely Madonnas; but if you want a wife, choose her from among those who do not pique themselves upon shunning love. Madame de Salignac's kingdom is not of this world."

The unfortunate young lover always assented to the truth of these observations, yet every day he grew paler and thinner, and every evening found him at his post: every evening, like a slave, he found himself fast-bound in the fetters, which, in the morning, he flattered himself he had burst for ever. Struggling without subduing such affection, was only feeding it flame. Exhausted at length by his inward struggles, maddened by the sneers and jokes of his friends, and dreading the approaching departure of Henrietta, Charles determined to seal his fate one way or another. He swore that if she was not his wife within a fortnight, all Paris should ring with the tale of a young nobleman's blowing out his brains at the very feet of his cruel mistress. The resolution somewhat restored his peace of mind; he could not believe that his fair cousin would willingly cause his death, and soothed and flattered by his own ideas, his cheek regained its bloom, and his eye its fire. One morning he dressed himself with extreme care, ordered at a fashionable store a rich and beautiful *Corbelle de Mariage*, and bought an admirable pair of pistols, which having loaded, he repaired to the house of Madame de Salignac.

It was about eleven o'clock, and the Countess was in her boudoir, surrounded by twenty mantuamakers, who were busy displaying loads of hats, capes, blonde, silks and flowers. For a woman on the point of giving up the world, one might have censured the admiring, envying glances she bestowed on all these vanities.—There is a devil which no daughter of Eve can resist, and that devil is love of dress. The coquettish Countess first held up to view a blonde scarf, then a delicate rose-coloured silk, and with heart and hand intent upon the finery, artfully set before her eyes, testified by broken and involuntary sentences, her admiration and delight. In the midst of her

pre-occupation the door suddenly flew open, and in rushed the Viscount.

"Henrietta," he said, coming up to her and speaking in a low agitated tone, "I have come to know my fate. Either you or death must be my bride."

"Of these two very similar brides," replied Henrietta coolly, "I am sadly afraid, my handsome cousin, that you will have to choose the latter. But only look at this cape, it is not a perfect love? Charles, was there ever such exquisite work?"

"We will talk of capes some other time, Countess, my answer, my answer."

"Why, what are we talking about now Charles?"

"I am talking about myself, Henrietta, of my life, my happiness, my passionate love. Hear me:—arant me your hand, or witness my death. Answer me seriously, Henrietta, life or death?"

"To be frank and serious, Charles, I would very much like this cape."

"No, no it is my death you seek. You shall be gratified madam. Go on—buy capes—do not think of me. How could I suppose myself of more importance in your eyes than a cape, a new cape. I must have been mad."

"Somewhat so, I admit. Charles. Upon the whole I should prefer this pretty dress. I mean to go to the opera to-morrow evening, and I have nothing to wear. It is a perfect love—the colour, the make, every thing lovely. Come, Charles, do not look so gloomy. When a woman is full of business, you should not come and talk to her about love and suicide. Well, I have quite made up my mind I will buy this sweet dress."

Though Charles felt that his very existence depended upon this frivolous, careless creature, yet could he hardly refrain a smile at her passion for gew gaws. He quietly and silently listened to a long discussion about thread and needles, and though almost choked by contending emotions, appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed.—What a contrast was there between the quiet, graceful manner of the Countess, and the few friendly words she now and then, as if from politeness, addressed to him, and her enthusiasm about a piece of lace, her screams of delight at a feather, her perfect ecstasy at the sight of a wreath of roses; between the attention she bestowed upon all this nonsense, and the perfect neglect with which she treated the devoted, overwhelming passion of the young Viscount. This manner struck Charles to the very heart. At last, to his great relief, the mantuamakers departed, the room was cleared, and Charles exclaimed:

"What an hour of agony have I passed. Was it done purposely, Henrietta? Do you only live to torment me?"

"Why, my dear friend?"

Here the door again opened, and a servant announced the Baron and Baroness de Menvall and General Derville. Charles, disappointed and enraged, flew out of the house. One day had he lost, and one step had he come nearer to his grave. The rest of this miserable day he spent in gazing at the rain, which fell in torrents, writing letters, and loading and unloading his pistols.

The next day at one o'clock, he rang at Madame de Salignac's door; she was dressing to ride in the *Bois du Boulogne*. The next day he tried two o'clock—the lady was parking. The third day, at three o'clock—the Countess was shopping. Charles had not foreseen all these engagements. His only comfort was loading and unloading his pistols. A few days now remained. "I will try every day," he said, "and yet when, when shall I find her alone, disengaged?" The unhappy youth would tear his hair, then dress himself and hurry to the house, just in time to see her covered with jewels and japonicas, glowing with beauty, step into her carriage and drive off, to delight other eyes, gladden other hearts. One day he took it in his head to go there in the afternoon. He hoped to find his capricious love just returned from the *Bois de Boulogne*, where, having been flattered into good humour by the compliments of her numerous admirers, and her heart perhaps softened by the sight of some tender lovers enjoying *tele-a-tele*, amidst the verdant alleys, he hoped to find her more disposed to favour his suit. He congratulated himself upon this happy idea. "Five o'clock," he cried, "that is the fatal hour. At six I shall return home an accepted lover," and he fired off one of his pistols. Some lurking presentiment induced him to allow the other to remain loaded. At six o'clock he came back, pale, haggard, wretched. He had found the Countess, stretched out on a sofa, reading or pretending to read.

He painted his love, and wretched state of suspense, in the most touching terms. The Countess laughed, turned her back, and wondered why dinner was so long coming, and when he urged her to make him happy, she in return urged him to hasten his repast. Charles rushed out of the room a fit of desperation.

The next day was the last, and Henrietta had invited him to attend her to the opera, on condition of being perfectly silent respecting his love. He made an attempt at eight o'clock in the evening to see her, but she was dressing for the opera. Charles, having seen his pistol loaded, and having left it on his table, followed his capricious but lovely mistress to the last scene of amusement he expected to visit on earth.

But, once seated by her side in the brilliant opera, the Viscount became completely absorbed by the music. He forgot his love and his pistol, and intent only on the heroine of the piece, with her he shed tears and with her rejoiced, till all recollections of his own misfortunes were merged in his delighted admiration of the pageant before him.

When Henrietta perceived, by his burning cheeks and kindling eyes, that even her charms for the present were disregarded, she took the alarm and even her flinty nature began to melt. The opera-house had never looked so brilliant, the ladies never so lovely, so beautifully dressed, the music never before sounded so delightfully, the dancers had never displayed such grace, all was enchantment, and the theme of every tongue was love.

The opera out, Charles escorted his fair cousin home. As he took her hand at the door, he felt it slightly tremble, and in her sweetest tones, she said—"Charles, why are you in such a hurry to say good night, will you not come in?"

"It is near midnight, Henrietta, and that is a fated hour." "Why so, my young cousin? Come, walk in, and tell me why it is you dislike the pretty sentimental hour of midnight."

As she finished this sentence, Charles found himself by her side on the sofa of her drawing room.

"Midnight, fair Countess," he said, "is the hour of crime. People steal at midnight, fight duels, commit suicides at midnight. Do not all poets call midnight the hour of spectres, of crime, of error, and were they not correct in doing so?"

"No, Charles, they were wrong. For poet, read liar. Tell me, then, grave Mentor, at what hour you young men leave the opera or the theatre; at what time you go to balls and concerts; at what time you fly to the round table, and empty bottles of champagne? Is not that hour midnight? And yet midnight, says the poets, is the hour of crimes and hobgoblins. P. s. e. Charles; I bet you are only in such a hurry to get rid of me this evening to go to some supper-party."

"You are right, madam, I am going to a supper-party."

"And you dare acknowledge it and you dare admit to my very face, and you prefer a supper-party to my company. Ah, then, for the future, I too shall hate the hour of midnight. But how I would bless, how I would cherish the hour when, abandoning for my sake the follies and vanities of a world, for which you were never made, bidding farewell to the frivolous, dissipated companions of your lighter hours, you would cast yourself at my feet, and as in the days of yore shed tears on my hand, vow that I was your world, and that death, instant death, should be your portion unless I smiled upon your love. That hour I would indeed bless and cherish, Charles; that, to me, would be the hour of unutterable happiness."

"Henrietta, dearest, loveliest, forgive me. I knew not what I said. Midnight is in truth, a happy, a joyful hour. I must have been mad, more than mad. What? dream of the morning, the afternoon, when midnight, dear midnight, was before me? What? hope to woo you—win you, in the very midst of your adorers, your never-ceasing engagements? I was indeed mad. Withdraw not that lily hand, my own bright eyed love. This very night, Henrietta, did I mean to terminate my wretched existence. Even now my pistols are loaded, they await me."

"Let them wait, Charles, let them wait. Do you think I would abet murder?"

And Charles said, and swiftly did the hours glide away, while the Viscount listened to the blushing confessions of Henrietta's love, and her dread of Matilda's censure.

When Marguerite sought her lady in the morning, she found the lovers still *tete-a-tete* on the sofa, busied framing a letter of excuse to the Countess's fellow hermit. Her waiting-maid held a letter in her hand, which she presented to her mistress, who crimsoned to the very temples when she recognized the hand-writing of Matilda.

But alas! we live in a world of dreams and illusions; we live in a world where truth is not a transient guest, where man lingers but an instant, and where every day offers but a contradiction to its predecessor. The first page of Matilda's letter was filled with dark philosophical reflections; the next was wet with tears; and in the third page she implored the Countess's pardon, but assured her the plan of Hermitage was a perfect absurdity, and could not be carried into execution; because, on the very next Sunday, a young and intelligent lawyer in the neighborhood, was to lead her to the hymenal altar. Alas, alas! women were, are, will be fickle.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE AND HIS PRINCESS.

Constantine was invariably dressed and visible at five in the morning; so that it was about half past four, that, uncomfortably rousing myself from a sound sleep, I dressed and accompanied Sass in his carriage to the Belvidere. It was a modern, country-gentleman's-looking villa, within half a mile of the town, and separated from the high road only by the width of its paved court, railed out with palisades and sentinelled by half a dozen soldiers of the regiment of Invalids. Every thing around looked cold, stern, and gloomy; for, though this was the usual hour of the levée, and one officer after another was arriving in order to present himself to the Duke, their demeanor was stiff and silent, and their salutations as cold as those of antagonists at an approaching duel. It was only with a silent smile that congratulations were received, and under their breath that a remark or a joke was ventured to be exchanged. Some half dozen recruits under the command of a serjeant were arranged like the puppets in a corner of the anti-room ready for inspection; while, standing here and there, most prim and starched, their hair, mustachios, stocks, and regimentals arranged to the last exactitude of the regulation, were those officers of the different corps stationed in the city who were on duty for the day; and three or four generals and aides-de-camp of his Imperial Highness moved noiselessly backwards and forwards from the room beyond. At last the folding-doors of the saloon were thrown open—every sound was hushed—every murmur stilled; and the Grand Duke himself, accompanied by those of his staff who were immediately about his person, entered the ante-chamber. In person, the Imperial Bear was tall and stout, very upright, with large limbs and a pair of broad shoulders, surmounted by as truculent a visage as the imagination could suggest;—a deep and overhanging brow, small swinish eyes, a short and upturned nose, through the nostrils of which you might almost look into his brain, a long upper-lip, a thick, heavy, and protruding lower one; so that when he smoked, the cigar was placed perpendicularly in his mouth; and the whole of these unprepossessing features dashed with the fierce and sullen expression of an untamed hyena, save that he showed no fangs: he might be about fifty years of age; for his hair was somewhat grizzled. His dress was the simple green uniform of a Russian general, white breeches, and the long boots of our lifeguards. He bowed slightly to the officers in attendance, passed on at once to Sass, and, glancing at me, addressed some remark to him in an under-tone, which was answered after the same fashion. He then strode over to that side of the room where I stood, and abruptly addressing me in French, asked me with a singular rapidity of utterance, and

hardly allowing me to answer the questions he put, Who I was? What were my family? What I was? What I intended doing? Where I was going? What brought me to Warsaw? and a variety of other questions of the same bearing. I answered as quickly and shortly as I could, consistent with due respect; but he did not give me time to stand upon petty ceremonies, or even to make those statements which had been the object of my visit; for, having finished his category without affording me the slightest opening to commence an independent sentence, he strode off to examine the trowser-straps, buttons, mustachios, and general equipment of the recruits at the back of the room. The inspection concluded, and a few orders given to the officers in attendance, we were dismissed without further parley; and, as I accompanied Sass back in his carriage, I said confidently enough that I presumed there would be no further delay about my passport; but the meaning and silent smile which crossed his lips, although I did not interpret it in its true sense, was a sinister enough augury of what I might expect. Yes—day passed after day, and weeks enlarged themselves into months before the passport I had so long and vainly expected was placed in my hands. It was only afterwards that I was made aware that every passport passed under the eyes of the Grand Duke himself, and that every foreigner who might be merely journeying through Warsaw was either required by command, or induced under some specious pretext, to present himself to his Imperial Highness; and he himself, taking the office of political inquisitor into his own hands, catichized the new comer as to his life, habits, education, and intentions; and should he be unfortunate enough to please, he was likely, *bon gré mal gré*, and almost without being aware, to find himself tricked out one fine morning in all the trappings, lacings, and padding of a Russian uniform. Nor was this all; for once encased in this dress, adieu to home, country, and friends for the best and most active portion of his natural life. If, too, the unfortunate stranger should have been suspected of entertaining liberal opinions, (it was enough that he should be supposed to have come direct from France) he immediately became an object of the secret attentions of the Grand Duke's government: every step was dodged; every motion watched, and every word or opinion uttered by the supposed delinquent carefully registered and reported. Indeed the system of espionage in Warsaw was carried to an extent perfectly wonderful—perfectly diabolical—at the expense too of every natural and social tie: each class, each grade, each department of the State had its overseeing spies; some of whom I believe were the authorized agents of the Russian government, but by far the greater proportion, and particularly that department of the system to which I and persons in my situation became amenable, was an especial and private freak of the Grand Duke's, perfectly unauthorised by the Emperor, unwarranted by the government, and unknown to, or at least unacknowledged by the public. In short, it was a little stretch of his prerogative, if that term could be applied to the powers of one, who, simply commander of the forces in Warsaw, had, in defiance of the constitution, the laws, and the oath of the Emperor, arrogated to himself—in fact, usurped—the whole of the executive power. The constitution which was guaranteed to Poland as an independent kingdom declared, that the viceroyalty should be ever vested in a Polish nobleman of the imperial appointment; but this, like the great majority of the clauses in that unfortunate charter, soon became a neglected theory. Since the decease of the first and last viceroy, who died in 1825, the office has been in abeyance, the duties became a nullity, the place was intentionally left unfilled, and Constantine became the Dionysius of Poland. So much for constitutions manufac-

tured at a congress and guaranteed at convenience by friendly powers. But I turn willingly from so miserable a picture of careless legislation and neglect on the one side, and broken faith on the other, which have made a brave people their victims.

By degrees, and by comparing the anecdotes which now and then flitted in whispers from mouth to mouth with the singular circumstances in which I was placed, it became sufficiently evident to me that my detention in Warsaw was owing, not to any real or supposed irregularity in my passport, but to some designing trickery or connivance on the part of Constantine; for many posts had arrived which might have brought back the expected document, and still the answer to my daily inquiries at the post-office was in the negative. At last the suspicions which I already entertained of some underhand dealing were confirmed, by my being made aware that every private letter which passed through the post-office was opened and read, and many detained or destroyed, under the especial orders, and sometimes the personal interference, of the Grand Duke; but still his repeated and marked attentions to me, the many private interviews with which he honoured me, and the kindness with which he found me a home when I stood most in need of it, (for Sass, at his request, took me into his house) tended rather to lull, when they ought, perhaps, to have awakened, any doubts I might have entertained as to his ultimate intentions towards me. It must be recollected too that, although I was a witness of much of his bearish roughness and intemperance in private, yet no instances of the wanton, and, I may almost say, diabolical spirit with which his public character was so deeply seared, had been brought under my immediate observations; so that it is not wonderful that I forgot, or to speak more correctly, hardly dreamt, that I was little better than a prisoner on parole in Warsaw. But, in spite of his kindness, I feared as well as mistrusted him:—dreading his violence of temper and suspecting his motives, I was never at ease in his presence, and always on thorns lest some ill-considered phrase or doubtful expression should rouse the angry passions of the slumbering bear; indeed, there were times when I almost trembled before him.

Three or four times a week I received commands to attend his levée, and not unfrequently invitations to breakfast,—a meal which he commonly took about eleven o'clock in the day. On these occasions he seemed to take considerable pleasure in all I could tell him of England and its modes and customs—its army, its capital, and its domestic and commercial resources. If on some of these subjects I confessed my ignorance, he would eye me, with a doubting and suspicious glance, urge me again and again on the same point, as if he thought I was unwilling to explain, or expressly reserved that of which I regret I was utterly ignorant; or he would dash up in a towering passion, break into some intemperate expression, and declare that I ought to be ashamed of myself not to be acquainted with statistics, which even foreigners knew well. In these fierce moods, in these sudden and unforeseen accessions of passion, he was with difficulty pacified—a task upon which I never dared venture—I could only look on and listen in silence; but if his elegant and amiable princess was present, as was not unfrequently the case, her graceful tenderness and endearments calmed down the storm: she petted him like a froward child, and with a doubting pause or a half-muttered growl his good-humour returned. This charming and accomplished creature was his wife, by one of those left-handed marriages so common and well understood among the German princes; and it was always a matter of surprise to me by what strange freak of destiny a being so mild and gentle in manner, so graceful, so tender and amiable in all the acts and movements of her life, could have been linked to such

a monster; and what seems stranger still, she loved him, and thence, perhaps, the secret of her influence. I have seen him often playing with her long ringlets, or fondling in his great paw the prettiest and whitest hand in the world, or kissing his hand to her at a window with an air that actually approached to tenderness. She, indeed, was the only person who possessed any real influence over his mind, and her gentle ways could sooth the wild beast in his angriest moods; she would follow him as he stamped about the room: she expostulated, she wheedled, she caressed, she would try with a tear in her eye to make him laugh; and it would seem that, almost in spite of himself, the smile she sought so anxiously came at her bidding; he would look into her eyes, kiss her little hand, and seat himself again without another allusion to the cause of the explosion. He seemed almost to encourage her interference, and he played with her as a child would with a doll, but she was a plaything with which he never quarrelled. He seemed proud too of her mental acquirements, and he delighted in the display of her accomplishments. Indeed, I at one time attributed it as a principal cause why I was so often an invited guest at the Belvidere, that it afforded her the opportunity of speaking English,—an accomplishment in which she excelled: she possessed considerable fluency, and that least possible smack of a foreign accent which could not be otherwise than pleasing on the lips of a pretty woman. Constantine took great pleasure in setting us talking in that language,—rubbed his hands, and listened with evident gratification as she prattled away in a tongue which he did not understand, and continued repeatedly to express his pleasure and satisfaction.

His tenderness for this mild and gentle being was at least a redeeming point in his character, and his attachment was repaid on her part by the most devoted and entire affection. Poor thing! his death broke the slight cord which attached her to life;—whether it was that her whole soul, her existence was wrapped up in him who had raised her from comparative obscurity almost to a throne, or whether it was that she missed the being who, however harsh and cruel to others, was always after his fashion kind to her,—whom she had been so long accustomed to cajole, to fondle, to guide, to moderate,—the link was severed—her gentle heart broke under the shock, and, after hardly two months of a painful widowhood, she sunk into the grave which had received her husband.

Meanwhile the term of my acquaintance with this remarkable person, if acquaintance it could be called, between an imperial prince and an unknown foreigner, was fast drawing to a close; and a single act of mine, as I have since had reason to believe, decided Constantine to open to me at last the barriers of Warsaw. At an audience to which I had been expressly summoned, he asked me, without periphrases, or the slightest attempt to lead the conversation to the desired point, whether I would enter the Russian service; and as I almost feared that my immediate and unhesitating refusal would have thrown him again into one of his intemperate fits, I was agreeably enough surprised that, instead of the burst of passion I had anticipated, he only repeated the question in his usual impatient manner, concluding the query with an impatient "Yes or no?" I repeated my decisive refusal, and with a dissatisfied grunt he turned from me and left the saloon—a signal of course for me to leave the Belvidere. My memory does not exactly satisfy me whether this was the last interview with which I was honoured; indeed, one other audience I must have had, though simply to take leave; but of this I am sure,—that in no way was this subject ever renewed, or even alluded to by the Grand Duke; he seemed to have dismissed it from his mind altogether; and if the object of obtaining a recruit to his service had ever

been one of the causes of my detention, it appears singular enough that neither in person nor by means of those who through force and fraud were ever ready to do his bidding, should he have made another effort to attain the point which my conjecture has attributed to him.

Be that as it may, a short time only had elapsed after the occurrence I have mentioned, when, on my inquiry as usual at the post-office for letters from Vienna, the packet containing the long-expected passport was handed to me. Young S—, the son of the Prince's favourite, had happened to accompany me on this errand; and as we discovered that the Viennese postmark differed materially in date from that of the delivery, he, evidently not in the secret, questioned the official closely on this remarkable discrepancy; and only to his reiterated questions, and ultimately a threat of complaint to the Grand Duke, was it reluctantly admitted that the packet on its arrival had been detained from me by the express command of his Imperial Highness, and had been forwarded to the Belvidere, where it had remained nearly three weeks! I leave to those, who may have had better opportunities than I of knowing Constantine's character, the task of explaining this infamous proceeding. I leave to his admirers, if such exist, the office of finding apologies for such an unprecedented disregard of the private relations of life, for such a flagrant breach of the social rights of individuals; not that mine was a singular instance, for I have assured reasons to believe that such was the every-day practice in the post-office of Warsaw. But I had no time then for reflection, still less for remonstrance, for I was too glad and anxious to use my recovered liberty; and I hastened to fly from the deadly influence of a government where open violence was abetted by secret treachery,—where tyranny based its throne upon fraud and espionage,—where usurpations mocked at the guarantees of the whole of Europe.

For Constantine himself, I was never able to overcome the disgust with which his character inspired me; for although, as I have said, no striking instances of his violent and wanton cruelty were obtruded upon my observation, evidences there were enough in every corner of the capital of his crushing oppression; and anecdotes were too ripe and too well authenticated not to produce their impression upon my mind. It were useless to relate how he compelled an unfortunate officer of Dragoons to leap again and again over a pyramid of bayonets until both horse and man sunk dead with the last effort; or how he shot a Saxon postillion dead on the spot, with the most Irish intention of inducing him to drive faster:—these with his diabolical treatment of a respectable female who was so unfortunate as to attract his attention, and his systematic persecution of his first wife, with a hundred others, were true tales, which, although only whispered in secret and under the breath in Warsaw, have long since been current through the rest of the Continent. His cowardice, too,—for that vice must always form an integral part of such a character as his,—was sufficiently evinced not only by the low and shameful practices by which he so long guarded his usurped dominion, but by his last exertion of authority in Warsaw. He left his favourite generals and aides-de-camp—those whose attachment to his person gave them at least some claims upon his consideration—to be cut down by an infuriated and successful mob; while he, coward-like, fled the palace through a secret passage from his bed-chamber. The lives of his brave and devoted adherents had gained him time to place his person in safety. Among the first fell Sass. Poor Sass! though circumstance had placed him in a most unenviable position, his heart was in the right place: at least he deserved a better fate than to throw away his life for a tyrant. The master's hour was not

From the New York Mirror.

yet come: and it was only in the effort to re-acquire by the Russian bayonet what he had lost by his own tyranny and oppression, that perhaps a violent, at least a painful and unregarded death closed a life of violence;—and the character of Constantine now belongs to the history of the Polish Revolution.

We shall say of him, that though he must have possessed some good points in private, (else where could the undoubted devotion of his second wife and the forgotten and overborne in that deadly and all-pervading stain, that wantonness of spirit, which attaining no end of government and adding nothing to his power, can only be termed a sensual appetite for cruelty. Posterity will mark him as the Dionysius, or rather the Nero, of Modern Europe.

For the Poles themselves, an utter disregard of their civil rights and constitutional privileges, a long series of unequalled oppressions, and a wanton trifling with the dearest feelings of human nature, forced them into a last though vain effort for freedom. Smarting with their injuries, heart-seared with a sense of their wrongs, in despite of tyranny and in hopelessness of contumacy, the Poles waged their existence against success, and rushed into revolt. "These were the reasons why the people rose." Who of us can forget how nearly that essay was successful? how boldly and how long the unequal struggle was maintained? Indeed, but for the treachery of some and the timidity of others among the nations of Europe, Poland might now have been numbered among her independent kingdoms. Alas! *Le bon jour ne reviendra jamais.*

ELEGIAC STANZAS

On the Death of Sarah M. S****.

As our bright summer-birds go back
To some more kindly, constant sky—
With buoyant wing on homeward track,
Singing sweet farewells as they fly—
Leaving us when our summer time
Would almost seem a southern clime;
So hast thou gone! thy pathway brief
Was here a garden-spot of flowers—
With not a fading flower or leaf,
To dim its green, luxuriant bowers,
Where hope in constant sunshine played,
And Eden-like the future made.
'Tis sad, when our sweet birds away,
Flit from the colder breezes near;
But who, O! who would have them stay
Drooping and trembling sufferers here,—
With weary, wet, and folded wing—
And wo in every note they sing!
So, thoughts of thee, should scarce be grief,
Remembering thy far happier lot—
An earthly pilgrimage so brief—
A resting-place, where sin is not;—
A home in the bright spirit-land—
White garments, like the seraph band.
A happy lot! thy spirits' gem,
Scarce sullied from the hand divine,
Beset in Heaven's own diadem
Of sinlessness, shall shine—
With ever-added lustre, given
From the great throne of light in Heaven. C.

"It has been said, that man possesses three natures; a vegetable one, which is content merely to exist; an animal one, which destroys; and an intellectual one, which creates." The animal excels the vegetable nature; the intellectual one soars above both, and this it is the peculiar providence of man to cultivate and improve.

"STOP MY PAPER."—Of all the silly, shortsighted, ridiculous American phrases this, as it is frequently used, is the most idle and unmeaning. We are called an infant nation, and truly we often individually conduct ourselves like children. We have a certain class of subscribers who take the Mirror and profess to like its contents till, by-and-by, an opinion meets their view with which they do not agree. What do they, then, in their sagacity. Turn to their nearest companion with a passing comment upon the error they think they have detected? or direct a brief communication to the editor, begging to dissent therefrom in the same pages where the article which has displeased them has appeared? No. Get into a passion, and, for all we know, stamp and swear, and *instantly*, before the foam has time to cool on their lip, write a letter, commencing with—"stop my paper!" If we say rents are exorbitantly high and landlords should be too generous to take advantage of an accidental circumstance—round comes a broad hat and gold-headed cane, with "Sir, stop my paper!"—Does an actor receive a bit of advice? The green room is too hot to hold him till relieved by those revengeful words—"stop my paper!" If we ever praise one, some envious rival steals gloomily in—with—"sir, if you please, stop my paper!" We dare not hope to navigate the ocean with steamboats, but our paper is "stopped" by a ship-captain. Our doctor nearly let us die the other day because a correspondent had praised an enemy of "our college," and we expect a "*fieri facias*" in the office presently, on account of something which we understood somebody had said against some law suit in, we do not remember what court. But all these affairs were out-done the other day by the following:

We were sitting in our elbow-chair ruminating on the decided advantage of virtue over vice, when a little withered Frenchman, with a cowhide as long as himself and twice as heavy, rushed into our presence. "Sair!" and he stopped to breathe.

"Well, sir,"
"Monsieur!" he stopped again to take breath.
"Diable Monsieur!" and he flourished his instrument about his head.

"Really, my friend," said we, smiling, for he was not an object to be frightened about, "when you have perfectly finished amusing yourself with that weapon, we should like to be the master of our own leisure."
"No, sair: I have come to horsewhip you wis dis cowhide?"

We took a pistol from a drawer, cocked it, and aimed it at his head.

"Pardon, sair;" said the Frenchmen, "I will first give you some explanation. Monsieur, if you have write dis article?"

We looked it over and acknowledged ourself the author. It was a few lines referring to the great improvements in rail-roads, and intimating that this mode of travelling would one day supersede every other.

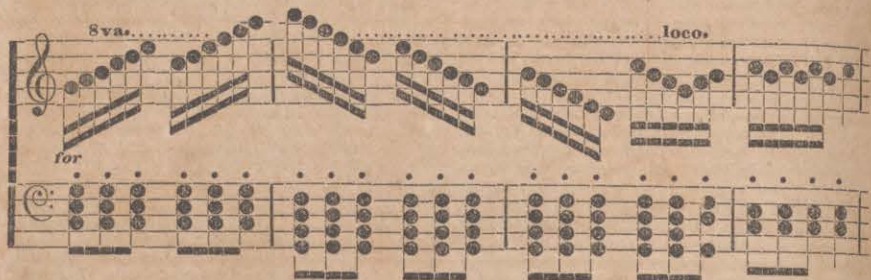
"You have write dat in your papair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, den, sair—"stop you dem papair." I have live *quarante-neuf ans*. I have devote all my life to ride de balloon!—*c'est ma grande passion. Bien, Monsieur!* I shall look to find every one wis his littel balloon—to ride horseback in de air—to go round de world in one summair, and make me rich like Monsieur Astair, wis de big hotel. Well, Monsieur, now you put piece in your dem papair to say dat de rail-road, monsieur, de littel rail road, supersede—voila "*supersed*." Dat is what you say—supersede every thing else. Monsieur, begar I have de honnair to inform you dat de rail road nevair supersede be balloon—and also, monsieur—*ventre-bleu!* "stop you dem papair!"

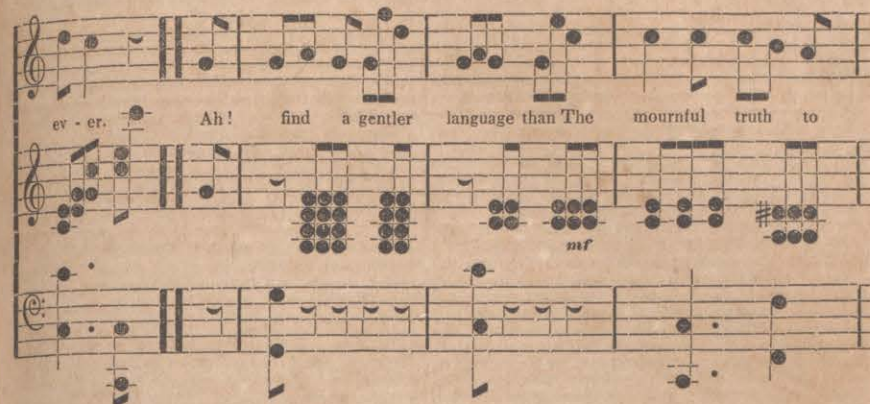
FAREWELL,---A BALLAD.

Moderato.



FAREWELL.

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It tells of pleasure past away,
It tells of future sorrow
That summer smil'd on yesterday,
And winter frowns to-morrow.
Around the heart, it seems to throw,
A melancholy spell,
Of mingled memory and of woe,
Then do not say farewell.

Had anger chid, or doubt mislead,
That word than both were stronger;
It sounds like voices from the dead,
Which can offend no longer.
And when upon the parting hour,
No angry passions dwell,
And love, and grief, alone have power,
Then do not say farewell.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

ELNATHAN YARDSTICK.

As the morning sun was exposing his countenance for about the thousandth time since Elnathan Yardstick had left the employment of his old master, and set up in the 'dry goods-line' for himself, the said Elnathan was seen to issue from his father's mansion, and wend his way shopward, with a strap-encircled bundle of account books under one arm, a small leather brass-nailed trunk in his opposite hand, and the iron key to his repository of earthly goods and chattels, peeping from the aperture of his coat pocket. The morning was unusually complacent—dew-drops hung quivering yet upon the grass, the earliest bird had warbled her matins at the azure gate of Heaven, the slumbering waters reflected each contiguous object with all the precision of a polished mirror, and the white smoke from every chimney was ascending perpendicularly and resting on the bright stillness of this placid sunrise. But the brow of Elnathan partook of none of that cheerfulness which so beautiful a scene ought to inspire; his hat was drawn moodily over his eyes, his nankins rested slovenly on the tops of his boots, his strides were long and ungraceful, and his blood suffused eyes, weary from the counting-room duties of the preceding evening, wore now a deadlier aspect than usual.

To-day, said he as he threw back the shutters, and laid by those iron bars, which with the assistance of sundry locks and bolts, usually protected his visible and tangible property from depredation—To-day I hope not to be intruded on by a thousand gossiping customers, who have no inclination to buy, and if they had, lack that very material article in trade known by the common cognomen of *cash*. If there is any thing truly vexatious in the long catalogue of 'ills that flesh is heir to,' it is this endless haggling with those who do not desire to purchase. So said Elnathan to himself as he earnestly plied the broom, that his floor might be relieved of his dusty diurnal deposits.

He uttered this sentiment, with an actual longing for its fulfilment—hoping for the occurrence of one day in four years, at the close of which he might say that his peace had remained unbroken by certain harpies in the shape of shoppers, who perambulate the streets, infest every retailing store, perplex every trader, and finally go away empty. But such a *rarite* was never intended to assist in promoting his happiness. Hour after hour, day after day, had he stood behind his counter, bowing in smiles to each visitor, stripping his shelves to complete nudity, brandishing his tripodal wand, and listening for orders to apply it to some of the various webs piled up around him—and almost as often had the heart-rending sound, 'I'll look farther,' rattled in his ear. A sale now and then, it is true, served to mollify his feelings; and notwithstanding he so frequently missed a trade, his hopes brightened at the appearance of each customer.

On this particular morning a glance at his note-book reminded him of a large amount of money to be paid at the Bank on the succeeding day; in default whereof, the fact to be blazed forth by the communicatives, that Elnathan Yardstick's paper had been dishonored! This he could not brook. Any thing reasonable he felt able to surmount; but the idea of a notarial protest was too much for his philosophy.

The two first hours of that morning were devoted to the drawing of bills, and anticipating their payment. Soon the streets began to display all the beauty, wealth and fashion of the town, 'going a-shopping.' Elnathan brushed his hair, rewashed his hands, put on his most smirking visage, and assumed his accustomed position, hoping for sales that might assist him in the discharge of his pending obligation. The visitations commenced—'Good morning, Mrs. B.' observed the knight of the buckram, as the first female apparition took off its silken bonnet and laid it aside for an hour's job—'what a delightful day we have!' 'Very fine,' said the respondent—'has thee any broadcloths?'—'Yes, ma'am—step this way if you please—what color Madam?' 'I'll look at some olive or brown.' A dozen pieces of each were thrown out for examination, and Elnathan moved quietly along to inquire into the wishes of another who had made her appearance. 'I'll see some of your shoes.' 'Yes ma'am; please to be seated; what size, madam?' 'Two and a

half is my number.' 'Here are some small threes, that perhaps will suit.' Miss C.—tried them by hauling, stamping, prying with the shoe horn, and various other physical exertions, but to no purpose—the shoes had actually shrunk since their manufacture—Elnathan presented some fours; they were troubled with nearly the same degree of tightness. Some fives were reached, which she tried, and asked for half a size larger! 'Heavens,' thought the astonished shopkeeper, 'she must have a foot like an elephant's, and wants a shoe lasted on a lapstone!'—he handed number six—they fitted—'Good,' thought he, 'now for a trade!' 'What is the price?' asked his customer. 'Six-and-nine, ma'am'—'six and nine'—'six and nine! why they don't ask but a dollar nowhere.' 'But madam, these are of superior manufacture—they cost me six and sixpence.' 'They did, ha? well, I s'pose you'll take off the threepence and give in the facings?' 'Why, sooner than lose the sale you may take them.' 'Well, lay them by, and if I can't do better, I'll call and get them.' So that bargain slipped through his fingers; but, thought he, there is the old lady left yet.

'Well ma'am,' said Elnathan, coming up his foreleg with his fingers, 'do you find any cloths that suit you?' 'Not exactly: this ere piece comes the nearest,' answered the customer, pulling heavily back on the end of a roll, interwoven with about twenty other pieces, which she had tumbled and twisted together. 'What is the price, friend Yardstick?'—'Three and a half, ma'am,' said the elated tradesman, snapping the web between his thumb and finger; 'that ma'am is an English fabric, see what a fine, full, rich shade it has; that piece of goods cost me three dollars in Boston, ma'am, and it was considered the greatest bargain made in Kilby street for a month; there is no mistake about its importation; you may rest assured it is a foreign article.' Elnathan finished his string of praises in a breath, and stood waiting to know the number of yards desired. 'Well friend Yardstick, I'll like to have thee cut me a pattern of each—pin them on a piece of paper, with the price marked below, and let the boy carry them up to our house, for my husband always wants to look before he purchases.' Elnathan stood aghast. 'Ten dollars would not pay the damage done my cloths by the abominable pulling and stretching which they have undergone this forenoon,' he inwardly muttered; 'and now a sample from every piece, and all the other requisitions—and then fifty chances to one she'll buy at another shop.' The old lady had retired; and the merchant used up the remainder of the forenoon in complying with her demands.

The afternoon came, and brought its proportion of troubles; for no sooner had he uttered an anathema on his morning tormentors, and resumed his stand at the receipt of custom, than his counter was beset by a range of smiling faces, which might have been envied under almost any circumstances. One would like to look at some edging, another at some quilting, the third at some gloves, a fourth desired to examine some hosiery. Elnathan exhibited the latter—they would not do, she wanted Merino; he handed more, they were not ribbed; he tried again; they were the wrong color; once more said he, and another bundle was produced; they were of American fabric. 'I wish for an English article,' said his fair customer. Here they are said Elnathan. 'Oh these are not lace ancles, Mr. Yardstick.' Now, thought he why in the name of heaven could she not have asked in the first place for thick ribbed, blue, English, lace-angled, Merino hose, and not create so much trouble for nothing! At length, in this instance a bargain was happily effected.

Elnathan during this examination, employed the intervals of time in supplying various little commands, such as cutting a yard or two of tape for this, selecting a skein of thread for that, and listening to a dirty faced boy who came rushing up to the counter with Mother wallo's celts worth of leadies. 'Yes sir, did she say what size?' 'Lo she did.' 'Well, here they are.' She waits you to give her some elds of broadcloth, cause she's a good customer. 'Tell your mother we sell the ends of broadcloth for vestings.'

By the time this applicant had departed, two pretty little misses stepped up and enquired for calicoes. It was now towards night; Elnathan began to display, and his customers to scrutinize. This piece was a little too dark, this a little too light, that too large a figure, this not quite odd enough, and that they were afraid would wash out.

The tradesman dived away: this again was too gay, that too grave—one had a set figure, another some other fault. Elnathan grew restless, the blood struggle to burst through the epidermis of his phiz, when one of his visitors with a captivating smile, after having been informed she had examined every print in the store, said: 'Well, Mr. Yardstick, if you hain't got any odder calicoes than these, I'll take a pattern of each—and (aside to her companion) you had better get some patterns too, you are making patchwork, aint you?' The merchant breathed aloud, it was growing dark, and here he stood up to his arms in a morass of chintz, and more than one hundred samples to cut immediately.—While playing his scissors, and his teeth also in sympathy, his clerk entered with the intelligence that he had not collected a single bill; one would call one in a day or two, another had no money just at present, one would look over and see if it was right, another offered his note on six months, and so on.

The patterns were prepared and presented; the shutters ordered to be closed forthwith; but while looking for his hat our hero hears at his elbow, 'Here's the needles mother sent back, she wanted drilled eyes.—The furies drill her eyes, thought Elnathan, as he tossed the cent to the boy; and grasping his hat, rushed forth in a state bordering in insanity.

At an early hour he crawled into bed, hoping to bury in forgetfulness, the history of that day's journey towards independence, but he had scarcely fallen into that state, when a thousand hideous phantoms flitted by him in the shape of duns, bank-runners, bailiffs, lawyers and auctioneers; whole pieces of starched prints were rattling and whizzing across his brain; patterns of all kinds of woven merchandize were dropping from the ceiling, giving to his distorted fancy the idea of a calico snow storm; an ape-like figure sat at the foot of the couch, during his yellow eyeballs, and twirling a tail just a yard long, with his grinning visage encircled by a complete halo of lint and feathers; a hundred old women were crawling over him; piles of notes payable, with his own name appended, were dancing about the partitions, and playing about the heads of a couple of demon-faced constables, who had now clenched him and were menacing imprisonment. Elnathan in a frenzy of terror awoke from his horrid reverie; when he found his clerk shaking him by the arm, and stating that day had broke. 'It's not me then, that's broke,' exclaimed the dreamer—and he arose with new determinations, borrowed money to meet his payment that day, and took a solemn oath never to trust another person, or cut another pattern: he held to his vow, and in a few years became independent; showing to the world that it avails nothing to be *dreadful* clever in a dry goods shop.

"TRAITS OF THE ARABS."

1. The Khalif Omar one day asked Amru, the son of Modikerb the Zobeidee, to tell him the instances of the greatest cowardice, and greatest courage he had ever encountered. "As I was going one time to the chase," said Amru, "I found on the hearth a horse tied to a stake, a spear was standing upright beside it, and a man was lying on the grass, playing with his sword-belt. 'Have a care,' cried I, 'thou art a child of Death.' 'And who art thou?' said he, with a faltering voice. 'I am Amru, the son of Modikerb the Zobeidee, the hero, far-renowned among the Arab tribes.' Scarcely had I spoken these words when the man, with a cry, gave up the ghost. And this is the greatest instance of cowardice I ever met with. I was another time galloping my horse about the heath, here and there, without any fixed object. I met a blooming youth, who was come from Yemama; he greeted me.—I him, and I asked his name. 'I am,' said he, 'Hares, the son of Saad.' 'Have a care,' said I to him, 'thou art a child of Death.' 'And who art thou wretch! that darest to boast in that way?' 'I am Amru, the son of Modikerb, renowned among the Arabs.' 'Thy pedigree shall not protect thee,' cried he. We ran with our set haucers against each other—I struck him direct on the breast, but the stroke took no effect, and I received a severe blow on the head. 'Leave off, Amru,' cried he, 'take that as portion-fee, I will not defile myself with thy blood.' I felt humiliated, and would have preferred death a thousand times to the disgrace. Thrice we broke our lances and thrice was I humbled in the same manner. At length I prayed him to be my friend. 'I want not

thy friendship," replied he; and this word humbled me more than all that had preceded. Yet I ceased not to urge him. "Ill fortune be on thee," said he, "thou knowest not that my way lays straight to the bloody death." "Be it so," said I; "I will go to it hand in hand with thee." We rode the length of a day together. In the evening we came to a tent—"Seest thou, Amru," said he, "yonder is the tent of bloody death. Dismount now and hold my horse, that I may get myself ready; or, if thou hadst rather, I will hold thine." I consented to act as groom and hold his horse. He went to the tent and called out a maiden, the most beautiful I ever beheld. He set her on a camel, and giving me the rein, said, "Lead her, I will escort her; or, if thou wilt, do thou escort, and I will lead her." I patiently took hold of the bridle of the camel, and led her. We thus went the whole night long; towards daybreak, the youth asked of me, "Amru, seest thou any thing?" "I see horsemen afar in the grey dawn." "If there be many of them," said he, "it signifies naught; but if there be only a few, the bloody death is among them." "I now see more plainly; there are only four of them." "Well, then, keep to the right, I will keep to the left." The four horsemen came nearer and nearer—it was the father of the maiden and her three brothers. They greeted us,—we them.—"Give up my daughter," cried the old man to the youth. "If I had intended to leave her," replied he, "I would not have carried her off." The maiden's eldest brother ran at the ravisher and fell dead at the first shock; the fate of the two other brothers was similar. The father lamented over his sons, and earnestly once more besought the youth to give him up his daughter. "If I had intended to leave her, I would not have carried her off," was his reply. They rushed on each other; the old man tore open the bosom of the youth, and he cleft the old man's skull. They fell together;—the combat gave me four spears and four horses. The maiden, whether she thought herself more bound to avenge the death of her father and brothers than that of her lover, rushed furiously at me. I was obliged, against my will, to defend myself from her blows—she fell beneath mine. That was the scene of the bloody death, the greatest instance of courage I ever met with."

2. The people of Kufa, in Arabia, had the reputation of being great misers, and every tale of a skin flint character was laid to their account. A traveller said he lodged one time in Kufa, and the master of the house did nothing all night long but turn his children from one side to the other in their beds. He asked him what he meant by it; and he replied, "If they lie on one side the internal heat increases, and digestion goes on too fast; so I turn them that I may save something at breakfast." A father at Kufa said to his son,—"Do as you see me doing,—instead of eating meat, hold your bread in the steam of your neighbour's pot."

3. A miser of Kufa hearing that there was a celebrated miser at Bassora, to whom all other misers might go to school, resolved to go and take lessons of him. He went and told him wherefore he was come. "Thou art welcome," said he of Bassora; "we will go now to the market to make purchases." They went to the baker.—"Hast thou good bread?" "At your service gentlemen, fresh and white as butter." "Thou seest," said he of Bassora to him of Kufa, "that butter is better than bread, which was compared to it; and we shall do better to get butter." They went to the butter seller, and asked if he had good butter. "At your service, butter fresh and sweet as the nicest oil of olives." "Thou hearest, said the host, "the best butter is compared with oil, which must be far preferable." They went to the oil merchant. "Hast thou good oil?" "The very best; bright and clear as water." "Ho! ho!" cried he of Bassora to him of Kufa, "then water is the best diet of all; I have a whole tubful of it at home, with which I will entertain thee nobly." And, in fact, he set nothing but water before his guest; since water was better than oil, oil than butter, and butter than bread. "God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not made my journey in vain, but have learned something of value."

4. I came one time (said Asmai, the celebrated poet of the court of Haruner Rashid, to a tribe of Bedouins, in the wilderness. A crowd of women and girls hastened when they saw me, laid hold on the bridle of my camel, took me down, ungirt the beast, and tended and fed it.—For three days they entertained me in the most friendly

manner; but, when, on the fourth, I prepared to depart, no one would help me to saddle my camel. I expressed surprise at this; and one of the maidens answered extempore.

"An honour 'tis for us the coming guest to serve,
But if we aid his flight disgrace we well deserve."

"5. The Arabs are in the habit of lighting fires in the wilderness, during the long dark nights, to direct travellers who are gone astray, and lead them to where they will be entertained. The name given to these fires is 'Fire of the Villages, or of Hospitality.' Asmai said that, one wild stormy night, he came to one of these fires, and found at it an Arab, who was cheering his slave to keep it up with these verses:—

"The night is bleak, the storm whirls high the sand,
Let then the blaze be seen wide o'er the land:
If wandering Sons of the Way it brings to me,
Thou shalt, my son, straightway a freeman be."

Asmai approached, and was received with the utmost hospitality. The slave who had kept up the fire was given the promised freedom on the spot. He abode there three days; every day a camel was killed, and Asmai was never troubled with the usual questions as to who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going. He expressed his surprise at this liberality to his host, who replied—

"If I ask not my guest whence and whither his way,
'Tis because I would have him here with me to stay."

"6. A well-known Arabian horse-stealer once related, as follows, what had befallen him in the desert:—I once, as I was astray in the desert, came to a tribe of Bedouins. They received me with great hospitality, and killed a camel every day on my account. I prayed them not to put themselves to such inconvenience, but to let me depart. Still they would not suffer me to go, and every day they killed a camel. At length one day I got an opportunity, drove off a fleet camel, mounted it, and went away with all speed. The owner, who saw me going off with his camel, mounted and pursued me. When he brought me back, he pointed to a snake that was lying in the sand, 'Seest thou,' said he, 'the tail of that snake there? I will hit it with this arrow.' He shot, and the arrow pierced the point of the tail. 'And with this arrow,' said he, as he drew forth a second, 'I will hit its head.'—He shot the snake's head in two. 'Thou seest now,' said he, 'that with this third arrow I should not miss thy breast, and thou dost deserve it for rewarding our hospitality with flight and robbery; but, since thou art our guest, go hence in God's name, and choose twenty camels to take with thee.'

"7. A hungry Bedouin, passing by where a rich Arab was eating his meal, thought how he might get a share of it. 'Whence comest thou, Bedouin?' said the Arab.—'From the tents of thy tribe.' 'Hast thou seen my son Osman?' 'He is jumping about like a young lion.'—'What is his mother about?' 'She is proud of her new clothes, and grows fatter and fatter every day.' 'And my red-haired camel?' 'Oh, he is as well as he can be and runs like the lightning.' 'And my trusty dog?'—'He lets no stranger go by in the dark, and he barks so loudly that it is a pleasure to hear him.' 'And my house?' 'It stands firmer and is more stately than ever.' The Bedouin, seeing that the inquirer was meantime finishing his meal without offering him a bit, changed his plan, to try if he could not reach the food by some other way. A dog happened to run by, 'What a difference,' said the Arab, 'between that dog and mine!'—'Ay' responded the Bedouin, 'if he were still alive.' 'What! is he no more?' said the Arab, 'and hast thou deceived me?' 'I did not wish to deprive thee of thy appetite,' said the Bedouin 'he is no more, and that because he ate too much of the flesh of thy camel.' 'Oh, heavens and is my camel dead, too? and how did he die?' 'He was killed at the grave of thy wife, the mother of Osman.' 'Great God! my wife, too, lost! what a calamity! and what then did she die of?' 'Of grief at the death of thy son.' 'Unhappy man! what sayest thou? my son?' 'Yes, thy son was killed by the house falling upon him.' The Arab cast himself in desperation on the earth, and rolled in the sand; while the Bedouin quietly despatched the rest of the food."

THE QUAKER.

In patriarchal plainness, lo! around
The festive board, a friendly tribe convene
Chaste, simple, neat and modest in attire,
And chaste simple in their manners too.
To them her gay varieties, in vain,
Fashion displays, inconstant as the moon;
Them to allure, in vain does cynic art
For human vestments multiply its dyes.
One mode of dress contents them; and but few
The colors of their choice—the gaudy shunn'd
E'en by the gentle sisterhood. In youth,
The rose's vivid hue their cheeks, alone,
Wear dimpling—shaded by a bonnet plain,
White as the cygnet's bosom—jetty black
As raven's wing—or, it a tint it bear,
'Tis what the harmless dove herself assumes.
The harder sex an unloop'd hat, broad-brimmed,
Shelters from summer's heat and winter's cold;
That from its station high ne'er deigns to stoop,
Obsequious nor to custom nor to king.
Yet, though precise, and primitive in speech,
Restrain they not the smile—the seemly jest—
Nor e'en the cordial laugh, that cynic's grave
Falsely assert "bespeaks a vacant mind."
Serenely gay, with generous ale they fill
The temperate cup; no want of new coin'd toast
To give it zest—*Good fellowship and peace*
Their sentiments—their object, and their theme.
C. A. S.

From the Montreal Gazette. THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC. BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In a wild tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where nature had fashioned a soft sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ring dove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence roll'd gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
Here the wild flow'ret blossom'd, the elm proudly
waved,

And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,
Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder, and lightning, and storm;

All flushed from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of flame;
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,
And the flesh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears.

With a glance of disgust, he the landscape surveyed
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wild-waving shade;
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green—
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low;
He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurled down the chasm the thundering wave!

Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of
time—

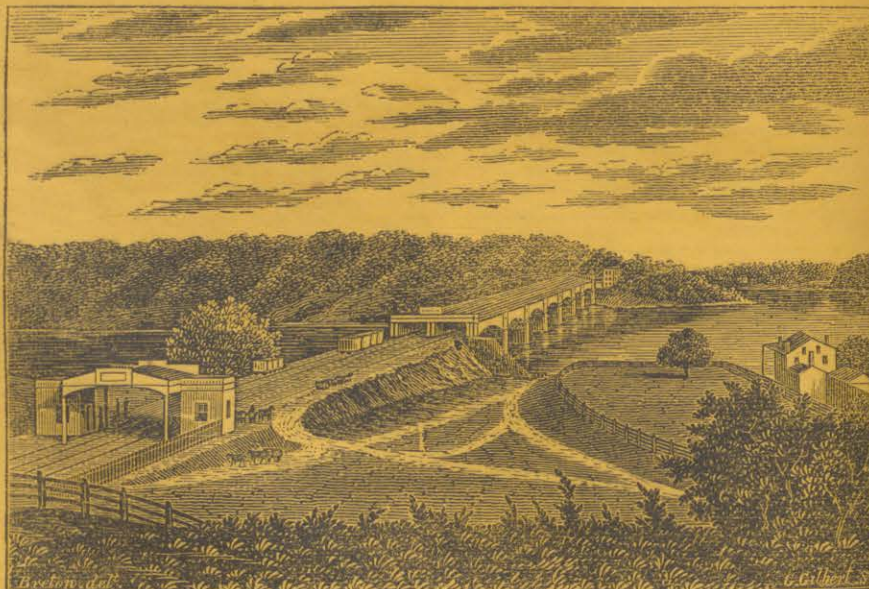
Cultivation has softened those features sublime;
The axe of the white man has lightened the shade,
And dispelled the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on
high;

Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosomed in foam!



View of the Columbia Rail-Road Bridge, over the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia.



Another View of the Columbia Rail-Road Bridge, over the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia.

View of the Columbia Rail-road Bridge, over the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia.

The construction of this bridge, designed to carry across the Schuylkill, the Philadelphia and Columbia Rail-road, was commenced in 1831, under the direction of the Canal Commissioners, the whole work being undertaken by the authority, and at the expense of the State. The first contractors made but little progress before they abandoned the undertaking, probably because they had not carefully ascertained the difficulties of the enterprise, and because their contract price was too low. The second contractors, for these or similar reasons, also gave up the work before any considerable progress had been made. It was then placed in the charge of Messrs. Dodd, Bishop & Britton, by whom it was finally completed in 1834.

The design of the bridge was drawn by Major Long, assisted, as we understand, by H. R. Campbell, Esq. Mr. Babb was the sub-contractor for constructing the frame work. The dimensions of the bridge are as follows.

Whole length	1060 feet
Width	60 feet 6 inches
Height, above the water, about	62 feet.
Height of the roof from the floor, about	15.

Complaints have been made that the roof of the bridge is too low, as individuals seated on the top of burden cars are liable to accident in coming in contact with the upper frame work of the bridge. This defect may, however, be remedied by raising the roof. The frame work is neat and substantial, and the masonry of the piers remarkably imposing. The upper side of the bridge is occupied by two tracts of rails; the lower, or southern side is thrown open for vehicles, and the centre is appropriated to foot passengers.

The piers are six in number, besides the two abutments. They stand in a diagonal position to the stream. In sinking these piers, steam engines were used for pumping the water from the coffer dams. In excavating for the pier nearest the eastern shore, at the depth of thirty feet, the stump of a tree was found completely embedded in the soil. This fact may show that the course of the stream has been diverted, considerably, from its original channel. Below high water level the masonry was laid in Roman cement, rendering the work impervious to water.

The cost of the Bridge has been stated to us as follows.

Wood work	\$15,000
Piers, average of each	10,000
Whole cost of piers and bridge	180,000

Another View of the Columbia Rail-road Bridge over the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia.

This plate gives another view of the bridge noticed above, taken from a point that exhibits the inclined plane, a very important feature in the enterprise for the completion of which the Bridge was rendered necessary.

The inclined plane is five-eighths of a mile in length, and has a rise of 184 feet, equal to 1 inch in the foot. Cars are drawn up the plane, upon which there are two tracks, by a steam engine of sixty horse power, stationed at the top. One train ascends, while another is let down, the operations being very skilfully directed by a superintendent occupying the north wing of the arch sketched in the left corner of the engraving.—This superintendent, Mr. Thomas, who lost a hand by an accident at one of the piers, has a py-glass which enables him distinctly to observe all proceedings at the bottom of the plane, and to tell when the cars are ready for the ascent. His signal regulates the steam engine, and all the operations on the plane,

which, to those not familiar with works of this description, are of a very interesting character.

The great expense and labour necessarily connected with the plane, and the detentions and accidents to which passengers and merchandise are liable, are, however, very serious objections against the adoption of inclined planes when they can possibly be avoided. Already a company has been organised for constructing a road from the city, to some point on the Columbia Rail-road, eight or ten miles from the Bridge, so as to avoid the sudden rise of the plane, and dispense with the stationary engine. This company, the West Philadelphia Rail-road company, have satisfactorily ascertained the feasibility of their project, and it will undoubtedly be pushed forward to a speedy completion.

The scenery on the Schuylkill, in the vicinity of the bridge, is of a very interesting and picturesque character. Peters's Island, immediately above the Bridge, is a beautiful little spot, and the rich foliage on the undulating banks of the river, and the many fertile farms and handsome country seats, extending in all directions as far as the eye can reach, give this neighborhood strong attractions for those who love the quiet, romantic and fascinating scenery of the ever-delightful Schuylkill. The river is enlivened, upon almost every fair day, by the crews of some of our numerous boat clubs, who row hither for recreation or pleasure, and their merry and enlivening sports, together with the spirit-stirring notes of the boatman's horn, proceeding to the city with the rich produce of the interior, or to the west with a valuable cargo of merchandise, give life and animation to the whole scene. As a place of resort for a leisure afternoon, there are few places in the vicinity of our city, more agreeably diversified by attractive and exciting associations.

THE JUVENILE PROFESSOR.

Ah, who can trace the March of Mind,
Its rapid strides, its light'ning joggings;
Driven on by IMPETUS behind,
The pedagogue's unwearied floggings.

With what delight a future race
The mental triumph will behold,
And every branch of science trace
In chubby boys of five years old.

Then tender little babes at nurse
Will warble music's mellowest tunes,
An infant's string heroic verse,
As modern lads string cherry-stones.

Then thirst for knowledge nought shall tame,
And genius will require no spur;
While unbreech'd bantlings shall exclaim,
"How ignorant our fathers were!"

If then thy grizzly ghost O Brougham!
A ghost so grim that none would quiz it,
Should steal at midnight from the tomb,
The pale moon's glimpses to revisit.

How it will cheer thy dingy sprite,
The "Boy Professor" to inspect,
And hail, with unalloy'd delight,
The wond'rous walk of intellect.

"Three centuries back (says History's Pages)
Science was darkness all and doubt;
Yet, even in that vile barbarous age,
The Schoolmaster was peeping out.

"But, too much lore distracts my head
My studies I awhile must drop—
Grotius! a slice of gingerbread,
And let me have my humming-top!"

From the Saturday Evening Post.
REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

No. I.

Reception of the Declaration of Independence at New York, July 11, 1776.—This day, the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade, of the continental army, posted at and near this city, and every where received with loud huzzas, and the utmost demonstrations of joy.

In the evening the equestrian statue of George III, which tory pride and folly raised in the year 1770, was, by the sons of freedom, laid prostrate in the dirt; the just desert of an ungrateful tyrant! The lead wherewith this monument was made, is to be run into bullets, to assimilate with the brain of our infatuated adversaries, who to gain a *pepper corn*, have lost an Empire.*

Trenton, July 8, 1776.—This day the "Declaration," was proclaimed here, to the evident satisfaction of all that heard it read. The members of the Provincial Congress, the gentlemen of the committees, the officers and privates of the militia under arms, and a large concourse of the inhabitants attended on this great and solemn occasion.

Princeton, July 10.—Last night Nassau Hall was grandly illuminated, and *Independancy* proclaimed under a triple volley of musketry, and universal acclamation for the prosperity of the *United States*. The ceremony was conducted with the greatest decorum.

On the 15th of July, 1776.—The Declaration was read at New York, at the State House, to a numerous and respectable body of freeholders, and principal inhabitants of the city and county, which was received with general applause and heartfelt satisfaction, and at the same time, our late king's coat of arms was brought from the Hall, where his courts were commonly held, and burned amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators.

Boston, July 25, 1776.—Thursday last, (18th,) pursuant to an order of the honourable council, was proclaimed from the balcony of the State House in this town, the Declaration of the American Congress, absolving the United Colonies from their allegiance to the British crown, and declaring them free and independent states. There were present on the occasion, in the council chamber, the committee of council, a number of the honourable house of representatives, the magistrates, ministers, selectmen, and other gentlemen of Boston, and the neighbouring towns; also the commission officers of the continental regiments stationed here, and other officers. Two of these regiments were under arms in King street, formed into three lines on the north side of the street, and in thirteen divisions; and a detachment from the Massachusetts regiment of artillery, with two pieces of cannon, was on their right wing. At one o'clock the Declaration was proclaimed by Colonel Thomas Crafts, which was received with great joy, expressed by three huzzas from a great concourse of people assembled on the occasion. After which, on a signal given, thirteen pieces of cannon were fired from the fort on Fort-hill; the forts at Dorchester-Neck, the Castle, Nantasket, and Point Alderton, likewise discharged their cannon: Then the detachment of artillery fired their cannon thirteen times, which was followed by the two regiments giving their fire from the thirteen divisions in succession. These fires corresponded to the number of the American States United.

The bells in town were rung on the occasion, and

*Lord Clare in the House of Commons, declared that a pepper corn, in acknowledgment of Britain's right to tax America, was of more importance than millions without it.

undissembled festivity cheered and brightened every face.

On the same evening the king's arms, and every sign with any resemblance of it, whether lion and crown, pestle and mortar and crown, heart and crown, &c. together with every sign that belonged to a tory was taken down, and made a general conflagration of in King street.

To heighten the general joy, a large ship captured by an American privateer was brought in during the ceremonies.

Portsmouth, N. H. July 20. On the 18th inst. the Independent company under Col. Shelburne, and the Light Infantry company under Col. Langdon, were drawn up on parade, in their uniforms, when the Declaration of Independence from the grand continental congress was read, in the hearing of a numerous and respectable audience; the pleasing countenances of the many patriots present spoke a hearty concurrence in this interesting measure, which was confirmed by loud huzzas, and all conducted in peace and good order.

In Baltimore on the 29th of July.—The Declaration was read at the Court House, to a large body of militia and inhabitants of the town and vicinity, which was received with great joy. At night the town was illuminated, and the effigy of the king carted through the town and committed to the flames amidst the acclamations of many hundreds. The just reward of a tyrant.

Ticonderago, N. Y. July 28.—To-day, immediately after divine worship, the Declaration was read by Col. St. Clair, and having said, "God save the Independent States of America!" the army manifested their joy with hearty cheering. It was remarkably pleasing to see the spirits of the soldiers so raised, the language of every man's countenance was, now we are a people! we have a name among the nations of the world.

At Charleston, S. C. Annapolis, Md. Williamsburg, Va.—The Declaration was received with universal joy.

Declaration of Virginia, May 18, 1776.—For as much as all the endeavours of the *United Colonies*, by the most decent representations and petitions to the king and parliament of Great Britain, to restore peace and good security to America under the British government, and a re-union with that people upon just and liberal terms, instead of a redress of grievances, have produced, from an imperious and vindictive administration, increased insults, oppression, and a vigorous attempt to effect our total destruction. By a late act, all these colonies are declared to be in rebellion, and out of the protection of the British crown, our properties subjected to confiscation; our people, when captured, compelled to join in the murder and plunder of their relations and countrymen, and all former rapine and oppression of Americans declared legal and just. Fleets and armies are raised, and the aid of foreign troops engaged to assist these destructive purposes. The king's representative in this colony hath not only withheld all the powers of government from operating for our safety, but, having retired on board an armed ship, is carrying on a piratical and savage war against us; tempting our slaves, by every artifice, to resort to him, and training and employing them against their masters. In this state of extreme danger, we have no alternative left but an abject submission to the will of those overbearing tyrants, or a total separation from the crown and government of Great Britain, uniting and exerting the strength of all America for defence, and forming alliances with foreign power for commerce and aid in war; wherefore, appealing to the *Searcher of Hearts* for the sincerity of former declarations, expressing our desire to preserve the connection with that nation, and that we

MRS. TROLLOPE'S WORK ON FRANCE.

Paris and the Parisians, in 1825.

Mrs. Trollope has here produced two pleasant enough gossiping volumes—though occasionally rather wire-drawn, and containing much commonplace in the way of opinion. Still, there is a good deal of amusement of the following cast.

Suicide à la mode.—"It is not long since two young men—mere youths—entered a *restaurant*, and bespoke a dinner of unusual luxury and expense, and afterwards arrived punctually at the appointed hour to eat it. They did so, apparently with all the zest of youthful appetite and youthful glee. They called for champagne, and quaffed it hand in hand. No symptom of sadness, thought, or reflection of any kind, was observed to mix with their mirth, which was loud, long, and unremitting. At last came the *café noir*, the cognac, and the bill: one of them was seen to point out the amount to the other, then both burst out afresh into violent laughter. Having swallowed each his cup of coffee to the dregs, the *garçon* was ordered to request the company of the *restaurateur* for a few minutes. He came immediately, expecting, perhaps, to receive his bill, minus some extra charge which the jocund but economical youths might deem exorbitant. Instead of this, however, the elder of the two informed him that the dinner had been excellent, which was the more fortunate, as it was decidedly the last that either of them should ever eat; that for his bill, he must, of necessity, excuse the payment of it, as, in fact, they neither of them possessed a single sou: that upon no other occasion would they thus have violated the customary etiquette between guest and landlord; but that, finding this world, its toils and its troubles, unworthy of them, they determined once more to enjoy a repast of which their poverty must for ever prevent the repetition, and then—take leave of existence forever! For the first part of this resolution, he declared that it had, thanks to his cook and his cellar, been achieved nobly; and for his last, it would soon follow—for the *café noir*, besides the little glass of his admirable cognac, had been medicated with that which would speedily settle all their accounts for them. The *restaurateur* was enraged. He believed no part of the rhodomontade but that which declared their inability to discharge the bill, and he talked loudly, in his turn, of putting them into the hands of the police. At length, however, upon their offering to give him their address, he was persuaded to let them depart. On the following day, either the hope of obtaining his money, or some vague fear that they might have been in earnest in the wild tale that they had told him, induced this man to go to the address they had left with him; and he there heard that the two unhappy boys had been that morning found lying together hand in hand, on a bed hired a few weeks by one of them. When they were discovered, they were already dead and quite cold. On a small table in the room lay many written papers, all expressing aspirations after greatness that should cost neither labour nor care, a profound contempt for those who were satisfied to live by the sweat of their brow, sundry quotations from Victor Hugo, and a request that their names and the manner of their death might be transmitted to the newspapers."

Old Maids.—"Several years ago, while passing a few weeks in Paris, I had a conversation with a Frenchman upon the subject of old maids, which, though so long past, I refer to now for the sake of the sequel, which has just reached me. We were, I remember, parading in the Gardens of the Luxembourg; and, as we paced up and down its long alleys, the 'miserable fate,' as he called it, of single women in England was discussed and deplored by my compa-

are driven from that inclination by their wicked councils, and the eternal laws of self preservation:

Resolved, unanimously, That the delegates appointed to represent this colony in general congress, be instructed to propose to that respectable body, to *Declare the United Colonies free and Independent States*, absolved from all allegiance to, or dependence upon the crown or parliament of Great Britain; and that they give the assent of this colony to such declaration, and to whatever measures may be thought proper and necessary by the congress for forming foreign alliance, and a *Confederation of the Colonies*, at such time, and in the manner, as to them shall seem best. Provided, that the power of forming government for, and the regulations of the internal concerns, of each colony, be left to the respective colonial legislatures.

Resolved, unanimously, That a committee be appointed to prepare a *Declaration of Rights*, and such a plan of government as will be most likely to maintain peace and good order in this colony, and secure substantial and equal liberty to the people.

Edmund Pendleton, President.

In consequence of the above resolutions, universally regarded as the only door which will lead to safety and prosperity, a number of gentlemen of Williamsburg, where the convention was holden, made a handsome collection for the purpose of treating the soldiery, who next day were paraded in Waller's Grove, before Brigadier Gen. Lewis, attended by the gentlemen of the committee of safety, the members of the general convention, the inhabitants of the city, &c.—The resolutions were read aloud to the army, and received with acclamations by all present. Several toasts were given, among which was the following,—"The American Independent States."

The Union Flag of the American States waved upon the Capitol during the whole of this ceremony. Every one seemed pleased that the domination of Great Britain was now at an end, so wickedly and tyrannically exercised for these twelve or thirteen years past, notwithstanding our repeated prayers and remonstrances for redress. The evening concluded with illuminations and other demonstrations of joy. The number of members present at the adoption of the above was 112.

Scarcity of Lead.—In consequence of the war with Great Britain, almost all the lead in the colonies that could be procured, has been run into bullets for the army. In New Jersey a committee was appointed "to collect all the leaden weights, from windows and clocks, and all the leaden weights of shops, stores and mills, also all other lead in and about houses and other places."

Manner of recruiting, as practised in England in 1775 a "6—Salisbury, May 27, 1776.—On Thursday a number of *felons* in our goal, under sentence of transportation, were relieved on condition of their entering into the 27th regiment of foot, to serve his majesty in America against his rebellious subjects, which they agreed to, and were enlisted.

United States Lottery.—This lottery was put on foot by a resolution of congress, passed at Philadelphia, the 18th of November 1776, for the purpose of raising a sum of money, on loan, bearing an annual interest of 4 per cent, which with the sum arising from the deduction (15 per cent,) is to be applied for carrying on the present (revolutionary) most just and necessary war, in defence of the lives, liberties, and property of the inhabitants of these United States.

M.

It is a weary thing to look on the game and see how it might be won, while we are debarred by the caprice of others from the power of playing it according to our own skill.

nion as being one of the most melancholy results of faulty national manners that could be mentioned. 'I know nothing,' said he with much energy, 'that ever gave me more pain in society, than seeing, as I did in England, numbers of unhappy women who however well born, well educated, or estimable, were without a position, without an *état*, and without a home, excepting one that they would generally give half their remaining days to get rid of.' 'I think you somewhat exaggerate the evil,' I replied: 'but even if it were as bad as you state it to be, I see not why single ladies should be better off here.' 'Here!' he exclaimed, in a tone of horror: 'Do you really imagine that in France, where we pride ourselves on making the destiny of our women the happiest in the world,—do you really imagine, that we suffer a set of unhappy, innocent, helpless girls to drop, as it were, out of society into the *néant* of celibacy as you do? God keep us from such barbarity!' 'But how can you help it?' It is impossible but that such circumstances must arise to keep many of your men single: and if the numbers be equally balanced, it follows that there must be single women too.' 'It may seem so; but the fact is otherwise; we have no single women.' 'What, then, becomes of them?' 'I know not; but were any Frenchwoman to find herself so circumstanced, depend upon it she would drown herself.' 'I know one such, however,' said a lady who was with us: 'Mademoiselle Isabelle B*** is an old maid.' 'Est-il possible?' cried the gentleman, in a tone that made me laugh very heartily. 'And how old is she, this Mademoiselle Isabelle?' 'I do not know exactly,' replied the lady, 'but I think she must be considerably past thirty.' 'C'est une horreur!' he exclaimed again; adding, rather mysteriously, in a half whisper, 'trust me she will not bear it long!' * * * I had certainly forgotten Mademoiselle Isabelle and all about her, when I again met the lady who had named her as the one sole existing old maid of France. While conversing with her the other day on many things which had passed when we were last together, she asked me if I remembered this conversation. I assured her that I had forgotten no part of it. 'Well, then,' said she, 'I must tell you what happened to me about three months after it took place. I was invited with my husband to pay a visit at the house of a friend in the country—the same house where I had formerly seen the Mademoiselle B*** whom I had named to you. While playing *écarté* with our host in the evening, I recollected our conversation in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, and inquired for the lady who had been named in it. "Is it possible that you have not heard what has happened to her?" he replied. "No, indeed; I have heard nothing. Is she married, then?" "Married! alas, no! she has drowned herself!" Terrible as this *denouement* was, it could not be heard with the solemn gravity it called for, after what had been said respecting her. Was ever coincidence more strange! My friend told me, that on her return to Paris she mentioned this catastrophe to the gentleman who had seemed to predict; when the information was received by an exclamation quite in character,—"God be praised! then she is out of her misery!"

A visit to Notre Dame, to hear a celebrated preacher, is also characteristic.

"The organ pealed, the fine chant of the voices was heard above it, and in a few minutes we saw the archbishop and his splendid train escorting the host to its ark upon the altar. During the interval between the conclusion of the mass and the arrival of the Abbe Lacordaire in the pulpit, my sceptical neighbour again addressed me, 'Are you prepared to be very much enchanted by what you are going to hear?' said he. 'I hardly know what to expect,' I replied; 'I think my idea of the preacher was higher when I came here than since I have heard you speak of him.' 'You will

find that he has a prodigious flow of words, much vehement gesticulation, and a very impassioned manner. This is quite sufficient to establish his reputation for eloquence among *les jeunes gens*.' 'But I presume you do not yourself subscribe to the sentence pronounced by these young critics?' 'Yes, I do; as far as at least, as to acknowledge that this man has not attained his reputation without having displayed great ability. But though all the talent of Paris has long consented to receive its crown of laurels from the hands of her young men, it would be hardly reasonable to expect that their judgment should be as profound as their power is great.' 'Your obedience to this beardless synod is certainly very extraordinary,' said I; 'I cannot understand it.' 'I suppose not,' said he, laughing: 'It is quite a Paris fashion; but we all seem contented that it should be so. If a new play appears, its fate must be decided by *les jeunes gens*; if a picture is exhibited, its rank amidst the works of modern art can only be settled by them: does a dancer, a singer, an actor, or a preacher, appear—a new member in the tribune, or a new prince upon the throne,—it is still *les jeunes gens* who must pass judgment on them all; and this judgment is quoted with a degree of deference utterly inconceivable to a stranger.' 'Chut!'—was at this moment uttered by more than one voice near us: 'le voilà!' I glanced my eye towards the pulpit, but it was still empty; and, on looking round me, I perceived that eyes were turned in the direction of a small door in the north aisle, almost immediately behind us. 'Il est entre là!' said a young woman near us, in a tone that seemed to indicate a feeling deeper than respect, and, in fact, not far removed from adoration. Her eyes were still earnestly fixed upon the door, and continued to be so, as well as those of many others, till it re-opened, and a slight young man in the dress of a priest prepared for the *chaire* appeared at it. A verger made way for him through the crowd, which, thick and closely wedged as it was, fell back on each side of him, as he proceeded to the pulpit, with much more docility than I ever saw produced by the clearing a passage through the intervention of a troop of horse. Silence the most profound accompanied his progress; I never witnessed more striking demonstration of respect: and yet it is said that three-fourths of Paris believe this man to be a hypocrite. As soon as he had reached the pulpit, and, while preparing himself by silent prayer for the duty he was about to perform, a movement became perceptible at the upper part of the choir; and presently the archbishop and his splendid retinue of clergy were seen moving in a body towards that part of the nave which is immediately in front of the preacher. On arriving at the space reserved for them, each noiselessly dropped into his allotted seat, according to his place and dignity, while the whole congregation respectfully stood to watch the ceremony, and seemed to

'Admirer un si bel ordre, et reconnaître l'église.' It is easier to describe to you every thing which preceded the sermon, than the sermon itself. This was such a rush of words, such a burst and pouring out of passionate declamation, that even before I had heard enough to judge of the matter, I felt disposed to prejudge the preacher, and to suspect that his discourse would have more of the flourish and furbelow of human rhetoric than of the simplicity of divine truth in it. His violent action, too, disgusted me exceedingly. The rapid and incessant movement of his hands, sometimes of one, sometimes of both, more resembled that of the wings of a humming-bird than any thing else I can remember; but the hum proceeded from the admiring congregation. At every pause he made, and like the clappings of a bad actor, they were frequent, and evidently *faits exprès*: a little gentle laudatory murmur ran through the crowd. I remember reading

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A RUSTIC BALLAD.

A bee, while lay sleeping young Dolly,
Mistook her red lips for the rose;
There honey to seek were no folly,
No flower so sweet ever blows.

It tickled, and wak'd her; when clapping
Her hand on the impudent bee,
It stung her, and Dolly, caught napping,
Came pouting and crying to me.

Said she "take the sting out, I pray you!"
What way I was puzzled to try,
And a trifling wager I'd lay you
You'd have been as much puzzled as I.

I'd heard about sucking out poison—
A sting is a poisonous dart—
So I kiss'd her, the act was a wise one;
The sting found its way to my heart.

A traveller riding down a steep hill, and fearing the foot of it was unsound, called out to a man who was ditching, and asked him whether it was hard at the bottom. 'Ay,' said the man, 'it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant it.' The traveller, however, had not ridden half a dozen yards before the horse sunk up to the saddle girths. 'Why, you rascal,' said he, calling out to the ditcher, 'did you not tell me it was hard at the bottom?' 'Ay,' replied the fellow, 'but you are not half way at the bottom yet.'

A CODICIL.—Mr. — a very careless man, was sheriff of the courts in Rhode Island some years ago. When the Supreme Court of the United States was held in that district, the sheriff got up and opened the court, ending with the *State* form 'god save the state of Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations.' 'You forget,' said the Judge mildly, 'this is the United States Court.' 'Nothing daunted, our Sheriff, answered 'Oh yes, your honor,' and bawled out in continuation—and the United States also!'

A DARK ONE.—"O, father! I've just seen the blackest nigger that ever was!" said a little boy one day, as he came running into the house. "How black was he, my son?" "O, he was as black as—black can be; why, father, charcoal would make a *white* mark on him!"—*Norfolk Adv.*

"There is often an initial difficulty in the way of courting, which is not easily got over in all cases—that is, in breaking the ice, as it is called. This is more particularly incident to those who do not go to work *secundum artem*. There is a good practice, regarding this matter, among the Savoyard peasantry. When a young man is first admitted to spend the evening at the house of a maid to whom he wishes to pay his addresses, he watches the arrangement of the fireplace, where several billets of wood are blazing. If the fair one lift up one of the billets and place it upright against the side of the fireplace, it is a sign she does not approve of her suitor. If she leaves the blazing wood undisturbed, the young man may be sure of her consent."

BAR-BARIAN WIT.—The bar is noted for its wit; but it is not always that the best things are said before the bar. A poor fellow, in his examination the other day, was asked if he had not been in that court before, and what for? (He had been up for body stealing.) "It was for nothing at all," said the humorist, "hon'ly rescuing a feller cretur from the grave."—*Len. paper.*

somewhere of a priest nobly born, and so anxious to keep his flock in their proper place, that they might not come 'between the wind and his nobility,' that his constant address to them when preaching, was, 'Canaille Chrétienne!' This was bad—very bad, certainly; but I protest, I doubt if the Abbe Lacordaire's manner of addressing his congregation as 'Messieurs' was much less unlike the fitting tone of a Christian pastor. This mundane apostrophe was continually repeated throughout the whole discourse, and, I dare say, had its share in producing the disagreeable effect experienced from his eloquence. I cannot remember having ever heard a preacher I less liked, revered, and admired, than this new Parisian saint. He made very pointed allusions to the reviving state of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and anathematized pretty cordially all such as should oppose it. In describing the two hours' prologue to the mass, I forgot to mention that many young men—not in the reserved places of the centre aisle, but sitting near us, beguiled the tedious interval by reading. Some of the volumes they held had the appearance of novels from a circulating library and others were evidently collections of songs, probably less spiritual than *spirituels*. The whole exhibition certainly shewed me a new page in the history of 'Paris as it is,' and I therefore do not regret the four hours it cost me: but once is enough—I certainly will never go to hear the Abbe Lacordaire again."

Mrs. Trollope dramatizes her dialogues well, and many an agreeable half-hour may be passed with *Paris and the Parisians*.

Old Gold with New Superscriptions.

Dancing. That action which is to motion what music is to sound—a movement to which misses are trained for leading bachelors near man traps, as decoy ducks tempt wild ones into the snare.

Debt. "The soldier of society;" for men tolerate each other for what they owe each other.

Dun. A more accurate time-keeper than ever Halley made.

Envy. The oxidation of the soul; but it is only the meaner minds and metals that rust.

Face. Not only the title page of man, but often, too, the table of contents.

Faction. Any body of politicians who do any thing opposed to any of the notions of any of us.

Fan. An almost forgotten instrument, which was wont to winnow away the frowns of our grandmothers.

Fascination. The air and manner of one's mistress.

Hair. The foliage of the human tree. The drape of a fine woman's face, and that part of it which is connected with their brains, which youngsters most carefully cultivate. The only crop which many *thick* soils can produce, and one that fifty thousand people in Great Britain live by cutting.

Imagination. That power which can create without substance, paint without color, and kill without crime.

Jury. Twelve men; seven of whom must be of one opinion, and five of none.

Kissing. The lovers employment of lips when words wont pass over them; the poetry of contract; and the dram drinking of boyhood.

Label. What any body feels to be true, but fears to have known.

Lover. One who loses himself—to obtain possession of another.

Moment. A flap of the wing of time. The life of a thought.

Be slow to give advice, ready to do any service.

KISSING.

And if it were not lawful
The lawyers would not use it;
And if 'twere not pious
The clergy would not choose it;
And if 'twere not a dainty thing,
The ladies would not crave it,
And if 'twere not plentiful,
The poor girls could not have it.

THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

An auctioneer was busy in crying some goods from his stand, as a drunken man passed by—"I say, Mister, may I bid what I please?" said the latter. "Certainly," replied the salesman. "Then," rejoined the other, "I bid you a very good morning."

A MAN WITH HORNS.—Dr. Pocock, of Darlington, Eng., has been publishing what he terms 'practical hints on the treatment of several diseases,' in which is found the following relation: 'A shoemaker, about 50, applied to me for relief from a complaint which he called horns—which were excrescences, very nearly resembling cockspurs, adhering to the skin in all the muscular parts. They were all erect and completely embedded in the skin by the broadest end; the base had a fleshy, cartilaginous feel, which run up to a sharp bony point, resembling nothing so closely as the spur of a cock. They were mostly an inch in length, and some of them exceeded it.'—*Boston Med. Jour.*

FALS ESTIMATES.—We are overrated by some, and underrated by others. We are rarely rated at what we should be.

"I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clark, 'to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all: keep them all a going.'

I hope it will be written on the tablets of your heart, in characters not to be effaced by ambition, avarice or pleasure, that the only sure and certain happiness to be found on this side of the grave, is a consciousness of your own rectitude. All peace and homefelt joy are the reward of virtue. And there is no applause in this world worth having unless it is crowned with our own.—*Sir. J. E. Wilmot to his Son.*

PATHETIC.—A learned young lady being asked at a tea-table if she used sugar, replied, "I have a diabolical, invincible repugnance to sugar, for to my insensible cogitations upon the subject, the flavosity of the sugar nullifies the flavosity of the tea, and renders it vastly obnoxious!"

"Why don't you wipe your nose, Tom?" said a little officious, pragmatical body, to a tall jolly old codger, with a great blue spindling nose. "Oh! gad," replied the latter, "I have, your honor, as far as I can reach!"

ANECDOTE.—An elderly man, rather shabily dressed, met an individual in Chesnut street a day or two since, and holding before him the superscription of a letter said, "Can you tell me where I will find Mr. —?" "What is he?" asked the person interrogated. The other somewhat pettishly replied, "oh, he's nothing—he's a gentleman!"

A gentleman called for a glass of beer the other day at a noted *restaurant*, and was served with a very diminutive tumbler. After paying for it, he remarked to mine host, that if he should get larger tumblers he would sell more beer!—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

TEMPERANCE.—A Deacon, having joined a Temperance Society, refused to drink toddy with his neighbor, but would, for the sake of sociability, just dip a toasted cracker into it and eat that, saying that it would do as well, as he must not allow himself to take rum. The good deacon was a philosopher:—the spirit being specifically lighter than the water, rises to the top and is readily absorbed by the cracker.

An English Earl at a ball at Portsmouth, was struck with the appearance of a lady—was introduced and enchanted, in a breath—made love during the country dance, and an offer during supper. "I should have been very happy," said the lady, "but I have seven deadly reasons against it." So saying, she beckoned a gentleman near; this is my husband, Captain Coffin, and the father of my six little Coffins.—*Bost. Post.*

RATHER PARADOXICAL.—Victor Hugo, the French novelist, in describing one of his heroines, thus moralizes on one of her qualities in a truly French strain: "Poor girl! she had fine teeth, and she was fond of laughing, that she might show them the better. Now the maiden who is in too great a hurry to laugh, is on the high road to tears: for fine teeth spoil fine eyes."

Diogenes being asked of what beast the bite is most dangerous, answered, "Of wild beasts, that of a slanderer; of tame, that of a flatterer."

One of the speakers at the Reform dinner at Hackney last year, in talking of the House of Lords, said, figuratively, that it should be cleansed like the Augean stable. One of the crowd cried out "Wot stable was that? how was that stable cleaned?" "Oh," said the speaker, "by turning a river into it." "Nonsense," replied the man, "wouldn't it be a great deal easier and better to turn the Lords into the river?"

New Year's Anecdote.—A little girl was despatched by her mother on New Year's day, to wish a grocer a "Happy New Year," with directions to tell him that she would "take the gift in molasses." Accordingly she took a jug and went to the store and did her errand as follows: "Marm told me to come and wish you a happy new year, and here's a jug to put it in."

"What's the matter with our pump, daddy?" said a little chap, one cold morning this week. "O child, it's sick, with a cold in his head." "Well," continued the lad, as he drew his sleeve across his nose, "when it gets better it will run at the nose, wont it daddy?" "I s'pose so—use your handkercher you blockhead."

Pun Military.—A young ensign complaining of the smallness of the apartment at the barracks, after many attempts at a simile, compared them to a *nutshell*; on which a friend congratulated him, as by dwelling in a *nutshell*, he had attained the rank of *Kernal*.

Polite manners add lustre to merit. Whatever talents we possess, if we have not politeness, we shall fail of that esteem which otherwise those talents might procure. Some people are uncommonly dexterous at portraying the foibles of others, and giving fuller scope to their own impertinence. This is a propensity quite the reverse of true politeness, which is careful never to offend, and which fails not to apologise for the conduct of others, or at least to justify their intentions.

THE COW'S DIRGE.

Air.—"Tune the Old Cow died of."
The cow! the cow!—that butcher, death,
In her hay-day appears,
And interrupts her sweetest breath,
Amid the cable tiers.
No more she'll stretch her dew-lapped neck,
To low in thundering stave;
She's gone from the deserted deck,
Too low beneath the wave.
The cow! the cow!—and must our tea
Go all unwhitened now?
No more in teat-a-teat shall be
The milker and the cow;
No more the cud, with look sedate,
She'll, all contented chew—
Alas! we now must ruminate—
On what we are to do!

The cow! the cow!—she's in the sea,
A thousand fathom deep;
And sharks have joined in revelry,
That carnival to keep.
Oh! 'twould have cheered this mournful note,
And soothed the general grief,
Had timely knife across her throat
Transformed her into beef.

The cow! the cow!—the zodiac weeps,
And—oh lugubrious "sign!"
Yon bull, whose eye moist sorrow steepes,
Augments th' entombing brine.
She little dreamed that Taurus bent
On her his glances keen,
For, bashful still, she only went
To sea, not to be seen.

The cow! the cow!—she died that day,
And tearful skies deplore her;
Her death obstructs the "milky way,"
Though cream-topped waves roll o'er her.
Her moans were sad, her eyes aghast,
One faint whisk gave her tail;
And she the bucket kicked at last,
Who'd often kicked the pail.

The cow! the cow!—a few weeks more
Had she contrived to stay;
Her death had then been less a bore,
That what it is to-day;
For though we've one, "by'r lady," yet
In vain for milk we try:
The best has overboard gone wet,
The other has gone dry!

THE NEGRO WHO REFUSED TO BE FREE.

In the Yemassee, there is quite an interesting, as well as amusing passage, illustrative of the attachment of a slave to his master. Hector had been the means of saving his master's life; and for this good service he resolved to emancipate him. Accordingly he made a signal to Hector, who came forward with the dog Dugdale, which had been wounded with an arrow in the side, not seriously, but painfully, as was evident from the writhings and occasional moanings of the animal, while Hector busied himself plastering the wound with the resinous gum of the pine tree.

"Hector," said his master, as he approached, "give me Dugdale. Henceforward I shall take care of him myself."

"Sa! massa," exclaimed the negro, with an expression of almost terrific amazement in his countenance. "Yes, Hector, you are now free. I give you your freedom, old fellow. Here is money too, and in Charleston you shall have a house to live in for yourself."

"No, massa, I can't sir—I can't be free," replied

the negro, shaking his head, and endeavouring to resume possession of the strong cord which secured the dog, and which Harrison had taken into his own hand.

"Why can't you, Hector? What do you mean? Am I not your master? Can't I make you free, and don't I tell you that I do make you free? From this moment you are your own master."

"Wha' lor, massa? Wha' Hector done, you guine turn um off dis time o' day?"

"Done! You have saved my life, old fellow—you have fought for me like a friend, and I am now your friend, and not any longer your master."

"Ki, massa! enty you always been a frien' to Hector? Enty you gib um physie when he sick, and come see and talk wid um, and do ebbery ting he want you for do? What more you guine to do now?"

"Yes, Hector, I have done for you all this—but I have done it because you were my slave, and because I was bound to do it."

"Ah, you no want to be boun' any longer. Da's it! I see. You want Hector for eat acorn wid de hog, and take de swamp wid de Injia, enty?"

"Not so, old fellow; but I cannot call you my slave when I would call you my friend. I shall get another slave to carry Dugdale, and you shall be free."

"I dam to hell, massa, if I guine to be free!" roared the adhesive black, in a tone of unrestrained determination. "I can't loss you company, and who de debble Dugdale will let feed him like Hector? 'Tis impossible, massa, and dere's no use to talk about it. De ting aint right; and enty I know wha kind of ting freedom is wid black man? Ha! you make Hector free, come wuss more nor poor buckrah—he tief out of de shop—he get drunk and lie in de ditch—den if sick come, he roll, he toss in de wet grass of de stable. You come in de morning, Hector dead—and who know—he take no physie, he hab no parson—who know, I say, massa, but de debble find um fore any body else? No, massa—you and Dugdale berry good company for Hector. I tank God he so good—I no want any better."

The Negro was positive, and his master, deeply affected with this evidence of his attachment, turned away in silence, offering no further obstructions to the desperate hold which he then took of the wounded Dugdale.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

A RIFLEMAN.—A daring Tennessean, with a blanket tied round him, and a hat with a brim of enormous breadth, who seemed to be fighting "on his own hook," disdaining to raise his rifle over the bank of earth, and fire in safety to his person, like his more wary fellow soldiers, chose to spring, every time he fired, upon the breastwork, where, balancing himself, he would bring his rifle to his cheek, throw back his broad brim, take sight and fire, while the enemy were advancing to the attack, as deliberately as though shooting at a herd of deer; then leaping down on the inner side, he would reload, mount the works, cock his beaver, take aim, and crack again. "This he did," said an English officer, who was taken prisoner by him, and who laughingly related it as a good anecdote to captain D* * *, my informant above alluded to,—"five times in rapid succession, as I advanced at the head of my company; and though the grape whistled through the air over our heads, for the life of me I could not help smiling at his grotesque demi-savage, demi-quaker figure, as he threw back the broad flap of his castor to obtain a fair sight—deliberately raised his rifle—shut his left eye, and blazed away at us, I verily believe he brought one of my men at every shot."

As the British resolutely advanced, though columns

fell like the tall grain before the sickle at the fire of the Americans, this same officer approached at the head of his brave grenadiers, amid the rolling fire of musketry from the lines of his unseen foes, undaunted and untouched." "Advance, my men!" he shouted as he reached the edge of the fosse—"follow me!" and, sword in hand, he leaped the ditch, and turning, amidst the roar and flame of a hundred muskets, to encourage his men, beheld to his surprise but a single man of his company upon his feet—more than fifty brave fellows, whom he had led so gallantly on to the attack, had been shot down. As he was about to leap back from his dangerous situation, his sword was shivered in his grasp by a rifle ball, and at the same instant the daring Tennessean sprang upon the parapet and levelled his deadly weapon at his breast, calmly observing, "Surrender, stranger, or I may perforate ye!" "Chagrined," said the officer, at the close of his recital, "I was compelled to deliver to the bold fellow my mutilated sword, and pass over into the American lines."—*South West by a Yankee.*

A REMINISCENCE.

From Captain Marryat's Diary of a Blase.

I was observing that I here met with a person whom I could not recollect, and, as usual, I continued to talk with him, trusting to my good fortune for the clue. At last it was given me. "Do you recollect the little doctor and his wife, at Bangalore?" I did, and immediately recollected him. As the story of the doctor and his wife has often made me laugh, and as I consider it one of the best specimens of *tit for tat*, I will narrate it to my readers.

A certain little army surgeon, who was stationed at Bangalore, had selected a very pretty little girl out of an invoice of young ladies, who had been freighted out on speculation. She was very fond of gaiety and amusement, and, after her marriage, appeared to be much fonder of passing away the night at a ball, than at the home of her little doctor. Nevertheless, although she kept late hours, in every respect she was very correct. The doctor, who was a quiet, sober man, and careful of his health, preferred going to bed early, and rising before the sun, to inhale the cool breeze of the morning. And as the lady seldom came home till past midnight, he was not very well pleased at being disturbed by her late hours. At last his patience was wearied out, and he told her plainly, that if she staid out later than twelve o'clock, he was resolved not to give her admittance. At this his young wife, who, like all pretty women, imagined that he never would presume to do any such thing, laughed heartily, and from the next ball to which she was invited, did not return till half-past two in the morning. As soon as she arrived at home, the palanquin-bearers knocked for admittance, but the doctor, true to his word, put his head out of the window, and very ungallantly told his wife she might remain out all night. The lady coaxed, entreated, expostulated, and threatened, but it was all in vain. At last she screamed and appeared to be frantic, declaring that if not immediately admitted, she would throw herself into the well which was in the compound, not fifty yards from the bungalow. The doctor begged that she would do so, if that gave her any pleasure, and then retired from the window. His wife ordered the bearers to take her on her palanquin to the well; she got out, and gave her directions, and then slipped away up to the bungalow, and stationed herself close to the door, against the wall. The bearers, in obedience to her directions, commenced crying out, as if expostulating with their mistress, and then detaching a large and heavy stone, two of them plunged it into the water, after which they all set up a howl of lamentation. Now the little doctor, notwithstanding all his firmness and nonchalance, was not quite at

ease when he heard his wife express her determination. He knew her to be very *entêtée*, and he remained on the watch. He heard the heavy plunge, followed up by the shrieks of the palanquin bearers. "Good God," cried he, "is it possible?" and he darted out in his shirt to where they were all standing by the well. As soon as he had passed, his wife hastened in doors, locked, and made all fast, and shortly afterwards appeared at the window from which her husband had addressed her. The doctor discovered the *ruse* when it was too late. It was now his turn to expostulate but how could he "hope for mercy, rendering none?" The lady was laconic and decided. "At least, then, throw me my clothes," said the doctor. "Not even your slippers, to protect you from the scorpions and centipedes," replied the lady, shutting the "jalousie." At day-light, when the officers were riding their Arabians, they discovered the poor little doctor pacing the verandah up and down in the chill of the morning, with nothing but his shirt to protect him. Thus were the tables turned, but whether this *ruse* of the well ended well, whether the lady reformed, or the doctor conformed, I have never since heard.—*Metropolitan.*

OLD GRIMES'S SON.

Old Grimes' boy lives in our town,
A clever lad is he;
He's long enough if cut in half.
To make two men like me.
He has a sort of waggish look,
And cracks a harmless jest;
His clothes are rather worse for wear,
Except his Sunday best.
He is a man of many parts,
As all who know can tell,
He sometimes reads the lists of Goods,
And rings the Auction bell,
He's kind and liberal to the poor,
That is, to number one;
He sometimes saws a load of wood,
And piles it when he's done.
He's always ready for a job;
(When paid,) what ere you choose,
He's often at the Colleges,
And brushes boots and shoes.
Like honest men, he pays his debts,
No fears has he of duns,
At leisure he prefers to walk,
But when in haste he runs.
In all his intercourse with folks,
His object is to please,
His pantaloons curve out before,
Just where he bends his knees.
His life was written sometime since,
And many read it through,
And makes a racket when he snores,
As other people do.
When once oppressed he proved his blood,
Not covered with the yoke,
But now he sports a freeman's cap,
And when it rains, a cloak!
He's dropped beneath a southern sky,
He's trod on northern snows,
He's taller by a foot or more,
When standing on his toes.
In church he credits all that's said,
Whatever preacher rise,
They say he has been seen in tears,
When dust got in his eyes.
A man remarkable as this,
Must surely immortal be,
And more than all because he is
Old Grimes' posterity.

Specimens of a Modern Dictionary.

For the use of those who wish to understand the meaning of things as well as words.

"A noble standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the clothing of our thoughts, cuts them out and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than he changes his dress!"—*The Tattler.*
Absurdity.—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

Accomplishments.—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing-master, music-master, mantua-maker, and milliner. In men, trying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

Advice.—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

Ambiguity.—A quality deemed essentially necessary in diplomatic writings, acts of parliament, and law proceedings.

Antiquity.—The youth, nonage, and inexperience of the world, invested, by a strange blunder, with the reverence due to the present times, which are its true old age. Antiquity is the young miscreant who massacred prisoners taken in war, sacrificed human beings to idols, burnt them in Smithfield, as heretics or witches, believed in astrology, demonology, witchcraft, and every exploded folly and enormity, although his example be still gravely urged as a rule of conduct, and a standing argument against any improvement upon the "wisdom of our ancestors."

Ape.—The author of the fall of man according to Dr. Adam Clarke, who informs us that the tempter of our first parents was an orang-outang, not a serpent.

Appetite.—A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich although they may eat what they like.

Argument.—With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men of sense, a sound reason.

Bait.—One animal impaled upon a hook, in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

Bar. The independence of the—Like a ghost, a thing much talked of and seldom seen.

Barrister.—One who sometimes makes his gown a cloak for brow-beating and putting down a witness, who but for this protection might occasionally knock down the barrister.

Bed.—An article in which we are born and pass the happiest portion of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

Beer, Small.—See Water.

Bishop.—The only thing that gains by a translation.

Blushing.—A practice least used by those who have most occasion for it.

Book.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

Box, Opera.—A small enclosure wherein the upper classes assemble twice a week for the pleasure of hearing one another, and seeing the music.

Brain.—An autographical substance, which, according to the phrenologists, writes his own character upon the exterior skull in legible bumps and bosses.

Breath.—Air received into the lungs for the purposes of smoking, whistling, &c.

Bumper-toasts.—See Drunkenness, Ill-health, and Vice.

Cabbage.—See Tailor.

Calf.—The young John Bull.

Can.—The characteristic of Modern England.

Capers.—A remedy for boiled mutton, and low spirits.

Carbuncle.—A fiery globule found in the bottom of mines and the face of drunkards.

Chicane.—See Law.

Cider.—See Champagne, American.

Coffin.—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

Cottage.—Supposed to be the abode of happiness by all except those who live in it.

Dandy.—A fool who is vain of being the lay-figure of some fashionable tailor, and thinks the wealth of his wardrobe will conceal the poverty of his ideas; though, like his long-eared brother in the lion's skin, he is betrayed as soon as he opens his mouth.

Debates.—An useless wagging of tongues where the noses have been already counted.

Dice.—Playthings which the devil sets in motion when he wants a new supply of knaves, beggars, and suicides.

Ditch.—A place in which those who have taken too much wine are apt to take a little water.

Duty.—Financially, a tax which we pay to the public excise and customs; morally, that which we are very apt to excise in our private customs.

Echo.—The shadow of sound.

Edition third or fourth.—See the title page of the first.

Egotism.—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

Elbow.—That part of the body which it is most dangerous to shake.

Enthusiasm.—Spiritual intoxication.

Envy.—The way in which we punish ourselves for being inferior to others.

Epicure.—One who lives to eat instead of eating to live.

Etymology.—Sending vagrant words back to their own parish.

Extempore.—A premeditated impromptu.

Fables, Æsop's.—Giving human intellects to brutes, in imitation of nature, who sometimes gives brutes intellects to men.

Face.—The silent echo of the heart.

Faction.—Any party out of power.

Fashion.—The voluntary slavery which leads us to think, act, and dress according to the judgment of fools and the caprice of coxcombs.

Felicity.—The horizon of the heart, which is always receding as we advance towards it.

Fishery.—The agriculture of the sea.

Foot.—What a top sees in the looking-glass.

Foxhunting.—Tossing up for lives with a fox.

Friend, real.—One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity. See Black Swan.

Frown.—Writing the confession of a bad passion with an eyebrow.

Gaming.—See Beggar and Suicide.

Gastronomy.—The religion of those who make a God of their bellies.

Glory.—Sharing with plague, pestilence, and famine, the honour of destroying your species; and participating with Alexander's horse the pleasure of transmitting your name to posterity.

Gold.—Dead earth, for which many men sacrifice life, and lose heaven.

Goosequill.—A little tube which, in the hands of modern dramatists, seems to have the power of reproducing its parental hisses.

An ill-looking fellow being asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months old, I was considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my nurse, the slut, one day swapped me away for another boy just to please a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain looking."

LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

CLASSICAL FAMILY LIBRARY.—The Harpers have just published Nos. 18 and 19 of their Classical Family Library, containing the translation of Horace, by Dr. Francis. An appendix is added, containing translations of various odes, &c. by Ben Johnson, Cowley, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Swift, Byron, Chatterton and others.

The merits of Horace, as a classic writer, are too well known to require even a passing remark. From his biography, prefixed to this work, we learn that this great poet was born at Venusia, a town on the frontiers of Lucania and Apulia, sixty-three years before the Christian Era. His father was a freedman and a tax-gatherer, who nevertheless gave him a liberal education at Rome. During his abode in that city, the assassination of Cæsar and the consequent troubles occurred; and Brutus, on his march to Macedonia, took with him Horace, then in his twenty-third year, and gave him the rank of military tribune. After the war the paternal estate of Horace was confiscated, and the young poet was thrown upon the world dependant upon his own resources. His early talents procured for him the intimacy of Virgil and Varius, through whose influence he was noticed and patronised by Mæcenas. By Mæcenas, Horace was recommended to Augustus, who loaded him with honors, and selected him to compose the hymn to be sung in honor of Apollo and Diana at the Secular Games. This poem is said to be a composition of high intrinsic excellence.

Horace died A. C. 9, in the 57th year of this age, and three weeks after the decease of his early friend Mæcenas, leaving all his earthly possessions to Augustus. His works have always been numbered among the most valuable remains of antiquity. It we may rely on the judgment of his commentators, he has united in his lyric poetry the enthusiasm of Pindar, the majesty of Alcaeus, the tenderness of Sappho, and the charming levities of Anacreon. Many of his odes are varied with irony and satire, delicacy and humour, and ease and pleasantry, and his diction is invariably pure, his expressions animated, and his numbers harmonious.

From the appendix we extract two translations of Homer's ode to the Fountain Bandusia, to exhibit the character of the original and the varied style of the translators.

ODE.

BY JOHN CAM HOBBHOUSE, ESQ.

Oh fount! with fair unruffled face
More clear than crystal and more bright than glass;
To thee my only bowl shall pour
The sweet libation crown'd with many a flower.
To thee a sportive kid shall bleed,
Proud of the spreading honours of his head;
Who meditates the angry shock,
For some first love the fairest of the flock.
In vain! for Venus will not save—
His youthful blood shall tinge thy azure wave.
Not Phœbus, with his summer beams,
Can penetrate thy shade, and gild thy streams;
But ever from the dogstar's heat
The wearied herds require thy green retreat.
Let other bards their fountains sing,
A bard shall love and celebrate thy spring;
The secret shelter of thy wood,
And bubbling rills that fall into thy flood.

SAME ODE.

BY J. J. WARTON.

Ye waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
Bandusian fount! to whom the products sweet,

Of richest wines belong,
And fairest flowers of spring;
To thee a chosen victim will I slay,
A kid, who glowing in lascivious youth,
Just blooms with budding horn,
And with vain thought elate
Yet destines future war: but, ah! too soon
His reeking blood with crimson shall enrich
Thy pure translucent flood,
And tinge thy crystal clear.
Thy sweet recess the sun in midday hour
Can ne'er invade, thy streams the labour'd ox
Refresh with cooling draught,
And glad the wand'ring herds.
Thy name shall shine, with endless honours graced,
While on my shell I sing the nodding oak,
That o'er thy cavern deep
Waves his imbowing head.

TANNER'S AMERICAN TRAVELLER.—Mr. H. S. Tanner, of this city, has just published, in a neat 18 mo. of 150 pages, "The American Traveller, or Guide through the United States," embellished with a beautiful engraving of the Falls of Niagara, views of Breed's Hill, near Boston, Mauch Chunk, Pa. West Point, N. Y. Water Works, Pa. Brandywine Light House, a large and complete Map of the United States, and smaller Maps of Baltimore, Boston, New York and Philadelphia. The present is the second edition of this work, enlarged and improved. The large map contains references to all the prominent canals, rail-roads and travelling routes in the United States, with tables of distances, &c. and the letter press of the work, furnishes a great variety of information, valuable to travellers. The whole compendium forms an interesting companion for all who travel, either for business or pleasure.

From Carey & Hart, we have the *Naval Sketch Book*, by the author of "Tales of a Tar," and *Random Recollections of the House of Commons*. The first is an admirable sketch of the incidents and adventures usually connected with the service, so served up to us to be delightfully interesting to a landsman; and the second is a well written sketch of all the leading members of the British House of Commons. From this book we make a short extract, exhibiting the degree of disorder which sometimes prevails in well-regulated legislative bodies.

A Scene in the House of Commons.—I shall allude to one more scene of this kind. It occurred towards the close of last session. An Hon. Member, whose name I suppress, rose amidst the most tremendous uproar to address the House. He spoke, and was received as nearly as the confusion enabled me to judge as follows:—"I rise sir,—(ironical cheers, mingled with all sorts of zoological sounds.)—I rise, Sir, for the purpose of stating that I have—(oh! oh! Bah! and sounds resembling the bleating of sheep, mingled with loud laughter.) Hon. Gentlemen may endeavour to put me down by their unmannerly interruptions, but I have a duty to perform to my country—(ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning, extended to an incredible length, followed by bursts of laughter.) I say, Sir, I have constituents who on this occasion expect that I—(cries of 'should sit down,' and shouts of laughter.) They expect, Sir, that on a question of such importance—('O-o-a-u,' and laughter, followed by cries of 'Order! order!' from the Speaker.) I tell Hon. Gentlemen, who choose to conduct themselves in such a way, that I am not to be put down by—(groans, coughs, sneezing, hems, and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yelping of a dog, and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter.) I appeal!"—(cock-a-leer-o-co!) The imitation in this

case, of the crowing of a cock, was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly Members in the House could preserve their gravity. The laughter which followed drowned the Speaker's cries of 'order, order.'

"I say, Sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself do—('I bow wow wow,' and burst of laughter.) Sir, may I ask, have Hon. Gentlemen, who can—('mew-mew,' and renewed laughter.)—Sir, I claim the protection of the Chair. (The Speaker here again rose and called out 'order, order,' in a loud and angry tone, on which the uproar in some measure subsided.) If Honorable Gentlemen will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but sit down at once. (This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest.) I only beg to say, Sir, that I think this a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure and will therefore vote against it." The Honorable Gentleman then resumed his seat amidst deafening applause.

From Carey, Lea & Blanchard we have received *Agnes De Mansfeldt*, a historical tale, by Thomas Colley Grattan, author of "Highways and Byways," and several other popular novels; and *The Heavens*, by R. Mudie, being a popular treatise on Astronomy. Grattan's new work is highly commended by the leading English critics, and the few chapters we have been enabled to read, have left a very favourable impression, as to the skill and power of the author. The treatise on the Heavens, is a deeply interesting production.

The Harpers have sent us *Rosamond*, with other stories, by Maria Edgeworth, and *The Club Book*, being original tales, by a number of the best English writers—each complete in one volume. *Rosamond* is one of Miss Edgeworth's best works; it is adapted to the comprehension, and designed for the improvement of youth, in promoting which no modern writer has been more successful than Maria Edgeworth. The stories are fascinating to children, and not less amusing in incident than they are instructive in advice.

The Club Book is a collection of original tales, seventeen in number, by James Galt, Tyrone Power, Picken, Jerdan, Gower, Moir, Cunningham, Hogg, Ritchie and others. The volume comprises upwards of five hundred pages of close reading matter, of the most popular character, and is sold at the low price of fifty cents per copy. Mr. Power's tale of the "Gipsy of the Abruzzo," is alone worth double the money.

The Harpers have also issued, as numbers 75 and 76 of their valuable *Family Library*, "A life of Washington," by James K. Paulding, Esq. embellished with engravings. This work is addressed particularly to the youth of our country, for whose moral improvement the author seems especially anxious. He states in his preface, that in penning this work, "his desire was to enlist the affections—to call forth their love as well as their veneration, for the great and good man whose life and actions he has attempted to delineate; and in so doing he has appealed rather to the feelings of nature than to the judgment of criticism." We most heartily commend the work to our readers, as a truly valuable production.

All the publications of the Harpers, may be obtained in this city of Mr. H. Perkins, Chesnut street.

ANTIQUITIES OF AMERICA.

It is announced in the Providence Journal, that the Danish Royal Society of Northern Antiquities, are about to publish a work on the Antiquities of America, containing a collection of the accounts ex-

tant in ancient Icelandic and other Scandinavian manuscripts, relative to voyages of discovery to North America, made by the Scandinavians, in the 10th and following centuries.

It is stated that the Rhode Island Historical Society has been in correspondence, more than five years, with the Danish Society, upon some of the topics to be treated of in the proposed new work.—It will no doubt prove a work of singular interest, especially to antiquarians and all others who feel an interest in the early history of the American continent. The annexed paragraphs are extracts from one of the last letters from the Danish Society.

The intelligence which our ancient literary monuments embody respecting the discovery of AMERICA, BY THE SCANDINAVIANS, and their voyages thither at a period long antecedent to the era of Columbus, has not hitherto received that consideration which it merits, it occurring but to few to look to the North of Europe for information on that head. It is, however, unquestionable that those remains comprise testimony, the most authentic and irrefragable, to the fact, that North America was actually discovered by the North men towards the close of the 10th century, visited by them repeatedly during the 11th and 12th (some of them even settling there as colonists,) rediscovered toward the close of the 13th, and again repeatedly resorted to in the course of the 14th; and that the Christian religion was established there not only among the Scandinavian emigrants, but, in all probability, likewise among other tribes previously, or at all events, then sealed in those regions.

What serves in no small degree to enhance the value of the ancient writings, is the great apparent probability, amounting indeed almost to certainty, that it was a knowledge of these facts that prompted the memorable expedition of Columbus himself, which terminated in his discovery of the New World—for it is a well authenticated fact, that the great navigator visited Iceland in the year 1477, on which occasion he could scarcely fail to obtain some information from its inhabitants, particularly its clerical functionaries, with whom, according to the custom of the time, he probably conversed in Latin, respecting the voyages of their ancestors to those regions.

A neat little volume has just been published by Carey, Lea and Blanchard, under the title of *A Lady's Gift, or Woman as she ought to be*, from the pen of Jane Kinsley Stanford, author of "The Stoic." This work has for its motto the annexed sentence from the writings of Hannah More:

"I am acquainted with a great many very good wives who are so notable and so managing, that they make a man anything but happy; and I know a great many others who sing, and play, and paint, and cut paper, and are so accomplished, that they have no time to be agreeable, and no desire to be useful."

The object of the Gift appears to be to expose and illustrate the folly of such conduct, and to inculcate sound precepts, calculated to enhance the female character and render woman what "she ought to be." We commend the little work to the earnest attention of our female readers.

Messrs. Key & Biddle have just published a small volume entitled "Sacred History of the Deluge, illustrated and corroborated by Tradition, Mythology and Geology, adapted to courses of scripture study in colleges and higher seminaries, and to general use, by Francis Fellows, A. M., with an introductory essay by the Rev. Chauncey Colton, D. D., President of Bristol College." This work evidences much attentive research, and the elucidation of the text is full of profitable remarks. The subject is most skillfully handled,

and the whole production is eminently creditable to the names associated with its authorship.

Key & Biddle have also just published the first number of a new musical work, entitled "Sacred Melodies, adapted to the Psalms and Hymns of the Protestant Episcopal Church." It is arranged in four parts, with an accompaniment for the Organ or Piano Forte. The number before us is beautifully printed, and is dedicated to the Right Rev. William White, D. D.

The same publishers have also issued the first number of a similar work, entitled, "Gems of Melody, adapted to the versified extracts from the Psalms of David; and also to a selection of Devotional Hymns." The whole have been prepared by E. Ives, jun., Principal of the Philadelphia Musical Seminary, a gentleman who deserves great credit for his zealous labours in increasing the taste for music in this city. Both publications cannot fail to be generally acceptable to those who have an ear for melody.

Carey & Hart have in press, and are about to publish, a number of new and interesting works, among which are the following—My Aunt Pontypool—Memoir of Grammont—The Disinherited and Ensured, by the author of "Flirtation"—The Man of Honour—Capt. Back's Journal of the Arctic Land Expedition—Tales of a Sea Port town, by Chorley—Agnes Serle, by the author of "The Heiress"—Tales of the Wars of Montrose, by the Ettrick Shepherd—The Magician, by Leitch Ritchie—Snarleyvow, or the Dog Fiend, by Capt. Marryatt, and the Actress of Padua, and other Tales, by R. Penn Smith, Esq.

The annexed notice of *Lewis's Arithmetic*, a third edition of which has just been published by Kimber & Sharpless, of this city, is from the pen of a gentleman well qualified to judge of the merits of such a work. The Arithmetic is divided into two parts, the first treating of all the most useful practical rules of the science, and the second of the less useful practical rules, with a general view of the theory, and solutions of all the difficult questions in the work.

"*The Arithmetical Expositor; or a Treatise on the theory and practice of Arithmetic, suited to the Commerce of the United States, by Enoch Lewis.*"

The third edition of this excellent and scientific work, much improved by its ingenious and worthy author, is just published by Kimber & Sharpless, No. 8 South Fourth street. The work presents in addition to the rules of Arithmetic, which are laid down with great clearness and illustrated by adequate examples, a general view of the theory of the science, and concise solutions of the most difficult questions. It is perhaps as well calculated to make sound and scientific arithmeticians, as any book extant. But it will do more than this. By interweaving in the problems a great variety of important facts relating to almost every subject, the author imparts to the learner of Arithmetic, something more than the mere principles of an abstract science. He becomes acquainted with much statistical information, many curious facts, and the dates of historical eras and remarkable events. Nothing perhaps could be better suited to excite in the youthful mind that intense curiosity for general knowledge, which leads to such valuable results in after life. No intelligent parent, no competent teacher can examine this work without being convinced of its happy superiority in these respects over the books in vogue.

But it is not only to parents and teachers that this performance can be warmly recommended, but to the merchant and lawyer, for its full information upon

the subject of coins, exchanges, and the legal tonnage of ships. To supply what is desirable upon these and other kindred topics, the respectable author is well qualified by his own liberal attainments. That part of the work which relates to gold coins, has, with much intelligence, adapted the values of foreign coins to the Act of Congress of 1834, fixing the standards of American coins. The section of exchanges, contains extensive and accurate tables of the values of the various coins used in the different countries of Europe. The mode of ascertaining the legal tonnage of vessels is set forth in a satisfactory manner and with great simplicity. The writer expresses the opinion, with much confidence, that the present work must be eminently useful, as a book of reference to the professional and business man, at the same time that it must be greatly serviceable to the cause of general education.

A few examples are subjoined of the mode in which various and useful knowledge is imparted in the problems through the treatise.

QUESTIONS, page 19.—From the Christian era to the council of Nice was 325 years; from that time to the birth of Mahomet 244; thence to the first crusade 520; from that to the discovery of America 403; thence to the Declaration of American Independence 284; and from that time to the abolition of the African slave trade 31. In what year of the Christian era did this last event take place?

Page 23.—The Arabian or Indian method of notation, is supposed to have been brought into France about the year 960, and the science of fluxions was invented by Newton in 1665, what was the interval?

Page 37.—The Israelites are computed to have taken possession of Canaan about 1448 years before the Christian era, and the Jewish state was overturned by the Romans, in the year 70. How many generations passed during the interval, allowing 33 years to a generation?

Page 53.—The great bell at Moscow, the largest in the world, weighs 198 tons, 2 cwt. 1 qr.; the bell at Oxford, the largest in England, weighs 7 tons, 11 cwt. 3 qrs. 4 lb.; St. Paul's bell at London, 2 tons, 5 cwt. 1 qr. 22 lb.; and the town of Lincoln, 4 tons, 16 cwt. 3 qrs. 18 lb.; what is the sum of their weights?

Page 68.—The air of our atmosphere consists of nitrogen gas, and oxygen gas, chemically combined in the proportion of 77 parts, by weight of the former, to 23 of the latter; how many pounds of oxygen gas are contained in 6 cwt. 1 qr. of atmospheric air?

Page 120.—The American eagle contains 247.5 grains of pure gold, and 164 eagles are equivalent to 133.5 English guineas, how many tons of pure gold would be required to pay the British national debt, of 863,751,990 guineas.

EAPH GRIMES.—Some thirty or forty years since, there lived in the "Heart of this Commonwealth," a notorious character by the name and style of "Crazy Grimes," familiarly called "Eaph Grimes," whose sole study and delight was mischief. One day Eaph took it into his head to disturb the Court of Justice, towards which he harbored a deadly enmity, for having on a former occasion, caused his ears to be cropped on the pillory; and with this view, mounting his horse with boots and spurs, and pressing the latter into the sides of his steed, rode him furiously into Court, then sitting on the ground floor of the old Court House, driving the court, bar and jury, from their peaceful seats, and filling the house with terror and consternation—the rider all the while leaning back on his saddle, and apparently reining in his horse with all his might, cried out, "wo, wo, wo, you headstrong, lawless devil, I'll see that justice is done you, if I can ever get you out of this court house."—*Lynn Record.*



OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,

And down comes her mast with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder,
Her sails are dragged in the brine
That gladden'd late the skies,
And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.

No. 6.

PHILADELPHIA.—JUNE.

[1836.]

THE WRECK AT SEA.

BY H. F. GOULD.

The struggle is over! The storm-cloud, at last,
Has emptied itself, and the fury is past!
The ship is a ruin! the mariners wait
Their summons to enter eternity's gate.
The remnant of canvass that flaps in the wind,
Their signal of woe they may soon leave behind,
To give its last flutter above the wild surge,
As all it betokens, the deep shall immerge.
They see rising round them a chill, restless grave,
While death loudly calls them from out the hoarse
wave!

"Come to me! come! ye have no where to flee,
But down in the waters, for quiet with me!
My thin, winding arms, ever naked and cold,
Have nothing to warm them, but what they infold.
My being unlawful, I have to sustain,
By feeding on life that from others I drain.
The sweet buds of childhood, youth's beautiful bloom,
And age's ripe clusters, I pluck and consume!
I traverse the world by the light that I steal
Alone from the eyes that in darkness I seal!

"In ocean's black chambers, I welcome the forms
That pass to my kingdom, through shipwreck and
storms.

The babe never prattles, nor climbs on the knee
Of him who is low in the cold, deep sea!
The eye of his widow grows sunken and dim,
With looking, and wailing, and weeping for him!
The parent's fond heart slowly bleeds for the son,
Till I, for my throne, a new trophy have won!
Come! and the mourners away on the shore,
Shall never behold you, or hear of you more!"

Hush! hush! thou pale monarch! A voice from
above!

It chides thee—its tones are of mercy and love!
Away! king of terrors! In silence retire!
Though high is thy throne there is one that is higher!
The sinking have looked from the billows, that swell
Around them, to Him, who the surges can quell.
And, he, who before, has the tempest allayed,
And said to the mariner, "Be not afraid,"

24, 1836.

Is now walking over the waters, to tread
Upon the white spray that is pluming thy head!

A sail! ho! a sail, in the moment of need!
On yonder mad breakers she's riding with speed.
A rescue! it comes in the light little boat,
That's lowered and manned o'er the perils to float.
While, life for the perishing, hope for despair,
And joy and reward for affection are there,
With rocking and tossing, as onward she steers,
And shooting, and plunging the wreck as she nears,
One moment! and then the last wave will be crossed!
Yet, all is too late, if that unit be lost!

The helper and helpless, while panting to meet,
Have sent forth their voices each other to greet,
And when did these voices go out on the air,
An import so great, such an errand to bear?
Emotions too mighty for sound to convey,
Or, long for the spirit to feel in the clay—
A pulse never known in their bosoms before,
Is each proving now, at the dash of the oar.
And, sweet to their hearts will the memory be,
Of these clasping hands on the wild, deep sea!

For the Saturday Evening Post

REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

NO. II.

Some years before the commencement of the war,
a society was established in the Province of Pennsyl-
vania, for promoting the culture of silk. It was
founded on the same basis, as our beneficial associa-
tions, by contributions of individuals. Premiums were
offered by the managers each year during its existence,
with the object of exciting emulation in the growers of
the mulberry tree, and the raising of the worms.—
The condition of the managers were, as appears by
their printed circulars, as follows—

1st. For the greatest quantity of cocoons, not less
than sixty thousand, a premium of FIFTEEN POUNDS.

2d. For not less than fifty thousand, TEN POUNDS.

3d. Forty thousand, FIVE POUNDS.

4th. Thirty thousand, a SILK REEL AND COPPER KET-
TLE, on the best construction, &c.

Besides these premiums, others were offered, which
no doubt were a great aid in establishing the numerous

individual silk factories, if I may be allowed the term, that at one time existed in the province, now State of Pennsylvania. The claimants were desired, and in fact, it was demanded, that the cocoons brought, should be merchantable and all *single*. As the culture of silk is now eliciting that attention which its importance demands, it may perhaps be proper to observe that the managers of this society gave liberal encouragement not only to the raisers of silk, but also the growers of the tree; this last description of persons should not be neglected, as they in the manager's view of the subject, were the main springs of the whole affair—with their countenance, the culture of this valuable article would be increased—without their aid, it must be altogether destroyed. The objects of the officers, in requesting *single* cocoons, was that the *double* balls might be kept for seed. A society, at this time, having the same objects in view as the above, would doubtless be of infinite service. The efforts of the society were greatly retarded, by the protracted state of the war.

Chivalrous conduct of the Generals Clinton and Cornwallis.—In the year 1776, the whigs of North Carolina, had by persevering efforts, effected the lodgment of a considerable quantity of gun powder, at a place designated by the name of Orxon's mill, near Brunswick, in that province. To secure this more effectually, a guard was raised among the farmers of the neighbourhood, to whom was given the guarding of the mill. Cornwallis, having been notified of the circumstance, determined on seizing the place; accordingly he despatched a large body of men, with positive directions to arrest or destroy the guards, and secure the ammunition, and no doubt was entertained by him, but that they would succeed; as the force of the English, numbered some five hundred men, and the American about one hundred, though the mill was not, at any time, guarded by more than twenty. The enterprise was not difficult, and they marched on their way, in the confident expectation of securing plunder for themselves. Unfortunately, however, for them, the Americans were informed that the enemy were on the road to attack—preparations were immediately made to meet them, and if possible, drive them back. *This they easily accomplished*—the English not expecting an attack, were met in ambush some miles below Orxon's, and quickly routed; leaving twenty dead on the field of battle, and two prisoners, in the hands of the successful party. The enemy in their retreat, determined to retrieve the character, which until this unjust war they had secured to themselves—that of being brave men—barbarously shot one poor old woman, stabbing another, and beat out the front teeth of a third. If these old women had been possessed of some weapon of defence—this disgraceful set of men would not even have dared to attack them. "Clinton and Cornwallis, when they saw the women (who were in Brigadier Howe's house) very generously gave them ten shillings each, as an ample compensation for what they had suffered."

It is possible, that it may not have been observed, and it is worthy of special notice, that the 14th of June, 1774, was the last day allowed for trading vessels to leave or enter the port of Boston, having been debarred their usual privileges by an act of the parliament of Great Britain; and that the 14th of June, 1776, through the blessing of God, upon the operations of a much injured and oppressed people, was the last day allowed for British vessels of war to remain or enter the same port. Thus Providence retaliated.

Expensive Provisions.—It became necessary for the British Government, to supply the army with provisions from Europe—the enemy in America being either too subtle, or the farmers of the country, unwilling to supply the invaders with the requisite articles of subsistence. Under these circumstances, the

government in the spring of 1776, sent over a large quantity of provisions to that detachment of the army stationed at the town of Boston. Hogs and sour crout formed a considerable item of the amount despatched. The vessels containing the provisions had a very long passage, as the result was that the live stock was nearly destroyed, ere they arrived at their destined port. Of the whole number of hogs only four were landed, which after paying all expenses, stood government in the extremely moderate sum of *eleven hundred pounds*, or near five thousand dollars per hog. The sour crout, from similar circumstances, cost seven hundred pounds per barrel. A writer in one of the London papers, published in that year, desired to ascertain the amount it would cost to maintain an army of fifty thousand men, at the same rate, and provided they were victorious, asked the question, "is it not paying too dear for such a conquest?"

Continental Money.—The Honorable Continental Congress, during the war of Independence, in order to sustain their credit, had recourse to the issuing of paper money, of various denominations. This description of paper was declared, in all of the United Colonies, a legal tender in payment of all sums of money due from one individual to another. The expenses of the war had so greatly increased, that the first issues were found insufficient for the purposes intended. The British at New York and other places, were determined if possible, to discredit these bills of credit; various measures were proposed, but not one so effectual as the counterfeiting of the different issues. The genuine notes were printed on thick brown or dark colored paper, having more the appearance of slips of wrapping paper, rather than the circulating medium of a great nation. The object of the enemy was, in a great measure defeated, by the fact of the spurious bills being *engraved*; these made quite a respectable appearance in comparison with the former. In a short time the country were flooded with these spurious emissaries; and it was found necessary to adopt some decisive measures to stop the evil. The Province of Pennsylvania was one of the first that moved in the step, as we learn from the following extracts from an ordinance passed on the 1st August 1776, "Whereas great mischief may arise to the United States of America, and the property of the good people, inhabitants thereof, rendered precarious and insecure, by wicked and designing persons, counterfeiting the paper bills of credit, issued by the Honorable the Continental Congress, or by any of the United States. For remedy whereof, be it ordained and declared by the Representatives of the freemen of the state of Pennsylvania in General Convention met, That if any person or persons shall presume to counterfeit the bills of credit issued, or that may hereafter be issued by the Continental Congress, by printing, or procuring the same to be printed, in the likeness of the said genuine bills, or shall forge the name or names of the signer or signers of the true bills; to such counterfeit bills, or shall with such bills, knowing the same to be so counterfeited, and being thereof legally convicted by confession, by standing mute, or by verdict of twelve men in any Court of Oyer and Terminer; hereafter to be enacted in this state, he, she, or they shall suffer death." This was not the only penalty inflicted by this state, for the issuing of these spurious notes—for altering the denominations, "the offender shall be sentenced to the pillory, and have both his or her ears cut off, and nailed to the pillory, and be publicly whipped, on his or her bare back, with thirty-one lashes well laid on."

"And moreover, every such offender shall forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds, to be levied on his lands and tenements, goods and chattels; and in case the offender hath not sufficient to pay the forfeiture, the offender shall, by order of the court, be sold for any

term not exceeding seven years, for satisfaction."—These punishments were regarded by the British, as nullities, and in fact so far as they concerned them, they were so.

Extract from the speech of the King of G. Britain, May 23d 1776.—"I still entertain a hope that my rebellious subjects may be awakened to a sense of their duty. They will justify me in bringing about the favourite wish of my heart, the restoration of harmony and the re-establishment of order and happiness, in every part of my dominions; but if a due submission should not be obtained, from such motives and such disposition on their part, I trust, that I shall be able under the blessing of Providence, to effectuate it by a full exertion of the great force with which you have entrusted me. We can have no security but in that CONSTITUTIONAL SUBORDINATION for which we are contending. I am convinced that you will not think any price too high for the preservation of such objects." The boasted force of the king was of none effect—the disorder which reigned throughout, the kingdom was not restored until American Independence was acknowledged.

Patriotism of the American women.—Among the many instances of patriotism of the American women, I do not recollect any more affecting than the following. "A woman of this city, (Philadelphia) in a situation of life in which liberal sentiments are not often looked for, or if they are, the search is generally fruitless; being told that one of her sons had returned from the flying camp near Amboy, said, "I am sorry to hear of it, I fear he has come away before his time was out; if this be the case I will not see him, I will shut my doors upon him; I had rather have heard that he and my other three sons, who are all in the army, were slain in battle, than one of them should have thus disgraced our cause." A reply worthy of a Spartan.

Before the action at Brandywine, all or nearly so, of the able bodied young men of Chester county, joined their countrymen, with the intention of partaking of all their perils and privations, leaving the fall crop unattended to. The patriotic young women of the county, feeling that with themselves alone rested the averting of a great evil, no less than the entire destruction of the crops—having a knowledge of the importance of their trust, joined the few labourers that remained in the county; and laboured diligently in gathering the crop—indeed they did not rest here. Some of their fathers, brothers and lovers, were detained with the army a greater length of time than was anticipated, so that it became incumbent on the ladies to prepare themselves for the necessary task; the ground was ploughed and the seed sown by them, and thus they succeeded in effecting their design, and securing to themselves for the next season the usual crop, which would, except for their exertions, have been lost.

Yankee Stratagem.—The Yankees having always been proverbial for their cunning. During the war a large body of privateers were manned and sent out by different individuals, and all met with more or less success. One of the most successful, was named the Hancock, a small privateer, belonging to Philadelphia. During one of her cruizes, the Hancock, being at the time, poorly manned, having only about twenty men on board, met with a large ship, (carrying fourteen guns, the same number as the H.) having on board seven hundred lbs. of sugar, and two hundred do. of rum, besides other valuable articles.—The captain of the H., was sorely puzzled how to proceed, as he was certain the ship was more than a match for him in his present condition—his disposition blended all of the requisite desideratum in a commander, in perfect harmony one with the other. His resolves were soon taken—the command was

given, and instantly obeyed—the union flag of Britain was hoisted to the mast head—the object was attained—the officers of the ship were thrown off their guard—they were delighted to meet a friend in one they had suspected of being an enemy. Capt. C., of the H., was invited to partake of breakfast, on board the ship Cora, (the name of the vessel). Capt. C., replied that his hands were so few and sick, that he had not enough to man his boat and work the vessel, but that he would be pleased to have his friend, dine with him on board the H.—In the intermediate time all the preparations for decoying the unwary Britains, were completed. At the hour appointed, the Cora's boats were manned by about twenty men, on reaching the H., they were all requested to enter the cabin of the captain—again the order was given and obeyed—the hatches were closed, and the men made prisoners. The H., commenced a heavy cannonade against her enemy, the fire was returned for a few minutes, when the English flag at the Cora's peak was lowered, and she surrendered to the subtle power of the pleasant commander of the Hancock. The Cora shortly afterwards entered the port of Portsmouth, under the command of the prize master of the Hancock. Thus was a large ship of fourteen guns, and fifty men captured by a small vessel of the same number of guns, and only twenty men. The officers and men of the H., were well recompensed for their successful effort in capturing this vessel. Each individual securing to himself a snug little sum of prize money. M.

THE VICTIM.

From the Notes of a Town Traveller.

I was sitting in a corner of the traveller's room at a small inn on a road to Northampton, comfortably smoking my pipe, and carelessly listening to the conversation held by my fellow travellers, about five or six in number, when one of them, a very genteel-looking man, of the middle age, suddenly rose out of his seat, and after a few *hems* and *has-to* gain the attention of the company, said, "Gentlemen"

"Hear, hear," responded those around him.

"You've each told some wonderful tale to-night, gentlemen," continued he, "and I have listened to them with pleasure; because I believe them to be true, though I must confess some of the situations were, in my opinion, mighty marvellous."

"Oh, oh!"

"Now, gentlemen, what I'm going to relate to you, is not an everyday occurrence, simply because it happened to me in the night."

"Morrison's pills!" whispered one.

"I was travelling from Devonshire to London, in the year 1794, in the month of December. On the first day's journey, I arrived, about nightfall, at a small inn, or rather public-house, the only habitation of the kind for ten miles round. It being a dark winter's night and a heavy shower of rain coming on at the same time, I was glad enough, as you may suppose, to meet with this accommodation, bad as it seemed. After seeing my horse and gig put into safe and happy keeping, I entered the traveller's room, as they were pleased to call it, but which to me, having been accustomed to the delightful and roomy parlours in London, appeared nothing better than a common tap or pot room. A bright fire was burning in the grate, which in some degree compensated for the shabbiness of the room, but which sadly contrasted with the dark features of three men, who were sitting in the farther corner.

"I cannot say that I am an extraordinary brave man, nor do I think I am actually a coward; but I must confess, the appearance of these threw a damp upon my spirits and I almost began to wish I had gone on to the village, notwithstanding the rain.—I rang the bell.

"Waiter, bring me a glass of brandy and water and a pipe."

"Yes, sir," replies a grinning dirty-faced bumpkin, who

I suppose on occasions served as waiter, ostler, and every thing.

"'Damned unfortunate!' exclaimed one of the men in an under-tone, though sufficiently audible for me to hear him; 'no other way but through the window,'—and they all fixed their eyes upon me.

"I shivered, cold sweat ran down my forehead—my knees knocked against each other, and I positively believe I could have fainted, and indeed perhaps I should have done so, had I not at the moment tossed off nearly the whole of the brandy and water.

"'Well,—it can't be helped,—must be so,—and damn me, if I care who knows it,' exclaimed the same man, as he, with the other two rose to leave the room.

"'Good night, sir, they all gruffly exclaimed, as they passed me.

"'Good night, gentlemen,' said I, 'a wet walk home, I fear.'

"'Oh! we have not got far to go,' replied one. 'Where's my dog?—Bess, have you seen my dog?'—he continued, as he shut the door upon me, and addressed himself at some personage at the bar. I heard no more.—I was alone. I filled my pipe, and having desired the boy to replenish my glass, I turned my chair round, and seated myself in front of the fire.

"'Dog!'—'far to go!'—'window!'—I pondered in my mind. Ominous words!—oh, I'm marked!—I'm a victim!—going to be murdered—butchered in cold blood!—pleasant reflection. I sipped my brandy and water. What's to be done, thought I,—I've no fire arms about me; never carried any!—I've no doubt but that one of them has already gone off with my horse and gig!—oh! what a miserable dog I am.

"I was about to rise in order to see if my predictions were in truth realized, when a gentle voice suddenly arrested my attention.

"'Would you like to have a pan of coals run through your bed, if you please, sir?'"

"'Eh?'—I turned round, gentlemen.—As pretty a little flower as ever you would wish to set eyes on, stood before me. Rich tresses of the deepest jet flowed gracefully about her neck,—eyes, dark,—face, beautifully fair,—figure, splendid. I'm no poet,—but, positively, her *tout ensemble* beggared all description. This was the glance of a moment.

"'Somehow or other, I have a great horror of a pan of coals; I don't know why, but so it is,—and I modestly replied, 'Thank you, my dear, you are very kind, but when travelling, I never accustom myself to it, and therefore, my dear—'

"She had gotten her answer, and was leaving the room. To lose the society of so charming a creature in such a dull place, and so soon too, was more than my weak nerves, from the state they were in, could support. I looked at my watch,—stammered out—'My dear!'—she returned.

"'My name is Betsy, if you please, sir,' she blushing replied, which made her look ten times more beautiful.

"'Well, then, Betsy, my dear. You are a—very—pretty girl.'

"'Gentlemen, you will recollect I had taken two glasses of strong brandy and water.

"'Did you please to want anything, sir?'

"'Yes, my dear;—I want a kiss from these sweet coral lips of yours.'

"'Do you?' exclaimed a stentorian voice, as the door opened, and in walked a tall powerful-looking fellow, whom I had not the pleasure of seeing before. 'What are you doing here, Bess—can't Lukin answer the bell? Come, trudge off, and go to bed. As for you, sir,' he continued, turning to me, and looking as fierce as a tiger, if you don't know how to behave in a body's house on the roadside, you'll find one, perhaps, who will teach you, and that in a very short time.

"I could almost fancy I saw the blade of the dagger glittering before me;—the ill-omened words rushed to my recollection; new fuel seemed added to the flame.—'That is a very short time.'

"The appearance of the men, their course manners, the loneliness of the house—nay, every thing, tended to confirm my suspicions. The poor girl, too! some deluded victim, no doubt, brought from London. Romances, legends of old, in which I had read, in my boyhood, of bravos capturing princesses, and obliging helpless beauty to serve them as their cup-bearer, and in some instances

to become their wife, in a moment rushed to my imagination. I shuddered at the thought. Could such a creature as Betsy be the wife of such a wretch?—There was a modesty, a purity in her manners, which plainly convinced me she was not his sister, and, by her features, no relation.

"Brought back, as it were, to a scene of honour, from the stern manner in which I had been addressed, I blamed myself for the inconsiderate manner I had acted towards her, and I now thought, I pursued a different course when she first entered the room. I might have learned her history, perhaps saved her from a life of misery and shame, and myself from being murdered. It was now eleven o'clock—the door opened, and Lukin entered.

"'Your light, sir,' meaning my bed-candle. 'What time would your honour like to be called in the morning? Being such a quiet place, gentlemen who stop here generally sleeps very long.' I thought I could distinguish a smile of triumph on the fellow's lip.

"'Indeed!' I replied.

"'He was leaving the room, but before he reached the door, suddenly turning round—'

"'Oh! I beg pardon, sir,' he said, 'but master—that is as how, master's son,—the old gentleman's up stairs, laid up with the gout—'

"'Oh! the person whom I saw just now was your master's son, eh?'

"'Yes, sir, Master Gregory. He desired I to say he hoped as how you would not be very much offended with what he had said just now; he's had one or two friends here to-day, sir, and they've had a little brandy together. The latter part of the sentence was said in a half-whisper, as an excuse for his master's abrupt address to me.

"'Well,' I replied.

"'He begged I to say, sir, that if you would have no objection, the old gentleman would take a bit of a lift with you in the morning.'

"'Oh! no objection in the least?' I quickly replied. My spirits begin to revive. After all, they might be honest.

"'How far will he go?' I inquired.

"'As far as the church-yard, sir.' A sudden chill came over me.

"'He's going to try the change for the benefit of his health; his brother Nicholas—*Old Nick*, as I call him, will be main glad to see him, I know; besides, its warmer for the old gentleman a little way before there, and your master thinks as how he'll be better able to keep up his spirits there than up here in this dull place, and as you was going that way in the morning, he said, he thought he'd make bold to ask you.'

"I was standing with my back to the fire, holding the candlestick in my hand, as the fellow finished his tale, and glided out of the room. 'The rascal's been roasting me,' at length I exclaimed. 'He is also an accomplice. Alas! I sighed as I left the room, 'no hope! no escape!'

"The lovely form of Betsy crossed me as I passed the bar. I would have apologised for my rude conduct, but that I saw the stern eye of Gregory fixed upon me. As it was, I simply and civilly wished her good night.

"'Good night, sir.'

"'Oh! the tone of her voice—the manner—the look she gave me, struck to my very heart-strings. I shall never forget it. 'This way, if you please, sir,' said a voice. It was Gregory's, and he led me to an inner room, separated only from the bar by a partition. Now, thought I, as I threw myself into a chair, 'what's to be done?' I had not an implement of defence about me, nor was there even so much as a poker in the room. Suddenly the words, 'Through the window!' flashed across my mind. I examined it,—not a fastening of any kind about it; and, to add to the misfortune, it was a casement window reaching down to the ground—no shutters, and, in one or two instances, paper substituted for glass.

"By the side of the window, in a sort of recess, was a door which led—Heaven knows where; but it struck me, if I could but contrive to force it open, it might eventually lead me into the stable, where, with a very little difficulty, I could—But no; it resisted all my efforts, and I was compelled to leave my task unfinished. I took off my coat,—laid it upon a chair,—looked under the bed. All was safe there.—I was just about to undo my straps, when suddenly I heard a low moaning, like the groans of a person struggling to shake off the weight which op-

pressed him. The noise evidently proceeded from the bed. Gracious God! I saw the bed clothes move! It's all over with me, thought I; and there I stood, in the attitude of taking off my straps, expecting every moment to see the floor open and the bed gradually descend. A growl—a shake,—the very clothes were moved, or were dragged off the bed. My head whizzed round like a teetotum; my eyes grew dim, and I was about to call out murder, when out jumped—Oh! God!—

"'A man!' exclaimed the company.

"'A dog!' reiterated the speaker. 'A damned large Newfoundland dog.'

The company gave a hearty laugh. Fresh glasses were called for, and in a few minutes the gentleman resumed his story:—

"I was not long, you may be sure, gentlemen, in opening the door and letting the beast out. It was the animal before mentioned, and which, as I afterwards learnt, was very fond of taking a nap in that particular room, and on that particular bed. It had very ingeniously crept under the counterpane, which prevented my perceiving it when I first entered the room." The company smiled.

"I now hoped, indeed, to enjoy a little rest. All my fears seemed satisfied. Once more, however, I took a survey round the room, and then, consigning myself to the care of Providence, threw myself fearlessly on the bed.

"I had reposed in the soft embraces of Somnus about two hours—it might have been less,—when I was suddenly awake by the noise of a scratching at the door by the side of the window. I looked,—could see nothing. The clouds were driving rapidly through the sky, and the pale moon, breaking at intervals from behind them, threw a fitful and uncertain light upon the spot. As it gleamed upon the old-fashioned walls, my fevered mind could almost discern the figures which were marked upon the paper, dancing before me, sometimes throwing up their hands as if in triumph at my capture, and at others beckoning me by various gestures and grimaces to follow them.

Again I heard the noise,—it now proceeded from the window! I fell back, and lay for some time in breathless suspense. How, gentlemen, how shall I describe to you my astonishment, my agony, when on again opening my eyes I beheld the figure of a man standing before the window? By his dress, and the light of the moon, which shone directly upon him, I easily recognized him to be one of the three before spoken of. He was beckoning to the others. The window presently opened! In about a minute, the other two men appeared, carrying what seemed to me to be the body of a man. Oh! thought I, how easily now can I account for the use of the door. It is into that cell they convey the bodies of the murdered victims! Alas! how soon might I be one of their number! and I felt as if I could freely and without a murmur have given up every farthing about me, if gain was their purpose, so they would spare my life. My heart almost came up into my mouth; there was a choking in my throat,—I could scarcely breathe. They entered the room. The first was furnished with a dark lantern, and led the way to the door.

"'Hush! softly! This way, my boys; the chap's sure to be asleep by this time.'

"He took from his pocket a key, unlocked the door, and they all three entered the place. 'Now,' thought I, 'now is the time,—and I was about to spring out of the bed and lock the door upon them; when I perceived by the light of their lantern they had deposited their burden, and were returning. 'Lord have mercy upon me!' I inwardly prayed. They approached my bed,—my eyes involuntarily closed.—I saw no more, I heard no more. I was gone—fast—dead as a door-nail! How long I had remained in this happy trance, I know not; but when I again opened my eyes, how changed was the scene!

"It was a fine beautiful morning,—the sun was riding high and gliding with its brightest beams the prospect around. I was soon dressed and in the parlour. Breakfast was brought in by Lukin, who, with one of his usual grins, said, 'Master Gregory would be happy to speak with your honour, if as how your honour could spare him a moment.' I told him I was perfectly at leisure, and in a few moments the said Gregory appeared, bowing profoundly as he entered.

"'I beg pardon, sir, he said, after satisfying himself no one besides ourselves was in the room,—'I beg pardon, but I hope you were not very much disturbed last night.'

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"'Why, not very,' I replied, endeavouring to make the best of the matter, now that I had got safe through the night with my life, and even without the loss of a shilling. 'And yet, I added, 'there was something rather strange!—'

"'True, sir,' interrupted Gregory. 'we are honest enough with our travellers and customers, and try to serve them well, and I hope sir, the brandy and water you tasted last night was to your liking. I replied in the affirmative.

"'Well, sir,' he continued, 'that's the way we live; we do a little in the smuggling way, and if any one's robbed—it's only the king.'

"I expostulated with him on his want of judgment, in not having informed me of this ere I went to bed; for had I been provided with fire-arms, I should certainly have been inclined to have a pop at one of them.

"'You see, sir,' he replied, 'it happened very unfortunately for me, for Black Sam and his two mates had got a long keg of whiskey, of the first sort, on shore yesterday, and had agreed with me in the afternoon about price; and you know, sir, it is necessary for the safety of all parties, that such an article should be off their hands as soon as possible, and if I didn't yield pretty quickly to their fancies, they would soon find a ready customer for their goods, and ten to one if they'd ever bring me another keg of whiskey or brandy. Now, you see, sir, that little cellar in your room is the only place in my house where I can stow any thing of the kind away,—for I don't even let my boy, Lukin, know of our little trade, for it's dangerous, as the old saying is, "to let too many cooks make the broth." I tried to persuade them to leave it somewhere till you were gone; but no, they were obliged to be off to another place to-day. However, sir, I hope you'll forget the circumstance, and pardon my boldness.'

"Saying which, he made a low bow and withdrew. 'Gentlemen, I could have brought forward many arguments against the impropriety of the affair,—but I was so satisfied with finding myself in propria persona again, that I freely forgave them all, and there was a frankness of manner about the fellow which pleased me vastly. He was certainly not that wretch I at first thought him. One only thought threw a momentary damp upon my joy. Where was Betsy? Her lovely image was still wandering in my mind. I had not seen her, and from motives of prudence, did not dare ask for her.

"'Chaise is ready, sir—' exclaimed a shrill little voice, and Lukin entered the apartment, bowing and scraping. 'Every thing's ready your honour,—the wheels were main dirty,—but I've made 'em look as bright as a looking-glass, and the harness too, your honour.'

"I took the hint, and threw him a shilling for himself, with which he appeared delighted.

"'The old gentleman is not so well this morning, your honour, he continued, as he was leaving the room, 'and Master Gregory thinks as how he'd better not attempt the journey. Mainly obliged at the same time, your honour.'

"This last speech brought to my recollection the last night's roasting, and I was glad to see the back of him.

"'Here's a small keg of brandy, sir, said the landlord, in a half whisper, as I was stepping into my chaise, 'which the men left, with their compliments, for you, sir, as a small recompense for last night's business. They warranted it good. I think it will just go under the seat of your chaise,—and if you should, sir, at any time want a gallon or so for a friend or two, I hope you will not forget 'The Hole in the Wall.'"

"I thanked him—told him such a remuneration was quite unnecessary—promised the strictest secrecy,—and drove off.

"Gentlemen, my yarn's spun, as the old sailor says;—many years have passed since then,—to me many happy years. The old man shortly after died, leaving Gregory and Betsy, who was his cousin, the whole of his property between them. Gregory was wise enough to know when he had enough, and retired, a respectable man, in the County of Kent. As for Betsy—"

"Ah! what became of Betsy?" ejaculated the company at once.

"She soon got married," was the reply.

"Married!—to whom, to whom?" again exclaimed the gentlemen.

The speaker cast his eyes round the room,—took up

his pipe,—and then resuming his seat,—modestly replied.
 "To myself, gentlemen?"
 "Huzza! Bravo! Bravo!—To the health of Betsy!
 Hip! Hip! Hurra!"

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER XIV.

From Oran, we learn that the cholera has made quick work with a sixteenth part of the population, but that his ravages are on the decrease. In hopes that he will not visit Algiers during my absence, I propose very soon to take a voyage along the eastern coast as far as Bona. In the mean time, I determined to get as far to the interior south of Algiers—if the words 'far' and 'interior' can be applied without ridicule to the distance of twenty miles. The village of Douera, where there is a French camp of 2000 men, is fifteen miles from Algiers. Five miles farther on, in the direction of Belida, is the plain of Boufaric, where the natives hold a weekly fair, and meet the French on terms of amity. Indeed, the French consider the tribes of that plain as their subjects, and my friend Colonel Maret has been appointed Aga of Boufaric; but no European ventures to the fair, except under military protection. At the weekly fair there was to be a review of the native cavalry in the French pay, and of some battalions of French infantry. So I took the road on horseback one morning, intending, after I had seen the fair and the review, to return ere night-fall to Algiers. I committed a double error, however; first, in not providing against the chance of rain, and, in the next place, in choosing a companion as ignorant of the country as myself, instead of riding by the side of Colonel Maret and his cavalry. These left Algiers by dawn of day, and, joined by a body of infantry at Douera, were at Boufaric long before noon. We set off an hour later, and when we reached the camp at Douera, the French troops had left it: but my ignorant and self-sufficient comrade assured me that he knew the way to Boufaric perfectly well. He showed his knowledge of the country, however, by leading me out of the shortest way, over pathless and wild fields, in quest of Boufaric, where we wandered a long time at random till we stopped at an Arab dascra, and then a native pointed out to us the plain of the fair with his finger. In the mean time, after a beautiful morning, the clouds gathered in blackness, and it began to rain halberds, as the French say. Those African showers know nothing of the *juste milieu*; I was soured for an hour as if under buckets, with nothing to protect me but a light great-coat, whilst my comrades sat covered with oilskins that made him waterproof from top to toe. At last we got a sight of the Zouaves, or Moorish horsemen, in their white burnouses, and as the rain abated, the weather permitted them to go through some of their wonderful evolutions. They skim the plain like swallows, and they wheel, stop, and load, and fire either forwards or backwards with a dexterity which I have never seen equalled, though I have witnessed reviews of the best troops of Europe. If the French ever conquer this regency, it will be chiefly by increasing the native cavalry. A French Dragoon officer tells me that he is learning the Moorish manoeuvres, but for this purpose he has bought a Moorish saddle, which, as it curves up some half a foot both in back and front, gives the rider the longest possible command of his sword in a forward charge, and enables him to fire in retreat with a precision impracticable on a flat European saddle.

The fair at Boufaric offered no spectacle of any interest. There were some native temporary tents, at the doors of which the Kabyles and Arabs were selling

all sorts of country produce, and here and there regaling themselves with coffee. Meanwhile, though with no regret, I had lost my companion, and curiosity prompted me to ride on alone in the direction of Belida. The face of this country, like all that I had seen since getting four miles beyond Algiers, is destitute of all the rich cultivation which surrounds the capital. Trees are to be met with, but not in abundance. Generally speaking, the landscape has a brown, desolate appearance like that of the Scotch Highlands, and as far off you might think it covered with heath. But the principal production of the soil is the dwarf palm-tree, which though called so, has no affinity with the tree of dates, but is only a shrub; it is, however, a far richer shrub than our Highland heather: its leaves are browsed upon by cattle, and its root is eaten by the Arabs themselves. I rode so far south as to get a very dim and distant sight of Belida. The country is wild and houseless, but I came up to a native dascra, consisting of a few miserable sheds covered with reeds, and seeing a girl milking a cow before one of them, I signed to her that I wanted a drink, and held out a piece of silver. The little wench, however, looked very saucily at me, and with an angry vaunt of her hand desired me to depart. I rode on for some time in the direction of Belida, saying to myself, 'This is really tantalizing—to be so near a genuine Moorish town, and not to get as far as even its suburbs; but reflecting that I could not well return to Algiers except in European company, and feeling my curiosity damped by the wetness of my skin, I turned round, and reached the French troops just as their review was concluding.

Belida is situated so very near to the foot of the lesser Atlas, that when the Kabyles and Arabs forced the French out of it, their balls from the lowest fastnesses of the mountain used to reach into the middle of the town. I understand that it is surrounded by a wall of no great height, which, like all the houses, is built in what is called *pisé*, that is, of clay compacted in frames of wood; a mode of building which you often meet with in France to the south of Lyons. The houses are constructed after the Moorish fashion, with the windows looking into an internal square court, but scarcely any of them have more than one story. In 1825 an earthquake shook Belida, and the only houses that were spared were the lowest-roofed. Of the earthquake it cannot be said, as of Death, that he knocks with an impartial foot at the palaces of kings and the cots of paupers, for he seems to have a sworn spite of lofty architecture; accordingly, the Belidians have since omitted second stories.

In July, 1830, the people of Belida invited the French to come and defend them against the Kabyles. General Bourmont set out with twelve companies of the *élite*, and some chasseurs and artillery, and slept in the town on the night of the 23rd. But on the following day, before noon, some of his *picked* men were *picked* off by the muskets of the mountaineers, and he thought it was incumbent on him to order a general retreat. His troops set out in column between two lines of flankers. From two o'clock till sunset, they were harrassed by a force of 4000 natives, the Moors of the town having been compelled to join against them, and the natives skirmished with them in front, flank, and rear, till they halted and bivouacked a few miles beyond Boufaric, in the direction of Algiers. There they spent a hideous night amidst the cries of their own wounded.* In this retreat the French re-

* There is a difference between Capt. Rozet's account of the loss of the French in this retreat, and the account of Bourmont himself. The General says, in his despatch to the Minister, Prince Polignac, that in the whole course of the 24th, the day of retreat, there were only eight Frenchmen killed and thirty

marked that the Moors harrassed them less fiercely than the Kabyles and Arabs; and they had scarcely reached Algiers when a messenger arrived from the Belidians, apologizing for their conduct, and ascribing it to compulsion. It surprises me that Captain Rozet, who is otherwise so candid as to blame the misdoings of his countrymen very freely, should inveigh against Bourmont in this instance, because he had the ill-timed clemency, "la clemence intempestive," not to have shot this messenger in front of the camp. It is an extreme case, indeed, that would justify the execution of an ambassador, and General Bourmont, in my opinion, behaved very properly. He accepted the apology on an understanding that the people of Belida would be friendly in future to the French. I believe that the former spoke the truth in saying that they had been compelled to take arms against the French.

Belida before the earthquake, contained between 6000 and 7000 inhabitants—at present it scarcely reckons half that number, so that the fighting men cannot exceed 500. The Bedouins were oppressing them—they prayed the French to come and protect them; expecting, of course, that they would come in sufficient force: but the troops had scarcely slept and breakfasted when they found themselves obliged to evacuate the town—the Bedouins entered, and commanded its citizens to take arms against the Christians. What could the Belidians do? I see no proof of treachery in their conduct.

In the following year, under Clausel's government, the French, with a force of 7000 infantry, besides cavalry and artillery, took Belida by storm; and on that occasion they could not well be accused of any *ill-timed clemency*, for the pillage of the place continued an entire day, and one-half of their army having gone out to pursue the Bedouins up Mount Atlas, as well as to lay waste all habitations with fire, the remaining battalions, suspecting that the townsmen were plotting an insurrection, amused themselves for six hours with military executions. The night that closed on the butchery exhibited the orange orchards and the fairest fields in the world illuminated for miles around by the conflagration of huts and houses. Really, at the hazard of appearing inconsistent, I could sometimes retract my wishes for the success of the French in Africa, when I read their own accounts of these absurd and brutal expeditions. Nobody can regret that they reaped no permanent advantage from conquests thus misused. One of their generals, indeed, congratulated his army on their glory when the fires of their bivouacs might be seen on the mountain-tops mingling their blaze with the stars of heaven. But this mock sublime ended in serious humiliation. The army of Mount Atlas returned hunted and diminished to Algiers.

Notwithstanding these reflections on the misconduct of the French, I rejoined them at Boufaric, very glad of their company, which I had all the way to Douera. By this time the weather had changed from showers to heat and brilliance. The sun of this climate, if he hides himself for a time, bursts suddenly from his concealment, like a tyrant who is jealous that you may have forgotten him. For the present I found no fault with the power and splendour of his solar majesty; he warmed my chill skin, and he dried my clothes, till they smoked like a blanket, or flannel petticoat, fresh from a tub of hot water, that has been wrung out by the hands of some strong washerwoman, and hung up before the fire. I might have guessed that this was not a wholesome way of being dried (*si mens non lava fuisse!*); but my sensations were

wounded, but almost all slightly. Capt Rozet reckons the entire number *mis hors de combat* at fifty-one, of whom eleven were killed. Among the slain was Bourmont's chief aid-de-camp.

agreeable, not to say delicious, as I wound along a sunny road, skirted with laurel-roses, and listened to the martial music of the band. Arrived at Douera, I felt an irresistible drowsiness come over me. My clothes, I thought to myself, are now completely dried; the dews of the night, and possibly rain, will come on before I can reach Algiers, so I will seek a lodging here. I therefore struck up along the camp to a sorry auberge which lies behind it, which has only a billiard-room on the ground floor, frequented by the French officers, and a garret aloft, with a ladder for stairs. "Can you give me a good bed, landlord?" "Yes, Sir, a very good bed." So I ascended the *gradus ad Parnassum*, but found that the *tres bon lit* comprised only a pailasse and a rug; nathless, I was very weary, and I laid myself down in my clothes. In two hours, however, I awoke in great agony, feeling every act of respiration like the driving of a tenpenny nail into my left breast; in short, I had a regular pleurisy. I got up, and groping my way to the trap-door, descended to the lower room, where I seated myself beside the fire. The French officers, seeing me so ill, behaved very humanely. One of them went off immediately to the camp for a surgeon, and brought him. The doctor's advice that I should be bled, and put in a comfortable bed, produced a confession from the aubergiste, that my *bon lit* had no bed-clothes. On this, a French colonel (his name I am ashamed to leave a blank, for though I took it down next day, I unfortunately lost the memorandum) sent for bed-clothes, from his own tent. The kindness of this worthy man I shall never forget: his strong resemblance to my brave and gentle cousin, Captain Robert Campbell, of the Navy, now no more, heightened though fortuitously and fancifully, my sense of his attention. Bleeding, and a cataplasm applied to my breast, afforded me a little relief, and thus I hoped to have spent the night, if not in sleep, at least in comparative composure. I consoled myself with thinking that, sharp as the pain was, it was not quite so hideous as I could imagine pain to be. But I was disturbed in these thankful reflections, by finding that my garret was infested by a legion of rats. Some of them, of the size of leverets, leaped upon my bed. The pleasant smell of my cataplasm had made me popular among them. "Oh!" I exclaimed, like Mrs. Beverley, in the "Gamester," "if affliction would take any shape but this!" for my horror of rats is unspeakable; and night passed over me "*like a phantasmagoria or a hideous dream*." By efforts of my voice that brought back the tenpenny nail in its full vigour, I got the landlord to come up. "Oh, mon hôtel! have you never a cat in the house? I will give twenty francs for her company till to-morrow." "Helas! monsieur," he replied, "if you gave me a thousand francs I could not find you a cat; there is no keeping one in the camp of Douera!" "Why not?" "Because the French soldiers steal them." "And what do they do with them?" "Why, it is alleged that they make pies and soup of them." "Confound them, I wish these rats were down their throats: but have you no dog?" "No, Sir, none but that fierce chained mastiff who is barking in the yard, and he would be as likely to devour you as the rats." "Woe's me," I said, "then put a couple of candles at my bedside, and reach me my horse whip." With that weapon in the hand of my arm which had not been bled I had now to defend myself; and though the effort was agonizing, I struck frequently at the intruders. I have an indistinct recollection of seeing and striking at one who was sitting on his hind legs, and whetting his teeth in the act to spring at me; but I cannot quite trust to my recollections, for I certainly became light-headed, and imagined I saw black, white, and blue rats. I nevertheless got a short morning sleep, and was well enough to receive some of the French officers who called to

inquire for me. In the course of next day, I was conveyed in a carriage to Algiers, and never was I more thankful than to find myself in my bed in M. Des-cousse's house, and my skilful friend Dr. Riviere prescribing for me. He applied seventy-five leeches to my breast, and as many between my shoulders. How relative are our ideas of home! Algiers is now to me a home; I have friends here to watch me night and day, and their care has already relieved my sufferings.

From the American Monthly Magazine for March.
LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

The bar, bench, and legislators of Arkansas! There is a wide field to travel in! Can I amuse you while in it for an hour? Before attempting it, let me take a hasty glance at the early history of the Territory.

At the time when the famous Law was blowing up his Mississippi bubble, a colony of Frenchmen, under his instructions, ascended the river Arkansas sixty miles above its mouth, and settled near the present Post of Arkansas, where they built a kind of fort.—The present Territory was then inhabited, principally, by two tribes of Indians—the Osages and the Quapaws, both branches of the same family, and speaking dialects of the same language. The Quapaws have dwindled away to nothingness, and the Osages have removed beyond Fort Gibson; and there are now by far less Indians within the bounds of Arkansas than of Georgia. The settlement at the Post neither increased or diminished, to any great extent, up to the time when the treaty of cession transferred the people to the United States. They intermingled somewhat with the Indians, and their descendants still form a large proportion of the inhabitants of the two counties of Arkansas and Jefferson—speaking their own loved language, and seeming like a small colony in a distant land. There is some noble blood among them—as, for example, the descendants of Le Compte Valiere D'Hautrieve, and of Don Carlos de Vilemont, a former commandant under the Spanish *regime*. The shoots of these noble families are, perhaps, as good republicans as any among us.

After the Territory of Arkansas was detached from Missouri, and made a separate principality and power, the first governor sent here by our good step-dame, the United States, was James Miller, a Yankee—the same man whose memorable answer is on record, when asked if he could take a battery—"I'll try." I think he has since been a custom-house officer at Salem, Mass. Governor Miller left this Territory universally beloved, and his name is remembered with respect and affection. His mild, unaffected, easy manners—his simple and plain republicanism—and his excellent good sense, gave him a high claim upon the people of this Territory, of which he was emphatically the father.

There is an anecdote connected with his administration which is too good to be lost. Col. Walker, a lawyer of the Territory, and one of the oldest residents here, was the sheriff of Hempstead, a frontier county on the south; during the time of the Governor's rule, a band of Indians (Cherokees, from Red River) made some inroads upon the country, and at length stole some horses. Col. Walker raised the *posse*, followed them and killed a couple of them.—Recollecting afterwards that he had acted without authority, he posted to the seat of government, and presented himself to Governor Miller. Col. Walker is a large, fine, bluff-looking man, not much afraid of any thing. The Governor received him with great politeness, and requested him to be seated.

"Well, Colonel Walker," said he, "what news from Hempstead?"

"Not much, your Excellency—only those infernal Cherokees have been in among us, robbing us of our horses again."

"When?—more than once?"

"Yes, your Excellency—half a dozen times."

"Why did you not follow them?" he inquired in great wrath.

"What! without orders?"

"Yes, Sir—without orders. You should have killed them, Sir."

"So I did, beautifully," was the response—"a couple of them."

The Governor was taken all aback, but of course had nothing to say. Not long afterwards he held a council with the same tribe. The chief lamented the death of one of the men who had fallen, and said he was "good man, heap." "What does he say?" inquired Miller. It was interpreted. "Tell him then," said the Governor, "that he was in d—d bad company."

This same Colonel Walker, some years since, was challenged by a French merchant residing at the Post. On the appointed day, Walker was on the field, and shortly saw his antagonist approach, accompanied by four or five servants, each loaded down with arms—"Well," growled Walker, "if I had known you intended bringing an army, I would have thrown up a breastwork."

The successor to Governor Miller, was Hard, of South Carolina. He was in every respect the antipodes of his predecessor. Proud, aristocratic, and haughty, his military education and service had added to the traits of character naturally created by an education in the South, and he held very little communion with the "vulgar herd." An approach to familiarity tortured him; he seldom appeared in the street, and never frequented balls or parties of any kind. Yet Governor Hard was a fine gentleman, a scholar, and a man of polished taste; and withal, as brave, chivalrous, and honorable a man as ever lived.

Shortly after he arrived here he was called upon by some man from one of the northern counties, who had been commissioned a justice of the peace. The fellow entered his house with as much carelessness as though he were entering a log cabin, and after a word or two had passed, addressed the Governor in the following words: "Your Excellency sent over a parcel of commissions to our county, the other day, and my name was in one on 'em. It had the *dead goose* on it, your Excellency, and my name on it, and that was all right, your Excellency. But George!" said he, clapping him on the shoulder, "there was some of them had no name on them at all. To be sure they had the *dead goose* on 'em, but there was no name. That was not right, George. Let's take a little salt and soap." This gradual falling from veneration to familiarity—and an invitation to drink with his visitor—or, as he expressed it, "to take a little salt and soap," absolutely horrified the Governor.

He was succeeded by Governor John Pope, a Kentuckian, and the former competitor of Henry Clay for Congress. He was once in Congress, and this year opposed Ben Hardin in Kentucky, and got beaten. His principal displays upon the political arena were made during the contest between the old and new court parties in Kentucky, when the following anecdotes were told of his consistency.

I forget on which side he originally was. He was at that time, however, a member of the Legislature, and on the day upon which the vote was to be taken, the party with which he had been acting found themselves in danger of a defeat. Pope, who was the leading man of his party, was absent. The discussion came on—his friends were disheartened—when suddenly he made his appearance, covered with mud and jaded by hard riding. He immediately addressed

the House in a long, eloquent, and energetic speech, and when he sat down, was greeted with great and continued applause. A long debate followed, and when the vote was taken, John Pope, *voted against his own speech*.

At another time a vacancy occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Bench. The Governor of the State was desirous of nominating an individual to that office, but was deterred from doing so, because, from calculating the votes of the Legislature, he knew the party opposed to him (including Pope) would have a majority of one vote. One evening Pope went to him, and informed him that he had come to the determination to support that gentleman for the judgeship, and that if he would put him in nomination, he John Pope would vote in his favor. The Governor therefore laid the nomination before the Legislature on the ensuing morning, and John Pope *voted against him*, and he was rejected.

Notwithstanding all this, Gov. Pope is a man of talents, of considerable political experience though of no political stability; and of great shrewdness and common sense—eloquent in debate—and of excellent conversational powers. There are no men more entertaining than he, until John Pope becomes the theme, and then he is intolerable.

Governor Pope was removed this year, and succeeded by William S. Fulton, former Secretary of the Territory—a thorough-going Jackson man. He is, I may venture to hope, the last Governor of the Territory of Arkansas.

The Territory now contains about 53,000 inhabitants. It is divided into four judicial circuits, containing each, from seven to nine counties. In each county a term of the Circuit Court is held semi-annually by one of the Judges of the Superior Court, who are appointed by the President, by and with the consent of the Senate. Two terms of the Superior Court are also held every year at Little Rock, at which the four Judges should attend, though there are seldom more than two on the bench.

The Judges of the four circuits are Benjamin Johnson, Edward Cross, Thomas J. Lacy, and Archibald Yell. Judge Johnson is a man of fifty-five years of age I should think, and a brother of Richard M. Johnson. My impression is that he is decidedly superior to *Tecumseh* in point of talents, as he certainly is in learning. He is a good lawyer, and a man of great goodness of heart. His countenance is one of the finest I ever saw. His forehead is high and broad—his mouth compressed—and he has a strong resemblance to the portraits of Jackson, except that the stern expression is changed for one of urbanity and kindness of heart. His face is in truth *magnificent*; I have seen but two or three in my life which equalled it. In private life he is a true republican—a convivial and boon companion—and a kind husband and father.

Of Judge Cross I know but little. He is a planter; a kind and hospitable man, and of sound sense; but no great lawyer or politician.

Judge Yell is a Tennessee lawyer—a good, unaffected fellow—and with experience will make a good Judge.

Judge Lacy is also a Tennessee lawyer, and defended Beauchamp for the murder of Sharp. He is reputed a good lawyer.

So much for the Judges—now for Circuit riding. A lawyer in this country, who rides two circuits, travels about twelve hundred miles a year. He mounts his horse, puts his saddle-bags and blankets under him, and takes to the cane-brakers and the winding hill roads. The Court House in which he practices, is a small log house, with planks laid on *chunks* for seats and a chair for the Judge. Here is none of the paraphernalia of a court of justice—no ermine—no robes of office—no sheriff's sword—no imposing forms and

ceremonies. Yet here, would you believe it, Sir, there is as much respect shown to the court as in your own New England; and if a noise arises within hearing, it is instantly stilled by a fine. I recollect the astonishment with which I first saw a court in the West; but I have become accustomed to it, and have made many a speech in a log house since I took up "the trade" of a lawyer in Arkansas. We are troubled with few books in our journeyings—and yet I have heard it remarked by lawyers from the East that they had found the members of the bar in this country to be the best off-hand lawyers they had ever known. A lawyer here is forced to have his science at his finger ends, or he is done. There are many however, who make some tremendous displays of eloquence. For example, I once heard one gentleman at the bar talk of a man "bullying and predominating over his equals"—and another said that "the prisoner at the bar had beat the boy, and amalgamated his head."

One of the oldest lawyers in this country is the gentleman of whom I spoke in a former letter as being fond of Latin. He was formerly a Judge of the Circuit Court. I recollect another anecdote of him, which was as follows: He was practising before Judge Trimble, (who knows not a word of Latin,) and in arguing some demurrer, he broke out with a long string of quotations. It was a jury trial, Parrott, also a lawyer, replied to the learned gentleman in a string of gibberish, which as much resembled Dutch or Choctaw, as Latin. The other appealed to the court to stop Parrott, inasmuch as he was not quoting Latin or any thing else. Parrott averred to the court and the jury that his Latin was as good as the gentleman's, and the court and the jury both decided that it was.

The gentleman of whom I am speaking, is a very excellent technical lawyer and a good Chancery solicitor; but his head is full of queer notions and vagaries. For example—he once determined to become a farmer, but refused to *plough* his ground because it was never intended by God that the face of nature should be *disfigured* for the purpose of raising of corn. With this idea upon the subject, he poked holes in the ground and dropped his corn in. His wife, however, took the matter in hand, and made a very good crop. At another time he worked for a while at perpetual motion with an old Dutchman.

Yet this same man, when a Judge, after being plagued and vexed for a long time in a case before him of some importance, in which the principal lawyers of the Territory were engaged, owing to their mismanagement and want of research, gave an opinion suddenly, in which he showed them that the counsel on both sides had from the beginning mistaken the case—were radically wrong in their views of it, and totally ignorant of the law of the case. A more learned, luminous, and convincing legal argument has seldom been heard—never, in this Territory; and a clap of thunder in the Court House could not have more astonished the lawyers.

I have very little to say about the Legislature. It has just adjourned. There were some men in it who are destined to figure largely in Arkansas, and perhaps elsewhere. The greater proportion of the members were rough, but sensible and honest; but there were some two or three who would in the East have secured themselves a place in a hospital for idiots.

The principal business of the last Legislature was to take means to call a Convention for the purpose of forming a constitution for the State of Arkansas, to be presented to Congress for approval. We have, perhaps, travelled out of the beaten track in not first obtaining *permission* to form a Constitution. We believe, however, that we have done no more than what we had full right to do, and no more than the

necessity of the case demanded. The Convention will consist of fifty-two members, and meets at this place early in January. If they form for us a republican Constitution, we trust in the justice of Congress for its acceptance. We trust that the people of New England, though we will go into the Union only as a slave State, will say welcome to Arkansas.

* * * * *

Perhaps I have individualized enough. Let me generalize a while.

Not long since I received a letter from a gentleman of few years, but great promise, who had been raised in Arkansas, and was writing to me during his first visit to New England. The following passage occurs in one of his letters: "When I first came to the East, New England seemed a strange land—its people a distinct people, agreeing with the far West in nothing but different dialects of the same language and a few relics of the law." The same impression was produced upon me when I came to the West. Every thing was radically, thoroughly, and essentially different. The appearance of the country—the manner of living—the courts—the elections—the habits of the people—their language and expressions—was strange, singular, and odd to me. Of course, all towns bear a resemblance to each other; but I speak of the country and its inhabitants. Here we have none of the broad, level, and luxuriant pastures—none of the trim hedges—none of the old and venerable stone walls, built for many years—which are seen among you. The few fields which dot the surface of Arkansas would hardly convey to you, or any Eastern man, the idea of cultivation. Round them runs a zigzag fence, built of rails, commonly called a Virginia fence—answering all the purposes required in a new country, though only capable of lasting five or six years. Within, the huge blackened stumps, or the tall skeletons of trees stand thick among the tall corn. The roads are rough—often nothing but bypaths; and with only here and there a house scattered along them. There are no continuous lines and bodies of field land and meadow. You leave one ragged enclosure—and are again plunged in the deep gloom of the bottom, or the rough masses of upland forest. The dwellings of the people, too, are different. There are few of the commodious farm-houses which are to be found in the East; but the residence even of a rich planter consists of a log-house for a dwelling, surrounded, in admirable disorder, with negro cabins, more resembling pigsties, than any thing. To one house are frequently attached ten or fifteen of those cabins.—Barns here are unknown. The corn and fodder of the farmer (for he makes no hay) are disposed of, the one in cribs built of logs, and the other in stacks.—Here are no villages, with the tall spires rising far above the tops of the houses—no village bells—no town clocks. Here is no voting by ballot, but all elections are conducted *viva voce*. Every thing, in short, which I can remember—every boyish recollection, is at variance with the things around me here. I look back, and think of the stone-walls—of the fine orchards—of the barns and hay-mows and the huskings—of the village church with its choir and its bass viol or its organ. None of them are here. No mowing—no making of hay—no cider press—no scythes, rakes, and pitchforks. (I have not seen a scythe in five years.) No prayers in the churches for the dead or the absent—no thanks for the returning wanderer. No merry sleigh bells—no rattling stages—no pomp and pageantry of militia musters. I am confident that were I to return now to New England, I should feel truly a stranger there. I should miss my horse and my gun—I should feel myself trammelled by grades and castes in society—I should be like a man just awakened from a long dream. * * * * *

A PERSIAN STORY.

In Sir John Malcom's most agreeable and instructive "Sketches of Persia" we meet the following highly amusing story, which, Sir John says, was related to him by his friend Hajee Hoosein, at a dreary spot in Persia, named the Valley of the Angel of Death.

The Hajee informed his companion, that this was one of the most favourite terrestrial abodes of Azrael, (the Angel of Death,) and that here he was surrounded by Ghoos, who are a species of monsters that feed upon the carcasses of all the beings which he deprives of life. "The Ghoos," he added, "are of a hideous form, but they can assume any shape they please, in order to lure men to their destruction: they can alter their voices for the same laudable purpose." "The frightful screams and yells," said the Hajee, "which are often heard amid these dreaded ravines, are changed for the softest and most melodious notes: unwary travellers, deluded by the appearance of friends, or captivated by the forms and charmed by the music of these demons, are allured from their path, and, after feasting for a few hours on every luxury, are consigned to destruction."

In conclusion, said the Hajee, "These creatures are the very lowest of the super-natural world; and besides being timid, are extremely stupid, and consequently often imposed upon by artful men. I will recount you a story that is well authenticated, to prove what I say is just."

AMEEN OF ISFAHAN AND THE GHOO.

"You know," said he, "that the natives of the Isfahan, though not brave, are the most crafty and acute people upon the earth, and often supply the want of courage by their address. An inhabitant of that city was once compelled to travel alone and at night through this dreadful valley. He was a man of ready wit and fond of adventures, and, though no lion, had great confidence in his cunning, which had brought him through a hundred scrapes and perils, that would have embarrassed or destroyed your simple man of valour."

"This man, whose name was Ameen Beg, had heard many stories of Ghoos of the Valley of the Angel of Death, and thought it likely he might meet one: he prepared, accordingly, by putting an egg and a lump of salt in his pocket. He had not gone far amid the rocks we have just passed, when he heard a voice crying, 'Holloa, Ameen Beg Isfahānee! you are going the wrong road; you will lose yourself: come this way: I am your friend Kerreem Beg: I know your father, old Kerbela Beg, and the street in which you were born.' Ameen knew well the power of the Ghoos had of assuming the shape of any person they choose; and he also knew their skill as genealogists, and their knowledge of towns as well as families; he had, therefore, little doubt that this was one of those creatures alluring him to destruction. He, however, determined to encounter him, and trust to his art for his escape."

"Stop, my friend, till I come near you," was his reply. When Ameen came close to the Ghoo, he said, 'You are not my friend Kerreem, you are a lying demon; but you are just the being I desire to meet. I have tried my strength against all men and all the beasts which exist in the natural world, and I can find nothing that is a match for me. I came therefore to this valley, in the hope of encountering a Ghoo, that I might prove my prowess upon him.'

"The Ghoo, astonished at being addressed in this manner, looked keenly at him, and said, 'Son of Adam, you do not appear so strong.' 'Appearances are deceitful,' replied Ameen; 'but I will give you proof of my strength. There, said he, picking up a stone from a rivulet, 'this contains a fluid; try if you

can so squeeze it that it will flow out.' The Ghoo took the stone, but after a short attempt returned it, saying, 'The thing is impossible.' 'Quite easy, said the Isfahā, taking the stone, and placing it in the hand in which he had before put the egg: 'look there! and the astonished Ghoo, while he heard what he took for the breaking of the stone, saw the liquid run from between Ameen's fingers, and this, apparently, without any effort."

"Ameen, aided by the darkness, placed the stone upon the ground while he picked up another of a dark hue. 'This, said he, 'I can see, contains salt, as you will find if you can crumble it between your fingers.' But the Ghoo, looking at it, confessed he had neither knowledge to discover the qualities, nor strength to break it. "Give it me," said his companion impatiently; and, having put it into the same hand with the piece of salt, he instantly gave the latter, all crushed, to the Ghoo, who, seeing it reduced to powder, tasted it, and remained in stupid astonishment at the skill and strength of this wonderful man. Neither was he without alarm, lest his strength should be exerted against himself; and he saw no safety in resorting to the shape of a beast, for Ameen had warned him that if he commenced any such unfair dealing he would instantly slay him; for Ghoos, though long-lived, are not immortal."

"Under such circumstances, he thought his best plan was to conciliate the friendship of his new companion till he found an opportunity of destroying him."

"Most wonderful man!" said he, 'will you honour my abode with your presence? it is quite at hand: there you will find every refreshment; and, after a comfortable night's rest you can resume your journey.'

"I have no objection, friend Ghoo, to accept your offer: but, mark me,—I am, in the first place, very passionate, and must not be provoked by any expressions which are in the least, disrespectful; and, in the second, I am full of penetration, and can see through your designs as clearly as I saw into that hard stone in which I discovered salt: so take care you entertain none that are wicked, or you shall suffer."

"The Ghoo declared that the ear of his guest should be pained by no expression to which it did not befit his dignity to listen; and he swore by the head of his begeth lord, the Angel of Death, that he would faithfully respect the right of hospitality and friendship."

"Thus satisfied, Ameen followed the Ghoo through a number of crooked paths, rugged cliffs, and deep ravines, till they came to a large cave, which was dimly lighted. 'Here,' said the Ghoo, 'I dwell; and here my friend will find all he can want for refreshment and repose.' So saying, he led him to various apartments, in which was hoarded every species of grain, and all kind of merchandise, plundered from travellers who had been deluded to this den, and of whose fate Ameen was too well informed by the bones over which he now and then stumbled, and by the putrid smell produced by some half-consumed carcasses."

"This will be sufficient for your supper, I hope," said the Ghoo, taking up a great bag of rice; 'a man of your prowess must have a tolerable appetite.'

"True," said Ameen, 'but I ate a sheep, and as much rice as you have there, before I proceed on my journey. I am, consequently, not hungry; but I will take a little, lest I offend your hospitality.' 'I must boil it for you,' said the demon; 'you do not eat grain and meat raw, as we do. Here is a kettle,' said he, taking up one lying amongst the plundered property: 'I will go and get wood for a fire, while you fetch water with that,' pointing to a bag made of the hides of six oxen."

"Ameen waited till he saw his host leave the cave for the wood; and then, with great difficulty, he dragged the enormous bag to the bank of a dark stream which issued from the rocks at the other end

of the cavern, and after being visible for a few yards, disappeared under ground."

"How shall I, thought Ameen, prevent my weakness being discovered? This bag I could hardly manage when empty; when full it would require twenty strong men to carry it:—what shall I do? I shall certainly be eaten up by this cannibal Ghoo, who is now only kept in order by the impression of my great strength. After some minutes' reflection, the Isfahānee thought of a scheme, and began digging a small channel from the stream towards the place where the supper was preparing."

"What are you doing?" vociferated the Ghoo, as he advanced towards him; 'I sent you for water to boil a little rice, and you have been an hour about it. Cannot you fill the bag and bring it away? 'Certainly I can, said Ameen: 'if I were content, after all your kindness, to show my gratitude merely by feats of brute strength, I could lift your stream, if you had a bag large enough to hold it,' said he, pointing to the channel he had begun, 'here is the commencement of a work in which the mind of man is employed to lessen the labour of the body. This canal, small as it may appear, will carry a stream to the other end of the cave, in which I will construct a dam that you can open and shut at pleasure, and thereby save yourself infinite trouble in fetching water; but pray let me alone till it is finished,'—and he began to dig. 'Nonsense!' said the Ghoo, seizing the bag and filling it; 'I will carry the water myself; and I advise you to leave off your canal, as you call it, and follow me, that you may eat your supper and go to sleep; you may finish this work, if you like it, to-morrow morning.'

"Ameen congratulated himself on this escape, and was not slow in taking the advice of his host. After having eaten heartily of the supper that was prepared, he went to repose on a bed made of the richest coverlets and pillows, which were taken from the store-rooms of plundered goods. The Ghoo, whose bed was also in the cave, had no sooner laid down than he fell into a sound sleep. The anxiety of Ameen's mind prevented him from following his example; he rose gently, and having stuffed a long pillow into the middle of his bed, to make it appear as if he were still there, he retired to a concealed place in the cavern to watch the proceedings of the Ghoo. The latter awoke a short time before daylight, and rising went, without making any noise, towards Ameen's bed, where not observing the least stir, he was satisfied his guest was in deep sleep; so he took up one of his walking-sticks, which was in size like the trunk of a tree, and struck a terrible blow at what he supposed to be Ameen's head. He smiled, not to hear a groan, thinking he had deprived him of life; but to make sure of his work, he repeated the blow seven times. He then returned to rest, but had hardly settled himself to sleep, when Ameen, who had crept into bed, raised his head above the clothes and exclaimed, 'Friend Ghoo what insect could it be that has disturbed me by its tapping? I counted the flap of its little wing seven times on the coverlet. These vermin are very annoying, for though they cannot hurt a man, they disturb his rest!'

"The Ghoo's dismay, on hearing Ameen speaking at all, was great; but that was increased to perfect fright when he heard him describe seven blows, any one of which would have felled an elephant, as seven flaps of an insect's wing. There was no safety, he thought, near so wonderful a man; and he soon afterwards arose, and fled from the cave, leaving Isfahānee its sole master."

"When Ameen found his host gone, he was at no loss to conjecture the cause, and immediately began to survey the treasure with which he was surrounded, and to contrive means for removing them to his own home."

"After examining the contents of the cave, and arming himself with a match-lock, which had belonged to some victim of the Ghool, he proceeded to survey the road. He had, however, only gone a short distance, when he saw the Ghool returning with a large club in his hand, and accompanied by a fox.—Ameen's knowledge of the cunning animal instantly led him to suspect that it had undeceived his enemy, but his presence of mind did not forsake him. 'Take that,' said he to the fox, aiming a ball at him from his match-lock, and shooting him through the head; 'take that for not performing my orders.' That brute," said he, 'promised to bring me seven Ghools, that I might chain them and bring them to Isfahan; and here he has only brought you, who are already my slave.' So saying, he advanced towards the Ghool; but the latter had already taken to flight, and, by the aid of his club, bounded so rapidly over the rocks and precipices, that he was soon out of sight.

"Ameen having marked well the path from the cavern to the road, went to the nearest town, and hired camels and mules to remove the property he had acquired. After making restitution to all who remained alive to prove their goods, he became, from what was unclaimed, a man of wealth; all of which was owing to that wit and art which overcame brute strength and courage."

THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS HA'PENNY.

I was standing one day, in a retired part of the Westminster Abbey, looking at the monuments, when I saw a little boy come in, of about ten or eleven years old. He was one of the sweetest and prettiest children I ever beheld. His fine countenance was bright with expectation, and lifted up with smiles of anticipated enjoyment. There was something so engaging in his appearance, that I continued to follow him with my eyes, as he went about surveying the different objects that presented themselves to his view.

After having looked for some time, a slight shade of melancholy passed over his brow, like a cloud dimming the mild lustre of a beautiful spring morning. The expectation, the curiosity, the anticipated enjoyment had fled. They had gradually yielded to that subdued and chastened feeling, which the holy stillness of the place and the mournful memorials of departed souls, conspire to produce in every generous bosom.

In the hurry of his entrance he had not thought of taking off his hat, but it seemed as if it now occurred to him, that there was an impropriety in wearing it in such a place and he took it off with so reverent a bearing, that I almost fancied the words of the Patriarch, "How dreadful is this place. This is none other but the house of God; and this is the Gate of heaven," were passing through his mind. He moved as if fearful of breaking the solemn silence that reigned within the sacred walls. There was one monument which he appeared to regard with peculiar interest. It was erected to the memory of William Wragg, of South Carolina; representing in bas relief, the melancholy shipwreck of that gentleman, and his little son floating ashore, on a raft, hastily constructed by his faithful servant. He next contemplated that of the unfortunate Andre apparently with much sympathy; but I was surprised; to see him become suddenly agitated, stamp his foot on the ground, and turn away with indignation. I knew not at the moment, the right he had to be indignant at the outrage committed by some Goth, in striking off the arm of the figure of Washington. But soon the little ruffled visage became calm again, and settled into its wonted loveliness; and as he passed slowly from object to object, his features assumed more and more sedateness, until at length they exhibited a perfect picture of pensive contemplation.

The sad lesson of mortality told from every tomb, had touched his tender heart. He became affected. He turned to go away; and was retiring with slow and measured steps, when his eye caught the charity-box that stood in the middle of the area. He stopped. There was evidently something at work within him. There was a moral association going on. He regarded the tombs; and there was the charity box. He regarded them alternately; he looked, and mourned the dead. He looked and felt compassion for the living, and while two pearly drops forced their way beneath his beautiful eye lashes, the smile of an angel played upon his lips. His little hand instinctively insinuated itself into his little pocket, and he drew forth a halfpenny. "It is all I have," said he. He cast a scrutinizing glance, to see whether he was observed; stepped up to the mute solicitor for the poor, and dropped into it his pure offering of benevolence. The humble coin fell to the bottom of the empty box, with a sound that vibrated through the lofty vault, and the receding echoes as they grew fainter and fainter, seemed like the sweet accents of the blessed, whispering peace. In a transport of delight, I exclaimed, "here is a deed worthy Westminster Abbey," and ran from my concealment, and clasped the little philanthropist in my arms. "And why were you ashamed?" said I. "I was afraid they would laugh at me," said he. "Laugh at thee! Oh! world! how often has thy senseless laugh put modest virtue out of countenance!"

I slipped a half crown into his hand, and told him to remember the strange gentleman whom he had met in the Abbey. "I will take it," said he, "if you will let me put it into the charity box too." Thou shalt sanctify thy gift," I replied; so hand in hand we walked to the charity box. My own reflections, the utter seclusion of the busy world, the still repose of the silent tenants of the grave, the dim twilight of the ancient pile, where tanned monks once chanted the solemn hymn and bore their glimmering tapers, together with the superadded tenderness inspired by the pure sacrifice of a little innocent heart that I just witnessed, all combined to press upon me with such softening influences, that I was upon the point of giving vent to emotion of the deepest feeling. As it was, I felt my heart uplifted—I looked up, a tear of pious joy glistened in his eye as he dropped in the piece. It fell upon the halfpenny, the silver sound united with the brass and ascended to heaven in holy euphony. We walked together to the door of the Abbey, and as we stood in the street about to separate, I asked him his name. He told it—he was an American; he had been sent to England for education. We parted, and I never saw him more. [Charleston Cour.

Celebrated eye Water.—Recipe for an eye-water, from a German Physician, which he made and vended for many years with celebrity. When he was about to remove to Michigan, he gave the recipe to a friend and swore him to keep it a secret. Afterwards a neighbor found it lying on the table, and copied it, and is now freely giving it to his friends. To aid him in his philanthropy, I send you a copy for publication in the Genesee Farmer.

One ounce Sulphate of Iron, or Copperas.
Half ounce Sulphate of Zinc, or White Vitriol,
One pint of soft water.

Pains should be taken to obtain the ingredients pure, and to filter the solution through filtering paper, or several thickness of cloth, in order to further purify and free it from the feruginous coloring matter of the copperas.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Women despise a man who is always hanging at their apron strings.

THE WYVILLES.

1.—GEORGE WYVILLE, ESQ. TO THE REV. FREDERICK WALSOND, HARTLEY RECTORY, DEVONSHIRE.

Leamington Spa, August.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Don't be alarmed for the health of your old friend, when you see my letter dated from this enlarged edition of the Hospital of Invalids. I am still sound, wind and limb, and almost as active with the weight of fifty-six years on my back as in the merry times of our youth, when you and I, Fred,—with humility be it spoken,—were a couple of as gay young fellows as one would wish to meet with on a summer's day. It does one good to recall old times, and that is one reason why you and I are such indefatigable correspondents. I have written you a letter on my birth-day every year for these thirty years, and received your unflinching answer in the Christmas week. That is what I call a right English spirit, Fred—never to give up an intimacy with an old friend, when you have found by experience that he is a good and true one. I have been musing over some of our old adventures, I think they are something like wine—they improve every year. Some of them did not strike me afraid at the time; but now, after they have been bottled up for a quarter of a century, they have a flavour with them that none of one's newer incidents can equal. Do you recollect, Fred, when you and I, and Dick Breton and Jack Burn, came home, as hard as our nags would carry us, from Harley one night, and just got into college before the stroke of twelve? What a dark night it was, and how Dick kept boasting all the time of our gallop, that his horse was fresher than ever! And then do you recollect his consternation when he discovered that the hostler by mistake had mounted him, in the hurry and darkness, on the Black Jewel, that was on its way to run at Epsom races? It makes one laugh yet to think of Dick's rage, when an officer came next morning, and arrested him for horse-stealing. Ah! these were the times, my boy, for mirth and jollity: there is no such fun now-a-days. I don't believe any Oriol man has been had up for theft since the year of Dick Breton's exploit. How strangely that party is scattered now! Jack Burn keeps his ears warm with a judge's wig, and Dick Breton is a baronet and major-general, with ten thousand a year, eighteen halfpenny-faced children, and only the recollection of a liver. You and I, Fred, are changed least of any. You were always a quiet, comfortable sort of a fellow, and settled down as naturally as possible into a steady, respectable rector; and I have flourished as much as the rest of the vegetables in the fat fields of Glemsworth Hall. A squire, a parson, a judge, and a general, were four young fellows, upon four fiery horses, dashing through turnpikes, or over them, I forget which;—my favourite pace now is a quiet amble, and my charger a cob of fourteen hands. There is not such another punch in Suffolk. 'Twas given to me by Harry Travers; and as the rascal has behaved so infamously since, I think I ought to send him the pony back; but what can I do, Fred? he is as sure-footed as a mule, and warranted to carry sixteen stone. In short, his good qualities are innumerable—well bred, steady without the least taint of vice, and just in his prime. On reading this last sentence over, I see it is a little doubtful whether I mean the horse or the man. I mean the Galloway, Fred—the other has noble points about him, but he is cursedly ill broke in—I'll tell you more about him some other time—I will only let you into the secret, that this same Harry Travers is the cause of my being here; there, that will set you guessing. I have told you already I am sound as a bell in health—and so I am; but notwithstanding that, I am afflicted with a very troublesome disease, in the shape of a daughter eight-

teen years of age—as beautiful as there is any occasion for, and filled to the brim with feeling and romance, which is just another name for—mischief. I undertook to be my own physician; and as this Master Travers lives with his uncle, the old curmudgeon who bought the Scarlock estates, which lie close to mine, I prescribed a change of air. My boy Tom is just come from his travels; very much improved, I believe, but I hav'nt yet seen him. I have sent him home to take care of things in my absence, and have ordered him, without showing any symptoms of suspicion, to keep a watchful eye on young Travers, and a designing, blue-eyed, sweet-looking little thing, his sister. As I am so far away from home, and have neither workmen to superintend, nor anything to do, but strut about the streets, I will perhaps write to you oftener than at other times: for this Emily of mine, though a very nice, well-behaved, affectionate girl—I will say that for her—is not so much of a companion as she used to be, but mopes a good deal, and raves a great quantity of nonsense about Shakspeare that wrote the plays. Do you recollect John Keble in Cato the night we went to Covent Garden after taking our Bachelor's—but, by the by, I don't think Shakspeare wrote Cato. Remember me very kindly to my good friend, Mrs. Walsond, and my god-daughter, little Jane; and believe me your very sincere, old friend,
GEORGE WYVILLE.

2.—Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.

MY DEAREST AUNT PEGGY,—I wrote you a very hurried note just before leaving home, telling you of our removal to this place. As to its being for the sake of papa's health, I don't believe a word of it; he is stronger and better-looking than I ever remember him. Ah! I can't help feeling that I am the cause of his leaving home, and I may say happiness, behind him; for 'tis quite melancholy, I assure you, to see how out of his element he seems among the butterfly people of this frivolous town. He walks up and down the street as if he had no object in life but to while away the time; and, though we have only been here two days, I am sure he is more heartily tired of it than I am.

Two days after that happy, happy dinner at Scarlock, every thing seemed suddenly and unaccountably changed. My dearest friend!—the sweetest girl you ever saw in your life!—Oh! aunt Peggy, how you would love her, if you knew her so well as I do!—dear, dear Charlotte Travers was so good, so kind, so enchanting! In fact, ever since their old uncle, Mr. Dobbs, came to live at Scarlock, we have been more attached than sisters, and, for nearly half a year, not a week passed without our meeting two or three times; and papa was so fond of her too. And her brother, Mr. Henry Travers, was a great favourite of his. They were both almost constantly at Glemsworth, and you may easily imagine what a comfort dear Charlotte was to me, as we have no near neighbours but ourselves. I will describe my Charlotte to you as nearly as I can. She is a little taller than I am, which you would not be surprised at, for she comes of a very tall family. Her brother is much taller than Tom. I should think he was fully six feet high; but then he is so elegant and graceful, quite free from the awkwardness which is generally produced by great height. Her eyes are a deep, rich brown; not so dark or penetrating as her brother's, nor so proud and haughty-looking. Her smile is very like his; and altogether, I am sure you would say, that Charlotte Travers is as beautiful as an angel.

Well, all this went on most delightfully till two days after our dinner at Scarlock, which I wrote you an account of, and then things went on very differently. Papa grew peevish and sullen; never laughed or joked with me as he used to do; never took me out for a

ride; nor mentioned the name of his favourite Charlotte Travers. I thought this very odd, and still more unaccountable that he hurried me off here on a single day's notice; leaving my maid Patison at home, and only bringing old Giles Gubbins, the coachman, to look after his punch pony. He used to call it Young Harry, because it was a present from Mr. Travers; but now he never calls it by its name, but only says, "Giles, bring round my bay Galloway." I expect a letter from my brother Tom, who is at home, and hope to hear of my darling friend Charlotte through him. And now, my dear aunt Peggy, I will tell you about our situation here.

We have a suite of rooms in the ——— hotel, and are as comfortable as if we were in a private house. The streets are spacious and handsome, and the country in the neighborhood the most beautiful, and the richest in England. We are within an hour's drive of Warwick Castle, or Guy's Cliff, or Kenilworth, or the birth-place of Shakespeare. All these we are going to see next week, and I will give you as good a description of them as I am able. But lovely as this place is, I cannot help fancying how fresh and beautiful the green lanes about Glemsworth must be in this enchanting summer. How delicious the dark sombre shade of the huge sycamores that form the avenue to Scarlock must be now, with their leafy tops so interlaced, that, in walking beneath them, you might fancy you were in some old cathedral, with its dim religious light, and might listen for the swell of the noble organ to wait your soul beyond this visible diurnal sphere, and lap your senses in Elysium. Ah! when shall we get back to dear old Glemsworth!—Your ever affectionate niece,
EMILY WYVILLE.

3.—Thomas Wyville, Esq. to George Wyville, Esq.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I had stood here on my post without seeing any thing of the enemy for two days, and began to think of taking the first step myself, by calling on old Dobbs, and reconnoitering the position of his forces. However, I assuaged my ennui as well as I was able, by revisiting the scenes of my youth, which are rendered doubly dear to me by having been absent from them so long.

Three years' tossing about in foreign parts has not rubbed off, I assure you, one particle of my English feeling, and I prefer the secluded beauty of an English village, with its venerable church tower arising from amidst a grove of trees, and the cottage smoke curling in blue wreaths far up into the silent air, to the more dazzling prospects of France or Italy. In looking at them my eye only is delighted—it never gets clear into the heart, as a home view, like the scene from our own Merrill Down. And certainly the landscape from that point is very much improved, by the additions your new neighbour has made at Scarlock Hall. The new facings he has given the turrets, and the very judicious openings he has made in the woods, give a greater harmony to the landscape than I had ever thought it susceptible of. But I am wandering from the business of the letter. Yesterday, about one o'clock, after I had been strolling about the park for several hours, I had retired to our old schoolroom, where Emily had left some of her books and drawings. I had thrown myself into the old arm-chair, with my back to the open window,—I had a book in my hand, but as I have now forgotten what book it was, I suspect I could not have been very highly interested in its contents; but certainly, whether by the story I was reading, or by something else, my mind was entirely occupied, when I was awakened out of my reverie by a step just at my side, and then a faint shriek! I started up and saw, nearly sinking to the ground, with agitation and alarm, the sweetest creature in the world; her cheeks pale with fear, and in the next mo-

ment flushing with confusion. Excuse me, she said, I expected to find Emily here. I told her my sister had left the country, and inquired if it was Miss Travers whom I had the honour to address. It was, indeed; and really, my dear father, I can't at all see how Emily can possibly be in the smallest danger from so very desirable a companion. She told me that her brother had accompanied her to the gate, and after our mutual awkwardness at so unexpected a rencontre had worn off, and after a great deal of laughing at her unceremonious *entrée* by the window, I ordered Lightfoot, and offered to accompany her till she rejoined her escort in the village. Her brother, however, not expecting her return so soon, had ridden somewhere else, and as she was afraid to return to Scarlock without him, we cut off into the lower woods, in hopes of finding him at a summer house to which she told me he was in the habit of making frequent pilgrimages. The thing that astonished Miss Travers more than any thing else, was the suddenness of your removal from Glemsworth, and Emily's entire silence on the subject. Poor thing, I could not help pitying her for losing her only companion through the savage meanness of the uncultivated barbarian, her uncle. But in case this simplicity should turn out to be assumed, and both she and her brother are in a plot to thwart your designs, I have determined, as the best means of watching her closely, to ride out with her as often as I can. If you will tell me more at large than you have hitherto done, the actual result of your conversation with old Dobbs, and your fears as to the designs of young Travers, I should be more able to assist you than now when I am kept comparatively in the dark. After a long ramble through the alleys of the wood, we at last encountered her brother. I was struck with his resemblance to his sister, and though prepared by your last instructions to be suspicious of them, I could not help thinking, from his appearance, that he was rather deserving of the praises you used to lavish on him in the letters you sent to me when I was on my travels. We met as if we had been old friends, for really Miss Travers introduced us to each other in a manner which made it impossible for me to keep up the appearance of reserve which I had intended. I determined, however, not to have more conversation with him than was absolutely unavoidable, so I attached myself almost exclusively to his sister's side. This, I think you will allow, is the safest way, for if I permit myself to get on friendly terms with him, I shall find it very difficult to keep a properly unprejudiced eye upon his movements. After a delightful ride, I left them at Scarlock gate, and as they are going to-morrow to a farm of old Dobbs's—how immensely rich the old hunk must be!—about eight miles off, over Lipsicot Down, I thought that was a very good opportunity of fishing out more of their real character, and I have accordingly agreed to go with them. Now could any thing be more lucky than this acquaintance, so unexpectedly formed, and, from that very circumstance, divested at once of all the forms and stiffnesses of an ordinary introduction? I shall write to you the result of my observations to-morrow or next day. Now, that a sense of duty to you has reconciled me to my position here, I must confess that I thought it very provoking to have been sent down to this solitary mansion without once seeing either you or Emily after so long an absence. I hope you find Leamington agree with you, and if you do, I should advise you to be in no great hurry to deprive yourself of its advantages. Every thing goes on here as well as if yourself were on the spot; and as Emily has luckily left the key of her book shelves, I can employ my spare time very profitably in study. Write to me immediately, and believe me, dear father, &c.

THOMAS WYVILLE.

4.—George Wyville, Esq. to Thomas Wyville, Esq.

THAT'S the very thing; stick to it, my boy, and Harry Travers—Mr. Henry Travers, I mean—confound the boy, I can't help thinking and speaking of him as if he were my own. Well, that young man will find it impossible to escape your penetration. You ask me the particulars of my interview with old Dobbs. Did you ever see him? He is the scurviest-looking old rascal you ever saw—thin as a board, with a face apparently carved by a very rough workman out of a log of damaged mahogany. He and I used to get on very well, though he was continually jeering me about my high birth as he called it; he was always doing the same to his nephew and niece;—for General Travers, their father, you'll observe, made what is called a low marriage, though, from all I can hear, their mother was a very respectable, lady-like sort of a woman. You know, from my letters, what a favourite of mine young Harry was. In fact, he was the nicest lad that could be—famous rider, capital shot, admirable fisher;—in short, one of the pleasantest, best-informed fellows you can fancy. I was always thinking what an excellent companion he would be for you on your return, and installed him very nearly in your place, as my right hand man upon all occasions. As to mind, his uncle, he did not care a stiver for all the old Dobbs's that ever walked, compared to me. And if the truth were told, I think he likes me better yet than e'er a relation he has in the world, for Harry is the best-hearted—but enough of this. Two days before I came here in such a hurry, I went over to Scarlock, and sat down for a few minutes with old Dobbs. The old fellow has a habit of beginning every conversation with a strange grumpy sort of cough, and the bitterer the speech he is going to make, the quicker and more frequent grows his—ugg! ugg! ugg! After speechifying to each other about the weather for some little time, I thought it best to come to business with the old gentleman in an open, honourable kind of way; so I said to him,

"Your nephew, young Travers, is a great favourite of mine."

"Ugg, ugg—He is very well till he is known."

"Well, for my part, I like him the better the more I see of him. And what I was going to say to you was this, that if so be as by any chance our young ones should take a fancy to each other, why, then?"

"Ugg, ugg, ugg," interrupted old Dobbs; "why then, neighbour Wyville, you must make the young man your game-keeper; and as to the young woman—"

"Mr. Dobbs," I said, getting angry at the impertinent old vulgarian, "I want to hear only a plain answer to a plain question. You would object to the match?"

"Ugg, ugg—between Glemworth Manor and Scarlock Hall?—by no means—ugg, ugg."

"Why, you must be aware, Mr. Dobbs, that I have a son, and can do very little for my daughter."

"Then I can do nothing—ugg, ugg—for my nephew; for—ugg, ugg—d'ye see, you squires of gentle blood are very glad to get hold of a good settlement in any way you can—ugg, ugg. If it's love that makes Miss Emily run after my nephew, why let her marry him, and be contented. He shall get no settlement from me."

"We don't want any from a penny-saving old curmudgeon like you," cried I, in a great rage; "and if you gave him all the money you have scraped together, he should never have my consent to marry any one belonging to me. So, good morning."

"Ugg, ugg, ugg. What if he marries her without asking your leave?" replied old Dobbs, growing nearly as angry as I was. "What if he takes her in spite of you? what if he runs away with her before a month is past? Ugg, ugg, ugg."

"I shall take special care he has no opportunity."

"Ugg, ugg—no settlement from me. But what's to hinder him from marrying any squire's daughter he pleases? what's to hinder him, I say? Ugg, ugg."

Before he had time to finish his harangue, I had left the insulting old scoundrel's house; and as I have made up my mind to keep Emily out of the way, I brought her off here, in hopes of her meeting some fellow that will put Harry Travers out of her head. But do you, in the mean time, continue your guard upon the brother and sister; spite old Dobbs in every way you can; and, after I have got all things a little more comfortably settled here, I will run down for a day or two to Glemworth to see how the land lies. I have no time for any more at present; so remain your affectionate father,
GEORGE WYVILLE.

5.—Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.

WE have now been here, dearest aunt Peggy, for a whole fortnight, and still I have heard nothing of what they are doing at Glemsworth. My brother Tom has written two or three letters to papa; but their contents are rigidly kept from me. We were terribly dull for the first week. Papa had nothing to do. The news-room grew tiresome, so did the pump-room; and as we had no society, I was quite sorry to see him so wretched. Three or four days ago, however, he became acquainted with an old gentleman who lodges on the same floor with us. He is paralytic, and blind of an eye—very sarcastic and ill-natured; but papa finds him very amusing. I am glad of it for his sake; but, I must confess, the hideous snuffle with which all Mr. Griper's good things are said—for he speaks almost entirely through his nose—becomes excessively annoying. Regularly about twelve o'clock every day, we hear the creaking of the little wheeled chair, which he never leaves, coming along the passage, then a tap at our door, and here he sits with us all day. If we go for a walk, nothing will please old Griper but to have his chair wheeled up and down the street close beside us; so that from morning till evening we are never without the company of papa's new friend. He is one of that sort of persons one is always sure to meet with at watering-places. There is no person we know anything of in any part of England with whom he is not acquainted. Papa calls him his peerage, almanac, and army-list, all in one. He is even acquainted with our neighbour, old Mr. Dobbs; and shook his head greatly when papa asked him if he knew anything of Harry Travers. Ill-natured, ridiculous old man, I can scarcely endure him. He even talks disparagingly of my amiable Charlotte, and told us in strict confidence, that old Dobbs had hinted to him that he had a plot to unite the Glemsworth property to his own, by getting young Wyville to marry his niece!

You ought to have seen what a rage my father was in at this information. He called him a cozening old Jew, and fifty other epithets worse than these, and said, he would go down and put a stop to the whole plot, by disinheriting my brother, if he ever said another word to my charming Charlotte. Another word, thought I. So they are acquainted. How very odd, that Tom should never have written to tell me so. Isn't this old Mr. Griper the most provoking creature that we could possibly have met with? But the most puzzling circumstance of all is, how the fact of my brother's marrying Charlotte can, by any possibility, unite the two properties. The old man is not surely so mad as to make the girl his heir. Ridiculous thought! And if I could fancy for a moment that she entered into so unprincipled and infamous a scheme, "Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings"—But no! The thing is impossible, and the whole story is only another ill-natured invention of this detestable old slanderer, Mr. Griper. He seems to have

no pleasure equal to the delight of teasing and opposing me. Papa and I went a few days ago to a pilgrimage to the shrine of Shakspeare. We drove through a most enchanting country, full of rich views and splendid mansions, and arrived at last at the birth-place of the Bard of Avon. The enthusiasm of the moment was enchanting. My temporary freedom from the cynical remarks of Mr. Griper added, if that were possible, to the raptures of my enjoyment in treading the same street, viewing the same scenes, and breathing the same air as the immortal poet. But my father's apathy was scarcely less provoking than would have been the sneers of his new acquaintance. To all my rhapsodies on the genius, the pathos, the tenderness, the magnificence of the glorious being, he only answered,—"Ah! cleverish chap, no doubt. Elliston was capital in Falstaff." The idea of that fat brutal old man being the only one of all the creations of the enchanter that comes to my father's mind, while standing on the very grave of the imaginer of Constance, of Macbeth, of Hamlet, and of Romeo! 'Tis horrible!—most horrible! But our old coachman, Giles, was a thousand times worse, and made me blush for my country, to think that one human being—one Englishman, of whatever grade in society—should be so profoundly ignorant of the very name of the greatest miracle that ever this country produced. He turned to the person who showed us the tomb, and said,—"And, pray, can you tell us where this here old gentleman lived?"

"In this very town," was the answer.
"Mayor, mayhap, or topping tradesman? We ha' a many finer monuments in Glemsworth church. We ha' one to old Bill Figgins the grocer, with a statue twice as big as this. But then Bill Figgins was mortal rich. Was this here Mr. Shakspeare a rich gentleman?"

"He was very poor when he begun the world."
"Ah! so was Bill Figgins," said Giles.
"He was accused of stealing deer out of a gentleman's park."

"He was?—Then I wouldn't give Bill Figgins's monument for a score of his'n—for Bill was always honest."

"He then went to London, and, they say, held gentleman's horses at the doors of the theatre."

"What! and slept out their handkerchiefs, mayhap, or their pocket-books, as they walked past?—One of the light-fingered gentry—eh?"

My father stood by, and enjoyed this conversation very much. The whole scene was profanation to me, so I left them, and wandered in that beautiful churchyard. In silence, and with my heart full of a vast variety of emotions, I lay in a corner of the carriage as we went home, where, as usual, we were received in our own apartment by the odious Mr. Griper.

"I hope you've enjoyed your trip to the birth-place of old Billy the deer-stealer?" he snuffled.

"Ah! very nice place indeed," replied papa;—"the town seems most admirably supplied with coals—I wish to heaven we had such a canal near Glemsworth."

"And you, miss, have you picked up any more information about the life and manners of the playwright?"

"I took no notice of his impertinent question. He's a pretty subject, truly," he continued, with his insufferable whine, "to be the object of a young lady's idolatry!—A robber in his youth—a vagabond in his manhood—a tippling, poesy, beer-drinking rascal in his old age—a sulky neighbour—a cruel master, an unkind husband!"

"Was he all that?" said my father. "Prove this, Mr. Griper, and I'll burn every volume the scoundrel wrote, the moment I get back to Glemsworth."

"Why, it can't exactly be proved," replied Mr. Gri-

per, "because, unfortunately, at that time there was no brother poet to give us *mémoires* of his friend; but I think we may fairly guess that he was all I have said. For my own part, I have no doubt, in spite of the frowns I see gathering on Miss Emily's brow, that he was a hard-hearted, selfish, sulky old rascal; and it is only a great pity Sir Thomas Lucy didn't tuck him up on one of the trees in his park."

"What sort of a looking fellow was he?" said papa, evidently believing all the scurrilous old man's assertions.

"Why, a little, ugly, bandylegged fellow—fat and punchy as an alderman—with two great goggle eyes, and a red fiery nose, from breakfasting on onions and raw gin."

I could endure this blasphemy no longer, and flaunted out of the room, but not before I heard the low snuffing chuckle of my tormentor, and the broad, open, hearty laugh of papa—I'm sure I never longed so fervently for anything as for the departure—(I don't exactly mean the death)—of this provoking old Griper. I have kept a journal of all our trips to the different places in this neighbourhood—to Warwick Castle, where my heart swells with the triumphs of a tournament or a feast of peacocks,—to Kenilworth, vocal with the poems and pageantries of the noble Elizabeth, and consecrated no less in the memory of the tender and the pure, by the agonies and sighs of the lovely Amy Robsart,—to Stoneleigh Abbey, fit only for the residence of a poet, the lover of the good and beautiful,—but as I shall send my journal to you, my dearest aunt Peggy, the moment it is completed, I will spare you an abstract of it in the mean time.—You will see how anxiously during all this letter I have turned my thoughts away from home. Alas! if I only mention the word, papa looks so black, and Mr. Griper gazes at me with his one eye with such an expression of slyness and derision, that I am afraid to open my lips upon the subject. Writing to you is the greatest consolation I have. Pity your poor niece, and believe me, ever affectionately, your

EMILY WYVILLE.

6.—Mr. Giles Gubbins to Mrs. Bartlett, Housekeeper, Glemsworth.

DEAR SAL, cording to promuss, I sit down to right you with much pleasure. Our dooins here has been but so, so. About ten days ago there comed a cripple gentleman to live in the next sweet rooms, as they calls 'um here, to our master and young missus. He is a rum 'un surely. But master takes to 'im greatly; and, what's more, thoff he has only one eye, and never no legs, I'm considerable mistaken if he don't take a'ter Miss Emily. He be continually axin' questions about her whenever he meets me in the passage, as he goes whirring along in his sedan. I'll keep watch over the old varmint, so if Master Harry calls, tell him we are all in good health and well to do. I wish we was all back at Glemsworth. I can't think what put it in master's head to come here gallivantin' among a set of people as sits in little arm chairs, runnin' on wheels, and calls 'emselves anvyleads. They are quer people them anvyleads surely, but we doesn't know none on 'em except this here old gentleman Mr. Griper, as I told you on as axin' so much about our young missus. Tell Master Harry we are all right and no mistake. 'Cordin' to promuss, I will now tell you all as we have seen; but as my memory is very bad, and I never took notes at the time, I perhaps confuses them a bit. We have seed Warwick Castle, and Landleworth Castle, Stafford on Haven, and Stoneleigh Habbey; but my mind is so worried with the lot on 'em, that I can't recollect which on 'em I seed first. Howsomever, in Warwick Castle we seed a number of things. But the most wonderfulest thing of all was a huge porridge pot, equal to our hundred

gallon boiler, as belonged to a wicked fellow in these parts called Shakspeare. He stole a horse, and then had something to do with holding deer at the doors of a theatre. Howsomever, there the pot is, sure enough. There was also a great head of some enormous beast called an ell-of-want; and the fat gentleman as showed us the coorooties, said something about a man of the name of Seesar—I always thought that was the name of a dog—as built a tower here, so I suppose he was a toppin' mason in this here country. Then there was a ruination—no, that was at Candleworth—a statue of a man not half the size of Master Figgins's in our church at home—no, I think that wur at Stafford on Haven. But the place I remembers best about was Stoneleigh Habbey. You never seed such a beautiful place in your born days; Scarlock Hall is nothin' to it. The gentleman as lives here was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth; she came down for to see him, and every b-dy thought she was a goin' to marry him; but here was the devil to pay, for he was married already to a very beautiful young lady, one Miss Hamy. Well, what does he do, but, like a bloody-minded villain, murder she; and a'ter all, the Queen, God bless her, would have nothin' to say to him. Now, between you and I, Sal, I don't think this here Reform bill is of any kind of use whatesoever, if a man be at liberty to murder his wife without impunity, as a body may say. But here, this here gentlemen is still livin' and from all I can see, as much liked and respected as if he was as innocent as a babe. Oh! Sal, the sin of this here world is prodigious. But whether this happened at the Habbey or Candleworth Castle, I am not very sure; but it isn't of no grit consequence, so as it happened somewhere. Alter this account of our travels, you'll see as I have been a storing my mind with useful and entertainin' nollidge, like the little books as lies in your room. There's nothin' like travellin' for openin' one's mind,—or his eyes either, for the matter of that, I've seed a sight of things sin I left hoam. The horses, to be sure, is very fine; and master's cob—young Harry—is the hadmiration of all the fat old gentlemen in the town. They are always axing me if it is to be sold; but master wouldn't part with it for its weight in ginnyes; so tell master Harry we are all right, and never to be downhearted about nothin' for it will all come round in time. I wish we was all back hoam again, for they puts too little hops in their beer, thoff the porter I must confess is particlular. O, Sally, I hasn't had a bit of a junket-like since I left the old mannor. The bar-maids in them parts is uncommon high; and besides, for the matter of that, I never could see no use in a parlour, with one whole side of the room and one-half of the door-way, made of glass,—a pretty joke it would be if there was a glass door to your room at Glemsworth, where you and I and the butler has all been so snug. I really wishes we was all back again, for I feels in this outlandish place just like one of the babes in the wood. Master would be as tired of it as I am, if it wasn't all along of this cripple gentleman, as takes to him amazin'; so no more at present, but remains your fellow servant,

GILES GUBBINS.

P. S. Tell Jim Fyler to be careful in givin the bay mare a canter every mornin. Young missus will ride her again before long.

7.—Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.
I AM sure it is one of the most delightful things in the world to have such a dear, kind, good-natured maiden aunt as I have. What could I do in this banishment from all the places and all the friends that were dear to me, if I had not your sympathizing bosom, dear aunt Peggy, on which to repose my sorrows? My situation here grows more and more distressing every day. This wicked old man, Mr. Griper, does

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all he can to make me wretched; and he has now got so completely the mastery of papa, that he follows his advice in everything. He has pressed him to Glemsworth for the whole of this autumn, and (horrible to relate!) the invitation is accepted. Indeed, I overheard him promising to papa to make himself useful in keeping me out of the clutches of that dangerous young man, Harry Travers. Did you ever hear of anything so indelicate? I only wish Harry had heard him—But no! I wouldn't for all the world have Mr. Travers know of their suspicions. It is really too bad to be twitted in this way, as if I had become secretly engaged to poor Harry, when I assure you there is no ground for it. It may perhaps strike you as very odd, that Harry never even hinted at anything of that kind to me. I must say it appears rather extraordinary to me, especially as I know from the dear open-hearted Chailotte, that he doesn't consider me merely a common acquaintance. But now to be suspected wrongfully is very provoking.

I had written thus far, when I was summoned to the drawing-room, and there I found papa and Mr. Griper in deep divan. Papa held a letter in his hand, and paced upon and down the room in a state of excitement. "The old rascal," he said, "that old scoundrel Dobbs will succeed, I verily believe, in both the things he has threatened me with. Young Traversa gone off about ten days ago into Devonshire; and my boy Tom fallen evidently over head and ears in love with that minx, Miss Charlotte!"

"O, delightful!" I cried.
"Hold your tongue, miss," replied papa, in a towering passion: "If he has made such a fool of himself, he shall suffer for it, I can tell ye."

"And quite right too," snuffled old Griper. "She must be a very designing sort of vixen, this friend of Miss Emily's; and as to the young man Travers having gone into Devonshire, I don't believe a word of it."

"How? where do you think he's gone then?" said papa.

"Why, here to be sure. I have no doubt he is lurking about in this very town—perhaps in this very house," replied Griper looking impudently at me.

"I wouldn't advise him to let me catch him here—that's all. But what, in Heaven's name, is to be done? Old Dobbs shall not triumph over me, if I can help it. Tell me, my dear Griper, what I ought to do?"

"Why, your object, as I understand you," answered Mr. Griper, "is to prevent Harry Travers from running away with your daughter. There is no use keeping the matter a secret now. Old Dobbs crowed over you, and boasted that Travers would do so within a month, without asking your consent, and without his agreeing to settle a shilling on his nephew."

"Yes, that's what the old rascal said. But, egad! I think we'll beat him; for three weeks are past already, and it will be an extraordinary matter if we can't keep him at arm's length, at all events, for seven days longer."

"But there's another thing," continued Mr. Griper, "that you have to guard against; and that is—that old Dobbs and the girl together don't hook in your son to a marriage without any settlement,—so that the old fellow will do you on both points, and have both niece and nephew provided for without coming down with a single shilling."

"The skinkint old Jew! It isn't so much that, as the triumph it will be to him: there will be no end of his cursed 'ugg, ugg'!" But how can I prevent it?"

"Your only plan, my dear Wyville, is this: You have a friend in Devonshire near the place they say young Travers is gone to?"

"Yes, old Fred. Walsond."

"Well, write to him, he will easily ascertain whether or not he is really there. Go you, in the mean

time, for two days to Glemsworth, and settle matters as you best can with Master Tom and Miss Charlotte. Leave charge of this young lady to me: I'll keep guard over her as if she were a golden apple; and"—

"Capital! the very thing!" exclaimed my father, shaking his friend's hand. "What could I have done without you? Emily," he continued, turning to me, "I put you entirely in the charge of my friend Mr. Griper. See no one else but the landlady and your maid till I return. You have your books and music, and Mr. Griper will pass the morning with you. I shall be back in three days, and hope to hear good accounts of you when I return."

"I am sorry, Sir," I said, "you have not paid me the compliment of reposing confidence in my own sense of propriety, but put me under care of a person whose company is at all times disagreeable, and still more so, when he is mean enough to take on himself the character of a spy." I glided majestically out of the room as I said this, but not before I heard papa say, "Never mind what she says, Griper; we'll keep her out of old Dobbs's hands at any rate." So here, dearest aunt Peggy, am I kept a prisoner, and without even the miserable consolation of having done anything worthy of such restraint, and under the guard, too, of that detestable old man. I can't write another word.—So, adieu, dear aunt, your disconsolate niece,

EMILY.

8.—*George Wyville Esq. to the Rev. Fred. Walsond.*

NEVER can any man, my dear Fred, know what it is to be thoroughly miserable till he is plagued with marriageable daughters and flirring sons. I told you in my letter from this place, that I had set Tom to keep watch over young Travers and his sister. What the deuce do ye think they have done? Why, blinded him, and, I verily believe, worked him into a marriage. You will say, why not? I will tell you. Old Dobbs, the girl's uncle, is a queer, disagreeable, purse-proud, old fellow, and put me into a rage with him last time I saw him. I went over to speak to him about his nephew, who had been throwing sheep's eyes, as the saying is, at my Emily. He laughed and sneered, till I lost all patience, and told me, that if his nephew chose, he would run away with my girl in a month,—but he first of all said he would condescend to agree to the match, if I settled my whole estate on the bride! Did you ever hear of such a rascal? And now what do you think his plan is? Why, to get my son to run away with his unportioned niece, in hopes, as my good friend, Mr. Griper suggests, to put me into a passion with the boy, disinherit him, and settle all upon Miss Emily, who will by this time have been snapt up by young Travers, without so much as saying to me, by your leave. Here's a plot! I would submit to a great deal if I could only spite the old man. But how to do it is the question. One way certainly is, to keep my girl out of young Travers's reach: and at the same time to resist my boy's marriage with his niece, till I have returned him tit for tat for the insult he offered to me, by promising to consent to the match, provided he settles every acre of Scarlock Hall upon the bride. This will be capital revenge, and I sincerely hope the old rogue's indignation will choke him. All these plans have been put into my head by the pleasantest old fellow I ever met with. He is a prodigious victim to rheumatism, and is blind of an eye, over which he wears an enormous black patch. He lives constantly in one of those whirling sort of chairs they have here, and has been of great use to me. He recommends my going to Glemsworth to put my revenge on old Dobbs in execution; and he has promised, in the mean time, to be as watchful as a dragoon over Miss Emily. So much for her. She is pretty safe, I conclude, for though the fellow has only one eye, by Jove, he is as clever as the old chap we

used to read of that had a hundred. What I want you to do, is to ascertain for me immediately, whether Harry Travers, as I hear by a letter from home, has gone on a visit to your neighbourhood—to the house of a gentleman of the name of Sir Peregrine Potts, near Hartley. If so, the game is our own. But old Griper suspects that his Devonshire visit is a hoax, and that in reality he is on the watch in Leamington. Lose no time in letting me know.—What could I have done without such an assistant as Griper! He is coming to me this autumn. You must make an effort to come and meet him. I am sure you will like him, he is so confoundingly satirical and sharp. But the chaise is at the door, and I must be off.—Yours ever sincerely,

G. W.

9.—*Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.*

Oh, dear aunt Peggy, how you will be surprised at what I am going to tell you! Scarcely had papa been gone half an hour, when a message came to me in my bed-room, that a person requested to speak with me in the parlour. I went, and saw a very elegant, handsome young man; and as I was hurrying out of the room again, thinking it was some unaccountable mistake, he rushed forward, calling me "Emily, sister Emily," and when I looked again, I found it was my ever kind and affectionate brother! Was ever anything so curious! It took a weight off my heart at once. I told him all the incidents of our stay here. He laughed immoderately at them all; and when I described my horror and detestation of the grim old gorgon who was set to watch me, his enjoyment of the joke, as he called it, became uncontrollable. I confess I felt greatly alarmed, in spite of Tom's presence and protection, when at this moment I heard the chair of the watchful Mr. Griper creak, creaking along the passage. At last the door opened, and in, as usual, wheeled my tormentor.

"So! Miss Emily," he snuffled, "who's this? You've lost no time, I see.—Is this Mr. Travers come to disobey your father's injunctions already?"

My brother during all this address was nearly convulsed with laughter.—"Yes," he replied, "old gentleman—my name is Harry Travers, and I claim this young lady as my bride.—What just cause or impediment can you advance to the contrary?"

"Only this," growled the invalid, "that I've a witness here who can swear that you are not the real Simon Pure.—Come into court!"—and as he said the door was pushed open, and Charlotte Travers rushed into my arms.

Whilst we were mutually embracing, and I wondering by what strange accident all this had come to pass, old Griper wrung his hands and tore his hair, as if he were distracted. But what was my horror, when my brother, walking up to him, said, "Come old gentleman, to the right about! your absence is particularly requested!"—and he actually proceeded to lay hands upon his chair. Then, with a shout of prodigious laughter, in which even Charlotte joined very heartily, old Griper tore off the patch from his eye—the grey grizzled wig from his head—leapt out of the chair, and in a moment was kneeling at my feet. 'Twas Harry Travers! Isn't this more like a scene in a play than in actual life? How he has been able all this time to disguise himself, I can't imagine. But what will papa and Mr. Dobbs do? We are all in a great alarm about how they will bear this disappointment. My brother says our only safe plan is to put it out of their power to throw any obstacles in the way; and I think he has persuaded Charlotte to enter into his views. Heigho no! I have no spirits to write you at greater length. Harry evidently agrees with my brother, only he says he is afraid to hint at such a thing as a trip to church to-morrow, in case old Griper makes any opposition. We can do nothing but laugh

over the whole matter. Now that Charlotte is here, I never felt so happy in my life, I will write again to you soon.

Your dutiful niece,

EMILY.

10.—*George Wyville, Esq. to the Rev. Frederick Walsond.*

THEY'VE done us, Fred,—the young ones have done us completely. As to young Travers and Sir Peregrine Potts, take no trouble about that. I told you in my last what my plans were about old Dobbs. You shall hear how I sped.

On arriving at Glemsworth, and asking for Tom, he was no where to be seen. None of the people had seen him for two or three days, and couldn't even guess where he had betaken himself. I could, though; and made direct for Scarlock Hall. I made sure Mr. Dobbs had tried all he could to inveigle my son into a marriage with his niece, as I had been informed by my lame friend in his wheel-chair, and he hanged to him! so, brimful of anger, I walked into the library.—"Well, Mr. Dobbs," I began, "pretty behaviour this of yours—wheeled my boy to take your niece off your hands."

"Ugg, ugg!—this is too much of a joke, neighbour Wyville. Your coming to crow over me is most insulting, ugg, ugg!"

"To crow over you? what the devil do you mean, sir? Hasn't your niece run off with my son? Don't you expect, by that trick of yours, to get me to give my whole estate to my daughter, who is to be whipped up immediately by your precious nephew? No, no, old gentleman, your plot's discovered;—thanks to your friend and mine, Mr. Griper."

"Mr. Griper? Ugg, ugg!—I know no such person, ugg!"

"He knows you though, and that's quite enough for me. You shan't succeed, I promise you."

"Ugg, ugg! I don't understand what you're driving at. You tell me your son has run off with my niece. Let her go,—ugg, ugg!—I am ready to give up her fortune whenever her husband demands it, ugg, ugg!"

"Her fortune?" said I. "Why, I never heard a word of it."

"Ugg, ugg!—very likely;—ugg, ugg! If she had only told me of her intention I would have made a better bargain for her, that's all. But you and your son have beat me,—ugg, ugg!"

This was a perfect puzzle to me—"Do you mean, Mr. Dobbs," I said, "to deny that you have hooked my boy into this match?"

"Hooked—ugg, ugg!—into a match, with twenty thousand pounds, and no settlement? ugg, ugg!"

"Pray, Mr. Dobbs, are you acquainted with a very infirm old gentleman of the name of Griper?"

"Never heard of him,—ugg!—who is he?"

"Why, he has staid in the same house with me at Leamington for a fortnight. He said he knew you very well. I have left him in charge with Emily."

"Whew!" said, Mr. Dobbs, "say you so, Mr. Wyville? You have conquered on one wing; see if I don't beat you on the other."

The old gentleman rang for his carriage, put four posters to it, offered me a seat, and off we set on our way to Leamington, moping and wondering, one in each corner of the carriage. Next day we thundered down the main street; and, on looking up, who should be gazing at us from the window of my own drawing-room but Master Tom and Miss Charlotte Travers.

I couldn't find it in my heart to be angry, more especially as I saw how vexed old Dobbs was. We hurried up stairs.

"Ah! Tom, you're a pretty fellow," I began; "playing such a trick; and as for you, Miss Charlotte"

"Oh!" interrupted Tom, "let me introduce you, Mrs. Wyville!"

"What married? ugg, ugg, and not a word about settlements?" said Mr. Dobbs.

"Even so," replied young Hopeful. "Don't you think I've done exactly as you told me, Father?"

"How?" said I.

"Why, spited the old gentleman—look at him."

"But where is my friend Mr. Griper, all this time?" said I.

"Oh!" replied Tom, "old Griper will be here directly;" and at that moment in wheeled the old invalid in his chair.

"How's this, Mr. Griper?" I cried—"where's your word? This is your friend, Mr. Dobbs; you don't seem to recognise him."

"Ugg, ugg! never saw the gentleman in the whole course of my life."

"Don't say so," replied Mr. Griper, snuffling even more than usual. "Didn't you boast to my friend, Mr. Wyville here, that your nephew, young Travers, would marry his daughter within a month?"

"I did—ugg, ugg!"

"Without a settlement?"

"Yes."

"To spite her father?"

"Yes."

"Then, dear uncle!" cried Mr. Griper, jumping out of his chair, and throwing off his disguise—"tis done to your hearts's desire—and here comes Mrs. Henry Travers to answer for herself."

The laugh was now turned against me; and old Dobbs, after enjoying his triumph for a while, held out his hand to me, and said, "Ugg, ugg? couple old fools, neighbour Wyville; least said soonest mended; let us all home again as soon as we can, and since we can't make our children wretched merely for the fun of tormenting one another, why, I say,—ugg, ugg—let us make them as happy as we can."

Now, Fred, be a good boy; leave Hartley for a week or two, and join us during our rejoicings. Bring my god-daughter Jane with you; and believe me yours, very sincerely,

GEORGE WYVILLE.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

WHY DON'T HE COME.

AIR—*Twilight Dews.*

With anxious look, her wand'ring eye,
Strays far away from home;
Then with a deep and heartfelt sigh,
Says, "why? why don't he come!"
Ah! What a tale each glist'ning tear,
That melts on beauty's cheek,
Could whisper in a lover's ear
Had it the power to speak!

If ev'ry wish her heart has borne,
That's told in sorrow's strain,
Could go where her fond lover's gone
Soon he'd return again! BLACK HAWK.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Where'er, o'er lands remote and lone,
With wand'ring steps I flee;
The more I roam—my heart is still,
My native land, with thee.
Tost by the tempest's raging power,
Upon the angry sea;
Or in the calm—my heart is still,
My native land, with thee.
Then let me stray where'er I will,
There is no joy for me;
For though afar, my heart is still,
My native land, with thee.

T.

EXTRACT FROM BERNARD'S

Manuscript Retrospections of the American Stage.
The Three Fortunes—A Mis-fortune—Our Company
—On Cooper—My Debut in America.

My first night in New York I slept in peacefulness at one of the Inns—a delightful contrast—and from thence removed to a boarding-house which I had been recommended to, kept by a very worthy woman of the name of *Fortune*. There were some very pleasant people at her house, and the standing, or rather running, joke at table used to be our good landlady's name. It was a word "upon which the *Pundictis* (as Merry used to say) could grow very abstruse."—The family were termed the "*three Fortunes*"—(herself and two daughters,) the eldest of whom (a most amiable girl) was called *good Fortune*—the other (and deservedly so) *pretty Fortune*—and the mother (who rather *en bon point*) *large Fortune*. Young Jefferson (the son of my partner at Plymouth) married the youngest daughter, and whether in love most with the *joke* or the *girl*, I can't say; but on the morning of their union he came to me, and certainly rendered an old witicism on matrimony practical, by saying that "*he was married, and had met with a Mis-Fortune.*"

The company that Mr. Wignell had assembled for his winter campaign, was in all respects one of the best I ever played in. Cooper and Fennel were his leading tragedians. Morton personified the lovers in tragedy, and the whole cast of sprightly and genteel comedy, in a style that would have challenged competition in London. Bisset and Harwood were the two comedians, and both of them extremely clever; and Warren, in the comic old men, was an actor of superior merit. Among our females were Mrs. Merry and Mrs. Oldmixon, two actresses that the "*States*" have never since seen equalled in their respective paths. The *Corps de Ballet* was under the direction of Mr. Byrne, of Covent Garden, the first dancer of celebrity that had appeared in America; and our musical department was numerous and effective. It was a company in fact sufficiently talented for an audience in London, and much too expensive for any out of it.

As our theatre was undergoing some repairs, which prevented our opening on the instant, Mr. Solé (the Charleston manager) took advantage of the delay, and, by Hodgkinson's authority, collected a company, and coming down upon us, opened the winter theatre for a short season; but it was an ineffectual attempt. Our opening entertainment stamped our reputation and secured attendance, though the public were every way inconvenienced in getting to our house, and in seeing the performances. Our tragedians were eminently successful in *Julius Caesar*; the character of the cold, philosophising Brutus, assimilated more closely with the powers and tone of Fennel's acting, than any other, perhaps, in the drama. Morton was imitable in Cassius, and Cooper's oration in Antony, over the body of Caesar, was, and ever has been, the most perfect piece of declamation on the stage. Cooper was not the actor at that day which he has been since—his talents were more in embryo, and were of a kind that required judicious experience to determine their excellence. Time has done every thing in mellowing his conceptions, and refining or pruning the dramatic exuberances of his youth. It is the mastery which his judgment has gained over his mental energy and feeling, that led to the excellence he subsequently attained, by preserving the just limits of nature from violating, and by suggesting more correct and extensive views of character. Exuberance in a young actor is so often occasioned by his own animal spirits, that it is too common a fault to be severe upon; but it is not every actor that is gifted with a judgment capable of operating upon his style to such a beneficial extent, as Mr. Cooper's. Cooper may at present

bear a favorable comparison with any tragedian on the stage. His school, to all appearance, was that of Kemble, and though inferior to his great cotemporary in a classic, and sometimes a correct conception of character, and in the polished accomplishments of a declaimer, he has at the same time (or had—for I speak of the year 1819, when I last played with him) more energy, pathos, and varied expression, and is altogether less cold and artificial. It were not worth while to contrast them in characters, because from what I have said, the reader may surmise to their difference himself. Cooper's *Macbeth* I considered nearly on a par with Kemble's, and his *Othello* only inferior to Barry's; but his last scene of *Lucius Junius Brutus*, struck me to be the finest and most effective piece of acting the American stage had ever witnessed.

On the 25th of August, 1867, I made my debut to an American audience, in the character of Goldfinch, and was warmly received—a circumstance that I mention with this precision, because it is an important date in these pages, and a necessary link in the chain of my narrative. The next evening I was to enact *Sharp* in the *Lying Valet*, when about an hour previous to the performance, I felt myself taken ill, but wishing to keep my word with the public, I went to the theatre and played the part, with a physician at the wings, who gave me medicines and liquids between the scenes. The reader may imagine this was a curious resource, and that it was impossible I could have been very humorous on the stage one moment, when I was roaring like a mad bull behind the scenes, another. Some of the actors compared me to Garrick in his picture, between tragedy and comedy. The performance, however, went off with much applause, but on returning home, the fatigue of the night had increased my disorder to that degree, that I was compelled to call in more advice. Dr. Gamage, a friend of Wignell's, attended, and informed me that I was only indisposed from the change of climate, and that every transatlantic constitution was liable to be visited in the same way on its arrival in the country. He recommended my immediately quitting New York for a few weeks—said that I required nothing but quiet, gentle exercise, and moderate living, to get me over it. This was a most unfortunate occurrence in all respects, but one that admitted of no remedy. Dr. Gamage recommended that the scene of my rustication should be the little village of Ha laen, distant about 7 or 8 miles from New York, where there was an excellent air for my renovation, and a good Inn for my entertainment. I accordingly drove Mrs. Bernard and a trunk of clean linen out there, together with Mrs. Jefferson, the wife of the comedian, who intend to stop with us during his absence in Boston.

One way of paying a Bill—Nocturnal observations—Fanciful Lightning—The Fireflies—The Bull Frogs and Hensians.

We had hardly been seated in the parlor ten minutes and ordered tea, before the door opened, and the man that I took to be the ostler, from his appearance, walked into the room, and addressing some unimportant question about the roads or the weather, took his seat at the *fire-side*. I was a-going to have expressed myself in rather plain terms at the fellow's familiarity, as I thought, when luckily he anticipated me, by an observation which let me immediately into a knowledge of my company. Mine host was very communicative, and asked me nearly on the instant, whether I had met with such a person in my travels as "*Mr. Reed*." On replying in the negative, he told me that some countryman of mine by that name, who had stopped at his house a few months previous, for the space of three weeks, had taken occasion to quarrel with him every day on political topics, and at length made his exit without paying him a shilling, leaving a

note behind him (which he showed me) something like this effect:

"Sir—I have lived at your house nearly a month, and certainly did intend to have paid you honorably the amount of my bill for the time, whatever it might have been; but consistently with my feelings and opinions as an Englishman and a traveller, I cannot think of remunerating a man who publicly asserts that my countrymen had the worst of the engagement at *Norraganset*. As it is impossible I should after my sentiments upon this subject, be kind enough to request the amount of my bill from the next Englishman who may stop at your house, and thinks differently to myself. Your obliged, but unconvinced, servant,"

JOHN REED.

The first night I slept at this Inn I was agreeably surprised with some of the appearances of nature, which I considered as a striking phenomena, not unworthy of the speculations of a Newton or a Zimmerman. The first was the effect of what the Americans term the *heat lightning*, (which sounds, by the by, something like the pleuvasm)—when the whole sky seemed to have gone into mourning, and was "hung with black," to afford a scene or shade upon which the electric phantasmagoria might play off. In an instant the whole horizon was lit up, without any preceding thunder, (which might else have been considered as the *overture* to this performance,) and the lightning, in a million of "*forms and figures*," played and shot, and mingled with each other in awful species of revelry—and the longer I observed them, the more I imagined I could suggest similitudes between them and earthly forms. In an instant, all was dark again, and after the interval of a few minutes, the exhibition recommenced.

The next thing was the "*fire-flies*," that puzzled me marvellously to make out where they carried their "*dark lanterns*," and what the light proceeded from. This illumination, though more minute, was more extraordinary than the other, and I did not rest till I had obtained some explanation from the landlord. I know not whether my idea was as correct as the naturalists that have written about them, but it struck me that this fly should have been peculiar to *Ireland*, and not America—for their formation was truly *Hibernian*, in carrying a light at their tails, to show them their way on a dark night.

And "last, not least," the third wonder of the night varied from lights to sounds, and consisted in the *Bull-frog concert*, which I listened to, in a marsh not many yards from my window. Between the *frog* and the *bull-frog* there is a great difference. The former may be considered the *national reptile* of France, the latter (if found there) would have been equally so of *Great Britain*—and the very name suggests its characteristic and important distinction. Unluckily, however, the American marsh has the honor of producing and furnishing the *bull-frog*, and not the English swamp; but the derivation of the name I am inclined to attribute to an English source altogether. They were designated *bull-frogs*, most likely, from the resemblance of their croaking to that of so many of my speculative countrymen, who emigrated in the early days from England, with the impression that they should find the shores pebbled with precious stones, and the rivers flowing with milk and honey, &c. In the reptile harmony that prevails in one of these swamps, the *bull-frog* must be considered the *bass singer*. I can like their chaunting to nothing but a company of choristers, who were choked with the *guinsey*, or were hoarse after whooping and hallowing of anthems—or to some people who were rinsing their throats with water—or rather, to a collection of Aldermen at a London tavern dinner, who were getting merry over their cups. This last is a happy resemblance. The *bull-frog* may be considered the *Alderman-reptile*,

not more from his sleek, corpulent, and waddling appearance, than his guttural and gobbling language.

Respecting these reptiles, my landlord told me a very amusing story:—During the Revolutionary war, a detachment of Hessians were pursuing a party of Americans, in the interior of the State of New York, and at night-time surrounded a swamp in which the bull-frogs were sputtering and croaking in vehement conference, when, deceived by the noises that they imagined came from the enemy, who had fallen into the swamp, and were sinking and drowning in all directions, (as no quarters were given) the duty-doing Germans commenced popping at the swamps, wherever a sound proceeded, till daylight came, and some native informed them that "*that had been firing all night at bull-frogs.*"

THE FRENCH LADIES.

ART OF NEVER GROWING OLD.

In her recent work, *Paris and the Parisians* in 1835, Mrs. Trollope has touched upon a subject of considerable importance to society, though treated by the writer in a brief and playful manner—the influence of the fair sex. It is agreed on all sides, Mrs. Trollope says, that it is a difficult thing for a pretty woman to grow old in any country, and a terrible one to become a caterpillar after having been a butterfly. To the question, "Which nation understands the art of submitting to this downfall gracefully?" Mrs. Trollope answers, that English women generally are able to conform to it with a respectable degree of resignation; but the French, by means of some invaluable secret which they wisely keep to themselves, are enabled to approach very nearly to success in the art of never growing old at all.

In the opinion that the French women have made considerable progress in this invaluable science, we are much inclined to agree with Mrs. Trollope; but do not coincide with her in the assertion, that they keep the secret to themselves. On the contrary, we are disposed to believe that their success in bidding defiance to time and wrinkles, is owing to various circumstances, which, as it seems to us, are sufficiently obvious.

France, placed in the midst of the temperate zone, is blessed with one of the finest climes in the world. The air, generally, is pure, light, and elastic; and it is to the purity of their atmosphere that the French people, we believe, are chiefly indebted for the gaiety and good humour which distinguishes them. Freed from the dejection and gloominess caused by the cold and foggy climates of their northern neighbours, and the lassitudes produced by the heat of more southern countries, they enjoy that medium state between high and low spirits, denominated cheerfulness, a state of mind so favourable to the comfort and health of both soul and body. With them, the sense of existence, the being merely, is a pleasurable condition; and being pleased with themselves, they feel a satisfaction in contributing to the pleasure of others. Hence they become social and affable, studious of good manners, and attentive to those numerous little observances which so greatly contribute to the general comfort and happiness of life.

The French women possess advantages, arising from the habits of the nation, which are not so common to their neighbours. Power in France is pretty equally shared between the sexes. A French woman is not only her husband's partner in name, but in fact also. She is consulted by him on all occasions; she partakes in his pleasures, takes an active part in his business, and exercises an equal influence in the regulation of both. Two heads, they rationally conclude, are better than one; and we cannot but think, that both pleasure and business are increased and improved

by this just participation and mutual controul. This practice of enjoying and observing society together, imparts to the women a knowledge of things in general, which, among other advantages, has this in particular, that it conduces to render them conversable beings, and consequently pleasing companions at all times. The result is, that in a mixed company in France, there is scarcely any topic introduced, in the discussion of which females do not bear a part advantageously.

The French people may be vainer than their neighbours; but they are not so proud. The different classes of society are therefore not kept at such a distance from each other as in most other countries; and this rude general intercourse is highly beneficial to all parties. Intellectual acquirements and accomplishments are more considered than the accident of birth, or even the possession of riches; and these riches are not, as in England, heaped in large masses and in a few hands. This more equal division of property contributes much to the public prosperity; "for money," as Lord Bacon says, "is like muck, of no use unless it be well spread." The sense of personal independence is consequently strong in France, stronger perhaps than in any other country in the world. Every discerning traveller in that land must have remarked, that the smaller shopkeepers, artisans, labourers, and domestic servants, are less obsequious and servile than those of other nations; yet at the same time they are alert and attentive, and show no want of a proper consideration for their customers and employers. This arises from the feelings of independence above alluded to, of which the females fully partake. With some knowledge of the world, a reliance upon their own powers, and a consciousness of their value, the women of France, when left to their own resources, are not those helpless creatures which the sex are usually seen to be in countries where they are taught to consider the men as their only protectors. They know that when they can aid themselves God will aid them; and they wisely qualify themselves for a state of independence rather than one of submissive protection.

The course of domestic life runs smoother in France than in England, if for one reason only. The French are not led away by that thirst for rivalry, the effects of which so certainly tend to embitter existence in England. They are not ashamed of being thought poor, and have the good sense to adopt their style of living to their means. This saves them from a world of care, from duns, disgraces, dangers; and no one is thought the worse of, or avoided, because he cannot or will not vie with his wealthier acquaintance in the costliness of his furniture, or the sumptuousness of his entertainment. The rivalry is in things which it is much more creditable to excel in, literature, the art of being agreeable, an art which few will fail to acquire some proficiency who carefully avoid giving unnecessary offence, and study to do as they would wish to be done by.

It was the celebrated Ninon l'Enclos, who, in the reign of Louis XIV., proved to what a length of time the usual effects of years upon the human frame may be delayed. There is yet, we believe, a portrait of this remarkable woman at Knowles, in Kent, the seat of the Duke of Dorset, taken when she was upwards of 70 years of age. She was the daughter of a gentleman of Touraine, a part of France famous for the deliciousness of its air. She possessed a fine constitution, beauty, wit, and other graces and accomplishments. The tragic fate of her illegitimate son is well known. Brought up in ignorance of his birth, he fell desperately in love with his mother, and when made acquainted with the relationship, he committed suicide. She retained her beauty, if not to the very last, to an extraordinary age, for when beyond sixty, she was be-

set by several youthful lovers, men of rank and fashion.

This art of avoiding the ravages of time is not peculiar to France. The late Marchioness of Hertford, when she had passed her 60th year, had the air and look of a buxom widow of forty, and was then, it was said, greatly admired by his late Majesty George IV.; at that period the attractions of this courtly dame were thus archly commemorated in the harmonious verse of Thomas Moore:—

Then let us repair to Manchester-square,
And see if the lovely Marchesa be there;
O let her come with her dark tresses flowing,
So gently and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of Ackerman's dresses for May.

Nor was this desirable secret known to the moderns only. It is plain from history, that in ancient times also, certain of the sex possessed this art of "getting time and wrinkles at defiance." Sarah, the wife of the patriarch Abraham, is described as being "very fair" when considerably advanced in life;—and the fact that she afterwards attracted the regards of Pharaoh and Abimelech, the Monarchs of Egypt and Gerar, is a proof that this description of her was not too laudable.

Beauty of the highest order is rare both in France and England; but handsome women are more common in the latter than the former country. The English have softer features, clearer complexions, and better figures, than their lively neighbours. By the adoption of certain fashionable customs the forms intended by nature are not allowed to attain to their natural fullness, or to acquire those fair proportions which so greatly contribute to the beauty of the figure. If this be not so, then the Greek sculptors, with Praxiteles and Phidias at their head, knew little of the human form, and the Medician Venus, "the statue that enchants the world," must be scarcely better than a misshapen mass of marble.

But personal beauty, however attractive (and none but the blind will deny its power) is not the only thing nor even the chief, which confers upon the sex their influence they exercise in all civilized countries. In every age, the women most remarkable for this influence have owed it less to personal than to mental attractions. The celebrated Queen of Egypt was not beautiful, yet one of the ablest and most accomplished men of his age, Julius Cæsar, greatly delighted in her society. So did Mark Antony, his successor in her favour,—a very inferior man, it is true; but this only serves to show the fascinating powers of a woman, who could thus, after she had lost her youth, captivate and enchant persons so different in character. Shakspeare in two lines explained the whole mystery when he wrote of Cleopatra—

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

Madame de Maintenon is another instance of the superiority of intellectual charms. By the force of an accomplished mind, aided by a serene temper, though unaccompanied by either youth or beauty, this lady obtained such an ascendancy over Louis XIV., that she became his counsellor on all occasions, and finally his wife. The marriage indeed was never officially avowed, yet she was in fact Queen of France, and lived to regret that she had lost her happiness by the elevation.

The fleeting nature of beauty has been a frequent theme of regret; but were it less perishable than it is proved to be, it is a question whether its influence would be much increased. The most symmetrical features, unless animated by an amiable and intelligent spirit, are soon contemplated with considerable indifference. This is a truth of which the French ladies ap-

pear to be fully sensible; and however assured they may be of their personal beauty, they are prudent enough not to rely too much upon it for their influence in the world. Generally favoured by nature with an active and cheerful disposition, they are fond of company, and know that, to be acceptable in it, they must bring with them those companionable qualities and accomplishments which constitute the charm of society. The art of making themselves agreeable is therefore one of their chief studies; and it is to the proficiency they attain in the power of pleasing, which, we apprehend, not only assures to them the constant deference and respect of the men, but enables them likewise—from the action of mind upon body—"to bid defiance to time and wrinkles;" an art in which, according to Mrs. Trollope, they are deeply versed. This, then, is the "secret" which that lady erroneously says the women of France keep to themselves; for it is evidently one which has been understood by her sex from time immemorial,—and not unknown, we are certain, to many of her own countrywomen, who have also made it their business to accomplish themselves in the graces of life, assured as they are, from their own experience and the judgment of the eloquent Rousseau, that "the Graces never grow old."

There is a fine passage in Plutarch's "Life of Pericles," where he is speaking of the glorious structures raised at Athens by that eminent statesman, which might be better applied, we think, to human beings so graced, of which Greece furnished many splendid examples. "A certain freshness," he says, "bloomed upon them, and preserved their faces uninjured, as if they possessed a never-lading spirit, and a soul insensible to age."

SCENES IN A MADHOUSE.

[The following striking account of a scene in the Bedlam of Paris, is extracted from a paper read at the Academy of Sciences by the son of the celebrated Pinel, describing an act of his father's which deserves everlasting honour for the wisdom, courage, and humanity which it displays.]

Towards the end of 1792, Pinel, after having many times urged the Government to allow him to unchain the maniacs of the Bicetre, but in vain, went himself to the authorities, and with much earnestness and warmth advocated the removal of this monstrous abuse. Couthon, a member of the commune, gave way to M. Pinel's arguments, and agreed to meet him at the Bicetre. Couthon then interrogated those who were chained, but the abuse he received, and the confused sounds of cries, vociferations, and clanking of chains, in the filthy and damp cells, made him recoil from Pinel's proposition. "You may do what you will with them (said he;) but I fear you will become their victim." Pinel instantly commenced his undertaking. There were about fifty whom he considered might without danger to the others be unchained, and he began by releasing twelve, with the sole precaution of having previously prepared the same number of strong waistcoats, with long sleeves, which could be tied behind the back if necessary. The first man on whom the experiment was to be tried was an English captain, whose history no one knew, as he had been in chains forty years. He was thought to be one of the most furious among them. His keepers approached him with caution, as he had, in a fit of fury, killed one of them on the spot with a blow from his manacles. He was chained more rigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and calmly said to him, "Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty to walk in the court, if you will promise me to behave well, and injure no one." "Yes, I promise you (said the maniac;)

but you are laughing at me—you are all too much afraid of me." "I have six men (said Pinel) ready to enforce my commands, if necessary. Believe me then, on my word, I will give you your liberty if you will put on this waistcoat."

He submitted to this willingly, without a word. His chains were removed, and the keepers retired, leaving the door of his cell open. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell again on it, for he had been in a sitting posture so long, that he had lost the use of his legs. In a quarter of an hour he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps came to the door of his dark cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, "How beautiful!" During the rest of the day he was constantly in motion, walking up and down the staircases, and uttering short exclamations of delight. In the evening he returned of his own accord into his cell, where a better bed than he had been accustomed to had been prepared for him, and he slept tranquilly. During the two succeeding years which he spent in the Bicetre, he had no return of his previous paroxysms, but even rendered himself useful by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients, whom he ruled in his own fashion.

The next unfortunate being whom Pinel visited was a soldier of the French guards, whose only fault was drunkenness: when once he lost self-command by drink he became quarrelsome and violent, and the more dangerous from his great bodily strength. From his frequent excesses, he had been discharged from his corps, and he had speedily dissipated his scanty means. Disgrace and misery so depressed him that he became insane; in his paroxysms he believed himself a General, and fought those who would not acknowledge his rank. After a furious struggle of this sort he was brought to the Bicetre in a state of the greatest excitement. He had now been chained for ten years, and with greater care than the others, from his having frequently broken his chains with his hands only. Once when he broke loose, he defied all his keepers to enter his cell until they had each passed under his legs; and he compelled eight men to obey this strange command. Pinel, in his previous visits to him, regarded him as a man of original good nature, but under excitement, incessantly kept up by cruel treatment; and he had promised speedily to ameliorate his condition, which promise alone had made him more calm. Now he announced to him that he should be chained no longer, "and, to prove that he had confidence in him, and believed him to be a man capable of better things, he called upon him to assist in releasing those others who had not reason like himself; and promised, if he conducted himself well, to take him into his own service." The change was sudden and complete. No sooner was he liberated than he became obliging and attentive, following with his eye every motion of Pinel, and executing his orders with as much address as promptness: he spoke kindly and reasonably to the other patients; and during the rest of his life was entirely devoted to his deliverer. And "I can never hear without emotion (says Pinel's son) the name of this man, who some years after this occurrence shared with me the games of my childhood, and to whom I shall feel always attached."

In the next cell there were three Prussian soldiers, who had been in chains for many years, but on what account no one knew. They were in general calm and inoffensive, becoming animated only when conversing together in their own language, which was unintelligible to others. They were allowed the only consolation of which they appeared sensible—to live together. The preparations taken to release them alarmed them, as they imagined the keepers were come to inflict new severities; and they opposed them violently when removing their irons. When released they

were not willing to leave their prison, and remained in their habitual posture. Either grief or loss of intellect had rendered them indifferent to liberty.

Near them was an old priest, who was possessed with the idea that he was Christ; his appearance indicated the vanity of his belief; he was grave and solemn; his smile soft and at the same time severe, repelling all familiarity; his hair was long and hung on each side of his face, which was pale, intelligent and resigned. On his being once taunted with a question that "if he was Christ he could break his chains," he solemnly replied, "Frustra tentaris Dominum tuum." His whole life was a romance of religious excitement. He undertook on foot pilgrimages to Cologne and Rome; and made a voyage to America for the purpose of converting the Indians: his dominant idea became changed into actual mania, and on his return to France he announced himself as the Saviour. He was taken by the police before the Archbishop of Paris, by whose orders he was confined in the Bicêtre as either impious or insane. His hands and feet were loaded with heavy chains, and during twelve years he bore with exemplary patience this martyrdom and constant sarcasm. Pinel did not attempt to reason with him, but ordered him to be unchained in silence, directing at the same time that every one should imitate the old man's reserve, and never speak to him. This order was rigorously observed, and produced on the patient a more decided effect than either chains or a dungeon; he became humiliated by this unusual isolation, and after hesitating for a long time, gradually introduced himself to the society of the other patients. From this time his notions became more just and sensible, and in less than a year he acknowledged the absurdity of his previous prepossession, and was dismissed from the Bicêtre.

In the course of a few days, Pinel released 53 maniacs from their chains: among them were men of all conditions and countries; workmen, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, &c. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquility and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder; and the whole discipline was marked with a regularity and kindness which had the most favourable effect on the insane themselves; rendering even the most furious more tractable.—*British and Foreign Med. Review.*

From the Saturday Evening Post.

HER LAST BLOWS AT PARTING.

A Parody on Moore's Song—"Her last words at parting."

Her last blows at parting how can I forget?

Deep laid in my head, aye! there will they stay;

She boxed both my ears, they're both ringing yet,

Oh! those sounds to this hour have not melted away,

Let gin shops assail me, they tempt me in vain,

These still breathing words shall my talisman be,

"Remember! you rogue, if in liquor you get,

"There's two fists so mellow which beat but for thee."

From the dram shop's sweet well, though the pilgrim must lie,

Never more of that fresh springing fountain to taste,

He hath still of old sherry a treasured supply,

Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste,

Though far from the tap room I'm doomed to remain,

These words shall my stay in the solitude be—

"Remember! you rogue if in liquor you get,

"There's two fists so mellow which beat but for thee."

F.

He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well and he will hold his peace.

LACONICS—No. VIII.

It has been computed by some political arithmeticians, that if every man and woman would work for four hours each day on something useful, their labour would produce sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life.

There is no doubt something meritorious in the conceiving of great and noble resolutions. But this patriotism of the imagination does not rise to a higher scale of merit than the sensibility of those who cannot hear a tale of sorrow without weeping, but whose sympathy never assumes the expensive form of actual charity.

Whatever of your character and purpose it may be desirable to conceal, is best hidden under a sociable and open demeanour.

There are many persons who would not much have blamed Moses for breaking the tables of the law, had he demolished the second only—others again would have saved the second as the more important of the two; the former constitute a very numerous body—faith alone requiring few or no sacrifices of worldly goods or personal comforts; the latter are few in number—pure and unspotted morality, unsupported by religious faith, requires uncommon powers of self command and a lofty disinterested spirit.—The true christian is in union of these two—he is pure and holy, and moral, because he believes he will thereby please the Great Author of all things.

When we read we fancy we could be martyrs, and when we come to act we cannot even bear a provoking word.

Forget not in all your plans and operations that there are two worlds.

Low company of whatever kind, debases our nature in proportion as we become attached to it.

Hunger and thirst are the strongest of all our appetites, being the most essential to our preservation: it is generally owing to criminal indulgence when any other appetite acquires unreasonable strength.

Arrogance is always offensive, because in demanding more than its due, it manifests a petulant and injurious disposition that disdains to be controlled by good breeding, or any other restraint.

We should do well to guard against unreasonable dejection.

Emulation when without any mixture of malice or envy, is a noble principle of action, and a powerful excitement to the acquisition of excellence.

Emulation wishes to raise itself without putting others down, that is, without doing or wishing them any injury, and no principle of action is in itself more commendable or more useful to others as an example to rouse them to honest industry: there is great generosity in such emulation; and the man who exerts himself in it is every moment acquiring more and more the command of his own spirit.

Attention to our company is a principal part of politeness, and renders their conversation and behaviour both amusing and instructing to us. We ought therefore to be constantly on our guard against contracting any of those habits of indolence or wandering mind, which, when long persisted in, form what is called an absent man.

I speak not rashly, but with too good evidence, when I affirm that many young persons of both sexes have, by reading romances, been ruined; and that many of the follies, and not a few of the crimes now prevalent may be traced to the same source.

Original.

JAMIE LOON,

OR A TALE OF THE PAST.

Heed not their smile: for 'neath it lies

The canker worm of hate;

To kiss—is but to court your death,

To wither by its Upas breath.

And meet a captive's fate.

At the foot of the Alleghany ridge, and not far from the head waters of the Juniata, there stood, towards the close of the last century, a beautiful little country house—surrounded by pleasant fields of cultivated land, and more immediately embowered with many a vine and many a flower; the dwelling of Mr. Henry, had deservedly obtained the name of Primrose Place. The house itself was small, but tasteful; and, under the fairy hand of an only daughter, had far outstripped its neighbours in those little elegancies which are so rarely found in a newly settled country. Comfortably rich, yet still not wealthy, its widowed possessor continued to reside with that orphan child, upon the place where he had spent some of the happiest moments of his life, and although, he sometimes spoke of a removal to the city, and had even gone so far as to write for the purchase of a small property; yet summer had driven all these visions from his mind, and amid the beauties of a country life he seemed to have forgotten the dull routine of his earlier days in a crowded mart. Winter came again, and the idea revived but the property had not been procured, and so he remained in uncertainty until spring returned; and then with a sigh, Mr. Henry determined to spend the remainder of his days upon his place, in nursing its cultivation, and watching the budding charms of his lovely daughter.

Adeline Henry was sitting one summer afternoon, at the window of her little room, leaning upon her beautiful hand, and gazing pensively upon a sunset landscape.—Before her lay her own little garden luxuriating in its flowers; and surrounded with the rich fields waving and undulating beneath the breeze of a summer day, and beyond them was the deep, dark forest lowering suddenly upon the sight, and seeming the fit abode for some of those mighty spirits with which the students of Germany have peopled the woods of their father-land. In the far distance, were seen the blue mountains rising up into the heavens—covered with their belt of forests and shutting out the landscape with their towering heads, while here and there a gorge or pass let through the bright blue sky, and gave a relief to the prospect as the clouds swept by, appearing to emerge from one mountain side, and then, after rolling for a moment through the heavens, to pass again into the rocky side of the other.

Long and fixedly she gazed upon this sight, and seemed utterly unconscious of any thing but the sunset scene: at last, however, she slowly raised her eyes from looking at the distant hills, and as she did so, sighed, a low sound broke upon her ear, and for a moment she thought it was the echo of her truant sigh; but no, a hand pushed aside the vines which clustered around her window, and with a gentle spring, Edward Mandey stood before her.—Blushing deeply, she laid her hand upon the arm of the intruder, and replied to his passionate exclamation by saying—

"How could you, Edward?"

"How could I, Ada, why ask me that, has not an opportunity occurred for which I have waited long, and could I leave here without bidding you farewell?"

"Going!" answered the maiden with an exclamation of surprise, while the truant blood rushed over face, forehead and snowy neck, and then retreating, leaving her as pale and motionless as chiselled stone.

"Yes, dearest, but soon to return."

"But why go, it is not to that unsettled Ohio, is it?"

"It is, it is; but honor compels me to undertake the journey: in the morning I must start, for if I stay I lose honor, I lose all."

"You must then—but yet," and there she stopped; love and reason for a moment struggled together, and then she added, "but yet it is so dangerous, right through the heart of the unsatisfied Indians." For some time they carried on the conversation in lover's tones, but at the incidental mention of her only parent's name, the fair girl

seemed to awake to a feeling of her momentary indiscretion, stepping involuntarily back, she said,

"We must part, really, Edward, your were wrong in coming: what if my father knew this—what would he say?"

"Yes, but I have waited long for such an opportunity, and now when his absence permits me to see you, I am told to go," he said in a reproachful tone; and Adeline felt the reproach, and there was another conflict in her breast: love and duty were placed in opposition to each other, but after a momentary pause, the latter prevailed and she looked up into her lover's face and said with noble feeling,

"Edward, this from you—would you teach me to disobey my only parent, and in the same breath speak of love?"

"Forgive me, Ada, I forget myself, I was peevish, selfish, any thing—only smile on me again and I will," and there he stopped, and finished the sentence by gently winding his arm around her slender waist.

"Well, I will," answered the blushing and struggling girl, "if you will only go, but indeed, indeed you must," and she struggled fainter and fainter, and when her lover said farewell, she silently yielded to his embrace; the remembrance of his absence came across her heart, and could she, could any blame her for permitting that long pure parting kiss? Another whispered word, whispered with trembling tones, a few sentences from her lover and then he sprang from the window, darted into the shrubbery and waving his hand as he stepped into his little boat, was soon lost to sight behind the underwood that skirted the forest. Long did Adeline gaze upon the spot where last he was seen, and as she gazed the tears gathered into her eyes and trickled down through her slender fingers; and before her the prospect gradually darkened, the forest seemed one black mass of indistinctness, and then the spot where he had vanished faded too away and all was still and dark and shapeless.

It was midnight and the family of Primrose Place lay wrapped in sleep. All thought of danger had been far from its inmates when they laughingly retired to repose. The lights had been carefully extinguished, and the absence of the master did not in any degree lessen the customary care of the head servant Jones. The large dog had been loosened in the yard, and every customary precaution taken before ten o'clock; and joking and tittering, the maid servants separated to their respective rooms, while their young mistress lay down to dream of her parting with her lover.

It was midnight, the hour of gnomes and spirits, when a dark figure flitted across the edge of the wood, and then disappeared; another and another followed, and then the view relapsed into its moonlight quietness. There lay the forest wrapped in the stillness of a summer night, and at its verge wandered the little river murmuring on, as it ever did, the only thing that broke the silence of the beautiful night.

It was indeed a holy sight, the calmness of repose had settled on all around, and the landscape appeared as if wrapped in slumber; while high above the moon was sailing slowly on, now hidden beneath the light fleecy clouds that were scattered over the heavens, and now bursting from the misty covert, and pouring her silvery light over hill and glade and stream. The mind in gazing on it was lifted above the littleness of earth, and seemed to hold companionship with the eternal stars.—But again did a dark shadow emerge from the forest's verge, and advancing a short distance into the field, disclosed the figure of an Indian; with one hand he held the accustomed rifle, and with the forefinger of the other pointing to the house, directed the attention of his now advancing companions in that quarter.

"Does the Red Fox know the wigwam of the white man with the brand?" asked he.

"Does the eagle know the nest of his mate or the haunts of his foe?" demanded the person thus addressed.

"Then like the eagle will he pounce upon the young, or shall we go again to our wigwams and say to our women, 'see we have brought you nothing?'"

"When the Red Fox is a dog he may change," said the other, heedless of the hidden taunt. "go—were the heart of a warrior to fail him, he should be taught to stay in the village with the women; and hoe the corn and spin, while his brothers are on the war path."

"The warriors that are here fear not," exclaimed the

other—drawing himself up in conscious bravery, "come, let us go."

Slowly and stealthily, in obedience to the movements of their seeming leaders, did the company of savages approach the devoted house: with crouching forms and their dark eyes peering forth from their outstretched heads, they crept along under the shadow of the trees and fences until they had attained the little garden of Adeline, but here they were for a moment stopped by the watchfulness of the large dog, who rushed upon them, barking furiously the while; a blow from the tomahawk of the leader brought him to the dust, however, and before the wounded beast could rise, the knife of the savage had passed across his throat. Concealment was no longer of any benefit, and so uttering their accustomed yell, the band rushed forward, and before the startled servants could hurry from their beds and offer any resistance, the door had been thrown down and the hall filled with the wild forms of the sons of the forest. The two principal personages, however, did not remain to aid in binding the terrified servants, but instantly rushed towards the staircase, and were already mounting it when old Jones threw himself before them, and exclaimed, "The young mistress, the young mistress," seizing him by the shoulders, the first one would have ended there the faithful fellow's life, had not the other interposed and saved his uplifted arm, as he said,

"Will the great Fox kill an old man?"

"No—" replied he, as he cast a contemptuous look on the victim; "go now, but the fire-brand's child."

Alarmed by the noise and uproar below, Adeline had hurried on her dress, and trembling with fright when she heard the hall door thrown down, she came forth and stood at the top of the stairs just as the Indian had dropped his hold upon the faithful serving man. For a moment they stood gazing at each other, and then, with a loud cry, the two savages sprang up the steps, followed by the aged servant. With a calm dignity Adeline waited their approach, she shrieked not, but her whole frame trembled violently; as she faltered out to them to take their plunder and depart.

"The Fox seeks not for gold," answered the Indian, "but his squaw weeps for her child, the pale faces came, and burnt her wigwam and drove her away, and her daughter died in the woods; and now shall the big warrior who lit the pile, send his daughter to fill her place, shall he not?" he said appealing to his companions; a yell was the only reply, and then they scattered themselves around to seek the "fire-brand," as Mr. Henry was called, and load themselves with plunder.

"What! what does he say, Jones?" she asked.

"Would to God master was here, or I was young," bitterly exclaimed the old man.

"Come, come, the Red Fox cannot wait, the sun will come again, and before that we must be far away; will the pale face go?"

"Go! oh my father! my father!" shrieked the maiden, as she saw the deserted hall and beheld no aid nigh.

"The wigwam over the mountains will find her a father, and the squaws shall call her daughter—come, come," and the sturdy Indian seized her in his arms, and bore off the shrieking girl, but before he reached the door she lay still and motionless, she had fainted away; while Jones was extended bleeding and stunned upon the floor, the reward of his impotent efforts to rescue his young mistress.

The other Indians soon returned from their fruitless search after the master of the house, and vexed with their disappointment, would have fired the house, had not their leader reminded them of the certain discovery attending it; one of the men was, therefore, unbound and under penalty of death compelled to saddle a couple of horses, on one of which the senseless girl was placed, while the other was led by one of the unoccupied savages; after which, the man was rebound and the plunderers departed from the place leaving it to the silence and repose of night. Quickly and stealthily they crossed the fields, they plunged into the little stream, and emerging a short distance below, rapidly pursued their way through the wild forest that now gathered around them. Over hills, locks and vales, through marsh and tangled brush they kept their course, and with singular dexterity followed a narrow path undistinguishable to every one except a woodsman; one moment they were passing through an open glade of the forest, and then again they plunged

into its dark recesses, where the huge trees towered above them, almost the same as they did an hundred year before; scarcely permitting a single moonbeam to penetrate their thick canopy of leaves. With their mighty trunks and dense foliage, they seemed the lords of the vegetable creation, and flourishing amid the decayed matter of centuries, that formed a layer around them, they appeared to bid defiance to the encroachments of man.

After having travelled with considerable rapidity for nearly two hours, the Indian first introduced, turned to his companion and pointing to the western sky, exclaimed,

"See, the moon is almost down, at dawn the pale faces will be upon our trail, and if the great hunter who lives so near our path should get one end of it, he will find the other though it be at the banks of the big river towards the setting sun."

"The Eagle speaks true, but what does he further say?"

"Let him go on this road," pointing in the direction, answered the other, "and let the little woman and your warriors go on the other, so will the pale faces quarrel which one to take." "Good, good, my brother speaks wisely," was the answer, and dividing without another word, one party proceeded on the path, while the other, which consisted of the Indian, called the Red Fox, and four companions struck boldly into the forest, leading the horse which carried Adeline. It is needless to say the other beast went with the sister party. Here let us leave them and return once more to Primrose Place.

It was long before the old servant Jones recovered from the effects of his blow, but when he did, he looked up and beheld his fellows lying around him firmly bound so as to confine them to the place; starting to his feet he gazed wildly around him, and then as he gradually recovered his scattered senses and recalled the transactions of the night, he groaned out "my poor young mistress—it will break master's heart; first his wife, and now dear young Ada—ah me, that I should have lived to see it!" his lamentations, however, were soon given up for something more efficient: the captives were cut loose with trembling hands, and all the horses left in the stables were mounted, and messengers despatched for aid to the nearest habitations. The next neighbour being somewhat less than two miles off.

Who that has dwelt in any place where the people are mostly simple in their manners, and more especially among the back-settlers, that has not noticed the sympathy which prevails at any such occurrence as the present? It is one of the redeeming and bright spots upon the characters of men, that make us love them much, and which are ever worn off as they gradually become more civilized, so that the good inhabitants of cities are generally celebrated for their callousness to every body's sufferings but their own. But among the back-woodsmen, if a child is lost the whole neighbourhood turns out to search the mighty forest for the little one, while the females are ever ready with their sympathy. So on the present occasion, the capture of Adeline was a torch that kindled up the whole country. The father started from his bed and seizing his rifle prepared to start. The young son was mounted on the family horse to ride through the woods, and bid the nearest neighbor lend him aid; while the wife and mother busied herself in preparing something for her husband's march. So universally was Adeline, the fair mistress of Primrose Place beloved, and so general was the sympathy excited in her behalf, that long before the morning broke twenty men, horse and foot had started in pursuit of the flying Indians. But of all these no one was more ardent than young Manley; he had been roused among the first, and although for a moment almost distracted with the intelligence, he quickly recovered himself and seizing his rifle sprang upon his horse, staid bid to hear the course the savages had taken, and then shouting "Jamie Loon," galloped down the road more like a madman than a human being.

For many a long mile he continued his course through the narrow forest road, with a gait as rapid as the inequalities of the path would permit, and morning was fast approaching when he flung himself from his panting steed, and knocked loudly at the door of a little log cabin; it was almost immediately opened by a large sinewy man dressed in the common hunting shirt, and wearing large buckskin leggings which surmounted light moccasins.

His countenance was deeply tanned, and years of constant exposure had driven every vestige of white from it, and furrowing it with hard and deep drawn lines. The features were sharpened from the same cause, and would have possessed a repulsive appearance, had not the large blue eye given them a touch of kindness and good humor, which could not be subdued by exposure or by age. In stature Jamie Loon, was fully six feet, and his frame seemed to have attained from constant labor the strength and solidity of iron; it possessed, indeed, the appearance of attenuation, but like the Arab of the desert it was the attenuation of hardships; and now as he stood before the young man in the narrow outlet which he called a door, he seemed a breathing mass of nothing save bone and sinew. His dark hair which was tinged with grey, falling in uncombed negligence around his forehead, and his left hand resting upon his hunting knife, completed the picture.

"Loon, Jamie, for God's sake get your rifle and help us," said the excited lover.

"Why man, what's the matter, you're early to-day." In a few words as possible Mandey explained affairs, and added "I knew you would be more likely to find them, than even those who followed their trail, so I've come as fast as horse could carry me."

"Well, mistress Adeline carried off by the heathen varnims! really they are rascally fellows, to think of their having the impudence to come so far into our country!"

"But Jamie, we've not a moment to lose, make haste."

"Yes, master Mandey, for I must call you that, seeing that I knew your father before you, who, to speak correctly, was really a pretty fair shot,—but concerning this business, you see, my lad, you are entirely too hasty; there's nothing like order as my old mother used to say, and then cursed red varnims are not to be taken or caught so easy, I must say its rather questionable whether you were right in coming as far from the trail, but I guess if I sit on it, they'll wish they were back again among their wigwams."

"Jamie, Jamie, are you ready?" exclaimed the impatient lover.

"Why nearly, master Edward, but there now," he said as he came forth armed with rifle, and hunting knife, not forgetting a small tin flask of spirits hanging at his side, "don't you be so hasty, you'll need your strength to ride by and bye; just leave your horse here, and come on foot, he'll only bother you among the brush." "Well now you see there's an old path away here, about a mile in yonder, and it's more than likely they've been in it, and there's a stream runs somewhere there, which would help 'em to 'possess us; at any rate we can but try."

They had hardly, however, gone over the required mile before the old hunter said,

"Now, look close and sharp, just in by yonder chesnut you'll find the path, give it a thorough look, for them ingens, now, are the greatest foxes you ever seed, but I'm up to them—ha! what do you call that? Whew! as I'm alive if there ain't the print of a horse's hoof, and there a moccasin, ha! ha! ha! what born fools to come so near my campment, they didn't dream I'd be awake and arter 'em before morning."

"Good God, have you found their trail?"

"Haint I! but here it is and a fresh one too, why they were by here not long ago—only silent and quick and we'll soon have 'em; do you know how many there were?"

"Something like a dozen, they say."

"You don't say so! why there's been two horses along here, what could they want with two?" exclaimed he in a musing tone, then after a pause he added "howsom-ever, let's on arter 'em and 'conitire at any rate, they would have to be great ingens if I couldn't kill three or four of 'em."

For some time they pursued their way in silence, old Jamie intent on preserving the trail, and the lover racked with fear for the safety of his mistress; to overtake and rescue her, if possible, before the capturers could reach their own country was the leading desire of his heart; little did he care how many the Indians were in number, for he felt as if his arm alone could crush a host, or rather desperation had wrought him up to such a state, that but two objects floated before his mind, one was to rescue Adeline, and the other, if unsuccessful, to die by the hands of her capturers; quickly, therefore did he push along, following his elderly companion and inwardly

cursing the slowness with which he seemed to move wishing for a sight of his enemies, but yet dreading lest they should not be overtaken.

Deeper and deeper they plunged into the forest, and were now advancing at a rapid rate, when suddenly the old hunter came to a dead halt and exclaimed,

"Now I see why they wanted two beasts, the *Ingen* thieves, really they've made a pretty respectable trail, here they've divided now and which can be the right 'un?"

"Have they separated, then all may be in vain, and we pursue the wrong track?" said Mandey.

"That's truly said, master Edward, and considering what rascals serpents them Ingens are, its *extrordinary* how they are ever caught; now I know in the last war, that's the revolution under General Washing on, blessings on him! that two or three of us got on the track of some of them hired fighters, and they led us up and down for a week before we could come up to them, but then you see they were all sitting together, when down we pounced on 'em, and crack went our rifles, and they just fell over and died. But it won't take us long to overtake these fellers now, if we only go coolly to work, and don't spoil the trail with any haste; for we are all fresh on the start, but they've had to come 'ere and skulk about like thieves; so that they're pretty tired by this time."

During the delivery of this harangue, young Mandey was a prey to a thousand tortures, exerting all his knowledge of the forest in determining which trail the more numerous party had pursued. Firmly supposing that one would contain Adeline; but the savages had been too circumspect for that, as but one foot mark was visible beside that made by the horse. Old Jamie, however, as soon as he had finished his observations, lent himself with ardor to the task, and leaving the path they had hitherto pursued, followed the other trail to the margin of a little stream. Here he paused and, summoning Mandey to his side, gave it as his opinion they should desert their former track and follow this, observing, that "their dodging about this 'ere stream showed the red skins had something to conceal."

For some time did both of the adventurous pursuers continue their examination on either side of the stream, but all in vain: they trod the ground again with a closer scrutiny, but every trace of their enemy was lost; and then, after standing a moment or so in perplexity, were about returning to try the other path, when old Jamie remarked, that perchance they could discover a sandy or gravelly bottom to the stream if they should look further up or down; and instantly plunged in followed its course for some distance over the hard rocky bottom. His examination was crowned with success, and, recalling young Mandey with a low whistle from his task, he discovered to him beneath the clear wave, the impress of a horse's hoof at regular distances, and then, pointing far down the stream, he whispered,

"There, there, the young woman has gone this way, don't you see that little piece of her dress on yonder brush?" The heathen fools not to watch closer than that; but they can't out jeneral one who's lived in the woods as long as I. But now let's on, see you are all ready, and tread lightly and keep close behind me; look out close and we'll soon be up to them; they can't be more nor half a dozen, and we'll leave the rest to coolness."

"On, Jamie, only let's get within rifle shot."

"Coolly, coolly, master Edward, that's all," returned the imperturbable hunter.

And on they went, led by the treacherous indication. Old Jamie struck down the stream and landed at the foot of the bush; a moment was sufficient to discover the trail, which the Indians had striven so hard to hide, and then, breaking down a bush to show the path to those who should follow, the two companions dashed off at once in the pursuit. Over fallen trunks and withered leaves, among the gigantic monsters of the forest, and through the smaller underwood, the old hunter kept his course; stooping his long body and peering anxiously upon the ground, he threaded the intricacies of the road with amazing quickness, and from covert to glade like the sure scented bloodhound dogged the footsteps of his flying foe.

The morning had now come, and the sun rising above the eastern horizon, was beginning to scatter a few rays among the thick canopy of boughs and leaves above, when old Jamie and Mandey emerged from a dense

clump of forest trees, and appeared traversing a more open space of the wood. The feathered inhabitants were flying from tree to tree, and raising their various voices in one universal melody, while here and there a fox peeped forth from his sly covert, or a squirrel hopped fearlessly along. For some minutes past the two pursuers had proceeded with increased caution, carefully scanning every little nook, and gazing quickly around them as the hollow moaning of the wind swept mournfully through the forest. Suddenly, however, the old hunter stooped and remained in an attitude of the deepest attention for more than a minute, then rising up, he gazed intently before him, until his gaze fixed upon a spot in the distance. The examination appeared to satisfy him, for he slowly shook his head, and without uttering a syllable, beckoned on his companion, until they had surmounted a gentle rise, when pointing with his forefinger through the intervening trees, he disclosed to view four dark figures moving quickly along, and further ahead a tall Indian leading a horse, upon which sat or rather was supported the captured Adeline. As they moved onward with almost noiseless tread he lost sight of them for a moment, and then again they were seen emerging from behind the trees, her white dress fluttering in the breeze, as she appeared and disappeared among the windings of the narrow path. Oh, what a moment was that for Mandey!—The blood rushed back in one flood upon his heart, and then dashed again through his veins with the impetuosity of a torrent; while his whole frame trembling like an aspen leaf, until the remembrance of what he held at stake came over him. But when he thought of the pursued Indians; of the death or dishonor of his plighted bride; his whole appearance became changed, a look of fixed determination spread over his countenance, the lips were compressed tightly together, and when his companion turned to look upon him, he saw his proud eye kindled with an unnatural fire, and the quick glances playing around it like the lightning in a summer cloud.

"He is a brave youth any how," thought the veteran, as he prepared for action.

Not a moment was to be lost, it was obvious that they were as yet unobserved, but the quick watchfulness of the two rear Indians betrayed their apprehensions of danger. Speedily, therefore, were their preparations made, and having grasped their rifles more firmly than ever, they hurried on silently after their foes. They had not, however, proceeded far, before a quick turning brought them again into full view of the flying party, who were now winding along the edge of a precipitous rock, at the distance of a few hundred feet before. Quick as thought, the two pursuers sprang behind the neighbouring trees to avoid observation, and reconnoitre the position of the other party. The precipice, upon which they were travelling, ran along in the form of an inclined plane, until it was lost in the abruptness of the mountain ridge, that now began to rise before them, broken here and there by natural gorges and ledges, and then stretching boldly forward against the sky. Along the top of this precipice, as we have said, the Indians were now travelling with considerable rapidity, striving to surmount the hill and gain the shelter of the mountains, knowing well it was the only hope of success, in carrying off their captive. To prevent this, however, became the efforts of old Jamie and his companion; and therefore emerging from their coverts, they hurried slyly on, and creeping through the luxuriant underwood, soon attained a respectable distance upon the flank of the flying party; here stooping, and approaching his mouth to Mandey's ear, old Jamie whispered.

"Cool, master, cool!"

"Yes, yes, only let's attack him."

"Aye, I see you understand the matter; well now then, fire; you take the rearmost one,—I'll take the next, but don't rush from cover, just dodge and load, and then have at the third, but on no account fire at the one with the young woman; now, master, a cool heart, steady hand and firm sight; take 'em right 'tween the eyes; that's my mark always: for you see its seen better than their red skins, which for all the world are just like dead leaves."

And Mandey was cool, it seemed as if his heart was iron, so still its pulsations became: they had, indeed, been beating full wildly during the pursuit, but now only one wish, one thought occupied time, and that was victory.

Slowly, therefore, he nodded assent to the old hunter's

directions, and throwing his rifle in trailing order, followed him in his flanking path, not a sound was heard. As noiseless as serpents they stole along, and hardly the cracking of a twig betrayed their progress. But their enemies were too much accustomed to the woods, and too watchful longer to remain in ignorance of their enemy's presence. The rearmost Indian suddenly stopped, peered anxiously around; and then gave vent to his suspicions in a low whistle, which brought another savage to his side. They were now in full range of their concealed foes, yet the fastidious taste of old Jamie was not satisfied with their distance. The moment was one of great anxiety, as their discovery would totally prevent the plan of attack on which the only hope of success depended; they therefore, crouched in silence among the neighbouring brush, while a hurried consultation took place between the two Indians; after which the one who had last came up advanced a pace or two, and stood in an attitude of the deepest attention. His tall and graceful figure standing in one of nature's happy attitudes, and developing the waving lines of a beautiful form, formed such a model as statuary loves to look upon. But his beauty was all in vain. His beholder had little time to give in admiration, for, suddenly changing his position, he spoke in a whispered voice to his companion, and sprang into the neighbouring thicket. What a moment of suspense was that. Discovery was utter vain, and Mandey shuddered as he thought of it. A moment or two that seemed hours, flew by. The Indian came still nearer, stooped and peered anxiously into the very thicket where they lay. The old hunter gradually loosened his knife from its sheath, and Mandey held his breath almost to suffocation. Another minute passed, and the Indian turned away satisfied, as a serpent glided from the underwood, although in turning he brushed by the very branches behind whose trunk his foes were lying. The two pursuers breathing freely again. The Indians were seen consulting once more, and then turned to follow their companions; when the old hunter stepping lightly along followed by Mandey, gained a position within rifle shot of their enemies. A treacherous twig crackled beneath their moccasins; the savages sprang back, saw their enemy, and uttering a loud yell prepared to fire; but just as they turned towards the thicket, old Jamie stepped into the open space with the young lover, and coolly raising his long piece, glanced his eye along the barrel and gave the command to fire. The sharp sound of the rifles was heard ringing through the woods, and the two Indians springing up on high, fell dead upon the ground.

Carried away by the excitement of the moment, Mandey, forgetful of himself, and thinking only of the rescue, sprang forward and was rapidly rushing on, when he heard the loud voice of the old hunter crying out "to covert, to covert," and hardly had he time to gain the shelter of a neighbouring oak, before its splintered bark flew off before the deadly balls of the rifles of two other savages.

Seemingly satisfied with this act of aggression, the Indians retreated up the ascent, darting from tree to tree and rapidly reloading their empty rifles. While with the same caution their pursuers followed, eagerly looking for an advantageous point of attack. A few rods had thus been passed over, in this wild manner of engagement, when the impatient Mandey, heard the clattering of hoofs, and beheld the remaining Indian at some distance ahead, urging on the horse that carried Adeline. The conviction instantly flashed across his mind, that the two Indians were thus to divert their attention, while the other escaped with their prize.

Maddened at the very sight he called to his companion, and pointing to the sight, urged him on, but the wily hunter, without raising his eyes from his foe, only answered.

"Aye, take off your red skin first."

"But Adeline—the maiden—quick!"

Glancing his eyes around at this passionate appeal, the old hunter only saw the advantage the other Indian was gaining upon Mandey, and merely responded.

"Take off the Ingen thief."

"On! on! for God's sake on!" was the wild answer of the young lover, as he dashed ahead and met the opposing form of the nearest savage. It was but the work of an instant to rush in upon him and close in deadly conflict. Short, sharp and fearful was the trial of skill;

but after a momentary struggle the sinews of the young man prevailed; the Indian fell down beneath him, and planting one knee upon his withering form, Mandey drove with his disengaged hand, his hunting knife deep into the breast of the prostrate foe; a gurgling sound ensued, a gasp and he was but lifeless clay. Springing up from his victim, the impetuous lover gave it one look of mingled pity and horror, and then hurried forward in pursuit of the flying savage. As he dashed onward, with his clubbed rifle in his hand, he saw that the contest between old Jamie and the other Indian was rapidly approaching its termination. In their eagerness they had approached within a few yards of each other, although so great was the skill of either combatant, that neither could get right upon the other; at the moment, however, that the young lover sprang forwards, the body of the hunter became too much exposed, the piece of his opponent was quick as lightning, and the best shot of the border fell at the base of the tree.

Mandey sickened at the sight; he was as yet unobserved by the victorious marksman, and though he felt the day was too sure-ly lost, yet he determined to die like a lion at bay, and die if he must in the act of rescue. Stopping, therefore, not a moment in his course, but only grasping his piece more firmly in his hand, he sprang up the ascent with a velocity to which desperation lent treble wings. He surmounted the huge trunks of fallen trees with amazing ease, and leaped over the little fissures of the rocky ground with more than common facility. But it seemed as if swiftness and strength had been given to him only that he might view the consummation of despair; for when he rushed from the denser part of the forest upon the edge of the precipice, a sight met his vision that sent the blood back in volumes to his heart.

The overtaken savage, little thinking of the success of his party, and believing all hopes of carrying off his captive were destroyed, was following up his country's customs and dragging the struggling girl from her horse, at the distance of some rods ahead. One hand was rudely grasping her left arm, and endeavoring to tear her despairing clutch from the mare of the resive beast; while the other held the terrible tomahawk in readiness for the deadly blow. The head of the terrified girl was entirely uncovered, for her bonnet had fallen off, and the fair tresses, escaping from their confinement, were now tossing wildly over her shoulders; while her pale face was turned up towards the sky, and the eyes that so lately had beamed with pleasure, or filled with tears, in thinking on her lover, were now closed or gazing in seeming vacuity above. As they struggled more and more in the unequal contest, the resive beast gradually approached the edge of the cliff, so that each moment seemed to bring destruction nearer. A moment passed and then the struggles became fainter and fainter, and the shrieks which, at first, rose on the morning air, had altogether ceased, though their echoes were yet ringing through the pathless woods.

A cry of wild horror burst from Mandey at the sight.—He swung up his heavy rifle, and strained every nerve to reach the spot. "Oh God! oh God! murdered before my sight," exclaimed he distractedly, as with almost superhuman speed he bounded along.

The savage saw him coming; felt that his own triumph was secure, and answered the horror stricken cry with a wild demoniac laugh, that rang through the woods, and lived for years after in the recollection of Mandey; then, dropping his hold upon the maiden's arm, he grasped her hand, and quickly dragged her to the ground; while, with a taunting smile and exulting look, he called in broken English for her lover to come and save her.

And her lover came. He gave one last spring and then, good God—there was a yawning chasm between them which he had not seen till this moment. In the bitterness of his soul he could have cursed, but he only stood there trembling with fearful passion, while the wild laugh of the savage was heard again, as he said in bitter mockery.

"Is the white warrior a woman that he cannot leap? see, he must come quick," and he passed his weapon around the head of the senseless girl, "did he not hear the cries of the little one?"

Mandey spoke not, he tried to utter a wild defiance, but the words only gurgled in his choking throat, and flinging down his rifle he gnashed his teeth in passion, as he shook his arm madly at the foe. He breathed thick

and hard. He felt the bitterness, the awful bitterness of his situation and tearing his knife from the sheath he brandished it at the exulting savage. His answer was the same taunting and demon laugh, and, as he stood there over the form of the prostrate maiden, he seemed some fiend from the world below, exulting in his triumph as he played with the agonies of his two victims. He stooped again, and then with more than consummate cruelty, putting aside the fair hair, and baring the marble brow, he cast one more mocking look upon the young lover, and raised his weapon till its bright edge gleamed in the morning sun. Hope, all hope was gone. A swimming sensation rushed through Mandey's brow. He saw that glancing weapon swung into the air. For an instant it rose upwards, and then—the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the Indian chief flinging his arms wildly around, sprang from the edge of the precipice and shot downwards like an arrow from the skies. At the same moment the old hunter sprang forward exclaiming.

"The varmint, the varmint—I'll bet any thing I took him 'tween the eyes," and then quickly changing his tone of exultation to one of concern, he added,

"But the young woman, I hope the heathen dog hain't killed her, for if he has, his tribe shall pay for it with as many scalps as grow 'on 'em all."

After much difficulty they succeeded in gaining the opposite rock by a circuitous path, and immediately set about the recovery of the inanimate girl. This, at first, was a work of some difficulty, and when at last she did open her eyes, and gaze wildly around her, the first thing that met her gaze was the well known face of her lover bent earnestly upon her. But she did not recognize him. She shuddered and closed her eyes again, and some moments more elapsed before she showed signs of returning life. At last, however, she murmured out her lover's name, her lips moved incoherently for a while, and then she looked up again. A faint smile illumined her features as she recognized that well known one, and she whispered.

"Oh! I had such a fearful dream;—there were dark savages in it:—are they all gone?"

"Yes, dearest, thank God! and I am here, your own Edward."

"I then am I safe," murmured the half unconscious girl, and for a minute more appeared to relapse into insensibility. She soon, however, was completely revived and although a blush stole over her otherwise pallid features, at finding herself in her lover's arms; she did not disguise the gratitude she felt to her preserver, or strive with affected airs to dampen his feelings of joy. Old Jamie now returned, (he had with feeling delicacy withdrawn as soon as Adeline revived) and after assisting her upon her horse, they set out on their return—hardly, however, had they proceeded a mile before they met the run of the other pursuing party, and directly the whole company had surrounded the victorious band.

"Hurra! there they are, my boys," exclaimed the one who first discovered them "we thought, old Jamie, that you were on the track;" "hurra!" exclaimed the whole crowd, those who were in the rear pushing upon their companions, throwing up their caps, and huzzaing until the old forest rang again with their acclamations, and the aged and generally imperturbable hunters lent their voices to the cry.

"Aye! aye!" said old Brown the patriarch of the settlement as he grasped a hand of old Jamie, and in his other brawny palm clasped the smaller one of the young lover, and stood there with his silvery locks flowing down behind, and the sunlight glancing upon his aged countenance, "aye! you too have done a noble deed to day—and you, master Edward, you're worthy to be your father's son. God bless ye both!" and he shook them warmly by the hand, while the warm tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and drew others from many a one beside.

"Well," said old Jamie, wiping his eyes with the cuff of his hunting shirt, "I didn't think I'd ever cry again, seeing I've neither kith nor kin for whom to weep; but I wouldn't give this hour for a whole winter's load of skins and such like," and then, feeling perhaps a little unmannered, he added "but come friends let's be moving."

A rude litter was soon formed, upon which the exhausted Adeline was placed, and the tumultuous throng resolving quickly into an orderly march, gained the little village, long before the sun had risen to the mid heavens.

It was a happy day for that place, and many were the tears shed as the rescuers passed along with old Jamie, Brown and Mandey at their head.

The little children gave their meed of shouting to the uproar, and the mothers held up their infants in their arms, and gazed at the procession, until it was lost in the windings of the road that led to Primrose Place.

Three months after this; that little country house was the scene of an unusual bustle. Horses and carriages of every description and of every colour, from grey to black, were standing around the place, while men and women were thronging the porch which ran around the house. In the parlor, were gathered it is true a more select assemblage, but the crowded state of the apartment, and the merry faces peeping through the windows, showed that it was only the selection of necessity. At one end was a handsome and noble looking youth, and by his side there sat a beautiful being in the very morning of her life, arrayed in the pure white that betokened the purpose for which she was there. And near them stood her only parent, and by him, a large sinewy attenuated man, with a bright blue eye, glancing with heartfelt pleasure on the scene.

Years, long years rolled by—the little settlement sprang up into a thriving village. The mighty forest began to grow smaller every day and the present century was ushered in for some ten years, when a traveller stopped in B—. He walked out from the inn to look at a beautiful little church, with a handsome spire, peeping above the trees, and stepping into the yard, beheld the sexton at his customary duties. In conversation with this general factotum, he learned, that the leading man of all the country, was one Squire Mandey, and upon inquiry, identified him with the Edward of our tale.

Adeline still lived, a beautiful good elderly lady; the delight and comfort of her family; and though years had dimmed other eyes, hers were as bright as when they beamed upon her bridal day.

The squire's head was beginning to be tinged with grey, and the squire himself had just gone home, after superintending the erection of a neat monument, on which was engraved.

Jamie Loon,
Died 1816.
Requiescat in pace.

"Yes, sir, and the old man (I don't think he'd like that queer Hebrew or some such stuff the squire calls it,) sat on the bench, in squire's porch, the day afore he died, and told it all to me; and said he you see I took it coolly and pretended to fall, and so caught the varmint in that trap: for as soon as he dropped his piece to scalp me, I sprang up and shot the thief, and then hurried after the squire, and just got up time enough to stop the 'other' Ingen from scalping the young woman, (that's squire's wife now, and a sweet young lady she was,) and I just took him on the minutes 'tween the eyes; and that's what I call an uncommonly good shot, (there's few now a days can do it,) and the next day the old man died, and there he lies, sir," sighed the garrulous guardian of the dead as he extended his hand for the customary perquisite.

GORDON.

THE BRIDE'S SONG.

'Twas a heavenly night,
'Neath the deep star-light,
As pensive I sat by the casement high;
I mused on a youth with a full dark eye,
But think not I cared for him too—
My love—my love—was it you?
Then a minstrel came,
And he breathed my name,
And he sang me a sweet and a plaintive song,
Of one I scorned, though he sought me long,
And never a word was true—
My love—my love—was it you?
But I dreamed me a dream,
'Neath the glad sunbeam,
I was plighted to one 'till Death should part;
And I gave that one my whole, whole heart,
And the gentle dream came true;
My love—my love—it was you!

Knickerbocker.

LOVE AND LAW.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

What benefit can children be
But charges and disobedience? What's the
Love they render, at one and twenty years?

"I won't! I won't! I won't! I tell you, and it's no use talking. He's an impudent, obstinate blockhead, and I'll kick him out, just so sure as he darkens my door again!"

"But father!"

"But what?"

"You know it is not a twelvemonth, since he saved your house—"

"No such thing! no such thing! Every thing was doing well enough! every body was running with water, as fast as they could, and I was directing 'em, and up comes Mr. Burnet, on a walk. He wouldn't run, if the town was a-fire. 'Gentlemen,' says he, as if that was a time for compliment—and they all minded him, without taking any more notice of me, than if I was ravin' mad. He stopped 'em all from running too, as well as himself, and planted 'em all along in rows, like Indian corn—and—"

"Saved your house by his coolness, method, and regularity."

"Coolness be d—d! Coolness at a fire, to be sure! A pretty pass we have come to, when a man sixty years old, who has been selectman ten years, and representative twice, is to be slighted for a chicken who has not moulted his first coat of feathers! As if a man had no interest in his own affairs, and could not have his say, when his own house was burning!"

"You owe the preservation of your house to the chicken, nevertheless."

"No such thing! no such thing! And if I do, I had rather it had burned down, than that he should have the chance to boast that he has. And you eternally throwing it in my teeth—I'll set fire to it myself—I'll be hanged if I don't!"

"You'll be hanged if you do, father, and that would be very unpleasant to every body except your friend, Mr. Giles."

"And you—you'd be glad of it, too. I should be out of the way then, and you might marry the pettifogging scoundrel!"

"You know he hates litigation. Pettifogging indeed! Did he not settle your mill-stream suit against Giles, without inflicting upon you the irritation, delay, and cost of a trial?"

"There you come again. I wish he had been drowned in the stream, before he made the settlement. I hate Giles—and meant to ruin him. You knew it—and Burnett knew it."

"He recovered the damages you claimed."

"A fig for the damages! I told him to chase Giles—to hunt him to the poor-house;—and what does he do but persuade the scamp to settle, without so much as saying 'sheriff' to him. If he saved me costs, he saved him too,—when I would willingly have thrown away five thousand dollars, to see Giles at work on the road."

"Two thousand in hand, is better than seven thrown away."

"I dare say, I dare say. So you think—you expect that you and Mr. Burnet will be a thousand better off. But you shan't; I'll disinherit you—I'll make my will—I'll make it to-day—I'll make it now."

"Shall I send John for Mr. Burnet, father? You must have a lawyer, you know."

This was the climax. Mary Williams had vexed her father to the utmost safe extremity. She left the room, making a provokingly dutiful "curtsy" at the door. The old man paced the floor, in any agony of vexation,

"I'll disown her, and adopt Black Sal, the kitchen girl—I'll disinherit her, and give my property to the Colonization Society—I'll never speak to her again—I'll turn her out of doors—I'll go this very instant and tell her—"

"To roast that pair of chickens, or boil them, papa?"

Mary was pretty—and the old man was partially disarmed by the smiling phiz she thrust in at the door;—appeared in spite of himself, for he was proud of his daughter.

"Boil them, Mary. I won't, till after dinner."

"Won't what, father?"

"Begone! you undutiful huzzy."

If the reader is a daughter, I need not tell her that Mary had overheard every word of her father's angry soliloquy,—if he be a father, I need not tell him, that, although the old gentleman tried to persuade himself he was in earnest, his threats were quite as likely to be put into execution, as the comet is to brush away this world of ours. And Mary knew it. Such skirmishes between the father and daughter were diurnally repeated—things of course, like the encounters between Commodore Truncheon and Tom Pipes. There was however, this difference,—the ex-nautical belligerents sparred in public—Old Williams and his daughter held their discussions in private. We cannot commend the conduct of Mary in thus harassing her father,—but if good ever came out of evil, it certainly did in these domestic differences. As a thunder-storm clears and purifies the atmosphere, so the air of their afternoon and evening fire-sides was materially improved by the storms of the morning. The old gentleman sallied out, after giving Mary the last word, which, unlike a majority of her sex, she always allowed him, and was invariably in good humour at dinner time. The motto of the afternoon, in reference to the altercation of the morning, was

Oh no! we never mention it—

And Father Williams suffered himself to be read peacefully to sleep in his arm-chair. If, upon waking, he should even discover Burnet in the room—a thing, by the way, of no unfrequent occurrence—the placid feelings which await upon temperance and a good digestion, had hitherto made him civil to his daughter's guest,—or at least reserve his wrath, to be poured upon Mary's head next day. And like a dutiful daughter, we have seen how she endured her parent's wayward humours. Her mother had been dead for years, and, but for the manner in which Mary filled her place in vexing her father, she would, long before, have been an orphan. True it was, she was more than a daughter to him, compelling him to forget, while she tormented him, that the old butt of his caprices, his wife, was silent.

With subtle cobweb cheats,

They've stepped in the law like nets,

In which, when once they are embroiled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled.

We have seen how religiously Mr. Williams hated a certain person with whom he had had some law embroilments; and, sooth to say his aversion had good and sufficient grounds. Giles was one of those detestable animals to be met with in almost every community, who are never happy but when in litigation. Every thought had some connexion with what Blackstone terms the "perfection of human reason," but it was only upon the imperfections of that perfection that he studied to perfect himself—or rather, in which he liked to dabble. Observe it when you will, those whose names are oftenest found with a "vs." added, are those who are least acquainted with the whole-some and necessary enactments of the law. Every window which looked upon any part of Giles's estates

was darkened with a dead wall—the branches of every fruit tree which overhung his ground, from his neighbours' enclosures, were plucked of their produce, or sawed off even with the fence. To look upon his land was almost a trespass; to step upon it quite one. He knew the path to the pound better than that to the church—as his neighbours' cattle could witness. No contract was binding with him, unless it was duly signed, witnessed and acknowledged. For such a man, our friend Williams, quick and strong in his passions, and frank to bluntness, could entertain no feelings but disgust in the abstract,—when he found himself actually entangled in the toils of the wily knave, he was furious.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the dispute—it is sufficient to say Williams was as clearly in the right, and Giles as clearly in the wrong, as the reader will surmise from their respective characters. The latter had presumed upon the known dislike of the former for litigation—but his bold attempt at villainy was foiled by the anger of Williams, who immediately, and for the first time in his life, appealed to the law. To avoid, as much as possible, a business for which he had an unconquerable loathing, he committed the whole affair to Burnet, with full power to manage it at his discretion,—only signifying his wish that not a point should be yielded, but that Giles should be wrung out of his last dollar, if possible, by appeal, continuation, or any other means. Burnet chose the more direct way of adjusting the matter, by compromise, to which Giles, who found he had caught a Tartar, readily assented; but Burnet was astonished to find his services so ill appreciated, that, upon hearing the result, Williams transferred his dislike from his opponent to his attorney. The old gentleman had made a sort of merit of his intention to beggar his antagonist, and, in his rage at being disappointed, flatly and directly charged the lawyer with having been the accomplice of Giles, in an attempt to impose upon him. We cannot tell how Burnet would have received such a charge, had it not been for the interference of a certain blind god, who imparts a portion of his own indistinctness of vision to lovers, when the faults and impertinence of fathers are apparent enough to every body else.

Reasoning him out of so preposterous an idea was only hunting him to another cover. He insisted upon it that Burnet was only careful of his interest, because he expected one day to inherit the property he preserved. His conduct upon this conviction was less violent, but more determined than before. Such were the effects of one lawsuit upon a naturally frank and open disposition! Williams had learned to suspect the motives of all about him. He had also learned concealment, for he hugged his suspicions to himself, and inwardly, but firmly resolved, that the young man, from whom, twenty-four hours before, he would have concealed nothing, and to whom he would have denied nothing, should be forbidden the house. We have seen how this determination was received by Mary, and how, despite the old gentleman's threats, the visits of Burnet were still continued. To do the young man justice, however, it is fair to state, that he was an innocent trespasser. Had he caught an inkling of the old gentleman's suspicions, he was too high-spirited to give them a colour, by persevering in his suit to the daughter.

"She shan't!"

"He talks in his sleep, Mary."

"I won't—I won't, never will—it's no"—(indistinct.)

"What does he mean?"

"He is fighting over his battles with Giles."

Mary knew that was a—fib—when she uttered it,

and fearful that her father's treacherous tongue would betray her, rose to waken him.

"Stop, Mary, there he goes again."

"He hates Giles so devoutly," said Mary, trembling.

"Let me wake him."

"No, no, sit still."

"Come here—(indistinct)—kick him out!"

"Mr. Giles does not come here, Mary!"

The tone in which that short sentence was uttered, spoke all the wounded pride of Burnet, at discovering the deceit which had been practised upon him. The whole truth flashed upon his mind,—she had been receiving his addresses in her father's house, in his very presence, against that parent's positive wish and command. How startling is the distinct, slow enunciation of mingled reproof and biting sarcasm! Although pronounced in an under-tone, it disturbed the old gentleman, and he started from his chair, completely awake.

"Hey! what! ah, Burnet," said he, coldly, "good evening. But what the devil does all this mean? Mary there, is as red as her shawl,—and you look like a convicted felon." Poor Burnet did indeed betray that he felt the awkwardness of his situation. As if he had discovered a gunpowder plot, the old man suddenly resumed—"Pretty well—p-r-e-t-y well—d-d well, Mr. Burnet! What have you been doing—what have you been saying, sir, to my daughter; in my own house, and under my very nose, sir?"

"Mr. Williams!"

"Mr. Burnet!" And the old gentleman made a very low bow.

"Mr. Williams, I have accidentally discovered, by your murmurings in your slumbers, that you propose to kick me out of your house."

"Sir!"

"No more concealment, Mr. Williams; it sits ill upon you. If, with your accustomed frankness, you had told me that my visits to your daughter were disagreeable to you, I never would have intruded them."

"Stay away, and wish me dead—eh?"

"Sir!"

"Yes, just as I say. I know I can't wear two faces, like a lawyer, (between his teeth,) and since I've got a part of the load off my stomach in my sleep, I'll be hanged if the whole shan't come. I believe you don't care a d—n for my daughter—but want to marry my money. There! you have got all now, that you could fish out of what I shall say in my sleep for a year to come—or as long as I live."

"Well, Mr. Williams, I shall not undertake, by talking, to defend myself, as I can do that best by a course which will not only save words, but time, and not a few steps between my office and your house. I wish you a good evening, sir, and a night's sleep where I shall not be a listener—and to you, Mary, I wish a portion of your father's honest frankness. Had you possessed a tithe of it, I should not now be so ridiculously situated. Allow me sir, before I go, as a particular favour, to inquire, what friend possessed you with so good an opinion of me."

"Your best friend, sir—yourself! You need not try to eye me out of countenance; if I am a witness against you, I am not to be brow-beaten, I promise you. I told you to keep the ball a-rolling with that scoundrel Giles, till you had barked him clean. I told you that I would throw away two dollars for his one, till he had not a sixpence left—I wanted to rid the country of him. Instead of that, you compromise, and bring me a couple of thousand dollars of his money. You thought me an old fool, in my dotage,—but I'm hale yet! I'll live, a scare-crow, to keep you out of this house, this ten years! You thought you was husbanding your own property—but I'll give it to the Board of Foreign Mission first—to the Esquimaux

Indians—throw it to the devil, before you shall have it. Good night, Mr. Burnet."

"Good night, sir."

Mary, as in duty bound, waited upon Burnet to the door. Many a time and oft had that door been a witness to the fact, that the last five minutes of a visit, (oftentimes unaccountably stretched to sixty,) are, like the postscript of a letter, appropriated to the real business—as if the parties forgot it, till about the close of the interview. Her face, as plain as looks could speak, said "One kind word before we part." Burnet obstinately refused to understand—and did not even repeat his "good night" at the door. It was fairly closed, and the key turned, before Mary felt that she was really alone—that he had taken his leave—perhaps his final leave.

"A passionate, hard-hearted brute, to leave me thus!" she exclaimed. "I'll never speak to him again!"

"That's right!" cried her father, who caught only the last sentence. "That's right, my daughter!"

"I wish I could hate him!" said Mary, as she closed her chamber door. Oh! a single tear would have been to her a pearl of great price—but not one could be persuaded from her eye-lids.

She threw herself upon the bed and instituted a self-examination. Judgment on the bench,—present, Burnet, appellant, by his attorney, Dan Cupid; and Mary Williams, respondent. Cupid argued like an adept, for his absent client—Mary made but a feeble defence—and admitted that she might have been partially in fault. The case was submitted to Conscience who returned a verdict of GUILTY against the maiden. Mercy, who is always ready to temper the severity of Justice, brought a shower of tears to her relief, and Mary wept herself to sleep.

* * * * *

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor lawyers mad.

"Morning her sweets was flinging,"—but in the distribution she certainly forgot to be impartial. The vinegar aspect of Timothy Burnet, Esq. as he sat in his office, or the morning succeeding his ejection from Old Williams's premises, was proof positive, that he, at least, had been neglected by Madam Anora, in her dispensation of "sweets."

"A heartless old repobate,—but his daughter—Mary!—there's the unkindest cut of all? To think she should have concealed the true state of things, and let me get into such a confoundedly awkward scrape. Kick him out!—that's the thanks I get, for serving another at my own cost—for compromising a suit, which, properly nursed, would have bought me a house. Williams vs. Giles—but I've done with him. I'll send old Hunks this package, and think no more of him or his daughter. Here, Peter, (His Mercury, who was improving the advantage of the situation of a lawyer's boy, by playing in the street, pocketed his marbles, and shuffled into the office.) Take this packet over to Mr. Williams's."

"Ask for Miss Mary, and wait for an answer, sir!"

"No, you fool, can't you read the direction! Lucky that these things don't disturb my philosophy. They would completely unhang some men for business; but give me as much to do every day, as I have had this morning, and I won't think of Moll Williams, or any other she, twice in a twelvemonth. Well, Tipstaff, have you served it?"

"If you'd just take the trouble to look it over," said the sheriff's deputy, as he entered, looking more than usually pleased, and handing the attorney a paper. "I'm thinking this won't do to arrest Joe Barnes upon, any how."

"—Sheriff—either of his Deputies—often requested—never paid the same—neglects and refuses so to do—goods,—default thereof—body

of the said—MARY WILLIAMS! Pshaw! I never gave you this!"

"You certainly did."

* * * * *

"Glad to hear you so decided, Mary. Glad to hear what you said last night. I knew you'd come to your senses after a while, and see through that rogue of an attorney."

Mary spilled the coffee, and scalded her fingers—looked white—then red—then white again.

"Mean to stick to it, don't you?"

"No—ah—yes."

"That's right—never speak to him again—eh?"

"Yes—that is—"

"Eh?"

"No, father."

"See that you don't—never speak to a fortune-hunter—never look at one!"

"I don't think Mr. Burnet a fortune-hunter."

"No! you hate him for something else then? A scoundrel! If Mr. Burnet has presumed—if—if, I'll shoot him! What do you hate him for?"

"I don't."

"What! No and yes—yes and no—you do hate him, and you don't! Law puzzles me, but woman is worse. If law is the devil, woman is legion!"

The old gentleman commenced pacing the room in a paroxysm. Burnet's package came in; as Williams opened it, a note fell to the floor.

"For me, father?"

"Yes—if your name is Tobias Williams."

"If there is anything in this world particularly and vexatiously provoking, it is, to be obliged to keep one's hands off a newspaper, till some a-b-c-denarian has spelled out all the advertisements,—or to wait a week for the contents of a note in which you are equally interested with the man who is proceeding to inform himself of them, as deliberately as if his life were to end with the pronunciation of the last word. While Father Williams placed his arm-chair at the window, drew forth his spectacles, wiped and adjusted them, held the paper now near, now farther from his nose, till he ascertained the exact focus, Mary could hardly forbear snatching the paper from his hand.

"Let me read it first, papa." No answer.

"Do let me see it, father."

"After me, madam, if at all."

"Oh dear!" "And she fidgeted in her chair, and looked so vexed. "Well, if I am not going to see it to-day, read it aloud, will you, father?"

"Eh-em. "When you instructed me to commence a suit against Giles, the prosecution of your claim for damages involved the title of your estate. I found, when you purchased of Bangs, that he gave only a quit-claim. He bought of John Bradley, whose wife never relinquished her right; and she being dead, it is now on her son. What, on her son,—what does that mean, Mary?"

"Let me see. It's in, father—in her son."

"In her son. Well, what does that mean?"

"Never mind, father, read on."

"In her son. If Giles had been put to a legal defence, his lawyer would have discovered the flaw in your title, and have purchased the claim, or bid for it, which would have compelled us to made a great sacrifice in money and trouble to obtain a clear deed. I was afraid to let the case lay open a day, lest he should discover, and take advantage of the fact,—and therefore settled with Giles, to your great dissatisfaction. I was afraid to trust even you with the secret, until I had obtained a quit-claim of young Bradley—in which I have just succeeded. For the expenses—you may reimburse me, whenever you can spare the money from your benevolent purposes to the—What?"

"Esquimaux Indians."

"What the devil does that mean?"

"Why, my dear, gentle papa, you swore roundly, last night to Mr. Burnet that you would give your money to the Esquimaux, before, as your son-in-law, he should touch a dollar of it."

"Did I? I'd forgotten it. Mary!"

"Sir!"

"Look me directly in the face. Now tell me, did you ever tell Tim Burnet what I thought of him in that Giles business?"

"Never."

"Are you sure?—no evasion now."

"I certainly never did."

"Then I think better of him than if he had visited the house, knowing what I thought and said. We acted like fools last night."

"We indeed!"

"Give me my hat and cane, Mary."

"Where are you going, father?"

"Don't ask me so many questions, girl."

* * * * *

"Time flies."

"Oh, gran'pa! Let me look at the pictures in the big Bible. What's that, gran'pa?"

"That's writing."

"What does it say?"

"Timothy Burnet to Mary Williams."

"Who is Mary Williams, gran'pa?"

"Go ask your mother, you young blockhead."

From the Saturday Evening Post. WAR SONG OF TEXAS.

They come, they come, the ruthless band,
To enforce the Tyrant's foul decree;
To desolate this smiling land,
The dwelling of the fair and free—
Sons of the west, the hour has come,
Of victory or martyrdom.

These fields our brows have oft bedew'd,
As bloom'd the desert with our toil,
Shall be with blood more deep imbued
Ere thralldom stains the Texian soil:
When bleach our bones on every plain,
Then wolves may greet Santa Anna's reign.

Well shall the Imperial traitor learn
The cost of such a dreary sway—
Behold yon warriors, few but stern,
Who front the invader's broad array:—
True as the rifle to its aim
Each heart is to the cause they claim.

On gallant souls when glory calls,
And God and freedom be the cry;
Where one devoted patriot falls,
An hundred ruffian slaves shall die;
And should they win one conquered rood,
'Tis with a slaughter'd legion strew'd.

On, while heroic shades look down,
And view your kindred ranks with pride,
Your sires who fought with Washington,
Your brethren who with Mina died,
"Shame not your race," they cry, "ye brave,"
"Preserve a home or find a grave."

"Bless'd are the bowers no storms invade,
Where plenty reigns and hearts are warm,
Bless'd are the free whose swords have made
Their dwellings safe from foes or harm,
But far more bless'd the valiant dead,
Who die in honour's gory bed."

The Romans would not administer an oath or receive as a witness, any person but what was married.

MR. TYRONE POWER'S WORK ON AMERICA.

We have already adverted to the good taste with which Mr. Power has treated the cares and concerns of his own profession. He has treated us to a few glimpses of theatricals in the "byways" of America which are graphic and amusing: the following scene is laid at Natchez:—

"Saturday, 7th.—Cold and wind unabated: walked in search of the theatre, and found it was not in the town, but standing about half a mile off, like a solitary vidette, in a grave-yard too! Got through the rehearsal of "Born to Good Luck" and inwardly resolved that the best fortune that could befall any player on this day would be to get off acting for the night. This was in due time, happily accomplished without stir of mine; for the oil for our lamp-lighter being just landed, after the night's frost, from the deck of the *Abeona* steamer, refused to burn at a short notice: a resolution which, when communicated to me, I very much applauded with many thanks the manager's kindly tendered substitute of candles: the appearance was therefore of necessity put off, and the audience, as well as myself, granted a respite until Monday.

"Monday, 9th.—The weather a little milder: took a gallop into the country; dined early, and about six walked out of town to the theatre, preparatory to making my bow. The way was without a single passenger, and not a creature lingered about the outer doors of the house: the interior I found in the possession of a single lamp-lighter, who was leisurely settling about his duties; of him I enquired the hour of beginning, and learnt that it was usual to commence about six o'clock—a tolerable latitude: time was thus afforded me for a ramble, and out I sallied, taking the direction leading from the town. I had not proceeded far when I met several men riding together; a little farther on, another group, with a few ladies in company, passed leisurely by, all capably mounted: others, I perceived, were fast approaching from the same direction. It now occurred to me that these were the persons destined to form the country quota of my auditory; upon looking back, my impression was confirmed by seeing them all halting in front of the rural theatre, and fastening their horses to the neighbouring rails and trees.

"I now hastened back to take a survey of the scene, and a very curious one it was: a number of carriages were by this time arriving from the town, together with long lines of pedestrians: the centre of the wide road was, however, prominently occupied by the horsemen; some dismounted, abided here the coming of their friends, or exchanged greetings with such of those as had arrived but were yet in their stirrups; and a finer set of men I have rarely looked upon: the general effect of their costume, too, was picturesque and border-like: they were mostly clad in a sort of tunic or frock, made of white or of grass-green, blanketing, the broad dark-blue selvage serving as a binding, the coat being furnished with collar, shoulder-pieces, and cuffs of the same colour, and having a broad belt, either of leather or of the like selvage; broad-leaved white Spanish hats of beaver were evidently the mode, together with high leather leggings, or cavalry boots and heavy spurs. The appointments of the horses were in perfect keeping with those of these cavaliers; they bore *demipique* saddles, with small massive brass or plated stirrups, generally shabracons of bear or deer-skin, and in many instances had saddle-cloths of scarlet or light blue, bound with broad gold or silver lace.

"The whole party having come up, and their horses being hitched in front of the building to their satisfaction, they walked leisurely into the theatre, the men occupying the pit; whilst in the boxes were several groups of pretty and well-dressed women. The demeanour of these border gallants was as orderly as could be desired; and their enjoyment, it one might judge from the heartiness of their laughter, exceeding.

"After the performance there was a general muster to horse; and away they rode, in groups of from ten to twenty, as their way might lie together. These were the planters of the neighbouring country, many of whom came nightly to visit the theatre, and thus from very considerable distances: forming such an audience as cannot be seen elsewhere in this hackney-coach age; indeed, to look on so many fine horses, with their antique caparisons, piquetted about the theatre, recalled the palmy days of the Globe and Bear-garden."

Some of Mr. Power's audiences were not quite so peaceably behaved as these primitive play-goers. At Mobile a man was "killed with a knife" in the gallery whilst the author was exhibiting his easy comedy on the stage. But the following extract is, perhaps, the strangest bit of Thespian anecdote in the book:—

"Opposite Prophet's Island saw a large square ark, moored to the bank, surmounted by a pole from which a white flag was fluttering. I was in great hopes, this was the Mississippi theatre, which I knew from report to be somewhere in this latitude on its annual voyage to New Orleans: but it turned out to be the store of a Yankee pedlar on a travelling voyage.

"This floating theatre about which I make constant inquiry, and which I yet hope to fall in with, is not the least original or singular speculation ventured on these waters. It was projected and is carried on by the elder Chapman, well known for many years as a Covent Garden actor; his practice is to have a building suitable to his views erected upon a raft at some point high up the Mississippi, or on one of its tributaries, whence he takes his departure early in the fall, with scenery, dresses, and decorations, and all prepared for representations. At each village or large plantation he hoists banner and blows trumpet, and few who love a play suffer his ark to pass the door, since they know it is to return no more until the next year: for, however easy may prove the downward course of the drama's temple, to retrograde, upwards, is quite beyond its power. Sometimes a large steamer from Louisville, with a thousand souls on board, will command a play whilst taking in fuel, when the profit must be famous. The corps dramatique is, I believe, principally composed of members of his own family, which is numerous, and, despite of alligators and yellow fever, likely to increase and flourish. When the Mississippi theatre reaches New Orleans, it is abandoned and sold for fire-wood; the manager and troop returning in a steamer to build a new one, with such improvements as increased experience may have suggested."

But enough of the sock and buskin: our next extract shall be a travelling sketch in this wild country. The early part of the journey had been accomplished in Christian conveyances, but one morning,

"After breakfast the driver made his appearance, and desired us to come down to the stables and fix ourselves as well as we could on the *Box*. Conceiving he alluded to me, I asked if the stage was ready, but received for reply an assurance that it was not intended the stage should be any longer employed on the service; but that, by the agent's order, the *Box* was to be taken on from this point, and that those that liked might go on with it, and those that did not might stay behind.

"This was pleasant, but all appeared desirous of trying the *Box*. I confess that a mail conveyance bearing a name so novel excited my curiosity; so, sallying forth, I walked down to the starting-place, where, ready-harnessed and loaded, stood literally the *Box*, made of rough fir plank, eight feet long by three feet wide, with sides two feet deep: it was fixed firmly on an ordinary coach axle, with pole, &c. The mails and luggage filled the box to overflowing, and on the top of all we were left, as the driver said, 'fix our four quarters in as little time as possible.'"

"During the change, our female companion and her proprietor had walked on: and these were yet to be provided for; however, the sun shone brightly; and we found a subject of congratulation in the fact that rain was not likely to be superadded to our miseries."

"Crack went the whip, 'Hold on with your claws and teeth!' cried the driver; the latter, we found, were only to be kept in the jaws by compression: for the former we had immediate occasion, our first movement unshipping a trunk and carpet-bag, together with the hand-box of our fair passenger—the latter was crushed flat beneath the trunk, and its contents scattered about the way: exposed to the gaze of the profane, lay the whole material of the toilet of this fair maiden of Sodom."

"Wherever the way permitted a quicker pace than a walk, our condition was really *pénible* to a degree: luckily, this did not arrive often, or last long: to crawl at a snail-pace through the mud was now a relief, since one could retain one's seat without straining every muscle to hold on."

"Thus we progressed till the evening advanced, when the clouds gathered thick, and then began to roll towards

From the Saturday Evening Post.
HOURS OF IDLENESS.
NO. I.

Helpless Greece!

Enough of blood has wet thy rocks, and stained
Thy rivers; deep enough thy chains have worn,
Their links into thy flesh; the sacrifice
Of thy pure maidens, and thy innocent babes,
And reverend priests, has expiated all
Thy crimes of old. In yonder mingling lights—
There is an omen of good days for thee.
Thou shalt arise from 'midst the dust and sit
Again among the nations. Thine own arm
Shall yet redeem thee. BRYANT.

The unhappiness of any nation excites an emotion in the breast of every Philanthropist. But when we find a country endeared to us by the most holy associations; honored by us as the birth place of liberty; and revered as the land of orators and of poets—when we find such a country groveling in ignorance and barbarism, writhing beneath the blows of tyranny, we feel something more than *sympathy*, we feel a kind of *ENTHUSIASM* in her cause. Such was, but a short time ago, the condition of Greece. But that time is past. Greece is disenthralled, emancipated and regenerated. The Turk no longer sits as master in her halls; no longer profanes with his unholy presence the places where Socrates and Plato have lived. The dark and unmeaning rites of the prophet have given place to the mild and peaceful doctrines of christianity. And by whom has this great, this wonderful change been effected? By a handful of crushed and oppressed people, equally degraded by the brutal rites and cruel tyranny of their masters.—*Unaided* they fought, and *unaided* they conquered.—That a revolution should have occurred in Greece is not at all surprising. We have seen revolutions in other countries, and crowned with the like results.—The simple fact of an oppressed people throwing off the yoke, is not what demands our highest admiration. But that a people held in bondage for years; their intellects benighted by the perfidious arts of their rulers; daily witnesses of the most depraved and licentious conduct, should possess sufficient energy, alone, and unassisted by any human power, to rend the veil which was spread before them, and strike a death blow to their oppressors, is, indeed, an event before unheard of in the annals of the world.

To what other cause we may assign the Greek revolution, besides the natural love of liberty implanted in the breast of every one, we scarcely know.—Yet this seems hardly sufficient. When we look around, and see so many nations on the globe, held in bondage equally degrading, and who endure it patiently, we are compelled to admit that man requires some other incentive besides his natural love of liberty, some other motive to arouse him to action. The peculiar constitution of the Greeks, the descendants of heroes, who fought and died for their country; of statesmen, who governed it by the might of their wisdom; of orators, who charmed and delighted it, rendered them unfit to bear the yoke. The same spirit that fired the hearts of their ancestors on the plains of Marathon, animated them; the same love of science and of learning that made Athens the enemy of the world, remained, only kept dormant by the dark cloud which the Ottoman had cast over their understandings, and soon to shine forth with all its primitive lustre.

One of the principal causes that led to the emancipation of Greece, was the formation of a society, in the year 1814, styled the "Hetaïria." It was composed of Greeks, brave and intelligent, devoted to their country, who swore by every thing they held sacred to free her, or die in the attempt. It had for

the north west in dark threatening masses, right in the teeth of a brisk, fitful breeze.

"We'll get it presently," observed our driver, eyeing the drift, "hot as mush, and 'most as thick, by the looks on't."

"All at once the wind lulled; then it shifted round to the south-east, and blew out in heavy gusts that bent the tall pines together like rushes; upon this change, lightning quickly followed, playing in the distance about the edge of the darkening horizon."

"Some of our Box crew decided as they desired, that it would pass away in threatening only; others, that all this heralding would be followed by a violent storm, or perhaps by a hurricane. It now occurred to me that, in moments of enthusiasm, encouraged by security, I had expressed myself desirous of witnessing the wild charge of a furious hurricane on the thick ranks of the forest."

"In this uncertainty I resolved to consult our driver's experience; so, coming boldly to the point, demanded, 'I say, driver, do you calculate that we shall be caught in a hurricane?'

"'I'll tell you how that'll be exact,' replied our oracle: 'If the rain comes down pretty, we shan't have no hurricane; if it holds up dry, why, we shan't.'

"Henceforth never did ducks pray more devoutly for rain than did the crew of the *Box*, although without hope or thought of shelter."

"At last our prayers were heard; and we all, I believe, breathed more freely as the gates of the sky opened, and the falling flood subdued and stilled the hot wind, whose heavy gusts rushing among the pines had been the reverse of musical."

"The thunder-clouds, hitherto confined to the southern horizon, now closed down upon the forest, deepening its already darkness; at a snail's pace we still proceeded, and luckily found an Indian party encamped close by a sort of bridge lying across a swamp it would have been impossible, as the driver assured us, to have crossed without a good light."

"From this party we not only procured a large supply of excellent light-wood, but one of the men volunteered to carry a bundle of it, and act as guide; the squaw of the good fellow was in a violent rage with her man for this courtesy, but he bore her ridicule and reviling with perfect composure. Each of our party carried in his hand a large shiver of this invaluable wood; and, thus prepared, marched in front of the *Box* across the bridge, almost as ticklish as the single hair leading to Mahome's heaven: it was a quarter of a mile in length, unguarded by a rail or bulwark of the lightest kind, but generally overhung by the rank growth of the jungle through which it was laid."

"My New York companions and I had out-walked the *Box*; but when about half way across, the rain extinguished our torches, which were rather too slight for the service, when, as we had perceived in our course that many of the planks were unshipped or full of holes, we thought it best to halt for the coming up of our baggage."

"I can never forget the effect produced by the blaze of the huge bundle of light-wood borne aloft by our Creek guide: I entirely lost sight of the discomfort of our condition in the pleasure I derived from the whole scene."

"Let the reader imagine a figure dressed in a deep-yellow shirt reaching barely to the knees, the legs naked; a belt of scarlet wampum about the loins, and a crimson and a dark-blue shawl twisted turban-fashion round the head; with locks of black coarse hair streaming from under this, and falling loose over the neck or face; fancy one half of such a figure lashed up by a very strong blaze, marking the nimble tread, the swart cool features, sparkling eye, and outstretched muscular arms of the red-man, the other half, meantime, being in the blackest possible shadow; whilst following close behind, just perceptible through wreaths of thick smoke, moved the heads of the leading horses; and, over all, flashed at frequent intervals red vivid lightning; one moment breaking forth in a wide sheet, as though an overcharged cloud had burst at once asunder: the next, descending in zig-zag lines, or darting through amongst the tall pines and cypress trees; whilst the quick patter of the horses' hoofs were for a time heard loudly rattling over the loose hollow planks, and then again drowned wholly by the crash of near thunder."

Time strengthens friendship, but weakens love.

its object—the purification of the nation, the emancipation and regeneration of the whole Greek people—not to answer the ends of a particular party; not to exalt one portion of their country by the debasement of another—their aim was unlimited—universal. Its head quarters were established at St. Petersburg; and in order to render the scheme as effectual as possible, agents were appointed all over Europe, to invite the dispersed race to join with them in their sacred union. And their ranks were soon filled. Thousands hastened from the various parts of Europe, where they had gone to drag out their miserable lives beyond the reach of Ottoman power, to join this association, and together, in holy brotherhood, to offer up their all in their country's cause. The members were divided into three classes, Chiefs, Coadjutors and Priests.—Each had their distinct signs and cyphers, and whenever they met, immediately recognised each other.—Their uniform was entirely black, in sign of mourning for their afflicted country; but on their banner, as if in anticipation of her better fate, was planted a Phoenix rising from its ashes. In the field, when death and carnage were around, the troops fought with the most heroic daring; whenever the battle raged the hottest, there might their banner be seen. From such men as these, brave in battle, wise in council, what might not be expected? And nobly they fulfilled the hopes of their countrymen—they *did* purify the nation, they *did* emancipate Greece; and may they live to see her placed among one of the brightest stars in the constellations of the earth!

To assert that Greece is pure, immaculate, would be altogether incredible. Subjected for eighteen hundred years, to the avarice and cruelty of barbarians and savage hordes, who preyed on her very vitals, subjected her government, destroyed her religion, put out the light of learning, made her sons "hewers of wood and drawers of water," it is surprising that a single spark of virtue, of patriotism, of bravery remains. Conquered Greece polished victorious Rome; but when, after a succession of years under the dominion of barbarians, she fell into the power of the Turks, not all the monuments of her ancient glory, her temples, her palaces; not all her love of virtue, and enthusiastic admiration of science, would soften the stubborn nature of the Turks, could awaken a single magnanimous sentiment in their bosoms. All was cold and dark, and gloomy. After living among the Greeks for years, and becoming domesticated with them, it is no wonder, that they should infuse into them the same spirit, that they should make them *almost* as degraded as themselves. But Greece at length awoke to the full reality of her situation, broke the chains of her bondage, and took her station as an emancipated nation. She is fast progressing to that goal at which so few have arrived, she will soon reach that dazzling height which it has been our lot to gain, and when she does reach it, having learned wisdom from experience, she will avoid the rocks upon which she before split, and there remain, never again to fall. This must—this *will* be her future destiny. It requires not a prophet's vision to determine, that a country, in which every thing good, every thing noble, every thing magnanimous may be found, will continue to advance, and at length take her station among the nations of the earth, one of the fairest and the proudest.

MIRZA.

A young aspirant for literary and fashionable distinction, who had in vain laid the foundation for what he had hoped would luxuriate into a large pair of whiskers, lately asked one of our village belles what she thought of them. To which she replied, with much *naïvete*, that they were alike unto the Western country—extensively laid out, but thinly settled.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

But few persons are aware of the entire change of the English language in a few centuries. Innovations and amendments are continually being introduced, and many parts of it becoming obsolete.

For the purpose of presenting in one view the changes which the language has undergone, we select the Lord's prayer as an example. The following version is *Danish Saxon* of about the year 875, and is ascribed to King Alfred.

Fader ure, thu the earth on Heofnum,
Si thin Nama gehalgod;
To be come thin Rice;
Gewurthe thin Willa on Eorþan swa swa on Heofnum;

Urne ge daghwanlican Hluf style us to dag,
And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgyfaþ
urum Gyltendum;
And ne geladde thu us on Costnung;
As alyse us of Yfe.

By Pope Adrian in Rhyme about 1156.

Ure Fadyr in Heavenrich,
Thy Name be halyed ever lich;
Thow bring us thy michel Bliss,
Als hit in Heaven y-do,
Evar in Yearth been it also;
That holy Bread that lasteth ay
Thou sent it us this like Day;
Forgive us all that we have don,
As we forgiveth och other Mon;
Ne let us fall into no Fbundling:
Ac shield ous fro the foule Thing.

Amen.

English of the 13th Century.

Oure Fader, that art in Hevenes,
Halewid be thi Name;
Thy Kingdom come;
To be thi Wille do as in Hevene and in Erthe,
Gyff to us this Day owar Brode over other Sub-
stance;
And forgyve to us our Dettis, as forgyven to ure
Dettours;

And lede us not into Temptation;
But delyve us to Yvel. Amen, that is, so be it.

English of 1378—From Wickliff's Translation.

Our Fadyr, that art in Hevenes,
Halloed be thy Name;
Thy Kingdom come to;
Be thy Will done in Erthe as in Hevene;
Geve to us this Day our Bread, over other Sub-
stance,

And forgyve to us our Dettis, as we forgyven to ure
Dettters;

And lead us not into Temptation,
But deliver us from Evil. Amen.

English of 1430.

Our Fadir, that art in Hevenes,
Halewide be thi name;
Thy Kingdom come to thee;
Be thy Will don in Erthe as in Hevene;
Give to us this Day oure Bread over other Sub-
stance

And forgyve to us our Dettis, as we forgyven ure
Dettours;

But deliver us from Ivel. Amen.

English of 1526.—From Tyndal's Translation.

Our Father which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name;
Let thy Kingdom come;
Thy will be fulfilled as well in Earth as it is in Heve
Geve to us this Daye our Dayly Bred;
And forgyve us the Dettis, as we forgyven ure
Dettters;

And lead us not into Temptation;
But deliver us from Evyll,

For thyne is the Kingdom, and the power and the
Glory for ever.



Mosque of Omar—Jerusalem.



Central Nave of St. Peter's—Rome.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

Erected on Mount Moriah, where Solomon's Temple stood.

This splendid building, occupies the site of the ancient temple erected by Solomon on "Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David his father in the place that David had prepared in the threshing floor of Ornan," or Araunah, "the Jebusite." (1 Kings, vi. with 2 Chron. iii. 1.) It was erected by the Caliph Omar, and by the Moslems is reputed to be next in sanctity to the temple at Mecca. When Jerusalem was taken by the crusaders, it was converted into a Christian church; and when they finally abandoned the city, the victorious Sultan Saladin caused the whole building to be washed with rosewater, by way of purification, before he would enter it.

The Mosque, which is the finest piece of Saracenic architecture in existence, is a regular octagon, each side being seventy feet in width; it is entered by four spacious doors facing the cardinal points, the Bab el Garb on the west, Bab nebbe Naoud, or Gate of David, on the east, Bab el Kebla, or the Gate of Prayer, on the south, and Bab el Djinnah, or the Gate of Heaven, on the north; each of these entrances has a porch of timber-work, of considerable height, excepting Bab el Kebla, which has a fine portico, supported by eight Corinthian pillars of marble; the lower part of the walls is faced with marble, evidently very ancient; it is white, with a slight tinge of blue, and pieces wholly blue are occasionally introduced with good effect; each face is panelled, the sides of the panels forming plain pilasters at the angles; the upper part is faced with small glazed tiles, about eight inches square, of various colours, blue being the prevailing, with passages from the Koran on them, forming a singular and beautiful mosaic; the four plain sides have each seven well-proportioned windows of stained glass: the four sides of entrance have only six. The roof gently rises towards the perpendicular part under the dome, which is also covered with coloured tiles, arranged in various elegant devices. The dome is double; it was built by Solyman I. of a spherical form; is covered with lead, and crowned by a gilt crescent; the whole is ninety feet in height, and has a light and beautiful effect: the fanciful disposition of the soft colours above, contrasting with the blue and white marble below, is extremely pleasing.

The interior is paved with grey marble; and the walls, which are quite plain, are covered with the same material, of a fine white colour. Twenty-four pillars of marble, of a brownish colour, form a concentric nave; the eight opposite the angles are square, without ornament; the other sixteen, being two to each face of the octagon, are round, well-proportioned, and about twenty feet in height, with capitals of a composite style, gilt; above is a plain plinth, and twenty-four small arches supporting the roof, which is wrought in compartments, and gilt in exquisite taste. A second circle of sixteen pillars, four squares and twelve round, based on an elevation in the floor, to which there is an ascent of four steps, and having capitals, a plinth, and arches, as before, supports the dome, the interior of which is finely painted and gilt in arabesque; from the centre are suspended several antique vessels of gold and silver, offerings of some pious Mohammedans. Immediately beneath the dome, surrounded by a high iron railing, gilt, with only one gate of entrance, is an immense mass of limestone, of an irregular form, probably part of the rock on which the Mosque stands; it is named El Hadjera el Sahbara Allah, the Locked-up Stone of God, and is held in the highest veneration. The tradition respecting it is, that it fell from heaven when the spirit of prophecy commenced; that all the antients to whom it was given, prophesied from it; and that on this rock sat the angel of death, who, upon David's inconsiderate num-

bering of the people, slaughtered until God "commanded him to put up his sword again into the sheath thereof." (1 Chron. xxi. 7.) At the time the prophets fled from Jerusalem, the stone wished to accompany them, but was prevented by the angel Gabriel, who forcibly held it (the marks of his fingers still remain) until the arrival of Mahommed, who, by his prayers, fixed it for ever to the spot. Mohammed, in the twelfth year of his mission, made his celebrated night journey from Mecca to Jerusalem on the Beast el Borak, accompanied by the angel Gabriel, as described in the 17th chapter of the Koran; and having paid his devotions, ascended from this stone to heaven; the rock, sensible of the happiness, became soft, and the print of the prophet's foot remains to this day, an object of great veneration to all true believers. Some years back a portion of the rock was stolen by the Christians: but no sooner had they got it out of the Mosque than it became invisible to them, and was afterwards discovered by the Mussulmans. The rock is enclosed by a low wooden railing, and covered by a canopy of green and red satin; immediately beneath it is a natural chamber, called the "Ennobled Cavern of God," an irregular square chamber eighteen feet each way, and eight in the highest part, above which is a hole through the rock, called the "Hole of Mahammed." Five small cavities around is inscribed as the places of Solomon, David, Abraham, Gabriel, and St. John. It also contains the Well of Souls, or entrance to the infernal regions. This Mosque further contains the praying place and footstep of our Lord Idris; the praying place, sword (fourteen feet long), and standard of Ali, nephew of Mohammed; the scales for weighing the souls of men; the shield of Mohammed; the birds of Solomon; the pomegranates of David; and the saddle of El Borak; on a wooden desk, an original copy of the Koran, the leaves of which are four feet in length. In the outer circle there is a well, at which believers wash and drink; and near the western entrance is a slab of green marble, forming part of the floor, which has the marks of having been pierced by eighteen nails of silver; three of these and a portion of a fourth only remain, the others having at different times disappeared, in order to mark the completion of certain great epochs. The remainder are to follow; and when the last takes its departure, the fulness of time will be complete and the world end. It is also said that the nails were pulled out by the devil, in his attempts to enter paradise by this door.

This Mosque belongs especially to the principal and most respected Mussulman sect, that of the Hanifites (so called from Hanifah its founder,) and has been kept sacred from the approach of Christians until very recently. Here, and in the Mosque at Mecca, the Mussulman believes his prayers to be more acceptable to God than any where else. It is believed by the Moslems that all the prophets, since the time of Adam, have come here to pray and prophesy; and that even now they come in invisible troops, accompanied by angels, to pray on the Sahhara. The usual guard of this holy stone is 70,000 angels, who are relieved every day. One hundred and eighty lamps are lighted at night in this Mosque.

CENTRAL NAIVE OF ST. PETER'S.

The interior of this wonderful church is, on the whole, as grand and beautiful as the exterior, though, like that, not free from architectural defects.

It is not, however, when the stranger first crosses the threshold of its grand gate that the full majesty of the place bursts upon him, but it is by degrees, and after repeated visits that he is made sensible of its size and matchless sublimity. All who have written on the subject agree in this impression. The various

parts of this vast church are so well proportioned to each other, every thing being on the same scale of greatness, that the eye is deceived by the harmony which exists, and can only judge of the real size of particular objects, by comparing something in the edifice within reach with something analogous to it in the ordinary works of nature. Thus two figures of cherubs, supporting the vase of holy water near the door, which are six feet high, do not look bigger than children of five years age; nor are their dimensions understood except by referring to some living man or woman who may be standing near them. And again, the figures of the Evangelists, which decorate the inside of the cupola, do not appear larger than life, though the pen in St. Mark's hand is six feet long.

Something also may be found to account for this impression in the elegant notion of Madame de Staël, who fancies the objects are not so much diminished as the spectator's faculties are raised and aggrandized when he finds himself for the first time within the sacred precinct; and some weight, moreover, must be given to the remark of the acute Forsyth, who says, "But greatness is ever relative. St. Paul's is greater because every thing around it is little. At Rome the eye is accustomed to noble dimensions, and measures St. Peter's by a larger scale."

The lateral aisles, and the numerous chapels which break off from the grand whole of the temple, have been made amenable to criticism; but the central nave, as represented in our cut, is infinitely grand and sublime. It is eighty-nine feet in breadth and one hundred and fifty-two feet high; it is flanked on either side by a noble arcade, the piers of which are decorated with niches and with fluted Corinthian pilasters. A semicircular vault, highly enriched with sunk panels, sculptures and gilded ornaments of various kinds, is thrown across from one side to the other, producing the most splendid effect.

Walking up this magnificent avenue, which in itself is one of the grandest work of art, the visitor comes to a part of the building incomparably more magnificent still; we mean, of course, the crown of the whole,—the great soul of the composition,—Michael Angelo's cupola, which is raised over the centre of the plan.

"The cupola," exclaims Forsyth, "is glorious! Viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration,—viewed either as a whole or part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on,—a sublime peculiar to the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the spot!"

Standing on the pavement of the church, immediately beneath this vast concave, and gazing upwards, through a wide uninterrupted void to the height of four hundred and twelve feet, the effect is almost overpowering; there man shrinks, as it were, into nothingness beneath the wondrous works of man! Architecture can boast of nothing so sublimely impressive as this!

The concave surface of the cupola is divided into compartments, is enriched with majestic figures of saints in mosaic and other grand works of art, and is brilliantly lighted from above and below. In the centre of the cross, where the sea of light pours down from the dome, and ten or twelve feet beneath the pavement of the present church, is the tomb of St. Peter, before which a hundred lamps are constantly kept burning.

In describing the exterior of the church we have mentioned that the most glorious effect produced is when the cupola is illuminated; and so, in the interior, the temple is never seen to such advantage as when (on the evening of Good Friday) it is lighted solely by an immense cross of brilliant lamps suspended in the centre under that dome. The cross sheds a liquid

brilliance on a vast space where the pope, in white robes, and all the cardinals ranged behind him, kneel in silence for the space of half an hour. During that time you might hear the fall of a pin. A pale and uncertain light, diminishing in proportion to its distance from the glorious focus of the cross, fills the rest of the temple, developing with a veil-like, undecided effect, which cannot be described by words, the colossal statues on the tombs, and the crowds of living beings assembled there who look like pigmies. At this season the stately columns and pilasters seem to swell in size,—the roofs and the dome rise even higher than their usual elevation,—the whole church dilates its vast dimensions! It is said that the great Michael Angelo, who was great in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry,—in every thing he did or projected, first gave the idea of thus illuminating the interior of the church by the cross alone.

In the brief sketch like this, we can neither enter on the architectural details, nor describe the wonders of art in sculpture, painting, and mosaic contained within St. Peter's. Either of these subjects, indeed, would occupy a volume. We have said there are faults detected within the church as well as without; but absolute perfection is not a faculty of man, and besides this edifice was not the work of one great genius but several architects in succession—some of whom had none of the judgment and grand taste of Michael Angelo, and all of whom widely departed from the plans he had laid down for building the whole of the church. As it is, however, a visit to St. Peter's is an exquisite pleasure, and one calculated to elevate and improve the soul of man. "All the time I was in it," says an eloquent French writer, "my thoughts were fixed on God and eternity." It is a spectacle too that never tires—you may visit it every day, and always find something new to admire. This will be easily conceived if the reader only reflect on the fact, that for several ages, and through a long succession of popes, the fine arts have never ceased adding new riches to the temple on canvass or in mosaic, in marble or in bronze.

The temperature of the air within its vast enclosure is delightfully mild and genial—it is cool in summer, and comfortably warm in winter—it is, in fact, almost invariable. Nothing can well be more exquisite than to escape on a hot summer's day from the streets of Rome and the glaring light and oppressive heat, and to seek refuge in the cool atmosphere of St. Peter's. The winter at Rome, too, is sometimes sufficiently severe to enhance the value of its genial temperature at that season.

A similar advantage is enjoyed in most of the great churches in the south of Europe, but in none to such a degree as in St. Peter's, where a perpetual spring may be said to reign. Nor is this produced by any actively artificial means; there are no fires or other modes of warming in winter, and there are no peculiar processes for ventilating or otherwise cooling in summer. It arises solely from the enormous thickness and solidity of the walls throughout; from the comparatively few and small apertures communicating with the external atmosphere; and from the immense bulk of the air enclosed within the temple, that neither part with nor receives heat in sufficient quantity to effect in any perceptible degree the equability of its temperature.

God looks not at the oratory of your prayers, how elegant they be, or at the geometry of your prayers, how long they be, nor at the arithmetic of your prayers, how many they be, nor at the logic of your prayers, how methodical they be; but the sincerity of them he looks at.—Brooks.

*Dupaty, Lettres sur L' Italie.

UNITED STATES CURRENCY AND REVENUE.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

By way of giving some variety to our miscellany, we insert the substance of two speeches lately delivered in Congress, by two great champions of opposing political parties. The speeches embrace very important subjects—the currency—the surplus revenue—and the causes of the present pressure—and our readers, by giving them a careful perusal, will readily be enabled to understand the conflicting opinions which are entertained on these matters, throughout the country, it being fair to presume that Messrs. Webster and Benton have generally embodied the views of their respective parties. Our own opinions agree entirely with those of Mr. Webster, and we think that every unprejudiced reader will agree with us, that Mr. Benton's theory is most fully and unequivocally exploded.

IN SENATE, SATURDAY, APRIL 23.

The following resolution, submitted yesterday by Mr. Benton, was taken up for consideration:

"Resolved, That, from and after the — day of —, in the year 1836, nothing but gold and silver ought to be received in payment for the public lands; and that the Committee on Public Lands be instructed to report a bill accordingly."

Mr. BENTON addressed the Senate in favor of the resolution. He was opposed to a national currency of paper, and in favor of disconnecting the Federal Treasury from paper money as expeditiously as it could be done without injury to the public. At present he limited himself to one branch of the revenue, the public lands; and, for strong and peculiar reasons, wished to begin with hard money payments in that branch. The state of the paper system, the impossibility of regulating it in its application to lands, and the mischiefs which were now resulting to the Federal Treasury, to the currency of the new States, and to the settlers and cultivators who wished to purchase lands for use, imperiously required a remedy; and a cessation to receive paper money for land was an obvious and certain remedy for a part of these evils.

The state of the paper system was now hideous and appalling, and those who did not mean to suffer by its catastrophe should fly from its embraces. According to a report made in the House of Representatives by the select committee, of which Mr. Gillett, of New York, was the chairman, the present number of chartered banks and their branches in the United States could not be less than seven hundred and fifty, their chartered capitals not less than 300,000,000, and their chartered rights to issue paper money extended to 750,000,000 dollars! Mr. B. repeated this statement; and dwelling upon the last sum, (the 750,000,000 of paper money,) he said that it was enough to make the spirits of the dead start from their graves! the spirits, he meant of those dead patriots, who, having seen the evils of paper money, and being determined to free the country from such evils in all future time, took care, by a constitutional enactment, to make gold and silver the only currency of the Constitution, and the only tender in payment of debts.

Having stated the number of the banks, their vast nominal capital, their unlimited real power to cover the country with paper, the great amount of their paper issues, five of them alone having increased their circulation fifteen millions in about a year, and reminding the Senate that the business of chartering banks was in full progress in many of the States, Mr. B. looked to the state of the connexion between this wilderness of banks and the Federal Treasury. This

connexion, he said, depended, in point of law, upon the joint resolution of 1816, which in addition to specie and the notes of the Bank of the United States, gave authority, by implication, to receive the notes of all specie-paying banks in payment of public dues.—This was the law; the practice under it he would state presently, and would show that no practice under it with the multitudes of banks now existing, could be safe for the country, or free from the danger of irretrievably entangling the Federal Government with the ups and downs of the whole paper system, and all the fluctuations, convulsions, and disasters to which it was subject. But before he did this, he would say that the joint resolution of 1816 was a wise and laudable act at the time it was passed, and made a great step at that time towards the improvement of the currency. The currency of the country, especially of the whole South and West, was, at that time, paper, and not only paper, but inconvertible paper, the banks which issued it not paying specie, and the holder being obliged to sell his notes at 10, 15 or 20 per cent. discount, if he wished to get hard money for them. The whole community was submitting to the imposition of using this paper, and the Federal Treasury with the rest. The joint resolution of 1816 was passed, and fixed a limited time, less than a year, within which no notes but those of specie-paying banks should be receivable for public dues. The effect was immediate and magical, and showed how completely the Federal Government had the paper currency under its power, and could control it if it would only use that power. Before the day limited there was a general resumption of specie payments, which, with some exceptions, has continued ever since.

The joint resolution of 1816 was then wise and laudable when passed; but the advance which the paper system has long since made, and is still making, entirely changes the effect of that resolution. There are no longer any non-specie-paying banks whose notes will be received either by the Federal Treasury or by individuals; and there are 750 specie-paying banks, with a constant increase of their number, whose notes may be received by the Federal Treasury. In point of law, all these banks are equal; they all have an equal right to be received in federal payments; but, in point of fact, they are not all admitted; and here the practical difficulties begin to present themselves. To receive the paper of all these banks, would be to fill the Treasury in a very short time with some tens of millions of unavailable funds; to discriminate between them, to receive some and reject others, would be to exercise a power which might lead to favoritism, undue influence, partiality, and injustice, and might invest some man, or some body of men, with a dangerous power over the paper currency. The first question would be, *who shall make the discrimination?* And the practical answer would probably be, that the deposite banks, for the time being, from 1816 to the present time, have been the practical arbiters of the receivability of State bank paper. These banks, it is presumed, have been required to receive no paper but that which they could credit as specie to the United States; and while this gave them an option which seems naturally to belong to the obligation of paying all the Government demands in specie, yet it had the effect of devolving the power of regulating the paper currency upon banking institutions, formerly the Bank of the United States, and at present upon the three dozen banks which are the depositories of the public moneys. Mr. B. objected to devolving this power upon banks. It was a most responsible and dangerous power, liable to abuse and to great mischief from indiscretion as well as design. In the first place, there could be no system; for each of the thirty-six banks would decide for itself what should be received and what should have the high character of land office or

custom-house money. In the next place, there could be no permanency in the receivability of any particular paper. The deposit bank could make and break its arrangements at pleasure; and what was land office money or custom house money on one day, might cease to be so on the next, and the public not be able to see any reason for the change, and which change might subject individuals to great loss and imposition. In the third place, the best banks of the country might be capriciously excluded, while insignificant ones might be invested with all the advantages of supplying a federal currency; and, in the present multitude of thirty-six banks, to decide each for itself on the paper of seven hundred and fifty banks, perhaps many of them as good as the deposit banks, it was impossible to get along without complaints and dissatisfaction, and much possible injustice to banks as well as injury to individuals. The next tribunal to decide, Mr. B. would assume to be the Secretary of the Treasury himself; but this would only be an arbiter in name; the Secretary would have to decide according to the representations of members of Congress, and these members would have to act upon the importunity and representation of the petitioning banks; so that there would be no real arbiter, and no real responsibility; and besides, he (Mr. B.) was not willing to invest any officer whatever with the power of regulating the paper currency, and giving to what notes he pleased a circulation co-extensive with the Union, by ordering them to be received in payment of public dues.—The third tribunal was the Congress itself; and this would be found to be no tribunal at all, as every member would take care to have the banks in his own district admitted to all the advantages which were granted to any other; and thus the whole would be admitted without discrimination.

Mr. B. saw insuperable difficulties in the detail as well as in the principle of this question. The Federal Government can create a national paper currency by giving receivability to bank paper; it can deluge any new State with bank paper from any other State by making it receivable for public lands. It can give a State paper currency to a State in spite of itself in Missouri, for example, where the Legislature has refused to charter a bank from a just and laudable antipathy to a paper currency, and where the Federal Government receives paper money for its lands, and thus gives currency to that paper; thus counteracting the policy of the State, and introducing strange and foreign notes into circulation, to the diminution of gold and silver.

Taking the fact as it now existed, and Mr. B. said it was clear that the deposit banks, each, for itself, was the regulator of the paper currency, and the arbiter of what might and might not be received in payment of public dues; and what was the result. Why, that the whole paper system had run wild. Bank charters were granted for millions; paper issues to exceed all bounds; loans to any amount to any body to speculate—in reality, to gamble—in stocks, public lands, and what not, until the public Treasury is filled to distension with bank paper. The effect of all this uncontrolled state of the paper system has been most signally manifested in the public lands, where the sales have increased from four millions *per annum* to five millions *per quarter*, causing the Treasury to be filled with paper, the Congress to be harassed with projects for getting rid of surpluses, while the new States have been overrun with speculators, bidding up the lands against cultivators and settlers, and introducing myriads of strange notes into places where they were wholly unknown.

Mr. B. said he was able to inform the Senate how it happened that the sales of the public lands had deceived all calculations, and run up from four million a year to five millions a quarter; it was this: speculators

went to banks, borrowed five, ten, twenty, fifty thousand dollars in paper, in small notes, usually under twenty dollars, and engaged to carry off these notes to a great distance, sometimes five hundred or a thousand miles, and there laid them out for public lands. Being land office money, they would circulate in the country; many of these small notes would never return at all, and their loss would be a clear gain to the bank; others would not return for a long time; and the bank would draw interest on them for years before they had to redeem them. Thus speculators, loaded with paper, would outbid settlers and cultivators who had no undue accommodations from banks, and who had nothing but specie to give for lands, or the notes which were its real equivalent. Mr. B. said that, living in a new State, it came within his knowledge to know that such accommodations as he had mentioned were the main cause of the excessive sales which had taken place in the public lands, and that the effect was equally injurious to every interest concerned, except the banks and the speculators; it was injurious to the Treasury, which was filling with paper—to the new States, which were flooded with paper—and to settlers and cultivators, who were outbid by speculators, loaded with this borrowed paper. A return to specie payments for land is the remedy for all these evils.

It would put an end to every complaint now connected with the subject, and have a beneficial effect upon every public and private interest. Upon the Federal Government its effect would be to check the unnatural sale of the public lands to speculators for paper; it would throw the speculators out of market, limit the sales to settlers and cultivators, stop the swelling increases of paper surpluses in the Treasury, put an end to all projects for disposing of surpluses, and relieve all anxiety for the fate of the public moneys in the deposit banks. Upon the new States where the public lands are situated, its effects would be most auspicious. It would stop the flood of paper with which they are inundated, and bring in a steady stream of gold and silver in its place. It would give them a hard money currency, and especially a share of the gold currency; for every emigrant could then carry gold to the country. Upon the settler and cultivator who wished to purchase land, its effects would be peculiarly advantageous. He would be relieved from the competition of speculators; he would not have to contend with those who receive undue accommodations at banks, and come to the land offices loaded with bank notes which they had borrowed upon condition of carrying them far away, and turning them loose where many would be lost, and never get back to the bank that issued them. All these and many other good effects would thus be produced, and no hardship or evil of any kind could accrue; for the settler and cultivator who wishes to buy land for use, or for a settlement for his children, or to increase his farm, would have no difficulty in getting hard money to make his purchase. He has no undue accommodations from banks. He has no paper but what is good; such as he can readily convert into specie. To him the exaction of specie payment from all purchasers would be a rule of equality, which would enable him to purchase what he needs without competition with fictitious and borrowed capital.

Mr. B. considered that the return to hard money for the payment of the public lands was the only thing that could give permanency, uniformity, and equality to what is called land office money. It was of the greatest moment to the People of the new States that they should know what was, and what was not, receivable for public lands, and that what was once fixed should remain stable. They were subject to too many losses and impositions from instability in the receivability of different kinds of paper. They never knew any thing about changes until they are

made. When a citizen with much trouble has collected what is land-office money to-day, he may find to-morrow it is changed, or, at the moment of carrying it to the land-office, he may find it rejected, and himself thrown upon the tender mercies of a *shaver* to procure, at a new sacrifice, what the receiver can accept. Since the adoption of the amendment, which he had the honor to offer, restricting the use of paper in payment from the Government, it followed, as a necessary consequence, that there must be corresponding restrictions upon the receipt of it. That amendment made four important improvements in the federal use of paper money: 1. In prohibiting, *forthwith*, the use of notes of less than ten dollars in all payments from the Federal Government or the Post Office: 2. In prohibiting the use of notes of less than twenty dollars in such payments from the 3d of March next: 3. In prohibiting the use in like payments, of all notes whatever, which were issued at one place and made payable at another: 4. In prohibiting the use of all notes, in such payments, which were not equivalent to specie at the place where offered in payment, and convertible into gold or silver on the spot at the will of the holder, and without loss or delay to him. Under these enactments Mr. B. considered the Federal Government and the Post Office as virtually confined to specie payments; they will have then to confine themselves to specie receipts. Whether Congress made a further enactment or not, the Treasury and the Postmaster General would have to impose restrictions upon the receipt of paper corresponding with the restrictions upon the payments in it. He (Mr. B.) was certain that the payments upon the Western frontier must be made in specie. There was not a bank note in the United States which could be offered in the West. There was not one which would come under the restrictions which the enactment imposed. The effect of the enactment was to prevent bank notes from being offered in payment except at the place where the bank was situated which had issued it. Such was the effect of the enactment, and such was its intention; for it was intended to lay the foundation for completely breaking up paper money as a national currency; for completely cutting off paper from the Federal Government; for completely returning to the currency of the Constitution for the Federal Government; in a word, for re-establishing the gold currency! which never could be done if the Federal Government continued to receive and pay out paper money.

Mr. B. considered the proposition which he had made, as another step towards the consummation of the great object of securing to the People a specie currency. It would effectually accomplish that purpose for the new States, and the extension of the same provision to the custom houses and post offices would secure a specie currency to the old States. Whether his proposition became law or not, it must take effect. The Secretary of the Treasury would have to do by regulation what he proposed that Congress should do by law. The obligation to pay out in hard money involves the necessity to receive in hard money; and he was only anxious about his proposition as he preferred stability to change, legislation to regulation, and the will of Congress to the will of the deposit banks, or of a Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. WEBSTER said that he and those who acted with him would be justified in taking no active course in regard to this resolution, in sitting still, suppressing their surprise and astonishment if they could; and letting these schemes and projects take the form of such laws as their projectors might propose.

We are powerless now, and can do nothing. All these measures affecting the currency of the country and the security of the public treasure we have resist-

ed since 1832. We have done so unsuccessfully. We struggled for the recharter of the Bank of the U. States in 1832. The utility of such an institution had been proved by forty years' experience. We struggled against the removal of the deposits. The act, as we thought, was a direct usurpation of power. We strove against the experiment, and all in vain. Our opinions were disregarded, our warnings neglected, and we are now in no degree responsible for the mischiefs which are but too likely to ensue.

Who (said Mr. W.) will look with the perception of an intelligent, and the candour of an honest man, upon the present condition of our finances and currency, and say that this want of credit and confidence, which is so general, and which, it is possible, may, ere long, overspread the land with bankruptcies and distress, has not flowed directly from those measures the adoption of which we so strenuously resisted, and the folly of which men of all parties, however reluctantly, will soon be brought to acknowledge?—The truth of this assertion was palpable and resistless.

What, sir, are the precise evils under which the finances of the Government and, he believed, of the country now suffer? They are obviously two: The superabundance of the Treasury, and its insecurity. We have more money than we need, and that money, not being in custody under any law, and being in hands over which we have no control, is threatened with danger. Now, sir, is it not manifest that these evils flow directly from measures of Government which some of us have zealously resisted? May not each be traced to its distinct source? There would have been no surplus in the Treasury, but for the veto of the land bill, so called, of 1833. This is certain. And as to the security of the public money, it would have been, at this moment, entirely safe, but for the veto of the act continuing the Bank charter. Both these measures had received the sanction of Congress, by clear and large majorities. They were both negatived; the reign of experiments, schemes, and projects commenced, and here we are. Every thing that is now amiss in our financial concerns is the direct consequence of extraordinary exercises of Executive authority. This assertion does not rest on general reasoning. Facts prove it. One veto has deprived the Government of a safe custody for the public money, and another veto had caused their present augmentation.

What, sir, are the evils which are distracting our financial operation? They are obviously two. The public money was not safe; it was protected by no law. The treasury was overflowing. There was more money than we needed. The currency was unsound. Credit had been diminished and confidence destroyed. And what did these two evils, the insecurity of the public money and its abundance, result from? They referred directly back to the two celebrated experiments; the veto of the bank bill, followed by the removal of the deposits, and the rejection of the land bill. No man doubted that the public money would have remained safe in the Bank of the United States, if the executive veto of 1832 had not disturbed it.

It was that veto, also, which, by discontinuing the National Bank, removed the great and salutary check to the immoderate issue of paper money, and encouraged the creation of so many State banks. This was another of the products of that veto. This is as plain as that. The rejection of the land bill of 1832, by depriving the country of a proper, necessary, and equal distribution of the surplus fund, had produced this redundancy in the Treasury. If the wisdom of Congress had been trusted, the country would not have been plunged into its present difficulties. They devised the only means by which the peace and pros-

perity of the People could have been secured. They passed the Bank charter; it was negatived. They passed the land bill, and it met the same fate. This extraordinary exercise of power, in these two instances, has produced an exactly corresponding mischief in each case, upon the subjects to which it was applied. Its application to the bill providing for the recharter of the Bank of the United States has been followed by the present insecurity of the public treasure, and a superabundance of money not wanted, has been the consequence of its application to the land bill.

The country (continued Mr. W.) is the victim of schemes, projects, and reckless experiments. We are wiser, or we think ourselves so, than those who have gone before us. Experience cannot teach us. We cannot let well enough alone. The experience of forty years was insufficient to settle the question whether a national bank was useful or not; and forty years' practice of the Government could not decide whether it was constitutional or not. And it is worthy of all consideration, that undue power has been claimed by the Executive. One thing is certain, and that is, there has been a constant and corresponding endeavour to diminish the constitutional power of Congress. The bank charter was negatived, because Congress had no power under the Constitution to grant it; and yet, though Congress had no authority to create a national bank, the Executive at once exercised the power to select and appoint as many banks as he pleased, and to place the public moneys in their hands on just such terms and conditions as he pleased.

There is not a more palpable evidence of the constant bias of this Government to a wrong tendency, than this continued attempt to make legislative power yield to that of the Executive. The restriction of the just authority of Congress is followed in every case by the increase of the power of the Executive. What was it that caused the destruction of the United States Bank, and put the whole moneyed power of the country into the hands of one man? Constitutional doubts of the power of Congress! What has produced this superabundance of money in the treasury? Constitutional doubts of the power of Congress! In the whole history of this Administration, doctrines had obtained, whose direct tendency was to detract from the settled and long practised power of Congress, and to give, in full measure, hand over hand, every thing into the control of the Executive. Did gentlemen wish him to exemplify the truth of this? Let them look at the bank bill, the land bill, and the various bills which have been negatived, respecting internal improvements.

Gentlemen now speak of returning to a specie basis. Did any man suppose it practical? The resolution, now under consideration, contemplated that, after the current year, all payments for the public lands were to be made in specie. Now, if he (Mr. W.) had brought forward a proposition like this, he would at once have been accused of being opposed to the settlement of the new States. It would have been urged that speculators and capitalists could easily carry gold and silver to the West, by sea or land, while the cultivator, who wished to purchase a small farm, would be compelled to give the former his own price for the land, because he could not visit large cities, or other places where it was to be found, and procure the specie.—These arguments would have met him, he was sure, had he introduced a measure like this. If specie payments were to be made for public dues, he should suppose it best to begin with the customs, which were payable in large cities, where gold and silver could be more easily procured than on the frontiers. But whether from speculators, or settlers, what were the use of these specie payments? the money was dragged over the mountain to be dragged back again: that was all. The purchasers of public lands would buy

gold by bills on the Eastern cities; it would go across the country in panniers or waggons: the Land Office would send it back again by the return carriage, and thus create the useless expense of transportation.

He had from the very first looked upon all these schemes as totally idle and illusory; not in accordance with the practice of other nations or suited to our own policy, or our own active condition. But the effect of this resolution: what would it be? Let them try it. Let them go on. Let them add to the catalogue of projects. Let them cause every man in the West, who has a five dollar bank note in his pocket, to set off, post haste, to the bank, lest somebody else should get there before, and get out all the money, and then buy land. How long would the western banks stand this? Yet, if the gentlemen please, let them go on. I shall dissent; I shall protest; I shall speak my opinions; but I shall still say, go on, gentlemen, and let us see the upshot of your experimental policy.

The currency of the country was, to a great degree, in the power of all the banking companies in the great cities. He was as much opposed to the increase of these institutions; but the evil had begun, and could not be resisted. What one State does, another will do also. Danger and misfortunes appear to be threatening the currency of the country; and although the Constitution gives the control over it to Congress, yet Congress is allowed to do nothing.—Congress, and not the States, had the coining power yet the State issue paper as a substitute for coin, and Congress is not supposed to be able to regulate, control, or redeem it. We have the sole power over the currency; but we possess no means of exercising that power. Congress can create no bank, regulated by law, but the Executive can appoint twenty or fifty banks, without any law whatever. A very peculiar state of things exists in this country at this moment—a country in the highest state of prosperity; more bountifully blessed by Providence in all things than any other nation on earth, and yet in the midst of great pecuniary distress, its finances deranged, and an increasing want of confidence felt in its circulation. But the experiment was to cure all this. A few select and favorite banks were to give us a secure currency, one better and more practically beneficial than that of the United States Bank. And here is the result, or rather, to use the expression of Monsieur Talleyrand, here is "the beginning of the end."

We were told that these banks would do as well, if not a great deal better, for all the purposes of exchange, than the United States Bank; that they could negotiate as cheaply and with as much safety; and yet the rate is now one and a half, if not two per cent. between Cincinnati and New York. Indeed, exchanges are all deranged, and in confusion. Some times they are at high rates, both ways, between two points. Looking, then, to the state of the currency, the insecurity of the public money, and the rates of exchange, let me ask any honest and intelligent man, of whatever party, what has been the result of these experiments? Does any gentleman still doubt? Let him look to the disclosures made by the circular of one of the deposit banks of Ohio, which was read by an honorable Senator here a day or two since. That bank would not receive the notes of the specie-paying banks of that State from the Land Office, as I understand the circular, or, at any rate, it tells the Land Office that it will not. Here are thirty or forty specie-paying banks in Ohio, all of good credit, and out of the whole number three were to be selected, entitled to no more confidence than the others whose notes were to be taken for public lands. If gentlemen from the West and Southwest are satisfied with this arrangement, I certainly commend greatly their quiescent temperament.

As he said in the commencement of his remarks, he

knew of nothing he could do in regard to the resolution, except to sit still and see how far gentlemen would go, and what this state of things would end in. Here was this vast surplus revenue under no control whatever, and, from appearances, though the session was nearly over, likely to remain so. Two measures of the highest importance had been proposed: one to diminish this fund; another to secure its safety. He wished to understand, and the country to know, whether anything was to be done with either of these propositions. For his own part, he believed that a national bank was the only security for the national treasure; but, as there was no such institution, a more extended use should be made of this treasure, and in its distribution no preference should be given, as was the fact in the instance of the banks of Ohio, to which he had just alluded. In some way or other this fund must be distributed. It is absolutely necessary. The provisions of the Land bill seemed to him eminently calculated to effect this project; but if that measure should not be adopted, he would give his vote to any proper and equitable measure which might be brought forward, let it come from what quarter it might. In all probability, there would be a diminution in the amount of land sales for some time to come. The purchases of the last year, he supposed, had exceeded the demands of emigration. They were made by speculators for the purpose of holding up lands for increased prices. The spirit of speculation, indeed, seemed to be very much directed to the acquisition of the public lands. He could not say what would be the further progress, or where the end, of these things; but he thought one thing quite clear, and that was, that the existing surplus ought to be distributed.

He repeated, that he intended no detailed opposition to the measure now before the Senate; and had he been in his seat, he should not have opposed the amendment to the pension bill. Let the experiments, one and all, have their course. He should do nothing except to vote against all these visionary projects, until the country should become convinced that a sound currency, and with it a general security for property, and the earnings of honest labor, were things of too much importance to be sacrificed to mere projects, whether political or financial.

WEDDED LOVE.

BY ROBERT WALSH.

We have somewhere seen the doctrine that love in the state of courtship is the true beatitude of this life; and to be desired, beyond any other fond relation even for a thousand years! The writer of those opinions could not have been married, or, at least, not experienced a wedlock even commonly fortunate, otherwise, his own happiness would have taught him a different and juster theory.

In the conjugal union, love may lose some of its vivacity; it may be less vehement or rapturous; and the imagination, which, during courtship, commonly feeds, as it were, on nectar and ambrosia, and sports on a bed of roses,—may become comparatively inert and sterile; but the pleasures of pure, intense sentiment, and boundless, mutual confidence, and the excitement of virtuous and tender hope, are infinitely multiplied.

Lord Verulam has truly said that marriage halves griefs and doubles joy. It combines, in fact, and transfigures existence for each party; it blends and identifies souls, so as to render common to them their several susceptibilities of gratification and refinement; it creates new energies, and generous sympathies; new objects of endearment and reliance; numberless reflected and reciprocated fervours of regard and respect.

WEDDED LOVE.

But what gives it a superior character of inherent dignity and genuine enjoyment, is the religious essence peculiar to it; the vein of duty which pervades it; the consciousness of those who are suddenly allied in it, that they have adopted a tie hallowed by divine sanction, and are fulfilling one of the noblest ends of existence.

The ecstasies of courtship are dashed by tears, jealousies, misapprehensions, which are unknown to wedded partners of sound minds and affectionate hearts:—With them, all is trust and security; their faith is beyond the sphere of temptation or accident; their adversity, if misfortunes come, has consolations derived from the most exalted sources; from the invisible and holy world, as well as the present chequered scene of human action.

The qualified worship of an excellent fellow-being, natural and delightful as it is, involves something more rational and elevated, when the object is a wife or husband, than when it refers to a mere mistress or lover. In the first case, it associates itself with duty, and implies an esteem the more proper and grateful as accompanied by intimate knowledge.

In proportion, however, as marriage is of a sacred and permanent nature, producing weighty obligations and liable to special and severe cares or calamities, ought it to be cautiously, and deliberately, and piously contracted. It is not to be viewed or anticipated as a merely halcyon career, rich as it often is in smiling prospects and auspicious events, and serene as it may be rendered in all that the human creature can control. A childish *penchant*, a calculation of convenience, a momentary caprice, form no warrant for it; though they be so frequently the only incentives.

Such a bond requires matured and discriminating attachment; comprehension of its good and evil; resignation to all the chances. But he or she who has the right intelligence, feeling, and opportunity, and yet avoids it, yielding to selfishness or cowardice, sins against the designs of Providence, and loses the final rewards of courageous and successful trial.

It was a favourite remark of Lord Lyttleton, the younger, that marriage is a lottery, and that, of course, it is as preposterous to rejoice at a wedding, as it would be to exult in purchasing a ticket for the State-wheel.

According to the same questionable authority, all epithalamiums are, therefore, at least premature in their usual strain: the adventurer in the connubial scheme should ascertain that he has drawn a prize, before he indulges himself in self-gratulation, or welcomes the greeting of his friends. The analogy is not, however, exact—because it is in the power of the bridal parties to determine their own fate, in a material degree. Life itself might be equally styled a lottery, looking to the diversity of its chances and the incertitude of its incidents; but it is, nevertheless, a positive blessing with well constituted minds and healthful frames. So, likewise, is marriage, which should be undertaken as life is accepted,—with stronger expectation of weal than woe;—with bright visions and cheerful resolutions; but, also with a spirit of philosophical or christian submission to whatever Providence may ordain to its course. The Greeks made Hymen descend from Apollo, Urania, or Caliope. This origin from the fountain of harmony and light, and the two noblest of the muses, illustrates or shadows from the true character of the espousals over which the garlanded god waves his never-dying torch, and sheds his celestial influence.

Amidst the greatest worldly prosperity, the state of the mind of a man who is haunted with the horrors of a guilty conscience, or with envy, jealousy, malice and other evil passions, may make him completely miserable.

OH! 'TIS THE MELODY.

A Ballad—Written by

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY, ESQ.

Oh! tis the me...lo...dy, We heard in for...mer years;

Each note re calls to me, For gotten smiles and tears:

Tears caus'd by fleet - ing woes, I then believ'd se - vere,

OH! 'TIS THE MELODY.

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Smiles that were shar'd by those, whose smiles were ve - - ry dear.

dolce.

Sing then oh sing to me, How sweet each note ap - pears

Sya.

Oh 'tis the me - - lo - dy We heard in for - - mer years.

2 Aye, I remember well,
Where last I heard that lay!
'Twas in a sunny dell,
Just at the close of day,
Garlands of roses made
A roof from bough to bough;
Friends sat beneath the shade,
Alas! where are they now?
Sing, then, &c.

3 Aye, I remember too,
Who sweetly sang and play'd;
Yet half asham'd to view,
The circle she had made,
Smiling to hear the sound
Of her own voice and lute;
Blushing to look around,
On list'ners so mute.
Sing, then, &c.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

MISS POLLY GRIMES.

Miss Polly Grimes is still a maid,
She says she ne'er will wed—
Her week day frock's blue calico.
Her Sunday one is red.

She never lets her beau make free,
Nor listen to her vows,
When she gets up she makes the bed;
At evening milks the cows.

She's always up at six o'clock,
In time to skim and milk—
Her bonnet's made of yellow straw,
And neatly trimmed with silk.

Her mind is of a serious turn—
She often thinks of death;
She does not lace her stays so tight,
They make her gape for breath.

Beloved by all her female friends,
She leads an easy life:
And any man in town would jump,
To get her for his wife.

A Jack Tar's Illustration.—During the first "panic" concerning our relations with France, the following dialogue took place on Long Wharf:

Landlord.—Jack, how would you like a chance in a privateer?

Jack.—I'd sooner run my risk in the State's service; for a sharing on board a privateer is like throwing soup through a ladder—what the slats catch, the sailors get.—*Boston Post.*

HOGGISH.—"When are you going to commence the porking business?" asked a person of another, who had a sty on his eye.

"Explain," said the afflicted one.

"Why, I see you have got your sty ready."

"True," was the reply, "and I have got one hog in my eye now."

FACETIE ANTIQUE.—A lawyer had taken away a cow from a poor man, who complained thereof to the King. "I will hear what he will say to the matter," quoth the King. "Nay my Lord, said the poor man, 'if you hear him speak, then have I surely lost my cow indeed.'"—*Schoolmaster, or Teacher of Fable Philosophie, 1576.*

A WELL BEHAVED RIVER.—Josephus speaks of a river in Judea which ceased flowing on the Sabbath. There is also one stream in modern geography which has a similar praiseworthy trait—the current of *Duns*! But, like a dammed river, it but runs the fiercer when the curb is taken off; witness its rushing flood on any Monday in the year, and in the month of January in particular.

"Is this real hoggany," said a green horn, who was astonished at the lustre of an elegant mahogany table in a gentleman's parlor, at the same time taking out his jack-knife, and shaving off a large slice of the edge—"Wall, I swow, tis aint it?"

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who in the battle of knives and forks, accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee joker, sitting near by, who bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that are hole in your countenance any larger for goodness' sake, or the rest of us will starve to death."

ORIGINAL.—Pat came into the stage-office about one o'clock at night, booked himself for the stage in the morning, and went to bed. He had scarcely got sound asleep when he was called to renew his journey.—"And what will you charge for the bit lodging?" asked Pat. "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "An' sure it was kind iv ye to call me so airly: if I'd slept until the morning, I'd not have the money to pay my bill!"—*Nashua Telegraph.*

LOVE OF MARRIED LIFE.—The affection that links together man and wife, is a far holier and more enduring passion than young love. It may want its gorgeousness, it may want its imaginative character—but it is far richer in holy and trusting attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedded life! What! because a man has ceased to "sigh like a furnace," we are to believe that the fire is extinct; it burns with a steady and brilliant flame—shedding a benign influence upon existence a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of philosophy.

TRIALS OF A SCHOOL MASTER.

Master.—Boys, Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Now who was the father of Noah's three sons? [The boys of the third class pause, and look dubiously at their teacher—but there is no reply.]

Master.—What! can't you tell? Let me illustrate. Here is Mr. Smith our next door neighbor; he has three sons, John, James, and Joseph Smith. Now who is the father of John, James, and Joseph Smith?

Boys.—(All together, in eager, emulous strife, Mr. Smith.)

Master.—Certainly! that's correct. Well now let us turn to the first question. Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Now who was the father of Noah's three sons?

Boys.—(Unanimously after a little hesitation,) Mr. Smith.

A late Dublin Magazine has a story somewhat akin to this, save that the teacher and pupil were alike thick headed. An Irish tutor is examining a lad in scripture history:

Tutor.—Is there any account given in the scripture, Phelem, of a dumb baste speaking?

Lad.—Yes.

Tut.—What dumb baste was it that spake?

Lad.—It was a whale!

Tut.—Yes. To whom did the whale spake?

Lad.—To Moses in the bullrushes!

Tut.—True. What did the whale say to Moses in the bullrushes?

Lad.—Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!

Tut.—Very well. What was Moses' reply?

Lad.—Thou art the man!

Could there be any thing more broadly burlesqued than this?

Mrs. Sally Ann Burchard, at Chenango, (who could not have used the *birch* very hard on her husband, or he would have been more docile), posts Mr. B. as a silly booby, whom she hopes the girls will not be deceived by. She describes him to be something like the tailor in the Forty Thieves—"four feet high and as many wide."

He answers:

"My wife, without her shoes,

Is scarcely three feet seven,

While I, to all men's views,

Am full four feet eleven."

Then he continues his song thus, and that is his story:

"So when to take her down some pegs,

I strapp'd her neat and clever,

She made a bolt right through my legs,

And ran away for ever."

LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

Carey, Lea & Blanchard, have just published a new nautical story, under the title of *Ben Brace, the last of Nelson's Agamemmons*, by Capt. Chamier, of the Royal Navy, author of several very creditable productions. The history of Ben Brace embraces a period of naval history of intense interest, in the principal incidents of which Ben seems to have borne a part scarcely less conspicuous than that of his master the great Nelson. The author certifies that the facts relating to Lord Nelson's Life, given in these volumes, are well authenticated, and that those which narrate his last moments are derived from the notes of Sir George Westhall, an eye witness of the melancholly scene.

We take from the first volume a short extract, descriptive of a most thrilling adventure on shipboard.

I had a messmate, who is keeping his dead reckoning now,—he has been stowed away by the Quarter-master of the *Graves*: he and all the rest of them look like hammocks in a netting. Tom Toprail and I have seen many a strange sight. He had been burnt out of one ship, and blown out of another. One night, when we were sitting under the lee of the weather bulwark of the fore-castle, I said to him, "Tom, let the old Agamemnon roll about in this Gulf of Lyons, as they call it, until she rolls the sea smooth; here we are, safe and snug: and now tell me about that fire and your brother, which some one said was the reason you never lit a pipe if a rope-yarn was near. Come, share this glass with me, and begin."

"This is all about it," he replied, "and no man knows it better; it is not half a century that can daub out the lines of my memory, and I remember it just as well as if it happened yesterday."

"No doubt you do, Tom," said I; "I remember longer ago than that. But blaze away, my boy."

"Well then," continued Tom, "since you can't stopper your impatience, I suppose I must go smack at it. It was in the year 1779 that I belonged to the *Glasgow*, of twenty guns, when she was stationed in the West Indies. I was then seventeen years old; and though I say it myself, who perhaps ought not to say it, yet I was as good a looking fellow as ever weathered the Palisades* at Jamaica, or sucked a monkey† at Barbadoes. My brother Bill was on board with me; he was a year younger than myself—but he was such a fellow! Lord love you, his heart was all for me; he was a brother and a friend:—I could spin you such a yarn about him! Well, my brother Bill was stationed in the fore-top, and so was I; he was in the starboard-watch, and I in the larboard; we were both light hands, and therefore regular cloud-brushers, always the highest up, always at the light sails aloft. We had been cruising off St. Domingo, when, finding that we had no luck there, we steered away for Jamaica, and came to an anchor in Montego Bay."

"Stopper over all for a moment," said I; "didn't you find the Badger there?"

"Ay, surely."

"I know all about it," I said, as I twisted the end of the main-top-gallant brace round my wrist to save me from a lee lurch. "Why, Nelson commanded the Badger, and I was in the jolly-boat when—"

"Avast there, Ben!" said Tom; "it will all come out now. Well, we came into Montego Bay, as I said before; and there we found the Badger at anchor. We shortened sail, man-of-war-fashion, altogether, for

*The Palisades is the burying ground of Port Royal.
†Drinking rum out of a cocoa nut, the milk being drawn off, and the spirit substituted.

the cat had taught some of us to skip. Bill and I were on the fore-top-gallant yard furling the sail, when the first lieutenant called out to one of the midshipmen, to run below and see what smoke that was coming up the after-hatchway. Well, I had done my duty aloft, and had come down on the fore-castle, when there was the devil's own rumpus about beating to quarters, calling the firemen with their buckets; and before we had time to say Jack Robinson, the flames followed the smoke and the ship was on fire. The purser's steward had done the thing. It came up the main hatchway in one line of light, going aloft, catching every rope, and in a moment the whole ship from hull to trucks was in a blaze. There was considerable confusion, as you may suppose, and the men abaft, frightened by the sudden blaze, endeavoured to lower the quarter-boats; but before they could do this, the deck became so hot that they took the shortest way of leaving the ship, by jumping overboard. I was all "no how"; I did not know what to do. The panic had spread forward, and those who preferred a dry berth to a swim crowded on the fore-castle, and got ready to lower themselves into the boats of the Badger, which put off immediately the accident was perceived. Nelson himself was in one, as cool as if we had no sun or fire to warm him: he picked up those who had thrown themselves overboard."

"I see it all now!" said I, "I remember it as well as yesterday's grub: bear a hand and come to the clinch, Tom. We picked up the floaters, and the sharks got no dinner. Go on, Tom: why, you're as long as a seventy-four in stays."

"Well," continued Tom, "it was a *sove ki poo*, as the Crapauds say, and each man endeavored to save some of his traps as well as himself. I made a dive below in hopes of getting near the mess-chest; but the smoke was so thick that I came up crying as if the cooper had knocked off my eyelids. I was just in time to avoid being roasted; for now the fire had extended forward, and the flames ran up both sides of the fore-rigging, and there was a general jump overboard; it was like so many rockets going up together, and the whole for'ard was in a blaze, whilst the melted pitch came dropping down like a shower of boiling rain. I had got upon the starboard cat-head, making ready to part company with the ship, when I heard a scream aloft, and I saw my brother on the topmast cross-trees, standing against the mast, and clinging close to it to avoid the fire;—he had lost his mind and I so alarmed could not assist him. Several in the boats—"

"I was one," I interrupted, "who called out to him not to mind a single, but come down by the topmast-stay."

"And so did I," continued Tom. "I saw the poor boy, my own brother, his mother's favorite, clinging like a cat to the masts to avoid the surrounding flames. I made a rush at the fore-rigging, but the boiling pitch prevented my running up; every moment made it worse; his death was inevitable, without God's mercy should interpose and prompt him to run out to the top-gallant yard-arm and jump overboard. 'Here, here!' said I, extending my arms,—'here, Bill, jump down and I'll catch you,—scud out to the yard-arm and jump overboard.' The fire already had caught his clothes; he had no jacket on—I see him now," said my old friend,—"I see him, with his long hair blown by the sea-breeze, his face pale with fear, the fire just burning his trousers,—I see him now endeavouring with his hands to stop the progress of the flames; and, oh, God: I see him at this moment winding up his courage to the last pitch, looking down upon me: and, as I live here, I saw a tear fall from his eye. I could not speak, I could not move; I did not feel the hot boiling tar which showered down upon me; I did not feel the increased heat which was

almost melting me. I stood with my arms extended to catch him. 'Jump Bill, said I; 'the water is soft enough, never mind the height; you will be up again before the sharks know you are down.' And he did jump—ay, he jumped, by heavens! like a man—he was down in a second. I tried to catch him, my hands stretched to the utmost;—I grazed his trousers, and saw his brains shattered to atoms against the shank of the best bower-anchor. He fell overboard, and I was after him before he touched the water; he went to the bottom like a stone, and I was taken up by one of the boats, swimming in the water coloured by my brother's blood."

Here Tom stopped; the rough storms of life had not turned the natural current of affection; and as I, with the sleeve of my coat, endeavoured to make objects more distinct, the whistle of the wind, as it howled through the rigging as the old ship surged to windward, was the only noise that broke the dead silence. "Starboard cat-head!" said the look-out man, as it struck five bells of the middle-watch, and Tom jumped up to keep a sharp look-out to windward.

THE WORLD, OR INSTABILITY.—This is the title of a poem occupying a volume of 250 pages, purporting to be written by Constantine Jobson, and published under the editorial supervision of Professor C. S. Rafinesque. The object of the poem is to prove that *Instability* is as much a law of nature as attraction or gravitation, and that it rules both the physical and moral worlds. In the opinion of the editor it is a production of singular merit, novel and unique—"It bears," says he, "the stamp of genius, which alone can strike a new path in poesy as well as in philosophy." Compared with Milton, it is "superior in moral tendency;" with Thompson, "in lofty wisdom and science," and with Pope and Darwin, "in moral tendency, variety of subjects and sublimity."

After citing this strong testimony in favor of the production, we deem it unnecessary to add any remarks of our own, lest our opinion should differ with that of the editor, whose acquaintance with the work is no doubt very accurate. A specimen of the author's style may be found in the annexed extract from a canto on women.

In beauty, grace, attraction, sense and feeling,
You are to men superior; they alone
In strength and wisdom may surpass your own. }
Your weakness is your strength, on men you look
For help, in timid fears, on them rely:
Proud of this call, in you they see no harm
The favor grant, but unaware they fall
Into the cunning snare, your slaves become.
They call themselves your Lords, but pass beneath
Your yoke; of love the rosy chains you weave,
At random throw, to catch and bind a friend
In thralldom kept, by smiles retain'd, who feels
Quite willing to remain in bonds of love.

When women birth receiv'd by power divine,
Adorn'd alone by beauty, sweetest smiles,
By beaming eyes, a crown of flowing tresses,
Without a veil to hide the graceful form;
Roses and dimples setting on her face;
Astonished was man, delighted by
The fairy vision: willing gave to her
His heart, and call'd her queen of all the world.
And ever since on all the hearts she reigns
Of Shepherds as of Kings; the wisest man
May kneel awhile to her, to ask, receive
And keep, the crowns of love that she bestows.

DIDACTICS: SOCIAL, LITERARY AND POLITICAL.—This is the title of two respectable volumes, from the pen of our townsman, ROBERT WALSH, Esq. They contain essays on Slander, Force of Imagination,

Passion, Female Intellect, Education, Duelling, Gambling, Happiness, Courage, Morality, Social Sympathies, the Stage, and a variety of other subjects of equal interest, all of which are written in a style at once chaste, pure and elevated. Mr. Walsh is well known in this community as a gentleman of great erudition, and as a beautiful and eloquent writer—accomplishments very happily displayed in the present volumes, which, for all classes of readers, possess great interest. A refined and elevated spirit seems to have dictated these essays, and they are alike creditable to the heart and to the head of the author.

The volumes are from the press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard, who have also just issued, a new novel by Bennett, author of "The Albanians," entitled *THE EMPRESS*, a Roman story, the scene of which is partly laid in Pompeii. The author states in his preface that this work was written more than twelve months ago and before the publication of Bulwer's admirable novel of Pompeii.

PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.—The Harpers have just published, in a handsome octavo, an edition of Mrs. Trollope's new work, entitled *Paris and the Parisians*. It is a very lively, piquant and spirited book, abounding in amusing incidents and graphic sketches, and evidences considerable talent in the way of description. The authoress appears to have written with a desire to be candid and impartial, and though she has occasionally shown her English origin, by pointed reference to the dear land of her birth, yet, in general, she has treated her lively neighbours much more generously than she did the Americans, in her work entitled "Domestic Manners." The volume on Paris is written in good temper and in good style. It is filled with illustrative anecdotes, and interesting and graphic sketches of men and things, and evidences shrewd observation and dispassionate reflection; though the Parisians, it is probable, will strongly object to some of Mrs. T.'s general conclusions.—The work is illustrated with twelve engravings, very neatly executed.

YOUNG MAN'S BOOK OF PROSE.—Messrs. Desilver, Thomas & Co. have just published, a neat little volume of over 300 pages, entitled *The Young Man's Book of elegant Prose; comprising sketches from the classical authors of Great Britain and America*.—The selections embrace essays on a great variety of subjects, and a number of well-written and graphic incidents, tales and sketches, by such writers as Addison, Beattie, Goldsmith, Paley, Irving, Cooper, Mackenzie, and others. This work may safely be commended to our young friends who wish to be in possession of a choice selection of the works of some of the most distinguished authors.

The New York Times gives an account of a case of conscience, which lately occurred in that city.—The great room of the Chatham street Chapel had been hired for concerts by Mr. and Mrs. Wood.—After the first was given, the person who let the place called on the lessee, and stated that he did not like to let the building for such purposes, a place which had been set apart for public worship. The lessee had sent out the bills for the concert, and of course was in difficulty; he offered a hundred per cent. advance—that would not satisfy the man's conscience; two hundred per cent. was offered—it was the nature of the music and the performers that constituted the objection. The lessee, about to depart, almost despairing of easing the man's conscience, at length offered three hundred per cent. advance. Conscience relented—the price and not the uses, settled the matter. Skillful casuist!



THE IMMIGRANT'S ADVENTURE.



THE IMMIGRANT'S ADVENTURE.

To the reader, I have to say that this is a story of the life of a man who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things. It is a story of the life of a man who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things. It is a story of the life of a man who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things.

PHILADELPHIA—JULY

THE ADVENTURE.

By J. H. H.

For any one who wishes to know the life of a man who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things, this is the story. It is a story of the life of a man who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things.

most of the women of the city, and I am sure you have heard of Mrs. Hubbard, who is the wife of the judge who is now in the city. She is a woman of many virtues, and she is a woman who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things.

damaged the captain's horse, and he was forced to dismount. He then saw that the horse was not only damaged, but that it was also in pain. He then saw that the horse was not only damaged, but that it was also in pain.

the captain, had unconsciously gazed into the tree top above her head—"O, save me! save me!" she shrieked, and sprang towards Mrs. Hubbard.

ary, while her empire is full of living things. In our pleasant land there is not a single desert solitude." "You are still a true American, I see, notwithstanding." 28

standing near the door of the house, and he was looking at the captain's horse.

"The captain's horse is a fine animal," said the man, "and it is a pity that it should be so damaged. I am sure you have heard of Mrs. Hubbard, who is the wife of the judge who is now in the city. She is a woman of many virtues, and she is a woman who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things."

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OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen;
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.

No. 7.

PHILADELPHIA.—JULY.

[1836.]

THE EMIGRANT'S ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"What a romantic spot for any one who admires sweet solitude!" exclaimed Mrs. Hubbard, as the exploring party paused, and the ladies alighted to rest the weary horses.

"Secluded but not solitary, madam," remarked Captain Austin, leaning on his rifle and glancing his eye around with the air of a man who is confident in his own superior judgment. "We have no solitudes in America."

"Dear me! I thought most of this western country was called a solitude; and I am sure we have found it lonesome enough," said Miss Cunningham, sighing as she seated herself beneath the shade of a large tree.

"What is a solitude?" demanded the captain, very pompously.

"That would be decided according to circumstances and tastes, I presume," replied Mr. Hubbard, smiling as he drew his young wife's arm within his own.—"Now while Mary and I are together we should never find a solitude."

"In my opinion, there are only two circumstances which can justify the term as applied to places," pursued the captain. "We may call it the solitude of nature, where we find no life, as in the deserts of Arabia; and where man has been and has passed away, it is rightly styled a human solitude:—such are the ruins of Petra, Palmyra, and Babylon."

"Then the mounds in our western country are solitudes, are they not?" inquired Mrs. Hubbard.

"No: because there is no proof that these were ever dwellings of the living," replied Captain Austin. "I know some antiquarians pretend that they have found traces of fortifications, but I think these opinions erroneous. They were burial places. True, there must have been inhabitants in the vicinity, but they have left no trace of their existence, except their bones in these mounds. Nature, then, has completely triumphed over the works of man, if indeed he ever had subdued her domain, which I much doubt; and nature, as I before remarked, cannot be called solitary, while her empire is full of living things. In our pleasant land there is not a single desert solitude."

"You are still a true American, I see, notwithstanding

standing your foreign travels," remarked Mr. Hubbard.

"Do you think I could have less patriotism than an Icelander?" demanded Captain A—, warmly. "If an inhabitant of that country of frost and fire, can believe his lava-formed and snow-covered mountains is the pleasantest home on earth, shall I be insensible to the high privileges which my birthright as a free citizen of this mighty republic inspires? But one must go abroad to know how to prize our country. It is not so much its freedom as its security, which is the great privilege we enjoy."

"Why, there are no dangers to be encountered in Europe, that ever I heard of," remarked Miss Cunningham. "A great many gentlemen and ladies from the United States now make the tour of Europe, or visit France and England, at least, and I thought it was a most delightful journey."

"Yes, one may travel through those countries, if he has his passports; but in France he must submit to many scrutinizing and troublesome delays. Then there are beggars to annoy you, and thieves and highwaymen you must guard against, if you are so lucky as to escape them. In Italy and Austria you are under strict surveillance; police spies are constantly watching you, and an unguarded expression may subject you to arrest, or an order to quit the country.—But these countries are an Utopia for travellers, compared with Asia and Africa. There men are robbers by profession; and, as if these were not scourge sufficient, the wild animals swarm there; ferocious beasts have the undisputed possession of a great part of those continents. Now it is a fact, which I could never make an European philosopher comprehend, that we have scarcely a single species of ferocious animals in all the vast forests of our country. A fierce bear is sometimes found in the vicinity of the Rocky mountains, but he rarely attacks our western hunters. I have travelled from Maine to Florida, I have visited every state and territory, except Oregon, and in all my wanderings I never met with an accident to alarm me, nor with any adventure which could be called dangerous."

"O, mercy! mercy!" exclaimed Miss Cunningham, who, in elevating her face to listen to the eloquence of the captain, had unconsciously gazed into the tree top above her head—"O, save me! save me!" she shrieked, and sprang towards Mrs. Hubbard.

The party, started by her screams, looked towards the tree, and there saw a large panther evidently prepared to spring on the head of a victim. The horses saw the terrific animal and shook with fear; they were quite as much frightened as Miss Cunningham, though they could not express their terrors so readily.

Captain Austin might have been a little discomposed at this mal-apropos appearance of a "ferocious animal" in an American forest, but he was not at all daunted. He raised his unerring rifle. The whole group were breathless with fear or surprise. The next moment the sharp sound of the rifle rang through the old woods, and awakened the deep echoes from the hill side, startling from its quiet haunt many a bird and squirrel, whose peace had never before been disturbed by such a noise in that quiet place.

"There he is, there he is!" shouted Mr. Hubbard, as the smoke from the rifle dispersed—"there, he is falling. You have another charge, have you not? These creatures are hard to kill."

While he spoke, the panther had fallen, struggling and shrieking, and lay wallowing in his gore on the ground. Captain Austin, to make sure of his work, placed the muzzle of his rifle, after reloading it, direct against the head of the animal and discharged it—he never moved afterwards.

"You have found a ferocious animal at last, captain," said Mr. Hubbard, smiling.

"Yes, and I can say as the gallant Perry said of the British fleet—I have met the enemy and he is mine."

From Cobbett's Advice to a Young Lady.

TREATMENT OF WIVES.

The next thing to be attended to, is your demeanor towards a young wife. As to oldish ones, or widows, time and other things have, in most cases, blunted their feelings, and rendered harsh or stern demeanor in the husband a matter not of heart-breaking consequence. But with a young and inexperienced one, the case is very different; and you should bear in mind that the first frown she receives from you is a dagger to her heart. Nature has so ordered it that men shall become less ardent in their passion after the wedding day, and that women shall not. Their ardor increases, rather than on the contrary; and they are surprisingly quick-sighted and inquisitive on this score.—When the child comes it divides this ardor with the father, but until then you have it all, and if you have a mind to be happy, repay it with all your soul. Let what may happen to put you out of humor with others, let nothing put you out of humor with her.—Let your words and looks and manners be just what they were before you called her wife.

But now and throughout your life, show your affection for her, and your admiration of her; not in nonsensical compliment; not in picking up her handkerchief, or her glove, or carrying her fan or parasol; not, if you have the means, in hanging trinkets or bangles upon her; not by making yourself a fool by winking at her, or seeming pleased at her toibles or faults; but show them by acts of real goodness towards her; prove by unequivocal deeds the high value you set on her health, life and peace of mind; let your praise of her be to the full extent of her deserts, and let it be with truth and sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity. He who is the flatterer of his wife, only prepares her ears for the hyperbolic stuff of others. The kindest appellation that her Christian name affords, is the best that you can use, and especially before faces. An everlasting "my dear" is but a sorry compensation for a want of that sort of love that makes the husband cheerfully toil by day, break his rest by night, endure all sorts of hardships, if the life or health of his wife demand it. Let your deeds, not your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly con-

fimation of the fact that you value her health, and life and happiness beyond any thing else in the world; and let this be manifest to her, particularly at those times when life is always more or less in danger.

I began my young marriage days in and near Philadelphia. At one of those times to which I have just alluded, in the middle of the burning hot month of July, I was greatly afraid of fatal consequences to my wife for want of sleep, she not having, after the great danger was over, had any sleep for more than forty-eight hours. All great cities, in hot countries, are, I believe, full of dogs; and they, in the very hot weather, keep up during the night, a horrible barking and fighting and howling. Upon the particular occasion to which I am alluding, they made a noise, so terrible and unremitted, that it was next to impossible that even a person in full health and free from pain should obtain a minute's sleep. I was, about nine in the evening, sitting by the bed, "I do think," said she, "that I could sleep now, if it were not for the dogs." Down stairs I went, and out I sallied, in my shirt and trowsers, and without shoes and stockings, and going to a heap of stones lying beside the road, set to work upon the dogs, going backward and forward, and keeping them at two or three hundred yards distance from the house. I walked thus the whole night barefooted, lest the noise of my shoes might possibly reach her ears, and I remember that the bricks of the causeway were, even in the night, so hot as to be disagreeable to my feet. My exertions produced the desired effect; a sleep of several hours was the consequence; and at 8 o'clock in the morning, off went I to a day's business, which was to end at 6 in the evening.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY W. G. CLARK.

'Why mourn for the young? Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness and end in storm.'—BULWER.

If it 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,
And fills the spirit with a 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 chilled 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 pensive eye
Be dimly thoughtful in its burning 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!

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER XV.

By means of leeches—the only backbiters that ever did good in this world—I got rid of my pleurisy; but it was followed by an attack of acute rheumatism, which for a time set my doctors—for I had two of them—with all their bathing, bleeding, and diète (the last is a scientific term of starvation), at defiance. Whilst I was thus suffering, my friend our counsel called on me, and insisted that I should be removed to his house, where I should find many comforts and conveniences that could not be expected in a lodging. I accepted his invitation, and experienced every possible kindness and attention under his roof. Among the many marks of Mr. and Mrs. St. John's friendship, that which I felt as most delicately hospitable, was their sending every morning to inquire after my health—not one of their domestics, but one of their sweet little saints, who, without entering, knocked with her pretty knuckles at my chamber-door and said "Papa and Mamma have sent me to ask how you are this morning?" I felt as if there was a healing charm in the voice of the inquiring cherub. By-and-by I was able to come down and shake hands with all the family in their breakfast parlour. At the end of a month I was quite recovered.

If you remember the story of an Irish actor, who advertised that having lost considerably by his last benefit he was *thereby* induced to take another, I am afraid you will compare me to that sapient personage when I tell you that I had no sooner recovered the health I had lost in my trip to Boufari, than I resolved on making another to Bona. That place, still remarkable for its coral fishery, is the farthest eastern town in the Algerine regency possessed by the French. I got a passage thither for myself and servant on board the government steamer, and was happy to have for my fellow voyager Mr. Brown, the American consul at Algiers. Recollecting my voyage across the Mediterranean, I winced sorely at the anticipation of sea-sickness in a mid-winter sail along the coast, of 200 miles in going, and as many in returning. But the holy St. Austin, I verily believe, sent us propitious weather, if the saints in Heaven have anything to do with earthly weather and steam navigation. We were on board about noon, and though it was the 8th of January, the deck was warm with sunshine, and the sea was as smooth as glass. The motion of the vessel, far from sickening me, combined with the balmy air to exhilarate my spirits. My fancy luxuriated in comparing our vessel to the ear of some ocean divinity, and I recalled the line,

"Atque rotis sammas levibus perlabitur undas."

I paced the deck with no other discontentment than a longing for dinner, and sat down at times to peruse a small Elzvir copy of "Leo Africanus," which I had brought in my pocket. I find that Leo describes Algiers as having been famous even in his time for the beauty of its circumjacent villas and gardens, and the plain of the Metidja, which, by the way, was so called after the name of a Roman emperor's daughter, as remarkably fruitful. We sailed—or, I should rather say, we wheeled—too far from the coast to have a distinct view of it, but were near enough to see that it is rocky and mountainous. Early in the day we passed the place where the river Rouberek discharges itself into the sea, and forms a boundary between the provinces of Tueri and Constantina. About a league from thence I could compute, though I could not discern, that we were off Dellys, a town described by Leo Africanus under the name of Tedelles. How much would I have given if I could have baited with

safety for an hour or two at this interesting spot, that I might have compared Leo's account of Tedelles with its present condition: but to land at any point of the coast which the French have not occupied would be making a voluntary sacrifice of one's life and liberty. Leo describes Tedelles as, in his own time, a very large town surrounded with strong and high walls, and occupied by an industrious and wealthy people famous for dyeing cloth, an occupation to which their streams and fountains were favourable. Speaking as a contemporary, he adds, that the inhabitants were gay and ingenious, almost every individual being able to play on the harp and accompany it with singing. Their land, he says, is fruitful, and their dress is sumptuous. Fish, he tells us, was so plentiful, that there was no need of a fish-market, for the amateurs of fishing caught such loads that they distributed their booty gratis. John Leo Africanus, the traveller and geographer, was a native of Granada, of Moorish extraction. When that city was taken by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492, he retired into Africa, from which circumstance he derived his surname. He studied the Arabic language at Fez: and partly as an ambassador from the king of the country, partly for his own pleasure, he made several journeys in Europe, lesser Asia and Africa, of which he wrote a narrative in Arabic. Having fallen into the hands of pirates at the Isle of Zerb, he was sold to a master who presented him to Leo X. That pontiff afforded him a favourable reception on account of his learning and talents, and having persuaded him to renounce Mahometanism, gave him his own names of John and Leo at the baptismal font. He acquired the Italian language at Rome, and translated into it his work on Africa, dated it 1526. His description of Africa, though its geography has the defects of the age, is reckoned one of the most curious of early voyages and travels, and is, upon the whole, in good credit for veracity. He had visited in person the places he describes.

Leo travelled in Africa early in the 16th century. Doctor Shaw, whose travels were published two hundred years ago, found Dellys but an insignificant place surviving amidst the ruins of a larger ancient city, and ill supplied with water; but Leweson, half a century later, commemorates the industry of the inhabitants and their skill in manufacturing woollen cloth. The last of these authors, however, describes a part of the population as addicted to a less laudable sort of industry. The few ships, he says, that anchor here, are exposed to the thievery of the natives, who, being expert swimmers and divers, cut the anchor ropes at night in order to occasion shipwrecks.

On the 9th of January, before day-light, we anchored off Bougia, and early in the morning I went ashore, as the steamer always rests here for a half-day on its way between Algiers and Bona. The harbour of the place is pretty spacious; but, like every other on the Algerine coast, it is insecure. The town itself lies on the slope of a hill considerably above the level of the sea. Its few streets—for it is now a miserable place, though once of better account—are steep and tortuous, but not so narrow as those of Algiers. Poor as it is, it commands a glorious view of land and water; and even a portion of its own ruins is picturesque. The remains of a shapely arch on the seashore, which I imagine to have been of Roman construction—though it is covered with brushwood—struck me as a beautiful object. But such is the grandeur of the surrounding mountain scenery, that I drop my pen in despair of giving you any conception of it. Scotchman as I am, and much as I love native land, I declare to you that I felt as if I had never before seen the full glory of mountain scenery. The African Highlands spring up to the sight not only with a sterner boldness than our own, but they borrow co-

hours from the sun unknown to our climate, and they are mantled in clouds of richer dye. The farthest off summits looked in their snow like the turbans of gigantic Moors, whilst the nearer masses glowed in crimson and gold under the light of morning. "Would that I had here," I exclaimed, "one of our own true British artists!"—for we alone have landscape painters. What would not Turner make of this scene, whilst I am vainly shedding ink to pourtray it! *Apropos* to Turner, I can give you an instance of his ready wit. Once at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, not unknown to you, by the way of being very facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters and glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British *paper-stainers*. I am afraid if Turner saw these mountains, and any attempt of mine to describe them, he would set me down as a paper-stainer.

I spent an hour in contemplating this splendid picture and colossal sculpturing by the hand of Nature. The wildness of the scene is not unsoftened by traits of repose. The sea was like a mirror to its surrounding rocks, as well as to its ships at anchor in the quiet bay. On the slope of the mountains you can see some native villages, where

"Summa procul villarum culmina fumant;"

and here and there a white marabout shows its head. To the right of the city, as you look over the harbour, a valley of some breadth extends, through which the river Mansourah* discharges itself into the sea; and from this valley the lowing of the Kabyle cattle may be heard.

After a morning stroll, I met my friend Brown, and called together on the English consul of the place, a Mr. Bransil. He gave an excellent *dejeuner à la fourchette*. Mr. Bransil is a Swede—a well-educated man, deserving a better residence than this barbarous nook of the world. His abode, which has nothing to recommend it but a little orangery in front of it, and a fine view of the country, costs him twice the rent that it would fetch in London. It consists of a court, flanked on three sides by as many hovels, each interior in architecture to a respectable English cow-house. He has fitted up their interior, however, with tasteful neatness. Distance from home makes people familiar on short acquaintance. The books on his shelves denoted a man of elegant reading, and his conversation showed that he had moved in good society.

I could not help saying to Mr. Bransil, "You must find this place a dreary sort of *sejour*?"

"Dreary enough, God knows!" he answered, with an affirmative sigh.

"Pray, how do you kill the time?"

"I don't kill it—it kills me."

"Have you any society?"

"Um—Oh yes!—a few French serjeants and corporals, and now and then an enlightened skipper of a trading vessel."

"Pleasant enough; and then for your salary?"

"I have no salary."

"But surely there are perquisites?"

"Next to none!"

"How the devil then do you reman in this horrid consularship?"

"Why, I don't mean to remain long, and I believe I shall scarcely find a successor."

Bougia is at present little better than a mass of ruin, and among its houses there are still marks of the carnage that attended its last siege about a year and a half ago. Mr. Bransil's house, which, had as it is, was the abode of the Sheik of Bougia, has a

* The same river which Shaw calls Summan.

window at which an unfortunate native was either firing, or endeavouring to make his escape, when a French ball despatched him, and left traces of his blood, which are still uneffaced. Bougia was taken in 1833, by the active and intrepid General Trezel. I made acquaintance with this officer at Algiers, where he is next in command to Count D'Erion. In my walk around the town I fell in with a French soldier, to whom I put some questions about the siege, as he told me he was one of the four thousand men who stormed the place under the command of Trezel.

"I know the General," I said.

"Then you know," replied the soldier, "as brave a little man as ever drew sword for his country."

"I believe you," I said; "I am pleas'd with your enthusiasm. Trezel has lost an eye in the service of his country, but in the other there is as much intelligence as would serve a dozen countenances."

"Vous avez raison, Monsieur," quoth the militiaire; "and I can tell you a singular story about the manner of his losing that eye. In the battle of Waterloo he was charging at the head of his regiment, when a musket-ball, which was supposed to have rebounded from a tree, struck out one of his eyes. Search was made for the ball, to ascertain whether it had entered in the head or not, but it could no where be found. The wound was dressed, and externally healed, but still the General felt a weight in the inside of his head, and for a couple of years suffered considerable pain. At last the ball forced its way down to the respiratory duct, between the nose and the mouth, and was extracted from the roof of the mouth."

I give you this story as the soldier told it to me. If it be true it is an extraordinary case in surgery. Our friend, the Scott of Bromley, will tell you if it can be true.

"It was a bloody day," continued my informant, "that of our storming Bougia. The little General was never more put to it in his life, nor made greater personal exertions. He had recently been wounded in the leg, and the surgeon told him that if he exerted the limb, it would infallibly gangrene. Nevertheless, as there was fighting from street to street, he was obliged to exert himself, let the consequences be what they might. In charging the Kabyles up the main street, he saw many of his soldiers slinking into the recesses of doors, in order to avoid the bullets that were showering down upon them. Both he and his aid-de camp dismounted from their horses, and taking each a side of the street, went along," to use my informant's phrase, "spooping the skulkers with their sabres out of the doors."

The town has still two small forts to defend the harbour, and a third on the summit of a mountain behind it, which is two thousand and eleven feet above the level of the sea. After breakfast, we made a party on foot to this mountain stronghold, and reaching it after a zigzag ascent, which took us three hours, we sat down to a cold pic-nic collation, in a still colder atmosphere, where we found the barometer two degrees lower than in the town. But we procured some cogniac, that made us independent of the barometer.

The description of the place by Leo Africanus corresponds very ill with its present condition. "Bougia," he says, "is a very ancient city, which, as some will have it, was founded by the Romans. It is surrounded by very high walls, in the most elegant style of ancient fortification. It is built on the side of a very high mountain looking towards the Mediterranean."

* Delicacy subsequently prevented me from asking General Trezel himself as to the fact, but one of his aids-de-camp told me he fully believed the account; and on consulting Sir Charles Bell, only yesterday, he said, "The case is to me neither new nor surprising."

nean. That part of it which is now inhabited numbers more than 8000 families; but if all parts were built upon, it might contain 26,000 houses; for it is of almost incredible length." From this it appears that in Leo's time the population of Bougia was probably 30,000 souls, and it is possible that it may have once amounted to above 100,000. At present, exclusive of the French garrison, I do not believe that it contains 500 persons; for, by the report of M. Genty de Bussy, the population of Bougia in November, 1833, was as follows:—After the occupation of the place by the French, there remained in it fifty-six individuals—men, women, and children; the inhabitants who had fled, but returned after the siege, were nineteen; the Bougiotes who were in Algiers at the time of the expedition, but who returned afterwards, were 44; the native guides of the French army, and the other native Africans who settled in the place, amounted to fifteen; making a total of 134.

Leo's further description of Bougia contrasts equally with its present dilapidation. "Wonderful," he says "is the architecture of its houses, its temples, colleges, and palaces. Numerous are the professors of the arts: some of them are teachers of law; others, of natural philosophy." He speaks also of its sumptuous inns, its wide and elegant market, and of walls adorned with the most beautiful inscriptions in wood and plaster. Did Leo mean all this description to apply to the town when it was under Spanish domination? I certainly think not; for he immediately adds, that the opulent citizens of Bougia gave great vexation to the Spaniards by their powerful piratical galleys; on which account, Peter, Count of Navarre, was sent by the King of Spain with an army and fourteen ships of war; and that the natives, flying from the town, gave it up, full of rich plunder, to the Spaniards. This was in 1508, when Leo was sixteen years old. He published his "History of Africa" in 1526, and if he ever saw Bougia, is more likely to have seen it under Spanish than Moorish dominion. Nevertheless, I think he ascribes to the Moors, and not the Spaniards, all the splendid edifices of which he speaks, although it is probable that the Moors had employed Italian architects. A few years afterwards, Barbarossa made an attempt to recover Bougia but it proved abortive.

Whilst I was passing down the harbour, to embark for Bona, I observed, on the walls of its fortress nearest the sea, two stones, with an inscription on each, but at such an elevation, that I could not read them. Mr. Bransil, however, kindly promised to copy them for me; and, on my return from Bona, I found that they were as follows:—

SEPT. 30. SIENDO CAPITAN Y ALCAYDE EN
ESTA FORTALEZA POR EL EMPERADOR
CARLO QUINTO DON LUIS DE PERALTA, HIJO
DE DON ALONZO DE PERALTA Y DE DONNA ANA
DE VELASCO MYRQUES DE FALCES—LOADA
SEA DIOS. ANNO 1543.

The other inscription is in Latin, to the purity of which, if you object, I can only say that I give it as Mr. Bransil transcribed it for me:—

ECCO TESTES VICTORIAE OBTEINTE
IN EPIPHANIA PROPRESIDE SEBASTIANO
DEL CASTILLO PRO LUDOVICO DE PERALTA
GENERALI. ANNO 1545.

From the latter inscription, it is evident that there had been hostilities between the natives and Spaniards long subsequent to the repulse of Barbarossa, and in the interval between that event and the final abandonment of the place by the Christians.

Laugier de Tassy, writing early in the eleventh century, mentions Bougia as a town pretty strong and well peopled. It is the capitol, he says, of a province bearing the same name, which formerly was a kingdom under the dominion of the Arabs. It was built

by the Romans; and the Goths established there the seat of their empire. Abni, a Saracen prince, chased them from thence in 762. Joseph, the first King of Morocco, conquered it, and gave it to Huchan Urmeni, a prince of his race, whose heirs reigned over it until the twelfth century. It was then conquered by the King of Tunis, who gave it to Abulferez, one of his sons, in whose family it continued till it was captured by Peter of Navarre, in the reign of Ferdinand V. of Spain. After the defeat of Charles V. before Algiers, the Algerines took advantage of the occasion, and marched with all their forces on Bougia. They stormed the castle on the harbour and the citadel on the heights; so that Alonzo de Peralta, the Spanish Governor, demanded a capitulation. He was allowed to return, with 400 men, to Spain, where the monarch condemned him to lose his hand.

M. Genty de Bussy, late Intendant Civil, or Commissary General of the French Government in the Algerine Regency, has published the names of the native tribes, to the number of between thirty-five, who inhabit the territory around Bougia, to the distance of forty miles. He estimates their men capable of bearing arms at 15,000 infantry and 500 cavalry. From all these tribes, however, I do not believe that the French collect a single franc; the Bey of Constantina himself, in whose province they lie, cannot extort tribute from more than a third part of them. Those Highlanders maintain their independence as hardly against the French as they used to do against the Turks. It was but the other day that they skirmished with the former at the blockhouse, only a mile out of town, on the plain between it and the river Monsourah. They were expected to visit the French outposts on the very day of our first touching at Bougia; but they did not come, and thus disappointed us of the sight of a little battle. In Lemeson's time, the Turks kept here 300 infantry and 100 cavalry; but this force was barely sufficient to keep the Kabyles on the outside of the walls. The Algerines, for the sake of their navy, were obliged to purchase timber from the woody mountains of this province, and to be their very humble customers. The products of the country are oil, soap, dried figs, and, above all, carpenters' wood; they also manufacture spades and plough-shares.

In the course of the day we embarked for Bona, and immediately on clearing the Bay of Bougia passed a place called Jigel, sometimes pronounced Giger, which was once a considerable town, though now reduced to a few miserable houses. In looking to this part of the coast, I could not but recall the affecting adventures of an Irish family, who were once wrecked on it. Their story is told by Laugier de Tassy, which I shall give you pretty nearly in his own words. On the 23d of October, 1719, Madame Bourk embarked from Cette, in Languedoc, on board a Genoese vessel; she had with her, her son and daughter, and her brother-in-law, the Abbé Bourk—besides a secretary and six domestics, four women and two men. She was bound for Spain, where she was expected by her husband, Count Bourk, who had followed James II. into France, and was now an officer in the Spanish service. The second day, being on the coast of Catalonia, near Barcelona, their vessel was captured by an Algerine corsair; but as the Countess had a passport from the court of France, the pirate captain treated her with the utmost respect, and assured her that no wrong should be done either to her or any of her suite. She asked permission to remain in the Genoese vessel with her family and servants, to which the corsair agreed; but he took the Genoese crew aboard his own ship, and put some Turks in their stead on board of the bark of Genoa, which he took in tow, and set sail towards Algiers. On the 30th of the month, however, a furious tempest came on from the north-west—the corsair was obliged to cut the cable with which he had

towed his prize—and the Genoese bark, unable to keep his company and driven right before the wind, was forced on the coast between Bougia and Gigeri, where it was broken to pieces. The Moorish Kabyles, who during storms from the north keep a good lookout on their mountain-tops for distressed vessels, watched their prey, and came down to plunder the wreck. The Algerine sailors, who saved themselves by swimming, told the natives ashore they left in the vessel a princess of France. The Kabyles threw themselves into the water to save the survivors of the wreck—but they could only find Miss Bourk, her uncle the Abbé Bourk, a maid servant, and two valets; Madame Bourk had perished with her son, her secretary, and three female servants. On landing, they conducted Miss Bourk and the other survivors to one of the most inaccessible places in the mountains, where tents and food were afforded them; next day the sheiks of the neighbouring tribes assembled to settle what should be done. It was debated whether they should write to the Aga of Gigeri, and instruct him to communicate with the consul of France at Algiers about the ransoming of the young lady and her suite, or wait till the consul himself should apply for them; the latter resolution was adopted—upon which Miss Bourk, though she was only ten years old, wrote a letter to the French consul at Algiers, informing him of their sad situation, from which she conjured him to redeem them at whatever price. The Moors conveyed this letter to a Marabout near Bougia, whose sanctity was in such odour, that, when poor people in the country asked for charity, they begged for it in the name of God and of this Marabout; the holy man instantly sent off the letter by an express to Algiers. It reached the French consul; but as there happened to be a special envoy from France at the time in Algiers, the consul put the business into his hands.

Meanwhile, before an answer could be received, a young Kabyle, the only son of one of the most considerable sheiks, saw Miss Bourk, and asked his father's leave to marry her. The consent, however, of the other sheiks was necessary, and when the father applied for it, some of the most powerful of them disputed the prize; but it was resolved in full council, that all individual claims to the little Christian's hand should be given up, and that her ransom and that of her suite should be divided among the tribes.

The envoy of his Most Christian Majesty made immediate application to the Dey of Algiers for the deliverance of the captives. The Dey replied, that the Kabyles in that quarter did not acknowledge his authority, but promised to do his best for the relief of the sufferers; and he sent orders to the Agas of Bougia and Gigeri to use all possible means for recovering them; at the same time he wrote to the principal Marabouts of these two places, desiring them to act in concert with the Agas. On the 24th of November, the envoy of France dispatched a vessel, which set sail for Bougia from the port of Algiers. On board this vessel was Ibrahim Hoja, the interpreter of the consul, who carried orders to the Agas and the Marabouts; the instant that these letters were received, a negotiation for the ransom of the prisoners was commenced, and it finished in their being released. Miss Bourk and her suite reached Algiers in safety, and with equal safety returned to France.

LETTER XVI.

During our passage from Bougia to Bona, I again amused myself with reading Leo Africanus, particularly his account of the place to which we were steering. Bona, according to Leo, is situated more than a mile (in *secunda militaria*) from an ancient town called Hippo, which was founded by the Romans, and where the divine Augustine held his bishoprick. At the

fall of the Roman empire, Hippo, or Hippona submitted to the Goths; but it was afterwards burnt by the Arabs. At the end of a great many years a new city was built out of the ruins of the ancient one, which is still called Bona by the Christians, but by the Arabs Beld el Huneb, or the town of Jubebs, on account of the vast quantity of that fruit which is dried in the summer and preserved for winter. "It numbers (says Leo,) about 3000 families, and its people are ingenious and active both in merchandise and the useful arts. Their looms supply a great quantity of the cloth that is carried into Numidia; but the houses and even public edifices are very mean, with the exception of one temple near the sea; they have no fountains nor any fresh water but rain, which they keep in cisterns." After alluding to the sordid rags and sanctity of its Marabouts, he describes the spacious plain in the neighbourhood of Bona, which is forty miles in length and twenty-five in breadth. I was charmed with Leo's description of this fertile expanse, and dreamt of it all night.

Early next morning we entered the harbour of Bona. As you approach it the shore presents a singular and immense rock, to which nature in her sport has given such a likeness to a lion couchant, that you remark the resemblance before being told that this is called the Lion Rock. On the whole, the view of Bona from the sea is not unpicturesque, but the city has remained faithful to Leo's account of its miserable houses, which are lower than those of Algiers though the streets are wider. We repaired to the principal inn, where we breakfasted indifferently at the charge of four francs a-head, and were told that each of our beds would cost five francs a night. Ere noon I sallied forth with Mr. Brown and a French artist, who had come from Algiers to take sketches of the coast—and crossing the marsh that intervenes, got to the few ruins that remain of the ancient Hippo Regius. The river Boujeemah, which has a bridge of Roman workmanship built over it—runs along the western side of this marshy plain, as the Scibhouse, a much larger river, does to the eastward—both of them having their influx together into the sea.

The ruins of the ancient city are spread over a neck of land that lies between these rivers, which, near the banks, is plain and level, but rises afterwards to a moderate elevation. These ruins are about half a league in circuit, and consist of large broken walls and cavities beneath the level of the soil, which are traditionally called the Roman cisterns. My friend Neukomm, who had visited Bona before I met him at Algiers, spoke to me about these enormous cavities, and insisted that they must have been churches. The French painter assured me that they had been granaries; but, with all respect both for painting and music, your poetical friend adheres to the old opinion that they were cisterns: the remains of an aqueduct between them and the river settles all doubt upon the subject. Among the ruins is shown the gable of a high building, which is said to be that of the convent of St. Augustine; some lofty trees overshadow the neighbourhood of the saint's abode. Undefinable but solemn feelings came over me, as I trod the ground.

We pursued our way beyond the ruins along the eastward road, and came up with an Arab family whose habitation was an old ruinous house on the road side. The father of the family was tending some cattle in an adjacent field, and the mother, a very good-looking woman, with the relics of true Arabian beauty, was weaving a web of woollen cloth on the grass near their habitation. The simplicity of her weaving was worthy of the first ages of the world; instead of a shuttle she employed a needle, which carried the wool along the threads of the warp that were stretched along the ground; she had a rude sort of reed, through which the threads of the warp were

run, and by drawing in the reed she bound the wool and warp together. How pleasing is human art in all its stages from simplicity to perfection! With full recollections in my mind of the wonderful power looms which I had seen at Glasgow, I could still look with interest on the work of this poor female artisan. Her two little sons and a daughter were beside her—all the three struck us as remarkably beautiful. I made Brown, who understands Arabic, put some questions to her, and she answered them without interrupting her work, as gracefully and easily as if she had been receiving us in a drawing room. "How old," I asked, "is this sweet little girl?" (she seemed to be about eight years old). "I cannot tell you," she answered; "she was born several summers and winters before the French came here." "Do you remember then, how many summers and winters have gone by since the birth of either of your sons?" "No, I cannot tell you, but I was married not long after there was a battle in this neighbourhood, and when heads were carried about on poles." In fact, these Arabs take no note of time, and have neither clocks nor registers; yet they are descendants of the people who taught us algebra.

On returning to the hotel we found a polite note from the Governor-General Monck D'Uzer, inviting us to consider his table as our own during our stay at Bona. We dined with him accordingly the same day, and whether it was imagination or not, I thought that the French General and his staff, surrounded by barbarians, were as glad to see European visitants as we were to receive their hospitality. I certainly remember few pleasanter evenings. General D'Uzer is a frank, plain man. The French press speaks pretty freely about the character and conduct of the leading officers in this colony, and confidential conversation speaks still more freely about them; but I have never heard D'Uzer's name mentioned without respect; and even the Baron Pichon, who blames certain proceedings of the French with regard to Bona, exculpates the present governor, and mentions him in laudatory terms. I was therefore flattered with the General's readiness, I could almost say zeal, in my conversation with him, to inform me of the relative position of the French and natives in this part of Africa. I felt as a compliment and as a good sign of the man his obvious wish that I should appreciate the justice and humanity of his principles in governing this part of Africa. He said to me, "I have conciliated the natives by kindness and probity; pray come out with me to-morrow, and we will take a morning ride over a part of the vast plain to the east of Bona, where we shall pass through encampments of the Arabs without a single French musket to guard us: we shall have none with us but native horsemen, and yet you shall be as safe as if you were in the streets of London." Well, we waited on the General next morning, and set out on Arabian steeds, with which he furnished us, with 100 native cavalry preceding, and 500 following us, all in their white burnouses. We cantered out from Bona to the distance of fourteen miles, in a procession that was as regular as a funeral, though a great deal quicker; and, riding at the side of the General, I had thus the advantage of his conversation for a couple of hours. To be sure, when our horses snuffed the country air, they showed a disposition to scamper off without regard to order, but we reined them in pretty well till the end of our journey. We passed an eminence that was guarded by a company of Turks. I will tell you by-and-by how it happens that the French have Turkish soldiers in their pay near Bona. The guard of Turks turned out in long file to salute the General. They were tall, fine men, and I admired their gracefulness in performing the ceremony. They did not present their muskets, but kept them within their arms whilst they folded their hands

to their breasts, bowing their heads as in the accustomed Oriental salaam. The General described to me the present produce and resources of the country, and enlarged on the advantages that might be drawn from it by European cultivation. He maintained his troops he said, not by exactions from the natives, but by fair purchase, and at a very slight cost to the French government, meat being contracted for at two sous a pound, and bread proportionably cheap. As we proceeded on the vast plain that stretches to the borders of Tunis, I was struck with its verdure, and appearance of natural though neglected fertility. There were here and there tall and dry shrubs, and abundance of thistles; but the soil, as far as my eyes could reach, was in general grassy and of a vivid green; for miles together I could have imagined myself riding over the turf of Kensington-gardens. I recalled to mind Joannes Leo's description of it, "*Hic oppido spatiosissima quædam est planities ejus longitudo quadraginta, latitudo autem viginti quinque continet miliaria—hæc frugibus ferendis est felicissima.*" He then mentions the vast affluence of its cultivators in herds and flocks, and the quantities of butter and grain which they brought to market. After calculating in my own mind the number of square miles and acres which this plain must contain, I asked the General what he reckoned the population of its present cultivators to be, and he computed them at 2000 souls. Here, then, are 1000 square miles of richly capable land, or 650,000 acres, that would afford comfortable farms to six or seven thousand farmers, and would maintain the population of a little kingdom, inhabited by poor creatures who can people it only in the proportion of two heads to a mile. "And this plain must be healthy, if I may judge by the air that I breathe?" "It is less unhealthy," said the General, "than the marshy land near Bona, and then the town itself, where the rubbish of uninhabited houses and other causes have noxious influences; but those influences are declining, and I trust will soon be removed." The fee-simple of land may here be purchased at the rate of three francs an acre; but General D'Uzer was too candid to deny that the European settler would have to encounter some danger of bad health on the plain itself until the cultivation of the earth shall have improved the atmosphere. When nature is abandoned to herself there is always more or less insalubrity of climate: there is, moreover, throughout the whole region a scarcity of wholesome water, for there are very few fountains, and its rivers are turbid. At first, and for a considerable time, the mortality at Bona was frightful; in the January of 1833 the garrison, 4000 in number, had exactly 2000 in hospital. Even in 1834, the number of invalids was not diminished, but the deaths were much fewer. A repaired aqueduct now brings better water into the town; the hospitals have much improved, as well as the barracks of the soldiers; greater attention is also paid to prevent the soldiers from poisoning themselves with strong liquors and with fruits.

At the distance of some fourteen miles from Bona we halted, and allowed our horses to browse for an hour on a grassy spot, whilst the native cavaliers sat smoking their pipes under groups of trees as picturesquely as if they had been sitting for their portraits to a painter. On returning, I was not so fortunate as to have much of General D'Uzer's company. We had scarcely remounted, when a portion of the Arabs, who had to return to their own villages instead of Bona, clapped spurs to their steeds, and swept away like wild-deer in a contrary direction to the route pursued by the General and his staff. Their suddenly galloping off, caused, by some accident, a report to be spread that a wild boar had been started, and that the Arabs were in chase of him; and my steed, catching the rumour, neighed, as much as to say, "Ha, ha!" and set off with me, as if he had been willing to show

the mettle of his pasture. When I reined him in, he reared on his hind legs, and gave me hints that if I did not go forward with him he would leave me behind—so I let him carry me over bush and briar, whilst the hard, dry thistle-heads were banging against my stirrups, till we came up with the native troop. One of them, who understood French, kindly acted as interpreter between me and my horse. Clapping the buttocks of the noble animal, he told him in Arabic, in the first place, that I had no desire to hunt a boar, and in the next place that there was no boar to hunt. Having converted my horse to the same opinion, I persuaded him to turn round and rejoin the General's cavalcade. On our way back to Bona we visited an encampment of the Arabs. One of them came out to meet us, and presented to me a cup of buttermilk, which he poured out of a pitcher. The beverage was welcome after a fatiguing ride; but I turned to the General, and requested him to drink first; he refused, however, saying, "I am at home here—this compliment is intended for you as a stranger;" and observing that I had my hand in my pocket, he added, "Don't offer any money—this man is the Patriarch of the Adouar." Unlike the generality of the Arab patriarchs, the man before us had a mean appearance; but of course, after the General's information, I thanked him only with a salaam.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

Visit to Alexandria, Damascus and Jerusalem, during the successful campaign of Ibrahim Pasha.

By EDWARD HOGG, M. D.

The fluctuations that are daily passing over the East, and the suspense in which its affairs are kept by the growing power of Egypt, the decline of the Ottoman rule, and the watchful policy of Russia, afford sufficient excuse for a new work upon a subject which has already been fertile of books. Syria and Palestine, Egypt and Nubia—the scenes of the oldest traditions of our faith—are now the theatre of a vast political struggle, and so rapid are the changes to which they are subject that we look with anxiety to the reports of the last traveller, although much that he has to tell has been already told. During the publishing season which has just closed, we reviewed an unusual variety of works of travels, and many of them, including La Martine's, the most poetical and fascinating of them all, related to the countries traversed in these volumes by Dr. Hogg; but the spirit in which that gentleman approaches his subject, and the objects which he mainly proposes to himself, infuse into his work a sufficient tone of novelty to make it a welcome addition to our recently-acquired store of information. Dr. Hogg, after a course of successful professional exertion in England, finding his health impaired by his pursuits, retired to a tranquil retreat at Naples, where, being unmoved by any false ambition for public life, he would have remained, had he not been tempted to accompany a friend on a journey to the east. Such a journey presented many inducements. He was aware that the antiquities of those countries had been already explored, and that there was scarcely a feature of historical interest that had not been examined and described; but he also felt that the political changes which circumstances are constantly producing would render such statements of facts as he could collect, and such observations as he might be enabled to offer upon the existing condition of the people in their domestic and international relations, acceptable to the great body of inquirers. In this opinion he was strengthened by the advice of Sir William Gell, who urged him to arrange the notes taken on his journey, and prepare them for publication. The result is equal to the expectation which so recent a

traveller might be supposed to create. The liberal policy of Mohammed Ali afforded him greater facilities in Syria than strangers have hitherto possessed in that country, and as he kept in view throughout the political circumstances of Egypt and the Ottoman empire, we find these volumes well worthy of public attention. There is much in them with which we are already familiar, nor does the writer often throw a fresh interest over such topics by any remarkable beauty or energy of style, or by any idle play of the imagination; but the quiet and truthful spirit of the composition, its freedom from the vanities of authorship, and the useful knowledge with which it abounds, abundantly atone for the absence of those more skillful and entertaining qualities that so frequently in modern publications are made to supply the place of number and valuable commentary.—Nor is the work deficient in mere matter of amusement: it contains a variety of very pleasant sketches and striking anecdotes; it brings pictures of costumes and of individuals before us that are both natural and agreeable; and the tone is, on the whole, so sensible, judicious, and unpretending, that the reader will be sure to derive a more enduring delight from it than if it were more picturesque and enthusiastic. The picturesque of the east has been nearly exhausted, but its political and social aspects yield an abundant harvest.

The route lies from Naples to Malta, and thence direct to Alexandria, where Dr. Hogg was received with great kindness by the Pasha, from whom he obtained some valuable hints upon the general features of Egyptian politics. At Alexandria he embarked for Syria, and landed at Tripoli, and departed from thence with a caravan, passing Mount Lebanon, and the Bekaa to Balbec, where he visited the celebrated temple, now converted into a fortress by the Moslems. From Balbec he proceeded to Damascus, which affords him matter for consideration in proportion to its importance; and then recrossing the Bekaa, he passed on to Saidee, the ancient Sidon, visiting Lady Hester Stanhope in her mountain retreat; from thence to Soun, the Tyre of the ancients, Acre, the scene of one of the most memorable sieges of our time, Mount Carmel, Jaffa, and Jerusalem. Having satisfied his curiosity in that quarter, he went to Damietta, and then to Alexandria, ascended the Nile to Upper Egypt, returned to Thebes, participated in a fête given in Belzoni's tomb, and finally, glad to escape from the Egyptian Nile boats, disembarked at Cairo. From this sketch of the track, the nature of the subjects treated of in these volumes may be seen; of their execution we will enable the reader to judge by placing before him extracts as copious as our space will permit us to make.

Passing over the intermediate journey, we will open at once on Alexandria.—Here is a picture of the streets—the costume of the people—and the internal aspect of the place, that is extremely vivid and life-like.

"Our hotel was situated in the midst of the Frank quarter, and I felt as if I should never be tired of the new and perpetually-changing scene which our projecting cage always presented. The constant succession of passengers was made up of a motley assemblage of Arabs, Turks, Greeks, and Franks, each in their peculiar costume. Military officers frequently passed on horseback, in richly embroidered uniforms, with an ornament on each breast, either simply wrought silver, or composed of diamonds, according to their grade; always with one or two "running footmen" in long blue cotton vests, and white turbans, preceding their horses, and often followed by two others, whose dresses had a more military cast. Sometimes groups of soldiers lounged by, shabbily habited in dingy red jackets and trowsers, with a cap of the same colour; many of them tall, well-grown

men, of every variety of complexion, ill-dressed, bare legged, and almost shoeless. Then came strings of camels, carrying skins of water, loads of merchandise, and indeed every thing that requires transport, for wheeled carriages are never used for such purposes here. People of all classes and countries, passed by mounted on donkeys, which supply the place of hackney-coaches, together with Arab women carrying on their heads water jars, or large shallow baskets, containing bread, and other articles, for sale. These are dressed only in a long and full blue cotton garment, with a piece of the same material thrown over the head, one corner of which, held in the mouth, performs the office of a veil, or, more frequently, the ugliness is concealed by a long blue face cloth, ornamented at the top with coloured beads. They are usually tall and well-formed, but those of the lower class, who sometimes leave their faces uncovered, wear a frightful blue ornament tattooed beneath a lower lip, a dirty, olive complexion, and altogether a disgusting, squalid appearance. Now and then women of the better class passed along, shrouded from head to foot in capacious black silk wrappers, while a narrow white veil, reaching from the top of the nose to the feet, by allowing the eyes only to be seen, produced a hideous ghost-like aspect. These portly dames, whose voluminous wrappings, and waddling gait when on foot, give them the appearance of walking woollacks, were often mounted astride on donkeys, their feet placed in short stirrups, and their awkward-looking, elevated saddles, as well as the backs of the animals they rode, covered with rich carpets. An attendant held the bridle, and one or two others followed, according to their rank. Negroes of both sexes were frequently mingled with the crowd, some of them smartly dressed, with gay red turbans, while others looked as if devoted to a life of laborious slavery, or of abject destitution. The scene was now and then diversified by groups of picturesque beggars, often surrounded by numerous children, all nearly in a state of nudity, and many, partially or totally blind; those moved slowly along, constantly repeating, in a piteous tone, their importunate supplications."

The pasha, whose European reputation invests him with great personal interest, received Dr. Hogg and his companion with great courtesy, and in the course of a conversation with them gave them some useful advice, informing them that they should be furnished with such a firman in their journey to Damascus as should ensure their safety, but recommending them, if they found that the city had been forcibly entered by Ibrahim Pasha, to assume the Turkish dress.

"Mr. Thurburn agreed with his highness in opinion as to the expediency of adopting the costume of the country, observing, that *hats* had seldom been seen at Damascus, and the appearance of them at this juncture might produce discontent, or even public disturbance. The pasha replied, that the inhabitants of that city had always been barbarous, fanatic, and untractable; but that, before the end of a year, if it remained in his possession, the English consul, who had formerly been refused admission, should be established in peace and security, and *hats* no longer be considered a rarity. This last remark was accompanied with an arch look, and a hearty English laugh, on the part of the pasha, in which the only two of his audience who understood the equivocal meaning of the word as heartily joined, for hats are held in such abomination by the Turks as to be continually the subject of wit and ridicule."

In illustration of the barbarous character of the people of Damascus, his highness related the following anecdote.

"An European traveller, in the course of his journey, arrived in that city, to the great annoyance of the then governing pasha. After a short imprisonment,

and suffering the punishment of the bastinado, he was dismissed, to find his way to some more hospitable asylum. On discovering to what country he belonged, it was suggested to the head of the government, that a complaint of his outrage might perhaps be made by the representative of the traveller's nation at Constantinople, and that perchance his high mightiness might some day be called to account for the severity he had exercised. To be prepared for such an "untoward event," the unfortunate guide who had conducted the traveller thither, was instantly seized, and five hundred blows inflicted on the soles of his feet, for having brought the governor into such a dilemma. This was considered by the authorities to be sufficient satisfaction to the traveller for the suffering he had inadvertently undergone, nor did they entertain any doubt of being elsewhere exculpated from all blame by this convincing proof of the promptitude and impartiality with which they administer justice."

Of the Greeks, his highness gave the following opinions, which are wound up with some allusions to his own history that are extremely curious.

"He was of opinion that if that country had produced any man of commanding talent, capable of uniting all parties, and of judiciously directing their efforts to one object, a favourable termination would long since have been obtained; and even now, if a prince possessed of power and wealth had been advanced to the throne, he might have reconciled the conflicting opinions and opposing interests which still distract the unhappy country, and have succeeded in establishing a government upon a solid foundation. At present, however, there was no sign that the newly-formed monarchy would be efficiently supported either by power, talent, or treasure, and how then could its stability or permanence be anticipated?"

"He said he knew the Greeks well, and had long since foretold to Admiral Codrington the untimely end of Capo d'Istria, and that his prediction had been fulfilled to the very letter, although a little later than he had expected. He believed the same fate to await the new King Otho, unless he brought with him a sufficient body of troops to secure his personal safety, and a well-stored treasury to satisfy the rapacity of those who could be gained by no other means.

"He referred at some length to himself, and his own early proceedings. He said that he came into Egypt a mere unprotected soldier, with nothing but his sword and his courage to befriend him—for he had not even secured the support of an influential patron in the supreme divan at Constantinople, an advantage which those sent to distant countries generally took care to obtain—that his ambition, at that time, did not aspire to a very high grade; but, by taking advantage of circumstances as they arose, and by judiciously managing the various classes of men with whom he had to deal, he had gradually, and by his own efforts only, raised himself to the station he now filled."

The personal appearance of the pasha, and the apartment in which he received his visitors, are also possessed of some interest.

"The pasha was simply dressed—without either embroidery or jewels—and wore a sabre plainly mounted in gold. His stature is rather under the middle size; he does not appear to be more than sixty, is plump and well looking, with dark, restless, piercing eyes; an animated countenance, and a prepossessing manner. He is still fresh and unwrinkled, and although his beard is silvery, it adds only a certain dignity to his aspect, without giving him the appearance of age. His manner of speaking is quick and lively; he laughs often and heartily, and is quite free from that air of solemn dulness so characteristic of the Turks, and probably produced by the narcotic fumes they perpetually inhale.

"On the divan, a neatly-folded cambric pocket hand-

kerchief, and a European gold snuff-box, to which occasionally he had recourse, lay by his side. After our coffee, a pipe was brought for himself only, this mark of honour being never conferred on any British subject below the rank of a peer.

"The spacious apartment in which we were received, notwithstanding its splendid divan, had an empty, forlorn look. From the ceiling, indeed, a handsome glass chandelier, filled with wax lights, was suspended; but the only article of cabinet furniture it contained was a small round table standing in the middle of the room, and upon this was placed a silver filagree branch with wax lights, each in a separate glass shade. The dreary, unpainted walls were only varied, near the door, by having on each side four or five coloured prints, in black frames, disposed without order, close together; and these seemed to consist either of a set of marine signals, or of the national colours of maritime powers."

The cavalcade of the ladies of the harem, and an account of the visit of an English lady to their secluded dwelling, are also worthy a place.

"When I had nearly reached the city, I met a curious cavalcade passing one of the gates. It consisted first of a large coach with closed blinds, preceded and surrounded by many attendants, both on horseback and on foot. Next came a crowd of females, mounted on asses and mules; all closely enveloped in sable wrappers, with their features concealed by long white face-cloths. Attendants on foot led the animals they bestrode; and others, more gaily dressed, were mounted on horseback. Of the latter, the greater part, or perhaps all, were negroes, who evinced, by their consequential air, and plump, well-fed appearance, that they were the guardians to whose care women of rank are here especially confided.

"This motley assemblage was the harem of the pasha, going to spend a few days at the house and garden I had just been inspecting. Every one carefully drew back as the troop advanced, and my timid attendant perseveringly resisted all my endeavours to obtain a close view. Some foot soldiers, indeed, who formed a part of their escort, would effectually have prevented a near approach.

"An English lady, now here, informed me that she was lately invited, at the desire of the pasha, to make a visit to the secluded inmates of the viceregal harem. On taking advantage of this welcome opportunity, the reception she experienced was highly flattering. Her dress, as might be expected, excited much curiosity; and some of the finer materials of which it was composed were greatly admired.

"The three principal ladies, who seemed of superior rank, were treated with great deference, and served by the others. They were magnificently dressed, and their attendants were all richly decorated with gold and jewels. In manner they were perfectly easy and well bred, and no embarrassment was felt, as an Italian lady, who gave lessons in music, had been engaged to interpret between them. The dinner was served on fine English china, but on a low Turkish table. A deep flounce of brocade answered the purpose of a table-cloth; cushions were the seats; embroidered napkins were abundantly supplied, and knives, forks, and spoons were regularly laid, although the latter were much in request. The splendid apartments were furnished with rich divans and cushions, and some of them with a piano, on which several of the attendants played with considerable proficiency.

"The chief amusement of the ladies seemed to consist in petting a little negro child—a general favourite—fed with sugar-plums, and encouraged in childish flippancy by each in her turn; and all were greatly diverted with the pert replies it frequently made. On taking leave the visitor was presented with a cashmere shawl, and left the ladies with the agreeable impres-

sion that the visit had been productive of mutual satisfaction."

But we linger too long in Alexandria, and must hasten onwards. A brief scene in the still valley of Lila-moony, on the route from Tripoli, will afford a favourable specimen in miniature of our author's descriptive powers.

"We had soon after to descend a frightful steep, where fine plants of thubarb grew in great abundance, and where, compelled to dismount, we thought the way both tedious and fearful. But this difficulty was trifling when compared with the dangerous descent we had next to make; for the mountain gorge, instead of leading us into the lower level, as we expected, terminated in the dry, stony bed of a winter torrent, which descended with almost perpendicular abruptness into the plain beneath. Here our led horses and ourselves obtained an uncertain footing among sand and stones, while the muleteers hung with their whole weight upon the tails of their loaded beasts, to prevent their falling over and rolling to the bottom. This perilous pass achieved, we found ourselves in a small valley, every where encompassed by heights, with only one cottage within sight, near a mass of ruins, on the margin of a considerable stream.

"Having travelled five hours from our last resting-place, and suffered severely from heat, our beds, for security, were arranged on the flat roof of this solitary cabin, where we resigned ourselves unsheltered to repose. The sky was without a cloud; the muleteers were sitting in a circle round their fire, eating their humble fare; the disburdened beasts were placed around them, their fore-feet attached together and pinned to the ground; the murmuring of the water deepened the stillness of the night, but overcome with weariness, we soon closed our eyes upon this delicious scene."

An interview with Lady Hester Stanhope—whose retirement has so often been invaded by the curious—cannot be omitted. It is one of the most graphic of its kind.

"Lady Hester was seated on the sofa, with a small table before her, near which was the only chair in the room. To this she immediately directed me, for the dazzling sunshine I had left threw every thing within into temporary obscurity. Her manner, as might be supposed, was dignified and graceful, and her voice of remarkable sweetness. As I became accustomed to the light, her widely expanded forehead, and finely-modelled profile, the energetic expression of her countenance, and a complexion white as the purest marble, forcibly reminded me of some precious specimen of Greek or Roman art. Deeply sensible to the kindness of her unlooked-for correspondent, she expressed a warm interest in her happiness, and spoke of her affectionately as "the friend of early days." Her conversation, always fluent and interesting, was often characterised by a depth of reflection, and shrewdness of remark, that savoured strongly of hereditary eloquence and talent.

"Her ladyship's dress was that of the country. The fringed corners of a folded handkerchief of green and yellow silk, brought so far over the forehead as to conceal the hair, fell upon her neck and shoulders. A turban, of white muslin, completed her head-dress with becoming effect. Her kaftan was of striped silk, with long, loose sleeves. Over this she wore a simple camlet abba, edged with gold cord—fitting closely at the neck, but unconfined at the waist—and of such a length, that the extremities only of crimson Turkish trowsers could be seen, falling over her yellow shoes.

"A bell-rope, near the sofa, was slightly touched, and a negro-girl quickly brought in coffee and shabet.

"Lady Hester, adverting to her residence of eighteen years in Syria, remarked that her proceedings

had often been censured because her motives were misunderstood, but as a free agent she was amenable only to the tribunal of her own judgment.—That having been considered as an object of curiosity to "flaming wanderers," and thus rendered publicly conspicuous, contrary to her wishes, her retirement had often been invaded, and her hospitality claimed, by those who would never have ventured to present themselves to her in England without the intervention of mutual friends. She professed her readiness to assist any of her countrymen who really required aid, and her willingness at all times to receive intelligent travellers in search of information, but declared "her invincible repugnance to obtrusive visits of mere curiosity often made with no other view than to elicit her opinions, which, garbled, misstated, and committed to the press, only served to expose her to animadversion and derision."

"On this subject she enlarged with great energy and animation. She stated that her object had once been to make her retirement to the East beneficial to her country—that by conciliating the Arab tribes she had opened the road to Palmyra, and hoped to have enabled future travellers to investigate with security other ancient sites and interesting monuments. She affirmed that fragments of forgotten sciences were still preserved in remote corners, of the East, and that many philosophical inquiries, from the farthest extremities of Persia and India, devoted themselves by laborious travel, not only to obtain but to disseminate knowledge. By their means she had succeeded in discovering the secret of the unfading dyes for which some countries are celebrated, and the art of fabricating the curiously-tempered arms for which others are distinguished—that it had been her wish to promote an advantageous interchange of useful arts between distant and unconnected countries. Her plans, however, had been frustrated by the very people for whose benefit they were chiefly intended. From various motives she had been beset by travellers belonging to every European nation. Some had attempted to deceive her by affecting to enter into her views—others had considered her as influenced by some visionary illusion—not was "a ramble in Syria deemed complete, if one lion remained unseen." Hence, her house had been regarded as the privileged hospice of every "home-sick wanderer"—her privacy had been intruded upon—her liberality abused, and the confidence that belongs to domestic association violated, until, at length, she had been compelled, to close the door.

"Amidst much desultory conversation, of the highest interest, mingled with anecdotes of her father's talents and peculiarities, and of her residence with her uncle during the last period of his stormy career, she referred to the intellectual superiority of the great political leaders with whom she had been in intimate association. On my expressing surprise that she should have relinquished such enviable advantages, she replied with deep emotion, "I have lived with Mr. Pitt—with whom could I afterwards live?"

An anecdote of a distressing domestic calamity that befel Lady Hester's household in 1828, is here, we believe, published for the first time.

"A contagious fever crept into her establishment, which consisted of eighteen or twenty individuals. It spread widely among the domestics, and terror soon rendered them incapable of taking care of each other. The duty of nursing the sick thus devolved upon herself and on Miss Williams, who had accompanied her from England. The contagion at length attacked them both. Lady Hester for many days lay in a state of hopeless insensibility, from which she would probably never have recovered, but for the attachment of a grateful widow, once rescued from destitution by her

bounty, who now came to see, for the last time, her dying benefactress.

"The doors of the house stood open—the unconscious invalid had been deserted by the servants in despair. The poor woman believed there was no hope, but resolved to remain with her to the last. Anxious to contribute to her comfort she attempted to moisten her parched lips. Perceiving that the power of swallowing had not entirely ceased, she joyfully supplied her with broth and milk, and never quitted her side till her senses were restored. But then came the moment of trial—for it could not long be concealed, that during Lady Hester's insensibility, Miss Williams had fallen a sacrifice. A confidential steward, valued for his long and faithful services, had also shared the same fate; and among the inferior members of her household there had been other victims.—Overwhelmed with affliction, Lady Hester's convalescence was tedious, the loss of her valued companion irreparable, nor has she ever regained her former vivacity, or recovered her healthful appearance."

The first view of Jerusalem draws from the traveller a burst of reflection, that partakes in some sort of the nature of a lamentation, contrasting her present condition with her past.

"At length our fervent wishes were accomplished—Jerusalem, the object of our toilsome pilgrimage, was before us—but the discordant sight of battlements, minarets, and domes, produced a feeling of painful intensity, and an involuntary shudder. A thousand early associations, "bursting their cerements," seemed to start into new life. On this favoured spot patriarchs and prophets had dwelt, and here the perfect pattern of boundless commiseration—of pure beneficence—the glorious example of patient endurance, of superhuman submission, had been displayed by the meek and lowly Saviour of mankind. Beneath these walls where Solomon had reigned in all his glory, contending hosts had often met in deadly conflict—all had again and again been involved in indiscriminate destruction—the rose of Sharon and the lily of the field had been alike trodden down. Jerusalem, that had once "crowned the mountains like a diadem," was now stretched at our feet—widowed—disconsolate—mourning in sackcloth and ashes. Her borders naked and solitary—a few miserable huts and Mohammedan tombs only visible in the distance—the whole surface around parched and stony—with scarcely a tree or a blade of grass to relieve the dazzling dryness of the waste. The sources of fruitfulness seemed to have shrunk beneath the withering influence of neglect—the germs of fertility to have been blighted by a desolating blast. Scattered tufts of foliage and verdure on the mount of Olives alone gave hope that sentence of barrenness had not been irrevocably passed upon a devoted land."

After some difficulty the travellers obtained entrance to an hospice within the gate.

"Admitted to a neglected court, surrounded by mean buildings, we remarked on one side a small chapel, near a dismal repulsive room, in which twenty or thirty native boys were learning Arabic lessons. On the other side was a stair-case leading to three or four comfortable apartments, where we were received by one of the brotherhood, who resides in the hospice to perform religious service and to superintend the arrangements required by the inmates.

"This edifice, built about the middle of the last century to accommodate pilgrims, is thronged at Easter with Syrian Catholics, but now contained only two strangers, both of them French; one collecting specimens of natural history, the other on a pilgrimage to the various sacred stations in the east. Two dreary rooms were assigned us. The largest, with a coned ceiling, and by far the best in the establishment, was furnished with a high stool and a small moveable plat-

form, intended for the traveller's mattress, for in the East beds are never provided. A thick, rough plank supported by four rude legs, the whole presenting the unwieldy and uncouth form of a chopping block, did the duty of a table, while a solitary high-backed chair, that required the strength of two persons to lift, might, from its form and size, have served the heroes of the crusade.—This I was assured had been the only apartment of the late Queen Caroline during her stay in the holy city, and there still remains a clumsy framework of wood, then constructed to admit hand hangings to be placed before the part where she slept. The other rooms offered no accommodation beyond the stool and platform."

The miserable state of the town is thus truly described.

"Like other Turkish towns, the survey of the interior disappoints the expectations excited by its external appearance. The streets are narrow and uneven. Irregularly placed houses, with diminutive doors, and now and then a projecting upper window, are badly built, and from the scarcity and dearness of timber are usually covered with rude, bee-hive-shaped roofs. In some directions are detached heaps of ruins, and in others are enclosures fenced with the prickly Indian fig. Towards the Jews' quarter, some extensive ranges of walls and arches, the remains of the spacious hospital of the Knights of Malta, are still considered by the Hebrew inhabitants as English property. A few stragglers only are seen wandering in the streets—the bazaars are miserably furnished—one of them, arched and dark, is falling fast to ruin.

"The trade of the town is confined to chaplets, crosses, carved shells, models of the sacred places, and mother-of-pearl receptacles for holy water, which sanctified in the sepulchre, are eagerly sought for, and widely distributed through Catholic Europe. So low, however, is the state of art, but one individual only, an ingenious and intelligent Jew, can engrave the seal rings so generally worn in the East, while a few Christians carve rudely in mother-of-pearl, or tattoo the arms of pilgrims, with sacred symbols. Of bread and meat there is no lack, but of the latter little variety. Fruit and vegetables are sparingly supplied, although on Fridays the neighbouring peasants hold a kind of market—those of the Moslem faith assembling for devotion, as well as to dispose of their scanty produce."

We must here take leave of the author, commending our readers to the volumes for the rest of the journey. We have derived unmixed pleasure from their perusal, and have no hesitation in assigning to them a very high place among the best modern works of travel.

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

FROM THE SPANISH.

One eve of beauty, when the sun,
Was on the streams of Guadalquivir,
To gold converting one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river;
Beside me on the bank was seated,
A Seville girl with auburn hair,
And eyes that the world have cheated,
A wild, bright, wicked diamond pair!

She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft and smiling hand,
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing,
Her words were three and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be?
The Siren wrote upon the shore—
"Death, not inconstancy."

A BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY HOOD.

"Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land,
Had slipped sky blue through certain of her teens,
At one of these establishments which stand
In highways, byways, squares, and village greens:
'Twas called 'The Grove,'—a name that always means

Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate—
Each window had its close Venetian screens
And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state,
The twenty-four young ladies of Miss Bate.

But when the screens were left unclosed by chance,
The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead,
Each upper window to a passing glance
Revealed a little dimity white bed;
Each lower one, a cropp'd or curly head;
And thrice a week, for soul's and health's economies,
Along the road the twenty-four were led,
Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she-dominies
With faces rather graver than Melpomene's.

And thus their studies they pursued—on Sunday,
Beef, collects, batter, texts from Dr. Price;
Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar—of a Monday,
Tuesday—hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's Advice;

Wednesday—fancy work, rice milk, (no spice);
Thursday—pork, dancing, currant-botsters, reading;
Friday—beef, Mr. Butler, and plain rice;
Saturday—scraps, short lessons, and short feeding,
Stocks, back boards, hash, steel collars, and good breeding.

From this repertory of female learning,
Came Ellen once a-quarter, always latter!
To gratify the eyes of parents yearning.

'Twas evident in bolsters, beef and batter,
Hard dumplings, and rice milk, she did not matter,
But heartily, as Jenkins says, 'demolledge!'

But as for any learning, not to flatter,
As often happens, when girls leave their college,
She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.

At long division sums she had no chance,

And history was quite as bad a baulk:
Her French it was too small for petty France,
And Priscian suffered in her English talk—
Her drawing might be done with cheese or chalk;
As for the globes, the use of the terrestrial
She knew when she went out to take a walk,
Or take a ride; but touching the celestial,
Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.

Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars;
Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for
Burgio

Sidus, for Master; then, for northern stars,
The Bear, she fancied, did in sable fur go,
The Bull was farmer Gals' Bull, and ergo,
The Ram the same that butted at her brother;
As for the twins, she only guessed at Virgo,
From coming after them, must be their mother;
The Scales weighed soap, tea, and sugar, like any
other.

As ignorant as donkeys in Galicia,

She thought that Saturn, with his Belt, was but
A private, may be, in the Kent Militia;
That Charles Wam would stick in a deep rut,
That Venus was a real West-End-Slut—
Oh, Gods and Goddesses of Greek Theogony!
That Berenice's hair would curl and cut,
That Cassiopeia's Chair was good mahogany
Nicely French polished—such was her cosmogony.

LUCY STRATFORD. A HISTORICAL TALE.

By the author of "Jane Seeward," and others.

"O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercises
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity!" SHAKESPEARE.

Some time in 1765, a stately ship of the line, with pennant at mainmast head, and the royal Lion rampant, waving in frowning grandeur above the stern, sailed majestically into the capes of the broad and lustrous Chesapeake, and thence into the harbour at Norfolk, where she was seen to round to, and to cast her ponderous anchor.

Soon as the bustling business of handling the sails and setting the decks to rights, could be effected, (and such matters are executed with an incredible and magic-like celerity, on board a "man of war,") the admiral's pinnace came ashore with several distinguished personages; among whom were Colonel Woodville Stratford, Mrs. Stratford, and an only and interesting daughter, about eight or ten years old.

Col. Stratford, being the bearer of despatches from his Majesty, King George III., repaired immediately to the palace (as it was then called,) the residence of Governor Dunmore, and delivering his credentials, reported himself as having arrived in his majesty's ship, the Britannia.

It may not be amiss to observe here, that being brother to Lady Dunmore, and having been induced by letters from her and Lord Dunmore, to come out to Virginia, with the view of becoming a resident citizen of the then British American Colonies, Col. Stratford, but for the observance of the etiquette of the day, scarcely needed letters credentials from his majesty's secretary of state for the American department. Col. S. having been wounded in his country's service, in the East Indies, and being ever since incapable of military duty, was a half pay officer; and as it mattered but little therefore where he lived, determined upon the earnest and repeated importunities of his sister and Lord D. to embark for America: and this determination being known to the king, his embarkation was hastened by the opportunity which was now presented, of coming in so honorable a capacity.

It will be perceived, this was during the latter years of the time when this country laboured under the twofold oppression of British thraldom, aggravated by the imperfections and disadvantages of a badly organised if not corrupt administration—a period when the governors

"Dressed in a little brief authority," conceived themselves to be the immediate representatives of the royal personage, (as indeed they really were,) and therefore conceived also, that they had a patent right to lord it over us, his dutiful subjects, (which indeed they really had not.) Yes, Great Britain and we like parent and child, pillowed on the same couch, had been slumbering on in a dreary lethargy, which was now destined to be interrupted; and the infant Hercules, was ere long to start from that unwholesome repose, and strangle the serpents of tyranny and oppression, that were attempting to entwine themselves about his neck:—aye, Sampson like, to read assunder

"As clews of thistle-down," the chains, which an imbecile king, a haughty ministry and a corrupt parliament were attempting to forge and bind us withal.

It was shortly after the arrival of the aforesaid ship, that the following colloquy took place between an old Yorkshire farmer of plain habits, who, be it known had lived just long enough in America to become ripe with American ideas of justice and rights, (which so soon after began to be regarded by the mother country, as premonitory symptoms of rebellion,) and an old tory connection of the Dunmore and Stratford families, (a Scotchman,) of the name of Thomas Langthorpe. He was riding past the former in some haste, knowing their sentiments were none the most congenial, when Ashley Dibdin (for that was his name,) hailed him in the following unceremonious and inquisitive manner; a manner savouring very much of the shire from which he had emigrated.

"Hillo-a Thoomaas, whaur ye be gavin', in such huntin'-man's speed? I'd tell thee whaat, I'd do be wonderin' sometimes, when I'd see thee, thus, if thou's not mony times ahead o' the hare.—Whit, mon! I'd ha' gotten summ'at to tell thee: but, ha! ha! I'd doubt not ye ha' more o' the meat, than I ha' o' the skin, even; for are thou no the kinsman and bosom frien' o' the Dunmore's and the Stratford's?"

"A weel!" (replied the Scotchman,) "an' what o' that mon? Ye're were an' aye at your quibbles an' quirks, ye fusty auld chiel ye. What wad ye be aither noo? Ye're aye skirlin' up some auld reekie o'd sang whilk na ane cares to hear."

"Whoy, Thoomaas, thou's surely heard the news by-a the big ship, has thou not?"

"Weel, maybe I hae, an' maybe I hae na:—what o' that?"

"Oa just nothing:—but I'd do be thinkin' she coomed here on a fool's errand—thaat's all."

"Ashley Dibdin, ye smack a wee too muckle o' whinism for my use: an' I reed ye tent how he mak light o' our guid king's doings; an' I wad hae ye prank me na more o' your damned wiggeries. I tell ye as I hae tauld afore, the hemp's grawin' that may hang ye yet, ye rebellious deil, ye. An' as na guid can come o't, I'll mak a clean riddance o' sic company."

And off he rode, with his former speed, while the York-shireman sent after him a long and loud

"Whew!"

It seems that this same ship, as the tory interlocutor well knew, had brought out the king's orders in council and attested copies of the memorable "Stamp Act," by which it was attempted to impose upon the colonies that hateful duty, to raise a revenue to the mother country. This was the burthen of the despatches to Governor Dunmore and others, herein before referred to. And thus was the subject of the taxation of the American Colonies, by a power and in a legislative body where they were not represented, fully brought upon the tapis. And now was presented the occasion, on which that unequaled orator of nature, Patrick Henry, burning with the spirit of patriotism, regardless of personal consequences, and clothed with political intrepidity, was to stem the torrent of tory prejudice, and, by his restless floods of eloquence, to sweep away the feeble, but time-riveted and venerated barriers of despotism, and teach a virtuous nation to be free! Yes, this was the ever memorable and deeply interesting occasion on which this bold and fearless patriot stood forth, the champion of the people's rights, and blew a blast upon the trump of Liberty, that stretched across the Atlantic, three thousand miles, and thence reverberated throughout an astonished world! What! that a handful of people, numbering at most but three millions, weak in resources, almost utterly unpracticed and unskilled in the rude arts of war, sequestered in the wilds of America, as yet without an ally, alone and all unfriended as we were, to be lead away by the vain and preposterous idea of forcibly (if necessary,) resisting the tyrannical and unjust encroachments of such a power as that of Great Britain!—a nation, almost numbering millions for our thousands both in population and wealth,—with an immense navy and practised standing army? It was not to be thought of for a moment. This was the cry of the tories here, and of many members of parliament and others, of the mother country: and so indeed was it of many of our wise and some very good men in our own councils. But, alas! for regal sway, and happily for American emancipation, there were a few bold and determined spirits, who even then, (as if inspired by heaven,) looked with a prophetic and unflinching eye, upon, and through the thickening storm, to a calm and serene sky, lit up with the resplendent beams of the star of our INDEPENDENCE, (then culminating,) mildly but richly shedding its lustre upon a benighted world.

We will now pass over a lapse of some eight or ten years; during which time the subject was ably discussed in our legislative assemblies and elsewhere, and the attempt to tax the Colonies in this way, abandoned by parliament (though not the right,) in answer to our spirited appeals in the shape of petitions, memorials, remonstrances and resolutions. The inimitable, bold and uncompromising speeches of Patrick Henry, and the celebrated resolutions introduced by him before the House of Burgesses of Virginia, with regard to the stamp act, at the time it was agitated, are particularly worthy of the notice

and admiration of every American, as breathing a spirit of stout resistance, and a foretaste of that independence which was so soon to be hailed by our happy land.

It will be recollected we made early mention of an interesting daughter of an English gentleman of the name of Col. Woodville Stratford. She having in the meantime passed from the bud of girlhood to the full bloom flower, will, we trust upon further acquaintance, be found an agreeable accession to the circle of our dramatist personae.

Lucy Stratford was one of those fascinating creatures who charm by a thousand spells, and yet are so modest and retiring as to be almost unconscious of the magical power with which they wield and control our affections. With an eye beaming with soul and intelligence, a mouth, whose dimpling smile was the image and seat of

"Love among the roses,"

a snow-white neck and forehead, through which might be seen the mantling current of life, and o'er which her rich and flowing ringlets sometimes trespassed, she united a voice, whose silvery tones embodied the very spirit of music; and then to all these, she joined a form, whose symmetrical perfections would equally defy my feeble pen to describe, or the most skillful artist to imitate. The carriage of her person was grace itself; and at the same time that her manners possessed, to a most winning degree, that something, I scarce knew what, which is so enticing, yet so beyond the powers of language to convey, she was

"Chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Diana's temple."

Miss Stratford's performances upon the harp, were far above those of the generality of persons who play on that sublime instrument, and served to while away the tedium of many an otherwise dull hour, to her parents and self.

She was sitting with them in the parlour, by a brisk fire one evening, now conversing and anon indulging them in the wrapt pleasure which she yielded from the melodious strains of her voice and instrument, throwing a blaze of delight around their small family circle, when she observed the well known signal of her father for a more protracted and earnest conversation. This was nothing more nor less than a removal of the spectacles from the nose to the top of the head; a movement which was as well understood by her, as she was always ready to avail herself of the challenge.

"Emma, my love," said he to Mrs. Stratford, there is one disagreeable subject that will obtrude itself upon my thoughts, even in the midst of my most calm and pleasurable moments: aye, even during such virtuous and delightful enjoyment as this evening's pastime has afforded me."

"My dear Mr. Stratford," replied his wife, you alarm me! Pray what is it you allude to? asked she in the most hurried accents.

"I mean the growing spirit of disaffection, which has manifested itself so gloriously of late in Virginia, and which indeed seems to pervade the colonies throughout this country: tending toward a subversion of the supremacy and legitimate sovereignty of the mother country, and even extending to a chimerical pretension of a sort of independence on the part of this."

"Why father," replied Lucy, who it will presently appear, had a deeper interest in this matter, than may at first view appear suited to a modest and youthful maiden,—why, father, is that all?"

"That all! why, (God bless us soul and body!) hear the girl! As if that were a mere matter of moonshine!"

"Well, dear papa, and so it is."

"Well! but I say, with due deference to your superior judgment and riper years, Miss Stratford, it is not well."

"Now, dear father, only take back that unkind 'Miss Stratford,' and it shall be anything you will."

"Oddish! I meant not that girl,—and come, as you have ever had a sort of independent way of your own why you must and shall speak out your true sentiments on this subject: always remembering that you are talking to a British colonel and one of his majesty's liege subjects."

Ah! said she playfully, if that 'British colonel and liege subject' had been left out, I might have felt myself free: but this is like reprieving the criminal yet keeping the rope about his neck."

"True girl, true: you are right. Well, I withdraw every prohibition, trusting that my daughter, however, will not speak treason. Hang the girl! (in *solo voce*) she can always out-general me somehow, and twirl me about like a weathercock. (God bless us soul and body!)—Now this interjectional expression of the colonel's, was made without his being conscious of it, one half his time, and was we regret to say, from all we can learn, the only kind of prayer in fashion with him."

"Ah! Colonel," (as she was sometimes in the habit of calling him,) how difficult it is for you military men, accustomed to command and be obeyed, to submit gracefully and wholly. However, *n'importe*, I will excuse you and proceed.—Then to be plain with you, dear father, I not only think these Americans ought to be free, but understand it is now confidently thought they are capable of achieving their liberty, are determined to be free, and will be so."

"In the name of—! why, La! (God bless us body and soul! soul and body! men!) High treason! Rank rebellion. I swear!—*protst*, I mean. Why, by Jupiter Ammon, if ever a deserter deserved shooting, you deserve hanging, where, in the name of rank and file, could you have picked up this sort of patch-work radicalism, unless it be from your intimacy with that sprig of rebellion, old Ashley Dibdin's son? Yes as I live, Russell Dibdin has been drilling you for the American ranks. Now hark! the girl, I had much rather you would put yourself under old wealthy Thomas Langthorpe's drill-sergeant, Bob Langthorpe. (God bless us body—soul and body!)"

"O, fie! dear papa," exclaimed she, "if I blush it is not, believe me, because of what you are pleased facetiously to term my 'patch-work sentimentalism,' but because you should seem to suppose me incapable of an original and independent thought on this interesting subject. And pardon me, dear father, when I say, that highly as I may respect Mr. Robert Langthorpe's stock of—*guineas*, much as I might value his opinions on a subject of dollars and cents, yet on this topic, I must freely own, I find Mr. Russell Dibdin's views as much more accordant with mine, or mine with his, as I do greatly prefer the man himself, with all his plainness of manners and comparative pecuniary lack in the balance.—But father, what think you of my setting my cap for the gallant young Marquis De Lafayette?"

At this stage of the conversation, and just as the man of tactics was summoning up his reinforcements to make a grand *sortie* upon the enemy, the servant, an old black man opened the room door, and introduced young Dibdin and Langthorpe. These young gentlemen, although being of very unequal circumstances, as well as rivals in love, and opposite politics, were (to their credit be it spoken,) familiar and friendly; and often alighted from their horses at Stanley, (the colonel's seat,) at the same moment. And although the colonel was much more formidable to, and familiar with the richer one of the two, he was civil, at least to the other—and this is saying a great deal when we reflect that he was a 'British colonel, and a liege subject!'"

"Ah! Lang," exclaimed the colonel, (God bless us body—soul and body!) talk of the devil,—you knew the rest. Well, how goes it? sit. Mr. Dibdin be seated. Devilish cold! Eh! Lang?—Lu, my dear, touch the bell! (A servant appears.) 'Oddish! Quimbo, bring wood—and hark! d'ye hear? tell that young Irish rebel, that enlisted to-day with me as ostler to do justice to the gentlemen's steeds, if he does not want to be stricken from the muster roll. And do you initiate him."

"Inshate him!—roll!—muster!—Lord bless massa! neber can comprehend me: he speak so much diction as military—wish to Lorra Gorra him peak to poor Guinea like me in my own lingo, like udder white man."

This speech of Quimbo's was made to himself, as he went for wood; he not having understood a word of his master's orders except what related to it. In the meantime; Mr. Lang, as the colonel termed him, (for he had a way of his own, of cutting proper names in too in the midst, but more particularly so with the names of those with whom he was most familiar,) had been endeavoring to say many amiable things to Miss Lucy:—while Mr. Dibdin essayed to make court with her parents. The incorrigible old officer, soon drew down his specs, and transferring him to Mrs. Stratford, began opening his letters and papers just brought in by the same servant.

"Here a wood massa, an' newspaper tings—but bes

gardon massa, don't know dat 'bout roll o' muster, an in-estate."

The colonel in his military manner, vented an impatient expression or two, which for the sake of some, we will not give entire; but winking up with 'God bless us soul and!—raw recruit must be drilled—short allowance!—&c. &c. and after ringing for another servant, whom he made understand him, proceeded to read a newspaper.

Perhaps, while the colonel is reading it may not be amiss to give a few more particulars touching the two young gentlemen.

Robert Langthorpe was young, rich, and an exquisite: and that is to say, although a man of rather good personal appearance, and no mean education, he might be a desirable companion, except that his manners were overbearing and affected, and therefore spoiled all. He was ever dealing out a few *set phrases*; and as he relied more on the weight of his purse than that of his intellect, for consequence, of course he fell below the common standard.

Russell Dibdin was the very reverse of all this, except that their ages nearly corresponded. A man of precocious intellect, good education, fine talents and personal appearance, he was nevertheless plain to a degree of republican simplicity. He was of the most forbearing disposition, and amiable to a proverb: yet firm as the principles of truth on which his actions were founded and from which they emanated.

The former born in Scotland, and in part educated in England, was full of foreign prejudices. The latter born in America, equally detested foreign aggression and presumption, and advocated home rights and home superiority. And no man but one of his good sense and amiableness of temper, could have been so long intimate with such a one as Bob Langthorpe, and yet have borne with him so long.

"Miss Stratford," said Dibdin, "if I mistake not, I fear our entrance interrupted your musical performance. Pray suffer me to hope that you will not forfeit your good character for obliging, by refusing to indulge us with a specimen of it this evening?"

"Do, I beseech you Miss Lucy," said Bob, "gratify Dib, for heaven's sake: for I do assure you he seems most incontinently dull this evening. And if it will be any additional incentive to your compliance, I vow to you I am excessively stupid, and therefore your melody will medicinate me: thus you may prove another David, before another Saul! Ha—good—'pon my soul, eh?"

"Oh! sir," said she, "you overwhelm me by raising one of my poor abilities to so exalted an office. But certainly with such large and various inducements, I cannot choose but comply."

So saying, she ran her snowy fingers over the strings of the harp, which Russell had placed before her, and after playing one or two beautiful symphonies and a waltz or two, paused and enquired of the self-styled Saul, if the modern harper's spell had had any miraculous effect yet.

"Oh! assuredly—incontinently so—excellent well, 'pon honor. I feel "the evil spirit" is departing: if you would but

"Discourse sweet music"

a little longer, I doubt not its marvellous effect, both on Dib and myself—eh, Dib? my dear tallow, am I not right? Ha! ha!"

"If you will only make the addition of your voice, Miss Lucy," said Mr. Dibdin, "the spell will be potent enough."

"To summon spirits from the vasty deep."

"I protest against all further compliments, gentlemen—and in order to keep your spirits within bounds, will attempt the following plaintive lines which I found in the park, the other day."

She struck the harp, and to a beautiful accompaniment, sang as follows:—

SONG—

The last tie is severed that bound thee and me,—

Yes, that tie which then made us as one:—

The last look of friendship I've rendered to thee,

That I'll give 'till life's sands cease to run.

Estranged from my love, and forgotten thou art,

For another has taken my place;

No longer thou'rt cherished and dear to my heart,

Ah! no more can I dwell on that face.

Adieu to past joys and to love's blissful sway,

No longer their votary I:—

Farewell to the dreams of my youth's happy day:—

I can now only linger and die!

Imagine Russell Dibdin's surprise to find his own lines set to music, and sung by the mistress of his soul. He had composed and lost them some time before, under a very erroneous impression, namely, that his rival was preferred. If he had known what he was destined afterwards to discover, he need not have given himself much concern on this score.

"I like the verses well enough," said she, "except that I think them unnecessarily *desponding*. And I shrewdly suspect I know the hand writing."

"Aye," said Langthorpe, looking at them, "passing fine; and incontinently Dib's, 'pon my ver-rac-i-ty. Ha! ha! Good—eh, Dib?"

Here they were interrupted by the old colonel's exclaiming "Ah! (God bless soul and body!) I perceive that hostilities have partially broken out at Lexington. And this comes of the temporising conduct of ministers and parliament some years ago, with regard to the *stamp act*. And some of the d—ned rebels have been shot too. Good!—Raw recruits, no doubt—can well be spared." He then read aloud in the "Torch Light" an extract from that effect, from the "Boston Galaxy."

"I am sorry," said Lucy, "that matters have come to the shedding of blood: and yet I am not sorry, for I now believe more than ever, that what I wish to see, will come to pass,—the *freedom* of these colonies."

"Girl, girl!" said her father, but I will forbear. Whatever is to be will be, the chaplain used to tell us; and I almost begin to think with you. And yet how can it be esteemed either right or practicable for this puny nation to contend against the supremacy and power of Great Britain? Madness—infatuation—folly—rank rebellion—unpardonable rebellion. (God bless us soul and!—ought to be hung,—shot,—gibbeted!—eh, Lang? Eh?"

"Incontinently, so Col.—ha! ha! Good—down with the rebels! Ha! ha!—diversely, singly and plurally;—I say kill."

"Pardon me gentlemen," said Mr. Dibdin calmly and good naturedly, if I presume to differ with you in part and in whole. That the resistance of the colonies is both 'right' and 'practicable,' I think is manifest: for, not satisfied with monopolizing our trade, parliament will nevertheless enforce the payment of duties in specie, although they restrict our commerce and inhibit us from trading with the possessions of Spain, whence we derived the specie—and not content to stop here, they have attempted to set at naught the inseparable nature of taxation and representation—and are destroying the lives of our citizens in the streets, for resisting such unjust encroachments as these; to say nothing of the transportation of our countrymen to England, for the *exporte* trial of alleged offences committed here: thus depriving us of one of the dearest rights guaranteed by the constitution, that paladium of British liberty.—Our resistance is *practicable*, because our cause is just,—it is based on the immutable principles of justice,—it is the cause of the oppressed against the oppressor,—and therefore, the cause of *heaven*! And believe me, we shall not lack allies in so good a cause, while France and Holland occupy so hostile a position toward England.

After some more discussion, which went rather to dissolve some of the colonel's unfavourable prepossessions in several respects, the gentlemen took leave and rode toward home. Langthorpe insisted so much that they should drink a bottle of wine, at an inn on their road, that after repeated refusals, rather than offend, Dibdin consented. They drank the wine—a challenge was the next morning given by Langthorpe—they and their seconds accompanied by a surgeon met in a sequestered wood, and there the belligerents fought.

Their weapons were small swords. Upon the first onset, Russell was wounded on the back of the right hand; and as he had not sought or desired this interview, was disposed to end the matter here. But the other, foolhardy and elated, perhaps by his slight success, insisted on a renewal of hostilities; when upon a second encounter, Russell's weapon entered the right side of his adversary, and passing through the flesh just under the breast-bone, came out at the left. He paused a moment, and after a convulsive shudder, was reeling and about to

fall, when both seconds caught and supported him. The next moment they laid him carefully down, as they thought to die. The surgeon, however, upon probing and dressing the wound, during his swoon, pronounced it not mortal. And when he came to again, he extended his right hand to Russel, saying

"Hang those rebels' swords if they do such good work as this, incontinently there will be no resisting such home arguments, 'pon my soul—ha! ha! (very faintly.)"

We now, with the magical celerity and wizard-like convenience claimed by all and practiced by most romancers, pass over one or two years; during which, Mr. Russel Dibdin was not only very industrious in the practice of his profession, (the law,) but had aided by good a cause as that of the struggling colonies, succeeded so far with the veteran "hege subject," as (though not yet to rebel) to get him, to throw up his commission. He had been equally assiduous in his labours to win over to his way of thinking, the no less desirable ally, Miss Lucy Stratford. How successful, shall appear.

Stanley, the colonel's residence was an immense estate, with an extensive park, (for he was wealthy,) bordering on the James river, not far from Richmond. The mansion was a spacious stone edifice, of considerable style, and the other buildings, as well as the grounds circumjacent, were in good keeping with it.

On a beautiful summer evening, when the redolence of the flowers and the newly mown hay perfumed the air, Mr. Dibdin and Miss Stratford, arm and arm, were leisurely strolling through the park, when stooping, he plucked a violet and presenting it to her, observed

"Faint emblem of your lovely self, this modest and retiring little creature seeks to hide its blushing beauties beneath the shade of these stately oaks,—and thus veiling its loveliness.

"To waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And here I would say, that Providence is at fault, but that none other than such princely companions are fit associates and protectors of so pure a being."

Pausing a moment, while she bashfully disclaimed the justness of the compliment, he resumed,

"And does Miss Stratford intend thus to bury her charms within these rural solitudes? Does she, who is the fit companion of kings, and who was cradled in the dazzling blaze of a court, intend to immerse herself thus content with being the presiding divinity of these rustic haunts?"

"Certainly, sir. For here in my happy retracy, amidst this

"Boundless contiguity of shade,"

I am contented as the day is long, yes, here

"To be content 's' my natural desire.

I ask no angel's wings no seraph's fire: and can truly sing,

"Sure I know if there's peace to be found in the world, A heart that is humble, might hope for it here."

Stopping suddenly, and taking her passive hand, he exclaimed,

"Ah! Miss Stratford, I know of such an 'humble heart,' which, if it dare for one moment, entertain such a 'hope,'—(shaw it is madness!) but that I know it has been fruitlessly entertained by those of noble birth and high degree. I would disclose to you a tale of love, that would at least induce you to commiserate a breaking heart.—Excuse me, dear Miss Stratford, if I have already gone further than our relative conditions justified—but I was driven to the brink of the precipice, by feelings over which I had no control."

She, having for some months, if not years observed the ardency of his passion, and fully reciprocated it inwardly, and justly accepting his language now as a declaration hingeing alone upon her approbation, had listened to him with a palpitating heart; and now, raising her lovely, drooping face toward his, and disclosing her blushing cheeks and swimming eyes, playfully and encouragingly replied,

"Well, sir, why did you not make the leap?—Indeed Mr. Dibdin, there are those who place quite too humble an estimate on their own virtues, and magnify beyond all fitness, the meagre pretensions of others. Now you ought to have known ere this, that I am as perfectly republican in my principles, as I am plain and unpretending in my habits."

"Say you so! Then oh! Lucy, add but one word, and I am the happiest being beneath yon blue expanse—say, oh! say you are mine."

Dropping her beautiful face upon his bosom, she faltered, "I—am yours."

As there is no language but would be too impotent to speak the rapturous delight of such a moment, we here draw the veil over scenes which are too high and too sacred to be revealed, and which can only be conceived and felt.

The mutual engagement of the parties needing but the approbation of Lucy's parents, he intended negotiating this part of the business the next day; but while he was talking with her about it, his servant put a large sealed packet in his hand, which, upon opening, proved to be a letter from an attorney in England, advising him of the death of a distant relative, and enclosing a certified copy of the will, by which it appeared he was the principal legatee to a large estate. As the letter required his immediate presence in England, and he knew a vessel was to sail next morning from Richmond for Havre, (whence he could soon get to England, via Portugal,) it is needless to say with what deep regret he informed her of the sudden necessity for his immediate departure.

"Oh! Russel," said she, "how hard it is to part so long, ere the breath is cold that has just borne our mutual vows to the pure presence of Him who 'seeth not as man seeth,' and ere the recording angel shall have registered them."

"Dearest, dearest girl," said he, "I protest by that holy being to whom you have just referred, and who will care for us both, that my heart will remain with its mistress, and that time will move with leaden wheels, until I return and clasp my own Lucy thus."

So saying, he imprinted upon her lovely red lips, as long and lingering—O, fie! I had like to have told it: but positively the veil must again be drawn over a scene too hallowed for common gaze.

And now while Mr. Russel Dibdin's

"March is on the mountain wave,
His home upon the deep,"

we recur with pleasure to some of the other actors in this narrative.

One morning as Ashley Dibdin was jogging along at a slow pace, who should overtake him, but the wealthy Mr. Lanthorpe, Sen'r. again? But mark, with this difference, no disposition to "pass by on the other side,"—for although as much opposed as ever in politics, already was the heretofore comparatively obscure farmer Dibdin, beginning to be courted on account of his son's handsome pecuniary addition: and things that looked thus or so, formerly began now to wear quite another aspect. O, the ta'ismantic spell of gold! Yes, your gold is your true philosopher's stone," after all.

"A guid day to ye, meester Debbin. Weel, I'm tell' your boy Russel has gane to the French country. I was ye weel o' his new got. But what in the deil's name take him aff among the frog-eaters?"

"Whoy, Thoomaas thoou forgets we ha' no straight way o' gavin' to Hengland noo. But for aught I'd ken, he-a may be gone there on some errand from the Marquis De Lafayette, for suppoies, or summat o' that sort."

"Old slottie take ye," said the Scotchman, for a blether in ault jester, whilek ye are—Deil! but I'm thinkin ye wad joke and jest wi' a rope aroun' your neck."

"I-a say-a, I thoomaas, be that hemp grow'd yet, which you-a said was to heng me-a? It do be a deil o' a toime a growin'. You-a didnt su-ppo-as these rebel colonies would declare themselves *huv'pendent states*, bo-y this toime, I-a do be thinkin. Well, Thoomaas, dang it I-a forgie ye; an' here be my han' mon. We'se ha' merry doings noo, if ye tory folk would all ride wi' your fuses toward the tail o' the cart. Ye ken that be what ye predicted o' me-a—that be the road to the gallows ye know-a."

The fact was, little as the wealthy old tory relished it, that the late Colonies had declared themselves *INDEPENDENT STATES!*

But why is that harp, whose melodious tones were wont to gladden the hearts of her parents, now neglected by Lucy Stratford? It is not *entirely* neglected; but she was sad; for her lover had now been absent more than three months; and it was at least a month since she had heard from him. Just before sun set, one evening, whilst yet his lingering rays were mellowing the scenery around,

BROOKS' LETTERS.

Things in Venice—and on the Road.

Sept. 23. 1835.

Well! well! as a Yankee says, when he knows not what else to say—"whoora!" "whoop!" "halloa!" "This beats all nater, all to nothing!" "whip me, if it does'nt!" Downingville is nothing to it, nor any other *ville* upon which I ever laid my eyes, any thing to it. The traveller now and then even when his senses become quite callous to novelties, will have his spasms, and thus here I have one over this Venice—this oddest of all odd cities—this rich pearl of the ocean, that bright gem upon the bosom of some eastern queen. If it were proper to whoop upon paper, I would whoop through a column of periods,—for thus alone can I impart an impression of that wild, strange feeling that comes over every man when in his gondola, his eyes first discern in the distance the towers, the steeples, the marble piles starting like sea palaces from the ocean—the coral houses, as it were, of the fabled deities of the deep, where Nereids held their court, and Tritons worshipped. Whoop! whoop! but whooping will not do on paper, even for a North American savage, as half of Europe believe all Americans are. You describe, you must describe, the law says—*lex non scripta*—it is true—according to rule, in well-built periods and with chosen words, the Beckfords or Byrons say. But I am wonder-struck. I am "dumb founded," as John Bull would have the phrase, must have a "flare up"—for how can I describe what the best writers of the world have so often described, and a city too that artists, the best artists of the world have painted and engraved in almost every variety of view, so that letters and the arts have struggled to impart the most vivid impressions of its novel and beautiful position? Whoop! whoop! whoop! I *will* whoop, for thus like a surcharged Mississippi steamer when shivering in every timber under the pressure of her battery of boilers, can I let off in such *puffs* as these the spasms of the entree.

No streets, no horses, no carriages—miles from the main land, and no bridges to it,—men, women and children floating about in gondolas,—the hackmen metamorphosed into boatmen, awaiting your pleasure,—the gondolas peeping out from under the palaces,—the front door opening upon the canal or broad lagune,—the "how do you do sirs?" said in a boat,—trading, courting, flirting, done on the water—what a divine land for mermaids and mermen, but how unfit for men and women! You go a shopping in a gondola,—you go to the theatre in a gondola,—you visit in a gondola,—without a gondola in short, you cannot go far at all. What a magnificent Hotel des Invalids all Venice might be,—what a capacious abiding place for the maimed, the wounded, the legless! for sure this is the only place in the world where legs are not necessary, and where they are often as much of an incumbrance as a blessing, unless I except an American stage coach with nine persons in it. How do they live without streets?—you ask. They go by water, I answer, and they have little narrow alleys to go here and there in on foot, with some hundreds of bridges over the little canals, under which the gondolas and the boats pass with ease. And how do they go without horses?—you demand. Their gondola is their horse and their coach. I answer;—and with it, and in it, they go where they choose, whether it be on the small canal, or on the broad lagune that leads to the ocean or to the main land.

But go back with me—if you please, before I write further of Venice, to Milan, and then let us see the things upon the road. The highly cultivated and beautiful country is one of the chief things that attract one's attention. But it is not the rich landscape of England, nor her magnificent parks, nevertheless. In all of this, England is unrivalled, to be sure.—In rural taste, she is the mistress of the world. But the whole of Lombardy, the suburbs of Milan in particular, have, notwithstanding I am now accustomed to judge all rural life by my *beau ideal* of an English landscape—much to attract and gratify the eye. Though not with the vivid aspect of an English country scene, though never so neat and orderly, though never with such beautiful farm houses so beautifully covered over with flowers, yet the whole plain of Lombardy, both Austrian and Venetian, from Milan to the shores of the Adriatic, is but a garden—a garden with golden harvests, admirably cultivated by means of canals

her spirits were unusually dull, and were rendered more so by her having just sung those melancholy lines of Moore.

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet-hall deserted; &c."

when, as she was walking on the piazza, she beheld advancing at a short distance, a splendid barouche drawn by four elegant black steeds. It contained but one person besides the driver. Could it be the "one loved" being? Oh! yes. Her heart fluttered with delight;—and while she was near fainting with too great a sum of joy for her gentle frame, with a degree of rapture only equalled by hers, Russel bore her in his welcome arms to a seat.

***** In due time the business was formerly broached by Russel, to the old soldier, who had entertained shrewd suspicions, and who had lately had an inkling of the matter, through Mrs. Stratford, under an injunction to say nothing to the daughter about it; and who half in jest, half in earnest, replied,

"What! my daughter Lu? my only child?—shant have her, you young rebel—shant have a finger of her—what! give my Lu to a rebel?—(God bless us bod—or,—soul and body!) Blow me if I would'nt as soon think of setting her up as a target, for a file of riflemen to shoot at! (God bless us soul and body!) It is not to be thought of—it distracts!"

Here the old man was fairly choked with real sorrow, at seeing his only and lovely and beloved child as good as gone; and turned away to draw his hand across his eyes, which were overflowing.

At this moment to the relief of all parties, Lucy, who had overheard the most of her father's speech, ran into the room, and playfully throwing her fair arms round his neck, kissed him and said,

"But he *shall* have me, dear papa—for look, I'm of age now, and therefore free—and intend this instant to adopt the spirit of the times, and *rebel too*—so here goes!"

And so saying, she took Russel's ready hand, and both kneeling at his feet, she said in sweet broken accents,

"Pray—dear papa—forgive and—bless us."

I need scarcely add, that such an appeal could not be withstood; and that the old gentleman, although he felt that he was yielding, in the gift of his daughter, half of all that bound him to life, *did* give his hard wrung consent. A few months after this, the passing traveller was heard to ask, "whose elegant mansion and extensive and flourishing estate are those upon the James river, just below Col. Stratford's?"

The reply was, "it is Carrollton the seat of one of our Congressmen elect, Russel Dibdin, Esquire."

Need I add more? yes. On the day of the happy wedding, Teddy Fagan, alias Paddy Fagan, (which he preferred,) the colonel's ostler and raw recruit, who had feasted royally and drank copious libations to the health of the married couple, was heard to say,

"The Lord forever bliss thim divils of parliaminters intirely—I'm no ways particular as till the number; but tunder an' turf, (an' that's as good as ef I had said, be me conscience, an' swore till it an all de bookes dat niver war writ,) if they hadnt sint me and Col. Stratford here to this assylum iv Liberty and Indipindence; an' if I hadnt come over to 'Merikay to help the ribils, as the Col. (God bless him! but he's dthe fine man, dat same.) I say, (as the Col. fasitiously terms uz,) ixcept it wasnt for thim divils dat I was after prayin' for just now, an' what they did tother day, (that is elivin or twelve years ago,) forint de divil of a dust they kicked up about uz not payin' thim 'stomp! acts,'—arab be me soul, (an' dat's as good an' equal to sayin up-pon me honor.)—I could'nt a had this glorious chance o' gettin drunk this blessed day, at Miss Lucy's widdin' w'd a ribil. No you couldnt at all Paddy Fagan. Be gorra Paddy Fagan, (an' dat's equal an' all de same as with a gintleman takes his oat'—) be gorra, I'm sayin', but you're de lucky boy dis blessed day, (dat is to night,) so you are. Isnt your fortin made intirely? Och! sure your father's son niver ixpected to come to de likes o' dis extinction. Thin what's de use o' talkin itself? Whoora! for de ribils an' glory be to de 'STOMP ACT!'"

THANKFULNESS.—"Mother wants to know as how as if you wouldnt lend her two sticks of wood?" "Yes, there are a couple of logs— you didnt return the last," "No, and I wont take them ere without you split'em."

that at times are permitted to overflow the fields, and now at this season of the year covered with the grapes sweetly clustering upon the branches of the thickly and regularly planted mulberry trees. Hydrostatics, as I have said before, is a science well understood in Lombardy. The ingenious manner in which the waters are distributed for irrigation, particularly struck my attention. At first, by good dykes, the people sustain the little rivers in beds enough elevated, and then they draw canals from them, which run in divers directions so as to water the country. When two canals meet, and each is of about the same elevation, in order to keep that elevation as it is, they make one pass upon an aqueduct,—and for the other, under the bridge, they work a little pipe in masonry, which after having received the waters of the under canal, according to the laws that govern fluids in seeking their equilibrium, brings them to their elevation, over the bridge,—and thus the traveller often sees the waters of two different canals to cross without mingling, though their waters are nearly of the same height. In the environs of Brescia, which are watered by three different rivers, this water power is used to the best advantage, for while the waters, divided and distributed with intelligence, spread fertility through the country, they also turn many mills, and move many forges. The machines to spin the silk, which are very numerous: those to work the canons, the forges of the cutlers, the hammers to beat the iron and copper, and the sledges or pestles to shell the rice, are all moved by means of water power. All Brescia, says an Italian proverb, would not give courage to a poltroon, for Brescia is renowned for the fabrication of fire arms.

I did not stop long at Brescia, just long enough to have a peep at some of the ruins of the Romans which late excavations have been bringing to light, and thus rather to sharpen than to gratify the keen appetite of the traveller for antiques, and antique ruins.—an appetite keen enough I know when he enters Italy, but amply gratified and fully glutted I am told, before he leaves it. The courier having disposed of his letters at Brescia, hastened on. I saw only the outside of the *Duomo*, or Dome, the name by which they call Cathedrals in Italy, which is decorated after the Corinthian order, and lavishly rich, I am told, in statues, bas reliefs, and other ornaments. The celebrated picture by Paola Veronese, of the martyrdom of Saint Afra, in the church of that name, I could not see, nor the famous *Women detected in Adultery*, by Titian—and I mention here, for the purpose of calling the attention of other American travellers to them, and to add, that a courier, though he goes slow enough, does not stop long enough to enable the traveller to see all there is to see in the cities. But the courier is a mode of travelling perfectly safe, as during the night an armed man on horseback, accompanies him from post to post,—and though there is now little or no danger at all in travelling on the plains of Lombardy, yet it may be as well to add, that a countryman of ours in a Veturino, not long since, was stripped of all his money by the banditti,—not daring sun-light to be sure, but at the peep of day, when the Veturinos are compelled to start off upon their slow-going pace. During the sun-light all is safe, but there are robbers, who will rob, if they dare, when protected, as they fancy by the darkness of the night—never taking life, however, I believe, only plundering a man of his money and his watch, the first of which is seldom any great loss, for travellers are now wise enough to take only the sum that is necessary to carry them from the Bankers of one great city to another.

The old *Via Emilia* was the road upon which I travelled, the *Via Emilia* of the ancients which the Austrians have now made one of the best roads in the world,—all Macadamized, spaciouly broad, and arched, and studded with stone posts all regularly numbered, and thus showing the distance from place to place. Beyond Brescia, a famous town, I might as well say here, even under the Romans, with the name of Brixia, that Attila at last with his Goths conquered and sacked,—beyond Brescia the road passes between hills covered with woods, gardens and villages, which are bounded toward the north by the lofty and sterile Alps, at the base of which for miles you seem to be moving. Subsequently the road passes upon the *ponte San Marco*, the bridge of Saint Mark, for all things in Italy are named after the Saints, the difference between them and us only being that the Italians name after the Apostles, and distinguished holy men,

and we, after stolen foreign names, and the chief political gods of the day. After the bridge Saint Mark is passed, the traveller comes upon the margin of the ancient Benacus, the Lake that Virgil (whose home of Mantua is not far from here) has apostrophized as rising with waves, and resounding with a roar. The Lake is now called *Lago di Garda*, and its turbulent waters, the morning I passed it—even then as in Virgil's day—*fluctibus et premittu assurgens*, at the slight touch of the then gentle wind, prove that even to the present day it retains its old fame. Here I began to feel that I was really on classic ground, and as I looked at the luxuriant fields, I fancied that it was in them that the Mantuan Bard first learned those lessons of agriculture, which in his *Georgics* he published for the world. Classic ground indeed it is, for amid the surrounding Alps, upon the Peninsula of the Lake, called *Surmione*, was the villa or the grotto of Catullus, which the Poet himself has deliciously described. I took out a pocket edition of Virgil to read, in order to revive old associations—to see if the scenery and the country was such as my fancy had pictured to be the Lake of Virgil, while a student in a new world, of the existence of which he never dreamed,—and as I read, it was not difficult to see where the Poet had drawn much of his strong and most beautiful imagery—as about here was the broad spread fields on which the Alpine torrent tumbled—when it rushed from the chill icy air of an upper region upon the softening land of the grape and the mulberry, at once uniting the grandeur of the cataract, and the mountain once bristling with forests upon its sides, where the wild boar ravaged, with the sweetest and most luxurious view that even a painter could fancy. Upwards was the home of the monster—where Pan might hunt his goat skins for Diana; and here Bacchus could hold his revels, and the drunken Fauns quaff the foaming bowl. Amid such musings as these I came suddenly upon the strong Austrian fortress of Peschiera, into which we went over 'the hanging bridge,' and by 'the moated gate.' The Austrian sentinel was pacing in his regular step before the gate, and the white-coated soldiers that march under the Austrian banner were thick in every street and corner. The tune of my musings was changed. Another chord was struck, not so sweet as the last, when I thus beheld the mighty fortress of a nation whom the Italians yet believe to be barbarians, thrown up in the heart of a country so fair, to bridle men of the race and the blood of a Virgil! But the quick whip of our postillion here, cracking loudly over his horse's heads, soon transported us from this scene into the more charming country,—and anon we were in the environs of Verona, another city and fortress of the Austrians, where hundreds of men, like mules, were digging and collecting dirt to add to the strength of the even now redoubtable fortifications. The country we had been travelling is called the Veronese, and is one of the most fertile parts of Italy, abounding in corn, wine, oil, fruit, rice, mulberry trees, &c.—and as this is now about the season of the vintage, the wine seemed to be as plenty and as cheap as the water, whole pipes of it being visible all along the roads on the teams of the farmers, the red streams of which now in the towns and villages they would discharge in huge vats, for the purpose of being stored in the cellars.—The fame of this wine even Virgil has chronicled, and if it has not 'the glory' of the Falernian bumper, which all the Augustan Poets sung, it may be, because Horace and Ovid knew less of Rheia, and the Rhaetic wine, than of the Falernian grape, that grew on hills by which they were wont to travel when on their way to 'the beautiful Etna.'

Things in Venice—and on the Road.

Sept. 23, 1833.

Verona is a city of 50,000 souls upon the Adige, except the Po, the largest of Italian rivers. Famous as a town even in the Roman Republic, in the days of Trajan of the Empire, it was thought worthy of having an Amphitheatre capable of accommodating over 23,000 spectators, an Amphitheatre composed of large blocks of marble without cement, 465 Paris feet in length and 367 in width,—almost perfect even to the present day, and standing there, and likely to stand for years to come as a monument of the magnificence of the Roman Emperors. The traveller here for the first time, on the route I have taken, sees a sufficiently preserved edifice to judge what Rome was, in the days of her triumphs,—and though he may have

read much, and believed much of her power, yet there is now forced upon him perhaps for the first time from actual observation, a deep and somewhat degrading sense of the little advances his own age has made even after the struggle and the light of centuries. The ruins of an edifice thus grand, solely for the amusement of the people, teach him that it is not in this age that Architecture has won her triumphs, but that the men of more than a thousand years gone by, knew as much of the arts as the wisest of his generation, and that, however much science may advance, and however proud civilization may be boasting from its pedestal, yet in the arts, in taste, in that of the eye and ear, which cannot be made hereditary, it is quite possible that even a wise generation may retrograde instead of advancing. Every step the American takes in Italy impresses him with such reflections as these, and further convinces him that while in Italy,—the very reigning principle of our country,—we are second to none, if not before all others,—in the elegant, the beautiful, in all that range of study that the words *beaux arts* define, we are centuries, I was going to say, behind even the little towns of Italy. For example, there are probably even in this little town of 50,000 inhabitants, more fine buildings, and more fine Paintings, more fine sculpture too, than in all America, at least in America of the North,—and the same in a like proportion, perhaps may be said of England, for not till within the fifty past years have her noblemen and gentry begun to think of collecting any thing else with their superfluous wealth than the best butts of excellent wine, though within fifty years, candour must compel one to say, that they have used their wealth most abundantly to purchase all of the riches of Italy that wealth could purchase. But if Verona has not treasures enough to make that true which I have said of England, I can put Vincenza, the next city on the road, or throw Padua in, yet the next,—and all I have said would, probably, be more than true, for Vincenza was the birth-place of the celebrated architect Palladio, who has adorned it with his finest work.

I had but a running glance at things in Verona, losing a breakfast after an eighteen hours fast, to get even that, while the courier was waiting his appointed hour, and the police was inspecting our passports. The Amphitheatre of Palladio, with its superb portico or peristyle, adorned with Etruscan inscriptions, and antique bas reliefs, Greek and Roman, attracted our attention. The Palaces of the architect San Micheli, are also worth a view. The Cathedral is Gothic, and in it is one of the Titian's best paintings. The church of Saint Zeno decorated with ancient Gothic ornaments, holds the tomb of Pepin. The cloud of holy Paintings that soon thickens upon you, as you advance in Italy, till most irreverently you cry out in disgust against so many holy subjects, here begins to come upon you. "Jesus Christ in the garden of Gethsemane," "the flagellation," "the assumption," "a Christ dead," "the annunciation," "the baptism of Jesus Christ," "the descent from the Cross,"—and whole battalions of Saints and Saintesses, whose very existence, irreverent man that I am, I never dreamed of,—now gather around us in all the varieties of the Painter's colors, and the Sculptor's chisel,—now gloriously drawn by a Raphael, and now hewn and backed by some wood-chopper or other, who has had the audacity to take up the trade of a Michael Angelo. The Venetian school of Painters appears thickly, wherever you turn, not only in the daubings of some bad alter-piece, half-concealed in darkness, but in the bright labors of a Titian or a Tintoretto, and a Paul Veronese. The tomb of Juliet, for this you know, is the land of the loves of Romeo and Juliet, they show even to this day in a garden by the walls, a sarcophagus, it is made of Verona marble, with a place for Juliet's head, a socket for her candle, and two holes for the admission of air, but Juliet of course is gone, for according to the story, it is supposed that she died some 500 years ago.

From Verona to Vincenza, the road, bordered by mulberry trees interlaced with vines now hanging thick with grapes, runs through an agreeable and fertile plain. It costs along a chain of mountains not very high, and almost cultivated to the top. The Tridentine Alps, that divide Italy from Germany, are in view. The traveller is on a vast and rich plain, that reaches to the Adriatic, and thence even to the base of the Apennines. Vincenza is found upon the side of this plain, a city of about 30,000 inhabitants—and 60 catholic churches too! Two

rivers traverse it—or torrents rather,—now dry, and anon desolating every thing in their way. Over one of those torrents is a bridge, with a beautiful arch of a simple span adorned with parapets and a marble balustrade, so very neat, that travellers pleasantly say, 'Buy a river, or sell your bridge.' The genius of the great architect, Palladio, has decorated this city with many noble works, for it was his birth-place, and the citizens who were proud of life, were fully inspired by his tastes. The Olympic Theatre, a work of his, was built to give the people an idea of ancient spectacles,—but as the population of Vincenza is not large enough to support the actors necessary for a play, the magnificent room serves only for balls that they give in the time of the two fairs, which are remarkable events in the town. Palaces here, innumerable I was about to write, but very many I may say, were built by the architect Palladio—palaces of all the orders of architecture I believe, Gothic except, for I remember well that upon Doric columns, Corinthian or Composite would be placed, with all the other interminglings that taste or fancy could suggest. The churches of Vincenza also are thick with holy paintings, and 'Corpora Domini,' 'dead' and 'living Christ,'—with Magdalens and Madonnas or the like, standing upon every altar, and in every gallery.

From Vincenza I passed to Treviso, instead of Padua, which is upon the direct road to Venice, for the courier with whom I was, was not the courier for Venice, but for Trieste; and Treviso is on that road. At midnight I was 'dropped' down there at the Post Office, all alone—not knowing even the name of a hotel, nor aught of the localities of the place; and all alone as I was, for my companion had parted from me in Milan to go direct by the Venetian Courier, who could take only one of us, I had not the utmost confidence in my own personal security. As the postillion showed me an inn, and the servant of the inn showed me an ordinary looking chamber, the fear thickened upon me, and I could but smile at my own heroism as I fortified the door with all the broken chairs and table I could muster, without the least cause, however, but that suspicion created by loneliness in a strange land, when one knows not where he is, or where he is going,—without having any confidence also in the principles of the people among whom he is travelling. But I am alive yet, witness this letter,—and after visiting a few of the churches in Treviso the next morning, I set out for Maestre, the point whence one embarks in a gondola for Venice, having made a bargain with a veterino man, and given him about one third what he asked,—the usual quantum of 'the beating down' in Italy. The fertility of the country on this road is remarkable enough, but not so remarkable as the palaces and the gardens adorned with marble statues often skilfully sculptured,—once the creations of the proud Venetian nobles who here had their country seats, when Venice was the mistress of the sea. The profusion of this sculpture is indeed astonishing, and I could not but think as I saw these statues as thick as men, of the magnitude of wealth employed, and as the prodigies of art and labor is necessary to build up and adorn such imperial residences. Arrived at Maestre over a superb (Austrian) road, I was instantly beset by scores of men in the soft Italian of the Venetian dialect, for permission to take my little luggage to the gondola, but while I was giving my consent to one, two others were fighting over it at my side, while a police officer was lustily interfering with the staff of his office to prevent the further progress of the quarrel. Poorest of miserable creatures, no wonder they fight over a traveller as a God-send, when but a quarter of our cent is a boon to them of richer value than a diamond found by an American farmer. I carefully stepped into the gondola—the famous gondola of Venice I was in, one of the first dreams of my youth! while the caps of a dozen persons were before me, begging in the name of all the saints that I would give them a little for fixing their hooks upon the gondola so as to fasten and steady it while I embarked. A few centimes quieted them, and off I was paddled, the beggars who do do a little good with their hooks in steadying the frail barks, showering down upon me all the blessings of all the saints, which, by the way, I fear, will not help me much, as I am a little incredulous of their power.—Protestant sinner as I am. We were five Italian miles from Venice, and these we went on the broad lagune. The fortifications seem to have been made up out of the sea. The Austrian sentinel was pacing upon

their battlements,—yes, the Austrian sentinel even on the barriers of this proud republic! The Custom House was upon the water too, and so was the Police Office, or upon an island built up out of the water, which I quite the same thing. As we passed an altar decorated with an image of our Saviour, placed high upon a pile driven into the mud of the lagoon, a priest came forth in his boat, and with a long extended contribution-box such as is seen in our churches, expected the tribute of a Christian to his candles and his painting, and though one can see no particular purpose in burning candles before a painting on such an altar on the sea, yet it is not for a Protestant whose church has all manner of formulas equally singular, to laugh at the fashion, or to send back the priest without his coppers.

Anon, I was on the grand canal of Venice, and the man of the gondola was pointing out the rich piles of marble that seem to start out from the water on that magnificent street—it street it can be called. The far-famed Rialto next attracted my attention, and as we glided under its arch, be useful though it is, I could not but mourn over the sudden flight of glorious fancies with which my imagination had ever adorned this bridge—fancies that stern reality was now dispelling, and shaping into truth. The 'Lion blanc,' my 'Albergo,' is not far from hence, where I was pleasantly lodged, after the usual, and ever-to-be-expected quarrel with my man of the gondola—quarrels which, after a while, the traveller in Italy becomes so habituated to, that at last they amuse, much more than they vex him. B.

Things and Thoughts in Venice.

Sept. 16 1835.

The traveller, it is said, finds Venice to be one of the most interesting and most beautiful cities of the world,—and certainly I am, there are but few cities which History and Poetry have invested with a greater charm. Founded, like our republic, by exiles from oppression, who sought an asylum not over but upon the very waves of the ocean, it has an interest and a story for all the nations, but above all for an American;—and while I have sailed over its little lakes separated from the sea by banks of sand, (lagunes as they are called,) and visited the little isles that industry and wealth have made to shine on the blue waters, even as the stars glitter in the blue and broad expanse of the heavens, I have thought much of that long and dazzling sway that these republicans of the sea held over the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, when, with their galleys, or their gallies they chased Genoa 'the proud' from the deep, or with the 'blind old Dandolo' filled the Bosphorus, and fell upon the walls of the city of Constantine. As I saw its once rich palaces crumbling by the water's edge, and traced the print of the foot of desolation as it began to appear here, even in the courts of the Doge, and there, within the walls of St. Mark, even though the Lion stands on his old guard, and the gilded horses of Lysippus are on their ancient foothold, I felt a mournful exultation, when I thought of the Past and the Present, and linked them with the destiny of my own dear country,—marking well as I could (as if written with the pen of the spectre of death,) the progress of the destroyer of pride and empire which from the foundation of the world has been travelling from the East to the West—now strutting in gold and glory amid the legions of Darius,—now throwing up mountains in pyramids upon the sands of Egypt; anon briskly blazing even with a consuming lustre, upon the Grecian peninsula,—then streaming forth like a shower of fire from the walls of the eternal city; anon concentrated in one bright focus upon the isles of Venice, but now daily dying away, while the traveller from the yet farther west, even the land of Goths and Huns, is gazing with the admiration upon its splendor, and impressed and inspired by its taste, transports to his own home, and imparts the enthusiasm kindled there. Here, after the fall of the Roman Empire, Liberty found a refuge upon the waters and made a fortress of the waves; and with the same lordly air that England now strides over the ocean with her mighty fleets, the galleys of Venice glided upon the waves—dictating peace or war from the pillars of Hercules to the Dardanelles, and even at one time, the mighty bulwark of civilization, as when it drove back the dark cloud of Turkish barbarism, so fearfully and thickly gathering upon the Adriatic. But since that day, empire and civilization have taken yet another step, and

a little island upon the ocean, now proudly apart from the rest of Europe, has become the mistress of the seas. A mightier step too, than even this, empire and civilization are rapidly taking; not over a little stretch of land or sea as hitherto, but now over one broad ocean, to a continent that a son of one of the republics of the Mediterranean, discovered—there, amid forests where wilder and more savage barbarians than Huns or Goths roamed in unbridled liberty, building great cities, and rapidly clustering in them the ornaments of civilization,—changing the lofty pine for the steeple of the church, and the howl and the whoop of the savage for the song of the Christian and the full swelling notes of the organ,—not only to make 'the wilderness blossom like the rose,' but to plant men there, with the souls and the faculties of men regenerated and redeemed from the thralldom of centuries of prejudice and false education.

It is with such reflections as these, that I feel a mournful delight in traversing the canals and the bridges of this strange and beautiful city. It needs not the power of the pens of a Petrarca, a Shakspeare, an Orway, a Radecliff, a Schiller, or a Byron, who have each impressed the image of Venice upon the imagination of almost every man that reads a book, to invest such a city with a charm, particularly in the eye of him who looks sharply upon its extensive and its history in the great chain of human events. Say what may be said of the terrible government of the secret Council of Venice, yet what American traveller can forget that the same suffering principles sought an asylum here, as sought the asylum upon the rock of Plymouth, from which has gushed, if not the living water of sacred story, the living water that is to nourish free principles throughout the world. Who can forget that Venice combated for centuries for the like liberty that we won in a single glorious struggle, and that while that liberty was guarded and preserved, Venice was not only the Queen of the seas, but the great workshop of Europe, the wonderful mart of the East,—with her hands full of gold, and her arms clutching the spoils of the oldest of empires? Then, sprang up those palaces from the water that I see,—then, those churches rich as mines of gold, laden with eastern wealth thickly clustered upon altars and on columns, teeming with precious stones, and confounding even the imagination by the glory of display.—And when I look upon them, I not only think of this, but I consider those monuments of that proud day, alas! now liberty is lost—crumbling as does the Coliseum, or the arch of Trajan—stricken, and sad,—beautiful, it may be, but with that beauty which denotes the end, when the hectic blush is tingling and flitting across the cheek. I feel as if I had entered into the darkened and hushed chamber of death, when the last pulse is beating, when the showy robes of this world are to be put off, and the simple sheet is to be put on, but I think I hear the voice of prophecy and admonition; it may not be of the ancient Sibyl with her mystic books, but a voice as important to us, as that voice to Rome of olden days, though it speaks only in deserted mansions, unvisited canals, or the weeds and slime from which Venice sprang, now often recovering their original hold, and proving the principle that 'dust must return to dust.' The same principles that cast such a pearl upon the ocean, where they transformed many insignificant islands and beds of sand into the most beautiful creations of man, are acting upon us at the present moment, under the advantages of a position singularly favored by heaven, and such principle must in the course of time, deck our republic with ornaments as glorious as are seen in Venice. But what a sad reflection then, that our day must come too! What a melancholy thought that men will not continue so to govern themselves as to preserve that liberty which, as it is given or withheld, advances them in, or retards the possession of happiness and civilization!

Musing thus, I was wandering all solitary in the narrow alleys of Venice, when all at once, I came upon the magnificent Piazza di San Marco, or in other words, the Place of Saint Mark. The sun was setting; and the people were refreshing themselves with coffee in immoderate there, not under the arcades of the surrounding palaces, but in the open place—people of almost every name and nation,—the Hun, the Turk and the Slavonian,—the Greek and the Roman,—the sons of Goths and Saracens, as well as the proud Venetian. The broad Lagoon before me was covered with lively gondolas

filled with parties who, were idly floating on the little ripples of the waves, enjoying the evening air, or chatting over the affairs of the hour of the day. The Adriatic sailors were thick upon the quay, not the bold tars of old renown, but the Austrian livery-clad slave who makes room show to give his master a little domain upon the sea. The Austrian soldier, an outward-well-clad being enough he is, but it may be with not a shirt to his back, and with an ever-craving stomach, so ill-clad, ill-fed, and ill-paid, as these myrmidons—was taking his regular sentinel pace around the Palace of the Doges. I sat down at the foot of the Campanile of San Marco, the tower where Galileo made his observations. I wandered thence to the Ducal Palace, and saw the 'Giant's Staircase,' and the 'Bridge of Sighs.' The beautiful verses of Byron were lively in my mind,—and I ran over the perilous history of the Doges, one of whom he was so immortalized. Are these Shylocks I thought, these dealers in gold and jewels here, under your arcades! The Basilica of San Marco, this gorgeous Mosque more than Church, at last absorbed all attention. I looked well upon its copolas, its slender pinnacles, its semi-circular arches, the interlacings of gold and bronze that decorate the principal portal, before I entered the spacious vestibule, and as I ran my eyes over its Gothic arches and Greek columns, intermingled with Moorish tracery. I thought of the brilliant days when the gorgeous Palace was covered over for tilt or tournament, a wild Carnival, with a canopy sparkling with artificial stars, and a carpet of the richest stuffs of the East. All of splendor, all of wealth I ever dreamed of, even in reading Arabian tales of princely Palaces springing up by magic stroke, seemed to be amply realized, as I passed this vestibule, and gazed upon the interior, which then, I know not why, began to be partially lighted up. Before it, every thing in all Europe that I have as yet seen of lustre or of wealth, dwindles into insignificance. The spoils of nations, the conqueror of treasures of the East, were before me. Diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls, are the ornaments of the house of God. The revenue of a kingdom would scarcely purchase this single tabernacle!—The whole interior is lined with Mosaics,—Mosaics of onyx and emerald too! The grand altar is placed upon a pavilion, supported by four columns of white marble, filled with figures which represent the history of the old and new Testament. In the rear of this, is another altar where repose the Holy Sacrament, environed by columns, two of which are of oriental alabaster transparent as the crystal, and of the greatest rarity—with two others of blue and black, and two of serpentine with a balustrade of porphyry. How many people of by-gone centuries have wrought to make this edifice, which of itself has seen a period of seven hundred years!—The ten exterior gates are of Corinthian brass, and Venice plundered them from Constantinople, who plundered them from—I know not whom. The serpentine columns of the interior were plundered too,—and the Saracenic pillars that ornament the out and the in, show that they were plundered also. I espied far up, at last, amid the richly-worked facade of the church, half hidden among porphyry columns, marble statues, mosaics, and gilded bronze, the four famous horses of Lysippus' workmanship, which in the cars of conquering armies, have almost made the circle of the world,—in one age, belonging to the chariot of the sun of Corinth of old; in another decorating the triumphal arch of such opposite characters as a Nero and a Trajan at Rome, then journeying to Byzantium, whence the Venetians plundered them; at last seized amid the magic victories of that human miracle, Napoleon, to decorate the Carrousel-Place at Paris, whence a million of allied bayonets rescued them with other trophies, to reinstate them upon the portals of St. Mark! Here they are now, the same beautiful pieces of bronze as ever, but the symbols of Power and Empire no more, for though an inscription in golden letters proclaim that they were victoriously brought back to Venice, yet it was not Venice, but Austrian arms that brought them there, and though Austria yields to Venice her lion and her horses to grace her grand Piazza, yet only the trappings of her ancient glory are left, in which she is dying by inches every hour, laurelled, one may say—as were the victims of ancient sacrifice that the Augurers led in train—

"Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
With FREEDOM—god-like triad! how ye sate!

* * * * *
Oh! Agony—that centuries should reap
No mellow harvest! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turned to dust and tears;
And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, Palace, Pillar, as a mourner greets;
And e'en the Lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum
With dull and daily dissonance repeats
The echo of thy tyrants voice along
The soft waves, once all musical to song,
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
Of gondolas—"

Thinking of the chequered destiny to which Time and conquest had subjected these famous Horses of which I have been speaking, and perhaps led to the reflection by these beautiful verses in which Byron turns in the ode that I have been quoting, from dying Venice, to apostrophise my own home—

"That one great clime, in full and free defiance
Which rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic."

I could not but flatter myself with the fancy,—fact, it may be, in the ever-changing career of Empire—that the day would come when even these horses might cross the Atlantic, and adorn some triumphal arch in that far-off land. In the progress of art, ever an attendant as it is of power and glory, illuminating and embellishing their conquests as it does, who, knowing the history and era of the little republics of the earth, dare say there is more improbability in such a prediction than that Corinth should have lost them, or that the refugees of the little islands almost lost among the sea-weeds of the Adriatic should have struck down the walls of proud Byzantium, and placed the trophies by their own Lion! I would not for the world inculcate a spirit of conquest, yet if there is ever an excusable use of force, it is possessing one's self of these rich treasures of art, particularly when thus consecrated by a long and interesting history. When I look around upon the invaluable models of antique and modern art, that ages of conquest and labor have clustered along the shores of the Adriatic and Mediterranean, I almost am willing to change the bad sentiment of Caesar, 'that if Justice was ever to be violated, it was to be violated for the sake of ruling,' into another, that if war was ever to be waged, it is to be waged for the purpose of stealing—famous objects of art. The Greeks plundered the East; the Romans plundered them. The hieroglyphic columns of Egyptian art even now stand on the Roman piazzas. Titus plundered Jerusalem. The barbarians plundered the Roman Empire—Venice plundered Constantinople. Bonaparte plundered her. To tell the truth, and to use a common but expressive phrase, 'my mouth waters,' when I see this rich grouping of the arts in breathing pictures, and an almost moving statuary—and Attila-like, I begin to turn a Goth. I feel a passion for stealing creeping over me. I cannot help thinking, what a beautiful prize our noble fleet would have won, if when we had the little trouble with Naples, we had pushed those troubles to the verge of war, and seized the rich museum of Naples—the accumulated treasures from Herculaneum and Pompeii—with the famous Hercules, and the more famous group of Direc and the Bull! What a prize too would be Venice, with her prodigious quantity of pictures, the *chefs d'œuvre* of a Tintoret, a Titian, and Paul Veronese! We can never buy such precious things. Wealth cannot purchase them.—All the annual revenue of the United States could not purchase many an Italian gallery. The noblemen of England and the princes of Russia, the greatest buyers of the present day, negotiate, but negotiate in vain. Alas! if we ever have them at all, we must steal them, as they stole other finer works from Greece and the East. The English plunder in their way,—witness the Elgin marbles. I like the Roman and Venetian mode the best. Heavens and Earth! what a swoop we might make, if we were to land a force at Civita Vecchia, and march upon Rome and plunder the Capitol and the Vatican! The whole world would then be obliged to visit us to study the arts in 'the woods of the new world,' for certain I am, that if we ever laid our clutches upon them, all the world could not bring them back to Europe again. You see I am become an American Goth.

Another thought strikes me, as I enter Italy, and study

more its history and its customs.—and if it lead to another digression from my regular journal of things in Venice, I must excuse myself by asking again, what is the use of travel, but as the sight of things inspires thoughts? Every body sees, but every body does not think upon what it sees. When I see here in Venice, and remark throughout Italy so many fine creations of genius, and read further, that Italy is at this day the very focus of the arts—witnessing too pilgrims as it were from every part of the earth worshipping at her shrine, and seeing that it is here the student from every clime of the old world and the new, resorts for cultivation and for study,—I am amused that such a people as the English, who only within fifty years themselves here begun to be civilized, should sneer at Republicans and Republican governments as instruments to vulgarize and debase mankind,—as fetters to the progress of art, refinement, and taste, when all history and observation prove that in proportion to the liberality of the institutions of government under which men are reared, has been and is, the progress of art,—or other words (no matter what may be the form of the government) it is necessary that the popular principle should be the reigning principle of a government, in order fully to develop the energies, the tastes, and the highest intellectual capacities of man. To make men, the government must fetter none of the powers of a man, but must stimulate his industry and his ambition to their ample exercise, so that whatever faculty there may be latent shall be encouraged to its full development. Wherever this is done at the present day, as has been done in other times, there man exhibits the greater capacities—it may be in one way or in another, just as the tastes of the people or the patronage of government incline. The reason that in the United States and in England, at the present day, there are more men that deserve the reputation of orators, than in all the rest of the world together, is, that in these two countries the popular principle has the most expansion. I mention this instance of the development of intellect, because I look upon oratory or extemporaneous speaking as the very highest exercise of the faculties of the human mind. The like I believe, as I have said in a former letter from England, is the reason that business is done better, and with more energy and spirit, by the American and English, than by any other people. But when we come to the fine arts, the principle is modified, it is true, but is not changed. Eloquence and commerce cannot flourish long and securely under a despotism,—for the tongue has no liberty, and enterprise has no range—but the fine arts can, for that amount of popular talent which is withdrawn from the field of politics and business, can be turned to painting, sculpture and architecture, (not so well to literature however,) as from the fine arts government has but little to apprehend, exercising the mind as they do in abstractions rather than in actions, pleasing rather than inflaming, occupying the mind with the creations of genius rather than letting genius loose to play upon the multitude, to raise the storm, the tempest, and then the revolution. Even though this is true, however, yet the nations of the present day with the freest institutions are cultivating the arts the most. The Russians are buying, I own, but who hears of the arts in Russia, or of a Russian artist? The Germans are at work, copying rather than originating, I believe,—with no munificent institutions such as the French have in Italy and at home. The era of French advancement in the arts was the era of the Republic, and of Napoleon, who, if a despot, of the people's choice, created and sustained by the popular principle alone. Louis Philippe at the present moment, a chosen monarch, and not a monarch by the grace of God, is doing more for the arts than all the Bourbons ever thought of doing. The English are accumulating all that British gold can purchase,—the greatest patrons of the arts of the present day—with critics of the finest taste, the keenest admirers too, of the art and beauty of every European gallery. Utility and art with them march hand in hand. The one courts and wins the other, and the last adorns and graces the first. Even Mars is proud of Venus for his wife, and Hercules appears the better side by side of an Apollo. The English are older than we are, and hence the reason that what is true of them is not altogether true of us. Utility must first give us bread enough to eat, and then when we are full, and have a little leisure, we will go to study art. Besides, the English are three thousand miles nearer school than we are. It is a long road over the

sea. But let steam annihilate the distance, and make the way cheap, and when the latent tastes of the mass of our countrymen can be aroused and cultivated, when the arts of Italy can fall upon and kindle up the popular principle of which I speak, I know from the fine perception with which I see many Americans here judging works of art, that the faculty is within, and only needs an opportunity to jump out. Our disadvantage is immense. With no great models before us, we came to Europe as children in all such things. We have to begin our very alphabet. We study our *a b c's*. We watch the strange emotion of a new power gathering within us, and at first we hardly know what it is,—but as it strengthens, it imparts a pleasure the like of which we never knew before.

This much of the present, now of the past. Venice, but a city of the middle ages, when all the North of Europe was in profound darkness, in a brilliant refutation of those who assert that Republicanism or Democracy vulgarizes mankind. For Architecture, witness its Palaces and Churches, which Palladio, the architect, has ranked among the most beautiful in the world. Step into the Piazza, or Piazzetta of St. Mark. Look there at the noble edifices of Sansovina. Behold the Ducal Palace. Enter this edifice, and apart from history, the romance of the age of an Ariosto, what a blaze of art bursts upon you! The fine pictures of the finest artists are in view. Titian is there with his grandest coloring. Tintoretto appears in the wild enthusiasm of his inventive genius. Paul Veronese completes a trio, which the world cannot match. "I can create," said Charles V. "by a breath a hundred Dukes, Counts, or Barons, but alas! I cannot make one Titian." The Venetian school of Painting, in wealth of coloring, and high imagination, surpasses all the other schools of Italy,—and Titian was the chief of that school. I saw his famous Magdalen in the Barberigo Palace, the engravings of which are all over the world. His "Assumption of the Virgin," is in the gallery of the Academy. His "St. Peter Martyr," is in the Church of San Giovanni e Paolo. I traced out the tomb where "lives the great Titian"—"Qui giace il gran Tiziano"—in the pavement of the Church of the *Frazi*,—and after I had seen his pictures, I could not but feel some enthusiasm over the remains of the friend of Tasso, and Ariosto,—the proud artist whom all the Monarchs of Europe courted, the mighty Charles V. among the chief, but who preferred his beloved Venice to the patronage of all, and where he lived and died of the plague at the age of ninety. But take your gondola and go over to Venice, and leave not a Church unvisited, for wherever you look outwardly beauty strikes the eye, and wherever you enter in, painting and sculpture charm the fancy. The Palaces are full of treasures. The Palazzo Manfrin is one broad sparkling galaxy of art. I should fill a sheet with even Churches and Palaces that you must go and see—but what eulogy need the fine arts of that city, that springing from slime and sea-weed, "sat in state, throned on her hundred isles," creating the master artist of the world, reviving the arts even, and when dying at last, dying with a Phidias, or a Praxiteles to boast of in the person of the immortal Canova, the greatest sculpture of the age.

There is nothing then in Venice that leads a Republican to believe that the power of a free government vulgarizes mankind. For whatever may have been the chequered history of Venice, it started as a democracy, and it ever depended upon the mass of people for support. The merchants, if not deserving the epithet given the Venetians I trust we shall soon find in America—indeed we are finding already. History then, if it proves nothing else, proves that monarchs and a train of nobles are not necessary for the patronage of the arts; for as in Venice, so in the republic of Genoa, the merchants effected more than all the monarchs or all the aristocrats of Europe ever thought of doing. The history of Florence, of Pisa, of Sienna—of all the proud republics of the middle ages, is but in addition to the principles I have been sustaining. They prove each and all, that man, when left to his own unhampered energies, takes a longer step onward than when manacled by kings or nobles, or when even patronized by their wealth. What monuments have we of the haughty nobles of the Middle Ages, but their rocky castles on rocky pinnacles, where ought to be only the eyrie of the eagle, (fit nest, it may be, however, for such birds of prey as these nobles were,) while the shores of the Mediterranean, the fertile plains

(From the Delaware State Journal.)

ADVENTURES

OF A THIRTY-TWO POUND SHOT.

The affair which occurred in the harbour of Toulon in the spring of 1834, when, in firing a salute in honor of the French King's birth day, some shot from the United States frigate United States, struck the French Admiral's ship, and killed one or two men—made some noise at the time,—but is now scarcely remembered—except as one of those accidents which often occur in naval experience, and which the strictest discipline and the most cautious vigilance may not always prevent. The first lieutenant is considered responsible for the discipline of the ship; but much of that responsibility must be, if we may so express it, merely technical; there are many minute details, in reference to which the most vigilant and competent officers must rely upon subordinates, who may not always be trustworthy; and a slight neglect in these details may derange, for the moment, the best conceived plan, and produce events as serious as that which occurred at Toulon. It was the loss of life, and not the infrequency of the enormity of the accident at Toulon, that gave it an air of national importance; for such things have occurred more than once before, as well in our service as in the naval service of other countries, without exciting remarks beyond the spot where it happened. These remarks lead me to relate an anecdote communicated by a naval officer detailing an incident which belongs to this class of naval casualties; and which might have had as tragic a termination as that at Toulon, but terminating differently, may now serve to excite a smile, or amuse a passing hour.

The scene is laid in the harbor of Smyrna. The United States sloop of war Ontario, returning from a cruise in the Archipelago put into Smyrna, in the month of February, 1831, on the eve of Washington's birth day. The Ontario dropped anchor in the spacious harbour, outside of the immense fleet of shipping which is always to be found in that great Eastern mart. In the distance was to be seen the city, its port enlivened by merchant vessels of almost every nation, and between them and the Ontario, a number of British, French, and Dutch ships of war.

On the morning of the 22d, the gallant sloop was dressed out with flags flying from every mast head, in honor of the father of his country; and Captain S. went ashore to transact business with the American Consul Mr. Offley, leaving orders for the customary observance of the day. The first lieutenant accordingly directed, that preparations should be made for the birth day salute, by drawing the shot from the guns. In executing this service, the routine is to draw the shot and lay it along side of the gun; so that the officer, in passing along to see that the duty has been performed, observing the shot, is satisfied of the fact. On this occasion it happened that the cabin guns were first drawn, and to avoid lumbering the cabin, were directed to be carried away. One of these shot, it seems, from carelessness, or hurry, was laid along side of one of the guns in the waist, before that gun had been drawn; and to this slight circumstance were owing the mischances of the day.

While the salute was firing, the attention of the first lieutenant was attracted by the report of one of the guns, and he immediately called out—

"Gunner—that gun had a shot in it."

"No, Sir,—the gunner replied—there is the shot alongside of the gun."

"No matter for that—said the lieutenant—I am satisfied from the sound, that the gun was shot."

"I do not think so, Sir—rejoined the gunner—but at any rate, the guns are so depressed that the shot could do no harm."

on the banks of pleasant rivers, were the abodes of the commerce and the arts of republics, that clustered around them as the beautiful grape on the pendent vine,—all teeming with wealth—the refuge of freemen—the home of the artist—the inspired spot of the painter, the sculptor, and the poet! Florence of itself to this day is a monument to the glory of republican principles, establishing the fact that they not only elevate, but that they ennoble the man too. For this noble city stood, for centuries almost, as the sole bulwark of republican principles in Italy;—and when it fell, it fell holding in its grasp the most wonderful achievements of the Past and the Present—the Venus de Medici, the Apollonio, the Dancing Fawn, the Scythian Slave, the group of the Wrestlers, with the *Farnarina*, and Holy Family of Raphael, the Day and Night of Michael Angelo—boasting too of rear ing and nursing such men as Petrarch and Galileo, and adding to them the fame of a Dante, and the refuge of an Alfieri;—knowing too, even to this moment, that there is not a people on earth who have a keener sensibility to all the beauties and delicacies of art.

But I find I have struck a topic too abundantly full of thought for a letter. An essay might be written upon it, not perhaps so useful to us as useful this side of the water, for thousands of Europeans now pretend to believe that the higher efforts of the mind are incompatible with a free government. They overlook all I have said. They forget that the blind 'old Bard, of Scio's rocky isle' was cradled in a free, if not in a Republican Government. They forget that the greatest Epics of all times have been written by Republican pens. Dante was the offspring of Florentine Liberty. That kindred spirit, Milton, whom we better know, was the son of the English Commonwealth. It is time then that we vindicate our rights not only to an equality of intellect in every species of intellectual art, and not only prove that equality to exist, and to be compatible with business and commerce, and free government, but to contend for the superiority as it loudly does from the broad mouthed trumpet of the Past,—not only all along the hills and mountains of Attica, and from the Capitol and the ruined arches of ancient Rome, but even to this day, establishing the fact, that Art is wealthiest where men are freest,—pointing out to the American as he enters Italy, what Liberty did when Liberty was enthroned triumphant there,—thus gladdening his eyes with the joyful sight of old Republics, preeminently not only in Freeman, but in Art,—inflaming his own bosom too with the warmest love, and the highest expectations for his own land, so that while he turns with sadness from the reverse that has overtaken this Italy, so beautiful in death, his heart leaps again with joy to think that over the waters, kindred principles are creating and fostering another Italy, where, under the blessing of Heaven, Republics as mighty as those of Greece and Rome, are springing up. Oh, could we but turn the warm and hearty intellects of the young men of America from the accursed and barren waste of scrambling for miserable offices, into some other field where proud Ambition could win its due reward, and thus leave a name for other times, than the very waste of that high gift of God would be spirit and flame enough to make all America one broad blaze of light, dazzling enough to confound every wretched subject of Power, who pollutes his own disgrace by swearing that Republican Liberty makes brutes of, or vulgarizes us. B.

Some excellent reasons for discretion and goodness are contained in the following verses.

"Tho' born in fashion's gayest sphere,
To scandal o'er her tea,
Maria ne'er inclined an ear,
For very deaf was she.

In beauty to behold a flaw
She was not so unkind—
A rival's faults she never saw,
For she was very blind.

Yet could she see and hear, yet mum
She'd been, nor e'er so weak
To tell the tale, for being dumb,
Maria could not speak."

The guns had been depressed to prevent damages to the neighboring shipping, from the wadding.

The salute was fired, and the first lieutenant had gone below, leaving the second lieutenant in charge of the deck. While this officer was pacing the deck, unconscious of impending evil, he observed a boat putting off from a Dutch gun brig, their nearest neighbor, and steering for the Ontario. She was soon alongside, and a Dutch lieutenant stepped upon the deck, with strong symptoms of consternation in his demeanor.

"Mein Got, Sir—was his first salutation—you fired a shot into us just now, which carried away our main *peam* and almost *kilt* a man."

The American officer expressed his deep regret at the accident, and requested the Dutch officer to be seated while he communicated the circumstance to the first lieutenant. Stepping to the companion, he called down in an under tone to the first lieutenant—

"H—, do you know, we've shot a Dutchman this morning!"

"Shot a Dutchman—impossible!" cried the lieutenant.

"It's a fact—here's an officer from the Dutch gun brig on board of us, and he tells me we've carried away some of his tackle and almost *kilt* a man."

"Then for God's sake my dear fellow, get a boat go on board, explain the accident and make every proper apology; ascertain what damage has been done and offer suitable reparation."

The officer went on board the Dutch brig and explained the accident to the captain, whom he found a very reasonable man and satisfied with the explanation he gave him. The shot, it seems, had *ricochetted*, struck the surface of the water and glanced off—passed over the Dutchman's poop and struck his main boom, or '*peam*,' as the Dutch officer had it. The lieutenant inquired for the man who was '*almost kilt*,' and was gratified to learn, that the '*almost*' meant that the shot had passed *pretty near* a young Middy who was walking on the poop at the time, but had neither hit nor hurt him.—The Dutch Captain politely declined an offer to repair the broken boom, and the American lieutenant returned to his ship. He had scarcely finished his report to the first lieutenant, when a boat came alongside with an officer from a French Corvette which was lying beyond the Dutch brig.—We may observe, by the way, that at the time we are speaking of, there was much coolness subsisting between the American and French officers in the Mediterranean, growing out of the unfortunate fracas which had occurred a short time before, at Mahon, between some American and French sailors, in which a French officer and an American sailor were killed. The French officer came on deck, and with a demeanor which was any thing but conciliatory, stated, that a shot from the Ontario had passed over the French King's Corvette—, carried away some of the rigging and a quantity of seamen's clothing which had been hung out to dry.

The officer stepping to the companion, communicated this additional misfortune to the first lieutenant.

"H—, we've shot a Frenchman!"

"Shot a Frenchman! exclaimed H., is it possible! When shall I hear the last of that infernal shot! Go on board my dear —, without delay, and satisfy Monsieur that it was an accident."

The lieutenant accordingly went on board the French Corvette, and explained to the captain the circumstances, expressing his deep regret at the accident, and offering to send the proper persons from the Ontario, to repair damages. Monsieur, however, was not in as placable a mood as Mynheer: he declined the offer to repair damages, but talked of informing his government and maintained a reserved and offended manner, until the American officer's patience

began to wear out; assuming as stately a demeanor as the Frenchman, he gravely observed—"Sir I have informed you of the circumstances of this accident, and made you every apology which in my opinion the nature of the case requires—will you be pleased to inform me whether you are satisfied." The French captain immediately relaxed—"Oh, oui, Monsieur, certainement, certainement, c'est assez, c'est assez." The American officer thereupon made his bow and returned to the Ontario.

The officers now indulged the hope that this unlucky shot had terminated its adventures without further mischief; but the circumstances being such as the first lieutenant thought should be immediately communicated to the captain, they remained on deck until his return. Captain S. came on board about 9 o'clock and after a few observations, took the first lieutenant aside—

"H—, said he—do you know, that you fired a shot to-day?"

"Yes, sir—said H—, I am perfectly aware of that fact—but how did you learn it, Captain S.?"

"Why the shot struck an Austrian—"

"Struck an Austrian!" echoed H—.

"Aye—struck an Austrian brig,—replied the captain—the Austrian Captain brought the shot to Mr. Offley's while we were dining."

"Did you actually *see* the shot, Captain S.," said H—.

"I actually saw the shot—it was brought as I told you, by the Austrian captain, to the Consul's while we were at dinner, and laid upon the table."

"Where is the shot now, Sir?"

"At Mr. Offley's."

"Was any one hurt on board the Austrian ship?" inquired H—.

"No, but some damage is done to the vessel."

"Thank God, then,—cried H. that I've heard the last of that shot! Never gun fired such a shot before—first, cut away a Dutchman's spanker, next a Frenchman's rigging, and now it's hulled an Austrian—But you are sure, Captain S. that you *saw* the shot at Mr. Offley's?"

A boat was sent on board the Austrian vessel early the next morning. She proved to be a large, new, strong built brig, of about 350 tons—a Black Sea trader. The ball, which, after it glanced from the water, had passed over the Dutch and French vessels in an ascending course, began to descend before it struck the Austrian; and such was its impetus, that it drove through the thick, strong side of the vessel, carried away a heavy stanchion, and finally brought up on the opposite side of brig's hold, among a number of men who were at work, without hurting a man. The carpenter of the Ontario soon put all to rights on board of the Austrian—and thus ended—"The Adventures of a thirty-two pound shot."

HORRIBLE SPECTACLE.—This day's march disclosed a horrible calamity. A large house situated in an obscure part of the mountains, was discovered, filled with starving persons. Above thirty women and children had sunk; and sitting by the bodies were fifteen or sixteen survivors of whom only one was a man, but all so enfeebled as to be unable to eat the little food we had to offer them. The youngest had fallen first; all the children were emaciated in the bodies, but the muscles of the face were invariably drawn transversely, giving the appearance of laughing, and presenting the most ghastly sight imaginable. The man seemed most eager for life; the women seemed patient and resigned; and even in this distress, had arranged the bodies of those who first died with decency and care.—Colonel Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula.*

Original.

THE WEDDING.

Had Dorothea lived when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her pow'r, that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have;
Embroidered so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place. *Waller.*

Well do I remember when of all the horrible beings pictured to my childish imagination, by tales of blood and death, not daily but hourly repeated, the Indian was the one I dreaded most; and yet by that inscrutable inconsistency remarkable in the human heart at all stages of life, this very being pictured in every appalling trait—was the one I most desired to behold.—Whoever has travelled the United States' road from Brownsville on the Monongahela to Washington, in Pennsylvania, has, if the season was the smiling June, and time late years, enjoyed one of those series of delightful, soft, though greatly broken scenery, which cannot well be passed over and forgotten.—Nor does the series end with Washington, as stretching on every side from the table land, on which that village stands, every road leads to lines of landscape, which would induce a traveller to exclaim at every step, "delightful, why this exceeds all I have ever seen before in this immense picture."

But what aspect did the ground of this now enchanting country present in the sere leaf of autumn, 1781? It was then I first beheld it, and when the loud and wailing cry of the wife, and mother, was so often heard amid the deep gloom of woods, in which the small and distant cabins seemed to render the solitude more cold and desolate. It was a time of painful but heroic suffering. The axe and the rifle, were then the weapons in the hands of every man, and the hoe in the hand of every boy. The buzz of the spinning wheel, or a violin, with notes only something softer, gave then our forest music. But amid these primeval woods, bloomed many a flower, and of these flowers, one of the sweetest, fairest, and blushing, was Sally Harvey. We were children of the same neighbourhood; the banks of Swatara heard our infant cry, and together did we pass these mountains then the bounds of safety. Of the dangers of the wilderness, or the trials of the life before us, neither could fear much even in fancy, for neither had reached the eighth birth day.

Why is it, that whatever may be the modes of infant, of early life, whether in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty; whether from those who rear us we have received severity or kindness, we in all the changes of after life yearn over the remembrance of the scenes where when children, we either played or suffered? A magic spell, a drapery at once shadowy and unspeakably pleasing is thrown over the past, and like the mariner receding on the ocean's bosom from his native shores, they become more and more dear, as they are sinking into the horizon. I am often astonished when I feel the recollections of more than half a century, how vivid appear the faces of those I gazed on when a mere child—they seem, as re-embodied spirits, restored to life and to youth—for many, most of them, have passed from earth.

Plunged into the recesses of the forests of Chartier, the Harvey and Bancroft families were amongst those who felled the oaks, and planted the apple and the peach—they were amongst those before whom the savage and the wilds receded. Our parents were amongst those whose days were worn away in the

log cabins, and who now repose in unnamed and unmarked graves; and whose names are passing away as have the storms which beat around their rude dwellings. Humbly have I essayed to recal the names which were erst the champions of that now smiling region between the Appalachian mountains and that river which every one who visits will call beautiful, the Ohio. But I now call up memory to recite the history of one who never shone in courts, but who added one to the many whose life was a rose on the desert; "born to blush unseen," and to fall and be forgotten, because unknown to that noisy crowd, the world.

Let the reader suppose ten more years to have passed, and he may then conceive himself in the eventful 1791. A year, those who were then in the west, will only forget on the bed of death. Great had been the change in the ten years. In face of every danger and every privation, farms had spread, villages began to rise, schools had been formed, and places of worship had been erected, in which the hymn of praise had rose to Heaven. The houses were rough, but plenty abounded within; the school houses and churches were of logs, but in one, the first and best rudiments of education were taught; and in the other, firmness to perform the duties and resignation in the trials of the times, flowed from the fountain source of all that prepares man to be what man ought to be.

It was in one of those round log school houses that Sally Harvey and her humble historian, read and studied together; and in one of those meeting houses, long crumbled to dust, did we weekly meet to hear the glad tidings of the Gospel. In her earliest infancy there was a something more than common in the playful joyous, mind of my little playmate—sister might I not call her, for as a sister and a brother did we rise from infancy to age together. There was nothing of what could be called either beauty or coarseness in either the face or person of Sally Harvey, she was indeed plain, and when tranquil, no common observer would—some hearts could not, have distinguished her from the many who were the tender, but hardy mothers of the second generation of the west. To the few who were from association placed in a situation to understand her situation, and who from nature were enabled to appreciate her character,—this now young woman was of another order of being. On the surface of her character, there was a levity, which concealed its depth from many, who thought themselves amongst her intimate acquaintance. Her inherent purity of heart shrunk from the vulgar and vicious; of course, by some she was called proud, and by others a coquette. Proud she was, in conscious truth, and though poor in worldly wealth, much had she to be proud of; but as to the other title or epithet, no woman ever deserved it less. But the world, or that part of it between the Monongahela and Ohio, had all the characteristics of human passion even as early as 1791. Before the ground plat of Washington was cleared from briars, bramble and thornbushes, there was in it and near it, worth and meanness, self-conceit and humility—noisy democracy, and stiff aristocracy. In the long period since I have been thrown into every variety of social life, that the United States affords, and have not witnessed a single display of character, the gem of such like I had witnessed in Washington county, amid log houses and smoking chimnies, before I had reached my nineteenth year.

The virgin blossom of the dogwood had begun to whiten the hill sides of Chartier, in the spring of 1791, and a more balmy spring never followed winter. It was Sunday morning, and in the very pick of my wardrobe, I had commenced a five miles walk to hear the loud voice of John McMillan, one of those voices now silent in death, but a voice, which re-

sounded on those hills upwards of fifty years. On this day, as she had been so oft before, Sally Harvey was to be my companion. Don't start with astonishment, or scout this statement as incredible, gentle reader, for it is, I asseverate, a real fact; that I have many a time, and oft walked upwards of five miles along with my own sister to hear this very Mr. McMillan, and never remember to hear a complaint of weariness. But this rural mode of "going to meeting," as we then styled it, in our plain way, would now demand more than one kind of resolution to undertake—it is now out of question. People now choose an easier means of going to church; but no matter—every age has its own fashion of doing things as well as of dressing. Let us go on with our story.

Sally Harvey and myself had all the advantages in each other's society, which are afforded by that most inappreciable of all human connexions, brother and sister; except one, and that one was, exception from scandal in its many fold means of mischief. To do my old neighbours justice, I must say that in fertility of invention, keenness of perception, and poetic power of making the most of shadows, they were not a whit behind their age; and myself and poor little friend figured on the theatre full as soon as we could well be introduced into the drama of life. It was one of those reports, told by every one, which first convinced us both, that we neither had or could love, other than as brother and sister, and of course, we laughed at what if true, would have excited vexation, if not distress. I have already observed, that as long as I remember, human nature was human nature on Chatter, and my little friend and myself had our share.

The now most peaceful and flourishing West, was settled amid war, and its first children rose to maturity under the alarms of war; and in the most terrific of all the forms of human strife. When the charming spring of 1791 spread its rich treasures, it was only one of upwards of fifty consecutive seasons, in which the song of the birds was not intermingled more or less with the howl of the savage, and the death scream of his victim. This, protracted hostility, in which hatred beyond all power of reconciliation rankled in every heart, white or Indian. The color of society became sombre and its texture grave and reflecting. It was an age of chivalry, in which the moral of war was scarce reflected on and never so far discussed as to effect the course of events, which flowed on from year to year; and at every closing season the final result was rendered more certain. With much steadiness, or otherwise viewed, obstinacy of purpose, the Indian continued the contest, feeling that he was receding from his country, and irresistibly feeling that his ultimate ruin admitted no remedy. Despair sharpened revenge, and when the Indian in ruthless silence retraced his steps, dreadful indeed was the blow he struck, and to the heart of his advancing enemy.—That enemy instigated by the two most powerful of all human incentives, did advance with slow, but never receding steps. There was then on the mind of the warrior pioneer, no misgiving of right of soil. His charter lay on the shoulder of the hunter, and was forged from iron. What he gained by this patent his axe consummated. To silence the still small, and here, truly feeble voice of conscience; the screams of a child, wife, or sister, ever and anon rose as if from the grave, and revenge—revenge knew no assuaging principle until one of the belligerents fell to rise no more.

In the course of this lengthened drama, this fearful and dark tragedy, tears and blood never for a moment ceased to fall on the stage of action; and as the plot drew towards its close, it became more and more terrific, until one wailing sound of grief and rage swept over the wide Ohio regions.

Amid such exciting events, it may well be supposed that Indian war was the theme of conversation from lisping infancy to garrulous old age; and that whenever two or more were met, some sad tale of suffering, death or captivity formed a part of their conversation. Few indeed were they who direct or indirect, had not a bitter grief to swell the heart, and make eloquent the tongue. But let us cast a retrospect on the previous nine years and return to another year of horror, that of 1782; that year when the Christian Indians, the Moravians, were sacrificed to the evil destiny of their race.

In the same year in which we crossed the mountains, also plunged in the wilderness Powers Osborne, with his lovely wife, and as lovely boy, an only child. This husband and wife, though in regard to wealth, rather above the condition of most early emigrants, were nevertheless children of sorrow. Married from the most holy of all motives, mutual affection, religious fanaticism and family pride frowned on their union. Osborne was an Episcopalian, and the family of the lighter tone of Calvinists. To this again an accidental and trifling dispute with one of her brothers, made enemies of the family of his beloved, but Powers Osborne was not a man to recede from his purpose by threats, and Anna—yielded to the man she loved, and from her family became forever estranged. That family, however, neither forgot or forgave, and from family vexation and other motives, Powers Osborne led his trembling wife and child to seek a residence on the savage frontier.—With a general good disposition, some education, and strong natural powers of mind, there was a restlessness in the temper of Osborne, which marred domestic peace; and from casual exposure to the second if not the first great evil of early settlement, intemperance, he became furious. In one of those paroxysms he proceeded from boisterous words to personal violence to both his wife and son. Sleep brought back reason and remorse, and a settled gloom hung over the once cheerful Osborne. "God of Heaven," he was heard to exclaim, "what has my Anna sacrificed for me and?"—But inward pain could not be borne, and that day the cup was tasted—deep and fatally and in the hour of madness, the father and husband joined that ill fated army, which under Colonels Williamson and Crawford, marched into the recesses of the Indian country, and gave the men of the woods means of avenging the blood of their countrymen, women and children, slain on Muskingum.

Well do I remember when that army marched from Washington, then "Catfish Camp." It was composed of the best blood of the country, the fathers, sons, husbands and brothers, of innocent and beating hearts. Anxiety, wrought to a pitch almost beyond human powers to bear, was behind them as they sought the wilds. The dreadful massacre perpetrated on the heads of Wheeling, by a band of savages on their male prisoners, not two years before, the equally unprovoked murder of the Moravians, which public opinion in the west excited as it was against every thing Indian, always condemned; and the desperate attempt of a few hundred men to brave the exasperated barbarians on their own ground, all united to render it a season of indescribable solicitude and depression. A something prophetic of evil hung on the hearts of those whose dearest relatives were thus exposed, and when the most charming of all months smiled, when June was ushering in summer, their gifts and garb were unheeded. Every coming traveller from the Ohio was met with fear. "What tidings?" rose from every breast, but died on the lips.—But evil tidings travel securely and speak loudly, and "the army has been defeated," came first in suppressed whispers, but rapidly swelled to sounds echoing with dreadful import from dwelling to dwelling, spread-

ing tears and lamentation far and wide, and grief not soon to be assuaged.

Amongst the bereaved by this great calamity, the distress of many were more loud, but that of no others more deep and real, than of Anna Osborne, and her son. Most tenderly attached to her husband, whose injuries and frailties were forgotten in his death; an account of which was brought by one of his neighbours, who had escaped the slaughter; and who related his fall with so much of plain circumstance as to silence at once, hope and doubt. From the moment of his departure, this devoted woman felt as if her husband, the father of her boy was never more to return to claim and receive her forgiveness. Still, morning, noon and at silent eve, orisons rose to heaven for his safety; and when the final, fatal catastrophe was made known, in tears and unobtrusive sorrow long was he mourned. But Anna Osborne, sunk not under her privation; to the stroke she bowed it is true, but she sought consolation where it can only be found in resignation; she performed the duties of a mother. Left not destitute, her little farm so far from being neglected, became a model, and at an age when most boys are children, young Powers Osborne became the help-mate, friend and son in the highest and purest meaning. Manly in his appearance rather than handsome, this young orphan had the best traits of his father's character without its defects. The fate of his father, the exemplary conduct of his mother, and his own, and in brief, the entire history of the family made him the subject of more frequent remark, and gave a weight to his character, far above what is common with his years and situation in society. "Happy will that maiden be who can say, I take thee Powers Osborne, to be my wedded husband!" said many a mother, and so thought many a maiden; but of those maidens, one felt that unless she could repeat these precious sounds, happiness was not for her on earth.

Like myself at school, and at and going to and from "the meeting house," Powers Osborne, had been the companion of years to Sally Harvey. Long years also before that mysterious passion called love, could have influenced her conduct, there was a reserve on the part of Sally towards Powers, which as age came forward with all of us, excited some shades of jealousy on the part of our young companion.

In those days of primitive simplicity, before young ladies were taught in seminaries to be useless in life, sisters and brothers were intermingled amongst the trees, and raised from infancy to maturity together, made up in fraternal friendship some compensation for that splendid education which so often now raises a mental barrier between the children of the same parents.

Poor Sally Harvey, had neither brother or sister, she was the child of parents who slept on the banks of Swatara; and was taken over the mountains by an uncle, her mother's brother. Without a family of his own, his sister's child was all to her uncle, and as far as the circumstances of the times and places would permit, she had every indulgence and advantage which kindness could bestow. But it is folly to carry partiality to extremes, there never was a woman yet born without some perverseness, and who did not enjoy some pleasure from innocent mischief. Of this shading our little friend, sister I might call her, had some to set off her character.

On the Sunday morning I have already alluded to, I had set out on swift step to overtake Sally and her companion; when I reached her uncle's house, I learned they had set out, having given me up, as I was on such occasions sometimes truant, but I had not advanced far, before I saw them walking rather slower than I could have expected, and coming nearer, though too far to hear the words, discovered

they were engaged in very earnest conversation.—Suspecting more than perhaps they did themselves, I stopped short, paused a moment, and then stepped off the path, sat down on a fallen tree, and waited until they had time to proceed so far ahead as to reach the place of worship without interruption from me.—Both had remarkable fine voices, and in chanting the Psalm, Sally's in particular was always heard clear, fine and modulated. As to myself, born tuneless, I have always felt, but never dared to mar harmony. For more than one reason, the song of praise from the lips of Sally Harvey, I always did feel, but on this day sitting in the adjacent pew, it rose tremulous and broken. I could not avoid looking earnestly in her face; she caught my gaze and averted her countenance, down which tears were falling. Several observed both the voice and the manner, but few if any suspected the cause, as numbers were also in tears from the uncertain state of the country. Two armies had been defeated by the Indians, and another now preparing to march into the wilderness, under General St. Clair, excited on its account distressful apprehensions of undefined evil. But at the bottom of every heart there is a master care, above any that can arise from general calamity. That mirror of truth, the face of my little playmate too strongly expressed the existence of that disease, which often excites the scoff of the unfeeling world and mocks the physicians skill. After the service, I met Sally as she came forth. The cloud had passed from her countenance, and all was there serene if not gay. Powers I saw not with her, nor enquired I of him, but we as wont, turned our way home. There were other groups, some riding and others walking, and each employed on their own reflections, myself and companion moved on for some distance in silence. Our attention was, however, at length attracted by the appearance of a man on foot coming up a cross path to our road, which he reached at the moment we were crossing his way. Before he approached sufficiently near to speak, he beckoned his wish, and we stopped of course. Being lame and coming up a steep hill, the traveller was so much out of breath when he came up as to compel him to rest a few moments before he could bring out the simple question, "how far to Cannon's Mill?"

"About two and a half miles," I replied, and you are on the way, only when you reach the road from Froman's turn to the right."

"Two mile and a half, was once a very short, now it is a long way for me," responded the stranger, and he paused, at the same time leaning on his staff, and looking down an opening which exposed at the far distance the neat white house of widow Osborne.—There was much in the figure to arrest our young attention. Past middle age, his hair was more than gray—it was almost white, face thin and meagre and beard long unshaven gave a something of haggard to his looks, the more as his face was deeply scarred as we supposed with the small pox. In his looks nevertheless, there was rather an expression of goodness than the contrary. After my last reply, all remained silent, and several of the groups from the meeting passed—some paused a moment, but none actually stopped; and we were again alone on the road, while the stranger apparently in deep thought kept his eye fixed on the long and beautiful valley for some minutes. Finally starting as if from sleep, he turned to us and smiling, observed,

"Thank you my dear children—I ought not to keep you standing to wait—but old folks will be sometimes thoughtless—thank you," and with a nod of his head he limped on, and left us looking after him until lost amongst the trees, when we again resumed our way.

It would be vain to deny that I was anxious to

learn the cause of the emotion of Sally in the meeting house; but under all the circumstances of the case, had she been really my sister, I must have been embarrassed to breathe the subject, but she relieved me in a very unexpected manner, by at last stopping short and observing, "Mark, I think I have heard you say that you never were at a wedding."

"Never Sally, are you going to invite me to yours?"

"Perhaps I may when such a wonder is to happen, if you behave well in the meanwhile; but do you think you can guess who is to be published next Sabbath?"

"Powers Osborne, and"—but I was arrested in finishing the sentence by the rapid and fearful change on the sweet face before me, and the energetic question.

"Am I not an orphan?" and she paused, but my lips were sealed, and continuing to look imploringly resumed, "have you not called me sister?"

"I have called you so Sally, and felt the name," I replied with both grief and astonishment—"but why all this?"

"Because I am a little fool and don't deserve it, may be," she replied, forcing a laugh, "come along and I'll tell you something you don't expect."—"You have given me a preface to something Sally," I replied, "now let's have the thing itself;" and in order to divert her from painful thought, imitated her own affected levity.

"Well then to begin, try your hand at guessing again."

"Then if I must guess, who is to appear before the meeting, I'll name the two most unlikely people on this side the mountains, your uncle and Mrs. Osborne."

At this guess, she fairly started off her feet, exclaiming—"well! well! what could put that in your head?" and she stood with uplifted hands.

A flash of light passed over my mind, I saw at once, I had rightly surmised. Rapid recollections came crowding. That a woman still young, and whose husband had been dead nine years should marry again was in itself of no novelty to wonder at; but as there never was a marriage, but was wondered at, why should I not feel astonished at one so much out of the ordinary course.

The intended bridegroom, an old bachelor, with an excellent heart, but in possession of as capricious a temper as any of his fraternity, and never a beauty, had by no means improved by age. Both bride and bridegroom had so often expressed their determination to remain in a state of freedom, that all thought of such a resolution had expired amongst their acquaintance.

Sally and Powers out of view, the affair to me would have been one of supreme amusement; but I knew sufficient of their feelings to most seriously engage mine; but to keep up the spirits of my little friend, I carelessly observed—

"Now Sally, why don't you and Powers play the old folks a trick?"

"And enter the world beggars," replied Sally, reproachfully.

"You are too wise and thoughtful for your age."

"And have a very reflecting adopted brother," replied Sally, with a smile and a tear. The appeal was effectual, and some other frivolous expression was repressed. We walked on some distance in silence, when in one of those transitions of excitement, the mysterious workings of the human heart, Sally burst out in a most lively laugh; exclaiming, "I declare Mark, I cannot but think it would"—and she remained silent.

"So do I Sally think that my sister—is a little hard to explain."

But we had no more chance at that time of expla-

nation, as the rapid trampling of approaching horses arrested our attention, and in a moment as rapidly overtook us; two young men of the neighbourhood, one of whom had been a suitor to Sally, her aversion, and the choice of her uncle. The moment she saw him her face was averted, and became pale as death. Without speaking, they however, past on, and as they receded, she recovered as if a weight had been removed from her bosom.

"The—but no, God forgive him!"—she was again silent a few moments, and then added, "he has doubly robbed me."

Intirely misunderstanding her meaning, and unspeakably surprised, I exclaimed, "you surely never loved."

"Never loved," replied the indignant girl, "I thought you knew him, and me both too well."

The truth now struck my mind and a subjoined, "your uncle and you" I could say no more—we were now opposite her uncle's house, and we parted mournfully and silently.

There is really something more than a mere joke in the observation, "that the conduct of mankind in marriage is more inexplicable than on any other subject." There is not a neighbourhood but affords examples where all maxims of character are put at fault in this grand, important, out of the way, and often laughable part of our individual history. For a month our neighbourhood had something more to talk about than the Indians, General St. Clair, and his army. Widow Osborne, entered into part of every conversation. "Well, if ever" exclaims one, "I expected it long ago," cried another—"what a world!" said another. "The world is not to blame," very gravely observed a staid elder of the church; "it is the people in it"—"getting worse daily," replied a matron, who had been about a year married to her third husband.

Time went on nevertheless. Matthew Johnson, was a man of very few words, who generally asked no man's advice, and when he did, had made up his mind to follow his own; and much as they differed in many other traits of character, his intended, the widow Osborne, equalled him fully in dependence on her own will. They were both known, both free, and long of age; therefore, no one thought proper to throw away their counsel. But if advice was withheld, remark was most liberally dealt out, and surely no bans ever published by John McMillan, were more prolific of comment.

Whilst the public who talked much, about what in their hearts they cared nothing about, there were two sad and silent sufferers as this revolution proceeded towards consummation. Those two I need hardly say were Powers Osborne, and Sally Harvey. A wedding in our modern times has become so much a matter of business as to excite little interest beyond the circle of the party concerned, and sometimes not much even there. Not so in the ancient days and outer limits of civilized and uncivilized life, in 1791. Few other events, scarce a regimental muster, collected more idlers than a wedding in Washington county. All within miles who claimed to be friends, and on such an occasion few, but who put in their claims expected to be invited; and every one became an enemy unless invited. It was in brief a moment of tumult and confusion, eagerly expected and by the parties most interested, gladly terminated, which in fact it seldom did without the occurrence of some sinister event to secure recollection.

Amid wars and rumors of wars, and weddings, and rumors of weddings, time went on and ushered in as fine a spring morning as ever gladdened the hearts of husbandmen, or birds. It was the morning of Sunday, the — day of — 1791, and the last Sunday on which the bans of marriage were to be published

between Matthew Johnson, and Anna Osborne. In primitive manner, our cows then pastured on the rich peavine of our woods, and was one of the standing duties of many a reluctant youth of whom I was one; early and soon awake, however, on that day, and was in the dew dropping woods at the earliest dawn. The tinkling of a far distant bell led me along the slopes of the Charter hills, until the sun beams were playing amongst the new born foliage. The bell receded as I advanced until approaching the meeting house road, I saw a figure moving slowly along with looks bent to the ground; it was Powers Osborne. Long had I desired to speak privately with my young friend for the cause of his melancholy, I but too well knew. Hurrying forward I was rapidly coming nearer the sufferer, who profoundly wrapped in his bitter reflections seemed to have forgotten the world around him. My tread behind him had just roused him from his painful waking dream, and we were both ready to speak, when our attention was turned to the appearance of a third person, it was the old traveller who had crossed our path a few days before. His appearance remained the same, and we awaited his passing by, but found ourselves the object of his attention, and when he came near, there was an expression of deep seated care which awed us both.

"Your name young man," said he, addressing my companion, "is Powers Osborne?"

"That is my name," replied Powers, and silence followed as we inquiringly stood looking on the stranger, who leaning on his staff returned the gaze of Powers searchingly, and at length continued,

"Powers, there is great grief on thy face, why, at thy age?"

"I have been taught to respect age," replied Powers, in a tone rather at variance with his words—

"And long have I," replied the stranger, "learned to respect youth. It is not to pain thee son of Powers Osborne, that I have stopped thee on thy way—long have I desired to look into that face;" and as the tears fell from the aged eyes before us, we were both mute with astonishment and softened by an indefinable feeling, as the old man seized and wrung the hand of Powers, saying, "be not sad and heavy of heart—an old man often sees into futurity—good bye," and he passed on, as we stood fixed to the spot gazing alternately after him, or on each other.

"What can the man mean?" at length ejaculated Powers—"I have now seen him twice pass by our house—he behaves strangely, for even a stranger.—I was told yesterday, that he has been observed both in Washington and Cannonsburg, and is suspected of being a little crazed."

"His conduct," I replied is singular, but to me he does not appear near as crazed as some one else I could name."

"And would be very unfeeling if you did, and perhaps mistaken," rejoined Powers in a tone which I felt as a reproach, and desirous to remove such an impression replied, "Powers we have been children, boys, and young men together, and Sally Harvey?"

"Deserves more than to be any nearer related to Matthew Johnson," interrupted Powers, with more severity than I ever heard him use on any other occasion. Looking him full in the face I observed, "Powers, is your frame of mind just what it ought to be, on this first morning of the week; are you going to meeting to day?"

"I am, replied he solemnly—I am, but it is to Mr. Henderson's—I have not learned and repeated the Lord's Prayer, I hope, for the purpose of going into temptation—good morning."

Looking after him, I must confess some gall rose on my own heart, against those who had so unexpectedly marred so many fond youthful hopes.

Hours passed on, and the Pigeon Creek congrega-

tion were flocking together, and myself amongst the rest. On my approach to the burying ground I beheld a man leaning on the fence and in profound absorption; seemed unconscious of the living crowd around him; many of whom were observing him attentively. On coming nearer I discovered the old stranger, but unwilling to be recognised, as I feared being addressed by him, I sat down by a tree, while a spell appeared to hold my eyes riveted on one I from fear avoided.

The day was as fine as the morning promised, and the service was performed in what I have always regarded as the most solemn of temples, the woods.—How others may feel I know not, but as to myself, I have never felt my soul so elevated within walls as under the shade of trees with the sky and clouds of heaven for dome. On this day anxiety for those long and sincerely loved, give a something of sadness to the prospect of life, which was not relieved, though resignation was taught by the text and sermon.

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you:" *First Peter, Chap. IV., verse 12*, was the text, and many was the hearer, no doubt who felt the sermon as if preached to suit their own case; as how few are there of mankind who regard themselves as mere sharers in the calamities of life? The faces of my neighbours on this occasion I had no time to scan; my attention was rivetted indeed, fascinated by two out of the crowd. One was Sally Harvey, pale and resigned, whose voice now tremulous came to my heart in strains as if from another sphere.—The other was the stranger, who seated leaning against an aged oak, with his still strong, indeed powerful glance fixed on the preacher. His haggard and disorted features giving to his appearance a something of fearful. It is probable there were many, but for very different reasons, who paid more attention to his apparition than to their pastor. That pastor himself, was not made up of materials to overlook a figure so extraordinary, and their eyes met frequently with scrutinizing keenness. As the preacher went on to show in his plain but forcible manner, the folly of any one magnifying to himself and others, his share in the corrections of Providence; the stranger more than once shook his head, as much as to say, "more than a common lot has fallen on my head." The dissent was perfectly understood by and roused the zeal of the preacher, until the singular kind of argument arrested the attention of nearly the whole congregation; but their curiosity was excited to a pitch of painfulness to some, and astonishment to all; when at the close of the service, the bans of marriage for the third and last time was pronounced between Matthew Johnson, and Anna Osborne. The moment the names reached the ears of the stranger, he rose to his feet, his countenance assumed a ferocious aspect, as he fixed his really appalling look on the preacher; but gave no other interruption until every word was slowly and distinctly pronounced, who then paused, evidently expecting something out of the way. The stranger remained silent a moment, and then raising his staff which he pointed to the preacher, and in a voice which thrilled to the heart of the most distant hearer, pronounced, "no! never." and wheeling around strode off while unutterable surprise held the whole assembly still and silent.—But as the groups began to separate, the circumstance seemed to have engrossed the entire attention of every individual; as "who is she?"—"what did he mean?"—"was ever any such thing heard of before?"—and many and many more questions murmured, which any one could ask and no one answer.

The object of so much excitement seemed to have become invisible in a moment, as "where is he?"—"Does any one know him?"—which way did he

go?" was bandied but with equal success which attended, "who is he?" Some one for mischief sake perhaps, told the truth and replied that he saw him go into the grave yard. This piece of intelligence was a damper to more than one, as the shades of evening were closing in; and few were the young stragglers after night in that neighbourhood, who approached this grave yard until the mystery was solved.—Amongst those who expected to meet the formidable monster, and very gladly got home and to bed without the meeting, one was the veracious historian of "The Wedding."

"Was you at meeting yesterday?" was the first question in every mouth the next day, and the next, and vain would it have been for any person in our circle to have attempted to start any other subject.—Thursday of the week was fixed for the all important ceremony, and the bride and bridegroom had now full assurance of a general assembly. Direful would have been the impediment that would have kept a single guest absent. Both the personages most implicated in the ominous prediction made on Sunday treated the whole affair, at least outwardly, with most sovereign disdain, and all the preparations were made on a scale suitable to the occasion.

The animal spirits of most people receive delight from any out of the way events of life, however sinister they may be, provided they are themselves safe from the consequences; therefore, the very good friends of Matthew Johnson, and Anna Osborne, awaited Thursday in great impatience, and not a few in mortal fear, that after all, matters would go on without interruption.

It was not in nature that I could avoid having indeed a painful wish to learn the effect the prediction at the meeting would have on Powers. Anna I saw at the moment when it was pronounced, and could not perceive by her features that she regarded it other than the expression of a madman. As usual, I attended her home; but from fear of rousing feelings which I had no means to soothe, carefully avoided the subject, and perhaps we were the only two who sought our homes together from the meeting who spoke on any other topic; and we were no doubt the two who were most deeply engrossed with the undefined reflections it could not but excite.

The affairs of life are the true foundations of human happiness, and by their imperative calls force us away from those corroding and distracting cares, which prey upon and devour the idle. In the walks and pursuits of the world, Monday morning has on its arrival something of a renewal of our existence. So was it with me on the Monday morning after the prediction, which with all the pre-occupation it superinduced, to the field I must go. The plough must move as well as time, and at early dawn I was again in our large pasture, the woods, in search of cows and horses. Reflections on the occurrences of the day before, however, I could not shake off; and was musing along until roused by a "Haloa Mark, open your eyes or you'll hit your head against a tree." I did open my eyes and wide, to behold my friend Powers, who I really thought had lost his reason, and become frantic. There was a sparkling in his eyes, a flush on his cheek, and a bounding lightness in his step, which bespoke either the spirits flow in madness, or the buoyancy of excessive joy, and the transition of twenty-four hours was too violent not to fear the former, and I at once exclaimed, "Why Powers in the name of —?"

"No matter in what name," interrupted Powers—"you think I am out of my wits, dont you?"

"I rather think your wits are out of you," I laughingly replied.

"Ah! well," subjoined Powers, "let them go, they

have been bad companions lately, I hope they'll mend their manners before they return."

I stood looking, no doubt foolish enough, for I was really bewildered, until Powers seized me by the shoulders with his muscular hands, exclaiming, "I vow the fellow is fast asleep—but I'll wake him;" and he shook me so violently, that I once more doubted his sanity, and exclaimed, "Are you really crazy, Powers?"

"Do you feel as if you were wide awake Mark?"

"I feel shook to pieces, and would be glad to thank you for a joke in place of such earnest."

"The world is itself out of joint, and part of it" replied Powers, "needs what it will soon get—a doctor;" and changing his manner into what was natural to him, one of reflecting, plain, good sense, continued

"Mark, I am not mad, though for many months, I have had enough to make me wish to hide misery."

"In the wreck of your reason," I interrupted—

"You went to the wrong meeting house yesterday."

"You mean," subjoined Powers, "that the minister would have convinced me that others were miserable. That I know long since, without the knowledge relieving me a feather."

"Too much of any thing is bad for our heads and hearts both," I replied, "and I see you have got a dose too much some how or other."

"Not one drop more than I hope to carry safely," interrupted Powers, with much earnestness, "I have sipped a little of the water of life after long thirst, and may be pardoned a moment's extravagance. I have heard of what passed yesterday—you will of course be with us—good morning."

THE WEDDING DAY, so long, and from many opposite reasons so impatiently awaited, at length opened. The morning was dark, heavy and lowering; fitful showers fell, but as the sun rose, the clouds slowly retired before a bracing western breeze, and forming into dense masses along the eastern horizon, added decoration to a most splendid sunshine day.

The Osborne farm, both from nature and cultivation was a lovely spot. When the ground was first cleared, many of the fine sugar maples, white walnuts and other trees, had been spared and carefully protected, and now with the black locust, peach and apple, spreading round the mansion; many travellers paused to gaze upon the picture so unusual amid the rude and recently settled frontier.

To the invited it was of course a day dedicated to enjoyment, but through the night and on the morn my mind was occupied, not with expected mirth and jollity, but with my sister, friend, Sally Harvey, and why, I could not define to myself. The crisis appeared to be severe to her and to him whom her heart had chosen; yet there appeared no impassable barrier between them, and ultimate happiness in the most sacred of all connexions. The future was, however covered with a dark and impenetrable veil, and as the friend of both, I could not look on that veil without fear and anxiety. Dressed in my best, I sought the dwelling of that lovely innocent, who had so oft awaited my coming to proceed together to the house of God. On the wedding morning, I found her as I had always found her, the flower of a country cottage, dressed befitting her station in life. Her uncle, the bridegroom of the day so completely disguised under what sat no doubt uneasy on him, a very splendid new suit, for the unfledged boys of Washington to stare at, one of whom was very much provoked to laugh at the suit and the wearer, had not his mirth been restrained by feelings of resentment. The expression of either would have been out of place, and were repressed by a more humane interest. Her uncle had prepared a horse and splendid new saddle for Sally, both of which she very respectfully declined.—"The distance is not far, uncle," said the placid girl,

and then smiling, added, "Mark and me have walked the same path often."

Matthew Johnson, for this time at least, occupied much more with himself than with his niece, left her to her own way, and off we set along a field path, and "pear cut," as we in the country say often when we choose our own road, be that the nearest or farthest from place to place.

Though pale and maidenly sedate, I had my wits tried with Sally in the afternoon, as they had been by Powers in the morning. No sooner were we on the sward of a wide pasture field, than the tender grass, or fragile dandelion scarce yielded to her feet. She skipped rather than walked, while I with something between pleasure and wonder, followed in silence listening to her shower of remarks on the cloudy morning, beautiful day, beautiful clouds, most beautiful flowers. At length I could not but interrupt my little prattler, by observing,

"I declare Sally, I'll never think I know my own mind."

"Why for goodness?"—replied Sally.

"Because this very day, have I seen two persons with whom I thought myself acquainted, both setting all my conceited knowledge at fault."

"My uncle?" interrupted Sally, "was one no doubt."

"No! not your uncle, him I have long given up—no, Sally, one of the pair is now picking flowers, and the other"—here I paused, as she fixed her enquiring countenance on mine, which as far as my feelings could give it expression, was asking, "What does all this mean?" To either of our silent questions, silent answers were given, and both were diverted from our immediate thoughts by seeing a man at a distance clambering over the opposite fence, and with hasty steps approaching Osborne cottage. "That is the very old man we saw at meeting last Sunday," exclaimed both of us in a breath. But as we resumed our walk, I discovered with much alarm that the spirits of my companion had ebbed—she trembled as she held on my arm, her steps became uncertain, and in imploring accents, she exclaimed, "Oh! was this day but closed?"—we were near the house and ready to step over a limpid brook, which rippled across the farm; and doubly alarmed as I knew that any marked conduct on the part of Sally would be much misconstrued, I earnestly but in a low voice, observed, "My sister, reflect where you are;" she drew her glove from her right hand, and with the utmost presence of mind bathed her temples, and with all a woman's flexibility was herself again. The transitory emotion past, and we entered the lawn before the wedding house door, Sally joining some of her female acquaintance, we separated.

My attention was drawn to a group under a very large sugar maple, towards which advancing I beheld the man of mystery seated on a bench, and leaning against the trunk, was commanding the utmost curiosity of all around him by tales of Indian war; of the regions then the land of terror and undefined curiosity. Leaning against the same tree, and standing behind the speaker, to my astonishment, who should I see but Powers Osborne, dressed as if he was to have been the bridegroom of the day, and with a countenance expressing almost rapture. "This is all far beyond my comprehension," muttered I to myself, "So I'll wait and see." But there was an energy in the manner, and a force in the language of the stranton, which carried me into the vortex; and I listened with increasing intensity, afraid to lose a single word, for it was only some of the most important events of private life, such as a death, birth or marriage, which at the time could divert the mind of old or young from General St. Clair, the army he commanded, and the Indians, magnified in strength, numbers, and if possible in ferocity, by the impossibility of certainty. No

wonder therefore, that a man who seemed to have gained his facts from the dreadful scene of their occurrence; and who spoke with clearness, and very uncommon energy should enchain such an audience. He did so enchain us effectually, until we were very unwillingly interrupted by some one exclaiming, yonder comes Mr. McMillan.

The announcement was no sooner made than the old stranger abruptly terminated his narrative, but while rising to his feet, observed, "Another time friends—another time," and with the rest of us moved towards the house. Taking advantage of the weather, and to accommodate the whole body of guests at once, a long table was spread under the trees, and indeed, the whole scene falls back on my mind's eye, as one of those fairy pictures, often fancied, but seldom realized. A presentiment of something extraordinary contributed to give a kind of supernatural coloring, even in memory. Many is the wedding I have seen, and whether others have or not, I know not, but I have observed one uniform effect. Let what levity, merriment, jest, song or story, be heard before and after, all is heartfelt solemnity during the ceremony. To see two human beings united in a compact on the awful condition of being only dissoluble by death; strikes the very lightest and most powerful minds, and hushed are all the power to interrupt the sacred rite.

Few other men ever could give more of force to his words by the expression of his face, than could John McMillan, and when he rose and directed the intended to be brought forth, silence reigned in and around the dwelling. This silence was interrupted by that suppressed murmur, which always attends the appearance of expected objects, as the bridegroom and intended came forth. Every feature of the old bachelor expressed a fidgety satisfaction, and his mouth seemed every moment as ready to open with "I'm the conqueror, and here is my captive."

The bride was in full, and for the time and place, splendid bridal dress. On her cheeks and still speaking eyes bloomed much of youth, with an attitude peculiar to Anna Osborne, as she took her place as preparatory to the ceremony. That ceremony advanced to the all important consent on the part of the bride, which when once given, is the signature to the decree of fate; when to the inexpressible consternation of the bridegroom, and the utter wonder of the audience, "No! nor ever will," and pronouncing this terrible negative, she removed from the side of him who stood now the statue on which many eyes were turned. For a few moments every one stood, as if the powers of all motion were suspended, except those of Anna Osborne, whose expressive glances, were alternately turned upon the confounded and disappointed bridegroom, and the collected minister, who at length broke silence by demanding in a firm but mild tone, "Anna Osborne, what are we to understand from all this?"

"That can and shall be explained in few words," replied Anna, in a voice which bespoke excessively irritated feelings, but in the moment of speaking she drew from her bosom a letter, which appeared soiled and tattered as if long since written, and often folded and unfolded. Opening it once more, and placing her finger on the signature, and then holding it out towards Matthew Johnson, demanded in no very conciliating tone, "Did you not write this letter?"

The under lip of Johnson quivered as he replied hesitatingly, "I did."

"And you are now to receive your answer," rejoined Anna, while in the act of withdrawing the letter from before Johnson, and holding it towards the minister, when she continued, "Mr. McMillan, and many more present, know that my husband and Matthew Johnson, were both in Crawford's defeat.—"

They know also, that it was upwards of a year after that defeat when Matthew Johnson, returned to this neighbourhood. It was natural and cannot be wondered at, that I was anxious to see him and if possible learn something respecting my lost husband, from whom I had before been altogether unable to hear what had happened to him; except that he had been wounded, and as several said, "no doubt killed" in the pursuit. From Johnson on the contrary, I received at various times a very circumstantial account, which I finally desired to have reduced to writing, in order to possess some certain evidence of the fate of the father of my only child, and addressed the note which you see has been referred, and replied to by the writer of this letter. Will Mr. McMillan have the goodness to read both to all present?" Mr. McMillan took the letter, and first glancing over it, read—

"My Dear Madam—Your distressing note of this morning I have read. I say distressing as it recalls the remembrance of an ever valued friend, but as you express a desire, on the part of yourself and son to possess my written statement of the main facts attending the death of your late husband, I proceed to fulfil your wish, hoping you will not refuse to receive the mingled tear of a common friend.

"It is already known to you, that in the battle with the Indians, no great advantage was gained by either party. The weather was warm and oppressive, and added greatly to the sufferings of the wounded, amongst whom was my friend and your husband. His wound in the right leg under favorable circumstances, where due care could have been procured, would have been of no durable consequence. Situated as we were, it was painful and exhausting. Friends and neighbours as we had been, I was determined to escape or die with Powers Osborne; and on the day after the battle, when retreat was ordered, and when our little army was drawn up in three lines with the wounded in the centre, I solicited and obtained leave to accompany my friend. Our retreat from the fatal field was made in good order, and I have no doubt we could have nearly all gained the settlements, but we soon saw detached parties breaking off; regular order could not be preserved, as the Indians hovered all around us, and shots, yells and screams were continually echoing dreadfully on every side. By the irregular movements, though we had in the first outset been placed in the centre; we found ourselves on the flank and nearly detached from the main body. By good fortune Osborne and myself had still possession of unwounded and good horses, and my friend much fitter to command than many who were in commission, though in great pain retained his presence of mind, and continued observant of what passed, finally observed to me, "Johnson it will be miraculous if we are not all destroyed. If the men would keep together, our chance of escape would be very small, but scattering, we are lost. In one way, a few may escape, and that is by pushing forward, and getting as far as possible before the main body, round which the Indians will hover."

"To this I and one or two more assented, and we hurried on, pursuing our hard march two days, and were I believe, far in advance and in a place of safety for the moment. Rest we had been able to take none for many days and nights. The two men who had left the army with us, had from some cause separated, and we were alone. It was drawing towards evening, poor Mr. Osborne was suffering with his wound, and burning thirst, when we reached a clear cool stream. His manly firmness had borne him along, but in his condition the water was perhaps too inviting. I helped him off his horse, a noble animal, who seemed to know he was carrying from death his beloved master; and who had retained his strength and activity. Mine was exhausted, and most of the

afternoon I was compelled to walk and lead him, and now while occupied in taking care of the horses, I am afraid my dear friend swallowed too much of the cold water, for when I returned to him he was insensible; nor could I rouse him by any means I thought prudent to use, so I laid him in as good a posture as I could at the foot of a tree. Though I had suffered every thing but sickness and wounds, and very weak from fatigue and want of food; nature afforded me some relief, and I fell into a sound sleep. How long I might have slept I know not, but I did sleep until the sun had risen, and was then roused by shots and yells. I sprang to my feet, and seized the hand of my—Oh, dear madam!—Let us spare ourselves—the shots and more dreadful howling of the savages were approaching. My horse I was convinced could not bear me from the murdering pursuers, and I had not but just time to spring on that of my lamented friend, when a ball passed between my body and right arm. For several miles it was a struggle for life, but it is probable the horses of the savages were also exhausted, and I escaped that scene where so many fell.

"Two years are now gone—dear relic of the departed, and it is our duty to submit to the mysterious ways of Him, who orders all for the best—I can scarce write. May God protect the wife and child of the man who was once the friend of Matthew Johnson."

After having finished the reading the minister stood a few moments, looking with most penetrating keenness in the face of Johnson, and then observed, "Matthew Johnson, is all you have here stated the truth?"

It was some time before Johnson could reply, when in a manner, which removed much suspicion, he declared that in the face of Heaven it was truth. "And more, Anna Osborne cannot deny but that I restored to her, the horse and saddle."

"That is true," interrupted Anna Osborne, "but are you still sure you left my husband dead?"

"As sure Mrs. Osborne, as I am sure you now live."

"Strange affair!"—What are we to think?"—and many other loud whispers now floated around, but the torrent was staid by the loud, solemnly and respected voice of the minister, who exclaimed, "Peace and quietness people. This is a very serious affair." Then turning to the window, continued, "Anna Osborne, the statement in this letter, corresponds well with that I have heard Matthew Johnson often relate. And more, it corresponds with the history of the time, and is no way improbable."

"To all these conclusions I have nothing to object," replied Anna, with great composure. "On the contrary, I must plead the very strong texture of truth of the whole story in my own justification; therefore listen a few moments. Acquainted with Matthew Johnson, almost from infancy, and never having any cause of objection to his conduct, both my husband and myself regarded him as a special friend. After the fearful trial, and the part he acted, this man became to me in the days of bereavement, I might say a brother. When the first vague proposals of a closer union were made, had they come from any other man living, my doors would have been forever closed; but, after long hesitation, to him I listened, and the result is known."

"Yes!" interrupted the minister, "and Anna, much too well known. We have all a right to demand why you have suffered matters to proceed thus far! And we have all a right to tell you that you have given no one reason, for your extraordinary breach of engagement."

"All in good time," replied Anna, a little piqued by the severe tone of interrogation, "I have had, and yet have three reasons. One, uncertainty as to the death of my husband even yet; the second, that I

have had some reason to think, that as far as leaving him dead, my doubts are shared by my intended second husband; and thirdly, a determination to punish, in a public manner the man who dared such a deception."

"Anna Osborne," again interrupted the minister, "Admitting all you have said to be true in your own mind, there is but one turn the whole series of transactions can take which can excuse your proceedings, and that is proof, that your husband was alive when left in the wilderness."

Anna Osborne in a dignity of attitude I never saw excelled, seemed to rise in majesty, as she glanced with the utmost respect, first on the face of the minister, then swept her powerful view over the painfully excited guests, and then fixing it again on the minister, replied.

"The proof that my husband was abandoned alive in the wilderness, it would not be much worth while to produce now, but it would perhaps set matters right if I was to produce proof that he was alive years after that of Crawford's defeat;" here she paused a moment and then proceeded, but with a great change of feature and manner, and with that inimitable archness of a woman who is bringing a long premeditated scheme of mischief to a successful issue, "We have brought our neighbours together to a wedding, and with one exception they shall not be disappointed—Powers Osborne."

At this call every guest and myself amongst the crowd, expected it was her son and Sally Harvey, that were to appear, and the reader may try in vain to imagine our astonishment to see rushing forward the old and mysterious stranger; who by either accident, design or a mixture of both, had very nearly upset Matthew Johnson, as he clasped to his bosom the still lovely Anna Osborne; and never did a more marked contrast stand at the altar, than was now presented. On one side the triumphant but haggard husband, and on the other the, though for a different cause, the mortified, crest fallen, confounded and distorted Johnson.

"Well! well!" exclaimed the minister, "we must live long to see every thing."

"And feel every thing!"—subjoined the elder Osborne, still holding clasped to his bosom his sobbing wife, who long under the influence of strong excitement now incurred the pain of sudden reverse; but she was supported by a man who seemed too well acquainted with reverses to fear them much, and who felt all the security of a conqueror; and I must do him the justice to say, exercised all the magnanimity of the most noble conqueror. Still holding his wife pressed to his left breast, he smilingly held out his right hand to Johnson, and smilingly shook the trembling hand feebly raised, observed, "Come Matthew, my once—well I believe still friend. It was very natural for you to think every one dead when overshadowed by a cloud of those black blood-hounds, and you did very well to save yourself."

"My God!" at last burst forth from Johnson, clapping his left hand on his forehead, "I really thought you were dead."

"Sincerely do I believe it—And I think myself we have inflicted a rather too severe punishment—I had seen too well how dreadful is human vengeance, to have carried matters so far, but we have a means of being still united in family ties—my wife I cannot spare—but—Powers, where is my son?" We had now a new subject of astonishment, as appeared Powers Osborne, leading forward the blushing Sally Harvey; so overpowering and absorbing had been the scene that perhaps not one present had noticed the absence of those two young people, until they issued from an inner door.

Though no former acquaintance, however intimate

could enable any one to recognise in the disfigured man who now stood between his wife and son, the once manly and really handsome Powers Osborne; but there was so much of sincerity in the aspect of all parties as to silence every whisper of doubt on his identity, and universal gratification, thrilled the hearts of the audience as the elder Osborne, in a kind of half laugh, continued with, "Come Matthew—we have a son, and you have a niece, and here is the minister—as to love and all that, I believe the young ones have made due preparation—what think you Mr. McMillan?"

A smile came over the generally staid features of the minister, as he replied, "What do I think? If you are all agreed, I see no reason for my thinking about the business—my head is now too much disturbed to think—what do you think Matthew Johnson?"

Matthew looking round him for the first time, burst out into a laugh, something hollow indeed, and then replied; "In the first place, I believe I have been a fool, in the second place, I believe I may as well conclude to die an old bachelor, and in the third place, if I can't be happy it is no good reason to prevent the happiness of others."

A burst of applause amounting to almost a shout followed this consent, a burst which some insisted was increased by even the voice of the minister. A shout, however, followed by deep silence as the nuptial band was closed; and the wedding completed in a manner, and by very different parties, from those who were expected to be united in the morning. ****

Years and time flowed away—Matthew Johnson was never reproached by either the elder Osbornes, who often expressed their regret at having given him so severe a lesson; but though denied in words, those most intimate with Powers Osborne the elder, always thought, that at heart he suspected Johnson of wilfully abandoning him, with a knowledge of his being alive. These surmises were more than supported by Osborne's narrative of his captivity, tortures, and astonishing vicissitudes, until his final return home to Washington county. But, whatever were his private feelings, he contributed to protect the uncle of his son's wife from a less generous suspicion than of the public.

Once more the Osborne cottage, and all around it smiled in elegance and order, and under the very sugar tree where I found the old stranger on the morning of "The Wedding," have I sat hours to hear old Powers Osborne, relate the terrible trials he encountered during near nine tedious years. These to me, then heart interesting narratives; were so interwoven in my thoughts, and engraven on my memory, that I have taxed my recollections and traced them into a connected story, which as soon as I have leisure to retouch, I shall send on to the office of the Casket.

But before closing this tale, I cannot but drop a tear over the now ruined, but once beautiful cottage. Drawn away by that infatuation which places paradise on the outer verge of civilization, the father, son and uncle, sold their sweet home, and plunged into the deep west, and became utterly lost, long years lost to all my inquiries, and the last time I past the once Osborne cottage, I found the house disfigured by waste and neglect; the orchard trees were decayed or dead, and the stumps of the fine sugar maple shade trees, only stood monuments of barbarism—weeds and briars covered the garden.

MARK BANCROFT.

To speak without emotion of any shocking instance of cruelty, ingratitude, injustice, blasphemy, or any other impiety, would make us suspect the speaker not only of insensibility, but of a total want of principle.

SELECTED FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO ———

Breathe not a sigh for me
When I am gone;
But let my grave place be
Dreary and alone;
Let the rude tempest rave
A requiem o'er my grave;
But sing thou none!

Yet place a wild rose near
My narrow bed;
(Emblems of one too dear—
Still dear, though dead!)
Cherish its tender root,
Let no rude stranger's foot,
Bow down its head.

Winter will blight the rose
Thou plant'st for me;
Spring will new life disclose—
'Twill flourish free;
And my heart's flower shall bloom
Brightly, beyond the tomb,
Eternally.

Yes, 'twas a lovely flower
My bosom wore;
Vast was its beauty's power—
Alas! 'tis o'er—
Death, in gloomy hour
Tore it from love's own bow'r,
To bloom no more.

SELECTED FROM H. NEALE'S REMAINS.
STANZAS.

"Dismiss me, weary, to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod."

Sing me a lay!—not of knightly feasts,
Of honour's laurels—or pleasure's sweets;
Not of the brightness in beauty's eye,
Not of the splendours of royalty!
But of sorrow and suffering and death let it tell;
Of the owl's shriek, and the passing bell;
Of joys that have been, and have ceased to be,
That is the lay, the lay for me!

Twine me a wreath—but not of the vine,
Of primrose, or myrtle, or eglantine;
Let not the fragrant rose breathe there,
Or the slender lily her white bosom bare;
But twine it of poppies so dark and so red,
And cypress, the garland that honours the dead;
And ivy and nightshade and rosemary,—
That is the wreath, the wreath for me!

Bring me a robe—not such as is worn
On the festal eve, or the bridal morn;
Yet such as the great and the mighty must wear;
Such as wraps the limbs of the brave and fair;
Such as sorrow puts on, and she ceases to weep;
Such as pain wraps round him, and sinks to sleep,
The winding sheet my garment shall be,
That is the robe, the robe for me!

O! for a rest! not on beauty's breast,
Not on the pillow—by young hope prest;
Not 'neath the canopy pomp has spread;
Not in the tent where shrouds valour his head:
Where grief gnaws not the heart, tho' the worm may
feed there;

Where the sod weighs it down, but not sorrow, or
care;

The grave! the grave! the home of the free!
That is the rest, the rest for me!

ECHO.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION.

TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Sir John Barrow in the chair. A communication was read from Dr. Richardson, R.N. on the subject of further Expeditions to the Northern Shores of America,—prelaced by a letter from Dr. Fitton, pressing, in his own name, and that of other members of the Society, the expediency of another enterprise of this description.

Dr. Richardson's papers commenced with observing, that the remarkable 'drift of the ice in Baffin's Bay, which had lately released so many of the imprisoned whalers, by carrying them 600 miles to the southward in sixty days,—together with Captain Back's recent observations of a constant current setting to the eastward along the north shore of America,—and the similar observations made ten years ago by Sir Edward Parry,—all rendered the existence of a passage from sea to sea, in this direction, so extremely probable, that we may be certain (interested as England has shown herself in its discovery for above three centuries) that she will never entirely give up the investigation till the issue is certain. She may be more or less active, at any given period, according to circumstances; but successive generations will again revert to the inquiry, till either it be crowned with success, or the indubitable discovery is made of an insurmountable barrier. Under these circumstances, then, and diligent as the present generation has been in this search, it seems a duty, on the part of the officers who have been trained in it, to record their deliberate views and opinions on the subject, for the guidance of the present, or some following generation:—and he is willing to set the example in his own person, in hopes that it may be followed by others.

The great question, he proceeds to observe, resolves into two separate and distinct ones, viz. 1. Whether a practicable passage exists for a ship along the whole line of continent between Behring's Straits and Baffin's Bay?—and, 2. Whether there are means readily at our command, by which, waiving this inquiry for the present, at least the entire line of coast may be traced, and its outline and character determined with reasonable precision? Between these two inquiries there is no necessary connexion,—on the contrary, it is, perhaps, impossible to combine them: but, at the same time, there is no necessary rivalry either; nor is it worthy a thought which is the more interesting.—Both, Dr. Richardson contends, deserve, and, he is persuaded, both will yet obtain, more investigation; if not now, at some future time; and of the ultimate answer to both he has himself no doubt; for he is confident that there is such a passage, and also that there are at least two ways, if not more, by which, with very little effort or sacrifice, large additions may be certainly made to our present knowledge of the coast. But as, from the nature of his past experience, his opinion on the second of these questions may be considered of more value than on the first, he confines himself, in his present communication, to that with which he is most conversant,—not abandoning the advocacy of his opinion, as above stated, regarding the other also, but trusting that he leaves it in better hands.

With regard to the examination of the coast, then, he thinks, it right first to advert to the utility of its prosecution;—not that, generally speaking, scientific research should be thus weighed, for its uses generally appear only when its results are made known, and are often not susceptible of being predicted; but that, on the present occasion, much may be said in favour of further inquiry, even on the data already in our possession. To the attempts already made to discover a north-west passage, England owes the discovery of North America itself, pregnant with consequences beyond human calculation; together with the Hudson's

Bay fur trade, the Newfoundland cod-fishery, the Davis's Straits whale-fishery, and all the other similar results directly flowing from it. At the same time, England has also contracted obligations by the same means. She has acquired the sovereignty of a number of native tribes, whom her merchants employ, as they find requisite, in their commerce; but of whom the country at large is also bound to take occasional cognizance, with the view of allaying their feuds, instructing their ignorance, and improving their moral and economical condition. Their country also is more worthy of minute investigation than is usually thought; and may reward this even pecuniarily. Inexhaustible coal mines skirt the Rocky Mountains through twelve degrees of latitude; beds of coal also crop to the surface in many other places along the Arctic coast; veins of lead ore traverse the rocks of Coronation Gulf; copper is found on the banks of the Coppermine; and whales abound off Cape Bathurst. In a word, it is the duty of England to visit this coast from time to time, and it may be her interest to explore it thoroughly: nor, in making the attempt, will she be without the example, or it may almost be called the rivalry, of active and stirring neighbours. The government of the United States systematically sends exploring parties beyond its frontiers, partly to acquire topographical knowledge, partly to impress the Indian population more strongly with an opinion of its power and good intentions, than can be done by the mere presence of bodies of men solely engaged in commercial pursuits. And the Russians pursue precisely the same policy, both on the northern shores of Asia and north-western of America; one of their most distinguished naval officers, Baron Wrangel, commanding on both coasts, with one or more ships of war constantly at his disposition for this very purpose.

The motive for exertion in this quarter being thus before us, the next inquiry is, as to the means, and most favourable direction; his observations on which, Dr. Richardson prefaces with a brief view of the actual state of our knowledge of this coast, and the history of its acquisition.

The entire northern coast of America, from Behring's Straits to Baffin's Bay, extends, in round numbers, to 103 degrees of longitude; of which, about six are unknown between Capt. Beechey's and Sir John Franklin's discoveries to the westward; about ten more between Sir John Franklin's and Captain James Ross's; and about one between the latter and Capt. Back's, besides near 200 miles east from these to the south-east extremity of Regent's Inlet.—With these exceptions, the whole has been mapped in two, or, including Capt. Back's expedition, (which yet from circumstances, was prevented from adding much to the previously known coast line,) in three boating expeditions, each occupying but a few weeks of a single summer and each accomplished without any material accident. There is no room, therefore, for despondency, or even much anxiety, regarding the issue of other similar enterprises; and, in fact, two plans based on this review alike of what has been done, and what yet remains to do, offer themselves spontaneously for consideration, each holding out fair prospects of even brilliant success.

One was pointed out by Sir John Franklin as far back as 1823, and is, indeed, a mere modification, though an important one, of that which Capt. Lyons was sent to execute in 1824, and which was defeated by the accident of his passing to the southward, instead of to the northward, of Southampton Island, and being afterwards unable to beat up Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome. It is to send a ship, or ships, to Wager River, to examine especially its northern shore, where it is possible that there may even be a passage into Regent's Inlet, as its present delineations rests on

no sufficient authority: and supposing that a passage were thus found, the discovery would be, at least, highly interesting, and might be no less important.—But supposing that there were no passage, still, there could be no great difficulty in transporting boats across the intervening land; and then, when the ships remaining in Wager River, as depôts for supplies, any extent of investigation, both north and west, might be accomplished with little or no risk. If a practical passage to the westward exists south of Boothia, as seems probable, even Point Turnagain might be thus reached; and to the northwest, the magnatical observations made by Captain James Ross on the supposed site of the Magnetic Pole, might be verified and completed.

But in conjunction with this, Dr. Richardson thinks that it would be extremely interesting to start an expedition also from the westward; and to his views on this head, he next invites attention.

A party leaving England in the Hudson's Bay Company's ship, which sails in the beginning of June, might, he thinks, with proper exertion winter on the Athabasca, and be thus ready for an early start the following season. It should consist of 2 officers, and 16 or 18 men, artificers, yet accustomed to use the oar, such as could easily be supplied from the corps of Marines, or Sappers and Miners. Previous notice being sent to the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, there would be little difficulty in providing the requisite supplies of Pemican; and two boats, built of white cedar, for lightness, might thus be certainly launched on the M'Kenzie, in sufficient time to descend in it to the sea, and complete the interval between Sir John Franklin's and Capt. Beechey's extremes the same season. This would be about a half of the whole remaining task accomplished; and, in some respects, the most interesting half, because it is so near the Russian posts, that, if not soon accomplished by us, it will almost certainly be traced, at no distant interval, by them, and the honor thus lost to us of accomplishing the whole single-handed. In the meantime, however, the stores and equipment for the ensuing year should be forwarded, by other hands, to the east end of Great Bear Lake, where a winter residence should be erected, to which, as a rendezvous, the coasting party should proceed on their return. As early as possible the following season, the whole should again proceed; but now down the Coppermine; and making direct for Point Turnagain, to which extent has been already surveyed by Sir John Franklin, they should coast thence to the eastward, the prevailing wind and current issuing a rapid progress. If, contrary to expectation, the bottom of Regent's Inlet should prove to be closed, and no passage is found to exist south of Boothia, the party would, at all events, connect Point Turnagain with James Ross's western most land; and should circumstances prove favourable, may even pass the point assigned by him for the Magnetic Pole, and determine the outline of coast to the northward of it. At all events, navigating this sea in the summer, (which Capt. Ross only visited in successive winters,) it would determine, beyond dispute, the practicability of a ship passing through it, on which the greatest doubt yet remaining of accomplishing the whole passage by sea, now hinges. And if, as is most probable there be a passage to the southward of Boothia, and a simultaneous expedition with this, were sent to Wager River, it would not be necessary for the party to return by way of the Coppermine and Hudson's Bay territories; but, proceeding boldly to the south-east, it would be certain of meeting friends and shelter on the Hudson's Bay coast.

Such are the extensive views embraced in Dr. Richardson's paper; and it was afterwards announced from the chair, that a Committee of the Society (consisting of Sir John Burrow, Sir Edward Parry, Sir

John Franklin, Captains Beaufort, Back, Maconochie, Dr. Richardson, and Mr. Woodbine Parish,) was appointed to take the whole subject into consideration, and report specially on it to the Council. The result will be communicated to a future meeting; and, meanwhile, Dr. Richardson's paper will be printed for circulation. Sir John Franklin added a few words, concurring generally with Dr. Richardson's conclusions, but with some further explanations. The meeting was numerous, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and took much interest in the proceedings.—*London Athenæum*.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

LACONICS.—No. IX.

It is not sufficient that we pay people the respect due to them, the manner of doing it, which should always be with freedom and ease, must also be attended to: whenever we do it with restraint we do it ungracefully.

Even those few speculative men, and they are but few, who in words deny the freedom of the will, do yet in the ordinary affairs of life speak and act like other people; making promises, giving advice, laying down rules and precepts; blaming certain actions as what ought not to have been done: the propriety of which conduct it is not easy to reconcile in a satisfactory manner to the tenets of those who teach, as the advocates for necessity do, that no past action of our lives, could have been different from what it is, and that no future action can be contingent, or such as it is in our power to do, or not to do. The condition of these theorists is similar to that of those who argue against the existence of matter. Both affirm what contradicts the opinion and experience, not of the vulgar only, but of the most acute philosophers, and of mankind in general: both say they believe that which is inconsistent with what common sense taught them to believe, and with what they would still have believed, if they had kept to their natural sense of things, and not perplexed themselves with metaphysical argument: and both assert to be true what they cannot reduce to practice, and what is not warranted by christianity, or by the morality and politics of any enlightened nation.

The fair sex, naturally more affable, more complaisant, and more courteous than the men, have also more politeness; and it is chiefly in the conversation of the ladies that we learn to be civil and polite from the desire we have to please them.

The more a man advances in real virtue, the more he will feel and regret his own imperfections, and the more candid he will become in judging of other men.

He who is conscious that he wishes well to all his fellow creatures, is a man of universal benevolence; and I have no scruple to affirm, that every good man does so, and that to do so is in the power of every man.

Memory does not differ from imagination. Without memory we can imagine nothing, and without imagination we cannot recollect. Perhaps these instances collected of so many great men possessing a great memory in almost an incredible degree, arose from their having practised it regularly by their continued studies.

The pride I wish to inculcate, is the honesty, manly pride of independence, which diligently seizing the golden hours of youth and opportunity to turn them to good account, will not suffer the drones of apathy or intemperance, placed by fortune above injury, to seduce them from the great work of life. In the decline of health, fame, age or fortune, those very men

to whose follies or whose views they have given up their nights and days, will be the first to desert them, ridicule their difficulties, expose their weakness, and insult their distress.

The Courtier.—I soon discovered the whole of a secret by which he has gained, and still supports such general attachment; it is, in a word, attention—rigid, incessant, vigilant, marked attention to every person, object, and subject before him, however insipid or disgusting, trifling or minute. I have caught him listening with apparent eagerness to the sorriest of rattle, and the dullest of dull stories, which beginning without interest, and ending without meaning, would have perplexed Job, and have lulled his termagant to sleep.

It is impossible to be polite without being discreet. Discretion renders a man master of himself, of his words, of his actions, of his looks, and of the motions of his countenance; so that nothing can escape him to break through decorum, or to give offence. A discreet man distinguishes perfectly the rank, character, and genius of others, and the bent of their inclination and interests; and he thereby discovers in what particulars he may safely rely on their confidence, and upon what occasion it is prudent to be mysterious.—He is particularly careful never to enter into their secrets or meddle in their concerns without being solicited so to do, which is an excellent precaution to live peaceably, and to avoid those inconveniences to which indiscreet persons subject themselves, by intruding into the concerns of others.

Any fool may be popular, it is the easiest thing in the world. Only be a good listener, and praise every body on the face of the earth: that is the whole secret.

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.

Politeness is a summary of all the moral virtues; it is an assemblage of discretion, civility and circumspection to render to every one the duty he has a right to expect, and to adorn all our words and actions, with grace and affability. It is the offspring of a well directed mind, possessing itself, and being master of its own sentiments; that loves to do justice to every one, and to sacrifice its own interest rather than to injure that of others; that disregards the clamor of vulgar opinion, and requires not an explanation upon every trifling or equivocal expression.

Comus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read" saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune; "shall we" saith he, "take good at God's hands and not be content to take evil also?" And so of friends in proportion. This is certain that a man who studieth young, keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.

Insolence is pride, co-operating with arrogance and ill-nature in gratifying itself by insulting others: a temper utterly detestable, and such as no elevation of rank, of wealth, or of genius, can render pardonable in any person: nay let a man's superiority be what you please, this alone is sufficient to cancel all his merit. And true it is, that they who are really distinguished by rank or by genius are not apt to be either arrogant or insolent; and if not wholly exempt from pride, will however, be careful to conceal it; which is in very much their interest to do.



Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Jerusalem.



Mafra—Portugal.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

This edifice derives its name from the circumstance of its being erected over the "New Sepulchre," mentioned in the sixth chapter of John, verses 41 and 42. It fronts upon a large open court, occupied by traffickers in crucifixes, carved shells, beads and bracelets, amulets, &c. all of which are exposed for sale, the vendors most commonly sitting on the ground beside their wares. The door of the church is on the side of the building, and is open only on certain days in the week, and on certain hours in the day, and in order to obtain admittance at any time it is necessary to have an order from the Latin and Greek Convents, which are in the neighbourhood.

Although this church does not exceed one hundred paces in length, by sixty in breadth, yet it is so crowded as to contain twelve or thirteen sanctuaries, or places reputed to be in some measure connected with the death and resurrection of our Saviour. Each of these sanctuaries have an altar in the buildings connected with the church; and in the galleries round about there are apartments for the accommodation of friars and pilgrims. The Greek and Latin convents have for upwards of two centuries been contending for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. Previously to the year 1685, the Latins were in undisturbed possession of the church, but about that time the Greeks sought to wrest this right from the Latins, and disorders of the most flagrant character mingled with acts of personal violence were committed by the Greeks, which at length required the interference of the Ottoman Porte, who reinstated the Latins in their former privileges. Some years after the Greeks again renewed their claim, and the dispute has lasted up to the present time, with but little chance of a peaceful adjustment of the difficulty.

In this edifice the Latin fathers on the Eve of Good Friday, perform the ceremony of the crucifixion. A statue intended to represent the Redeemer, is first nailed to a cross, and the immense concourse of pilgrims, who flock thither on the occasion, are called in succession to kiss it, the image is then taken from the cross and placed upon the so-called Stone of Unction, which is traditionally said to be laid upon the spot, occupied by the body of the Saviour, and then follows chanting of hymns and other ceremonials.—The Greeks also make use of part of the church upon Easter Eve for the celebration of a rite, termed the Holy Fire.—"This fire," say the Greeks, "bursts from the Holy Sepulchre in a supernatural way on the anniversary called Easter," and all the pilgrims of the Greek communion light their lamps, and torches at it, believing that they have thus received fire from Heaven. Then follows a procession of Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, &c. bearing these lights high in the air, and making the ceremony grandly impressive from the singular combination displayed in its arrangement. Dr. Richardson in his travels has given a most interesting narrative of the history of this church, and the nature of the ceremonies performed in it. Maundrell's journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem also contains some remarks upon the same subject.

MAFRA.

"Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen;
And church and court did mingle their array,
And mass and revel were alternate seen—
Lordlings and frères—ill-sorted fry I ween!
But here the Babylonian whore hath built
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood that she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to pomp that loves to vanish guilt."
Childe Harold, canto i. st. 29.

"About ten miles to the right of Cintra," says Lord Byron, in a letter to his mother, "is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence, without elegance. There is a convent annexed: the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin; so that we had a long conversation. They have a large library, and asked me if the English had any books in their country."

The palace of Mafra is one of those numerous examples of magnificent structures raised in consequence of vows made during the sufferings or embarrassments of those who had the power to perform them; John V. (the fourth monarch of the house of Braganza) having, during a dangerous illness, vowed to erect, upon his recovery, a convent for the use of the poorest friary in the kingdom; and finding upon inquiry that this was at Mafra, where twelve Franciscans lived together in a hut, he redeemed his vow, by erecting there, in 1717, the present gorgeous palace.

"Mafra! At this place is an amazing structure—a palace and convent founded by the late king, in consequence of a vow made by him to Saint Anthony; emulating, through vanity and a desire of religious fame, the ostentation of Philip II. who built the Escorial. It is a most stupendous work, but bears not so noble an appearance as the Escorial, though it is much more decorated, and richer in marble. The vestry, consistory, and rectory, are handsome. In the church the altars are costly; and there are many very fine marble columns, each of one block. The convent was originally intended for the Franciscans.

"In the palace are prodigious suites of apartments, as its extent is the external square; the convent and church forming the internal. The room intended for the library is very spacious and handsome. Here centre pride and poverty, folly and arrogance;—a stately palace with bare walls, a sumptuous convent for supercilious priests!"—*Major Dalrymple's Travels in Spain and Portugal*, p. 135.

Murphy, in his "Travels in Portugal," writes thus of Mafra:—"It occupies more ground than the Escorial, and the treasures lavished upon it, if properly applied, would raise a pile much superior to the Escorial in point of architecture; but, unfortunately, the designer of it had neither a mind to conceive, nor a hand to execute, a design for a glebe-house, much less a basilick and royal palace. The name of this mechanic was Frederic Ludovici; he was a native of Germany, and a goldsmith by profession. Having amassed a considerable fortune in executing the gold and silver utensils for the patriarchal church, he was appointed, under the specious title of architect, to design and execute this fabric, through the interest of one of his majesty's ministers, with whom his money had greater weight than his talents.

"The plan of this edifice forms a quadrangle, measuring from east to west 760 feet, and from north to south 670 feet. In the centre of the west front is a sort of an Ionic hexastyle portico, which leads to the church; at each side is a pavilion, one for the accommodation of the royal family, the other for the patriarch and mitred canons. At the rear of the building is a monastery with three hundred cells. It has also a college, instituted in 1772, by Joseph I."

Mr. Murphy, as an architect, may quarrel justly with the style; but none can see the Palace of Mafra without being struck with its vastness and the magnificent grandeur of its lengthened façade, in Mr. D. Roberts' beautiful drawing. This vastness is admirably given by the fine effect of throwing a mass of shadow across the middle of the building, as if a cloud could only obscure a part of it at the same moment.

Whilst upon this subject, we cannot forego publishing a most humorous description of the present in-

cumbent, contained in an account of a Royal Marriage by proxy.

U. S. S. John Adams,
Lisbon, January 7, 1836.

The present year, at this place, opened with much Court ceremony; it was ushered in by the nuptials of the Queen of Portugal, who was married by proxy, to the Duke of Terceira, who before he could espouse the Queen, was divorced from his own wife, so to remain until the arrival of the true Prince, who is now in London, studying the Portuguese language, to be able to talk to the partner of his throne and heart. I was present at the nuptial rites, which were consummated at the grand Cathedral in presence of the court, the lady attendants, foreign ambassadors, civil and military authorities, and privileged guests. Several officers of the American Squadron gained admission through our Charge des Affairs at that place, to whose politeness we were indebted for a view of some after ceremonies which will be noticed in their place.

About 1 o'clock, the Queen, supported by the Ex-Empress of Brazil, entered the Cathedral; her approach was announced by salutes of artillery, bands of music, and ringing of bells: she was preceded by the church dignities, led by the Bishop arrayed in his costly robes, and mitre studded with gems. He waved his hand as he passed, in token of his blessing; his fingers sparkling with jewelry: his attendants held his flowing train as he moved in state along. The Queen was elegantly, though simply dressed; her hair was fastened behind with strings of pearls and diamonds; a comb flaming with diamonds adorned the front of her head:—

On her fair neck a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
A white satin gown, without ornament, contained her round, full, dumpy form, of unmentionable dimensions;—this lady Falstaff, though not yet seventeen, is a widow and in lovely proportions,
As big as a tun,

Or three single gentlemen rolled into one.
She is said to be good natured, but exceedingly weak and childish in conversation. She met the gaze of the thronged assembly with a listless insipidity. The Ex-Empress is allowed to be a woman of fine mind, and well educated, and one who had great influence in shaping the conduct of her late husband. She appears about five and twenty; her manners are dignified, and in form and face possesses uncommon beauty; her expression is intellectual, one which the eye finds an effort to turn from beholding. After the nuptials, royalty and rank withdrew with their train of followers to the Palace of the Queen, where, after various introductory ceremonies, and passing through different suites of rooms, we had the marked honour of being presented to her majesty and the ex-Empress, who received us standing in the hall of audience. Here all appear in full dress, no one approaches the Queen unless of the military, except in the costume of the Court. Towards the close of the presentation, the Brazilian subjects advanced towards the Empress, and had the privilege of kissing her fair hand, which she graciously extended to their lips.

The Palace, which is superbly furnished, is situated in a square, about two miles out of the city: we reached there with considerable difficulty; the streets from the Cathedral to the Palace were one dense mass of men, vehicles, and horses.

I have seen nothing, as yet, to equal the splendour of the Queen's equipage; that of the King of Naples, which I saw in all its pomp, is inferior to it in richness and magnificence.

The next day I received a ticket of admission to the Sessao Real, which procured me a seat in the Palacio das Cortes, where crowds were hastening to hear the speech of the Queen, to be delivered by herself, before

the assembled delegates. When the door of the Palacio was thrown open, torrents of people poured through, and in few minutes the galleries were thronged with citizens and officers. At 12 o'clock the Queen entered, in regal pomp, ascended the throne, and read from a paper presented her, a speech: though dead silence reigned, no sound was heard, but a sort of hissing which held the assembly mute for some 15 or 20 minutes. Her majesty probably understood about as much of what she was attempting to read, as we, at respectful distance, who could not hear, nor know if we could, the language she used. The beams of the sun shone full upon the Queen as she stood reading the paper? from her hair, radiant with gems, shot myriads of jewel sparks; her neck was alive with lustre—she literally was in a blaze of diamonds. The Empress sat above, and looked upon the scene with much seeming indifference. When the Queen quit the palace, curiosity was still on tip-toe, to see her depart, which she did, to the gazing amazement of the multitude, a part of whom were her tattered subjects, begging through the streets. Thus ended the drama. At night, the San Carlo was crowded to get another glimpse of the Queen; she, however, did not appear, satisfied, I suppose, with the part she had taken in the scenes of the day. For my part, I had had enough of greatness, and went back fully satisfied with what I had seen.—*Boston Traveller.*

Selected for the Saturday Evening Post.

ELEGY.

On the death of a lady who suddenly departed this life while her consort was absent beyond the sea.

Partner of my joy and sorrow,
Whither, whither hast thou fled;
Oh! the scene of desolation!
Home, a mansion of the dead!
Yesterday, my babes were prattling?
Mirthful, in the merry room—
Kindest mother watching o'er them—
All is now sepulchral gloom.

Pleasant was the light of morning,
Joy sat smiling on the scene;
Happy hours of contemplation,
Now what horrors intervene.

Cruel fate! why didst thou tempt me,
O'er the torrid clime to roam,
To feel affliction's sudden power,
In a desolated home?

Partner of my joy and sorrow,
Whither, whither hast thou fled;
To the realms of peace eternal—
By the guardian angel led.

Thou hast joined the seraph choir,
Who with sweet symphonious lays,
In Jehovah's holy presence,
Chant his everlasting praise.

We must soon prepare to follow—
Yes, and all must soon prepare—
Scenes of bliss! shall we behold them,
Shall we in their glories share?

Rest thee, blessed spirit—rest thee;
All thy earthly woes are o'er,
Now receive the crown immortal—
Praise thy God for evermore.

EDWIN.

Loneliness is attractive to men of reflection, not so much because they like their own thoughts, as because they dislike the thoughts of others. Solitude ceases to charm, the moment we can find a single being whose ideas are more agreeable to us than our own.

FRANKLIN AND GOVERNOR BURNET.

Ben had just returned from assisting to put poor Collins to bed, when the captain of the vessel which had brought him to New York, stepped up and in a very respectful manner put a note into his hand, Ben opened it, not without considerable agitation and read as follows:—

'G. Burnet's compliments await young Mr. Franklin—and should be glad of half an hour's chat with him over a glass of wine.'

'G. Burnet!' said Ben, 'who can that be?'

'Why 'tis the governor,' replied the captain, with a smile.—'I have just been to see him, with some letters I brought him from Boston. And when I told him what a world of books you have, he expressed curiosity to see you, and begged I would return with you to his palace.'

Ben instantly set off with the captain, but not without a sigh as he cast a look on the door of poor Collins' bed-room, to think what an honour that wretched young man had lost for the sake of two or three vile gulps of filthy grog.

The Governor's looks at the approach of Ben, showed somewhat a disappointment. He had it seems, expected considerable entertainment from Ben's conversation. But his fresh and ruddy countenance showed him so much younger than he had counted on, that he gave up all his promised entertainment as a lost hope. He received Ben, however, with great politeness, and after pressing on him a glass of wine, took him into an adjoining room, which was his library, consisting of a large and well chosen collection.

Seeing the pleasure which sparkled in Ben's eyes, as he surveyed so many elegant authors, and thought of the rich stores of knowledge which they contained, the governor with a smile of complacency, as on a young pupil of science, said to him:—

'Well, Mr. Franklin, I am told by the captain here, you have a fine collection too.'

'Only a trunk full, sir,' said Ben.

'A trunk full, sir!' replied the governor, 'why what can you have for so many books?—Young people at your age, have seldom read beyond the tenth chapter of Nehemiah.'

'I can boast,' replied Ben, 'of having read a great deal beyond that myself; but still, I should be sorry if I could not get a trunk full of books to read every six months.'

At this the governor, regarding him with a look of surprise said:—

'You must then, though so young, be a scholar; perhaps a teacher of the languages.'

'No, sir,' answered Ben, 'I know no language but my own.'

'What not Latin nor Greek?'

'No, sir, not a word of either.'

'Why don't you think them necessary?'

'I don't set myself up as a judge—but I should not suppose them necessary.'

'Aye! well, I should like to hear your reason.'

'Why, sir, I am not competent to give reasons that may satisfy a gentleman of your learning, but the following are the reasons with which I satisfy myself. I look on language, sir, merely as arbitrary sounds of characters, whereby men communicate their ideas to each other. Now I already possess a language which capable of conveying more ideas than I shall ever acquire, were it not wiser in me to improve my time in sense through that one language than waste it in getting mere sounds through fifty languages, even if I could learn as many!'

Here the governor paused a moment, though not without a little red on his cheeks, for having only a minute before put Ben and chapter X. of Nehemiah

so close together. However, catching a new idea he took another start:—

'Well, but, my dear sir, you certainly differ from the learned world, which is, you know, decidedly in favour of the languages?'

'I would not wish wantonly to differ from the learned world,' said Ben, 'especially when they maintain opinions that seem to me founded in truth. But when this is not the case, to differ from them, I have ever thought my duty; and especially since I studied Locke.'

'Locke!' cried the governor with surprise, 'you studied Locke.'

'Yes, sir, I studied Locke on the Understanding three years ago when I was thirteen?'

'You amaze me, sir. You study Locke on the Understanding at thirteen?'

'Yes sir, I did.'

'Well and pray at what college did you study Locke at thirteen; for at Cambridge college in Old England, where I got my education, they never allowed the senior class to look at Locke till at eighteen?'

'Why, sir, it was my misfortune never to be at a college, nor even a grammar school, except nine months, when I was a child?'

Here the governor sprang from his seat, and starting at Ben; cried out:—

'The devil! well, and where—where did you get your education, pray?'

'At home, sir, in a tallow-chandler's shop.'

'In a tallow-chandler's shop?' screamed the governor.

'Yes, sir, my father was a poor old tallow-chandler with sixteen children and I the youngest of all, at eight he put me to school, but finding he could not spare the money from the rest of the children to keep me there, he took me home in the shop, where I assisted him by twisting the candle-wicks and filling the moulds all day, and at night I read by myself. At twelve, my father bound me to my brother, a printer in Boston, and with him I worked there all day at press and case, and again read by myself at night.'

Here the governor spanking his hands together put up a loud whistle while his eye-balls, wild with surprise, rolled about in their sockets as if in a mighty mind to hop out.

'Impossible young man!' he exclaimed; 'impossible you are only sounding my credulity. I can never believe the one half of all this.' Then turning to the captain, he said:—'Captain, you are an intelligent man, and from Boston; pray tell me, can this young man here be aiming at any thing but to quiz me?'

'No, indeed, please your excellency,' replied the captain, 'Mr. Franklin is not quizzing you; he is saying what is really true, for I am acquainted with his father and family.'

The governor then turning to Ben, said more moderately:—'Well, my dear wonderful boy, I ask your pardon for doubting your word; and now pray tell me, for I feel a stronger desire than ever to hear your objection to learning the dead languages.'

'Why, sir, I object to it principally on account of the shortness of human life. Taking them one with another, men do not live above forty years. Plutarch, indeed, puts it only thirty-three. But say forty. Well, of this full ten years are lost in childhood, before any boy thinks of a Latin grammar. This brings the forty down to thirty. Now of such a moment as this to spend five or six years in learning the dead languages, especially when all the best books in those languages, are translated into ours, and besides we already have more books on every subject than such short lived creatures can ever acquire seems very preposterous.'

'Well, but what are you to do with their great poets, Virgil and Homer, for example; I suppose you would not think of translating Homer out of his rich

native Greek into our poor, homespun English, would you?"

"Why not, sir?"

"Why, I should as soon think of transplanting a pine apple from Jamaica to Boston."

"Well, sir, a skilful gardener, with his hot-house, can give us nearly as fine a pine apple as any in Jamaica.—And so Mr. Pope with his fine imagination, has given us Homer in English, with more of his beauties than ordinary scholars would find in him after forty years study of the Greek. And besides, sir, if Homer was not translated, I am far from thinking it would be worth spending five or six years to learn to read him in his own language."

"You differ from the critics, Mr. Franklin, for the critics all tell us that his beauties are inimitable too."

"Yes, sir, and the naturalists tell us that the beauties of the basilisk are imitable too."

"The basilisk, sir! Homer compared with the basilisk! I really don't understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean, sir, that as the basilisk is the more to be dreaded from the beautiful skin that covers his poison, so is Homer; for the bright colourings he throws over bad characters and passions. Now, as I don't think the beauties of poetry are comparable to those of philanthropy, nor a thousandth part so important to human happiness, I must confess I dread Homer, especially as the companion of youth. The humane and gentle virtues are certainly the greatest charms and sweeteners of life. And I suppose sir, you would hardly think of sending your son to Achilles to learn these."

"I agree he has too much revenge in his composition."

"Yes, sir, and when painted in the colours which Homer's glowing fancy lend, what youth but must run the most eminent risk of catching a spark of bad fire from such a blaze as he throws on his pictures?"

"Why this, though an uncommon view of the subject, is, I confess, an ingenious one, Mr. Franklin; but, surely 'tis over-strained."

"Not at all, sir; we are told from good authority, that it was the reading of Homer that first put it into the head of Alexander the Great to become a hero; and after him of Charles XII. What millions of creatures have been slaughtered by these two great butchers is not known: but still probably not a tythe of what have perished in duels, between individuals from pride and revenge nursed by reading Homer."

"Well, sir," replied the governor, "I never heard the prince of bards treated in this way before. You must certainly be singular in your charges against Homer."

"Ask your pardon, sir; I have the honour to think of Homer exactly as did the greatest philosopher of antiquity; I mean Plato, who strictly forbade the reading of Homer to his republic. And yet Plato was a heathen. I don't boast myself as a Christian; and yet I am shocked at the inconsistency of our Latin and Greek teachers (generally Christians and divines too) who can one day put Homer into the hands of their pupils, and in the midst of their recitations can stop them short to point out *divine beauties and sublimities* which the poet gives to his hero in the bloody work of slaughtering the poor Trojans: and the next day take them to church to hear a discourse from Christ on the blessedness of meekness and forgiveness. No wonder that hot-livered young men, thus educated, should despise meekness and forgiveness as mere coward's virtues, and nothing so glorious as fighting duels and blowing out brains."

Here the governor came to a pause, like a gamester and his last trump. But perceiving Ben cast his eye on a splendid copy of Pope, he suddenly seized that as a *fine* opportunity to turn the conversation. So stepping up he placed his hand on his shoulder and in a very familiar manner said:—

"Well Mr. Franklin, there's an author that I am sure you'll not quarrel with; an author that I think you'll pronounce *faultless*."

"Why, sir," replied Ben, "I entertain a most exalted opinion of Pope; but still, sir, I think he is not without his faults."

"It would puzzle you, I suspect, Mr. Franklin, as keen a critic as you are, to point out one."

"Well, sir," answered Ben, hastily turning to the place, "what do you think of this famous couplet of Mr. Pope's:—

Immodest words admit of defence,

For want of decency is want of sense."

"I see no fault there."

"No indeed!" replied Ben, "why now to my mind a man can ask no better excuse for any thing he does wrong than his *want of sense*."

"How so?"

"Well, sir, if I might presume to alter a line in this great poet I would do it in this way:—

Immodest words admit but *this* defence,

That want of decency is want of sense."

Here the governor caught Ben in his arms, as a delighted father would his son, calling out at the same time to the captain:—

"How greatly am I obliged to you, sir, for bringing me to an acquaintance with this charming boy! Oh, what a delightful thing it would be for us old fellows to converse with sprightly youth, if they were but all like him! But the worst of it is, most parents are blind as bats to the true glory and happiness of their children. Most parents never look higher for their sons than to see them dveling like muck-worms for money; or hopping about like jay-birds, in fine feathers.—Hence their conversation is generally no better than froth or nonsense."

After several other handsome compliments on Ben, and the captain expressing a wish to be going, the governor shook hands with Ben, begging at the same time that he would forever consider him as one of his fastest friends and also never came to New York without coming to see him.

A DELICIOUS PICTURE.

From the Legends of the Conquest of Spain.

BY W. IRVING.

The beautiful daughter of Count Julian was received with great favour by the Queen Exilona, and admitted among the noble dames that attended upon her person. Here she lived in honour and apparent security, and surrounded by innocent delights. To gratify his Queen, Don Roderick had built, for her rural recreation, a palace without the walls of Toledo, on the banks of the Tagus. It stood in the midst of a garden, adorned after the luxurious style of the East. The air was perfumed by fragrant shrubs and flowers, the groves resounded with the song of the nightingale, while the gush of fountains and waterfalls, and the distant murmur of the Tagus, made it a delightful retreat during the sultry days of summer. The charm of perfect privacy also reigned throughout the place, for the garden walls were high, and numerous guards kept watch without to protect it from all intrusion.

One sultry day, the King, instead of taking his usual siesta, or mid day slumber, repaired to this apartment, to seek the society of the Queen. In passing through a small oratory, he was drawn by the sound of female voices to a casement over-hung with myrtles and jasmines. It looked into an interior garden, or court, set out with orange trees, in the midst of which was a marble fountain, surrounded by a grassy bank, embowered with flowers. It was the high noon of a summer day, when, in sultry Spain, the landscape

trembles to the eye, and all nature seeks repose, except the grasshopper, that pipes his lulling note to the herdsman, as he sleeps beneath the shade. Around the fountain were several of the damsels of the Queen, who, confident of the sacred privacy of the place, were yielding, in that cool retreat, to the indulgence prompted by the season and the hour. Some lay asleep on the flowery bank; others sat on the margin of the fountain, talking and laughing, as they bathed their feet in its limpid waters, and King Roderick beheld their delicate limbs shining through the wave, that might rival the marble in whiteness. Among the damsels, was one who had come from the Barbary coast with the Queen. Her complexion had the dark tinge of Mauritania, but it was clear and transparent, and the deep, rich rose blushed through the lovely brown. Her eyes were black and full of fire, and flashed from under long, silken eye lashes.—A sportive contest arose among the maidens, as to the comparative beauty of the Spanish and Moorish forms; but the Mauritanian damsel revealed limbs of voluptuous symmetry, that seemed to defy all rivalry. The Spanish beauties were on the point of giving up the contest, when they bethought themselves of the young Florida, the daughter of Count Julian, who lay on the grassy bank, abandoned to a summerslumber. The soft glow of youth and health mantled on her cheek; her fringing eyelashes scarcely covered the sleeping orbs; her moist and ruby lips were lightly parted, just revealing a gleaming of her ivory teeth; while her innocent bosom rose and fell beneath her boddice, like the gentle swelling and sinking of a tranquil sea. There was a breathing tenderness and beauty in the sleeping virgin that seemed to send forth sweetness like the flowers around her.

"Behold!" cried her companions exultingly, "the champion of Spanish beauty."

In their playful eagerness they half disrobed the innocent Florida before she was aware. She awoke in time, however, to escape from their busy hands; but enough of her charms had been revealed to convince the monarch that they were not to be rivalled by the rarest beauties of Mauritania.—From this day the heart of Roderick was inflamed with a fatal passion. He gazed on the beautiful Florida with fervid desire, and sought to read in her looks whether there was lewdity of wantonness in her bosom; but the eye of the damsel ever sunk beneath his gaze, and remained bent on the earth in virgin modesty. It was in vain he called to mind the sacred trust reposed in him by the Count Julian, and the promise he had given to watch over his daughter with paternal care; his heart was ravaged by sensual indulgence, and the consciousness of power had rendered him selfish in the gratifications. Being one evening in the garden where the Queen was diverting herself with her damsels, and coming to the fountain where he beheld the innocent maidens at their sport, he could no longer restrain the passion that raged within his breast. Seating himself beside the fountain, he called Florida to him to draw forth a thorn which had pierced his hand. The maiden knelt at his feet, to examine his hand, and the touch of her slender fingers thrilled through his veins. As she knelt, too, her amber locks fell in rich ringlets about her beautiful head, her innocent bosom palpitated beneath the crimson boddice, and her timid blushes increased the effulgence of her charms.

When you visit the cities indulge yourself in all its rare sights and sober pleasures. Examine whatever is new in art, or curious in science. Seek out the best pictures; see the best statues; explore the best museums; hear the best speakers in the courts of law, the best preachers in the church, and the best orators wherever they may be found: attend the best lectures, and visit the best company.

CAPTAIN KIDD.

The notorious Captain Kidd, on returning from an inland exploring expedition, one cold afternoon in December, accidentally came upon the body of a man who had been frozen to death in the forest. As he felt little interest in the comings and goings of mortality, any further than his own existence and that of his associate outlaws was concerned, he would probably have passed the corpse of the unfortunate man, with a single punch of his staff, had not a pair of new pegged cowhide boots, which graced the legs of the defunct, presented an enviable superiority when contrasted with his own ragged and solesless brogans. Upon this hint he pulled—but the boots clung to their owner's legs with such an affectionate grasp, that he was unable to start them. After taking breath, he tried them again, toe and heel, first one and then the other; at length, tired of practising the boot-jack with so little success, he had nearly got the better of his covetous thought when he hit upon the happy expedient of taking boots, legs and all, and thawing them out at his leisure. At it he went, slashing away right and left, a very expeditious, if not a skilful surgeon, making the knife with which he usually cut his food, do glorious service on the legs of the frozen unknown; a few moments made a sad cripple of the carcass, and stowing away the prize in his empty provision bag, Kidd began to "leg it" seawards at a rapid pace.

In spite of all his speed, however, he was benighted some eight or ten miles from the place where he expected to meet his associates. Being in no great haste to reach his destination, he concluded to halt for the night, at a little collection of houses on the edge of the forest, and push on again at the dawn of day. He rapped at the door of the nearest habitation, and was welcomed with a hearty "Walk in." And in he went. A little old woman, done up in a black bombazine gown and an enormous cotton frizzle cap, with a dirty looking yellow ribbon dangling around it,

"Like sea weed around a clam,"

and a queer looking old man, arrayed in a snuff coloured bob-tail coat, and a pair of aged hunting breeches, sat crouching over a fire of sappy sizzling wood, in the opposite corner of a spacious fire-place. On the hearth a huge Newfoundland dog, and a couple of very decent sized cats, lay stretching at full length, enjoying a most delightful snooze. Kidd threw down his provision bag in one corner of the room, and hauled a chair into the domestic circle, round the fire. After taking a "cold bite," and discussing matters and things for an hour or two, over a mug of cider and a noggin of apples, old Contentment and his wife crawled off to bed in an adjoining room, and left the Captain to take his repose on a heap of rugs and skins beside the fire—the best extra lodgings the house afforded. Accordingly, he extended his frame on the humble pallet, and soon fell into a gentle doze.

He dreamed—and the events of the previous day shaped the images that distrusted his mind.—He imagined he was chased by more than a hundred human legs, with new boots on, and whenever he sought shelter from those bodiless enemies he found himself surrounded by as many men hobbling about on stumps of legs! At length he imagined himself fairly cornered, the legs began to kick him, and the men beat him with their fists. In his exertions to release himself from his imaginary enemies, he extended his right arm with great force, and knocked a light stand, which stood near, half way across the room.

"What's the matter there Mister?"—cried old Contentment in the bed room.

"B-u-h! b-u-h! growled the dog in the sink room—and all was still again.

"Dreaming of legs and boots," thought Kidd, now wide awake, "puts me in mind of a very nice set that

I saw a chap lugging home yesterday, in a bag—froze some to be sure—but warm water will fetch them to rights; by the way, I guess I'll see what effect the fire will have on 'em."

With this reflection, he rose from his couch as carefully as possible, and placing his new boots near the fire, crept back to his nest, and slept like a stage horse till morning.

When he awoke it was broad day light,—much later than he intended to have remained in the village. He was off, quicker than ever a fly left a mustard pot, without saying a word to his host. In his hurry, he forgot his baggage, and neglected to close doors and windows after him. The savoury smell of the thawing legs, soon invited the great lubberly house dog and his feline associates into the kitchen, and after some preliminary sniffs and sly glances at each other they made a glorious attack on these agreeable delicacies, sparing neither boot nor bone, in their eagerness to get a proper share. When the folks rose, the floor was covered with bones, and bedaubed with blood; one of the legs was most "catawampously chewed up," and the trio were making mince meat of the other amazingly fast.

"Oh! Lud!" screamed the lady who was first on the docket, what upon the air is the matter?"

"What is't ails ye?" said the old man, half awake.

"Oh, mercy! mercy! the dog is eating up the traveller!—get out, Bose!"

The old man jumped out of bed as if touched with a red hot iron. One look at the scene of carnage was sufficient. He darted through the room, into the street in his night dress, bellowing something or other, he hardly knew what himself—and the sight of a man in such a predicament at such a time, making such a tremendous racket, soon roused all the neighbours within half a mile, and collected a crowd of gaping auditors at the door of the house, to whom the story of the traveller's fate was related for the fifteenth time; and they retired, one after another, believing to a man that the hero of our tale had been devoured by a dog!

[From the Portland Magazine.]

SLANDER.

Every one who is not able to do without the good opinion of the public, is liable to be injured by the words, looks, and actions of others. There are but few of either sex, who are so independent of society, as not to be injured by the opinion it may entertain of them. Almost every one is dependent, in a general degree, on his individual efforts for a livelihood and for happiness. But whatever be his occupation, he cannot be countenanced, unless he is, to some extent, furnished with the requisite qualification of character. But for such character he must rely on public opinion.

Of all wars, that which marshals the evil passion of human nature to attack private character, is the most to be feared and deprecated. Yet this war, which is so destructive in every society, is scarcely regarded as an evil. Men plunge the dagger into the bosom of their neighbor's reputation and enjoy it as a kind of pastime—an innocent amusement. They are not aware that the slaughter is no less dreadful because the sound of the trumpet and the drum—the thunder of the cannon—the clash of armour—and the groans of the dying, fall not on the astonished ear.

But be not deceived. An engine of death, far more destructive than that which flew at the command of a Caesar, an Alexander, or a Buonaparte, is now throwing its poisoned arrows through all ranks of society. When the hostile armies of nations meet—the struggle of death ensues—victory crowns the one side or the other, and the two nations are again at peace. The arrow that has been shot, falls to be shot no more. The spear that is thrown is blunted, never to be sharpened again—the fall that has swept its course of death through the ranks of the foe, is

buried in the ground to be used no more in bloodshed. But the implement of moral death, launched from that engine, the tongue, more insidious, more destructive than all the martial apparatus of the field of Marathon, is destined not to fall to the ground when it has killed its man; but to urge its way through all ranks of society, with the rapidity of an electric shock. Yet not like the thunder-bolt that splits the oak or the rock, and then disappears in the great reservoir of electric fire, leaving the heavens purer and brighter than before—but destined, like some deadly disease, to poison the life-blood of whole generations of beings yet to be born, or like the earthquake that changes the face of the globe, burying whole towns in a dead sea of noxious exhalations, substituting the frightful abyss for the lofty mountain—barren wastes for fruitful fields and vineyards.

Such is the effect of slanderous speaking, and such is the evil which pure benevolence calls upon us to suppress. And such the evil for the prevention of which we should league together and act as one solid body. We rejoice much, that the world is so widely blessed with societies for meliorating the moral and intellectual condition of man. But we have yet to do something for ourselves—to do much at home, here in our streets, and at our fire sides. We have given our charity to the support of the poor. Our money has crossed the ocean for the relief of the heathen. We have helped to build hospitals for the relief of the sick—the blind—the deaf—the dumb. We have formed ourselves into societies for the suppression of intemperance, and sworn by our signature, if no thing better, that we will neither touch, taste nor handle even the inoffensive wine that is pressed from the currant or grape, ripened in the pure sunshine of heaven, and sanctified, when in Cana of Galilee, the conscious waters saw their Lord and blushed. We associate for the purpose of protecting our houses from the flames—our ships from the dangers of the deep. But throughout the whole world, perhaps, there is not a society whose object is the suppression of scandal, the bridling of the tongue, and removing the thorns from our neighbor's pillow. We have not what is of more value to the poor and the rich than every thing besides, a *mutual moral insurance company*—a society for the protection of the reputation. A society whose members shall swear that they will sustain from the worst of intemperance—the giving utterance to any suspicion, report or other means of conveying ideas, that shall, according to their opinion, be likely to injure the character or feeling of others.

We believe the majority of our readers will support us in saying that great injury is done to society, both in regard to its feelings and property, by a too careless use of the gift of speech. Money is not all we want. We want peace of mind within ourselves; a fair understanding with our neighbor and something for our hands to do with all their might. And he who interferes with these blessings is inflicting a wanton injury on us and on society at large. Notwithstanding this evident truth, there is scarcely any one who has not suffered in consequence of false report. It is bad enough for a rich man to be calumniated, who can live in some degree independent of the rest of the world. But when a poor person, dependent on the character he sustains in the estimation of the public, for the support of himself or his family, is thrown out of employ by a malicious slander, we pronounce it the vilest robbery that can prey upon humanity.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which nothing enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

This war on character is constantly going on. Every day slays its thousands, not to be removed to the silent tomb and be forgotten, but to be excluded from the sympathies of their fellows, and placed on the list of the vicious and worthless members of society.

We speak of many a sufferer. Of the maid who has been unable to procure a place by reason of some mistress who did not know how to give her a good character, or who, from motives of revenge, has purposely given her a bad one.

We speak of the innocent female, whose only fault is in the eye of the slanderer, that she has no fault, and whose heart has been rent with anguish by the report of the enemy that her character was not as spotless as the

unfallen snow, and who has been shut out from the pleasures, duties and honors of society, by some careless word which has gone through the circles of those who are and are not acquainted with her, and doomed her to a seclusion from which the most angelic virtue is scarcely sufficient to reclaim her.

We speak of the rich man, who has been falsely branded with the name of being *misery* and *mean*, because he has the prudence to estimate the claims of those who apply to him for a portion of his gold—of him who has, for aught we know, relieved thousands from their distresses, in the unostentatious way pointed out to him by the Divine Legislator on the subject of charity and benevolence, who will not allow us to let the left hand know what the right does.

We speak of the professional man—the lawyer who has been accused of an inability to do justice to his client and been doomed to remain in the lower rank of his profession—of the physician whose want of skill has been falsely trumpeted through the circle of his practising opponents—of the merchant who has been turned out of business and his family into the street, by some fiendish report that he was not on a proper standing with his creditors.

It is also well known to us all that much evil has often arisen from a hasty and unfair interpretation of the conduct of our neighbor. And if this is a source of one of the many evils we have to correct, we think it is fairly within the province of benevolence to attempt to apply a remedy as soon as possible. If we give a meaning to the words of another which he did not intend to convey by them, we must certainly do him injustice.

We are capable of doing a person infinite mischief by repeating his words in a tone different from that in which they were uttered, by substituting a rising for a falling inflection of the voice—by a higher or lower pitch—a quicker or a slower movement—by a gesture of the hand, a little more or less fire of the eye—by the omission or insertion of a single word—by connecting the sentence with a different train of thought from that with which it was originally joined. We have it in our power to make the most innocent individual the object of suspicion and contempt—we may deprive him of the respect of his fellow men—we may disturb the peace of a family—break up the harmony of a neighborhood—put a whole State into disorder and eventually revolutionize the whole earth. Great effects result from little causes. Witness the commotion into which whole towns have been thrown by the careless, perhaps malicious, report of the words of another. Friends have immediately become enemies—neighbors are arrayed against neighbors—and thousands of evils, too numerous to be related, have followed in the train of one false representation. And this is natural enough. The world is moved by thought. No one knows the extent of his influence. Words are to different minds, what sparks are to magazines of powder scattered at catching distances throughout the various parts of the world. A single spark, lighting accidentally in some obscure corner, ignites the great circuit of destruction, and towns, cities, states and kingdoms are all involved in one promiscuous ruin.

Such being the effect of words, it becomes those who would exert the highest species of benevolence towards society, to be careful, not only what they say, but how they report what is said by others. If the utterance of a single word is capable of destroying the peace of a family or a neighborhood, and of making enemies of thousands for life and for successive generations, then, surely he who abstains from the utterance of such words, does an act of benevolence which outweighs all other charities he can possibly bestow.

Now we all know that there is no town in which much mischief has not been done in the way above mentioned. We every day hear that such or such a family are not on speaking terms—this or that gentleman are at swords' points—this gentleman and that lady do not see each other when they meet in the same street, because some Paul Fry has dropped in and told the one, that somebody had said something, I won't tell what, about the other.

We have all suffered enough in this way to become wise. Let us now begin to reform. Let us form ourselves into a grand benevolent society for the promotion of the right interpretation of the words, looks, and actions of one another.

As regards the meaning of the words, let us not settle

it, till we have heard them, or till they have been uttered.

In regard to looks, let us be certain whether they mean any thing at all, and if so, whether meant for us, and if for us, let us suppose they are meant for good and not for evil. If our neighbor does not see us in the street, let us presume either that he is near sighted, and therefore excusable; or attending to his own business, and therefore excusable most assuredly.

If his face wears the marks of discontent, let us presume that the chief cause of it is the view of himself, and not for us.

If the greetings of the afternoon do not correspond with the promises of the morning, let us suppose that a deficiency of respect for us, is the necessary consequence of an abundant regard for his dinner. He who gives two thirds of his attention to another, cannot give more than half as much to us.

If we perceive that our neighbor does not walk at the same rate; or in the same gait as ourselves, let us conclude that he has his reason for it—that nature has made him to take a longer or a shorter step than others, and that it would be exceedingly inconvenient, as well as unnatural for him to overstep, alter or understep, the measure of nature.

In short, to be serious, let us learn not to judge men by the look, the action or the word, of one single day; but let us try to gather up their character from their appearance on various occasions, at remote intervals. I do not know of an individual who would not suffer in reputation, if his character were to be determined by a single aspect. The life of every person must necessarily exhibit a variety. He is surrounded by thousands of circumstances which must produce a correspondent change in the character, the same set of circumstances producing different effects in different individuals. We cannot judge of the day from a single gleam of the morning star, or a solitary glimpse of the fading twilight of evening. We must watch its variety from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.

From the London Journal of Science.

ACCOUNT OF NEW DISCOVERIES.

Made by Captain J. Haddington, in the North Polar Sea.

In the month of April last, the royal society of London held a meeting with a view to farther the researches made by Capt. Parry, and to ascertain to a greater extent the state of the polar regions. Hitherto their efforts had been rendered abortive by the obstruction of the ice; but the meeting came to the conclusion that one more effort should be made, and if that failed, the project should be abandoned entirely. Accordingly they passed a vote that £30,000 should be raised for this object, and that a vessel should be fitted up on a new plan, and the command given to Capt. James Haddington, an experienced navigator, who had long been engaged in successful whaling and sealing voyages. The ship was built of the most substantial materials, copper-sheathed, and completely enclosed in a strong net work of iron, to serve as a defence against the wearing or concussion of the ice; she was likewise provided with two steam engines, one for propelling her as occasion might require, and the other for working a set of saws, so adjusted as to move with astonishing force and rapidity, and to be capable of clearing away the ice, without materially obstructing the progress of the vessel. She was called the *Falmouth*, and a more durable ship was never launched.

Capt. Haddington set sail from Falmouth on the 1st of May last, with a crew of 180 seamen, all hardy and experienced hands, who had been employed before in several voyages to the northern seas. Every man was furnished with four thicknesses of stout flannel to serve as an underdress, a fur jacket and overcoat, cap, mittens, and neck tippet. In the ship's cabin were eight furnaces for the purpose of burning sea coal.—Accompanying the expedition were Dr. Wm. Bently, F. R. S., Mr. John Goldsbury, A. M. of Oxford Uni-

versity, and several other scientific gentlemen of high attainments in geology and natural history. The Falmouth arrived on the southern coast of Greenland, on the 30th of June, without having met with any unusual occurrence, all the hands being in good health and fine spirits. They stopped a short time to refit, some of the hands in the mean time amusing themselves with catching seals and shooting bears. The weather, however, becoming more intensely cold, they began to be more reluctant to venture abroad, and Capt. Haddington not wishing to delay the voyage, set sail again in a north by west direction. He was now compelled to make use of the clearing engine, and found it to answer a very good purpose. In two or three instances the ship came near being foundered by the ice bergs, several of which had accumulated to the height of 800 feet. He however, escaped them by passing rapidly between them. The intense brilliancy of the northern lights enabled him to prosecute his plans, and although the thermometer stood below the freezing point, yet such was the clearness and serenity of the water, that they as yet experienced no very sensible inconvenience. Owing to the obstructions of the ice their progress was now greatly retarded, being enabled to make a headway of only about 40 miles in 24 hours, sometimes getting into an open sea, and at others being impeded by the ice. The men became rather averse to staying long upon deck in consequence of the increasing cold, and Captain Haddington found it necessary to change hands at short intervals during the remainder of the voyage.—He reached the northern extremity of Greenland on the 2d of August. Here the cold was so intense that the spirits froze in the cabin, and the men were subject to bleeding at the mouth and nose. The weather moderating, he determined to persevere, and succeeded with the utmost difficulty, in gaining three hundred miles farther than had ever yet been explored.

On the 12th of August, Capt. Haddington reached an island lying between six and eight deg. n. lat. and almost entirely hemmed in with immense barriers of ice, there being only a narrow opening at its extreme southwestern cape. From the observations made with the telescope, Dr. Bently supposed the island to be about one hundred miles in length and seventy in width, and to have reached within six degrees of the north pole. It was inhabited near the cape, by a few people who resembled the Greenlanders, being rather shorter in stature, and more fleshy. They lived upon seals and white bears, and dwelt under ground. The summer here was very short, there being only twelve days in which vegetation could grow. The natives carried hunting implements such as bows and spears made of whale bone, which they used with great dexterity. They were, however, intolerably stupid, and seldom crept out of their burrows except when hunger compelled them. The coast was bleak and rocky, and such was the power of the frost, that the rocks lay scattered in broken fragments, and the noise produced by their constant explosion resembled the alternate firing of a battery of cannon. Dr. Bently found them to be principally green stone, trap, and basaltic. They discovered a mountain within twenty miles of this bleak coast, which they called Mount Notus. Its altitude was about 3000 ft. and was ascertained to be volcanic. The island was called Haddington, in honor of the persevering navigator, and the cape was named by Dr. Bently Cape Norland. The only vegetable productions discovered were a few stunted firs, and a species of moss, lichen, and laurel. A bird resembling the wild goose was occasionally seen, and a quadruped like the fox, except that its fur was three times as long, and thick like swansdown, having the fineness and whiteness of the purest ermine. White bears were very frequent.

Capt. Haddington, not deeming it advisable to re-

main long in this high and dangerous latitude, pursued his course homeward as speedily as possible, and arrived at Falmouth on the first of October, having obtained a proximity of five degrees nearer the pole, than any navigator had ever before had the boldness to reach, not excepting even Capt. Parry. Both Dr. Bently and Mr. Goldsbury, made calculations with such accuracy as to be perfectly satisfied that there could be no opening at the pole, but that beyond the island there was one vast bed of ice, and a frozen basin surrounding the pole, where the sun is never seen, its rays being intercepted by the mountains, which are constantly forming by the accumulation of snows that never thaw and are frozen into marble.

Childhood and its Visitors.

BY B. L. BULWER.

Once upon a time, when sunny May,
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Before a bank of blushing flowers,
Happy—he knew not whence or how,
And smiling—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than childhood's brow
Was the gay heaven that laughed above him.

Old Time came hobbling in his wrath,
And that green valley's calm invaded;
The brooks grew dry beneath his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded:
A Grecian tomb stood full in sight,
And that Old Time began to batter;
But Childhood watch'd his paper kite,
Nor heeded he one whit the matter.

With curling lip and eye askance,
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute!
But Childhood's archly simple glance
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Again spread forth his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale cypress-crown'd, night's woful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup,
Full to the brim of bitter water;
Says Childhood—"Madam, what's your name?"
And when the belldame muttered "Sorrow,"
Then cried, "Don't interrupt my game;
I prithee, call again to-morrow."

The muse of Pindus hither came,
And wooed him with the softest numbers,
That every scattered wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers.
Though sweet the lyre and sweet the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle:
"Good gracious!" cried he, "send away
That noisy woman with a fiddle!"

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last forever;
She talked of all the wondrous laws,
Which nature's open book discloses;
But Childhood, when she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses,
Sleep on, sleep on!—Pale manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure;
Of glory's toils, ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love or hoarded treasure;
But to the couch where Childhood lies,
A pure unmingled trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
And glimpses of remembered heaven.

From the Saturday Evening Post. THEATRE ST. CHARLES, NEW ORLEANS.

Imagine yourself in this great city, standing with your face fronting the south, on St. Charles between Gravier and Poydras streets. Before you, rising in majesty, is the Theatre St. Charles, occupying a line of one hundred and thirty feet, running back one hundred and eighty. The whole elevation is seventy feet. Along the front, extends a magnificent portico, of ten lofty columns, after the Corinthian order, supporting a massive entablature which is surmounted by ten colossal statues, representing the nine muses and the god of music. Above the entablature, a terraced area, the whole length and width of the colonnade, communicates with a saloon one hundred and thirty feet long, twenty-six wide, and twenty-two in height. The front of the building, superior to the portico, is done in the Roman order, supporting an imposing pediment in the same style.

Five spacious entrances lead into a large hall, interspersed with columns after the simple Doric order. This beautiful vestibule rises to the height of twenty feet. On the right, as you enter, is the box office.—Before you is a flight of eighteen steps, leading through three large doors to a semi-circular hall, twelve feet in width, communicating with the pit, parquette, and beignoirs or latticed boxes. The parquette consists of seven passages, parallel with the proscenium, containing each thirty cane bottom maple chairs. An aisle at each end of these passages, furnishes easy access to the seats. The floor is nearly level, yet from all points of the parquette an uninterrupted view of the stage is enjoyed. On either side of the parquette are three large boxes concealed by lattice work. Dorsal to the parquette are the pit and pit lobby, capable of holding five hundred persons. The pit seats are cushioned, and provided with backs. It must be observed here, that two concentric walls rise from the foundation of the building the whole height of the boxes. Between them is the semi-circular hall above alluded to; the pit, lobby, the beignoirs and private boxes are all thrown in advance of this area. The orchestra is fourteen feet in width, running the whole length of the proscenium. It will accommodate fifty musicians, and communicates with a music room on the ground floor, fifty feet long, by twenty-two in width.

But to return by way of the semi-circular hall to the Doric vestibule. On either hand, an elliptical staircase of thirty-four steps, gracefully winds to a large hall decorated with a series of Ionic columns. In the centre of this vestibule is an octagonal balustrade, defending an opening that looks into the hall below. The height of this Ionic square is sixteen feet. An elegant chandelier lighted by gas hangs over the opening from a richly ornamented ceiling.

Mounting a flight of three steps, you are in the main hall of the first tier of boxes, extending semi-circularly around the auditorium. From this hall or lobby, solid mahogany doors after the Grecian style and ornamented with rose wood mouldings, lead to the boudoirs or retiring rooms. The rooms are elegantly furnished, and covered with Brussel's carpeting. From the boudoirs, by removing a crimson curtain, that slides on a burnished rod, you enter the boxes or lodges for the accommodation of the spectators. The floor of the boxes consists of three platforms of easy descent, and sufficiently wide to receive a chair. There are from eleven to twelve chairs in each box. The chairs throughout the house are of the same description as those in the parquette. Every box is carpeted—the proscenium boxes are larger than the rest, and more magnificently furnished. In the first tier are nineteen—each with its boudoir—on this

floor is the ladies' withdrawing room, amply and comfortably furnished. In the semi-circular passage, four stair ways ascend to the second tier of boxes by a flight of twenty-four steps. A similar division of the boxes takes place with those of the first tier, with the exception of the seven centre lodges; which are thrown into an amphitheatre form, furnished with cushioned seats. This space will accommodate upwards of three hundred persons. It is only visited by gentlemen, and the price of admission is on a par with that of the pit.

It is from the floor of the second tier of boxes, that the entrance to the grand saloon is gained by four spacious doors. This room is richly furnished, and adorned with groups of statuary. It is the fashionable promenade, and may be regarded as the *chef d'oeuvre* of architectural elegance. No Theatre in the world can boast of a larger saloon.

From the semi-circular hall, is a continuation of the four stair-ways by twenty-one steps to the third tier. Here is an amphitheatre corresponding to the one in the tier below. On the right and left are boxes with boudoirs, similar to those in the first circle.—Each boudoir in the Theatre is furnished with gas light.

The entrance to the gallery or fourth tier is on the right side of the building, and rises by a flight of ninety-five steps. On this floor over the grand saloon is a large room for the accommodation of the visitors to this part of the house. Continuing along the gallery entrance, you gain access to the music room.—A short stair way will lead you thence to the stage—the first object that attracts your attention is the scenery. From the curtain to the extremity of the stage are nine entrances. The wings have a lateral movement—so that the stage can be narrowed or widened at pleasure. The *fies* or artificial ceiling over the stage varies from twenty to forty feet in elevation. In the representation of Gustavus, or the Masked Ball, a room forty feet high, eighty-two feet wide and ninety-six feet long, is thrown open with a double line of Corinthian columns, extending up the stage.—The whole is illuminated by gas chandeliers. Thus it will be seen, that the stage is capable of all the splendor required in the exhibition of *Grand Spectacle*, and *Historic Tragedy*, wherein, "the pomp, the pride, and circumstance of glorious war," pass across the scene; and when occasion demands, it can be reduced to the limits that comedy, farce, and domestic tragedy require.

On the same floor with the stage, are two green rooms, elegantly furnished. Ascending a winding stair way on either side of the stage, you come to the dressing rooms, wardrobe, paint rooms, scene rooms, &c. There are twenty-six dressing rooms, all being constructed and completed with a view to the accommodation and comfort of the performer. Leaving this immense wilderness of machinery, you will advance to the front of the stage.

The form of the auditorium is that of a slightly elongated semi-circle, with the diameter resting upon the convex segments of two great circles, so as to give a bell-shaped appearance to the boxes. Above the proscenium is a flat elliptic arch, supported in part by a centre of the most approved construction. This arch forms the reverberating base whence the voice is conveyed to all parts of the house. The intrados of the arch are towards the auditorium, forming the segment of a parabola, having for its transverse diameter the front of the building. This magnificent arch of fifty-four feet span rests upon immense abutments, which are prevented from spreading by strong connections at the beds of the first vousoirs.

On either side of the proscenium rise two fluted Corinthian columns, superbly gilded, and supporting an entablature of the same order, vieing in whiteness

and delicacy, with the purest Parian marble. They stand on lofty pedestals that to the eye seem like purple Breccia. From between the columns gracefully curve the fronts of the proscenium boxes, crimsoned, and surmounted by massive brass railings, on which play the richest damask curtains. The front of the boxes presents to the eye, the delicate color of the yellow jessamine flower. 'Tis even softer and more agreeable. Emblematic scrolls, figures, &c. *à la Greque* and *à l'arabesque*, are tastefully arranged along the whole area, displayed by the front of each tier. They are done in burnished gold. The first tier of boxes is supported by a series of fluted columns, after the plain Grecian Doric, with gilded capitals. The architrave is in imitation of variegated marble. Every tier above the first is supported by cast iron columns, perfectly plain. The damask silk drapery that surmounts each box, is beautifully arrayed, the crimson, blue, and yellow, being pleasingly intermingled. Nothing can exceed the splendor and richness of the *coup d'oeil*. The whole auditorium seems to repose in conscious grandeur, and the eye is never satisfied in gazing on such a fairy-like scene.

The ceiling of the house is a great segment of a circle, divided into spherical pannels, richly gilded. In the centre, is a sculptured grillage work in the shape of a dome. From this is suspended one of the most magnificent chandeliers in the world. It weighs two tons, and is fourteen feet in diameter. The light is dispersed through twenty-three thousand pieces of prismatic flint glass, and emanates from one hundred and seventy-five burners. The principal curtain with its never-ending folds, is of red moreen, and raised by pulleys acting at equal distances along its whole length.

The following tabular view of the dimensions of this vast edifice, will give some idea of its magnitude.

Elevation of the front,	70 feet
Front line,	130
Depth,	180
Distance of centre box from curtain,	78
Greatest width of box circle,	71
Height of pit boxes,	9
" of first tier of boxes,	11
" of second tier,	11
" of third tier,	11
" of fourth tier,	10
Whole height of ceiling from the centre of the auditorium,	56
Width of orchestra,	12
Width of curtain,	48
Width of stage from wall to wall,	96
Depth of stage from curtain to wall,	86
Width of proscenium,	53
Height of the centre of the arch from the proscenium,	44
Width and depth of boudoirs,	8 by 10
Depth of boxes,	9
Width of pit and parquette stair-way,	30
Parquette entrances from arcade,	15
Width of box stair-ways,	9
Height of colonade,	33
Width of semi-circular halls,	12
Width and height of principal door-ways,	6 by 9

The architect and superintendent was M. Mondelli, a gentleman, in every way at the head of his profession. He is now the principal artist of the establishment. The corner stone was laid by the proprietor himself on the 9th of May 1835, and under his untiring zeal and watchful eye, the building was opened on Monday evening the 30th of November, in the same year. When entirely finished, it will be one of the most splendid Theatres in the world; under the spirited management of James H. Caldwell, it is a structure of which every liberal-minded man in New Orleans may justly be proud. Nor is it the structure

alone that wins our admiration. It is the production of the legitimate drama, within its walls, by the best actors in the country, since the opening, that bears ample testimony to the object of such a Theatre, and secures our warmest approbation. But a higher proof of Mr. Caldwell's intentions is to be found in the fact, that he has engaged the whole Italian troop, now in this country, and secured the chief talent of the Havana company, at an expense of \$20,000.—The legitimate Opera, opened for the first time at New Orleans, in the month of March. All this is done too, as an experiment, not parsimoniously, but with a liberal hand.

SELECTED.

LINES.

"Written on burning a Packet of Letters."

BY A. A. WATTS.

Relics of love, and life's enchanting spring,
O! hopes born, rainbow like, of smiles and tears;
With trembling hand, do I unloose the string,
Twined round the record of my youthful years.

Yet why preserve, memorials of a dream;
Too bitter—sweet to breathe of aught but pain!
Why court fond memory for a fitful gleam,
Of faded bliss that cannot bloom again!

The thoughts and feelings, these sad relics bring
Back on my heart, I would not now recall;
Since gentle ties, around its pulses cling,
Shall spells less hallowed hold them still in thrall!

Can wither'd hopes that never came to flower,
Match with affections long and dearly tied!
Love, that has lived through many a stormy hour,
Through good and ill,—and time and change defied!

Perish each record, that might wake a thought,
That would be treason, to a faith like this!—
Why should the spectres of past joys be brought,
To fling their shadows o'er my present bliss!

Yet,—ere we part forever,—let me pay
A last, fond tribute to the sainted dead;
Mourn o'er these wrecks of passion's earlier day,
With tears as wild, as once I used to shed.

What gentle words are flashing on my eye!
What tender truths in every line I trace!
Confessions—penn'd with many a deep drawn sigh,
Hopes—like the dove—with but one resting place!

How many a feeling, long—too long—represt,
Like autumn flowers, here opened out at last!
How many a vision of the lonely breast,
Its cherish'd radiance on these leaves hath cast!

And ye, pale violets, where sweet breath had driven
Back on my soul, the dreams I fain would quell;
To whose faint perfume such wild power is given
To call up visions—only lov'd too well.

Ye too must perish!—wherefore now divide,
Tributes of love—first offerings of the heart;
Gifts—that so long have slumbered side by side;
Tokens of feelings, never meant to part!

A long farewell: sweet flowers, sad scrolls, adieu!
Yes, ye shall be companions to the last:
So perish all that would revive anew,
The faithful memories of the faded past!

But lo! the flames are curling swiftly round,
Each fairer vestige of my youthful years;
Page after page, that searching blaze hath found,
Even while I strive to trace them with my tears.

The Hindoo widow, in affection strong,
Dies by her Lord, and keeps her faith unbroken;
Thus perish all which to those wrecks belong,
The living memory—with the lifeless token!

ALL BY THE SHADY GREENWOOD TREE.

THE CELEBRATED SONG,

Sung in the admired English Opera of "The Maid of Judah."

First Solo.



All by the sha-dy Greenwood Tree, The merry merry Archers roam;



Jovial and bold, and e-ver free, They tread their woodland home.



All by the shady Greenwood Tree, The merry, merry Archers roam;

First Chorus.



All by the shady Greenwood Tree, The merry, merry Archers roam;



All by the shady Greenwood Tree, The merry, merry Archers roam;



All by the shady Greenwood Tree, The merry, merry Archers roam;



All by the shady Greenwood Tree, The merry, merry Archers roam;

Jovial and bold, and e-ver free, They tread their woodland home.

Sva... loco

Second Solo.

Roving beneath the moon's soft light, Or in the thick im-bow-ring shade,

List'ning the tale, with dear delight, Of a wand'ring Syl-van maid.

Here repeat First Chorus.

Third Solo.

All by the shad-y greenwood tree. The merry, merry Archers roam:

Jovial and bold, and e-ver free. They tread their woodland home.

Here repeat First Chorus.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

On the Death of Mr. Richard Morgan,
Son of William H. and Sarah Morgan—of Philadelphia.

We look in vain to find thee now,
In spots that thou hast grac'd before;
We miss the brightness of thy brow,
And meet thy welcom'd glance no more.

The sound of thy familiar voice
Is gone—alas!—forever gone—
Where once it made the heart rejoice,
Drear, gloomy silence reigns alone!

We saw decay steal o'er thy form,
And rife all its bloom away—
We saw thee sink, as 'neath the storm
The rose bud sinks in summer's day.

We saw them lay thee cold and low,
Within the grave's dark narrow bed—
Our hearts could scarcely bear the blow—
Our hopes seemed in thy coffin laid.

But thou art gone!—death came to thee,
And winged thy soul to brighter spheres—
Disconsolate, and griev'd are we—
Thy monument, our bitter tears.

One thought sustains us—one alone—
A ray of hope amid despair—
To gaze on heaven, where thou art gone,
And trust, ere long, to meet thee there.

THE TOOTHACHE.

I smoked twelve boxes of cigars,
('Tis nothing but the truth,)
I chewed tobacco full ten pounds,
To sooth my aching tooth.

I filled it up with opium,
I ate not any food,
I swallowed quarts of ague drops,
But ache my grinder would.

At last I said I'd have it out,
And to the dentist went,
But when I sat me in his chair,
I vow I did repent.

But when his bloody instruments
Were ranged before my sight,
I jumped full five feet from the floor,
And yelled with all my might.

"My friend," said he, "I'll draw your tooth
With less degree of pain
Than any dentist in the town!"
And set me down again.

He took hold with his savage things—
I uttered a loud cry:
'Dear sir,' said he, 'I'll hurt you not!'
'Dear sir,' said I, 'you lie!'

He pull'd, he tugg'd—then out it came,
That horrid tooth of mine!
The monster nearly broke my jaw!
And charged me six and nine!

INFLUENCE OF A WIFE.

"Why do you keep me for so long a time at the door?" said Edward F— passionately to his wife. The night had passed, but its cold wind had entered the house, as Mrs. F— with sorrowful heart undid the lock.

"It is late Edward, and I could not keep from slumbering."

He said nothing in return to this but flung himself into a chair and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knee, and putting his arm round his father's neck, whispered, "Papa, what has mama been crying for?" Mr. F— started and shook off his boy, and said with violence, "Get to bed sir; what business has your mother to let you be up at this late hour?" The poor child's lower lip pouted, but he was at the time too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up, and when he reached his bed his heart discharged itself in noisy grief. The mother heard his crying, and went to him—but she soon returned to the parlor. She leaned upon her husband, and thus addressed him:

"Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me, but I implore you not to act in this manner before your children. You are not, Edward, what you used to be! Those heavy eyes tell of wretchedness, as well as bad hours. You wrong me, you wrong yourself, thus to let my hand show I am your wife, but at the same time let your heart know singleness in matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged.—Tell me, Edward, for heaven's sake tell me! we are ruined; is it not so?"

Edward had not a word to say to his wife; but a man's tears are more awful than his words.

"Well be it so, Edward!—our children may suffer from our fall, but it will redouble my exertions for them. And as for myself, you do not know me if you think that circumstances can lessen my feelings for them. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself, my husband; it is true your father has cast you off, and you are indebted to him in a serious sum; but he is not all the world—only consider your wife in that light."

A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F. went to ascertain the cause. She returned to her husband; "Mary is at the door; she says you always kissed her before she went to bed."

"My child, my child" said the father, "God bless you—I am not very well, Mary. Nay, do not speak to me to-night. Go to rest now; give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and your father will be happy again."

Mr. F. was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire; but sleep and rest were not for him—his wife and children had once given him happy dreams; but now the ruin he had brought upon them was an awakening reality. When the light of the morning faintly appeared above the line of the opposite houses, Mr. F. arose.

"Where are you going, Edward?" said his watchful wife.

"I have been considering," he replied calmly, "and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy; he was proud of me. It is true, I have acted dishonorably by him, and should, no doubt, have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly of him, but I did not then know myself. Your deep affection, my dear wife, has completely altered me. I will make up for it—I will, indeed I will. Nay, don't grieve me in this way—this is worse to me than all. I will be back soon."

The children appeared in the breakfast room. Mary was ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious

for the notice of his father. In a short time Mr. F— returned.

"We must sink, my love! he will not assist me.—He upbraided me: I did not, I could not, answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you and our little ones, but he cast us off forever!"

The distressed man had scarcely said this, when a person rudely came in. The purport of his visit was soon perceived. In the name of F—'s father he took possession of the property, and had the power to make F. a prisoner.

"You shall not take papa away," said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

"Mama," whispered Mary, "must my father go to prison? Won't they let us go too?"

"Here comes my authority," said the deputy sheriff. The elder Mr. F. doggedly placed himself in a chair.

"You shall not take my papa away," cried out the little boy, to his grandfather.

"Whatever may have been my conduct, sir," said the miserable Edward, "this is unkind in you. I have not a single feeling for myself; but my wife—my children! you have no right to harass them with your presence."

"Nay, husband," responded Mrs. F. "think not of me. Your father cannot distress me. I have not known you from your childhood, as he has done, but he shall see how I can cling to you in your poverty. He has forgotten his youthful days—he has lost sight of his own thoughtless years."

The old gentleman directed his law agent to leave the room. He then slowly but nervously answered thus:

"Madam, I have not forgotten my own thoughtless days. I have not forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble-minded as yourself, and I have not forgotten that your husband was her favorite child.—An old man hides his sorrows, but let not the world think him unfeeling, especially as that world taught him to do so. The distress that I have this moment caused, was premeditated on my part. It has had its full effect. A mortal gets a vice by single steps, and many think the victim must return by degrees. I know Edward's disposition, and that with him a single leap was sufficient. The leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother; the laughing-eyed young of a—pshaw!—of a—of an old fool?—for what am I crying?"

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself towards the old philosopher, and without uttering a word, pressed his hand, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.—The boy also now left his parents, and walked up to the old man's knees, and turning up his round cheeks said: "Then you won't take papa away?"

"No you little impudent rascal; but I'll take you away and when your mother comes for you, I will treat her so well that I'll make your father follow after."

Thus came happiness at the heels of ruin. If husbands oftener appreciated the exquisite and heaven-like affection of their wives, many happier fire-sides would be seen. "One in love and one in mind," ought to be the motto of every married pair. And fathers would many a time check improvidences, if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than prejudice and strictness.

A HEARER.—A parishioner complained to his pastor that his pew was too far from the pulpit, and that he must purchase one nearer. "Why," said the pastor; "can't you hear distinctly?" "O yes, I can hear well enough." "Can't you see plainly?" "Yes I can see perfectly well." "Then what can be the trouble?" "Why there are so many in front of me, who catch what you say first, that by the time your words reach my ears they are as flat as dishwater."

BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE.

We had been in the saddle about an hour, under the intrepid Pulaski, who, with his own hands, examined our swords, pistols, and other equipments, as if assured that the struggle would be a deadly and long continued one. The day was one of the most beautiful that ever broke over the earth. We were about half a mile from the main body, ranged along a green slope, facing the west, our horses, about four hundred in number, standing as patiently as so many marble statues, until just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate, and cloud after cloud to roll up, and heave like a great curtain upon the wind; and the whole heaven seemed discharging all its beauty and brightness upon one spot.

I happened to turn about, and saw the tall Pole (Pulaski) bareheaded, tilting his horse, like some warlike presence come out of the solid earth, to worship upon the very summit of the hill behind us, it might be (for the noble carriage of the man, the martial bearing of the soldier, would permit either interpretation) in the awful employment of devotion, or in the more earthly one, of martial observation. But suddenly he reined up his charger, shook the heavy dew from his horseman's cap, replaced it, and leaped headlong down the hill, just as a bright flash passed away on the horizon, followed by a loud report; and the next instant a part of our ranks were covered with dust and turf, thrown up by a cannon ball that struck near the spot he had just left.

Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound, and all at once, as if an hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the enemy in his advance. Pulaski unsheathed his sword, called out a select body, and set off at a full gallop to a more distant elevation, where he saw the enemy advancing in two columns; one under Knyphausen, which moved in tremendous steadiness, in a dark solid mass, towards the spot occupied by General Maxwell; the other under Cornwallis, which seemed to threaten the right flank of our main body. Intelligence was immediately sent to Washington, and reinforcements called in, from the post we had left.

We kept our positions, awaiting for a whole hour the sound of conflict; at last, a heavy volley rattled along the sky, a few moments passed, and then another followed, like a storm of iron upon the drum heads. The whole air rung with it; another, and another followed; then, gradually increasing in loudness, came peal after peal, till it resembled a continued clap of thunder, rolling about under an illuminated vapour. But Pulaski, with all his impetuosity, was a General, and knew his duty too well to hazard any movement till he should be able to see, with certainty, the operations of the enemy in the vapour below.

Meanwhile, several little parties that had been sent out, came in, one after the other, with the intelligence that Knyphausen had broken down upon Maxwell in magnificent style,—been beaten back again; but that he had finally prevailed, and that Maxwell had now retreated across the river. A thin vapour had now arisen from the green earth below us, and completely covered the enemy from our view. It was no longer possible to follow him except by the sound of his tread, which we could feel in the solid earth, jarring ourselves and our horses; and now and then a quick glimmering in the mist as some standard was raised above it; some weapon flourished, or some musket shot through it like a rocket.

About an hour after, a horseman dashed through the smoke on the very verge of the horizon, and after scouring the fields, for a whole mile within view, communicated with two or three others, who set off in different directions; one to us, with orders to hurry down to the ford, where the Commander-in-chief was

determined to fall on Knyphausen with all his power, before Cornwallis came to his aid. It was a noble but hazardous game. And Pulaski, whose war horse literally thundered and lighted along the broken and stony precipice by which we descended, kept his eyes warily to the right, as if not quite certain that the order would not be countermanded.

We soon fell in with General Greene, who was posting all on fire to give Knyphausen battle; and the next moment saw Sullivan in full march, over a distant hill towards the enemy's flank. This arrangement would, doubtless, have proved fatal to Knyphausen, had not our operations been unfortunately arrested, at the very moment we were prepared to fall upon him, man and horse, by the intelligence that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter. It was a moment of irresolution—doubt. It was the death blow to our brilliant hopes of victory. Greene was recalled, and Sullivan commanded to halt.

Hardly had this happened, our horses being covered with sweat and froth, fretting on the bit like chained tigers, and ourselves covered with dust, it being an excessively hot and sultry day, when a heavy cannonade was heard on our right flank, and Greene, to whose division we had been attached, was put in motion towards Sullivan, whom we had left some hours before. The truth now broke upon us like a thunder-clap. The enemy had passed, concentrated as we supposed, and fallen upon our right.

I shall never forget Greene's countenance when the news came; he was on the road side, upon an almost perpendicular bank; but he wheeled where he was, dashed down the bank, his face white as the bleached marble, and called to us to gallop forward, with such a tremendous impulse, that we marched four miles in forty minutes. We held on our way in a cloud of dust, and met Sullivan all in disorder, nearly a mile from the field, retreating step by step, at the head of his men, and shouting himself hoarse, covered with blood and sweat, and striving in vain to bring them to a stand, while Cornwallis was pouring in upon them an incessant volley. Pulaski dashed out to the right, over the broken fences, and there stood awhile upright in his stirrups, reconnoitering, while the enemy, who appeared by the smoke and the dust that rolled before them in the wind, to be much nearer than they really were, redoubled their efforts; but at last, Pulaski saw a favourable opportunity—the column wheeled; the wind swept across their van, revealing them like a battalion of spirits, breathing fire and smoke. He gave the signal; Archibald repeated it; then Arthur; then myself. In three minutes we were ready for the word.

When Pulaski, shouting in a voice that thrilled through and through us, struck spurs to his charger; it was a half minute, so fierce and terrible was his charge, before we were able to come up with him. What could he mean? Gracious Heaven! my hand convulsed, like that of a drowning man, reined up for a moment when I saw we were galloping straight forward into a field of bayonets; yet he was the first man! and who would not have followed him.

We did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel, that, when we wheeled, our whole path lay broad before us, with a wall of fire on the right hand and the left; but not a bayonet or a blade in front, except what were under the hoofs of our horses—my blood rushes now, like a flash of fire through my forehead, when I recall the devastation that we then made, almost to the very heart of the enemy's column.

But Pulaski, he who afterwards rode into their intrenchments on horseback, sword in hand, was accustomed to it, and having broke over them once, aware of his peril if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, he wheeled in a blaze of fire,

with the intention of returning through a wall of death, more perilous than that which shut the children of Israel upon the Red Sea. But lo! the wall had rolled in upon us; and we were left no alternative, but to continue as we had begun.

The undaunted Pole rioted in the excess of his joy. I remember well how he passed me, covered with sweat and dust, riding absolutely upon the very points of their bayonets. But, at last, they pressed upon him, and horseman after horseman fell from our saddles; when we were all faint and feeble, and even Archibald was fighting on foot, over his beautiful horse, with Arthur battling over his head, we heard the cry of "Succor! Succor!" Immediately we felt the enemy give way, heaving this way, then that, and finally concentrated beyond us.

"Once more! once more!" cried Pulaski, and away he went, breaking in upon them as they were forming, and trampling down whole platoons in the charge, before a man could plant his bayonet or bring his gun to an aim; our aspect as we came thundering round upon them, was sufficient; the enemy fled, and we brought off our companions unhurt.

I have been in many a battle, many a one that made my hair afterwards stand when I dreamed of it—but never in one where the carnage was so dreadful, and fire so incessant as that which followed the arrival of Greene. But the enemy had so effectually secured his exposed points by ranks of men kneeling with planted bayonets, that we could make no impression upon them, although we rode upon them again and again, discharging our pistols in their faces.

LISBON.

Approaching Lisbon from the opposite side of the Tagus, it has the appearance of a truly magnificent city. The lofty buildings, with their white walls, and airy turrets, stretch far up a finely ascending plane.—But as you approach it more nearly, and wander through it, your admiration ceases, and you become excessively disgusted with the rags of the rabble, and the narrowness and filth of the streets. The inclined position of Lisbon would render its cleanliness perfectly feasible; but no attention is given to the matter, except what exists in some municipal regulations, which affect the canine portion of the community.—Dogs are the only authorised scavengers, and for their services in this respect are granted certain rights and immunities. They swarm through the streets, especially at night, and so obstruct the narrow passages, that you are continually stumbling over them.

The French, while here, bayoneted these scavengers by the hundreds, and compelled those who move on two legs, to take their place. The effect of course, was a more clean and healthy city; but the French are gone, and the dogs are reinstated in their ancient rights. I have seen no personal violence offered to any of them, except by the king. His Majesty is in the habit of riding through the city upon a very fleet horse, and carrying in his hand a prodigiously long wand, with which he exhibits his muscular power, and brachial dexterity, in knocking over these poor Trays. His aim is sure, and his blow certain death. I saw him in the course of a few minutes, knock several of them entirely out of existence, and that too—which made the case rather a hard one—while they were picking the filth out of their monarch's path.—But the dogs are now becoming extremely shy of their king, and are manifesting their sagacity by a timely escape from the reach of his wand. They detect at a distance the rapid sound of his charger's hoof, and instantly take to flight, after the true old maxim—let those escape who can, and the devil take the hindmost.

It is not safe for one who respects his olfactory,

or his apparel, to be in the streets of Lisbon after ten at night. The goddess Cloacina begins to reign at that hour, and her offerings are cast down indiscriminately from every upper window. Her altars, which in every other city are under ground, are here the open pavement; and woe to the luckless wight who happens to be passing at the time of her oblations; he will think of any thing but the sweet scents of Araby and the pure waters of Helicon. How the ungentle worship of this goddess should be thus fashionably tolerated, is inconceivable; it is enough to drive all romance and *nighterrantry*, out of a city.

I wonder not that poetry has ceased here, that the harp is unstrung, and the minstrels are gone. How Love should linger under the embarrassments and perils of such a dodging existence, is a mystery. But this little fellow of the purple wing and laughing eye, is somehow the last to leave any community. He manages to remain, whatever may betide, else he would have long since taken his departure from Lisbon, and left its daughters to their desolate hearts, their silent tears, and worse—their broken guitars!

Political disasters and jealousies here have nearly broken up those little intimacies, which used to prevail in families of the same rank, and upon which depend the social joys of every community. Ladies are now seldom seen in any considerable numbers, except at worship; and here they meet at all hours of the day. You may pass from church to church, and find in the nave of each, large groups of well-dressed females.—The most young and fashionable assume a position in advance of the others; coming in, they first kneel, cross themselves, move their lips for a few minutes, and then assume a sitting posture on the clean marble pavement, with their small feet drawn up under them, something after the Turkish fashion. They sit here for the half day; and when there is no public service going on, which is usually the case, they amuse themselves in whispering over to each other those little things of which ladies are prone to be fond. To the young gentlemen, who are probably attracted here more by the worshippers than the worshipped, they never speak, except with their eyes; but these organs, with them, have a language more true to the instincts of the heart, than any dialect of the lip.

These whispering and glancing assemblages are more excusable here than they would be in our country. Ladies, with us, may meet when and where they please, and almost whom they please; but here these social indulgences are not known; and it is a very natural consequence that the ladies should avail themselves of the facilities which the church and balcony afford, for evading these irksome restrictions. A lady who does not dare to afford you a passing look as you meet her in the street, will, in the church, knock aside her mantilla with her fan, and divide her glance between you and the image of the blessed Virgin; or if you are passing near her balcony, she will dart upon you all the sweet attractions of her unveiled face. Unreasonable and indiscriminate restraints promote neither the cause of religion or virtue. They convert the sanctuary into an ogling room, and the balustraded window into an amatory bower.

The friars and monks of Lisbon are apparently the best fed people in it; they have a majestic corpulency of person, which reminds one of the good cheer which Sir Jack, of sack memory, so much admired. You meet them at every turn, in their black flowing robes, sandals, silver-buckled shoes, and hats of enormous brim. They move along with that gentlemanly, good-natured, slow pace, which befits not the flight of time. They have none of that thin, thinking, anxious look, which converts the closet and pulpit into a befitting refuge for ghosts; but they have that full fat, jolly cast of countenance, which lets the world pass for better or worse, and which well becomes a man,

who knows that he can shrive a Sodom of its sins in a minute, or exorcise the devil out of as many millions as there are sands on the sea shore. There is something in this full, well fed look of unconcern about this world, and the next, which makes a man's conscience set easy upon him, and he begins to feel the flesh thicken upon his own bones.

The vow of celibacy in these fat, easy men, does not—it there be any truth in scandal—seriously interfere with their domestic pleasures. They have no wives, it is true, but the Foundling Hospitals, which are extensive and liberally endowed, have within them, according to report, many a sacerdotal likeness; and these little fellows of ambiguous parentage will, many of them, come forth one day to confess their betters, and run the career of their worthy fathers. The thing runs round in a rich voluptuous circle, far above the intrusions of an impertinent conscience, and the insulting terrors of a threatened hell. Such a life is worth having, and branded be the heretic that questions its sanctity. It is not, to be sure, in exact accordance with the habits of the Apostles; but those men of leathern girdles were foolish martyrs to their self-denying zeal. They lived in times when the absorbing functions of popes and priests were not known; why then should their example be quoted in the good easy times, when there is no ignorance to be enlightened, and no depravity to be restrained. Let the world turn round on its axle, and let us all jog quietly along into heaven. But enough of this. The sentinel who sleeps on his post, forfeits his life, and the minister of Christ, who slumbers over his responsibilities, perishes with a double doom.

PHILOLOGY.

NOAH WEBSTER, we are every day more and more inclined to believe, is destined to be universally regarded as the great informer and *systemizer* (see Dr. W. for the word) of the English language. True, we do not yet summon fortitude to conform our own orthography fully to that of his Dictionary—partly for the reason that the public mind is not yet prepared for it, and partly that we are more clearly satisfied of the correctness of his principles than of the perfect accuracy of their reduction to practice.—We remark with pleasure, however, that the Dr. is still unwearied in the exposition and defence of his departures from the canons of Johnson, Walker, and their followers. The last "Knickerbocker" contains a cogent article from his pen on the subject generally; from which we extract some paragraphs which seem worthy of consideration.

The letter *k* after *c* in words of Latin and Greek origin, began to be rejected about the middle of the last century. Johnson retained it, and from his dictionary it has been copied into other compilations. But custom has, in this case, triumphed over the authority of dictionaries. The terminating *k* has been dismissed from the laws and judicial proceedings of Courts in Great Britain, from periodicals, and almost every respectable composition for half a century. In the United States the Congress never adopted it; and it has been rejected from all laws and processes, and by almost every writer of distinction, for nearly the same period of half a century. It is a useless letter, *c* at the end of words having the power of *k*; and it is worse than useless to write a letter at the end of several hundred words, from which it must be rejected in compounds and derivatives. To write *publick*—but *publications*; *musick* but *musical*, is very absurd, and, what is practically or more consequence, it is very perplexing to learners, whether natives, or foreigners. This letter however, is retained in *traffic* and *mimick*, on account of the derivatives, *trafficking*, *mimicking*, *trafficked*, *mimicked*, for *c* before *e* and *i* would have

the sound of *s*. The adoption of a pointed *c*, which is always a close palatal, like *k*, would render it unnecessary to make this exception.

For a similar reason, *k* is retained in monosyllables and words of Saxon origin, as in *lick*, *deck*, *mock*, which take *ed* and *ing* in their derivatives. It would not answer to write *liced*, *moced*.

The usage in rejecting *k* in the class of words mentioned is now so general, that it is to be regretted any attempts should be made to revive the old orthography. Where no clear principle of propriety occurs to oppose usage, it is expedient that men should surrender their predilections for a different spelling, and unite with their fellow-citizens in uniformity of practice.

Embassy having an *e* for its initial letter, it is most proper to begin *ambassador* with the same letter, that it may stand in a dictionary with *embassy*, showing its alliance with it. This would remove one discrepancy. The elegant Blackstone always wrote *ambassador*.

From *visitor* is formed *visitorial*; this word then ought not to be written *visitor* *Visitatorial*, is outrageous.

From *practice*, the noun, is formed the verb to *practise*. What can have led men to write the verb *practise*? We may as well write to *notise* from the noun *notice*.

Bass in music is so written from the same word in Italian, *basso*. It should be written in all uses, *base*, that is the foundation of a tune.

Appraise is badly formed and badly pronounced. It should be written *apprize*, as a regular derivative, from *prize*, *price*. *Apprise*, to give notice, from the French *appris*, is correct.

Plow, the noun, should be written like *plow* the verb, just as we use *cast*, and to *cast*, *rake*, and to *rake*.

Scythe is a false orthography. The original is *sythe*. From *high* we write *highth* or *hight*. The original and true word is *highth*, but rhyme in poetry often requires *hight*. As the letter *e* is not in *high*, I have rejected it in the derivatives, that the orthography of one may correspond with that of the other.

The letter *u* in *build* is an intruder. The original word was *bild*.

There are a few words, the common spelling of which is so palpably wrong, that it ought to be rejected by universal consent; for it is not only a departure from etymology, but some of the words it converts into nonsense.—Thus, *comptroller*, formed from the French *compter*, Latin *computo*, is not only erroneous, but, according to its derivation, absolute nonsense.

Segar for *cigar*, Spanish *cigaro*, a little roll, is a mere blunder of the grocers.

Gangue for *gang*, is an egregious mistake; the word, in all the Northern Continental language is *gang*, as it is in the English, *Gang*, a going, a course, a vein.

Furlough is also an egregious blunder. The word is *furlow* from the Danish or Dutch; that is, *fare*, leave, leave to go. Now what an enormous mistake to convert *leave* into *lough*!

Redoubt is another blunder. One would suppose that the writer who first made the mistake considered the last syllable to be the English *doubt*. It is the French *redoute*, which has no more connection with *doubt*, than it has with *dragon*.

Redoubtable is also a mistake, *b* being substituted for *g*, or *gh*, of the original word. But this is lost in the French *redouter*, and the English word should follow the French.

Island, for *iland*, Saxon *ieland*, is a modern conception, and evidently a mistake of some writer who supposed the first syllable to be the French *isle*. Nothing can be further from the truth. It is wholly Saxon,

and in the Bishop's Bible it is uniformly written correctly *iland* or *yland*.

Molasses, from the French *mélasse*, Italian *melassa*, is a false spelling. We might as well write *malasses* or *mulasses*. Edwards, in his History of the West Indies, uniformly writes it *melasses*, which is correct.

Chymistry and *chemistry* are both wrong. English writers have blundered about the origin of the word for half a century; but it is now known. The true orthography, from the Arabic, is *chimistry*.

In the utterance of *cotemporary* and *contemporary* there is an obvious difference in the ease to the speaker. In *cotemporary* there are two articulations, *n* and *t*, quite distinct, and requiring a change in the position of the organs. In the pronunciation of *cotemporary*, the vowel *o* opens the organs, and one articulation only is required; by which means we save one articulation. Hence *cotemporary* is the preferable word.

TO MARY.—By A. A. Locke.

'Je pense a vous.'

'Tis Night—throughout the slumbering air
A stillness breathes divine;
Or only angels waken there,
And spirits pure as thine;
And while the moonbeams, coldly bright,
Sleep on yon tower and tree,
I gaze upon their tranquil light,
And think of Heaven and thee!

Moments there are when every thought
That dwells on things below,
And Life itself, depicture naught
But gloom and varied woe;
Yet Memory from her lonely bower
One trembling star can see;
And in that drear, despairing hour,
'Tis bliss to muse on thee.

Oh! that the soul in viewless flight
Could mount the air at will,
And sail upon the clouds of night,
When all the Earth was still—
How oft from worldly bondage riven,
From worldly passion free,
I'd soar to yonder azure heaven,
And stretch my arms to thee.

And may not such in years to rise,
When all of Earth is past;
When Death bestows what Life denies,
Be mine perhaps at last:
Oh! 'twere enough for evermore
To wean each sin from me,
To think in Heaven, when Time is o'er,
My soul may welcome thee.

Then till that hour no wordly throng
Shall tempt my thoughts astray;
Or lure me from the syren song
That cheers my later day:
The nameless charm that song can give,
Through each reserved decree,
Shall fondly smile, and brightly live,
To tell my soul of thee.

At midnight, noon, nor vesper star,
Nor flower of modest fame,
But still, though thou art distant far,
Shall whisper me thy name;
Nor aught of goodness shall I trace,
Nor aught of beauty see,
But in the dear resembling grace
I'll still remember thee!

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

PEACE.—"Peace be with thee!" said Olinthus, saluting Apocides.

"Peace!" echoed the priest, in so hollow a tone that it went at once to the heart of the Nazarene.

"In that wish," continued Olinthus, "all things are combined—without virtue thou canst not have peace. Like the rainbow, Peace rests upon the earth, but its arch is lost in heaven! Heaven bathes it in hues of light; it springs up amid tears and clouds—it is a reflection of the eternal Sun—it is an assurance of calm—it is a sign of a covenant between man and God. Such peace, O young man! is the smile of the soul; it is an emanation from the distant orb of immortal light. Peace be with you!"—*E. L. Bulwer.*

LEAP YEAR RESOLUTION.—The Macon (Geo.) Telegraph gives the proceedings of a meeting of young ladies in that place, upon the commencement of the present year. Among other things said and done, the following curious device was adopted:—It was unanimously resolved, that any one entertaining attachment for a young gentleman, shall, at first opportunity, say "SNIP" to him—to which, his replying "SNAP," is to be taken and held so much of a marriage treaty, as to render his retreat dishonorable. Nevertheless, any gentleman merely withholding the responsive monosyllable, shall continue to be received as before.

WAYS AND MEANS.—Two Irishmen who were travelling together got out of money, and being in want of a drink of whiskey, devised the following ways and means:

Patrick, catching a frog out of a brook, went forward and the first tavern he came to, asked the landlord what creature that was. "It is a frog," replied the landlord. "No sir," said Pat, "it is a mouse." "It's a frog," rejoined the landlord. "It is a mouse," said Pat, "and I will leave it to the first traveller that comes along, for a pint of whiskey." "Agreed," said the landlord. Murphy soon arrived, and to him was the appeal made. After much examination and deliberation, it was decided to be a mouse; and the landlord in spite of the evidence of his senses, paid the bet.

VILLAGE CHURCH GOERS.—A woman in humble life was asked one day, on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon. "Wud I hae the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her—she had done her duty as well as she could in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically, or who had turned to the text in their bibles when it was given out. "Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant, "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week. And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church." "Aye, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I work hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o'Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up and thinks o'nothing."

STRIKING A BARGAIN.—An Irishman stepped up to the bar of one of our hotels, and inquired of the landlord how much he asked for a dinner. "Fifty cents, sir," he replied. "And how much for a breakfast?" "Thirty-seven cents," said the landlord. "And surely," said Paddy, "I'll take a breakfast, if you please!"—*Dedham Patriot.*

PARODY ON TWO DRUNKARDS, Found Sleeping in an Orchard.

Beneath those apple trees, that cherry's shade,
Where careless browse the busy wand'ring sheep;
There by their bottle's neck the guzzlers laid,
In woful silence pass their dreamless sleep.

For them no more the witty joke can turn,
Or busy scandal ply her scolding fare;
No stoppel squeak to greet their lov'd return,
Or loose its hold to give them each a share.

Off did the stopple to their pinchers yield,
Their anxious mouth the scum has often broke;
How crooked did they make their tracks afield,
How bow'd their form beneath the demon's stroke.

Let not the crickets make insidious ding,
Or greedy horse-flies haunt their aching head,
Or fell mosquitoes, on incessant wing,
Disturb the quiet of their lowly bed.

The stately head—the genius flower,
And all the tasters of the earth-born mug,
Await like the inevitable hour,
The paths of tipping lead—but to the jug.

For who to total abstinence a prey,
His secret hidden cupboard e'er resign'd:
Left the sweet nozzle of a demijohn,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind.

Full many a bead of brightest glass serene,
The clear transparent waves of whiskey bear,
Full many a man lies drunken and unseen,
And wastes his vigor in the midnight air.

A BROTHERLY JOKE.—Sir William, when young, was accustomed to carry some weapon with him; which habit he continued till the period of his death. One night, on leaving the Court of Examiners at the College, he missed his favoured hanger, which had more than once served him as a weapon of defence in early life. His servant was unable to give any account of it; which induced Sir William to exclaim with some energy, "It must be found, for with it I am in fear of no one, not even of the Devil himself." A member of the court, who was by, shrewdly remarked, "If that is the case, he had better have it put into his coffin with him."

THE GREEN GOOGLE BEGGAR.—This chap pretends to be almost blind, and suffer terribly with his eyes, for the relief of which and for the purpose of deceiving the unwary, he wears a huge pair of green goggles. He goes round begging old clothes, and any thing he can get. He has a wife whom he kicks and beats at home as if she were a dog, if she happens not to set before him quite as good a dinner as his delicate palate craves. He is quite an epicure, and will only eat venison in November, canvass backs in December, and shad in March. There is not a mechanic in the city that lives half as well as he does; indeed, if his wife should dare to set any other than a surloin steak before him she would very soon find her way into the street head foremost.

GENERAL LEE AND DR. CUTTING.—John C. Cutting was a surgeon in the army of the Revolution; and coming to Philadelphia, lodged in a house where General Lee was then boarding. The Doctor was a personable man, and not indifferent to dress. The General suddenly entering the sitting room, found the Doctor before the glass, carefully adjusting his cravat. "Cutting," says Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." The former turned round, with a smile of self-complacency. "And why, General?" says he. "Why?" replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on earth."

FAMILY JARS.—The following curious advertisement appears in a late number of the Newry Telegraph—"Caution. Whereas my wife, Jane Lemon alias Holywood, has occasioned the subscriber, her peaceable husband to divide the house with her, she keeps the inside, and me the outside, for she was aye jaw-jawing me. Now I further caution the public not to credit her any thing on my account: as I will pay no debts of her contracting, having dissolved the partnership. Signed William Lemon. Keady, County Armagh, Jan. 18, 1836."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—A waiter was one day igniting a huge pile of pitch pine, in the capacious fire place of the village inn, a gentleman remarked to him,—"Jerry, they say that fools make the best fire!" Jerry, with the purest arch respect, turned round to him, and said,—"Will you take the tongs, Sir!"—*Traveller.*

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A good thing (we are told) happened at Washington, not long ago. A certain Mail Contractor from the South went to Mr. Kendall and demanded his pay: the Post Master General told him that he had drawbacks against him in the nature of fines for failures on the gentleman's route nearly to the amount of what was due him for carrying the mails; whereupon the contractor with an air of triumph exclaimed, "I have never given bond; I don't pay."—"Very well," said Amos, "if you have not given bond we don't pay either;" and as we have the story, the contractor was obliged to settle by his own rule, (without the bond,) by which he had to carry the mail two years for nothing!

EPITAPHS.

On a Blacksmith.

My sledge and hammer lie declined,
My bellows too have lost their wind,
My hie's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust all laid,
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done,
My fire dried corps lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke like, soars to behest.

On a Stay Maker.

Alive unnumber'd stays he made,
(He work'd industrious night and day);
E'n dead he still pursues his trade,
For here his—bones will make a stay.

On Elizabeth Kent.

Elizabeth Kent when her glass was spent,
She kick'd up her heels and away she went.

LAW ANECDOTE.—Some time before the abolition of the Jesuits, a gentleman in Paris died, and left all his estate from an only son, then abroad, to that body of religious men, on condition, that on his return, the worthy fathers should give him—whatever they should choose.—When the son came home, he went to the convent, and received a very small share indeed; the wise sons of Loyola choosing to keep the greater share themselves. The young gentleman consulted his friends and all agreed he was without a remedy. At last, a barrister, to whom he happened to mention his cause, advised him to sue the convent, and promised to gain him his cause. The young gentleman followed his advice: the suit terminated in his favor, through the management of his advocate, who grounded his plea on this reasoning—"The testator," says he, "has left his son that share of the estate which the fathers should choose.—Now, tis plain what part they have chosen, by what they keep themselves. My client then stands on the words of the will. Let me have, says he, the part they have chosen, and I am satisfied." It was accordingly awarded to him without hesitation.

A BACKWOODSMAN IN NEW-YORK.—An amusing scene took place lately in the upper part of Broadway, between an original from the west and a porter dealer. From what we could learn it appeared that the former had taken offence at some expressions of the latter, derogatory to the character of the inhabitants of the great western valley, and being too well instructed in the rules of good breeding to resent the insult in his opponent's own shop, dared him into the street to have a fair fight. When we were passing, the Kentuckian was stripped to the buff, and in the attitude of "Big Ben," while the dealer in malt liquor was quietly listening to the effusions of his wounded pride, leaning against the door, and puffing a segar. His eloquence had no effect on the imperturbable equanimity of the other, and he quitted him instantly after the following salutation:—"You are too mean a chap for my notice; I would not whip you now at any rate; but I've got a brother, only sixteen years old—oh, how he'd lick you—he's the hyena of Kentucky, wintering in Orleans!"

State of the Drama in London.—A recent London paper in speaking of Covent Garden Theatre says:—"The houses are nearly empty, and the few who go may be fairly judged from the fact that in what used to be called the dress boxes, a 'gentleman,' of the new school, sitting with his arm round the waist of a lady, was seen passing to another—all sitting in the front row—a bottle of some liquor, out of which the whole party by turns drank, without the interposition of a glass."

Mine Host, or Innkeeper's Ways.—The following colloquy occurred at a hotel on the Dover road, a short time since. Two gentlemen having dined and stayed all night, called for the bill in the morning, and one of them happened to be within ear-shot when the waiter went to the landlord to have it made out, and overheard the following conversation:—Waiter—Please sir, the gemmen in number five, wants their bill. Landlord—Very well; (taking down a printed form:) lets hear what they had. Waiter—Mock turtle. Landlord—Mock turtle, three shillings. Did they make any remark about it? Waiter—No sir; only they said it was werry good. Landlord—Did they eat of it twice?—Waiter—Yes, sir. Landlord—Oh, then, mock turtle, five shillings; now go on.—Waiter—Fried sole and shrimp sauce. Landlord—Fried sole, two shillings; shrimp sauce, one shilling. Did they make any remark about that? Waiter—One o' them said that the fish was werry fresh. Indeed! then fried sole, three shillings; shrimp sauce, one shilling and six pence. Now go on. Waiter—Small leg of Welch mutton, potatoes, and French beans. Landlord—Mutton, five shillings; potatoes, one shilling; French beans, five shillings; rather early for French beans, isn't it. Waiter—Yes, sir; both the gemmen remarked that it was werry early. Landlord—Oh, then, French beans, ten shillings.—*English paper.*

SHAEFFER AND SEARLE.—Every body knows, or did know old Shaeffer—the best man for a practical joke in New-England—and many have heard of Searle the fiddler, who is now either defunct or ruined by intoxication. We can tell a good anecdote of the two. When Mr. S— was ordained minister of the first society in E—, N. H. Shaeffer and Searle were sent for to assist the choir. Some portions of Handel's Creation were to be played, and the fiddles of these professors were essential to the success of the singing. The morning came, and all was ready—when just as the leader called his choir together, it was discovered that those important personages, Shaeffer and Searle, were among the missing. Here

was a dilemma. However, as nothing could be done without them, messengers were despatched in search of the delinquents—and at last they were found in the bar-room of the tavern each with a glass in hand, and as drunk as beasts. What was to be done? The congregation were assembled—the singing would be ruined without them. A consultation was held, and it was concluded to get them into the gallery, and do the best with them. So they were carried into the church, placed on seats against the wall, and their fiddles put into her hands. The music struck up. Shaeffer and Searle played to admiration. They sat, reeling from side to side, now bobbing against each other—now almost tipping over, yet never failing in a single note. They had played the piece so often that it was merely mechanical. They performed the difficult solo's without a waver, and little did the sober congregation below imagine that the sweet strains they were enjoying came from men so drunk that they could hardly sit up. At last Shaeffer began to sink. He went first over upon Searle, then slid down upon the floor and lay, stretched out at full length—but he did not stop his fiddle! The music came up from under the benches, as it angels were hid there. The wonder of the spectators may be conceived of. We relate this in confidence of its truth, for we were in the gallery ourself.—*Boston Galaxy.*

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A worthy young lover once sought for his bride,
A dame of the blue stocking school;
"Excuse me, good sir, but I've vowed," she replied,
"That I would never marry a fool!"
"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, "my fair,
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question!"
"Not so fast my fond lover," she answered with glee,
"Nor prate of chaste Di's intercession;
No wise one will take your opinion of me,
Because you're a fool by confession."
"Dear Miss, in this action alone I'm a fool,
And you're welcome to use the concession,
For your lovers, by every sensible rule,
Are evident fools by profession."

From the United States Gazette. Three Old Stays found in a Garret.

Ye old cocoons, from which the moths have fled,
Ye curious walls of russell and of bone,
Ye empty cases of our grandmas dead,
Long is't since ye have clasped the wasp-like zone,
Since in your braided busts you've felt the start,
Of hurried breathing, and the throbbing heart.
Long is't since in the dance you've had a place,
And felt each movement of the reigning belle,
While much to nature, more to you the grace,
On which the gaze of beaux so warmly fell;
The Hebe, Sylph, the moulded forms of yore
You've clasped, but ne'er will clasp a beauty more.
Long is't since you've been laced by some kind maid,
Who, to your eyelet holes has often bent,
And while, with tardy hands she drew the braid,
For every pull did tell a compliment,
And breathed in flattery bland, the praise of beaux,
And caused, in her ye clasped, unwonted throes.
Poor useless things! like her ye served to grace,
Your reign is o'er, you've played your little part,
The belle, and you, has each a fitting place;
She's clasped by walls that feel no beating heart,
And you, lone things, tell here what some deny,
That ancient dames were spiced with vanity.

BOOKS.—It is estimated in the 2d No. of *SCIENTIFIC TRACTS*, which estimate is founded upon a calculation made by D'Israeli, that the whole number of books printed in all countries, to the beginning of 1836, is not far from FOUR MILLIONS of volumes. Of these not less than 1,000,000 are in the French language, 1,000,000 in the German, and about 700,000 in the English language, of which about 25,000 are American. Of these 4,000,000 books, supposing 1000 copies of each volume to have been printed, and their average size a duodecimo of 400 pages, allowing 40 volumes to a cubic foot, it would make a pile of books sufficient to cover the whole Boston common, containing 47 acres, 50 feet deep, so that we might walk over the tops of the stately elm trees which adorn its margin.

Old Gold with new Superscriptions, No. 5.

Originality. The only thing impossible of attainment by perseverance; a mark no one ever hits by aiming at it.

Pain. The primum mobile of life, since, to escape from its incessant pursuit, is the secret of all our actions.

Pen. The lever of Archimedes.

Quack. A title which the Faculty assume the power of conferring on all who kill without their permission.

Quick. To the snail, the pace of the worm; to the worm the stride of the man; to man the speed of time—between the hour of receiving a favor and the day of returning it.

Robbing. Of all arts, that one which admits of being done in the greatest variety of ways.

Tavern. An independent territory, where a *skill* makes you a *sovereign*.

Yawn. An enjoyment never to be indulged in the presence of a sweetheart or a patron. A thing impossible to do in reading our lucubrations.

Yes. One of the syllables of fate; a peg on which destiny hangs the hopes of lovers.

Zeal. The best palliation of error, and the efficient ally of right.

Zenith. A point at which reputation often stumbles over a small stone.

A PLEA OF "NOLO CONTENDER."—A native of the Emerald Isle, being brought before a court in Massachusetts, for assault and battery, was asked if he was guilty or not guilty? "Guilty, by the powers!" exclaimed he, making demonstrations of more fight than a man a right in a free country to knock down any body he pleases without being guilty of salt and battery, I'd axe?" The court answered this in the negative, and Pat was little at a loss what to say. He did not like the word *guilty*; and yet he gloried too much in his character of a boxer, to wish to deny the charge. While he was hesitating what to say, a gentleman of the bar whiskered to him to put in a plea of "*Nolo Contender*." "Nollengen tenter ye?" said the Irishman who was better acquainted with the shalalah than with the law Latin. "What's the meaning iv that?" "The meaning is, that you'll not contend with the country," said the lawyer. "Nollengen tenter ye," said the accused, turning to the bench—"that is to say, I'll not contend wiv the whole country; but by St. Patrick!" spitting on his hands, "I can whip any three iv ye at the same time!"

AN EXCELLENT JOKE.—The following story which we copy from the Bangor Advertiser, is one of the best we have read for a long time:—

"Our readers are aware that the ingenious fellows who pursue the nefarious practice of smuggling goods between this state and the neighboring provinces are often driven to exercise a good deal of tact in order to elude the officers stationed on either side of the line.

A trick occurred a few years since, which is worth recording. A custom house officer stationed on the American side had rendered himself rather obnoxious to the smuggling gentry, by his inquisitorial disposition, and a couple of fellows who were in the habit of transporting some forbidden commodities to the States, were so pressed by the assiduous efforts of this worthy, that they were resolved to try if he could not be caught in his own trap. For this purpose they procured at Houlton a large cask, with a cover which fastened down with an iron clasp secured by a padlock. In the bottom, a quantity of loose lamp black was strewed and some loose paper laid on the top. In this condition they journeyed on till the formentioned officer who was ever on the alert, met them, and demanded that their wagon containing the cask, should be searched. After a parley, in which the smugglers appeared rather shy, the man in authority mounted the wagon—the cover was lifted up, and he perceived the loose papers. Thinking there was without doubt, something worth while at the bottom, he leaned over the edge and commenced the searching with his hand.

The smugglers perceiving that their opportunity had come, tripped up his heels and in went the astonished officer, bawling out murder. The rascals coolly put down the cover and drove off without a single halt until they were upwards of ten miles from the place where they had taken in their *fresh provisions*.

At length the hopeful Jehus drove up to a tavern door, asked the landlord, if he would let them have some dinner and take his pay in custom house goods. 'Boniface' agreed, thinking no doubt to be supplied with something useful from the wagons of the smugglers whom he knew on the road for some years.

Dinner was procured, the horses were fed, and the wagon was brought to the door. The landlord appeared to get his pay from the cask, when the committed officer was for the first time admitted to the sight since his incarceration. The lamp black, together with the jolting of the wagon had placed the poor fellow in a pickle that is more easily conceived than described. The landlord 'smoked the joke,' pronounced it a good 'un, and away drove the smugglers as hard as a couple of horses could carry them, leaving the landlord and custom house officer to console themselves the best way they could. It is said, the functionary who got caught, resides within less than 100 miles of this place.

TRANSATLANTIC KINDNESS.—, the comedian, went to America, and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F—t expatiating in the greenroom, on the cruelty of such conduct, the comedian found a warm advocate in a well known dramatist. "I have heard" said the latter, "that he is the kindest of men; and I know he regularly writes to his wife by every packet." "Yes, he writes," replied Mrs. F., "a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence; but he has never remitted her a shilling.—Do you call that kindness?" "Decidedly," replied the author, "*unremitting kindness*."

The following quaint Epitaph on a Comedian, may be seen in Limingham church yard, Norfolk:—Sacred to the memory of Thomas Jackson, Comedian, who on the 21st Dec. 1741, was engaged to play, a comic cast of characters in this great Theatre of the World, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended—his benefit over—the charges all paid—and his accounts closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of Death, on the 17th of March 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to Rehearsal, where he hopes to find all his forfeits cleared, and his cast of parts improved, and his attention rendered more agreeable by Him who paid the great stock-debt, for the love he bore to Performers in general.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

DICK HARTSHORN.

Dick Hartshorn was a merry blade,
Who oft got half-seas-over,
And when quite blue he frequent pray'd
As fervent as a lover.

One night he totter'd home quite late,
And when he open'd the door,
His head was in so sad a state,
He fell upon the floor.

His better-half who long before
Had slept upon her pillow,
Awaking at the sad uproar,
That Dick now made below.

Arose to greet him with a frown,
But turn'd upon the stairs,
When she beheld him kneeling down,
And breathing forth his prayers.

And thinking that a little fright,
Perhaps might do him good,
She clothed herself all o'er in white,
And soon before him stood.

Then after Dick full oft had tried,
But tried in vain to rise,
Back to her bed in haste she hied,
Where sleep soon closed her eyes.

But Dick all trembling o'er with fear,
Was all night on the floor,
And though he lived full many a year,
He ne'er drank liquor more.

Yet oft he'd tell how he had seen,
A ghost at dead midnight,
That well he new must sure have been,
Some good eight feet in height.

COURTING.—"There is often an initial difficulty in the way of courting which is not easily got over in all cases—that is, breaking the ice as it is called. This is more particularly incident to those who do not go to work *secundum artem*. There is a good practice, regarding this matter, among the Savoyard peasantry. When a young man is first admitted to spend the evening at the house of a maid to whom he wishes to pay his addresses, he watches the arrangement of the fire-place, where several billets of wood are blazing. If the fair one lifts up one of the billets and places it upright against the side of the fire place, it is a sign she does not approve of her suitor. If she leaves the blazing wood undisturbed, the young man may be sure of her consent."

Such was formerly the custom among the Dutch deansantry of this country.

"THE GANDER PULLING."—What a "Gander Pulling" is, may probably not be known by a great majority of our readers. We will therefore tell them.—It is a piece of unprincipled barbarity not unfrequently practised in the South and West. A circular horse path is formed of about forty or fifty yards in diameter. Over this path, and between two posts about ten feet apart, is extended a rope, which, swinging loosely, vibrates in an arc of five or six feet. From the middle of this rope, lying directly over the middle of the path, a gander, whose head and neck are well greased, is suspended by the feet. The distance of the fowl from the ground is generally about ten feet; and its neck is consequently just within reach of a man on horseback.—Matters being thus arranged, and the mob of vagabonds assembled, who are desirous of entering the chivalrous lists of the "Gander Pulling," a hat is handed round, into which a quarter or half dollar, as the case may be, is thrown by each competitor. The money

thus collected is the prize of the victor in the game, and the game is thus conducted. The ragamuffins mounted on horseback gallop round the circle in Indian file. At a word of command, given by the proprietor of the gander, the pulling, properly so called, commences.—Each villain, as he passes under the rope, makes a grab at the throat of the devoted bird—the end and object of the tourney being to pull off his head. This of course is an end not easily accomplished. The fowl is obstinately bent upon retaining his caput if possible—in which determination he finds a powerful adjunct in the grease. The rope moreover, by the efforts of the human devils, is kept in a troublesome and tantalizing state of vibration, while two assistants of the proprietors, one at each pole, are provided with a tough cowhide, for the purpose of preventing any horse from making too long a sojourn beneath the gander. Many hours, therefore, not unfrequently elapse before the contest is decided.—[*South Literary Messenger*.]

AN OLD CHIFFONNIER, (or rag picker,) died in Paris in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as servant with a green grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that her marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave.—Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where he had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young, good looking man, entered. "So my good Suzette, I find you have lost your place!" cried he, "I am come to offer you one for life—will you marry me?" "A, sir! you are joking." "No faith, I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better." "But every body will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me." "Oh! if that is your only objection we shall soon get over it; come, come along, my mother is prepared to receive you." Suzette hesitated no longer; but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle; it was a cat that he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal that he was determined that even death should not separate them; for he had her stuffed and placed on the tester of his bed. As Suzette took down puss, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand louis concealed in the body of the cat, and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

The following parody on the beautiful lines of Goldsmith, were taken from the sign of a silk dyer.—It undoubtedly obtained for him many a fair customer.

When lovely woman tilts her saucer
And finds too late that tea will stain;
What ever made a lady crosser?
What art can wash all white again?
The only art the stain to cover,
To hide the spot from every eye,
And wear an unsoiled dress above her,
Of proper color, is—to DYE.

LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

UPS AND DOWNS in the life of a Distressed Gentleman is the title of a little work which we have received from Messrs. Leavitt, Lord & Co. of N. York. The title fully explains the nature of the work, we shall proceed at once to give an extract, and let it speak for itself.

LOTTERIES.

Every body has heard of the honest Hibernian, who, in order to ensure the highest prize, determined to purchase the whole lottery; and although Mr. Wheelwright did not exactly form the same resolve, yet he understood enough of the doctrine of chances, to know, that the more tickets he possessed, the greater his number of chances of obtaining the splendid capital he was seeking,—he stopped not to reflect that the odds were two to one against him for any thing, even the smallest prize, and twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine to one against him for the great prize, besides the discount of fifteen per centum on the whole.

Forgetting these trifling drawbacks, therefore, he invested the whole of his revenues in the aforesaid lottery; and from that day until the drawing thereof, he lived upon the brightest hopes. The golden shower of the heathen poets, in which Jove once descended, was but a little sprinkle, in comparison with the river of that precious metal, soon to flow into his coffers. But alas! the goddess, being blind, not only failed to discern his peculiar claims upon her regard, but was cheated herself! A shrewd Virginian dreamed the ticket which drew the hundred thousand dollars, into his own pocket; the manager failed, and thereby turned all the prizes into blanks;—and Mr. Daniel Wheelwright found himself flat on his back, at the bottom of the wheel, when he least anticipated such a downfall. He was there, on his return to N. York, again in the condition of Bob Logic, "with pockets to let"—or perchance of the poor Yankee, who complained, not without reason, that with him there were five outs to one in, viz: out of money, and out of clothes; out at the heels, and out at the toes; out of credit, and in debt!

From the same publishers we are also indebted for one of the most interesting books of the season a "Visit to Constantinople and Athens, by the Rev. Walter Colton, U. S. N. author of Ship and Shore." His description of Greece is altogether very beautiful—the spirit of that once classic land seems to have hovered over him, and imbued him with its poetry. His delineation of the listless Turk, who makes fatality an excuse for his inherent inertness, is also uncommonly good, and his description of the effects produced by taking laudanum powerful in the extreme. Amongst the countless beauties with which the work abounds, we scarcely know what to select, but give a natural preference to a high encomium passed on our distinguished countryman, the late Mr. Eckford.

Passing under the stern of one of the huge ships which survived the battle of Navarino, we landed and were introduced to the Capudan Pasha, by our worthy countryman Mr. Eckford, who has since passed from his wide sphere of enterprise and usefulness; but whose virtues will long be held in cherished remembrance. The cloud that once obscured his fame has long since departed without leaving a shadow to point to its transient veil. Suspicion has blushed at the error it committed, and accusation taken the tone of eulogy. With a mind of the widest compass, a genius of great boldness and originality, and a spirit elevated and expansive, he broke upon the eye of the Turkish nation like a resplendent star. They watched

his course with an interest they rarely pay to intellect; and mourned with an untutored grief when death veiled from their sight this object of their wonder and admiration. Alas! he will appear no more! but the triumphs of his skill will still float the ocean; and the welcome breeze will long whisper upon the ear of the mariner the music of his name.

SKETCHES OF SWITZERLAND.—We have received from Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, a new work, entitled, Scenes in Switzerland, by Cooper, the American novelist. This gentleman holds a high and deserved popularity, both in this and in the old country. A more forcible writer does not exist, he is amongst novelists what Rembrandt was amongst Painters, and Crabbe amongst poets, the

"Sternest, but the best."

The public will take up this work from the mere announcement of the author's name, with the same avidity that we do, for they, like us have been with him on the depths of the forest, in the priories, and all the haunts of the red men of the forest—they have braved the storm and the tempest, and the wreck in their voyages under his captainship, and they will now gladly greet him as an old friend and approved guide, and they will wander with him through the beautiful and romantic land of mountains whose summits are capped with everlasting snow.

We will at once transport you gentle reader to a

REMARKABLE TOMB AT HINDELBANK.

Hindelbank is no more than a sequestered and insignificant hamlet, at the distance of two leagues from Berne. The church, also, is positively one of the very smallest and humblest of all the parish churches I remember to have seen in Europe. Small as it is, however, it contains the tomb of Erlachs, whose principal residence is at a short distance from the village. A German artist, of the name of Nahl, was employed to execute something for this distinguished family, and, while engaged in the work, he took up his residence in the house of the parish priest, whose name was Langhans. The good pastor had been recently married, and tradition hath it,—I hope justly, though I have seen sufficient greatly to distrust the poetry of these irresponsible annals,—that his young wife was eminently beautiful. She died at the birth of her first child, and while the sculptor was yet an inmate of the family. Touched by the sorrow of his host, and inspired by the virtues and beauty of the deceased, Nahl struck out the idea of this monument at a heat, and executed it on the spot, as a homage to friendship and connubial worth; looking to the Erlachs alone for the vulgar dross through which genius too commonly receives its impulses. The idea was that of the grave giving up its dead for judgment. The stone was rent longitudinally in two, until near the head, where a fragment was so broken as to expose the faces and busts of those who were summoned to the resurrection. The child lies tranquilly on the bosom of its mother, as if its innocence were passive, while the countenance of the latter is beaming with holy joy. One hand is a little raised, as if reverently greeting her Redeemer. The sculpture is equal to the thought, and the artist, probably from the circumstance of moulding the features after death, while he has preserved the beauty of a fine symmetry, has imparted to them a look entirely suited to the mystery of the grave.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

The Swiss nobility are supposed to derive their rank from some of the sovereigns, the emperor in particular; though there are, as usual, one or two, I believe, who pretend to be older than the rest of mankind.—There is no more valid objection to a family cherishing recollections like these, than there is in an honest

exultation at the greatness of living relatives. I believe, when kept in due bounds, that they serve to make men better; and God forbid the day should ever arrive in America, when the noble acts of the ancestor shall cease to be the subject of felicitation with the descendant.

EUROPEAN OPINIONS OF AMERICA.

Among other books, I have laid my hands, by accident, on the work of a recent French traveller in the United States. We read little other than English books at home, and are much given to declaiming against English travellers for their unfairness; but, judging from this specimen of Gallic opinion, our ancient allies rate us quite as low as our quondam fellow subjects. A perusal of the work in question has led me to inquire further into the matter, and I am now studying one or two German writers on the same interesting subject. I must say that, thus far, I find little to feed national vanity, and I begin to fear (what I have suspected ever since the first six months in Europe) that we are under an awkward delusion respecting the manner in which the rest of Christendom regards that civilization touching which we are so sensitive. It is some time since I have made the discovery that "the name of an American is not a passport all over Europe," but, on the other hand, that, where it conveys any very distinct notions at all, it usually conveys such as are any thing but flattering or agreeable. Few nations are so much the dupes of oily tongues as our own, and so overwhelming is the force of popular opinion, that the native writers shrink from exposing the truth, lest they should be confounded with the detractors. Then, how few Americans really know any thing of the better opinion of Europe on such a point? I shall pursue the trail on which I have fallen, and you will probably hear more of this, before these letters are brought to a close.

Coleridge's Letters, Conversations and Recollections.—The Harpers have published a volume, bearing the above caption, purporting to be the latest compilation of the good things said or done by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.—There has been so much unqualified approbation expressed by the American, as well as English press, of all the productions of Coleridge, that even were we inclined to censure any portion, we should be obliged to forego the inclination, and conclude that the opinions of our cotemporaries *en masse*, were more correct than our own. His fame as a poet was established beyond dispute by the *Lay of the Ancient Mariner*—and were this not sufficient, his poem of *Christabel*, and other poetical productions of equal merit, should claim for him our regard as a poet of no ordinary stamp; but in his *Table Talk* we could not see that extraordinary display of wisdom and philosophy, which was said by some to characterize that work; and we must further state, that in the work before us, we see still less of the *myriad minded man*, as he is styled by the compiler of these 'Recollections.' His liberality may be gathered from the following exquisite *moreau*, which we take from the body of the volume—

"An American, by his boasting of the superiority of the Americans generally, but more especially in their language, once provoked me to tell him that 'on that head the least said the better, as the Americans presented the extraordinary anomaly of a people without a language. That they had mistaken the English language for baggage (which is called plunder in America,) and had stolen it.' Speaking of America, it is, I believe, a fact verified beyond doubt, that some years ago it was impossible to obtain a copy of the Newgate Calendar, as they had all been bought up by the Americans; whether to suppress this blazon of their forefathers or to assist in their genealogical researches, I could never learn satisfactorily."

We are almost induced to doubt the authenticity of the compilation, from a perusal of this single sentence. We cannot believe that Coleridge would ever have given expression to a remark so unjust—or if he did, he would never have suffered it to remain and serve hereafter as evidence whereby to affix a stigma upon his memory.

TANNER'S UNIVERSAL ATLAS.—H. S. Tanner, corner Sixth and Chesnut streets, has just issued the fifteenth number of his new and elegant Atlas, containing seven large and choice Maps, to wit—North America—South America, Spain and Portugal—Sardinia—*Plan of the City of Philadelphia*—Maps of Palestine and the environs of Jerusalem,—and a diagram of the comparative heights of Mountains and lengths of Rivers throughout the world. This number is also accompanied by a handsomely designed Vignette and title page—a table of Contents and Alphabetical index. With this number the series is rendered complete,—making in the whole, one hundred and seventeen maps, plans and sections, comprehended in seventy sheets, all executed in a style of masterly neatness, and reflecting much credit upon the labours of the author. Speaking of the improvements he has made in his work, Mr. Tanner says—The maps as contemplated by the proposals in the commencement were designed to be of the ordinary size, and a few in the first 3 numbers did not exceed nine by eleven inches each, conformably to the prospectus. In consequence of early indications of an extensive patronage, and a desire to meet the expressed wishes of many subscribers, the plan of the work was essentially changed, but without any augmentation of its price to subscribers. Maps nearly double the size of those originally proposed were issued, and in place of four maps, each number contained five, six, and in one case, not less than eight maps, &c. A map of Upper Canada, three large and seven small plans of cities, together with numerous supplementary maps and sections not required by the terms of our prospectus, have been given gratuitously."

We would recommend those who wish to have a perfect Atlas of the world, divided into sections, classed in territorial order, and arranged with geographical correctness—to purchase Tanner's, at the extremely moderate price, at which it is offered.

Mrs. Holley has in the press a *History of Texas* brought down to the present time, with a geographical description of the country. It will be published soon at Lexington, Kentucky, in a volume of more than three hundred pages.

BRECKENRIDGE AND HUGHES'S DISCUSSION.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard, have lately published in a large 8vo volume, the whole of the discussion, between Messrs. Breckenridge & Hughes, upon the Question, "Is the Roman Catholic religion in any, or in all its principles or doctrines inimical to civil and religious liberty—and vice versa,—Is the Presbyterian religion," &c. &c.—The interest excited by the debate in the minds of many, and the almost impossibility of preserving the whole series, as published in newspaper form, has operated with the parties concerned, to print a small edition, which we believe will be speedily exhausted. The work underwent some revision, by the respective disputants, before going to press, and is therefore free from the inaccuracies which were said to have escaped correction, in the original publication.

Idleness at any period of life is dangerous to virtue; but in youth is more to be dreaded than at any other season: and therefore it is peculiarly incumbent on young persons to guard against it.



NEWEST FASHIONS.

Engraved by J. Yeager for the Casket August, 1836. Published by S.C. Atkinson.



OR GEMS OF LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

What! is the eye more precious than the lock,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the sadder better than the oil,
Because his painted skin contains the eye?
Oh no, good Kate; neither art thou the same,
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

No. 8. PHILADELPHIA,--AUGUST, 1836.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Sitting figure, morning or interior dress.—Dress made of white mull-muslin, lined through-
out with pale pink tulle; the corsage is low,
opening tight to the bust, the sleeves are in
six puffs, separated by narrow bands of insertion; the puffs are large at
the top and decrease gradually in size towards the
wrist; the skirt of the dress (see plate) which is
amazingly full and long, opens at the left side,
fastened with lace which is not on with the
dress; it is very narrow at the waist, and
gradually broader as it goes down; the
underside (see the plate), which nearly conceals
the corsage, is of a new and most becoming
material, decolletée, low in the neck, and
trimmed at top with a very narrow lace edging; it
is closed at back, and sloped off gracefully in
front, where it crosses towards the left side, to
reach the skirt of the dress (see plate); it is not
fast on the shoulder, coming, in fact, no lower
than the setting in of the sleeve, which makes
it exceedingly becoming to the figure; it is trim-
med with a very deep lace, becoming narrow to-
wards the front; it is fastened at top with a bow
of pink ribbon, rays of tulle; the crown high,
and the border also of tulle, double, and set on
a full puff, standing off from the face; a wreath
of full olive roses without foliage (see plate) is
placed at the base of the border towards the
back; the roses are larger over the brow, and
become smaller on each side; a second wreath
is round the crown of the cap, and is tied at
back with a small bow of ribbon, from which
two long ends hang.

Trimmings—colour and gloves; white silk stock-
ings; black shoes; pink rosettes and gold
buckles. The corset is a new fashioned dress-
ing table made of quince-wood.

Sitting figure, even of white tulle over satin;
the corsage is tight to the bust; sleeves very
short, and a small bow of white

ribbon and pink ribbon, (see plate) the ribbon is

double, and carried at the full width over the
shoulders; it is brought to a point and fastened
in front by a bow, in the center of both the back
and front of the corsage. The ribbon that goes
over the right shoulder is left long, and is brought
down to the waist in front, in a slanting direc-
tion, so as to meet the back band, which passes
beneath the arm to join it; it is then tied at the
left side, in a small bow with two long ends; the
inner part of this ribbon, close to the neck, is
trimmed with a narrow band, the outer edge
with a deep full of the same, very full at the
shoulders, and gradually narrowed towards the
waist, where it meets the inner part of the
ribbon; the skirt of the dress is ornamented
up the front with a circular trimming (see plate)
consisting of bands of ribbon, each bow contain-
ing a small bouquet; the front is very full, and
parted on the forehead, and in thick, close curls
lets on the temples; the back is in high bands; a
wreath of laurel, with a jewel in front and an
arrow at back composes the crown; a pair of
pearls, white and gloves and black satin shoes.

From the Court Journal.

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

During the past month the important ques-
tion between full and tight sleeves has been definitely
decided. Though some ladies have ventured to
adopt tight sleeves, yet they are so very rare
that they may be considered as a fashion rather
than a fashion. Wide sleeves are still the most
numerous, but their width is modified by ap-
pauces flat on the shoulder, and descending very
low on the arm. They are also worn without
gigots or proportioned sleeves, thus preserving all
the convenience of tight sleeves without their
disadvantages. The most generally adopted sleeves have
two or three puffs or bands, and are fastened at the
wrist by lace.

Many and beautiful are the dresses every
day. The dresses are very becomingly open, so as to admit of a protrusion of



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No. 8. PHILADELPHIA.—AUGUST. [1836.]

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Standing figure, morning or interior dress.—Season of long-champs.—Dress made en demi redingotte, of white mull-muslin, lined throughout with pale pink taffetas; the corsage is low, and fitting tight to the bust, the sleeves à la Francois 1st, are in six puffs, separated by narrow bands of insertion; the puffs are large at top, and decrease gradually in size towards the wrist; the skirt of the dress (see plate) which is exceedingly full and long, opens at the left side; it is trimmed with lace which is set on with an easy fullness; it is very narrow at the waist, and grows gradually broader as it goes down; the pelerine (see the plate), which nearly conceals the corsage, is of a new and most becoming cut; it is made décolletée, low in the neck, and trimmed at top with a very narrow lace edging; it is round at back, and sloped off gracefully in front, where it crosses towards the left side, to match the skirt of the dress (see plate), it is not deep on the shoulder, coming, in fact, no lower than the putting in of the sleeve, which makes it exceedingly becoming to the figure: it is trimmed with a very deep lace, becoming narrow towards the front; it is fastened at top with a bow of pink ribbon, cap of tulli; the crown high, and the border also of tulli, double, and set on in full puffs, standing off from the face; a wreath of full-blown roses without foliage (see plate) is placed at the base of the border towards the face; the roses are larger over the brow, and go down smaller on each side; a second wreath goes round the crown of the cap, and is tied at back with a small bow of ribbon, from which flow four long ends.

Lemon-colour kid gloves; white silk stockings; black shoes; pink ceinture and gold buckles. The meuble is a new fashioned dressing table made of rosewood.

Sitting figure, robe of white tulle over satin; the corsage to fit tight to the bust; sleeves very short, and à double sabot; mantille of white blonde and pink ribbon; (see plate) the ribbon is

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double, and carried at its full width over the shoulders; it is brought to a point and contained in form by a bow, in the centre of both back and front of the corsage. The ribbon that goes over the right shoulder is left long, and is brought down to the waist in front, in a slanting direction, so as to meet the back half, which passes beneath the arm to join it, it is then tied at the left side, in a small bow with two long ends; the inner part of this ribbon, close to the neck, is trimmed with a narrow blonde, the outer edge with a deep fall of the same, very full on the shoulders, become gradually narrower and plainer towards the waist, short needs depage on the shoulders; the skirt of the dress is ornamented up the front with a circular trimming (see plate) consisting of bows of ribbon, each bow retaining a small bouquet, the front is very much parted on the forehead, and in thick clusters of ringlets on the temples; the back is in high braids: a wreath of laurel, with a jewel in front and an arrow at back composes the coiffure; parure of pearls, white kid gloves and black satin shoes.

From the Court Journal.

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

During the past month the important question between full and tight sleeves has been definitely decided. Though some ladies have ventured to adopt tight sleeves, yet they are so very rare that they must be considered as a *fantasie* rather than a fashion. Wide sleeves are still the most numerous; but their width is modified by epaulettes flat on the shoulder, and descending very low on the arm. They are also worn without gigots or supporting sleeves—thus presenting all the convenience of tight sleeves without their disadvantageous effect on the figure. The sleeves most generally adopted are those which have two or three puffs or bouffans separated one from another by bands.

Hats and bonnets are becoming larger every day. The brims in particular are deep and exceedingly open, so as to admit of a profusion of

blonde, flowers, bows of riband, &c. under them. Among the most admired hats which have recently been imported from Herbault's *Magazin*, we may describe the following:

1. A paille de riz, trimmed with white ribands, fringed with green; a bouquet composed of two branches of heliotrope and a moss rose.

2. A hat of white satin, ornamented with white marabouts, shaded with blue. Trimming, white satin riband, spotted with pale blue.

3. Hat of paille de riz, ornamented with two primrose-coloured feathers, and with white riband, striped with primrose. The inside of the brim lined primrose-coloured crape, and ornamented with bows of riband and blonde.

Drawn bonnets are very general. In morning negligé scarcely any others are worn. Those of satin are most fashionable, and when of white or any light colour they are worn with veils of white blonde, having one or two ribands of the colour of the bonnet run in at the edge.

In Paris Leghorn hats have been much worn for some time past; but they are not considered elegant unless very fine, and trimmed with feathers. A bird of paradise has a beautiful effect in a hat of Leghorn.

The mantillas and scarfs of black poul de soie, which were so general during the spring, have now given place to lighter colours. We have seen some of lilac and silver grey, trimmed with rich black lace, which have a most elegant appearance. It is probable that, as the summer advances, other colours, such as pink, blue, primrose, &c., will be adopted, and that it will be necessary to have a mantilla, like a waistband, to suit every dress.

The continued coolness of the weather has delayed the adoption of muslin or any thing material for out-door dress. The most fashionable patterns for printed muslins will be large bouquets on white grounds. Some very beautiful designs, consisting of bunches of roses on black and grey grounds have also made their appearance. Silk, satin, and chali are almost the only materials as yet seen out of doors. Chequered or plain Gros de Naples is much in favour. The patterns and colours present an endless variety, but none appear to be more fashionable than those Scotch plaids in which blue and green form the predominant tints.

Pelerines have undergone a modification similar to that of sleeves. They are made exceeding small, whether composed of lace or muslin, or of the same material as the dress with which they are worn.

The following dresses have lately been much admired on the drives and promenades of Paris. A robe of India muslin, most delicately embroidered in small bouquets of magnets; lined with sky-blue silk, and fastened up in front with bows of the same color. A large black mantilla, trimmed with black lace. A square collar, richly worked, and trimmed with Valenciennes. A Leghorn hat, with three Leghorn colored feathers. A robe of white figured taffety with a black mantelet. A drawn bonnet of white poul de soie with a demi-veil of white blond. Small sprigs of flowers under the bonnet. A chali dress of a chequered pattern; the colors pale yellow and brown. The corsage tight, but

made the bias way, with a seam in the centre of the bosom, and another in the middle of the back. These seams made the pattern correspond, and brought the squares into the lozenge form. A ruche of the same material as the dress, fastened on the upper part of the arm-hole, and descending to the waist, formed a point under the ceinture.

Riding-Dress.—The newest riding habits have only a single row of buttons up the front and are closed as high as the throat; the sleeves rather tighter than they have hitherto been. The color called *bleu de roi* is the favorite. A cap of a military form, ornamented with small tassels on one side. A small square cambric collar, trimmed with Valenciennes, or a ruche in the form of a frill, supported by a black cravat. Small manchettes and gloves of rein-deer skin. A rhinoceros cravache. For riding on horse-back, the hair is invariably arranged in *ban-beaux*.

STANZAS TO ***.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my late hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave;
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not condemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake
Though loved, thou forbores to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful 't was not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'T was folly, not sooner to shun,
And if dearly that error has cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd
Thou much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.—BYRON.

THE BOARDING HOUSE.

BY FREDERICK WEST.

CHAPTER I.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

Of all places for the study of characters, a boarding-house is the most desirable. It is a world in miniature. There the young and old—the rich and poor—the grave and gay—the hoping and despairing—the happy and the wretched, are presented to the observant eye in constant and multiplied diversity.

Gentle reader, are you disposed to take a journey? If you are not, give me your good wishes and depart in peace. But if you are, swiftly as that swift elf, Master Puck, winging his bright way round the globe at the command of Oberon, I will transport you to the old world. Bid adieu to Philadelphia.

The words are yet dying upon your lips. You are in England, and this is the most fashionable boarding-house in the metropolis into which I am about to introduce you.

"Is Mrs. Kinnerly at home?"

"Yes, sir. Walk into the drawing-room. My mistress is engaged at present, but will see you as soon as possible."

From this window you have a very fine view. That arch to the right, a beautiful piece of architecture, was erected by George the Fourth. It faces Apsley House, the residence of his grace the duke of Wellington, and leads to Buckingham Palace, which you may discern behind that pathway; called the Bird-cage Walk, to the right. At the left is the mansion which was built for the late Duke of York. It is a singular coincidence that these royal brothers should have caused a palace and a mansion to be built for their residence, almost facing each other, and that both should have died before their contemplated abodes were completed. Farther on to the left you see Westminster Abbey, the proud spectacle of the great.

Do you observe those stately avenues of trees before you? They are the very same that waved over Charles the Second, the merry monarch, when unaccompanied except by his dogs, he was stopped by his brother James, who expressed his surprise that his majesty should venture forth unattended, after the discovery of a plot against his life. You remember his reply:

"Tut! tut! they will never kill me to make you king!"

Come, as our hostess is still engaged, we will take a stroll beneath the waving banners of these lords of the soil, and I will give you her history.

A WORLDLY WOMAN.

Mrs. Kinnerly, the daughter of parents in very moderate circumstances, was distinguished in infancy, not more for her great beauty than for a wild nature and redundancy of spirits, which set all rules at defiance. She was herself alone. She would run, ride, laugh and romp, as no one ever ran, rode, laughed, or romped before. Then for mischief, who could enter the lists with pretty Jenny? She was a privileged person, even the parson was not exempt from her infantine tricks, while the idolizing and delighted squire, the exciseman, the attorney and the doctor were food and sport for her creative fancy. She was the delight of all—a wild flower, luxuriating in its native beauty, unchecked and unpruned in its promiscuous growth, basking in the sunshine of universal favour.

It is not to be supposed that so much innocence and loveliness blossomed and expanded without exciting the attention of many admirers. Many were the covetous eyes that were fixed upon the "Honey-suckle," as she was familiarly called. Many were the hands that hoped to transplant the sweet flower to

their own *parterre*. Many were the youths whose cheeks were suffused with a crimson die at the mention of her name—whose hearts bounded at the sound of her light-falling footstep, and whose ears were strained to catch the last note of her bird-like voice, poured forth in sweet song or merry laughter.

But to have appreciated the extent of her power, you should have seen her on a Sunday. She was then a queen, and the churchyard her hall of audience, where her "leal" and loving subjects crowded to pay her homage.

At the squire's she was the constant visiter, and was as great a favourite with his sister as with himself. He was never happy but when she was with him. No one attended him so so readily as his pretty Jenny—no one was so attached to him as she was. The consequences may be easily foreseen. He discovered it to be necessary to his peace to fix his little favourite at Woodbine Hall for a permanency.

Great was the astonishment of the worthy cottagers, when, one fine morning in May, the squire, who was more than old enough to be her father, told them his wish to make their daughter his wife.

Matters were speedily arranged. A youth, who had the enviable honor of escorting the favorite to church for some time past, and who wore in his bosom a lock of her bright sunny hair, was given to understand, upon making his periodical call at the cottage, that his betrothed had given her hand the day previous, to Mr. Champion, of Woodbine Hall. She was now in the zenith of her pride and glory—the lady of the squire. It is almost needless to say her popularity faded upon an event so unlooked for, and it is with regret that I am forced to add, she deserved this loss of favor. But she sacrificed her own happiness to her ambition.

The squire, who was an accomplished gentleman, discovered too late the error into which he had fallen by marrying one whose tastes, pursuits and habits were opposed to his own—whose education had been totally neglected, and whose only charm was her beauty. He, however, never evinced the mortification to which her ignorance constantly exposed him, but treated her with the most marked and considerate kindness.

Shortly after the birth of his second child, a litigious neighbor involved him in a law-suit, which, in its expenses and the anxieties it occasioned, waisted his fortune and impaired his health, and finally brought him to the grave. Enough was saved from the wreck of his property to establish Mrs. Champion, the young widow, now only twenty years of age, as the mistress of a boarding-house.

Her beauty, more fully developed than upon her first marriage, here drew many admirers. Twenty years, however, elapsed before this considerate woman met with one who appeared worthy her fair hand. At this time her first lover appeared. He showed her the bright sunny lock of hair, which he had ever fondly cherished near that heart which had never known another inmate. She was affected at this touching proof of his constancy, and their early vows were renewed.

Shortly after this event, an exquisite of the first water became an inmate in her boarding-house. He was immediately the theme of universal discourse. Who could the elegant and accomplished stranger be? The ladies all set their caps at him. The rest of the gentlemen were all sent to Coventry or bored with his praises. His dress, his manner, his style, were perfection. His diamonds the most splendid of diamonds. His very cane was incomparable: and his dog—as great a puppy as his master.

He made love to the hostess. She had married an old man when she was young—it was but fair that she should marry a young man now that she was getting old. To be sure there was her old lover, to whom

she was engaged—it was rather an awkward affair.—But then her new admirer evidently moved in such a high sphere of life. He was eternally talking of lords and dukes. He had not a friend who was not a baronet at least. And then again the old lover had, no doubt, only sought her hand because he could not find any one else to have him—at all events he was used to disappointments, and his heart would not break now, which had stood its loss so toughly before. But if any thing should happen to deprive her of her new-intended, she certainly would marry him, which was quite as much as she could be reasonably expected to do, and would, no doubt, lay him under lasting obligations to her; and, in short, this worldly and heartless woman became Mrs. Kinnersly.

Her hour of retribution has come. Her husband is a beggarly adventurer—he has married her for money she does not possess. There are two boarding-houses in the street. The proprietress of the other possesses a handsome fortune. He has made a mistake—gone to the wrong house—married the wrong person.

A week after her marriage, when all the company had left the table except Mr. and Mrs. Kinnersly, the gentleman taking the bottle of wine that stands before his wife, and letting it fall, walks out of the room.—She supposes it an accident. The next day another decanter occupies the place of the one that was demolished. This he throws with violence under the grate.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?"

"I cannot afford that you should drink wine."

"But I can and will! This wine I have procured by my own industry. It stocked my cellar before I had the misfortune to know you."

"This establishment must be sold!"

"What do you mean?"

"I want money, and must have it!"

"What am I to do to support my children?"

"I have taken a private apartment for you. You may take in needle-work or what you please."

"You cannot be so ungenerous to one to whom you owe every thing."

"I have said it."

"The law shall protect me."

"Seek it."

By the intercession of the lady's friends, matters were not carried quite so far. The parties are separated. He having left after receiving a considerable portion of her property, upon the consideration that he is to offer her no farther molestation.

For this establishment she is indebted to the very lover whom she has twice abused so shamefully.

Thus you see what vicissitudes her ambition has exposed her to. Yes, and in the instance of the first husband, we may plainly perceive that, though beauty may charm the eye and win the heart, some reciprocity of age and intellect, of feelings and pursuits, is necessary to ensure happiness.

CHAPTER II.

"Here we are. Mrs. Kinnersly, your most obedient."

"Ah, Mr. — I hope you are well, sir. How are all your friends in Philadelphia?"

"Here is a gentleman who has just arrived from thence."

"Had you a quick passage, sir?"

"Remarkably, madam. I may almost say that I have been whirled here."

"Walk into the dining-room. That is the dinner-bell. The servant will take your hats."

"You see upon the table, my dear companion, soup and fish."

"Yes, and it is fortunate that my travelling with you does not give me an appetite. This is sorry fare."

"Patience, my dear sir, this is their custom. You

will see the table covered presently. In this country there is an abundance of servants, and the arrangement is made in order that every dish may be served up quite hot. We certainly have not half the trouble in America, with the advantage of seeing before us our whole dinner, so that we may select what we please without the risk of balking our appetite.

THE OLD WOMAN'S YOUNG HUSBAND.

"The honour of a glass of wine with you M —."

"With much pleasure."

"Who is that?"

"Captain Silver, an officer in the Guards. Do you observe the little dishevelled old woman who sits beside him and engrosses so much of his attention?"

"Is it his grandmother?"

"No, his wife. He is a perfect Adonis, and she is—as you see."

"How could he have courted such a being?"

"She courted him: and possessing a great many thousand charms—pounds I mean—caught the gallant son of Mars, whose tailor was becoming exceedingly troublesome about this time, in his meshes. Before receiving the compliments of her numerous friends, and now obsequious tradesman, he discovered that the old lady's property is not come-at-a-bite—

"That he cannot touch a penny unless it is doled out by her meagre charity. I can fancy the smile with which he received the customer's compliments on the happy occasion. His countenance must have resembled a hyena's in convulsions. He is exposed to the most wretched tyranny and petty mortifications by his jealous and remorseless helpmate. If he should have the temerity to pay a compliment to any lady at the table, his wife would instantly imagine some intrigue was being carried on between them. If he but smile she tortures it into an assignation, and should he look grave, he is endeavoring to impose upon her with his hypocrisy. There is no pleasing her in any way."

If he should ask for money for any necessary want, she declares that he is too extravagant and insists upon paying for everything herself. He is often without any cash whatever.

At the last boarding-house where they were staying, one of the inmates gave a private entertainment to his male friends, and Captain Silver was invited to join them. After dinner they played at cards, and being all gentlemen of fortune, they played rather high.—This was a most awkward situation for the luckless captain, who wished himself most heartily at the antipodes. However, he mustered courage, and sent down to his dear partner for some money, saying that he was obliged to take a game at whist. The dear considerate creature asked a lady present for change for half a sovereign, saying that she was going to send up her husband a few shillings for cards. The lady applied to, whose husband was of the party, laughing, told her that a few sovereigns would be more to the purpose.

"Good heavens!" cried she, "is it possible! well as he is there, he must do the same as the rest."

I wish I could have been behind the curtain on that eventful night, to have heard the lecture he received.

The next morning her antiquated carriage was ordered to the door, and they took their final departure from that house. They have since been located here.

Thus you see what you may meet with in marrying for money, from the old woman's young husband.

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

Who was that gentleman who is seated to the right of the subject of your late sketch?"

That is an officer also. His name is Ling, and he has been involved in difficulties all his life in consequence of marrying for love, without securing a portion of that most essential medium for procuring the necessities and comforts of life.

I had been acquainted several years with—

"Captain Ling, the pleasure of a glass of wine."

He is but a lieutenant, but the title of captain is his by courtesy. As I was saying I had been acquainted with him several years, through the medium of some of his brother officers, without seeing the domestic felicity he was always so highly lauding.

"My dear fellow, why don't you get married?" he would say.

"It is time enough," I replied.

"You cannot marry too early. You bachelors have no idea of happiness. It is centered in the married life. You must pass the precincts of wedlock before you can enter its sacred pale—without there is no true felicity. You hunt for it—pursue it, and like the gnat-fittus it leads you a weary chase which ends in disappointment."

"We surely have some privileges!"

"Yes; after being pecked at by the world at large, and dwindling into a cross-grained, surly being, only endured by some needy relation you possess the proud privilege of becoming the prey of your housekeeper."

"You are two severe!"

"An affectionate wife sharing all your cares and pleasures—anticipating all you want, and studying everything that may promote your happiness. Children vying with each other to gain your affections, clinging round you in fond regard—these are transports you know nothing of."

"You will persuade me to become a Benedict!"

"O! if you saw my wife and children! Come! you shall! Walk with me. It is but a few streets off.—Nay, I will take no denial."

My curiosity becoming strongly excited to see the amiable family whose happiness had been so forcibly depicted, I accompanied my friend to a remote part of the town, and stopping in a dark and solitary-looking street, he told me we were at his lodgings.

After ascending a very narrow and dirty stair-case, so rickety with age and rottenness, that I fancied my neck more than once imperilled, I was ushered into the "sanctum sanctorum," of the thrice happy Benedict. It was a small, plainly furnished room; and whatever taste might originally have been evinced in its decorations, now was altogether lost on an apartment, which served them

"For parlour, for kitchen and all."

I saw, at a glance, that our visit was most confoundingly *mal a propos*.

In one corner of the room, stood a little cherub, exerting its angelic voice in the loudest strain against the aqueous operation of ablation, which a lusty red-armed wench was determined to perform, maugre his vine appeal. At an old and worn out instrument, sat another of the beautiful brood, hammering upon the keys, with both fists, with all his might; and, by its side, another yet, playing upon a shrill penny trumpet and springing a diminutive rattle. The charming angel, the mother of this sweet progeny, the paragon of perfection, the wife, who had created this scene of earthly felicity, was busily employing her fair and fairy-like hands in rolling out the crust for an apple-dumpling; while upon the fire, with a janty air, sat the saucepan, most evidently intended for its reception; and, before it, erect, with military precision, stood a wooden horse, upon which hung table-cloths, pinafores, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

"Maria! my most intimate friend, Mr. —, of N. York."

"Why, William, I am really surprised—pray be seated, sir—but this is just like all your inconsiderate doing—excuse me for a moment."

And the fair lady made a precipitate retreat.

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"O, papa, papa!" cried the hammerer of the instrument.

"Papa! papa!" echoed the speaker of the trumpet.

"Papa! papa! squaled the water-drenched sufferer.

But soon a mightier attraction than "papa" arrested the attention of the painist. The basin of apples, already pared for the dumplings, stood temptingly lavish of their sweet flavor upon the very edge of the table. One by one, the pieces disappeared. At length, the versatile performer on the rattle and trumpet, perceiving the war that was raging upon the fruit, hastened to assist in its extermination. Apple after apple vanished with the rapidity of lightning.

"Apples, apples," roared the constrained love, in the corner, who was incapable of joining the fray.—The two assailants hearing the cry thus raised, and fancying a third party might essentially diminish their share of the spoil, seized simultaneously upon the basin, endeavoring to make a speedy retreat with the prize. But no such good fortune awaited either. A desperate struggle ensued, worthy a better cause—down they all came—basin, children and apples—the basin broken, the children hurt, the apples trampled under foot, and all hopes of the promised dumpling consigned to eternal oblivion.

Loud upon the air rose the cries of the wounded.—Papa boxes the ears of one, and slaps the back of the other. Shrieks succeed to cries, out rushes the mamma *en dishabille*, and I, apologizing for a forgotten engagement, which deprived me of the pleasure of a farther stay, leave this abode of enviable felicity to those who are more capable than myself of appreciating its enjoyment. [To be continued.]

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It comes across us like some echoed sigh,
Breath'd over hopes that blossom'd but to die—
Or like the minstrelsy
Of the night-wind, singing a funeral dirge
For the departed day, above the surge
Of the dim, star-lit sea.

It comes to us beside the household hearth;
We miss some voice, that cheer'd us with its mirth,
In happy days gone by;
In vain we gaze upon "the vacant chair"
For one, whose presence we had welcomed there,
When youthful hope beat high.

'Tis with us where the festal wine is pour'd
In sparkling glasses on the banquet board,
When earthly grief seems fled:
Then pledge we, while 'tis hush'd each ruder sound,
And droops the banquet garland half unbound,
"The Memory of the Dead."

'Tis with us where the eyes of beauty glance,
In the gay circle of the festive dance,
In spacious lighted hall:
Some dazzle there, whose forms of "life and light,"
Bring thoughts of those now sunk into the night,
That must o'ershadow all.

'Tis with us in the gloom of solitude,
In the lone windings of the shadowy wood,
When purest night d-w falls;
Shades of lost friends around our pathway rise,
Each gentle breeze, that through the foliage sighs
Some lost, lov'd voice recalls.

'Tis with us in the spring's enchanting hours,
When autumn breathes destruction on the flow'rs,
In dismal winter's gloom;
For once we saw them, as the spring tide, gay,
Then sink, then droop, like wither'd flow'rs, away,
To the lone dreary tomb.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER XVII.

On our way back to Bona we halted a few miles from town to see a farm which Marshal D'Uzer has bought and begun to cultivate, and on which he is constructing a handsome house. This would seem to indicate, at least, his belief, that the French occupation of the country will be permanent. The soil of the flat part of the farm is black loam, and it appears to be fertile. He has planted thousands of young trees in a spacious level orchard, the tender verdure of which is beautiful, and fills the mind with pleasing associations. Here the olive, the vine, the mulberry, and the fig-tree have already displaced the osier and nettle; and amidst fruits and flowers that will soon spring up, the song of the nightingale will be heard instead of the yelping of the jackal. Looking over the fair plantation, I recalled, and repeated to myself, the lines of my favourite Beattie:—

'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed;
Lo, from the echoing axe and thundering flame,
Poison, and plague, and yelling rage are fled.
The waters bursting from their slimy bed
Bring health and melody to every vale;
And from the breezy main and mountain head,
Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the flattering gale.
Minstrel—Book II.

On the hill above his farm, the marshal has opened a marble quarry. The vein unfortunately produces hitherto only blue marble; but he has explored it neither widely nor deeply, and by extending his researches he may come to pure white stone. I returned to Bona well pleased with my excursion in all respects, except that an untoward boot had pressed so tightly on one of my ankles as to inflame it, and occasion considerable pain. Absorbed as I had been in sublime speculations about the quantity of bread and cheese which the enormous plain might be made to yield under good cultivation, I had never thought of relieving myself by the simple process of ripping up the galling leather; on reaching the hotel I found myself quite lame, and after despatching an apology to the commandant for not dining with him, I was glad to stretch myself on the top of my bed, and to amuse myself with reading the few books that I had with me relating to the history of Bona.

I find the latitude and longitude of this place have been accurately ascertained by the French officer of engineers, and that it lies in 36° 53' 56" north latitude, and in 5° 24' 38" east longitude; so that its distance in a straight line is a little more than 95 leagues from Algiers.

Bona is situated in a spacious bay, bounded on the west by Cape Garde, and on the east by Cape Rosa. The river Seibouze, joined towards the end of the course by the river Boujeemah, the ancient Arma, falls into the sea within this bay, as well as the Mafra, a river rather less than the Seibouze, which discharges itself half way between Bona and Cape Rosa.

General Bourmont had no sooner possessed himself of Algiers, than he thought of occupying Bona. The French having long maintained an African company, whose coral fishery was here, looked on themselves as natural heirs to this possession of the part of the coast; an expedition was accordingly fitted up, and General Damremont was appointed to the command of it. The land troops consisted of two regiments of the line, and a proportionable force of artillery: these were embarked in ten vessels of different sizes, of which two frigates, the Bellona and the Dutches of Berri, set out ahead of the rest to reconnoitre the place, and to sound, not

only its harbour, but the disposition of the inhabitants. On the 1st of August, 1830, the whole squadron anchored in the bay of Bona, and the Admiral learned from the Captain of the Bellona, which had previously arrived, that the inhabitants, annoyed by the hostilities of vast hordes of Kabyles and Arabs who beleaguered the place, would be but too happy to receive the French as their defenders. By invitation from General Damremont, the Cadi and the chief inhabitants of the city came on board of the Commandant's vessel. Promises of eternal attachment were exchanged as liberally as between lovers: it was settled that the French troops should land, and they accordingly took possession both of the town and the citadel.

Bona is built at the bottom of what the French call a mamelon, i. e. breast or nipple of land, the sides of which terminate in steep rocks along the shore; the city is inclosed by walls about sixty feet in height, pretty thick, but not backed with earth, and have the shape of the rectangle slightly inclined towards the valley of the Seibouze. This wall, though weak in some parts, is still capable of a good defence against the Arabs; its total circumference is 3,400 yards. The town has four gates, one leading from east to the harbour; another, called the Arab Gate, leading to Constantine, and two that face the citadel. The Kasbah, or citadel, with a wall of 700 yards in circuit, crowns a high hill to the south of the city; this wall is so high and thick, and so backed by the natural soil, that it would be difficult to make a breach in it; it is capable of canonading the roadstead and the mouth of the valley, and it entirely commands the town; its interior is very large, and contains a number of cisterns.

Posted here with two thousand regular soldiers, besides artillerymen, General Damremont congratulated his countrymen on their prowess in beating off the Kabyles and Arabs, who besieged the place very actively during eighteen days; but if we look to the history of a subsequent siege after General Damremont had deserted Bona, we shall not be disposed to rank this defence among the first-rate feats of heroism. On the 19th of August, a squadron of four ships arrived from Algiers, bringing at once intelligence of the revolution of the Barricades in Paris, and an order for General Damremont and all his force to reembark for Algiers. It was supposed that Gen. Bourmont meditated throwing himself with the whole French African army, if he could persuade them to follow him, into the South of France, and there to erect the Bourbon standard. Whether he entertained this project or not, he at least thought it fit that the garrison of Bona should be recalled; and the inhabitants learned with consternation that they must now depend on their own valour for defending the town. Fear and grief, say the French, and we can well believe them, were depicted in the countenances of the citizens when they saw the preparations of the French for departing; and by way of encouraging their compatriots to a more desperate resistance, an hundred and twenty families of the nobler class took the noble resolution of flying away, and embarked on board the French squadron for Algiers. The remainder, thus left to their fate, seemed to have but small chance of standing out against their besiegers; but the poor people of Bona, though thus basely abandoned both by the French and their own civic notables, were not thrown into utter despair, but resolved upon and accomplished their defence.

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.
They threw fifty men into the citadel, and the rest kept watch and ward on the city walls; the continuance of fourscore Turkish soldiers among them, the residue of the ancient garrison, was no doubt an important circumstance in their favour, and it is impossible that the occupation of Bona by the French had spread an exasperation among the native tribes that

may have somewhat abated when they heard of the Christians having departed; nevertheless, the Kabyles and Arabs still partially invested the place, and the position of the citizens was very perilous, as the Bey of Constantine continued summoning them to surrender. The number of men in Bona at this time could not have exceeded 300, if it even amounted to so much, without counting the Turks; for the French, on first taking possession of it, reckoned the whole population only at two thousand. One thing was quite certain, namely, that if the native tribes had got into the town and found any unfortunate Christian, particularly a French soldier, within its precincts, his head would have been the first offering made to Mahomet. After the embarkation of the French was completed, and their sails were hoisted, a signal from the land was given by the Bonaese, requiring a boat's crew to be sent ashore. A boat was accordingly manned and sent, and the cause of the signal was found to be, that a French artilleryman had been left behind in the hurry of embarkation, and the inhabitants though far from secure themselves, had no wish that he should be included in the massacre. There was courage as well as humanity in this action, for the citizens who brought down this artilleryman to the sea-shore and saw him into the boat, both came and went back under the fire of the besieging Arabs.

For more than a year after this first abandonment of Bona by the French, the little civic garrison continued heroically to resist the hostilities of the native tribes, and to refuse submission to the Bey of Constantine. In the beginning of July, 1831, Gen. Berthezène, the then governor of Algiers, learning that they were blockaded, and probably in want of provisions, sent them a present of twenty sacks of biscuits, and a few more of rice, together with a cargo of provisions, which were offered for their purchase, at what the French considered moderate prices. The Bonaese accepted the present with many thanks, but they declined the provision that were offered on sale, as they could import the same articles at a cheaper rate from Alexandria and Tunis: happily their invaders were too barbarous to have a single galley at sea; the people of Bona had, therefore, to endure only a land-blockade. But now how did the poor devils, you will say, get money to purchase supplies from Egypt and Tunis, after all their richest citizens had left them? This question is not perfectly insoluble. In the first place, let a Moor or an Arab, pass for being ever so poor, and live ever so miserably, you can never be sure that he is really poor, or that he has not got a good deal of money hid under-ground; and this was probably the case with the majority of the citizens of Bona, who were reckoned in the poorer class. In the next place, there are still some manufactories of cloth and other articles in Bona: and the desultory warfare of its besiegers, I believe, never entirely prevented a trade with the interior which carried the Bonaese exports into the interior, and brought back, I believe, even gold from the auriferous sands of the river Jummel, in the province of Constantina.

Bona thus continued to hold out, and the only mark of distrust in its own resources which it betrayed was, the sending a request to the Governor of Algiers for a small auxiliary force, to be accompanied with some arms and ammunition. The deputation, however, who brought this request, particularly insisted that no French soldiers should be sent, but only Mahometans in the French service. A hundred and twenty-five Zouaves were accordingly selected at Algiers, and the stipulation respecting "no Frenchmen" was adhered to as far as the privates were concerned, but the twelve officers and subalterns were all French. Every man was provided with a hundred and fifty European cartridges, besides forty thousand Algerine ones for the whole corps, and to these were

added sixty grenades, fifty howitzers charged, an hundred muskets, and sixty complete uniforms. A distinguished officer, Captain Bigot, had the chief military command of this little force, whilst Lieut. Col. Huder had in reality a superior authority, under the title of French consul at Bona. The expedition arrived on the 14th of September, 1831: its details have not sufficient importance that I should relate them to you, but when I put them together in my own mind, they seem to me one of the thousand and one proofs of the folly, and, what is worse, of the folly made more foolish by fraud, that has pervaded the French management of Africa. Really if ants and beavers had risible faculties, they might well laugh at the lack of wisdom with which the affairs of men are conducted.

The French manifestly wished to make themselves masters of Bona, and, all things considered, I should say that they were justifiable in that desire; for if their occupation of northern Africa is to be of any use to the cause of civilization, it is obvious that they must possess as much as possible of the Algerine regency; but if the possession of Bona was their wish, they should have also made it their determination, and the presence of a few frigates in the harbour would have instantly decided the matter by laying the Bonaese at the mercy of the French for supplies by sea, whilst at the same time two or three battalions would have rid the place of all land-blockade, and would have imposed laws on the Moors and Arabs.

If, on the other hand, France thought herself bound in conscience, merely to protect the people of Bona, and to leave them a free and independent community, they ought to have sent no French officer at all amongst the Zouaves, and they should have instructed Col. Huder to act in no other manner than as a mere consul. But they chose a disingenuous middle part. They pretended to treat the people of Bona as allies, independent of every thing except the friendly assistance of the French; but the citizens very soon saw that Huder had come as a would-be commandant, and not as consul. No blame, I believe, attaches personally to Huder—he only obeyed his instructions—but the intentions—of the French not to aid, but to rule, became so evident, that the Turks, joined not only most of the citizens but by the Arabs without, called against the French and resolved to get rid of them. Prayers were offered up in the mosques, beseeching God to favour an insurrection against the Christians. The issue of the affair was, though a detachment of French military arrived to relieve the forlorn consul, that he was shot through the head, in attempting to swim to a French vessel in the harbour—that Captain Bigot was massacred in one of the streets—and that the French and all who were friendly to them, were chased out of Bona.

In March, 1832, the government of Algiers equipped against this place a third expedition, the diminutive nature of which, I think, did as little credit to their sagacity as that of the last; but they, happily selected leaders of uncommon skill and intrepidity, and by almost miraculous good fortune Bona was taken without bloodshed. This success was attributed principally to three individuals, Captain d'Armaudy of the artillery, Lieutenant Freart of the navy, and an adventurer named Yousouf, or Joseph, then a captain of the Algerine chasseurs, whose history is rather romantic.*

* In a newspaper I have just seen, I find General Clausel mentioning the name of my friend Joseph with no small approbation. The general dates from Oran, an account of a recent battle between the French and Abd-El-Kader, Prince of Mascara, in which poor Abd-El-Kader has been miserably cut up. General Clausel says, "The Chief d'Escadron Yousouf, whom I brought from Bona, was at the head of

Before I tell you the romance of Joseph's history, I ought to state the exploits, either real or but slightly, if at all, exaggerated, which have brought him into notice. An European by birth, he lived from childhood to manhood at Tunis, and repairing from thence to Algiers, after the French had conquered it, he entered into their service and distinguished himself by his bravery. He was employed by General Clausel, and was one of his staff. The Duke of Rovigo afterwards appointed him to take a share in that last adventurous expedition to Bona, the citadel of which was manned by the Turkish soldiers already mentioned, who threatened a determined resistance. Here Joseph performed a feat which, unless its narrators unaccountably embellish it, has no parallel as I know of, except in the annals of ancient Greece or of chivalry—as for the story

"I give it as 'twas given to me."
He climbed the walls of the citadel alone, threw himself amidst four-score Turks, harangued them dauntlessly in their own language, which he had learned at Tunis, and by his eloquence persuaded them to join the cause of the French and to make him (Yousouf) their commander. Though I returned from Bona to Algiers with the hero himself, I am sorry to say that his temporary indisposition prevented me from getting a distinct account of his exploit from his own lips, and he failed to fulfil a promise which he made me, to write me out a full account of it in French, when we should arrive at Algiers. From all that I have heard, my impression is, that he undoubtedly scaled the walls of the Kasbah, but whether his escalade was supported by followers, to back his eloquence, as I suspect it was, I cannot determine. At all events, the enterprise was consummately heroic. Joseph was rewarded for it by an appointment to the command of the Turkish garrison, and he admitted many French within the citadel walls. He had not however, been long in his authority, when he discovered that the Turks were conspiring to assassinate him, and also to massacre all the French in the town as well as in Kasbah. On this intelligence, he went immediately to Captain D'Armandy, warned him of the danger, and declared to him that he knew but one means of warding it off. "I must march out of the citadel," he said, "with all my Turks." "But the Turks will kill you," replied D'Armandy. "And what if they do?" replied Yousouf; "I shall still have time enough to spike the artillery at the marine. I shall die, I foresee, but you will be saved: and the French colours will continue to float over Bona!" He had scarcely uttered these words, when he sallied from the fort at the head of his Turks, and the gates were instantly shut behind him. After descending to the bottom of the town, Joseph halted his troops and addressed them thus:—"I know very well," he said, "that there are traitors among you, who have conspired to dispatch me, and that the night after this day was the time appointed for executing your famous project; but I know who are the guiltiest in this conspiracy, and now let them strike—if they dare to lift a hand against their commander." Then turning to one of the troop, he said, "You are one of the guilty!" and he shot him dead upon the spot. His resolution overawed the conspirators; the whole troop fell on their knees and vowed to him a fidelity from which they have never swerved.

Joseph was born in the island of Elba, probably about the year 1807. He remembers, in 1811, when he was a little boy, to have seen the Emperor Napo-

leon, who noticed him and patted his head. He is a handsome man, and, with his intelligent countenance, must have been an exceedingly interesting boy. He gives out, that he has no recollection of his family, from which it must be inferred either that his parents died in his absolute infancy, and that he was an orphan in the hands of guardians; or that he has no wish to record his ancestors, possibly intending to set up for an ancestor himself. I lean to the latter supposition, because he lived in Elba, long enough to be fit for school, and a child of that age was not likely to be perfectly ignorant about his parents. Be that as it may, he was embarked for Florence, where he was to have been placed at college, being then some seven or eight years old; but the vessel that bore him, falling in with a Morocco corsair, our little hero was taken to Tunis, and became the property of the Bey, in whose palace he was placed, and made a Mussulman—"à l'imprévisite." Here his education, though different from what it would have been at Florence, was not neglected. He made rapid progress in the Turkish, Spanish, and Arabic languages; and, instead of learning the logic of Aristotle, he became, a proficient in the logic of the sabre. At the age of manhood he was an accomplished soldier, and he accompanied the Bey of Tunis in an expedition as far as the desert, for the collection of those voluntary taxes, which the loving subjects of the Bey always contribute at the point of the sword. He returned with a high character,

"Dreaded in battle and loved in hall;"

and being exceedingly handsome, he captivated the heart of one of the daughters of the Bey. All this is charming, you will say—but is it all true? Yes, I own to you, it looks like a parody on that beautiful French song "Le Beau Fernand aime la fille d'un Roi Maure," to which we have both listened with admiration; but I fully believe the story of Joseph's courtship of the Moorish princess; and it is the more credible from the circumstance, that the Bey of Tunis has 150 daughters constantly living in his palace. Joseph and his princess met and fell madly in love, and, as it was leap-year, she made the first proposal. According to the Tunisian version of the story, they were one day surprised at their place of interview by a eunuch of the palace, whom Joseph took the bold resolution of following into the adjacent garden, and, as dead men tell no tales, of cutting off his head. Having disposed of the body, so says the story, by throwing it into a deep fish-pond, he next day met his sweetheart, who was a prey to the liveliest terrors; but to assuage them, he opened a press in his chamber and showed her the head of the spy—"Behold! madam," he said, at least they say that he said; "there are the eyes that looked upon our love, and there are the lips that would have revealed it." But melo-dramatic and beautiful as this latter part of the story is, I consider it as apocryphal. At least, Yousouf himself protested to me, in the strongest terms, that the murder and the press-scene were sheer fictions. I made his acquaintance on board the steamer in returning to Algiers. I was struck with his appearance, and the vivid expression of his countenance; but, though I will not call him absolutely a dandy, his manners certainly struck me as exhibiting no deficiency in self-estimation. How his amour was discovered I know not, but discovered it was; and Yousouf, finding that his presence could be dispensed with at court, decamped as speedily and as secretly as he could. The Consul of France assisted him in his escape. In the May of 1830, there lay in the roadstead a French brig, to which a boat was got ready for conveying him; but five tchausses (Moorish officers of police, next in dignity to the hangman,) were posted on the shore to speak a quiet word with him before embarking. Yousouf stealing along concealed pathways, remarked

that those tchausses had piled their arms on a rock at the sea-side. He got close to them unobserved, he sprang on them like a cat upon vermin, poked at them with his yatagan till they all ran helter skelter, then tumbled their arms into the sea and leapt into his boat. All this was done in a few moments. The brig that received him was under orders to join the fleet which was to invade Algiers. He was welcomed by the French army, and speedily rose to distinction. But what became of his poor dear princess? Alas! I cannot tell you:—the first time, however, that I go to Tunis, I will make the strictest inquiries respecting her.

LETTER XIX.

February 19, 1835.

I know not what I can tell you of my adventures in returning from Bona to Algiers, unless you will excuse me for recording an obligation which I owe to the Lieutenant of the steamer in which I embarked. To carry me out to that steamer with my servant and luggage, I hired a boat with three boatmen, to whom, on coming aboard, I offered as many francs for the trouble of rowing me about the distance of a stone-cast. One of the knaves followed me up to the deck, and, throwing down the money, begged leave to assure me that I was no gentleman. I coolly picked up my silver, collared the fellow took him before the lieutenant, and explained the cause of our dispute. The lieutenant, like a second Daniel, gave judgment against my adversary. "You rascal," he said to him, "have you dared to refuse what is three times your fare? But your insolence shall be punished." He then seized him by the shoulders, turned him round, and gave him three of the handsomest kicks that I ever saw bestowed on the after-part of a human body. In a general view, I disapprove of man kicking his brother man; but here there was a fair exception to the rule. I had justice on my side, and, with the picked up francs in my hand, I felt that I had "stooped to conquer." I gave them to the knave, and added, "Remember not to keep the three kicks that you have got, any more than the three francs, all to yourself; two of them are due to your companions."

When I look to the date of this letter, I am afraid that, before it reaches you, you will have been alarmed at my silence. During the two past weeks no packet has sailed for France; the intercourse with Europe has been stopped by such tempests, as even the stormy winter of Algiers has not witnessed for several seasons. The 11th and 12th of February were memorable days. On the morning of the former day, about 1 A.M., I was awakened by the howling of the wind:—

"That night a child might understand

The De'il had business on his hand,"—

and, accordingly, the De'il was very busy next day; for, after having wrecked fourteen ships at Bona and Bougie, he paid us a visit, and the storm has smashed one and twenty vessels in the harbour, or, I should rather say, the roadstead, of Algiers—for, properly speaking, there is no protecting harbour. A pier, the improved erection of which is said to have cost the French a million of francs, or forty thousand pounds, has been swept away like a loaf of sugar; and it is calculated that the entire loss by these gales will amount to three times that sum. But what is most deplorable, fourteen human beings have perished.

Unable to get any repose on the awful night of the 11th, I dressed myself, and got up to the house-top, where I could keep my feet only by clinging to the breast-work. The moon hung low, and faintly reddened the creamy whiteness of the boiling deep. As the day advanced, the north-west wind grew, if possible more furious, and the wrecks of seven vessels came in by fragments to the beach below the town. In spite of the tremendous surf, there were persons

hardly enough to venture their lives in getting goods from the wrecked vessels. A poor French cobbler of Algiers, in imitation of the saint and patron of his trade, King Crispin,* seeing the "Trois gazas per undas," swam out of the tempting treasure, and came to his last.

Nine Swedes belonging to a Russian ship were drowned in their boat, within sight of us, and a French captain of artillery, a much lamented young man, perished in bravely attempting to save them. Many honourable traits of French courage and humanity have been shown on this occasion, and it was quite proper that the "Moniteur Algérien" should record them; but there was surely no necessity for subjoining the following anecdote respecting Admiral Bretonnière as a proof of his sagacity. The worthy officer, it seems, was going down to the beach wrapped up in his great-coat when he had nearly been blown into the sea, coat and all; but, luckily he met in his way a cannon fixed erect in the ground, and he had actually "the presence of mind," says the "Moniteur," "to save himself by clasping this cannon with both his hands." Without questioning the Admiral's sagacity, why compliment him on doing what any creature, human or simious, would have done in the same circumstances.

One glorious instance of intrepidity was given, I am happy to say, by an Englishman. The French have not published it, but they speak of it with due and high admiration. The captain of a British merchantman, whose name I am sorry I omitted to learn, though he was pointed out to me, had confidence enough in his own seamanship to weather the whole storm, and when a boat was sent out to bring him ashore, he calmly said, "That it was his duty to save the ship and cargo if he could, and that he would do his duty." His vessel, a puny-looking thing of fifty tons, had a crew of five men, four of whom he sent ashore, and retained only one sailor, besides his own son, a boy only ten years old. "Why retain the poor child?" you will say. I tell you he was no poor child, but a noble boy, and he persisted in refusing to leave his father. Nor was this a freak of rashness on the part of the captain, but an act of cool and calculating bravery. He knew the strength of his little brig, and trusted to the tenacity of both his anchors. He even reckoned that he should be safe with one of them, should it be necessary to cut the cable of the other. This manœuvre eventually became necessary. During those two awful days, the main cause of destruction to the ship was their running foul of each; according when one or two of the miserable drifting wrecks were coming down, and ready to bump him to destruction, he cut his cable and swung out of bumping reach.

When I saw this brave mariner and his boy, the countenance of the former struck me by its expression of mildness almost amounting to simplicity: it reminded me of one of Morland's best pictures of an English peasant.

Yet, with all my pride in our native seamen, I have been no indifferent witness to the sufferings and fortitude of those of France. The *Eclairer* steamship, in which I came from Bona, had gone again thither, and, coming back, reached Algiers on the second day of the storm. Never shall I forget my sensations at seeing this gallant vessel engaged in a combat with the elements, which every spectator regarded as utterly hopeless. The spray flashed over her so as to make us believe at times that her hull was irrecoverably un-

* King Crispin, the saint of the shoemakers, was drowned in consequence of plunging into a river, down the stream of which a dead horse was floating, which his Sutoric Majesty mistook for a huge ball of resin.—*Vide Sylburgiusde Gestis Regum.*

der water. Again she rose in sight, but again the ruffian waves, like assassins shouldering their victim, whirled her back from her course. To think she had human beings on board was sufficiently painful; but to those who had acquaintances and friends among the seemingly devoted sufferers, the spectacle was heart-rending. For my own part, I had had but a short acquaintance with the officers of the *Eclairer*; but they had shown me every possible civility, and I felt for them as for friends. At last, in spite of all difficulties, they got to anchor off Cape Matifou; but it was still uncertain there whether her anchorage would continue firm, or the ship's timbers keep together. Rumour says the highest marine authority at Algiers signalled a command to them, to run in upon the sands of Cape Matifou, about a league below the town; an order which was tantamount to bidding them drown themselves. The captain, however, knew better: he rode at anchor till the tempest somewhat abated, and at last succeeded in getting into Algiers. Happily no lives were lost on board the *Eclairer*; but she could only be brought in in a state so nearly approaching to a wreck, that it has not been thought expedient to repair her. She is English built; and I doubt if French carpenters are up to the skill of repairing a steamer. Be this as it may, the unfortunate captain, though there is not a shadow of reflection on his character, retains only his rank in the service, and, for the present, loses his livelihood.

During those terrible days—you may easily suppose that we had scarcely any other subject of interest or conversation in Mr. St. John's house than the fate of our fellow-creatures at sea—one of his beautiful little daughters, about seven years old, came to her mother in the crisis of the danger, and said, with tears in eyes, "Mamma, I wish to pray for these sufferers in the ships, but I know not how to compose a prayer—do put words together for me, that I may get them by heart, and pray to God for the poor people."

Now that the storm is overblown, I have leisure to deliberate what I shall next do with my humble self. As I wish to see as much as possible of the Algerine Regency, I should gladly venture once more into the inland country as far as Constantina, if it were possible either to travel unprotected, or to find a protecting convoy: but it would have been safer fifty years ago, than it is at present for any European, to have penetrated so far from the coast as Constantina. My object must therefore be to get to Oan, the farthest western point of the Regency, of which the French have taken possession, since it is accessible by sea. The sea, however, has of late left no very seducing impression on my mind; and although at the moment I am writing he reminds me of the glorious words of *Æschylus*, whilst his waves "interminably breathe their crisped smiles"—yet I cannot think of immediately trusting myself to his hospitality, and shall accordingly tarry a little longer at Algiers.

GOOD NIGHT.

FROM SHELLEY.

Good night? ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite.
Let us remain together still
Then it will be good night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, though, understood,
Then it will be good night.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good; because my love,
They never say good night.

THE UNCHANGEABLE,

OR, FIDELITY NO FICTION.

"I really must request, my love," said the elegant Lady de Grey, as she left the room, "that you will never flirt with that Mr. Leslie again." That Mr. Leslie!

"I am afraid I never shall!" was the unheard exclamation of her beautiful daughter, to whom the injunction was addressed. Lady Emma had thrown herself back in her arm chair. The rounded and youthful cheek was flushed by the maternal admonition, and still more by its subject—her dark blue eyes flashed with pride at one moment, the next were filled with tears; whilst the bright ringlets which shaded her brow looked as if the rays of the setting sun had fallen on them, and enamoured of their beauty, had refused to depart.

She was a subject for Chalon!

"My dear Laura, is she not unkind? She has not asked Herbert to dinner for a whole month, and now he is going to sea for three long years, she says I must not flirt with him!" She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Laura smiled—for she had been out two years; she sighed—for she had once a "first love."

"Emma, if you go on thus you will look quite a fright to-night, and it is just time to dress."

Emma then looked at the pendule, and dried her tears.

Lady Mordaunt intended that night to astonish even the London world with the splendor of her fancy ball, and she almost succeeded.

"What a beautiful girl that, with the bright hair and the black veil, walking with the Conte de Castelbianco—splendid? Do you know her, Leslie?" enquired a dandy, of a young man in a palmer's dress, his elegant figure disguised in an immense cloak, and his handsome countenance hidden by an enormous slouched hat.

"It is Lady Emma Vaughan."

"Oh! you know her then?"

But no answer came—the Palmer was gone.

Lady Emma had waltzed, and was returning to her seat, when her name was whispered in her ear—she turned—a tall figure was bending gracefully over her—the eloquent and tell-tale blood rushed over cheek and brow—she trembled violently—relinquished with an agitated bow the arm of her *distingue* partner, and accepted the offered courtesy of—the Palmer.

An hour had elapsed, in the course of which Lady de Grey, and sundry disappointed dandies, had made fruitless enquiries for the lost maiden, when Lord Stanfield and a friend sauntered into a small tent exquisitely fitted up. They were about to retire, thinking it was empty, when their ears were saluted by voices.

"Will you promise, will you give me a pledge, that on my return in three long years, you will be mine—at least, that you will make no other man happy with this dear hand?"

"I dare not promise," said a low sweet voice.

"I have brought you a ring; let me place it on this hand till I can place another there."

"I will accept it," whispered the sweet voice again; "but I can promise nothing: and now farewell." Good night! My own, my beautiful, farewell, farewell!"

"How excellent!" laughed Lord Stanfield, as he left the spot; "we must see who these romantic lovers are." A moment more, and Lady Emma left the little tent, her black veil drawn over her blushing face. She was leaning upon the arm of the Hon. Herbert Leslie, a Lieutenant (in expectation) in his Majesty's service.

The next morning when the first rays of the sun-

mer sun, were admitted into her chamber, Lady Emma awoke—a weight was upon heart. Lady de Grey was angry, and Herbert had joined his ship!

During the "affaire" of the toilette, she came to the fixed resolution that she would eat no breakfast.

In vain did rolls of all sizes and shapes, strange as those of Laputa, offer themselves; in vain the aroma of chocolate and coffee assailed her—she was determined.

"Emma, my love," said the softened Lady de Grey, "take something."

"Nothing, thank you," was the heroic answer!

Tears occupied her till luncheon came with its substantial board; but the spirit of martyrdom was still strong within, and her mother talked of Sir Charles Clarke; but how could Lady Emma eat (even if she were hungry,) when Herbert had departed?

How powerful is first love?

The next day, half a roll was the morning repast of "la belle délaissée;" and matters were altogether better, save that neither requests nor commands could induce her to accompany her mother to a ball where they were expected.

The succeeding day a party met at Lord de Grey's hospitable mansion, and Lord Stanfield placed himself at Emma's side. Highly amused at what he had overheard, he had determined to make her forget "the absent one." What passed we know not; but that night he danced with her at a ball, to which she had positively determined not to go.

At the end of the season Lady de Grey entered the room where her daughter was sitting.

"Emma, my love, your father has had a proposal for you from Lord Stanfield; of course you will give a favorable answer?"

"Mama," hesitated the blushing girl, "I cannot—I am almost engaged."

"To whom?"

"To Herbert Leslie."

"A boy of eighteen!" ejaculated the amazed Mama. It is needless to repeat what followed. Emma was firm and heroic, though she thought Lord Stanfield more handsome and more agreeable than her "first love."

Time past on, and another, Emma's second, season summoned Lord de Grey to town. Soon after its commencement they drew upon their mansion to three or four hundred particular friends. Wearied with every thing, Emma was standing listless and alone, when Lord Stanfield sought her side. She blushed, but received him kindly. He danced with her again—again.

All was over—the lights were extinguished, the music hushed, the guests departed; but Emma still stood before her mirror.

Her cheeks were crimsoned, but not with indignation—her eyes flashed and sparkled, but not with anger. She gazed at her own most lovely form in triumph; she took the torquoise ring—the gift, the pledge of the "boy," and threw it from her.

She had accepted Lord Stanfield.

Two months elapsed, and the young and handsome Herbert had been recalled with his ship. He hurried home instantly, and arrived at night. He found his paternal halls illuminated; music, carriages, and noise awaited him; he dressed, and entered, a welcome guest—the hero of the night!

"Lady Emma?" tremblingly inquired he.

"Will be here to-night," replied his sister, with a mysterious smile.

Abroad, Herbert had forgotten love and ring; but now he was as much in love as ever.

"Here are the bride and bridegroom," was whispered around the rooms; "here they come!"

"Leslie, look at the bride—is she not beautiful?"

Leslie gave an anxious glance. On the arm of the stately and triumphant Lord Stanfield was laid the fairy hand of Lady Emma—the bride.

It was now his turn to be heroic!

Herbert walked up to her, gave her one low and mocking bow—one bitter and Byronic smile—one withering look, and rushed out of the room—*in five minutes.*

Lady Emma bowed and smiled.

Herbert did not challenge Lord Stanfield—remarking that he was too much disgusted with his "first love" to think of appealing to a "second."

THE EARLY GRAVE.

They've planted wild flowers o'er her tomb,

The living o'er the dead!

The violet's witching soft perfume

Around her grave is shed—

As emblems of bright memory's sway,

Reflecting beauty passed away.

They seek the spot when the last blush

Of day is on the rose,

And o'er the wave a deeper flush

Of burning crimson glows—

And then they think how more than bright

Was her young day when near its night!

They saw her come like morning dew

Reflecting summer skies,

Her cheek blushed with Aurora's hue,

And heaven was in her eyes,

And her bright tresses could have won,

No brighter beauty from the sun.

She was amongst them as a dream,

Of fairer worlds on high—

Flashing, like sunlight o'er a stream,

A moment—but to die,

As dew drops, that to earth are given,

But to return again to heaven.

They saw her on the couch of death

More lovely in decay;

They listened as her last drawn breath

Pass'd on the breeze away—

Her spirit left its earthly bow'r,

Calmly as incense leaves the flow'r.

They could not weep—they could not weep,

So tranquil pass'd her breath,—

Her eyes seem'd cloth'd in gentle sleep—

Not the dull sleep of death—

Her brow was still as marble fair,

And on her cheek—the rose was there!

Yes! that which through life's fever'd hour

Blossom'd but to betray,

Did not with life lose all its pow'r,

Nor pass'd in death away:

No! still it gave its lovely bloom,

As though in mockery of the tomb.

But all is pass'd—that bosom ne'er

Again shall throb to sorrow's sigh;

That brow ne'er be the seat of care,

No tear again bedew that eye,—

I will not weep that she's at rest,

Would I were with such slumber blest.

LABOR.

Cheered with the view, man went to till the ground
From whence he rose; sentenced indeed to toil,
As to punishment, yet—even in wrath
So merciful is Heaven—this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against disease and death.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
LACONICS—No. X.

The envious man wishes to be superior, not by raising himself, but by pulling others down; and their prosperity, nay even their genius and their virtue, are to him matter not of joy, but of anguish: which is part of the character we ascribe to the devil. The envious man sets an example of selfishness, rancor, pride, and almost every other perversity incident to a despicable mind. Envy is a proof, not only of malignity, but of incapacity also. Hence it is that no man is willing to acknowledge himself liable to this detestable passion; for that would be to provoke and acquiesce in his own disgrace.

Modest persons observe uniform and unaffected manners; they seek not to aggrandise themselves in the estimation of the world, neither do they solicit its applause; when it is bestowed upon them for trifles which are not in themselves meritorious, they scarcely feel its impression, and when unjustly withheld they are by no means disquieted about it. They have no exalted ideas of their own merit, and therefore do justice freely to the merit of others; they praise them without repugnancy, and hear them applauded without envy. None but exalted minds are capable of such sentiments: those who are so, never complain that we do not show them sufficient deference, nor disagree with us because we have omitted some slight formality, or have not bowed quite low enough: they seek not to soar above their equals, nor complain of the injustice of any marked predilection in their favor; modest persons if they have some good qualities, know also that they are counterbalanced by many imperfections, to which they pretend not to be blind; so that when refused the praises they deserve, the sight of those imperfections humbles them, and wonderfully assists them in the preservation of their temper; and although the injustice of some may give them pain, they never discover their uneasiness, nor fatigue the world with continual complaints of ill treatment.

Choose the best course of life, and custom will make it the most pleasant.

Anger is called by Horace a short madness; when in any degree violent, it is truly so; for it deprives a man for a time of the use of his reason, occasions absurd and immoral conduct, and if long continued, may terminate in real frenzy. Anger that is both lasting and violent is termed *rancour* or *malignity*, a passion which makes a man miserable and detestable. When anger is apt to arise on every trifling occasion, it is called *peevishness*, and renders one a torment to oneself and a plague to others. Anger that breaks forth with violence but is soon over, is termed *passionateness*; which though not inconsistent either with good nature or with generosity, ought to be restrained, because it is extremely inconvenient to friends and dependents, and may hurry a man on to the perpetration of crimes. Anger that is cool, silent, and vindictive, is a much worse passion; it is indeed so bad that nothing good is to be expected from him who is capable of it.

The chief beauty of countenance arises from the appearance in it of good temper, good nature, sagacity, virtue, modesty, and other moral and intellectual virtues.

A man guards the secrets of another better than he does his own: a woman keeps her own secret better than the secret of another.

Of all the ways that lead to success in the world, the shortest and the best is to make it appear clearly to others that it is their interest to serve you.

Love and friendship excludes each other.

The first thought which occurs to us upon an interview with those who have in any sort injured us, is to reproach them for their ill conduct with all the acrimony imaginable. By so doing we fall into the very error for which we would condemn others. If it be necessary to apply our injuries to their feelings, we should by all means do it in a mild, insinuating manner, without noise, sourness, or passion, and without deviating in the smallest degree, from the rules of politeness. He who can thus master his feelings in its delicate a conjuncture, has more than ordinary strength of mind.

Nothing in a more astonishing manner displays the power of habit, or rather of habit and genius united, in facilitating the performance of the most complex and most difficult exertions of the human mind, than the eloquent and unstudied harangue of a graceful speaker, in a great political assembly. It is long before we learn to articulate words, long before we can deliver them with exact propriety; and longer still before we can recollect a sufficient quantity of them, and out of many that may occur, at once, select instantly the most proper. Then the rules of grammar, of logic, of rhetoric, and of good breeding, which can on no account be dispensed with, are so numerous that volumes might be filled with them, and years employed in the ready use of them. Yet to the accomplished orator, all this is so familiar, in consequence of being habitual, that without thinking of his rules, or violating any one of them, he applies them all; and has, at the same time, present to his mind whatever he may have heard of importance in the course of the debate, and whatever in the laws or customs of his country, may relate to the business in hand: which as a very acute and ingenious author observes, "If it were not more common, would appear more wonderful than that a man should dance blindfold without being burned, amidst a thousand red hot ploughshares."

Certainly in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior, for it is a prince's part to pardon: and Solomon I am sure saith "It is the glory of a man to pass by and offend." That which is passed is gone irrecoverable, and wise men have enough to do with things past and to come, therefore they do but trifle with themselves who labor in past matters.

Passionate, devoted, undying love, is more common than true and perfect friendship.

We naturally love a man because he is of the same condition with ourselves; we have good will towards him because he stands in need of our aid, and may be profited by it; we love him yet more if we know him to be of a mild disposition, and more still when he proves himself a friend to mankind, by acts of beneficence, but if we ourselves are the objects of that beneficence, our good will towards him, and delight in him, ought to be very strong. When we thus contemplate our benefactor, not only with sentiments of complacency and benevolence, but also with a disposition to requite his favours, this mixture of pleasurable emotion is termed *gratitude*.

Humility consists in a just sense of our own imperfection, inclining us to bear with and pity those of others;—a most amiable disposition in the sight of God and man. The lowly mind is considered and recollected, benevolent and pious, at peace with itself and with all the world, and is generally accompanied with simplicity of manners, serenity of countenance, &c.

Taste is improved by cultivating all the generous, benevolent, and pious affections; and repressing pride, malice, envy, and every other selfish and wicked passion.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

Things in Venice.

September 20, 1835.

The Arsenal in Venice, every body visits,—and well they may, to witness this huge forge whence came the arms that brought death to the Arab and the Saracen, and defeat to the proud Genoese,—whence came too the weapons that defended the domain of Christianity, and drove back the Turk and the infidel, when he had already passed the Adriatic, and made a stride upon Italy. The Arsenal is on an island in the eastern part of the city, and is so well defended by lofty walls and turrets, as to resemble a fortress, the object of it being to preserve the artillery and the fleet. It was the great arsenal of the powerful republic of Venice, and at times, it is said, there were on it sixteen thousand workmen and thirty-six thousand seamen. Its principal entrance is ornamented on the outside with the winged lion of Venice—a colossal lion in white marble taken from the Piræus at Athens,—another lion from Athens,—a lioness taken from Corinth, and another having the word 'Attica' marked upon it, which the Venetians plundered, when they planted the banner of St. Mark in Athens, and thus wrested it from the Ottoman Porte. But the Arsenal of Venice, like the city, is now dying or dead, and the principal sight of the present day is the ancient armory, and the few workmen left.

I took a gondola with my companion whom I re-found here, and a valet-de-place, the first with one oar costing about four *scanzingeri* a day, (about 70 cents of our money,) and the other four or five francs of France, (you see I keep up my resolution of telling the American traveller who may come here, what is necessary to pay) the gondolier being necessary in a city where you cannot walk upon the water, and the valet-de-place, (a Frenchman is always found, an Englishman seldom or never,) where you have but little time to see, and are compelled to improve that time to the utmost advantage:—and at our ease, my companion and myself sailed from island to island, and from church to palace, through canal and over lagoon, searching out whatsoever was curious. The gondolas are something like our Indian canoes—not so very delicate to be sure, but easily overset,—often, almost always even, with a covering of black in the centre, an arched-like canopy under which the party sits looking out of the windows to the right and left. The oarsman stands in the stern, and with his paddle or oar propels or guides the gondola, very like the manner of the Indians of the North,—with a delicacy and skill remarkable however, as he will just jut by a neighboring gondola without a single shock, passing the turns of the canals and gliding under the single arch of the numerous bridges with safety and ease, using only a loud warning as he turns a corner, so that a gondola if approaching, may be upon its guard. Whenever you step upon any quay, a beggar with his hook, who holds your gondola, expects about a quarter or a half cent of our money,—and into whatever church you enter, you will commonly find another beggar at the door, who, upon lifting the curtain for you to enter or to go out, expects a similar compensation,—the prerogative probably that the miserable and wretched population have over the better-dressed, and better-looking. Now and then, as you sail along in the gondolas, you can see a female face at some of the windows, whose eye is upon the canals, as the eyes of the Dutch girls upon theirs:—but, generally speaking, the sight of a woman elsewhere than in the churches where they seem to be ever thronging to pray and to attend mass, is rather uncommon. For woman in Catholic as in Protestant countries, is ever the greater frequenter of the church, the most constant, the most sincere, and the most devoted worshipp-er of God. The women of Venice, however, generally speaking, are kept shut up, and do not, as in many other towns of Italy, participate in all the business of their husbands,—it may be, that from that universal corruption of manners which, it has been said, once made Venice but a grand seraglio, it has been deemed necessary to keep its inmates under the strictest watch.

With the gondola and the valet, among our many other journeys, we went to visit the celebrated prisons of Venice, which were once unknown to all save the government and the jailor and into which were thrust all who dared too freely to question the acts of that august tri-

bunal. They adjoin the Ducal Palace, and the communication between the tribunal in the palace where the accused was arraigned, and the horrid cells where confined, was by a covered bridge over the intermediate canal, which was appropriately named, and so well known as the Bridge of Sighs—*Il Ponte del Sospiri*—the Italian name. Hence Byron writes—

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A Palace and a Prison on each hand."

At the foot of this bridge are the Pozzi, or horrid cells where the hapless victims were incarcerated. They are small, dark and damp, sunk in the thick walls of the Palace, and from them the prisoner was led in the dead of night to a cell upon the Bridge of Sighs, where he was strangled or beheaded, and then tumbled in the canal beneath, whose awful secrets it was death to explore. Byron in his notes to Childe Harold says that you may crawl down through holes half choked by rubbish into two yet deeper stories of this under-water grave. We saw the spot where the hangman did his office. We marked the floor all besprinkled plainly with human blood. Once a day, for a brief interval, while the prisoners took their wretched meal, a light was allowed, and then some of the captives employed the stolen minutes in scratching their names upon the walls with a memento of their feelings, some few of which of the date of 1605, Byron has copied in the notes of which I have been speaking. The French, when they broke down decrepid Venice, found a prisoner there who had been confined sixteen years; but Liberty given him by them, and the light of day were fatal boons, for he became totally blind the instant he saw the sun! Oh, what a sad lesson all this of the cruelty of Power! When on the gloomy water in which hundreds of corpses had been plunged, I could not but utter a new anathema against Power of every name and form, whether in Republics or Despotisms, and take a new oath to Law and the Courts of Law where Jurors sit, where one having the heart of a citizen can be secure.

From this hell amid the waters, we emerged with a heavy heart to go and visit the Ducal Palace itself, where sat the potent, grave and reverend Signiors, who dealt destruction to every foe. We entered the grand hall, where they held their high deliberations. Around its walls are the portraits of all the Doges, except one,—Marino Faliero,—instead of which is a black funeral cloth suspended over a frame, with a Latin inscription, which says, '*The place of Marino Faliero, beheaded for his crimes.*' The English reader is made familiar with his story by Byron's Historical Tragedy. In this august hall the Painters have blazoned the history of Venice, as we have attempted to do the like on the Rotunda of our Capitol. Here, paintings, and the associations bring one back to the splendid triumph of Venice, and to the crusades of the middle ages. The humbled Frederic Barbarossa is not forgotten. The blind old Dandolo, tumbling from his galley upon the hostile shores of the Imperial city of the east, is there. Paul Veronese has taken a poetic liberty, in representing Venice crowned and seated in the clouds.—Who has the right to such a liberty, if not the city that exchanged the Imperial purple of the Caesars from Emperor to Emperor at her will—the mistress of the Archipelago, the Ocean Queen to whom the proud crusaders paid their court,—the victor at Lepanto in that bloody fight of the Christians with the Turk? The grand hall of the Senators, where they deliberated, awakens your recollection to all this history. You are on a spot where mighty men have swayed the destinies of the world. You recall from what they sprung—water-fowl they were called, with fish their only food and salt their only merchandise; and thence as you trace out their humble progress to the vast trade of the Indies, and the whole East, till the discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, you cannot but, as I have said before, compare their origin to ours at Plymouth and Jamestown, the pilgrims and cavaliers alike seeking a refuge as the Venetians did, and alike pushing their trade to the utmost then known bounds of the earth. In the hall, apart from the paintings, are some fine pieces of ancient sculpture—a bust of Cicero and Marcus Aurelius, an Eagle and Ganymede attributed to Phidias, and a Led-a and a Swan, a piece of sculpture so exquisitely beautiful, and voluptuous withal, that if it could be described, one would scarcely dare describe it.

The Lion's mouth, with open jaws, so formidable a part

of the Venetian history, or rather what it was, next attracted our attention. Into this Lion's mouth, *demi-zie secrete*, anonymous fabrications of treason or conspiracy against the state were thrown by every wretch who chose to glut his vengeance, or his pique against some citizen of the state—and wo to the miserable man thus ensnared! Death often, too often, was his fate. The French on their possession of Venice put an end to this famous Lion's mouth, and now it is therefore looked upon without that thrill of terror with which it must have been viewed in olden times. The Lion's mouth, the fearful prisons, the Bridge of Sighs, are sad incidents in the history of Venice, but they only show the abuses that may be made even of delegated power, and in what manner Democracy may become a horrid tyranny. Before we Republicans over the sea too loudly condemn, we must first see if we have no *secret demerit*, no Lion's mouth. The man who secretly reports the political opinions of his neighbor to steal his office from him,—does not he use the Lion's mouth?—and the government who strips the citizen of his office for opinion's sake,—does it not often send him across the Bridge of Sighs, if not into the dreadful Rozi of the Venetian prisons? The Venetian Republicans began with only the Lion's mouth, which we have under another name,—and it was after the people submitted to that, that the denounced was thrust into the prisons, and tumbled headless from the Bridge of Sighs. There is so much in this old world to make a man jealous of all power, and swear against it an everlasting hatred under every name and form,—there is so much in all history to teach us that all government is an evil made necessary by our bad passions, and that the least we are compelled by this necessity to suffer this necessary evil, the better for the human race,—looking upon it even as the disease to make us die—the cholera or the Plague, to sweep off the over-abundance of a population,—that I cannot help running out of my way on every tempting occasion, to show my countrymen how easy it is for power, even with us, to cloak acts that the whole world now reprobate, even despots themselves, under another name or in another effigy.

Our gondolier then took us—after we had seen the different rooms of the Ducal Palace, the Hall of the Council of Ten, of the Inquisition and all—among the narrow canals, and under the low bridge—over them. The Grand Canal we often sailed up and down to see the palaces upon it. The Rialto Bridge with its angle span over the grand canal, looked grander upon a second sight, and grander still at a third. If Palladio had had his way, what a miracle this luxurious artist would have made in building a bridge more capacious than this! We entered into the Church of *San Giorgio Maggiore*, and if ornament and wealth would confound a man, one would be confounded here. We visited the various churches the Venetians had erected as votive offerings to God for the cessation of the Plague in the city. If high heaven esteems marbles, precious stones, sculptured saints, rich mosaics, and gorgeous frescoes, the Plague will never come again. Enough has been done to buy a dozen pestilences off. The church of the Jesuits—*Chiesa di Gesù*, is a marvel in mosaics. Carrara marble, with *Verd Antique*, are so incrustured and interwoven that they resemble green and damask hangings. The ground being white, the green marble flowers interlined imitate, in their veins the soft, silky, and varied hues of nature. Before the high altar is spread a rich Turkey carpet, formed—of inlaid marble! The ceiling is a profusion of gilding. In short, the eye is so fatigued by the view of so much wealth, that even a simple rough stone begins in the contrast to have a beauty it never had before. One is drunk with beauty, even without the metaphor.

After a hard day's work, that I have but partially set forth,—from the early fogs of the morning, (Venice is ever veiled at night) amid the noon day sun, even to the shades of night—I sat down at dinner with my companion and an English friend to talk over 'the glories of the day.' I know not how it was with them, but I was utterly fatigued—exhausted with what my eyes had seen, and the reflections that so many stirring sights aroused. I never was more wearied, not even when a foot tramp over the snows and glaciers of Switzerland, or when among the Moors of England, or the Highlands of Scotland. I mention this, not that it concerns me, but to show you the effect such display will have upon an eye now somewhat accustomed to see such things. An En-

glish friend of mine boasted loudly of what he had seen in Milan, in Verona and Vicenza. 'You have seen nothing,' was the reply of my companion, for the Englishman had just arrived. 'You are a child in sight-seeing yet,' he continued. 'Dream—magnify—fancy—rave—and you cannot come up to the reality of Venetian splendor. All England could not buy a Venetian church! The Englishman pricked up his ears, and my companion went on. 'Why, one of these six hundred-years old palaces here,' said he, 'has a greater display of fine arts than the whole of the British museum. You are barbarians,' he added, 'the best of you, in comparison with the old gondoliers here, in all that belongs to the arts.' My companion exaggerated much,—but he had an odd habit for exaggeration whenever he met with a John Bull, who ever thinks his country the only country on earth,—religiously believing, I fear, that all others are uninhabitable, except for the purpose of scraping together a little money so as to go home and die, and be buried in a 'respectable manner. I have laughed many a time to hear him tell an Englishman, with a serious face, how bloody duels were in America,—how he loved them himself, and the bloodier the better—how thickly men died on the Mississippi, say—what horrid knaves they were, and what an amusement it was to blow up fifty or sixty men by a steamboat boiler, or to Lynch a fellow when you had not time to try him, because dinner was waiting, say—till at last the credulous John would begin to crawl with terror from such an ogre. Indeed I don't know but what it is as well to overact a character the world will give you, and thus by the very exaggeration show what dupes there are upon it. The Englishmen have always lifted up their hats to my companion with a politeness that astonished me, for the world, I don't know how it is, are ever over-civil to men whom they believe Satan has a title of, while to whose route may perhaps be another road, a simple 'hoo d'ye do' will do! At any rate it shows that virtue is not well patronized in this wicked age of ours.

After dinner in an Italian city, usually comes the opera, and I wound my way with my companion through the entangling alleys to the Opera House of Venice. The house itself is no grand show. The audience was not large. Moses in Egypt was the theme. The actors and actresses, and musicians too, were a graceless set, the fame of Venetian music to the contrary notwithstanding, or else I have within me no susceptibility for that enjoyment which, it is said, we shall partake of, with the angles of Heaven—music I mean—for as Tantalus forgot his thirst at the sound of Orpheus's lyre, and Sysiphus his stone—it may be by a similar inspiration, I soon forgot myself, and was a *snoring*—horrid to confess!—in (M) Orpheus's arms. The graceless players, therefore, I have charged with all this sin, for I will not plead a deaf ear to that 'language of the soul,' as Petrarch beautifully terms the notes of melody, nor acknowledge myself fit for treasons, stratagems and war, as Shakespeare, I think, denounces the haters of music. I only know I spent an evening dreaming of every thing else but the stage and the orchestra—now in the Hall of the Council of Ten, that mausoleum of power, marching out of the fatal den, where this secret tribunal thrust their victims—and anon in the lowest deep of the dark dungeons I had been visiting—till wearied with this 'language of the soul,' I left my companions, who waited for the *language* of the legs in the ballet, and attempted to thread my way home alone and unguided through the dark alleys of Venice. Ye gods, he thirty thousand gods of Athens, I must invoke the whole mythology of you all, what a condition I was in! I threaded every cross-laid alley. I believe of the magnificently exte ded city. I walked, and walked, and walked. I turned, and squared, and turned, and wheeled, and walked and walked—and all of the end I could ever find was the Rialto in the Place of St. Mark. A Cretan labyrinth is a straight line in comparison. A Roman catacomb is not to be mentioned in the same century. I dashed over bridge and bridge—I suddenly halted on the very verge of the canals, when another footstep would have made a fish of me, or make me into fish, after the fish had eaten me up,—but every where was that everlasting Rialto, and that now horrible St. Mark. I had been reading so many stories of ancient poisoning in the alleys of Venice, and was so full of the belief that an English-speaking man had better not betray his foreign accent in murdering Italian, that I had made up my mind to walk till the dawn of day before I asked an Italian the

way to my Albergo. Once or twice I tried an Austrian sentinel whom I met training on his little station, but as I did not jabber his Hungarian, and as he could not comprehend my Italian, I gave that up at last,—when lo and behold! I met my companions with a guide searching for me over the bridges, and by the narrow alleys, who comfortably consoled me with the remark that they had sought me at home, and not finding me there, were now listening to hear my last gulp in some small canal! The rascals, I disappointed them,—and I have only told you the story to give you an idea of the complexity of pedestrianism, or as Cobbett would have written it of footpadding in Venice. People generally go to the Opera in gondolas.

Things in Venice, and Journey to Padua.

PADUA, S. ptember 28th, 1835.
It is time that I was off from Venice, though I was loth to leave so interesting a city,—and yet I should be more loth to have an abiding place upon the waters, where I could never see a horse, a coach, a garden, or seldom feel the high importance of having feet. A gondola, agile and useful as it is, is not a horse; and a canal, even when lined with palaces, is not a road over which you can gallop, or a street upon which you can walk. No wells, no fountains—the rain is collected in reservoirs, and from these reservoirs, the people have their water to drink. Water, however, is not upon the continent so indispensable an article, where wine is cheap, and within the power of almost every man, though the wine of Venice is acid enough to pass for tolerable vinegar—caused, as it is said, by the proximity of the sea. But the old Venetians made up for these wants, by having country houses upon the main land, richly built, and richly ornamented—with gardens adorned with statues of all the Greek and Roman gods, to say nothing of the often strange intermingling of Egyptian idols and Christian saints. Napoleon, however, when he held Venice, gave the Venetians a garden for a promenade upon their isles—a magnificent work like all of his,—and one of the most beautiful walks in the world is this garden near the Place St. Mark. The despot robbed them of their government, and basely betrayed them to Austria, when he had occasion to make a peace; but, nevertheless, his mighty mind was working for Venice wonders of good, and if it had been to this day subject to his most captivating power, it would have rapidly advanced instead of having retrograded. A bridge to connect the city with the main land, was the scheme of Napoleon! Though he robbed them of their famous horses, and some of the superabundance of their arts, to grace his own hall of the Louvre, yet he left behind a substantial good that amply paid them for all their loss of finery.

I did not see "the blood of our Saviour," that the priests treasure up in a vial kept in the church of the *Fratri*. I did not go to the island of Lido to pick up shells on the beach of the Adriatic. I did not see the Convent of the Armenian monks on the little island of St. Lazzaro, where scholars study the eastern languages, and where they keep a printing press for the publication of works in the Armenian language. I did not see the lady who every day feeds the flocks of pigeons that she has taught to come from all Venice to the Place St. Mark, precisely at 12 o'clock. I did not hear the gondoliers chant the strains of Tasse from bark to bark, or house to house.—I did not buy Venetian pearls, the pretty works in glass, the pattern gondolas of gold, or a Venetian golden chain, worked by microscopic glasses—buy them here, if you will,—but I have made a catalogue of them for other travellers, if they choose, to see and buy. The Venetians to this day, I believe, are the best workmen in gold; and though the shops do not sparkle with the wealth of bygone centuries, still, when lighted up at night, the jewellers look like princes in fairy homes. Wo to the man, however, who gives them what they ask. Trade and traffic are their rules. One third of the price demanded is often too high; more than one half, a prudent man seldom gives—such is the universal mode of trafficking, in shops. There is no knowing the value of any thing by the price demanded for it; and so far is this kind of management carried in Venice that it is unsafe even to send a coat to a tailor for him to mend, until you know the extent of the price that he expects to demand for his labor. The future traveller will find these hints useful;—and in order to aid him more, I would advise

him as soon as he gets into Italy, to throw off all the false dignity of the overacting gentleman traveller, and to make travelling as it is, a business, a trade, always demanding "the price" beforehand, for all the lodgings that he enters, all the meals he eats—in short, of every thing that he touches with an intention to take. Thus he will be saved many numerous quarrels and impositions every turn he makes, and go along easily, happily, and in a prudent manner.—Lodgings for single men in Venice are from 40 to 80 cents a day, depending upon the character of the hotel he visits—breakfast 30 or 40 cents, with eggs—dinner 60 or 80 cents in a hotel with a bottle of wine. But a man who travels in Europe, prudently, seldom or never eats in his hotel, as at the Restaurants and Cafes the expenses are always less, often less by one half. The English shilling and a half (34 cents) are the ordinary perquisite for domestics in an English hotel, or a franc (19 cents,) in France; but in Venice, a swanzinger (about 16 cents,) will answer the same purpose, as will a Paul (10 cents,) at Rome, or a carline (8 cents,) at Naples, such is the difference in value of money with him to whom the gratuity is given! A young man can live in Venice cheaper than he can live in New York or Boston, with a bottle of wine every day in the bargain. I do not know that I can take a better time than this to speak of the Restaurants and Cafes, so thick all over Italy, the best inventions of the day of an economical and excellent mode of living.—The Restaurants furnish dinners at so much a dish, the price of which is marked in a written or printed sheet, and at them you can call for whatever dish you like, or as many as you like, according as your appetite prompts, never paying more than you call for, and thus always measuring your appetite by the extent of your means.—You are never obliged in Europe to eat at a hotel. All you contract for there is your lodgings; and hence the Restaurants always have numerous travellers as well residents of the town. A *Caffe*, as its name imports, is a place for the sale of coffee, or ices it may be, or some other little luxuries, furnished with the journals of the place, and often with the principal journals of Europe;—and in them hundreds of unmarried men make their breakfasts, or spend their evenings, sipping their coffee, debating upon music, or the theatres, or whatever else interests their fancies. Admirable contrivances they are for our grog shops and the like,—and the consequence is, that though wine is within the reach of almost every man, yet there is not the tenth part of the drunkenness visible here that exists in America or England. The people are most remarkably temperate,—in this respect, a pattern to the world. The coffee takes the place of rum and brandy; but it is not, I must add, such stuff as we call coffee in England or America, though a beverage made of the same material, but so differently made, with the milk boiled and kept as hot as possible before it is mingled with the coffee, that one hardly suspects that he had ever sipped the like before. Milk, however, is seldom used in the evening drink, the coffee and loaf sugar being taken alone, with a bit of bread.—Tea is seldom seen upon the continent, and I rather think that it is sold quite exclusively to the English and American travellers, and residents.

A Diligence (a stage coach) goes from Venice on to Rome by way of Bologna and Ancona, making the voyage in about the same length of time that a man can travel from Washington to E sport, though the distance itself is not remarkable—how much, I cannot say, for though I make every effort I can, I can gain no answer as to distances in this country, so as to get them into English miles, the leagues and the posts varying so often, that time is the only measure you can have. A steamboat also goes over the Adriatic to Trieste, twice or thrice a week. But as Trieste itself is, I am told, not worth the voyage to see, I made up my mind to turn my route towards Florence and Rome. I went to the Papal Consul, and he put the signet of the seal of the keys of the church upon my passport for a couple of Austrian swanzingers, without which, or the like sanction, I could not tread upon His Holiness's ground; and fortified by this, I sent my portmanteau to the office of the customs, where after an over-setting of every little thing I had—a suspicious scrutinization of my few English and Italian travelling companion books, with the remark that I had very many (six or eight, I think I have!) I was permitted to go. Why they give such a rigid examination puzzled me much, till I remembered that Venice was a free

port, and that, therefore, whatever was dutiable must be paid for on going out. A book is the most suspicious thing you can carry into a despotic government, particularly such as the officers of the customs cannot read, for, like the hollow barrel of a gun, it may go off, even if it is not loaded.

Jack Cade and King Power, though in the extremes, often approximate in opinions. Both have a summary mode of executing their own edicts, and both are very suspicious of those arts that men call *reading and writing*. "Darn it all," Jack would say, if he was Yankee-born, "what's the use of this ere scrawl?" The man of the *Dogana*—they call the Custom House in Italy by this appropriate name, a *dogging* concern it is!—probably had a like opinion, as he puzzled over my English guide book, and saw unintelligible remarks inscribed thereon.

Deponamus te, Mare, in signum veri, perpetui domini!—we espouse thee, "O Sea, in token of our just and perpetual dominions,"—was the proud ejaculation of the Doges of Venice, when they dropped into the Adriatic the golden ring, with which the Pope commanded them to espouse to the ocean, promising that the bride should ever be obedient and subject to their sway, even as a wife is obedient to her husband! Perpetual dominion? Oh what a haughty boast for the works of humble man? Dominion is ever on its march, and westward is its way. The fate of Hadria, once a powerful city, not far from here, now buried deep in the earth, the very gulf on which it stood being seen no more, is the fate of Venice too. The fickle ocean bride has espoused another lord, with a richer dower. Our English fathers have possession now, but there is a sad admonition in the lines of Byron, when he exclaims,

"Albion! in the fall
Of Venice, think of thine, despite thy watery wall."

Our yacht was ready—we were over-crowded with passengers—and I bade adieu to this proud monument of liberty upon the waters with a feeling somewhat kindred to that with which a friend parts from the dying bed of another friend. I go from the dying Italy to see the dead. I bid adieu to the still standing monuments of Freedom, to pass the Rubicon as a wanderer from a great Republic over the sea, into the domain of ancient Rome, to see the prostrate, but more august monuments there. How sad it is to see palace after palace crumbling, as I move along the grand canal, with a slow and silent, but fatal ruin! I think of "the beautiful Baia," that the Augustan Poets describe, now the marble courts of the fish of the sea, which the traveller roves over to look upon! The Emperor of Austria forbids the palaces to be taken down, though they are now ruinous possessions for their owners. What once cost thousands and thousands of Venetian ducats can now be bought for half as many francs. Their very architecture tells the victories of the city—Greek, Gothic, Turkish, Saracenic and Roman. As our lazy yacht moves along, the foundations seem to sink in the floods. A deluge is upon the city, is the melancholy thought. The drowning inhabitants are flying to their ark. The sunlight of evening now fall upon the distant cupolas and spires. One bright illumination, I fancy, before the hour of burial. Now all is gone. The sea alone is visible. Venice has faded from my eyes, for I am upon the land, upon the banks of the Brenta.

The *Dogana* of Fusina, where we touched the main land and got into the Diligence, gave a renewed examination to the baggage of such of our passengers as had not the magical plumb of the Custom House upon it, so that it was beginning to be dark as about twenty of us started in an oblong Diligence, or Omnibus, for Padua. A happier collection of men and women I never saw together, if happiness is to be judged of by the noise they made, a criterion by the way which would make the loudest trawlers the happiest men, and fix the station of contentment in the lungs rather than in the heart. They sang, and clapped their hands, and danced as well as they could in the hall of the omnibus, till I really began to fancy I had joined a moving *menagerie*, and was some kind of a beast or other in the concern. We took our coffee "on board," while the Diligence stopped to change its horses in front of a *caffè*, and the postillions applied for their little gratuity, which they expect at every post. In such a caravan, in the evening too, I did not see much of the fertile banks of the Brenta, nor of the adja-

cent villas of the once Venetian nobles, with their "Palladian facades, green verandas, and parterres of orange trees,"—but it did not require much observation to see that it was a beautiful and lovely country, favored by Heaven in every thing but a liberal government, which is perhaps more for the prosperity of a people than soil or climate, or even the fertilizing rains, as under the impulse of such a government the soil can be made fertile, as in England, or the rivers turned into rains, as in aforesaid, under the republics of Lombardy, or even the climate defied, as it has been under the stadtholders of Holland—or as each and all are now set at naught in our own New England. The like impulses of freedom that built up such a fairy city upon the waters of Venice, care but little for the rocks, or the barrens, or the fogs, or the snows, or the more important rays of that great luminary upon which all vegetation depends. Give the freemen but a foothold, if it be but on a barren rock of the ocean, and he will draw wealth and comforts all around him; for when the land will not support him he can go upon the deep, either finding treasures in its bosom, or waiting them from other climes, and thus making the world his tributary.

Between nine and ten of our clock, and three or four of the Italian mode of computation, for the Italians begin with their *Ave Maria* of the evening, which is at sunset, and thus varies every day,—our heavy vehicle was rumbling through the gates of Padua, where stood the Austrian sentinel watching all who enter. The once strange sight of seeing every city walled is strange no longer, and I pass through the ponderous gates now without dreaming of prisons, or chivalric romances. I cannot say, however, that there is no sensation when passing them at night,—when the vehicle is arrested, when our passports are demanded,—when we pass the drawbridge amid the clanking of its chains,—when the huge mass of iron and wood turns creaking upon its heavy hinges to let us in, and we go groaning through the narrow portal by the single light of the watchman's lodge. I thank kind heaven, that we have no need in our happy land of girding ourselves around with ditches filled with water, here and there passed by a bridge, to enter through some narrow crevice of brick and stone, and mortar, which human industry has piled up as a defence against man like himself,—and as I think of this, and find myself vexed at every step by my passport troubles, I love the more my own land, and that of my fathers too, blessed England, with all her faults! where no such walls are seen, and where no such checks are necessary. I am the more convinced that there is something in the race, a spirit in the blood, that circumstances, however it may modify, can never degrade from its proud superiority. The soul is always in the English body, no matter what or where be its tenement.

Things in Padua.

PADUA, Sept. 29th, 1834.

The chief interest that I felt in Padua was, that I was entering into the birth-place, and the death-place too, of the immortal Livy, who even in the fragments that are left of his noble history, ever appears with such glorious beauty,—the only history of ancient Rome which we identify with the old times of the king and republic, so that its fame seems to be as much indebted to his pen as he was indebted to its greatness, virtue and power for his subject. The Paduans show the monument to this day, in which they say was deposited in 1413, the leaden coffin that held his remains, which leaden coffin then found under the convent of the Benedictines of St. Justinian, they concluded to be his, because he was a priest of Concord,—and furthermore because the convent aforesaid is built upon the ruins of a temple once dedicated to that divinity! The force of the logic I did not feel, though the Paduans of that age undoubtedly did in 1413; for what little was then left of the dust of the supposed Livy, was then put in another coffin that they adorned with branches of laurel, and carried in triumph to the temple of Saint Justinian, thus *Christianizing the heathen* priest, and doing their best to give him a helping hand into the Christian heaven. My incredulity, perhaps, was strengthened by the previous discovery that the Paduans had made in 1274 of the tomb of Antenor, who in the Trojan war, about 1180 years before Christ, fleeing from the desolation of his burning city, landed upon the shores of the Adriatic, and founded Padua. Virgil beautifully

alludes to this in the opening book of the *Æneid*, when he introduces Venus suffused in tears, imploring the father of the gods, and men in behalf of *Æneas*, her son,—contrasting his hard doom with that of Antenor, who, although a fugitive like himself, yet once again was at peace, having already found the city of Antenor, now Padua, here settling his Trojan warriors and companions. Some bones, a sword, and many medals of gold and silver shut up within a coffin of cypress, which was in closed within another of lead, were found in 1274, in digging the foundations of what is now a hospital. Without much logic, or even any, to aid but their desire to find the founder of their city, they fixed upon them as the mortal remains of Antenor; they put them in an old tomb near a church, and to this day, this is called the Tomb of Antenor. *Crestat Judæus Appella—non ego*,—that bones will stand the rusting of 2,000 years, when even the mausoleum of the Augustuses in Rome is but a pig pen, or a little better.

If Constantine Paleologus used a stronger metaphor when he declared that Padua was built upon a plain that realized the image of a terrestrial paradise, it is no strong metaphor in our day. The hills that environ this magnificent plain laugh with cultivation. The plain itself has been well cultivated ever since the days of the Romans. Every field teems with life and plenty. The older the soil, the richer appears to be its productions,—not as with us, when we talk of land being *worn out*, even as the prairies of Alabama, are *worn out* with even a three years' cotton cultivation, because the squatter has girdled the trees, not having time to fell them,—gathered his crop, and fled to find an alluvial bottom, of which there is no end! Strabo speaks of the fertility of the environs of Padua, and of its manufactures, even in his day. Droll as it not then, to hear of the New England farmer emigrating from *worn out* land of an age of fifty years! Antiquity with us has other definitions than those of Italy.

To work I went to see churches and palaces and towns. Sunday though it was,—for I have not seen an English Sunday, which is an American Sunday too, since I left London. In Geneva, the Protestants attempt to better the Sunday of the Catholics, but a Genevian is far from an English Sunday. To go to church, and be happy after service is over, is the Sunday of the Catholics. To go to church and be miserable as possible afterwards, is ours. Which is the best, is not for me to say; and if I were to say, they would not tolerate an opinion on such a subject of our free country, where they *lynch* a man, as I see by the Journal of Italy, who gambles, or who is not so popular as he ought to be among the men who arbitrate upon his life! They have a market in Padua on Sunday morning, and they go to church after the marketing is over. I don't exactly like this, though people will be hungry on this as on other days. The rascally appetite acknowledges no holy day. But the beauty of an Old and New England Sunday is, that it is with all a day of rest. Starvation on that day when it is unlawful to cook, (in many places,) has made me think the less of it many a time. The feast of a Thanksgiving is the reason why all hail it as a glorious day,—and if with us, as in England, the Sunday was the day for a better dinner, it would be better kept. Mankind do not love what is trifling, and melancholy never helps their morals. The French dance on the green of a Sunday evening. The English sneak into gin shops and get drunk. Many an American buys an extra bottle of rum on Saturday night to swell down at home on Sunday. The Italians and the French have their frolics out of doors in the open air. But I have been talking on a serious subject, and I am sorry, though I cannot afford to scratch it all out.—Both the Protestant and Catholic Sundays have their serious faults, and these faults are in the extremes of both.—Ours is the best for a rapid moral community, ensuring the sturdiest and firmest population. The Catholic is the happiest, is less likely to lead to crime and probably the honestest too. I will then finish this topic with the remark, that in whatever part of the world you go, wherever you find the religious influence the purest and strongest, there you feel the greatest security for life and property, and there you will feel the most confidence in the character of the inhabitants. There are countries which Catholic bigotry transforms into a pandemonium, and there are others where the priests are among the most enlightened and pious of men. Even with us, a deacon may be a devil; and thus you see, it is not the name nor the profession that makes a religion. To judge of a country as it is, apart from

prejudice as much as he can, never measuring the customs by those of his own education, is the duty of an American traveller—ever remembering that we are Protestants because we were born in a Protestant land, and that if France or Italy had given us birth, we should have been Catholics for a similar reason, or infidels, if our eyes had first opened on the banks of the Bosphorus,—with the banner of Mahomet for our cross! I well remember the disgust I felt—it was in New Orleans,—when I for the first time saw some Catholic priests interring a dead Catholic with all the showy ceremonies of their church, uttering what I called mummeries over him, and sprinkling him well with ointments or incense that made a far from agreeable smell. But when I saw in another church a hundred people eating bits of bread and sipping mouthfuls of wine, calling the first the body of our Savior and the second his blood—abstractly considered, I saw as much reason in one ceremony as in the other. Both are excellent so far as they impress a community with religious sentiments. Whatever religion does that, does the State a wondrous service. And when the traveller teaches himself to judge religious customs by that rule, he is stripping himself—the most difficult of all things,—from the prejudices in which he has been educated.

I put myself into the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, on this Sunday of which I speak, during the celebration of high mass. Not seeing any particular sense in this with my Protestant eyes,—a Catholic would probably say the same of the hymns and psalms chanted in our churches the meaning of which when sung no man can comprehend,—I began to look at the pictures, the statues, the bas reliefs, and the highly decorated altars. Never imagine, I beseech you, that the least disturbance is created here in a church, because during the service you choose to promenade where you please, if you will only leave the priests at the altars untouched.—None of the old women ever looked up or stopped fingering of their beads. I would walk by crowds of them on their knees in the broad area of the church, and walk unheeded enough, unless I threatened with my eyes upward gazing at the pictures, to forget what was below, and thus to stare over it. A cicerone of the place often surprises you at first by the prominent places he chooses to give you, during the ceremonies of the church, but after a while you learn that you are not such an attracting person as you fancy yourself to be, and that you may walk where you please, provided you will run in nobody's way. The chapel of St. Anthony itself interested me much, for Anthony is no common Saint, but a god in the calendar, they tell me. The French plundered this rich chapel well, when they had possession of Italy, but as they did not steal the tomb of the Saint, which is its greatest treasure, the faithful will not much complain. Of the silver service, the lamps and candlesticks, they could make money, and these they took, but the marble of the tomb was worth nothing to them, though it did, as it is said, distil sweet perfumes from the carcase of the Saint. You see then, as I have written you, St. Anthony is no common Saint, and if you don't believe me now, watch on the 13th of June every year, and see if on this the Saint's day, a fly, or an insect ever bites or torments, or even touches a horse, cow, dog, or any other animal, for if his history is correctly written, animals are sacred on that day, made so by his protectorship.

I wandered from this church—*Santo*, the Saint is its name, to see the Cathedral which was over six hundred years in building, not continuing to be sure, but inches by inches, time after time, from its commencement in 1123 to its completion in 1764! There is some hope you see then, of every foundation, even of the Bunker Hill monument say. But the church lost all its beauty in the progress of its slow growth, it grew old in growing young, and it now looks like a bride of eighty, with a little rouge in her face, and a modest blush the evening of her marriage. A Virgin of Giotto, the restorer of Painting to Europe is here, valuable not only from its age, and the instruction it gives you as to the beginning of the revival of the art, but valuable also as a present from Petrarch, who regarded it as a *chef d'œuvre* in his day (1360.) The portrait of Petrarch is to be seen here also.—The Poet left this Cathedral of which he was a canon, a part of his library.

But churches did not interest me much as I had just come from Venice where they are richer and more splendid than they are here. St. Giustina, however, is

worth going to see, for the architecture is after the design of Palladio, and in it there is a pavement of richly variegated marbles, and a beautiful series of carvings in wood of subjects from the New Testament, being the work of a monk, who was occupied about it for twenty-five years! After this I visited some of the Palaces, into almost all of which in Italy, you can enter by giving some ten, twenty or thirty cents to the domestic who opens the door. The *Palazzo della Giustizia*—the Palace of Justice, has a *Salone* or great hall, 300 French feet in length, which was the Exchange of the Paduan merchants of the middle ages,—the Bazaar for the people who came there from all quarters to make their purchases. Long as it is, and .00 feet wide, the masonry walls alone unproped, have sustained it for six centuries, and are still illustrated by the frescoes of Giotto, representing the signs of the Zodiac, the constellations, the planets, the months, the seasons and the twelve apostles. The monument of Titus Livy is here,—of which I have spoken before. The most curious lion in all the palaces, however, is in a private one—and this is a view in sculpture of the Angel Gabriel hurling the Devils from Heaven. Sixty-six figures are cut in one block of Carrara marble about six feet high,—and the arts have perfectly preserved the unity of the whole by not having in a single instance literally severed or divided the marble between any two figures! The University of Padua, is however, that which is most celebrated in the city. It is one of the most ancient in Italy, and was in existence as long ago as 1223. To it young men even resorted from all parts of the world, but its fame is eclipsed now by other Universities more brilliant. The appendages of this University gives an American an idea of what is thought worthy of bearing such a name this side of the water. The anatomical theatre abounds in skeletons, and other things artificial and natural, which can serve for demonstrations. There is a hall for experimental physics, where are collected machines of very many kinds. There is a cabinet of Natural History also, with a fine collection of fossils, fishes, and the like. There is a Botanic garden also full of all sorts of foreign trees and shrubs, enriched with fountains, of water, and decorated by a balustrade which runs around, and which supports at intervals the busts of distinguished men who have made a particular study of plants and their properties, so that it is one of the most agreeable promenades of Italy.

There is at Padua a magnificent *Caffe*, which is about as fine a building as the white house in Washington. This is the largest cafe in Europe, it is said. I spent a portion of an evening there among a class of persons whom I should judge to be of the best society in the city. Ladies are as prominent as the men, chatting in their different coteries, at the different marble tables, sipping their coffee, or their ices, or eating bits of cake. The fashion of the city seemed to make this their grand evening resort. At eleven o'clock at night, they had not much dispersed, but seemed happily seated for an hour more.

The very best hotel of Padua is the *Stella d'Oro*, the star of gold. A canal boat goes from thence to Venice every morning. The expenses of living are a little cheaper than in Venice. Veturinos here will take you when you please to go on your way into Italy.

A Little of Every Thing.

ON THE BANKS OF THE PO, Sept. 30, 1836.

Horror of horrors! Misery, thrice-doubled misery! What exquisite pleasure there is in travelling! Here I am quarantined in one of the most miserable places on the earth. I cannot get enough to eat, and what I do get is so dirty that I can't eat it. I cannot sleep o' nights, and the beds and sheets are so filthy, that if I could the fleas would not let me. I am bitten all over from head to foot. All night I am engaged in fighting these invisible imps of Satan, and all day, I am inspecting the wounds they make. The mosquitoes of the Mississippi, the sand-flies of Alabama, are well-bred gentlemen in comparison with these rascals here, who people the nooks and corners of every part of your dress. Oh Italy, sweet, beautiful Italy, the land of Poets and Painters and Sculptors! oh how I abhor the very sound of your name! My enthusiasm is all thrown overboard. I had rather be in the hut of a Creek Indian. Ovid and Lucan, ye lying Poets, why have ye sung thus falsely of this dirty, muddy Po! A classic stream this! this vile river too dirty even for the fish! Even Virgil has sung of the Po, and Claudian,

and Pliny have written upon it, so that the name is in the mouth of every classic scholar from John O'Grady's house in Scotland to the tip end of Cape Horn in America, while they know nothing of those prettier but harder named rivers, the Androscoggin and the Mattawamkeag of Maine, or the Coosa and Tallapoosa of Alabama. Poetry is—poetry all the world over. Poets wear spectacles richly colored, and see things in other lights than others of us do, else, why they made this muddy, yellow Po, the golden Po?

I see over this dirty Po some Christian habitations.—There are there, I am told, good hotels. The people seem as if they were civilized. The town is tempting and pretty. But alas, I cannot even enter into this land of promise. If I were to attempt it, they would shoot me with as little ceremony as they would shoot a dog.—The land of promise is in my eyes, but I am but a Tantalus, grasping for what I cannot get. The Po is the boundary here of the Austrian and Papal dominions, and into the last I am again forbidden to enter till I have passed a four days' quarantine in this horrible place. I cannot write more than a line at a time without stopping, for a reason that I cannot tell. The fleas, the fleas, the horrible fleas! I rush in desperation among the boatmen on the banks of the Po, to speak a little Italian with them. But a cloud of fleas are ever surrounding them. I walk over the sands to seek a shade on the banks of the river, but every where follow the invisible fleas. The days have no end. The nights are eternity. I go to bed at seven and wake up at two. Time is a burthen, a misery; and what a false notion it is, that the loss of an hour is the loss of so much of our existence, when that hour is to be in an existence tormented as ours. Oh the fleas! I am devoured by the fleas! Happy American is he who has no curiosity to see the glories of Italy; for whether the mosquitoes suck his blood upon the coasts of the lower Mississippi, or he congeals upon the banks of the St. John, he is happier than he would be here in the month of September, quarantined in a village not even worth a name—Santa Maria Magdalena, though they call it,—and doubtful, very doubtful, whether it is possible for him to enter further into Italy, as the cholera is raging in parts of Tuscany, and the Pope and his Cardinals are quarantining in the most rigid manner on every side. That such an American at home, may be happier wherever he is, I have given him a sentence or two upon the pleasures of travelling. Never, never travel for pleasure. There is no happiness like that one enjoys in his own chimney corner, whether it be on the ottoman of the luxurious parlor, or the dye-pot of a New-England kitchen.

I left Padua at noon in a Veturino with my travelling companion for Ferrara, a good day's journey. I think we gave him twenty swanzingers, (about \$3.50) to take us there in one half of his Veturino, a dinner and breakfast and lodging included, which you can see makes travelling cheap enough here, inasmuch as the dinner, breakfast and lodging would of themselves cost us that. The Veturinos find all if you choose, and as the provisions do not cost them one fourth the sum it costs a stranger, it is always better to bargain thus. One half of the Veturino, our driver inserted in his written agreement, but we had a most interesting quarrel with gestures and vocal thunder enough to shake an American house down, upon what constituted the half of the Veturino. My friend and myself divided it so as to take the two back seats to ourselves, where we are comfortably seated, when he thrust another traveller, an Italian upon us, and began to demonstrate that one half of a Veturino was a Veturino divided lengthwise, so as to give us one fore and one back seat. I must confess his logic was irresistible. He had the right of the argument, though, of course, we argue with all the power of a newly acquired Italian tongue, that a lateral division was as just as the longitudinal division that he wished to make. He, however, had inserted in the written agreement this one half, in order to deceive us, and as we had the money as yet in our own hands, and him therefore in our power, we came to the resolution to do as we pleased. A storm of wrath then burst from him, and our only reply was one of our loudest laughs. There was not an Italian out, that he did not sound, from the humblest of the Saints up to the very *Sanguis di Gesù Christa* (the blood of Jesus Christ) the horrible apex of an Italian oath. But as the climax did not move us, he changed his tone in an instant into the most musical invocations to our hearts, which

having somewhat more of an effect, we told the Italian traveller to enter, and we would do what was right, when after making him go through the form of seating on the forward seat, we cheerfully exchanged. Such lessons as these are necessary for such men. There is no peace with them unless you insist upon having all things as you choose whether you are right or wrong—and above all, be indifferent to their threats, for they are the greatest towards in the universe. We fared a hundred per cent. better during the day, in consequence of our morning fight.

Our road to Ferrara was along the rich plain of which I have spoken in a former letter. On our right was the Euganean hills, beautiful retreats, beautifully cultivated from the heart of the neighboring plain. The whole of this broad plain, and the wide extent of the hills, we saw from the summit of *Monselice*, the Mons Silices of the Latins. I did not remember, till evening, when I found in a Hotel at Rovigo an Englishman reading the pilgrimage of Byron's *Childe Harold*, that the tomb of Petrarch, Laura's lover was in the bosom of these hills, not very far from the road which I had been travelling. Arqua was the country seat of Petrarch, and Padua, perhaps, may be called his home. He died at Arqua, and the chair in which he died, our new acquaintance told us, is among the relics of the day. Byron, whose *Childe Harold*—in poetry though it is—is, after all, one of the best books of travel for the present day, says of this,—

"They keep his dust in Arqua where he died,
The mountain village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride,
An honest pride,—and let it be their praise
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre: both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid had formed his monumental fane."

Among the many things which the traveller will mark upon this road, (near Monselice say,) perhaps the beauty of the women will most strike his attention, particularly if he sees them when neatly dressed in the costume of the country, a simple white veil thrown over their heads, and falling upon their necks. Even the common peasantry were among the most beautiful women my eyes ever beheld in any land. Finer, no, even that is difficult—finer figures I was going to say, might be seen in some saloons where Art has been touching Beauty to poetize her charms, but such expressions of the countenance, such beauty thus most adorned when unadorned at all, is almost impossible to find in any other clime. No wonder, then, that Raphael has painted such divine Madonnas, if to the simple nature of such models as these before his eyes, he could add the beautiful fancies of his own lofty genius.—No wonder too, that Titian and others painted so beautifully, when thus inspired by some of the finest works of nature, or that such statues are found in Italy, where ideal beauty could find an embodiment of its high conceptions, even of the Venuses of the gods, among the simple peasantry of the Euganean hills.

"With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abashed away:"

Yet filled with all Youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds, with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this."

We passed the night at Rovigo, having passed the Adige river in a *pont volant*, or flying bridge, somewhat like those I described on the Rhine, and which I then said, it seemed to me, would answer an excellent purpose in many parts of our country, where the current of the river is strong, and a bridge cannot be built. From Rovigo, we set off in our Veturino long before day, and soon, after taking breakfast at one of the numerous cafes upon the road, we found ourselves upon the Po, the far-famed river Po, the boundary of the Austrian dominions in Italy, and of the Papal States of the North. Our passports were examined by the Austrian Police, and we were permitted to pass over the river. When we arrived there, we were met by the *gens d'armes* of the Pope, and escorted to the Custom-House on the banks of the river with as much formality as so many prisoners would be led to the gallows. Our baggage was given a most scrutinizing ex-

amination. The few letters of introduction I had taken with me were felt over and over again, for being written in French, the Dogana of the Italian Custom-House was but a precious little wiser for their contents, not one of them speaking or even reading French. The English books again excited suspicion. What treason might be lurking in such mischievous letters, they could not for the life of them tell. During the over-scrutinizing prying that these Dogana-men were making into the more ponderous luggage of my companion, upsetting every thing as they did, and turning and twisting what he had in every manner, he became excited and angry with the impertinence, and, with his hands in his pockets, and his hat on his head, commenced a whistling of Yankee-Doodle, so as to pay impudence with impudence as much as was in his power. As for my own self, I stood with my hat under my arm, before this august personage, who seemed, in fact, overwhelmed by the dignities of his high office, that is, the duty of thrusting his fingers into dirty linen: and when it was necessary to bow, I bowed with all the grace I could summon, and even an Italian actress could not have said "yes, sir," *i signore*, to his numerous questions, with a more amiable, or affable tone, though I could with a good heart have pitched him into his muddy Po. But the more he upset the things in my companion's wardrobe, the louder he whistled Yankee-Doodle, and the louder he whistled the more he upset the things. Evidently Yankee-Doodle was winning the day, for after every thing—as topsy-turvy, Yankee-Doodle had nothing to lose and every thing to gain. The man of the Dogana commenced a terrible sputtering in Italian. My companion, who is a good French scholar, requested him to speak in French. "I don't speak French, I speak Italian only—lo (with an emphasis) io non parlo il Francese. Io parlo il Italiano solamente!"—sputtering louder than ever, and shaking his head in a whirlwind of wrath. At last, with an ear but badly trained to the ever-changing pronunciation of the Italian in different parts of Italy, I discerned that he was lecturing my companion about his hat and his music, thus impudently displayed before the vicegerent of God's vicegerent on earth, or, in other words, the man who fingers the dirty linen for the Papal Custom-House. A truce was concluded by my intervention. My companion consented to take off his hat, after remarking that the man of the Dogana, had not started his. The music was lowered, and finally stopped when the baggage was done with. I said to my companion, "we have got to suffer for this." An Italian always punishes, if he can, with impunity. In but a few minutes I saw that my foreboding was right. The offended dignitary had had influence enough to procure an order to march us back over the Po, there to rest for four days in the vile village of which I have spoken, under the pretence that we had not fulfilled the quarantine in the States of Lombardy! He scrawled our passports all over with the orders prescribed, and thus prevented us from trying at some other pass. My companion sat down on his trunk, and whistling Yankee-Doodle again, swore he would not go. He proposed to take the village, and the man of the Dogana as a prisoner, and march with him on to Rome, to know if he had been doing right. The *gens d'armes*, however, and a soldier or two, gathered around us, and rapidly quickened our movements. They showed us the way civilly over their muddy Po. I felt the strong arm of power, and saw their was no resisting or dodging it, and that, therefore, submission with a good grace was the better part of valor. We hired then an Italian go-cart, with a horse that had the breath of life in him but none to spare—with no flesh on his bones, and hair on his side, and with him training the go-cart, we came to this Santa Maria Magdalena, and halted at this inn, or albergo, the populousness of which in fleas I have already described. *Moral*—Never whistle or keep your hat on in a Police Office on the Continent.

Our difficulties did not end here. A foreigner is not permitted in Austro-Italia, without the permission of the Police:—and in order to obtain this permission, we were sent further up the Po, some five or six miles to the Police Office of Occhio Bello—I think it is,—the head man of which reprinted on our passports again the Austrian seal, with leave to reside four days within the presence of his boundary. Thus fortified—and pleased even with the courtesy of this latter officer of the Police, who had taken pity on the condition of two foreigners thus immured in the prison of a quarantine, we returned to our

companions the fleas, to live on macaroni and soup, bread, grapes and wine, and to count the minutes of every hour of the long four days. I went to work studying my Italian with the more vigor in the vineyards, and under the shade of the tree on the Po. I write when their majesties the fleas have the condescension to permit, which is only at intervals when their appetites are glutted.

Feeling the want of words bitterly, as I have for the three months past, but above all now at the present moment, to express ideas, and of a knowledge of them when expressed by others too, I must take this opportunity to make some remarks which may be useful to others. I can read, and have been able for some time to read Italian very well; but when I entered Italy this profited me little or nothing. The pronunciation was other than that to which my ear had been accustomed. The same I may say of the French, and yet all the French I had ever learned, was not worth a groat, when I was forced to make a practical use of it. I find, even now, the French of an Englishman, a German, or an Italian, is almost as easy to be understood as my own language, because, generally speaking, they have not the quick clipping accent of the French themselves; but to this day, a Frenchman, when speaking his native tongue speaks a language that only with pain I can apprehend. The inference I draw from this is, that a language taught by any other than a native of the country where it is spoken, is not, to be sure, a waste of time, but time misappropriated, when a native instructor can be procured. The Colleges of the United States ought then to make every effort to procure teachers from the very country the language of which they wish to teach. To pay others for such a purpose, is a misuse of funds. Unless their Professors imbibe the language they teach from their infancy, even with their mothers' milk, they cannot exchange the accent of their native tongue, unless miraculously blessed with happy organs, for the accent of any other. It is so easy then, with a little effort, to procure foreign instructors, that they ought always to be procured by all the seminaries of learning. Many a young German would come to the United States for 500 dollars a year, or even less. I have heard them say so, often. An Italian would hardly think of pushing a demand as high as that. Frenchmen, hundreds of them in Paris, would come over for a little remuneration, with a sufficiency of leisure time for other pursuits. Perhaps for such salaries a man could not be kept long, though a German would consider himself amply compensated in having his expenses paid, and a knowledge of the English language added to his treasures. The eyes of all the young men of the world, except the sons of noble families, who have a father's title and a father's gold as their bequest, are fixed upon America. They look upon it as a land of promise, rich in stores for them, and their greatest hesitation in making a movement there, is ignorance of the language, and want of friends and encouragement, which will teach them how to begin to live. These are the men to teach us and our children the language they speak themselves.

This bitter want of words, and of comprehension above all, which I have so keenly felt ever since I have been on the Continent, had forcibly warped my former opinions from what they were, as to classic studies. A child as I was in Germany, deaf as the dead—with my ears but half opened when French is spoken, and but half opened here, I feel no keen necessity for Greek and Latin, but every day makes me mourn that I cannot fluently speak German, French and Italian—languages not of the dead, but of the moving, the breathing, the talking spirits of the present day. Yet I will not undervalue the classic learning. I should have but a stupid pleasure in traveling in a land so classic as this, if a Latin classic had never been in my hand. Every picture gallery I enter, almost every statue I see, every noble specimen of architecture, makes the classics necessary. Even the Italian language itself is but a trifle to acquire when one is ready with his classic Latin. The Latin too will find you some conversable companions in every nook and corner of the earth. This very day, I have found a Roman priest speaking it fluently, who knew nothing else but his native tongue. And then it is the basis, not only of our own, but of most of the civilized languages of the world—and without it one cannot understand much either of the sciences or of the literature of mankind. The good of it, however, is an invisible good, compared with the im-

mediate and pressing necessity we often feel of understanding and speaking a foreign language. French is necessary as the current coin of the polite and the business world, to say nothing of its literature. Without a knowledge of it, it is difficult, painful even, to travel in Europe. The deaf and the dumb can hear as well, and speak as well on the Continent as the man who knows only the English language. Added to the necessity then, there is an absolute dishonor in not speaking it. Ignorance of it is a mark of a vulgar education here. To know French is no honor, as to spell correctly is no credit; but not to know, is the reverse, as is bad orthography or bad English. The German, too, has now become almost indispensably necessary, from the millions of men whose native tongue it is, and from the rich literature which it now has. Italian, it is pleasant to know, and the acquisition of it is easy, not to be compared in difficulty with the French—pleasant I say, for it is the language of the civilization of the middle age, the tongue of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Alfieri of the Poets, and of Machiavel and the like among the writers of its prose—and what is as much, it is the chosen tongue of the music and the arts of the present day. But besides all these, even before the last, if not the two last, our situation on the globe renders another tongue necessary to us, which is but partially necessary to the young men of England and Germany. Cuba is an island intimately connected with our trade, and Spanish is the language of its inhabitants. Mexico is Spanish, and Mexico is on our borders. Indeed, immense portions of the American world, with the exception of the spot that we and the Indians inhabit, speak the Spanish tongue. Our young men who look for political rewards in embassies in such lands, should know the Spanish tongue. Every day those States are growing more important to our trade; and every day a necessity for knowing their language is enforced. Fortunately then it is, that the stumbling blocks for the acquisition and pronunciation of that language are but few in comparison with those that are presented to learning and pronouncing French or German, or many other tongues.

I often stagger with affright in witnessing as I do every day in Europe, the almost imperious necessity of acquisitions which it seems beyond the bounds of human life to attain. Happy Cicero, who deemed a knowledge of the Greek enough in the study of languages! Happy Romans, who knew only one people that could instruct them in language, in science, and in arts! The English language has been made the language of millions by the colonial enterprise of England in the three great quarters of the world. To say nothing of that overshadowing empire, the seeds of which she planted in our land, she is rearing yet others in the Indies, and in New-Holland too, that in their day may be as mighty as ours. But how powerless is that man—how limited his range of acquisition—how feeble here where I am, or elsewhere upon the continent of Europe—who knows only even this wide-spread English!—He is but a child, an infant, ashamed of himself—a grown-up boy at school, learning to read in the classes of suckling babes! The very children give me lessons here.—I study them upon the grass. The poorest waterman on yonder Po can be my teacher in a thousand things.

Things in Ferrara and Bologna.

Bologna, Oct. 2, 1835.

"Bologna sausages" were the embodiment of my idea of Bologna, before I looked into its streets and its history: but as I do not find all the people living on sausages as I expected, I am again led to amuse myself with the reflection of—how different almost always is the reality of a city or a place from the phantasy I have previously formed of it from imperfect reading or imperfect observation! For example, in Dublin I expected to find Irishmen and Irishwomen such as we see them in America; but the men were amongst the most accomplished of the men of the British empire, and the women amongst the fairest and most beautiful. They did not at all resemble the American hordes by which I had judged the Irish people. Again, I do not know how it is, or from what prejudice I have hitherto located the chief talents of a Frenchman in his legs, and in his capacity for curling the hair, making the nation one of dancers and barbers, considering of all others, of which there are so many cases, as exceptions from the general rule, when

the truth turns out to be, that barbers are not half so numerous in France as in America, and dancing masters not more common in proportion to the population. But Bologna has much more in it than its sausages,—and of that more I will speak anon, as I regularly bring up my Journal from the banks of the muddy Po.

I got over the Po at last,—but the fleas followed me, confound them, and they thicken the further you advance into Italy this season of the year. The keys of St. Peter were put upon my passport at last. The men of the Dogana let me part in peace. My ill luck is forgotten, and now I am in motion, I am in better humor, though the cholera has shut me out from Florence and from Tuscany for the present, and driven me, I am sure I cannot tell where, but all along the shores of the Adriatic, far down by the base of Appennines. No matter where I go, however, if there is no stop put to the going, for the cholera, is sufferable, but an Italian quarantine is the most afflicting of all inventions. I got over the Po then, as I have said, and a little ride of three or four miles brought me to Ferrara. Even here stood as sentinels at the gates, the white coated troops of Austria,—here, even in the Dominions of the Church! The Po, I thought, was the boundary of the mighty Austrian empire,—the Court on the Danube I fancied would be content with the line of the Po; but Austrian eagles have crossed even that, and hold the garrison to Ferrara. I demanded of a Roman priest with whom I was riding, what that meant, but the only answer he gave me was a wise look and a French shrug of the shoulders, conveying the hint that he had nothing to do with the bodies of men, their souls being his only concern. I entered the gate of Ferrara, but I found the city to be mighty only in its dissolution. Fields are within the far extended walls. The very grass was growing in the streets. There seemed to be a city in the distance, but it was far from being the city, the home of Ariosto that he so apostrophizes, and eulogizes, and vents of as the boast of all Italia. But Ferrara had an interest for me more absorbing than that of an appetite for beauty. It is one of those places that genius has made historical. Even the present sadness of its streets comports with its history. The city where was the dungeon of Tasso could it flourish? The castle where the tyrant Alfonso dwelt—could it be else than sad and gloomy? The place where the wild fancies of an Ariosto had their birth—should it look like the land of the living, and be sprightly and gay?

As in prose, Robinson Crusoe is commonly the first book that is given to a boy to teach him to love to read, so Ariosto's Orlando Furioso is often given for a like reason to teach him a love for poetry or rhyme. I had my lesson in my day—and as the curious inventions of both make an impression upon all young minds amounting to a belief, so did I religiously believe the truth of what I read in the Orlando, and even to this day I cannot quite realize that it is fiction. But after I had seen from a wider and larger observation of the world that there were no such beings as Ariosto describes, I set my fancy to work to draw a picture of the land and the home where the writer of such fictions dwelt. The solemn air of Ferrara, its long and spacious streets so silent and solitary, answer partly for my picture. The half barbarous structure, Gothic and Saracen, of the Ducal Castello, full of towers and dungeons, with a moat all around,—full of stagnant and green water, seemed a fit place for such wild conceptions. Here was acted the dreadful tragedy that Byron describes in his poem of Parisina. Here were the halls in which the gloomy spirit of Calvin found a refuge, and here too were the dungeons in which his followers perished. Tasso was sent from thence to a mad house, and Ariosto himself was deserted there, amid the splendors of the court. The sumptuous domes overhead seemed to be the courts of pleasure, and the frightful dungeons underneath, the very precincts of the damned. The graces might dwell on high, and the demons underneath. The plain over which the eye could range looked like the fair abode of man, but the mass of building cut off from the plain by the moat deep with water, showed that the tenants there had no sympathies with men elsewhere. As are the Alpine hills then, the home and the nursery of wild romance and song, so is even this little Alp of brick and mortar upon an Italian plain. Crowded it with the knights of the middle ages, people it with the "lady loves" of an Italian clime, adorn it with the luxurious pomp and wealth that Italy has even now,

and doubly had in bygone times, and you may here inflame a cooler mind than that of Ariosto.

A host of ragged, amusing fellows beset us the moment we sallied forth from our hotel, offering us all manner of service no matter what might be demanded, and having no idea of the meaning of the word "no." Cicero, valet, domestic, vetturino—each and all they were at our service. Wherever we went they went too, and the colder we looked, the louder they looked. A stray traveler is in fact for them a God-send, like a wreck upon the Jersey coast, where they will plunder and plunder well, unless he is as keen as a Yankee pedlar. We enlisted the whole cavalcade at last. Our retinue was as large as that of a little Prince, the difference only being that our livery men were in black with a white under-ground; or in other words, white cotton rugs peeping through woolen rags, while a Prince's livery men may be clothed in white broad cloths and red trimmings. Be this as it may we had our sport with them. Quite a commotion we made in the lonely streets of Ferrara. They took us into many churches, and bowed us in, and bowed us out, lifting the curtains at the door here, pointing out the fine paintings there—even beggars have an enthusiasm for paintings in Italy,—dodging before this altar, and kneeling before that cross, now using the holy water, now responding to the priests; but as our retinue interested me more than the churches, I can recall little or nothing that I saw. They took us to the Library or to the Lyceum, and consigned us to the care of its custodian. There we saw many books, and some richly colored copies, made by monks, of the Psalms; but all this vanishes from the mind before the ink stand and the worm eaten chair of Ariosto. Plunderers have picked with the worms, so many little *morceaux* of this chair that the custodian watched us well when looking at it. If we had been ever so much disposed to steal our *morceaux* the attempt would have been vain. The mausoleum of Ariosto in white marble, is also seen in this library. The sacred ashes of this poet were transferred in 1801, during the existence of the short-lived Italian republic, under the auspices of the French, from the Convent of the Benedictines to the Hall of the Library. A curious location indeed it is for a mausoleum, but why not a fit one for a poet and a scholar? The monuments of the mighty dead who ever live in books, are in one sense in all the libraries in the world. The mausoleum is but a feeble tribute in comparison with his own Orlando, but it is the highest man can pay, the most stimulating perhaps, and here it stands in the Museum of the Library, the theatre of his glory. We saw also here the original manuscripts of the Orlando and the Jerusalem, with autograph letters both of Ariosto and Tasso. The bust of Ariosto is in his own tomb. A portrait of him is seen in the vestibule on a painting of Benedetto his friend, where in a paradise he is represented as between St. Catherine and St. Sebastian—thus because Ariosto had said—"Put me in your paradise because I cannot so easily get into any other."

From the library, we went to the cell where Tasso was sent by the tyrant Duke of Ferrara, under the pretence that he was a madman. The dimensions of this cell are about nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high. No man has ever yet been able to tell what was the motive of the tyrant in thus incarcerating the immortal poet, though many motives have been assigned. A hospital the building now is. The door we entered, after descending a little flight of steps, led us into the large chamber, where upon rows of little beds were lying the unhappy victims of disease, suffering under different degrees of pain. I found the keeper there, and retreated with him as soon as possible from this receptacle of misery. He took a flambeau into his hand, and after conducting us through some narrow passages, led us into a little yard high walled and dark, where, after opening the double doors, once ponderous, but now worm-eaten and shattered, he showed us the cell of Tasso. But a single grated window let in a doubtful light—and here in this damp, dismal, and slimy cell, was a spirit like Tasso's confined, and condemned to the most horrible of miseries for seven years and two months! I read the numerous inscriptions all over the walls. The greatest name of the world almost, have there left the records of their visit. The keeper showed that of Byron, and that of my own countryman Cooper too, and I felt not a little pride in the manner in which he linked them together. For though Cooper is not a Byron, and has

written more useless lumber than almost any of the distinguished American writers of the day, yet, *me judice*, no one has written, or *can* write hundreds of things so well as he has written them. The name was pointed out to me by the keeper, not as to an American, for he knew not that I was one, but as a name considered in his estimation as worthy of a place after Byron's, and as well worth showing among the lion visitors of the present and by-gone time. I begged a morsel of brick as a remembrance of my visit, and mine. I readily saw from the numerous holes that had been made all over the wall, was far, very far from being the first piece that had been taken away—probably to carry to the various ends of the earth.

A visit like this to the cell in which a sovereign confined such a man as Tasso for so many years, is not un-instructive, apart from the feelings it awakens in showing how terribly just is the award of posterity upon high-handed acts of power, and even upon all bad actions. The name of the House of Este of Ferrara would hardly be known at all over the civilized world, or at least known only in the misty chronicles of his own race, if by one outrageous act of oppression he had not damned his name to eternal infamy, and made, as Byron has insinuated, the glory of his reign, his everlasting shame. Not a man ever visits the cell of the mighty bard, who does not in his heart curse the memory of the tyrant that sent him there. An immortality he never could have otherwise had, he has thus acquired for himself; but by it, his character is for ever stamped with the deepest colors of infamy—a plague spot on his history, and he is remembered just as the pestilence is, for the mischief and havoc it spreads. And in witnessing the pride of all classes here—that Ariosto and Tasso were of their city. I could not but recall the difference between the tributes they, the living paid to genius, and those paid by their fathers, the dead. Ariosto and Tasso when living, were neglected and almost forgotten men, but now when dead, what offerings they have! How thick their crowd of votaries! With what exultation the Ferrarese show the house of the one, and with what sad regret the cell of the other! But this neglect of living intellect, this transfer of its honors to the future, this sorrow and exultation years after death, is not the fate of genius in Italy alone. It is its history all over the world, and in all of its ages and eras.

Ferrara is not a city to detain the traveller long. Its air is now unhealthy—its water unfit to drink, and its population not remarkably inviting. The traces of grandeur are alone upon its streets. It is a city of the past, not the present. It serves as a vestibule for that magnificent history and that magnificent past, that awaits the traveller as he is entering Italy with his foot towards the fallen Forum and the falling Coliseum. A half a day was full enough to see all that I have described, and though past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, my companion and myself resolved to set off for Bologna in a little gig, with a little ragged driver, upon one as they tell me here, of the most dangerous roads in Italy.—"Full of robbers and thieves," they say it is, and so very dangerous that the inhabitants of Ferrara and Bologna, or the Vetturino never pass it in the night. However I saw nothing, though the route near Bologna between nine and ten o'clock, did seem a little suspicious. Not a carriage did we meet after dark, hardly a light could we mark in the houses on the road, till about ten o'clock we reached the walls of Bologna, and on giving a little fee were admitted into the gate. The country through which we passed was flat, and seemed to be rich, and abundantly productive. The road almost all the way paved with stones, as are the streets of Boston or New York. At a place called Malalbargo, we stopped a while to feed our horses, and here as keeper of the inn, we found an old soldier of Napoleon's, who had followed him in his disastrous campaign to Moscow.

Arrived at Bologna, it being late, we stopped at a hotel, and entering, as is now our constant custom, we demanded the price of the lodgings. The price demanded was a scudo each, a piece of money just the value of our dollar—the Roman currency is the same as ours only with different names for the pieces of silver and gold. Not a word was said in reply. We ordered our baggage down again. The Landlord asked, what we would give. Not a word did we answer. He followed after us, begging for an offer, but finding we had none to make fell down in his price to three Pauls each, just thirty cents of our money, when seeing that this was only about five

cents more than the just price, we ordered the baggage up stairs again. Into the room he came soon after with four large wax candles, which we politely told him to take out again.—for the bill next morning for them as we did not choose to bargain for candles, would have been in all probability only a dollar or more. Common candles soon replaced his candles of wax, and we went on calmly then. The next morning by seven o'clock, there was a tap at my door, and a valet de place entered, apologizing and bowing, but offering for little or nothing in broken English, but tolerable French, to act as our Cicero of the place. We bade him good morning, and told him we would see to that when we were awake. But no sooner was I in bed again, than there was another tap. "Come in," I cried, and as the door opened and one fellow entered, I marked a whole string of others, forming a line to take turns to enter, among whom was one making all sorts of contortions in the form of winks, giving me a hint, as I afterwards translated it, not to make a bargain with the first till I had a talk with him. "I am a Vetturino-man," said the first. "I will take you to Florence with excellent horses, and very cheap." "But there is cholera in Tuscany,—my good friend," I said, "and a quarantine when you want to get out again into the Roman States." "Oh, no," he said, and he swore to his veracity by all the heads of the saints. But I found out that he himself was from Florence, and if he could get travellers to carry there, he cared not how many he told to get them. I discussed matters with the whole train, but sent them away without making a bargain that time, for such a lying, cheating set of knaves were they, that they would swear black was white to get you on the route where they belonged, and so many prices did they have, that there was no divining what was the just one. Our landlord soon entered, and he told us the price of his breakfast without a demand. I left this as a compliment to our sagacity as travellers in Italy, as it seemed he had given up the idea of fleecing us as the Italians do the English-speaking people in general. A bargain was next struck with our valet, who was to show us the city. We sallied forth with him for the *Accademia delle belle arti*. We finished the quarrel by letting the valet know, deeply to his confusion, what he had been at, adding that as we now understood him, there would be no further trouble, he apologizing that it was the way he got his living, seeming only to be sorry that he was found out. A Vetturino-man, we soon learnt, had bribed him to sell us to his carriage, and sure he worked hard enough, but we found one who is to take us on our journey for half the price. I have written this paragraph for two purposes—first, to show how such business is done in Bologna, and the second to put the traveller on his guard. Even a little knowledge of Italian will save a man dollars and dollars.

THE PAST.

It comes o'er the heart like an echo bland,
Or a gentle voice from fairy-land,
On balmy breezes borne to the strand
Of memory's sea;—

It tells of the joys that our childhood knew,
Of hopes that were bright as the rainbow's hue,
Of the tears that were pure as morning dew
On the vernal tree!

It speaks of the hours of earliest love,
Of the sylvan glen and the summer grove,
Through which our footsteps oft would rove
In the bye-gone days;—

Of the laughing glance of an azure eye,
Of a cheek that was dash'd with the rose's dye,
Of a smile that was bright as an orient sky
When the sunbeam plays!

And oh! it is sweet, as the night comes on,
When the heart is dreary, sad, and lone,
To muse on the friends that are past and gone,
To come, oh, never!—

And to know that they live in the memory bright,
As forms that are clad in the hues of light,
And will not depart till the "sully night"
Be set for ever!

THE PUBLIC SINGER.

A FRAGMENT.

"She sings the lov'd songs of her own native plains,
Ecstatic applause awaking;
Ah! little they think who delight in the strains
That the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

Moore.

As I ascended the stairs, strains of the most entrancing sweetness—bursts of aerial melody, wild as the whinnies of the Peri over "Araby's Daughter," came swelling on my ear, floating and sinking away in dying fall, till each faint, clear cadence realized the lines—

"I hear a voice so fine, there's nothing lies
Twixt it and silence."

I entered the concert-room; it was full to overflowing—crammed like the Black Hole at Calcutta—a dense chaos of tittering belles, buckram beaux, chaperons at once gracious and grandiose, and entranced filletants, ever and anon provoked by their sacrilegious noise to dart the most deadly glances at the contraband traffickers in flirtation, speculation, and opposition. The case would have been hopeless to one less versed in the arcana of crowds; but resolutely pushing onward amid

"The wreck of coiffures and the crush of sleeves," after a process comparable to a safe exit from the congregation of the Richmond Theatre, I squeezed my way to the upper end, and established myself so as to enjoy a full view of this renowned Italian siren, the reincarnated Parthenope of her own Naples. There she sat, a marble figure, pale as despair, seemingly unconscious as an automaton, without so much as audible respiration, or the involuntary motion of an eyelid or muscle. There was nothing of ambitious or ostentatious display about her—none of the gesticulatory accompaniment, so usual and effective in her nation and profession—no change of countenance or complexion—no kindling of the eye or elevation of the head—no dilating of the form at the sublimest soarings of her supernatural voice—no heaving of the bosom—no quickened breath—not the flutter of a nerve or pulsation, as the most soul-dissolving sounds

"In many a wondrous bout
Of linked sweetness, long-drawn out,"

poured over her half-parted lips. It seemed mechanic, at all, though not monotonous—the execution of a nicely devised machine wound up for the task—a symphonious effluence, unfelt by her, yet in power so intense over the feelings of others, that

"No ear so dull, no heart so cold
That felt not, fired not at the tone."

Still there was something in it, that, startling like an icy call from a spirit-land, struck me with a shuddering, ominous and chill; it was like music breathing from a sepulchre—the voice of passion and pleading coming from, and echoing around, the relics of the dead.

And yet was Theresina young and beautiful,—though here was not the hope and buoyancy of youth—the beauty or vivacity of life. Yes! she was indeed "beautiful exceedingly," the beauty of an effigy, counterfeiting the energy of life, yet cold, motionless, and uninformed by "a living soul." The eye, large, dark, and dreamless—a true Italian eye in cut and contour—apparently took cognizance of nothing around her—but filled with a strange struggling expression, as if it turned its vision inward, to gaze forever on hidden memories and storied shadows of the past.—Her features—and fairer were never carved, by the chisel of Canova—were that still, statue-like, stony look by which sculpture has the gift to congeal beauty into the mysterious semblance of death—but death en-

tirely distinct from the co-existent and defacing idea of decay. Her drooping figure reminded one of the queen-like lily just bursting into light and loveliness, on whose fragile stem some rude foot has been set, and bent it to the earth, while the pure, pale, pearly cup still clings to the half-crushed stalk, uplifting its meek majestic head, only to show what exquisite sweetness withers there.

Again and again, Theresina sung, each time a varied strain; I stood beside her, listening to the graceful gushes of a voice, that seemed, now the playful song of the nightrigale (such as the Persian talks of) amid sun-shine and perfume—now "most musical, most melancholy," like the sighing of the night-breeze over the cypresses of a cemetery, stirring within the soul a thousand sad, yet luxurious requiems over lost hopes, past days, and vanished friends; my mind the while employed on the singular contrast betwixt the calm, immobile, changeless aspect, and the glowing tones of rapt sensibility trembling in every lay of the matchless vocalist. Wonder and interest beset themselves in forming a thousand conjectures as to her history. Whence came it, that one in the flower of youth and beauty—a living *Enterpe*—the very muse of song—a professor of the most inspiring and agitating of the arts was thus frozen to marble—insensible to all the sweet influences of her sex and calling—and heeding no more than the dull, cold ear of death, her own rich effusion of "dulcet and harmonious breath? With none of the many melodies enchanting the audience were her emotions linked; while her music summoned all the passions around its "magic cell," she alone remained "deaf to it as the adder to the voice of the charmer." Hark to that air! "soft, soothing, and serene, embalming a world of tender associations—all redolent of home! sweet, sacred home! To what fond ear, perchance a mother's or a father's, long since passed away from earth, had she been wont to carol it forth in her natal bowers? Now far away from kindred, country, and all beloved and familiar things, the repetition moved her not—stern memory disowned its sway." Next "*Ditanti palpiti*" languished on her lips; love's own impassioned strain, such as dark Sappho might have sung where

"Leucadia's rock yet overlooks the wave,"—

that perhaps had been warbled responsive to lips, since false and forsworn, or mouldering in the silent dust—then breathing and blending vows in unison with the melting notes and eyes of the fair and fervent minstrel. That thrilling chaunt of war and liberty! how often might she have poured it forth,

"Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound,"

to inspire some secret conclave of fierce and heroic Carbonari! Beneath the blushing and burning sun-set of her native skies, she might have sent forth that *baccarole* so light and joyous in its measure to echo over Venetian waves,—while friends smiled around, applauding with the mute extravagancies of ecstasy—or caught up the sportive close, ere it died on the air. Even now in mental vision, such scenes might be acted over again,—each wild and witching note appealing to the past, yet present to her gaze. The abstracted harmonist saw—not the place where she was—the scroll of music before her—the instruments played upon by her assistants—the stage—the broad array of stranger-faces—staring searchingly at her—but the green picturesque hills,—the Arcadian vales, the moon-lit waters, and silvery shores of her own, her native land; she heard not the buzz of tongues, pronouncing in a harsh and unknown jargon, sneering critiques or measured eulogies on her style of singing and herself; ah! no! that ear, attuned only to the finest melody, hung upon the low endearing tones of long past times—it drank in the parent-praise, the friendly speech, the whispered vow and prayer of love.

The illusion vanishes—the spell dissolves: she awakens to a perception of an actual existence—of the long, low concert-room, with the half-burnt candles flaring along the white-washed walls—the orchestra in which she stood—the hireling performance—the supercilious and scanty meed of applause, oh! how different from the rapt vehemence of Italian enthusiasm!—the remunerating pittance thus earned to purchase her daily bread. Yet, that she had “that within which passeth show,” none were permitted so much as to suspect; for who could pierce beneath the surface so polished and so cold, and detect the host of sad, corroding memories’ blighted feelings—those wan spectres of the past—and vain regrets for things as vain,” peopling that wasted world, a woman’s heart, while pride and female delicacy still survive to hold their reign. Ah! little dreamed the young, the gay, the lovely, that she, still young and lovely as any of them all, had once, too, been as gay; “little thought the vain, licentious proud,” who gazed gloating on the charms thus publicly placed before them, or haughtily turned their envious heads another way, of the silent and sickening anguish—the deep, inward, eating reminiscencies, the secret and settled despair, too surely preying even then on the life of her, whose sweet, free phantasies, of song flowed forth as spontaneous as the warbling of a gleeful bird. That aspect so unrecognizant of the present, so inexpressive (to the many) of the past, was a mask to defy all inquisition, and baffle both sympathy and curiosity.

Her task was over—her song ceased; she arose and stood with head depressed, hands crossed, and form bent in acknowledgment of the crowded attendance and munificent patronage vouchsafed her musical entertainment. I took a long, last glance at the large melancholy eye, that seemed glassed over by the ice of tears frozen at their fount; and, if ever that speaking organ was the index of internal woe, this was so. There in might be read a tale—brief, it might be, but bitter, of “helpless, brokenness of heart.” I never saw her more, though long my mind dwelt on the looks and tones of that gilded being who seemed standing as it were between two worlds, the world of thralling realities—and the shadowy sphere where long vanished times and things are mingled with the vast eternity in realms on high. Vain, too, were inquiry and conjecture as to her former life—all to be told or known of her, was that she had been here, a stranger, a sufferer by inference, and a public-singer by profession. What ties were broken or loosed to make her a wanderer over the earth,—what she had lost or left or sacrificed, to dim the spring-time of her youth with so deep a cloud, none knew, and few haply cared to know. There was no clue to her story—no circumstance to trace or identify her by, save, that qualified to depose Catalini, and act as *Prima-donna* to the Bolognese opera, she travelled alone and unprotected, giving concerts, and answering to the name of Signora Theresina. E.

MIDNIGHT DEVOTION.

Night is the time for secret prayer—
When all around are wrapt in sleep;
Nor can a sound disturb you there,
Nor feeling o’er your bosom creep,
To mar the sweetness of your prayer—
For all is still and silent there.

At midnight, when the sky is clear,
And the pale moon looks calmly o’er
The bosom of the peaceful lake,
Where not a wave rolls on the shore,
Nor e’en a breeze disturbs the air—
There let me praise, and worship there.

JOHNSON.

The illustrious name of *Johnson* is sometimes used to designate the whole period of our literature, which he filled during his life. His capacious vastness of mind, his profound, meditative, and ever moralising genius, his strength of conception, and prodigious energy of expression, his force and clearness of judgment, the weight of his opinion, the earnestness and vehemence of his feelings, the universal sweep of his sentiments, and the stern integrity of his morals—all conspire to give him the stature of a giant among our writers. Such a mind must necessarily have a style of its own; hence the voluminous and massive character of his phraseology, the rhetorical and elaborate structure of his sentences, the epigrammatic cadence of his periods, the abstract form of his thoughts—every sentiment an apothegm. Add to all these qualities a taste severe even to fastidiousness, and masterly command of the whole verbal wealth of the English language, together with the possession of all the stores of antiquity, and you may conceive how easily such a mind must gain the ascendancy over others, and become a standard of thought and expression.

At this distance of time we contemplate him with less awe; and, with tastes differing widely from those of his contemporaries, we can perceive his faults, as well as acknowledge his excellence. We admit that his style is one of the most impressive exhibitions of the power and copiousness of our language, of rhetorical dignity and polish, of its adaptation to subjects of vast moment; and, indeed, to all topics of serious and earnest thought. But we must allow, also, that in his selection of expression, he passes by the rich stores of our native Saxon, in favour of the less significant terms of the Norman vocabulary; that he is deficient in idiomatic force; that his phraseology is too frequently artificial and rhetorical; that he lacks the simplicity of Addison, and the ease of Goldsmith; that he sacrifices the original character of language at the shrine of the ancient classics.

Those of Johnson’s works which are most conducive to the purpose of education, are, his Dictionary, (largest edition, with the quotations,) his *Essays in the Rambler*, his *Rasselas*, but, especially, his *Lives of the Poets*. The last mentioned is one of the most splendid productions of the human mind, whether we regard sentiment or style. Literary biography—the department of literature which approaches the nearest to poetry, in the elevation of the subject, that sanctity with which, as the record of genius, it is ever invested, and the elegance of language which it instinctively elicits—was a theme to which the profound moral genius of Johnson was most happily adapted. To whatever cause the unparalleled excellence of style in this work was owing, whether to the author’s progressive order of mind, or the silent influence on his habits of association, arising from the more energetic and condensed mode of expression, which had become current among the contemporaries of his later years, certain it is, that in none of his works besides, does his grasp of thought, or power of expression, appear to so pre-eminent advantage. The *Lives of the Poets* are the mellow fruits of maturest genius—with all its moral as well as intellectual qualities in full and glorious development. The work is not entirely free, however, from faults attributable to morbid habits of feeling. The purest spirit cannot rise wholly above the impediments of defective organization; and Johnson had, along with his endowments, more than a common share of these imperfections. Under the influence of constitutional tendencies, he did injustice, occasionally, to character which he happened to contemplate through the films of prejudice.—But it is not for the feeble hand of humanity to hold the balance of a perfect and dispassionate decision.



Interior of the Golden Gate—Jerusalem.



Bird's-Eye View of St. Peter's—Rome.

Interior of the Golden Gate—Jerusalem.

THE BAB-EL-DARAHIE, OR GOLDEN GATE, on the eastern side of Jerusalem, is supposed to have derived its name from the splendour of its gilding, which distinguished it from all the other gates of that city. It has long been walled up by the Turks, who have a traditional prediction, that the Christians will one day enter through this gate, and capture Jerusalem. An ancient tradition states, that Jesus Christ made his triumphal entry into the city through this gate, five days before the passover; when "much people" took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, "Hosannah! Blessed is the King of Israel, that cometh in the name of the Lord." (John, xix, 12, 13.)

Our view represents the interior of this gateway: it is entered from the enclosure of the Mosque of Omar, and exhibits remains of buildings far more ancient than that mosque, which is in the Saracenic style of architecture, while the capitals of the columns are evidently of a debased composite order. There is, indeed, very great probability for concluding that the Golden Gateway is a construction of King Herod, on his rebuilding the second temple at Jerusalem; the whole of which may have been erected in the same depraved style of Roman architecture. Although the taste displayed in this gateway is bad, yet its general proportions are good; and its solidity (the walls being ten feet thick) has preserved it from destruction. Each column is composed of a single block of marble, of a kind which is not now found in the vicinity of Jerusalem. They may, perhaps, have formed part of the second temple as restored by Herod; unless, indeed, they were erected by the emperor Hadrian, to adorn the city Ælia Capitolina, which (it is known) he built on the site of the ruins of Jerusalem.

There is another gateway under the mosque El Aksa of the same period, and of equally solid construction: this latter gateway is also walled up. There has been a noble flight of steps from the Golden Gate leading directly to the Temple; the difference of level being very considerable, not less than twenty-five or thirty feet, in the judgment of the ingenious artist who executed the original sketch of the Golden Gate, whence our view is engraved, and who was the first European that ever examined these two gateways.

Bird's-Eye View of St. Peter's—Rome.

The church of St. Peter the most magnificent temple of the christian world rises, according to some antiquarians, from the site of the Circus of Nero. The apostle, having suffered martyrdom under that emperor, was buried, as tradition reports, in a grotto or cave, now covered by the superb edifice which bears his name; but there is reason to believe that the body of the apostle never reposed in this spot.

At a very early period, and, as it is said, by Constantine, a church was dedicated in this place to St. Peter. In the middle of the fifteenth century, a new edifice was commenced by Nicholas the Fifth, but the ancient church was not entirely removed until the pontificate of Julius the Second, in 1506, when the first stone of the present building was laid.

The history of the building of St. Peter's, and the description of its splendours of its architectural decoration, would literally require volumes to do them justice. The treasures of a succession of pontiffs and the genius of several generations of architects were lavished upon the edifice. During the pontificates of Julius the Second, Leo the Tenth, Adrian the Sixth, Clement the Seventh, Paul the Third, Julius the Third, Pius the Fifth, Gregory the Thirteenth, Sixtus the Fifth, Paul the Fifth, and Alexander the Seventh,

the vast work still proceeded; and it was not until three centuries and a half had been consumed in the labour that the mighty mass was completed. The whole sum expended upon the church, before its completion, has been reckoned at forty-seven millions of scudi, upwards of ten millions and a half sterling. It has been said that the building of the church was one of the principal causes of the Reformation, since the expenses of it were so great that the pontiffs were compelled to discredit the Catholic faith by issuing an extra number of indulgences. During the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth, six hundred workmen were employed day and night upon the cupola, which, by this extraordinary exertion, was completed in the space of twenty-two months. In one story only of the dome eleven hundred beams were employed, one hundred of which were of such magnitude that the arms of two men could not embrace them.

The eye of the traveller is generally deceived as to the vast extent of this edifice, which, from the admirable proportion of its parts, does not present that idea of magnitude which might be expected. So great is the deception, on first entering the church, that the statues of the evangelists appear to be little larger than life, when such in fact is their magnitude, that the pen in the hand of St. Mark is six feet long. It is only gradually, and by comparing the objects before him with himself, that the traveller obtains a correct notion of the colossal temple which he is admiring. The whole length of the church, from wall to wall, is six hundred and nine feet, while our own St. Paul's measures only five hundred and twenty-one. The length of the Duomo at Milan is four hundred and thirty-nine, and of St. Sophia at Constantinople, three hundred and fifty-seven feet. The temples of the ancient world cannot be compared with St. Peter's in point of magnitude. In Rome, the largest of the temples, that of Jupiter Capitolinus, is supposed to have been about two hundred feet in length; and the Parthenon measured two hundred and thirty in length, and ninety-eight in width.

The cupola of St. Peter's has always been represented as one of the most sublime efforts of architectural science. "The cupola," says Mr. Forsyth, "is glorious. Viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration, as a whole, or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on—a sublime peculiar to the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the spot."

The clear inside length of the church is six hundred and fifteen feet, and the breadth, in the transepts, four hundred and forty-eight feet. The extreme height, from the level of the piazza before the temple to the apex of the cross, is about four hundred and sixty-four feet, or nearly one-fourth as high again as our St. Paul's. The distance from the extreme line of the ellipsis of the colonnades to the portals of the church is nine hundred feet, which added to the outside length of the church, including its thick walls and vestibules, gives the prodigious distance of nearly one-third of a mile, covered by St. Peter's and its accessories.

An enthusiastic old traveller, Lassels, concludes his account of St. Peter's with the following remarkable eulogy. "You will, perhaps, wonder, when you hear that this church is the eighth wonder of the world; that the pyramids of Egypt, the walls of Babylon, the Pharos, Colossus, &c. were but heaps of stones, compared to this fabric; that it hath put an antiquity to the blush, and all posterity to a nonplus; that its several parts are all incomparable master-pieces; its pictures all originals; its statues perfect models; that it hath a revenue of above twenty thousand pounds a

year only for the fabric; that it hath cost, till the year 1654 (the accounts being summed up,) forty millions of crowns; that most of the popes since Julius the Second's time (and they have been twenty-three in all) have heartened and advanced this work; that the prime architects of the world, San Gallo, Bramante, Baldassere, Buonarota, Giacomo della Porta, Giovanni Fontana, Carlo Maderno, and now Cavaliero Bernino, have brought it on to this perfection, that the whole church itself is nothing but the quintessence of wit and wealth strained into a religious design of making a handsome house to God, and of fulfilling the divine oracle, which promised that magna erit gloria domus istius novissimæ plusquam primæ."

It must be remarked, that the general view which we now present to our readers has been composed from an imaginary point considerably above the tops of the houses opposite to St. Peter's; it is, in short, a bird's-eye view, intended to show, more clearly than any really practical view could, the arrangement of the various parts and objects composing the whole.

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERESS.

In the autumn of 1818, her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The water soon effected such a respite from pain in the Royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighborhood, then the estate of a rich widow, belonging to the society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen's intention, a message returned she should be welcome. Our illustrious traveller had perhaps, never before held any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George called King by the vain ones." The lady and gentlemen who were to attend the august visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say *thy* majesty, *thy* highness, or madam. The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park, punctual to the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made, no hostess or domestics stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately, with his broad brimmed beaver on, and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting, with "What's thy will, friend?" This was almost unanswerable. "Surely," said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that her Majesty—Go to your mistress and say the Queen is here." "No truly," answered the man, "it needeth not, I have no mistress nor lady; but friend Rachel Mills expecteth thine; walk in."

The Queen and princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachael, who without even a curtsy, and with a cheerful nod said, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter, I wish thee well! Rest and refresh thee and thy people before I show thee my grounds." What could be said to such a person? Some condescensions were attempted, implying that her Majesty came, not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed, she answered, "Yea, thou art right there. The friends are well thought of by most folks: but they heed not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place; and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore, I shall do the like by thee, friend Charlotte! Moreover, I think well of thee, as a most dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so had thy good partner. I wish thy grand child well through hers." (She alluded to the Princess Charlotte.) It was so evident that the friend meant kindly, nay respectfully, that of-

fence could not be taken. She escorted her guests through her estate.

The Princess Elizabeth noticed in the hen-house, a breed of poultry, hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of those rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as a law; but the quakeress quickly remarked with characteristic evasion, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but if any are to be purchased, in this land or in other countries, I know few women more likelier than thyself to procure them with ease." Her royal highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those she now beheld. "I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel Mills. "Perhaps you will give me a pair?" persevered the princess with a conciliating smile. "Nay, verily," replied Rachael, "I have refused many friends; and that which I have denied my own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becomes me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belong only to our house, and I can make no exceptions in favor of thine." This is a fact. Some friends indeed are less stiffly starched, but old quaker families still exist, who pique themselves on their independent indifference to rank, and respect their fellow mortals only in proportion to the good they have done in their generation.—*Court Journal*.

From the New York Mirror.

TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET.

MY DEAR M.—The following exquisite song was written by the author of Lillian, and has never been published. It was set to music by the lady who was kind enough to copy it from the manuscript for the Mirror, and for whose voice it was expressly written. I will try to send you the music one of these days, for it is the most touching and beautiful thing I ever heard. Moore, the poet, to whom it was sung a few nights since, set no measure to his praise of both words and music. Of the words, indeed, there can be but one opinion

N. P. W.

Tell him I love him yet

As in that joyous time!

Tell him I ne'er forget—

Though memory now be crime!

Tell him when fades the light

Upon the earth and sea,

I dream of him by night—

He must not dream of me!

Tell him to go where Fame

Looks proudly on the brave,

And win a glorious name

By deeds on land and wave.

Green, green upon his brow

The laurel wreath shall be—

Although that laurel now

Must not be shared with me!

Tell him to smile again

In pleasure's dazzling throng—

To wear another's chain—

To praise another's song!

Before the loveliest there

I'd have him bend the knee,

And breathe to her the prayer

He used to breathe to me!

Tell him that, day by day,

Life looks to me more dim—

I falter when I pray,

Although I pray for him.

And bid him when I die,

Come to our fav'rite tree—

I shall not hear him sigh—

Then let him sigh for me.

Original.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT; AND THE FUTURE.

"My soul is a torrent descending from the mountains—a cataract down which the waters ever flow, and thence sweep over the valleys, plains and meadows, sloping towards the boundless ocean. Life's a stream, flowing at the close of day—at opening morning, it flows on; night returns it flows—day again dawn, it flows still. Nought can exhaust its waves or stay its course, until it reaches that ocean, its fountain and its place of rest. There in murmuring it pours its trobled waters in the bosom of its parent deep—and in that bosom finds a final, an eternal repose."—*Poetic and Religious Harmonies, by Alphonse de Lamartine.*

The present bursts upon us as a spark, and as a spark vanishes and leaves the future in darkness and doubt; but the past is our secure and embodied treasure, on every piece of which time has stamped an ineffaceable imprint. The events, characters, opinions, discoveries, and improvements in arts and sciences, are the grains of gold, or the precious stones picked from the sands along that stream, whose source and discharge are in the recesses of past and future eternity. Literature is the cabinet in which those precious remains have been deposited, arranged and preserved.

When we seek to consult destiny on our own, or the fate of others, the present perplexes, and from the future we shrink as from a gloomy abyss, a gulf threatening without displaying the phantoms or realities we dread, but the silently speaking past, smiles and invites us to enter her cabinet; and points to those rich and admonitory niches, in which lie the accumulated wisdom of all former ages. We enter, peace and calm here unite and holding in their hands the symbols of duration, invite us by looks divine to examine the gems around us; we touch one gem after another, and a light, soft, holy, and soul-inspiring glow spread and strengthens, giving to every object increasing lustre, and penetrating our minds, seems as the ethereal essence of intelligence. The invention of writing, under whatever form, was the embodying of thought; and he who could thus give permanence to the invisible rays of intellect, and render them tangible, other intellects changed man, as far as he availed himself of its meliorating power, from a roaming savage to an intelligent being; changed his dwelling from a tent to a palace, and his feelings of vengeance to those of love and mercy.

The human soul, uncultivated, wild and rude, demands long care, the uprooting of noisome weeds and the introduction of salutary plants, and one age is too brief to change this wilderness to a garden. The past has given to us the seeds of good improvements to cultivate our blest possession, our minds, and has, again bequeathed us the most sublime instructions, on time and seasons. Let us not pause here on the melancholy reflection how many have neglected the divine inheritance; but proceed with the pleasing view of the increasing value of that inheritance, and on how much each individual has within his or her grasp to augment the product of their own share of the wide field of knowledge.

Next to oral language, of the arts known to mankind, the only two which it is the duty of every person to acquire, is reading and writing; and these are, by a strange inconsistency, the arts most neglected by those who have studied them, and acquired the power to reduce them to practice. If we were to suppose any person in full possession of a tract of most productive soil, and in the use or rather abuse of such an estate, abandon it to utter neglect; and in place of careful cultivation, leave it to weeds, bramble and noxious reptiles, to such person we could not avoid awarding our pity, or a feeling still more severe and debasing; and yet every one who possesses a sane mind in a sound body, and neglects to cultivate that mind, acts a part incomparably more censurable, than does one who leaves his farm to desolation. May we not assert that the two species of negligence, are very often found united in the conduct of the same individual. Why are these things so?

We answer: that the causes of self mental neglect are many. Some of these causes impose no moral blame as they are insuperable; but others, and far most numerous, and far most powerfully operating causes of this evil, are

phantoms or pretences in themselves, and vanish at the very touch of reason. It is true, that mental enjoyment, the fruit of its culture, demands association; therefore, where human beings, are widely and thinly scattered, means are consequently few, to procure or call into action intellectual acquirements. Even oral language becomes rude and imperfect, where the members of society stand remote from each other, and remain to a certain degree perpetual strangers. But as the void becomes filled, and as the individuals, the atoms of the moral world approach, density becomes itself both a moral and mental power, and as density of population increases inversely, decreases the excuse, and happily the impeding causes of mental neglect. Wealth and certainty of social intercourse, are the almost invariable consequences of increase of population; and where sufficiently advanced, sustain the charge of perversity against those who thus situated can and yet will not improve the most invaluable gift they have received from their Creator.

The most influential of all causes of neglecting the improvement of the human mind, is, probably, however, an erroneous definition of the term education. This term is commonly, almost exclusively applied to what is learned in seminaries of different kinds; and thus restricted, acts powerfully and most injuriously on self education, or, on that best of all knowledge, which we acquire in the active intercourse of human society. In support of this supposition, let me quote from a work published expressly to forward the cause of self education. The work alluded to, is that very cheap, and yet very valuable journal, the Penny Magazine. In that journal and under the head of an article entitled, "difficulty of supplying the want of early education," we read the following:

"I think I may say, that in the whole of my life, I have never received any other direct, and actual knowledge from others than such as a person necessarily, in his passage through life, gleans from those with whom he has intercourse. I was taught, indeed, to read and to write; but you are aware, that reading and writing form no part of real knowledge, being simply acquirements—implements with which, if we learn how to use them; some knowledge may be acquired and communicated.—Poverty and great bodily infirmity, concurred to stop my education at this point. Poverty required that I should earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.

"My boyhood and youth are now over; and, in reviewing my past career, I am sensible of many errors of conduct, and of many omissions of the duty which each man owes to himself; but in adverting to the particular period I have mentioned, I am at a loss to perceive how, under all the circumstances, I could better have employed the uncontrolled and unguided leisure of my boyhood, than I did. During this period, and subsequently in the intervals of manual occupation, I read with eagerness every printed thing that fell in my way; from the placard on the wall, and the torn newspaper gathered from the street, to volumes from the shelves of my neighbours; and from the nursery book, and the Fairy Tale, to the poetry of Milton, and the metaphysics of Locke. Thus in the progress of years, I gathered together a considerable quantity of general knowledge, mixed with much rubbish and unprofitable matter. I gathered this knowledge together in solitude and silence, without the cognizance, direction, concurrence, encouragement or control of any living soul. I was even stirred by reading, to think and to write for myself; and I acquired the power of expressing what I thought, or wished to state, just as I now express it to you."

"Then you are a self educated man?"—"No! I consider myself an uneducated man; and it is precisely my object to state that, while my actual acquirements have made happy and useful a life, which once promised nothing of comfort or utility. I have suffered much from the want of that mental discipline in early life, and of those connected studies, and regulated pursuits, which form what I understand by the term education."

In the case of this writer, you have the example of a man who by self exertion, acquired the power to think logically and write correctly, and yet expressed of himself the vulgar opinion of the world, and pronounced that he was an uneducated man; and why did he pronounce this debasing opinion? Why because he gave to the term education, only a specific in place of a general application. "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," though long used can never become either a trite or trivial expression. It com-

tains a philosophical truth, applicable to all ages and nations, and to every state of society. The savage who excels in the construction of his wigwam, and in his hunting implements, is exalted above his fellows, and is really comparatively educated. In the most advanced state of human nature every thing known to any individual is what constitutes education, and every item of such knowledge or skill is a particle out of which the whole is formed.

From the preceding, and regarding education under this comprehensive point of view, this intellectual distinction if inseparable from literature, cannot be confined to what is learned in schools. Whatever latitude is given to the term, however, education must from the inherent difference of mind and circumstances, be comparatively unequally distributed. Some will from natural aptitude, from local advantages, and more from superior industry, outstrip others; but it must involve an absurdity to declare a person uneducated, who has read extensively, who has read the most exalted poetry, studied the most profound treatises on metaphysics, and who can reason logically and write with perspicuity.

The very language of which we have imbibed the first rudiments in the cradle, and which is with truth and deep feeling, called our mother tongue; is not only a part, but is, and ever must continue to be, under all future circumstances of our existence, the most important part of our education. It is language which forms the means of intercommunication between individuals. It is the tie which binds society together, and yet, by a palpable version of reason, a person gains the title of being educated, not from his skill in his own, but in not alone dead but foreign languages. Little credit is gained by the utmost power of wielding the very instrument by which is secured the love, confidence and social intercourse of human beings in all the relations of life; but he is venerated who possesses the reputation of having studied a language or languages no longer spoken by any portion of mankind; and only used to perpetuate the remembrance of events and characters, many ages past become utterly unknown to the far greater part of any existing people.

Let me here premise, that the very absurd idea is not entertained of depreciating classic studies. Those who possess the means and inclination to pursue those studies have an indisputable right to do so, and an equal right in after life, to draw from their attainments all the advantages which they afford; but it is the undue claim made, and granted, in favor of that part of education procured in the higher seminaries, which ought to be resisted, and the more, as such immunity ever has and ever must operate in favor of a few, to the exclusion of the many.—They are resisted because they tend to depress emulation, and prevent the many from using the means of self improvement, which is almost universally in the United States, within reach of individuals.

In a brief review of a subject, admitting, indeed, for complete development demanding a volume or volumes, for its discussion in a brief essay, only outlines can be sketched. In the present instance, I shall confine my observations to the benefits of elementary education in the United States; and more particularly to that species of education attainable by almost every sane and free mind. That species of education which enables the great body of the people to use their common language to most effect, in the three different operations of speaking, reading and writing.

Amongst the art known to mankind, after speech itself, the only two that it is the duty of every person to acquire are reading and writing; and nevertheless, these are the arts most neglected by those who have acquired them, and of course those who possess the power to reduce them to practice.

One excuse for neglecting elementary education, is expense. To a certain extent, this excuse is valid, but more particularly applies to the acquirement of classical education, and diminishes progressively as we descend from the few to the many. This excuse has also lost much of its plausibility within the current century. In the fall of the price of books, and in that of tuition since eighteen hundred, the great body of the people have opened to them facilities of mental improvement, which the past generation could not conceive even in hope.—Whilst this salutary and immense revolution has been in progress, none who have not watched the changes and

compared the extremes, can form a judgment of the advantages possessed by the existing generation.

Printing and all the subsidiary arts necessary to form that greatest of all human productions, a book; as also the greater cheapness of material, have so greatly advanced, that the labor and time formerly demanding months, are at present performed in as many days.—Books have become cheaper, to such an extent, that persons must be indeed destitute in this country who cannot procure some of those silent and invaluable companions and instructors.

In this place I cannot resist the expression of that enthusiasm I feel, when contemplating the properties of a book. To the eye and mind of a savage, a book appears a block; to him a stone rough from the earth would not be so barren of all meaning; but to the civilized and instructed person, who has in the art of reading the means to draw forth its valuable qualities, it becomes a treasure beyond all price. Touch it and it opens as a Casket. It opens in this laming, sparkling with gems. The mind revels amid these exhaustless stores, and so marie are the properties of this Casket, that thousands may be from it enriched to overflowing; and yet not a particle of the smallest gem taken away. It is not only an exhaustless, but also an indestructible mine. Round its margin roses ever bloom, and never fade. At this remote age, we are drawing the most valuable of all wealth from the very same Casket; the same mines, from which were drawn the songs of David, the moral precepts of Solomon, his son, and the enduring metal from which was formed the lyre of Homer. Whatever adds dignity to our nature—whatever gives sublimity to our conceptions—whatever discoveries augment the sum of human happiness, and removes causes of pain, sorrow, vice and crime; and whatever teaches human nature to be kind, benevolent, just and forbearing, once dug from the mine and deposited in the Casket so mighty is the effect, that time ceases to have power over the deposit.—No! what do I say? Time has indeed now lost his destructive power, but has gained, immeasurably in his power of preservation, and of multiplication. New continents and Islands may be discovered—new empires may rise, and improvements in the arts of life, may, to an indefinite extent superinduce the augmentation of mankind.—Yes! millions on millions of intelligent beings may rise on earth, and yet the mental supply swells with still greater rapidity, and secures abundance to congregated nations.

Are these treasures hidden in a temple, seated on a mountain accessible only after great toil and fatigue?—No! on the contrary, it is placed in a temple, whose thousand doors are ever open. Gardens surround its walls, and no rude hand repulses the humblest votary, whose steps are turned towards its vestibule, and within all difference of rank unknown, except that based on cultivated reason. It is a temple all may enter, and very few will visit and not revisit it. It is a temple into which admittance is as free as the air we breathe. To pass its portals, and receive benediction from its ministering priests demands no passport from monarchs or prelates. A small pittance abstracted from the fruits of daily labor will secure entrance.

To quit figure or metaphor, and speak in plain language, we may assert, that to obtain a decent elementary education, is within the grasp of every young person in this country. Such have been as already observed, the prodigious improvements in the arts of printing and book binding, and other attendant processes in the formation of books within the last twenty years, that literature has fallen one half or more in price. In a work which every one ought to subscribe for and read, "*The Penny Magazine*," is a series of papers on printing, the improvement in printing and book-binding, &c., in which is shown the remarkable and salutary revolution alluded to in this essay. Here we have traced also, the slow but steady advance of instruction from the discovery of the art of printing; the gradual transfusion of literature into the body of the people, and its change from an aristocratic to a popular feature of society. The following I cannot omit.

A few years after the commencement of the present century, a system of education, which is now known throughout Europe, as that of *MUTUAL INSTRUCTION*, was introduced into this country (England). In whatever mode this system was called into action, its first experiments soon demonstrated, that through it, education might be bestowed at a much cheaper rate than had ever be-

fore been considered practicable. This success encouraged the friends of education to exertions quite unexampled, and the British and Foreign School Society, and the National Society, had in a very few years, taught some thousands of children to read and write; who, without the new arrangements which had been brought into practice, would in great part have remained completely untaught. The demand for books of a new class, was thus preparing on every side. The demand would not be very sudden or very urgent, but it would still exist, and would become, stronger and stronger, till a supply was in some degree provided for it. It would act too, but surely upon that portion of society, whose demand for knowledge, had already been in part supplied. The principle of educating the humblest in the scale of society, would necessarily give an impulse to the education of the class immediately above them. The impulse would indeed be least felt by the large establishments for education at the other end of the scale, and thus, whilst the children of the peasant, and the tradesman would learn many valuable lessons, through the influence of a desire for knowledge for its own sake; and of love for their instructors, the boys of many of our great public schools, would long remain acquiring only a knowledge of words and not of things, and influenced chiefly by a degrading fear of brutal punishment. The demand for knowledge thus created, and daily gathering strength amongst the bulk of the people, could not be adequately supplied twenty years ago, by the mechanical inventions then employed in the art of printing. Exactly in the same way as the demand for knowledge which began to agitate men's minds about the middle of the fifteenth century, produced the invention of printing; so the great extension of the demand in England, (and many other countries) at the beginning of the nineteenth century, produced those mechanical improvements, which have created a new era in the typographical art.

If these observations apply to the people of England, they are not confined to that nation; with one exception, they apply far more to the people of the United States. What the writer calls the humble class of society, exists in England as an original element; on the contrary, in the United States, our institutions are based on the principle, that no humble class of free people are in existence. So operative in reality is the theory, that where only humble, that is ignorant, class existing the United States, the members have themselves to blame for their depression. If people were not blinded by custom, they would as little look up to government for education, as they would for religion, or for the implements of their ordinary business. In religious matters they claim unbounded freedom, as they do in the acquirement or disposal of property; and yet for the cultivation of their minds, seek the means from public support in the form of schools, academies, colleges and other seminaries, with the undeniable facts before them, that far the greater share of practical knowledge must be procured in the general intercourse of society, and that such knowledge never was or can be, except very partially from schools.

The truth of these observations can be illustrated from a survey of Pennsylvania, and many other sections of the United States. All parts of the same state are of course under one system of law, and therefore, as far as law can operate on education, the effect must be uniform; but though this is too obvious to demand proof—no person of ordinary observation need be told how excessive is the mental difference, between not only distant but contiguous neighbourhoods of the same state. Why this difference? Because in some neighbourhoods precisely what I recommend has been effected. The people of such neighbourhoods, have without such intention, decided one of the most important problems ever presented to human reason. They have shewn, that freedom of affording personal security was the most important aid they wanted from government, to cultivate either their minds or their fields. Such neighbourhoods it may be also remarked, are always distinguished for alacrity in receiving, and skill in using to effect, such direct pecuniary aid offered by government. Such neighbourhoods, are really to all intents and to more or less purpose, schools of mutual instruction.

In such schools, not alone children, but both sexes of

all ages, are daily acquiring, restoring and intercommunicating useful knowledge, and by modes of instruction, which admits of no fear of brutal punishment; but, on the reverse, by means, which while elevating the mind sweetens society by cherishing every social feeling. In such schools the desire of knowledge is gratified from augmented stores and reduced prices.

In this essay I wish it to be observed, that I have laid no stress on the political benefits to be derived from elementary education, and the reason is that I regard such benefits, as the lowest in the scale, and those most desultory in application. That thirst of general information, which in place of being satiated, is increased by reading, will superinduce in most cases, fully as much political knowledge, as even the great majority of any people can usefully apply as members of the body politic; and I might add, that there is one great, and perhaps insuperable evil attending a general attention to political science, and that is an inordinate wish to obtain, and of course, pursuit after office.

My objects are; the indescribable charm which intellectual culture throws over society; the polishing and softening effects on social intercourse of reading; to change the employment of leisure from idle or injurious pursuits, to those, which while they delight the heart, exalt the understanding; and particularly to induce the agriculturist and mechanic, with their families to cast off the rustic garb, and clothe their minds in that dress, which will fit them to take that rank in intellectual, which they have, and ever must hold as political and moral elements of rational force.

Another object is to convince every family, that all that is valuable, and all that is, at once sweet and enduring in cultivated intellect, may be brought into their dwellings; and that real practical education, that is all of useful knowledge possessed by an individual or by a community, are mere convertible terms.

To obtain the great good recommended, demands not wealth according to the common meaning given to that term. The exceptions are certainly very rare amongst the sane minded white inhabitants of this section of the earth, to whom a competent education is unattainable.—Over the wilfully ignorant, those who can and do not learn to read, and to those still less excusable, who have acquired this great art, and neglect its use, the classic scholar has an indisputable right to claim superiority.—Therefore, those who have it in their power, and do not place themselves on a level with the intelligence of their age, cannot complain justly of the effects of an evil, the very existence of which they could, but were too indolent to prevent.

It is with mingled feelings of regret and disgust, that I am constrained to say, that as far as my own personal observation and inquiries extend, full one third of the adult population do not read, and a proportion it would test credulity to state who cannot read.

Europe, the region of our ancestors, so rich in examples on every branch of the philosophy of man, abounds in those applicable to the general effects of the cultivation or neglect of human reason; and of the power of cultivated intellect over the asperities of physical nature.—There we are presented with the fearful contrasts between advance and retrogradation—there we have before us the proof that nature may in vain display her profusion where man himself remains uncultivated; and there as a sublime consolation, we have the demonstration that all the severities of climate, and all the ungratefulness of soil, cannot prevent the lightest aspirations of truth and reason from being fully gratified.

If we examine a map of Europe, and follow N. lat. 50°, as traced across its surface, we find that line entering on the west, the mouth of the British channel, and traversing this great strait obliquely, intersects the continent in France; and between the mouths of the Seine and Somme rivers, merely touching England at the Lizard Point, stretching over the continent it leaves to the northward all the departments of the north, and Pas de Calais, with near one half that of Somme; thence over the southern part of Belgium and Rhenish Prussia, reaches and crosses the Rhine just below Mayence; thence following the general course of the Mayer, leaving the cities of Darmstadt, Wurtzburg, and Bayreuth, to the south enters Bohemia at Egra; thence over and nearly centrically, the mountain basin of Bohemia, and crossing the Muldace

just above Prague, follows thence the general course of the Elbe to its source in the mountains of Moravia; over northern Moravia, and southern Silesia, leaving Olmutz and Tropol to the southward, and Neisse and Tarnowitz to the northward, and entering Austrian Poland, leaving Lemberg or Leopold to the southward, and Cracow to the northward, intersects Russia near Kremnitz. In Russia this line traverses the governments of Volhymia, Kiev, Pultava, Kharkof, Voronez, Don Kozaks, and the extreme southern part of Saratov, crossing the Wolga below Kamichin, and above Tzaritzin, and thence over the intermediate country to the Ural river, entering Asia below the Tartar town of Ural'sk.

Leaving Russia out of the estimate, there are now according to the best authorities, in the residue of Europe about 175,000,000 of inhabitants; and of this mass exist to the north of N. lat. 50°:

All the inhabitants of the British islands	23,500,000
Northern part of France	2,000,000
Netherlands	5,000,000
Germany, northern part	15,000,000
Prussia	12,500,000
Denmark	2,000,000
Sweden	4,000,000

Amount total 64,000,000

According to this estimate, we find in the very changeable and comparatively harsh climate of northern Europe, sixty-four millions of people, or something above the one third part of the aggregate population of western Europe. But when we turn from mere numbers to actual intellectual advance, the contrast is completely reversed. From authority entirely French, and now in my possession, there were in that kingdom in 1830, sixteen millions of its inhabitants who *could* not read. We may safely assume France as at least as far advanced as the aggregate of southern Europe; and if so, and we admit French evidence against France, there must be nearly a terrible amount of ninety millions of Europeans, southward of N. lat. 50°, who cannot read. While on this subject there are two remarks I cannot omit making:—first, where many cannot, there are always a greater number of those who can and do not read, than there is where reading is an art known to all, or to a great majority. The second remark is, that where education is confined to a few, that minority is a most uniformly to be found in cities or towns. In southern Europe, education is in a very great degree confined to the cities, large towns or villages. To these observations, it is true there are exceptions, but as exceptions prove the rule, the general application is correct. Those well acquainted with the state of education in the United States, can decide how far the two preceding remarks apply to this side of the Atlantic; while I close this essay with some evidence to show that intellectual superiority depends but little on climate.

Malte Brun, writing and publishing in France, observes Vol. VIII. p. 536:

"The Scandinavian peninsula, much more enlightened than France, surpasses in information, not only Prussia, but also the British Islands. In Sweden *'every peasant can read'*; all know their rights, and all join to a reasonable attachment to their religion, an attachment no less ardent, to a form of government, which has for ages protected their liberty."

"The number of students enrolled at Upsal, the principal university of Sweden, are above fourteen hundred, a result which shews, that the number of students at Upsal, exceeds that of several of the most renowned seminaries of Germany, which contain only six, seven, or eight hundred. Again what is very remarkable is, that of a thousand students at Upsal, about two hundred (one-fifth) are the sons of peasants. The number of students at Lund, is nearly four hundred."—*Revue Encyclopedique*, Vol. 41, p. 812.

"There is much more (comparatively) of education in Denmark, than in France. It is rare to meet a peasant, or any other of the lower class in Denmark, who cannot read. In Denmark elementary education, is not confined as in France, to reading, writing, arithmetic, and religious instruction, but comprehends also, political history, geography, and natural history. The higher studies enjoy the same favor as the early branches of education."—*Malte Brun*, Vol. 8, p. 578-9.

Though the principles on which the system of education in Denmark is conducted, have met disapprobation as being too arbitrary by some French writers they are well as all others, must confess, the effects to be very salutary fruits of power. The following is translated from the *Revue Encyclopedique*, Vol. 44, p. 315.

"Every commune in the whole extent of the kingdom of Denmark, possesses a commission of public instruction. The parents are *obliged by law* to send their children to the public school, or to satisfy the commissioners of their ability to educate their children at home; and it is part of the legal duties of the commissioners to secure that the law, as regards education is carried into effect, and to record any exception. To receive confirmation by the church depends on education, and of course, the civil right also, as without confirmation, no person in Denmark can marry, exercise any public function, or give testimony on oath."

From the preceding, we may rationally conclude that sanity of mind and stupid ignorance, can rarely characterize any citizen of either Sweden or Denmark.

Crossing the Baltic we reach Prussia and northern Germany; and in a few brief sentences we can learn the claims of the inhabitants of both countries to intellectual rank. In the 45th Vol of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, p. p. 464-466, we have the following document.

"The Prussian government was the first to recognise an intellectual Germany, independent of political divisions. When we examine the foundations on which rests this empire of mind, it is found to consist in the freedom of public instruction. It is by this liberty, the source of all other rights, that Prussia is eminently German. Public instruction is free in Prussia, only wisely restrained and kept in due bounds."

The writer goes on to state the modes and arrangements necessary to the administration of education, and then observes, that, "the professors have full liberty of teaching, and many choose the subjects and modes of their lessons; and that the students on the side, have the choice of university, native or foreign, and in whatever seminary the choice of Professors."

Other observations again follow, as creditable to the Prussian modes of education, primary and classical; which the indispensable brevity of this essay compels me to omit—but the following it would be unparadoxical to neglect.

"Besides the colleges, there exists in Berlin, 130 primary schools for the two sexes. All these establishments are subject to a general school commissioner, and to special superintendants. The instructors, and even the ladies who teach in the schools, have to submit to a rigorous examination."

"In all the provincial towns, the number of schools are in proportion to those in Berlin. Every village of any importance has its school, and very few Hamlets are without one. It is almost impossible for a Prussian peasant not to know how to read, because such knowledge forms part of religious instruction. It is thus that the Prussian government watches over the education of the people, whilst securing to them a prudent share of liberty."

But we are not to stop with the means of education, but proceed to shew, that in northern Germany the people have not only learned how to read, but that they do read.

The first library formed at Berlin, was in 1619, under the administration of Frederick William, the Great Elector; and in 1829, Wilker, the first librarian to the King of Prussia, published a history of the royal library of Berlin, and stated that it then contained 250,000 printed volumes, and 4611 manuscripts.

In the same year, 1829, the students in the Prussian Universities were in number at

Berlin	1706
Bonn	978
Breslau	1147
Griefswald	159
Halle	1291
Königsberg	405
Münster	361
	6947

The preceding, however, includes only the students in the Universities of Germany and Royal Prussia, and not much doubt but that the number might be doubled by

those attending academies and other inferior seminaries not having the rank of Universities, though teaching the same branches. The following is a comparative tabular view of the other German Universities, in 1829.	
Tübingen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden	students 627
Gießen, Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt	558
Göttingen, Kingdom of Hanover	1254
Heidelberg, Grand Duchy of Baden	602
Jena, Grand Duchy of Weimar	619
Liepzig, Kingdom of Saxony	140
Marbourg, Electoral Hesse (Hesse Cassel)	351
Münich, Bavaria	1854
Würzburg, do.	513
Tübingen, Kingdom of Wurtemberg	876
	8564

Revue Encyclopedique, Vol. 49-236.

It would be presumption in the writer to entitle the preceding essay, even a sketch on education, but as public liberality is now held forth in aid of private exertion, the hints founded on documents domestic or foreign, may tend to assist in rousing energy on the first of all human considerations. The slight view taken of the state of education in the northern part of Europe, might, indeed ought to have included the British Islands: where examples on both extremes abound but I may at some future time make the land of our fathers the subject of a special essay; and now it may be stated that the original of this paper was a lecture prepared for, and delivered to a company united in a Lyceum, and closed by the following general observations.

Our elementary books, it may be fearlessly asserted, abound in vulgar errors, which if we advance not beyond them, must be and remain engrained on our minds.—Thus in cultivating our intellect, our labour is as necessary, often greater, and always more painful, to root up and destroy weeds than to sow the seed, and nourish the plants of real knowledge. In our progress learning and unlearning keep nearly unequal pace, and can it be doubted, which is most salutary, the eradication of error or the acquirement of truth.

Of all errors, however, the most injurious are, an overweening opinion of every thing appertaining to our own, and depreciation of what belongs, or supposed to belong to other countries.

The system of self instruction leads on to mutual instruction, and both superinduce a spirit of inquiry. In such progression minds act on minds, and emulative of each other, become habituated to enter on every pursuit, and awaken to actual observation, the all important question interchanged, "why is it so?" This very startling interrogatory pre-supposes that assent is no longer given to vulgar error, merely from its antiquity. As in inquiry, reading and their never failing effect meditation, proceeds, mutual confidence between members of society, is strengthened from increasing conviction that every statement has to encounter the test of reason.—Frivolous thoughts and pursuits are supplanted by solid and enduring knowledge. In the operation of such a system, it may well be said "the school-master is abroad," as it constitutes every individual a teacher. The profits in this great seminary are paid for what they communicate, by what they receive. It is a system of intellectual commerce, wherein the exchange is always in favor of the most extensive importer. Where are we to find the staples for this commerce?—From earth, ocean, and air.

The staples for such a commerce were formed by the same hand, who spread the Heavens over our head, gave to us the earth as our dwelling, and filled the ocean and set bounds to its shores.

Do we seek to fill our mental stores from organised beings; animals and vegetables are found at every step. The green leaf, the many colored flower, and as varied fruit, adorn and enrich the earth. Here botany which may be entitled the poetry of science, opens to us inexhaustible, elegant, useful and delightful subjects of examination and reflection. The elements of food, clothing, habitation, and means of locomotion are so extensively supplied by vegetable matter, as to render botany almost if not altogether illimitable; but its study at once forces us to extend our views beyond the vegetable, into the animal kingdom. The materials which in great part compose our houses, our fences, implements of husbandry,

dry, and our carriages or means of motion, from the most rude vehicle, to the proudest ship which breasts the deep, are it is true supplied from the vegetable kingdom. In all their splendor and usefulness, the innumerable families of vegetables rise on every side, as if to court the admiration and stimulate the contemplative powers of mankind; but this very contemplation leads us on to the discovery that vegetable beings seem created to sustain another and superior order of beings, animals. When we examine the smallest flower in a microscope, we very seldom find it uninhabited by animal life. When we examine the woods, the fields, and meadows, we feel that all their products are stores destined to nourish animation, and the same truth meets us, within the corolla of the smallest flower.

From the vegetables with all their attractions, we are, therefore, led away to animated nature and vast is the kingdom into which we now enter. Now appear to us beings living, and moving by a power within each individual, and beings rising from the animalculæ sporting in the rain drop, to MAN himself; from Zoophytes, to beings endowed with powers to scan the motions of the heavenly bodies; all pass before us, and subject to our observation, and if neglected, all shame our negligence.

Similar to many vegetable beings, many animals have entered into history with man himself. Associated with man from time immemorial, have been, the sheep, camel, goat, elephant, horse, cow, the dog, and some other quadrupeds, with many of the feathered tribes. From the spoils of animals have come our richest vestments, most nutritive food, many of our most splendid ornaments; and in the horse and elephant, the most powerful aid of man in peace and war.

In both kingdoms open to us, fields of observation and study, vast beyond all our exertion to reach their bound. In the two great organised kingdoms, we are only distracted by choice of objects. In both, families press on families of beings to share our notice, and if occupy our powers to compare them with each other, how sublime are the laws which must be every moment developed.—The resemblances and differences—the modes of production, growth, decay, and decomposition. The mysterious progress of existence, in which life and death appear as links alternating in an endless chain.

If again we quit to scan inorganised matter, we are merged into another immensity. So long have we been familiar with beholding a seed enclosed in the ground, and afterwards rising, at first a feeble and tender plant, but gradually swelling and rising to a stately tree blooming with flowers, clothed with richest foliage, and then bending under a load of fruit; that we are startled when our attention is called to such prodigious transformation. But our observation once awakened, our minds rush from wonder to wonder. We examine that soil composed of inert matter, in and on which those great metamorphoses are accomplished; and discover it to be an aggregation of element, animal, vegetable, and mineral. Every spot, every stone, yes, every pebble affords a page, and in their composing materials we find a few simple bodies, and meet at every step the great truth, that nature, by means of these simple elements, has compounded the crust of our earth, from the soil we cultivate to the snow capped mountain.

We advance and metallic matter is detected varying in color, solidity and density, and from this matter, as our faculties perfect our discoveries; we give form and application to the almost infinite variety of articles of use, convenience and luxury; articles which could not be constructed from any other known matter. So admirable indeed are the properties of metals that in addition to the innumerable other uses to which they have been applied from it, and only advantageously from it could be formed that great auxiliary of man in the exchanges of other forms of matter, money.

All these unlimited fields of observation lie open to every mind in this, and in a greater or less degree in all civilized regions of the earth; and yet, the most elevated, study of man remains to be noticed. ASTRONOMY which raises us above and beyond this globe, and its allurements and cares.

Here ought to be noticed and exploded, one of the most unfounded vulgar errors, which ever stood an obstacle to the progress of liberal knowledge. Astronomy has been regarded as inaccessible to the bulk of mankind, when in

fact, the mechanism of the Solar system, is incomparably more simple, and of course more easily comprehended than that of a watch, clock, or steam engine. Either to write, read, or understand the higher calculations necessary to determine all the motions and places of the heavenly bodies, is, it is true, only attainable or really necessary to be attained by a few; but to comprehend the beautiful structure of the planetary systems; and the effect of gravitation in regulating the motion and preserving the order of the orbs, which revolve in space, is within the reach of every one; and when once comprehended, so few and so apparent are the principles, that they are no more to be forgotten, or more misunderstood than the revolutions of a common carriage.

Such is a feeble, but a sincere attempt to awaken where necessary, the readers to an exertion of their powers, and to point out the great groups of subjects which present themselves to our observation and study, and subjects to examine and compare, demands no scholastic diploma. To them indeed, others as requisite may be added, and as much within the grasp of every one who possesses sufficient energy to make the attempt. In the first class of subjects accessible to all, is history and geography.—Might it not be said to the great body of mankind, "you have not time to study in colleges, but the universe around you is as wide and so abundant in objects demanding your every leisure moment, that you can call into continual action every faculty. You can give additional value to your own time and stimulate each other, in acquiring instruction or what will be brought to daily use, in the ordinary occupations and intercourse of social life. Exert then every power of your minds, cultivate every faculty, and make yourselves worthy to be members of a polished and enlightened, a truly social community. Cease to neglect the ordinary phenomena of nature, because they are common."

To illustrate the latter species of inattention, one or two striking examples will suffice. Behold that rough and shapeless stone, which every one passes and few or none regards, except perhaps as a nuisance. It is granite, and composed of three elementary substances; felspar, quartz, and mica, one more or all of these elements abound in your soils and rocks; of granite and kneiss, they are the principal constituents. You pass by these fragments, because you have seen them from infancy, but your whole attention is roused and stretched to intensity, when first told, that the white and resplendent substance is felspar or petunze, and that from it is formed in part, that elegant ornament of your tables, china ware. This other equally neglected substance, is common quartz, (geminer or gem quartz of werner), and is employed in the manufacture of glass and artificial gems; also in preparation of smelt, an ingredient in porcelain, and other pottery. By still farther inquiry other and more astonishing uses of this rude stone are discovered.

By aid of artificial change made upon it, we are put in possession of a substance, by which in the most intense cold of winter we receive and enjoy the light of heaven; and have in our apartments the temperature of summer, when the earth without is covered with snow, and the streams bound in fetters of ice. By this artificial substance, we can hold in one hand an instrument called a microscope, by which animated beings are seen many thousand times less than those visible by the naked eye; and again, in the other hand an instrument called the telescope, by which far expanse of the universe is spread before us. By this great instrument were laid before us the moons and rings of Saturn; the remote planet Uranus and its moons; the small planets between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter; and if as no limit was to be admitted to the wide sweep of discovery, the Galaxy was dissected into separate stars—and that milky zone found to be formed of stars or suns innumerable. Other Nebulae, stary and planetary appeared, until the soul of man sublimed by such range of vision could scarce conceive himself limited to the solar system.

To conclude, it is not too much to say, that with the microscope and telescope, the eyes of Archangels were placed in the human head. These instruments you can carry into the fields, and with them rise to the most stupendous parts of creation, or descend into, if possible, more wonderful scenes in viewing the infinitely minute objects of creative power.

For many ages, all, and to this moment, the far greater

part of mankind have lived on earth like children in their cradle. Curious to inquire causes, but impatient to receive instruction, taking tables for science. A few have slowly learned that it was not requisite to seek truth from the dark oracles of a sanctuary, but that God himself had written on the face of the world, and left them to study and read this immense volume, the universe.

MARK BANCROFT.

FROM WATKINS TOTTLE.

Boz (a queer name) is most happy in his descriptions of low life, but we like him better in his delineations of incidents like the following:—

MR. BUNG'S NARRATIVE.

"It's very true, as you say, sir," Mr. Bung commenced, "that a broker's man's is not a life to be envied; and in course you know as well as I do, though you don't say it, that people hate and scout 'em because they're the ministers of wretchedness, like, to poor people. But what could I do, sir? The thing was no worse because I did it instead of somebody else, and if putting me in possession of a house would put me possession of three and sixpence a day, and levying a distress on another man's goods would relieve my mistress and that of my family, it can't be expected but what I'd take the job and go through with it. I never liked it, God knows; I always looked out for something else, and the moment I got other work to do I left it; if there is anything wrong in being the agent in such matters—not the principal, mind you—I'm sure the business, to a beginner like I was, at all events carries its own punishment along with it. I wished again and again that the people would only blow me up, or pitch into me—that I wouldn't have minded: it's all in my way; but it's the being shut up by yourself in one room for three days, without so much as an old newspaper to look at, or anything to see out of the window but the roofs and chimneys at the back of the house, or anything to listen to but the ticking perhaps of an old Dutch clock, the sobbing of the missis now and then, the low talking of friends in the next room, who speak in whispers, lest 'the man' should overhear them, or perhaps the occasional opening of the door, as a child peeps in to look at you, and then runs half frightened away. It's all this that makes you feel sneaking somehow, and ashamed of yourself; and then, if its winter time, they just give you fire enough to make you think you'd like more, and bring in your grub as if they wished it'd choke you—as I dare say they do, for the matter of that, most heartily. If they're very civil, they make you up a bed in the room at night; and if they don't, your master sends one in for you; but there you are, without being washed or shaved all the time, shunned by everybody, and spoken to by no one, unless some one comes in at dinner time, and asks you whether you want any more, in a tone as much as to say, 'I hope you don't,' or, in the evening, to inquire whether you wouldn't rather have a candle, after you've been sitting in the dark half the night. When I was left in this way, I used to sit, think, think, till I felt as lonesome as a kitten in a wash-house copper with the lid on; but I believe broker's men, who are regularly trained to it, never think at all. I have heard some on 'em say, indeed, that they don't know how!"

I was once put into a house down George's-yard—that little dirty court at the back of the gas-works; and I never shall forget the misery of them people, dear me! It was a distress for half a year's rent—two pounds ten I think. There were only two rooms in the house, and as there was no passage, the lodgers up stairs always went through the room of the people of the house, as they passed in and out, and every time they did so—which, on the average, was about four

times every quarter of an hour—they blew up quite frightful: for their things had been seized too, and included in the inventory. There was a little piece of inclosed dust in front of the house, with a cinder path leading up to the door, and an open rain-water butt on one side. A dirty striped curtain, on a very slack string, hung in the window, and a little triangular bit of broken looking-glass rested on the sill inside. I suppose it was meant for the people's use, but their appearance was so wretched and so miserable, that I'm certain they never could have plucked up courage to look themselves in the face a second time, if they survived the fright of doing so once. There were two or three chairs, that might have been worth, in their best days, from eightpence to a shilling a-piece; a small deal table; an old corner cupboard, with nothing in it, and one of those bedsteads which turn up half way, and leave the bottom legs sticking out for you to knock your head against, or hang your hat upon; no bed, no bedding. There was an old sack, by way of rug, before the fire-place, and four or five children were growling about among the sand on the floor. The execution was only put in to get 'em out of the house, for there was nothing to take to pay the expenses; and here I stopped for three days, though that was a mere form too: for in course I knew, and we all knew, they could never pay the money. In one of the chairs, by the side of the place where the fire ought to have been, was an old 'ooman—the ugliest and dirtiest I ever see—who sat rocking herself backwards and forwards, without once stopping, except for an instant, now and then, to clasp together the withered hands which, with these exceptions, she kept constantly rubbing upon her knees, just raising and depressing her fingers convulsively, in time to the rocking of the chair. On the other side sat the mother with an infant in her arms, which cried till it cried itself to sleep, and when it woke, cried till it cried itself off again. The old 'ooman's voice I never heard, she seemed completely stupefied; and as to the mother's, it would have been better if she had been so too; for misery had changed her to a devil. If you had heard how she cursed the little naked children as was rolling on the floor, and seen how savagely she struck the infant when it cried with hunger, you'd have shuddered as much as I did. There they remained all the time: the children eat a morsel of bread once or twice, and I gave 'em best part of the dinners my missis had brought me; but the women eat nothing: they never even laid down on the bedstead, nor was the room swept or cleaned all the time. The neighbours were all too poor themselves to take any notice of 'em; but from what I could make out from the abuse of the woman up stairs, it seemed the husband had been transported a few weeks before. When the time was up, the landlady, and old Fixem too, got rather frightened about the family; and so they made a stir about it, and got 'em taken to the workhouse. They sent the sick couch for the old 'ooman; and Simmons took the children away at night. The old 'ooman went into the infirmary, and very soon died. The children are all in this house to this day, and very comfortable they are in comparison; as to the mother, there was no taming her at all. She had been a quiet, hardworking woman, I believe, but her misery had actually drove her wild; so after she had been sent to the house of correction half-a-dozen times, for throwing inkstands at the overseers, blaspheming the churchwardens, and smashing everybody as come near her, she burst a blood-vessel one mornin', and died too; and a happy release it was, both for herself and the old paupers, male and female, which she used to tip over in all directions, as if they were so many skittles, and she the ball.

"Now this is bad enough," resumed Mr. Bung, taking a half-step towards the door, as if to intimate

that he had nearly concluded. "This was bad enough, but there was a sort of quiet misery—if you understand what I mean by that, sir—about a lady at one house I was put into, as touch'd me a good deal more. It doesn't matter where it was exactly: indeed, I'd rather not say; but it was the same sort 'o job. I went with Fixem in the usual way—there was a year's rent in arrear; a very small servant-girl opened the door, and three or four fine looking little children was in the front parlour we was shown into, which was very clean, but very scantily furnished, much like the children themselves. 'Bung,' says Fixem to me, in a low voice, when we were left alone for a minute, 'I know something about this here family, and my opinion is, it's no go.' 'Do you think they can't settle?' says I, quite anxiously; for I liked the looks of them children. Fixem shook his head, and was just about to reply when the door opened, and in came a lady as white as ever I see any one in my days, except about the eyes, which were red with crying. She walked in as firm as I could have done; shut the door carefully after her, and sat herself down with a face as composed as if it was made of stone. 'What is the matter, gentlemen?' says she, in a surpris' steady voice. 'Is this an execution?' 'It is, mum,' says Fixem. The lady looked at him as steady as ever; she didn't seem to have understood him. 'It is, mum,' says Fixem again; 'this is my war ant of distress, mum,' says he, handing it over as polite as if it was a newspaper which had been bespoke arter the next gentleman.

"The lady's lip trembled as she took the printed paper. She cast her eye over it, and old Fixem began to explain the form, but I saw she wasn't reading it, plain enough, poor thing. 'Oh, my God!' says she, suddenly a-bursting out crying, lettin' the warrant fall, and hiding her face in her hands. 'Oh, my God! what will become of us?' The noise she made brought in a young lady of about nineteen or twenty, who, I suppose, had been a-listening at the door; she'd got a little boy in her arms: she sat him down in the lady's lap, without speaking, and she hugged the poor little fellow to her bosom and cried over him, till even old Fixem put on his blue spectacles to hide the two tears that was a-trickling down, one on each side of his dirty face. 'Now, dear ma,' says the young lady, 'you know how much you have borne. For all our sakes—for pa's sake,' says she, 'don't give way to this!'—'No, I won't!' says the lady, gathering herself up hastily, and drying her eyes; 'I am very foolish, but I'm better now—much better.' And then she roused herself up; went with us into every room while we took the inventory; opened all the drawers of her own accord; sorted the children's little clothes to make the work easier; and except doing everything in a strange sort of hurry, seemed as calm and composed as if nothing had happened. When we came down stairs again, she hesitated a minute or two, and at last says, 'Gentlemen,' says she, 'I am afraid I have done wrong, and perhaps it may bring you into trouble. I secreted just now,' she says, 'the only trinket I have left in the world—here it is.' So she lays down on the table a little miniature mounted in gold. 'It's a miniature,' she says of my poor dear father! I little thought, once, that I should ever thank God for depriving me of the original; but I do, and have done for years back, most fervently. Take it away, sir,' she says, 'it's a face that never turned from me in sickness or distress, and I can hardly bear to turn from it now, when God knows, I suffer both in no ordinary degree.' I couldn't say nothing, but I raised my head from the inventory which I was filling up, and looked at Fixem: the old fellow nodded to me significantly; so I ran my pen through the 'Mini' I had just written, and left the miniature on the table.

"Well, sir, to make short of a long story, I was left in possession, and in possession I remained; and though I was an ignorant man, and the master of the house a clever one, I saw what he never did, but what he would give words now (if he had 'em) to have seen in time. I saw, sir, that his wife was wasting away beneath cares of which she never complained, and griefs she never told. I saw that she was dying before his eyes; I knew that an exertion from him might have saved her; but he never made it. I don't blame him: I don't think he *could* rouse himself. She had so long anticipated all his wishes, and acted for him, that he was lost a man when left to himself. I used to think when I caught sight of her, in the clothes she used to wear, which looked shabby even upon her, and would have been scarcely decent on any one else, that if I was a gentleman it would wring my very heart to see the woman that was a smart and merry girl when I courted her, so altered through her love for me. Bitter cold and damp weather it was; yet though her dress was thin, and her shoes none of the best, during the whole three days, from morning to night, she was out of doors running about to try and raise the money. The money was raised and the execution paid out. The whole family crowded into the room where I was, when the money arrived. The father was quite happy as the inconvenience was removed—I dare say he didn't know how the children looked merry and cheerful again; the eldest girl was bustling about, making preparations for the first comfortable meal they had had since the distress was put in—and the mother looked pleased to see them all so; but if ever I saw death in a woman's face, I saw it in hers that night.

"I was right, sir, continued Mr. Bung, hurriedly passing his coat-sleeve over his face. "The family grew more prosperous, and good fortune arrived. But it was too late. Those children are motherless now, and their father would give up all he has since gained—house, home, goods, money; all he has, or ever can have, to restore the wife he has lost."

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY GIRL,

FIVE YEARS OLD.

Sweet little flower, thy bloom is fled,
Thy tender leaves are pale and dead,
And scatter'd, (once so rosy red,) *O'er the cold tomb.*

Around thee now in vain may beam
The summer's ray, or winter's gleam;
No sun can pierce the slumberer's dream,
In earth's dark womb.

But yet on thee a sun shall rise,
More glorious than these earthly skies,
E'er dipp'd in heaven's aerial dies,
Or beauty's ray.

A light, that on thy spirit breaking,
From death's embrace in bliss awaking,
Shall bid it, every care forsaking,
Rise into day.

Then why the night of sorrow here,
That darkens round thy early bier;
And o'er thy memory sheds the tear
Of vain regret?

We should not mourn the closing flower
Whose petals shun the midnight hour;
But open to that orb, whose power
Can never set.

TO THE SNOW DROP.

What to thee may I compare,
Modest flow'r,
Looking lovely 'mid despair?—
Thou art like a snow-queen fair
In her bow'r—
Pure as childhood's sinless prayer
Wafted on the morning air.

Like a nun that bends her low
At a shrine,
Where no beaming tapers glow
And around no censers throw
Sweets divine—
Looking like a statue there,
Carved in attitude of prayer.

Like a maiden, from whose cheek
Love hath stole
Every bright and roseate streak,
That might hope and joy bespeak
In her soul;
Looking fair, and living on,
Though the sweets of life are gone.

Flow'ret fairest! thou art dear
Unto me,
And I love to see thee here,
Though thy path by many a tear
Sadden'd be;
Thou'rt too dear for words to tell—
Peerless snow-drop—fare thee well!

A THOUGHT.

I've seen at early morning's hour
The dew-drop sparkling on the flower,
And mark'd the sunbeam o'er it play
Then snatch it to the skies away.

And thus I've thought is Pity's tear
Shed by us erring mortals here,
Then borne to heaven and treasured there,
With Faith, and Hope, and Love, and Prayer.

TO A CANKER ON A ROSEBUD.

IN IMITATION OF BURNS.

Ye imp o' Death! how durst ye dwell
Within this pure and hallowed cell?
Thy purposes, I ken fu' well,
Are to destroy,
And wi' a mortal breathing spell
To blast each joy.

But why upon so young a flower
Dost thou exert thy deadly power,
And nip fair beauty's natal hour
Wi' thy vile breath?
It is when wintry storms do low'r,
We look for death.

But thou, thou evil one, hast come,
To bring this wee rose to its doom,
Not i' the time of woe and gloom,
But i' the spring,
When flowrets just begin to bloom,
An' birds to sing.

Oh, fie! begone frae out my sight,
Nor dare attempt such joy to blight,
Thou evil, wicked doing doot,
Then hie away—
Seek not the morning, but the night
To crush thy prey!

STILL SO GENTLY O'ER ME STEALING.

The much admired Cavatine,

SUNG BY MR. WOOD, WITH RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE,

IN BELLINI'S OPERA OF LA SONNAMBULA.

Allegretto e Moderato.

Still so gently o'er me stealing Mem'ry will bring back the feeling Spite of

all my grief re - - veal-ing, That I love thee that I dearly love thee still; Tho' some

other swain may charm thee, Ah! no o - - - ther e'er can warm me; yet ne'er fear I will not

harm thee, No! thou false one no, no! I fond - - ly love thee still, Ah! ne'er fear I will not

colla voce.

harm thee, ne'er fear, I will not harm thee, no, false one, no! I love thee I love thee, false one

still. Still so gent - ly o'er me

rall: un poco.

stealing Mem'ry will bring back the feeling, Spite of all my grief re-vealing, that I love thee, love thee

cres mf colla parte. a tempo.



A SCENE AT THE EXCHANGE.

Talking of a man making a hero of himself, reminds me of an old friend of mine, who is fond of telling long stories about fights and quarrels that he has had in his day, and who always makes his hearer his opponent for the time, so as to give effect to what he is saying. Not long ago I met him on 'Change, at a business-hour, when all the commercial multitudes of the city were together, and you could scarcely turn, for the people. The old fellow fixed his eye on me; there was a fatal fascination in it. Getting off without recognition, would have been unpardonable disrespect. In a moment, his finger was in my button-hole, and his rheumy optics glittering with the satisfaction of your true bore, when he has met with an unresisting subject. I listened to his common-places with the utmost apparent satisfaction. Directly, he began to speak of an altercation which he once had with an officer in the navy. He was relating the PARTICULARS. 'Some words,' said he, 'occurred between him and me. Now you know that he is a much younger man than I am—n fact, about your age.—Well, he 'MADE USE OF AN EXPRESSION' which I did not exactly like. Says I to him, says I, 'What do you mean by that?' 'Why,' says he to me, says he, 'I mean just what I say.' Then I began to burn. There was an impromptu elevation of my personal dandruff, which was unaccountable. I didn't waste words on him: I just 'took him in this way'—(here the old sportsman suited the action to the word, by seizing the collar

of my coat, before the assemblage.)—'a d says I to him, says I, 'You infernal scoundrel, I will punish you for your insolence on the spot!—and the manner in which I shook him, (just in this way,) was really a warning to a person similarly situated.'

I felt myself at this moment in a beautiful predicament; in the midst of a large congregation of business people—an old grey-headed man hanging, with an indignant look, at my coat collar—and a host of persons looking on. The old fellow's face grew redder every minute; but perceiving that he was observed, he lowered his voice in the DETAIL, while he lifted it in the worst places of his colloquy, 'You infernal scoundrel, and call it, and villain,' says I, 'what do you mean, to insult an elderly person like myself, in a public place like this?'—and then, said he, lowering his malapropos voice, 'th-n I shook him, so!'

Here he pushed me to and fro, with his septuagenarian gripe on my collar, as if instead of a patient much bored friend, I was his deadly enemy. When he let go, I found myself in a ring of spectators—'Shame—shame! to insult an old man like him!' was the general cry. 'Young puppy!' said an elderly merchant, whose good opinion was my heart's desire, 'what excuse have you for your conduct?'

Thus was I made a martyr to my good feelings I have never recovered from the stigma of that interview. I have been pointed at in the street by persons who have said as I passed them, 'That's the young chap that insulted old General —, at the Exchange'

From the American Monthly Magazine of June.
DEER-HUNTING vs. DEAR-HUNTING.

BY A QUINQUAGENARIAN.

"I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

I LIKE a magnificent opening;—as thus:—The effulgent sun, as he sank beneath the shadowy veil of the dusky horizon, tinging with celestial glory the circumambient clouds, shed a parting ray on the door of the Burlington and Wixham stage, as it toiled along the Cranstown turnpike, heavily laden with thirteen inside and two outside passengers.

The insides were such as nature, education and their tailors had made them. The outsides were my friend Sam Weatherby and myself. Sam and I were College cronies of four year's standing. I hardly know how we first became intimate; our rooms were far apart, and our names at opposite ends of the alphabet. Nevertheless, we happened to be thrown together pretty often at the beginning of the course, and contracted a sort of chemical affinity—an indecomposable union of unlike substances. I was pleased with his fine manliness of character and appearance, his perfect unsophisticatedness (shade of Johnson, forgive me!) and Green-mountain simplicity. I liked to hear his innumerable stories, told in his own odd way, of Vermont wars, and ghosts, and pretty ladies; especially and most seriously did I incline to his marvellous tales of multitudinous exploits by flood and field, done against the dwellers of earth, air, and sea. Clouds of blue pigeons darkening the sky,—brooks teeming with Epicurean trout—woods overrun by herds of stately deer; there were the visions which swam before my amazed imagination as I drank in the magnificent recitals of my Nimrod.

It was then with the utmost alacrity that I accepted his invitation, to see, and the last vacation of my College course at his father's dwelling, in the northern part of Vermont. There was, indeed, to a dozen of our bustling and enlightened city, an excitement in the very idea of penetrating into those recesses of barbarism, which the fancy is apt to picture in those remote crannies of the earth—where a mirror is an unheard-of phenomenon,—where dress is in the style of half a (fashionable) century back,—and where the only intellectual cultivation is derived from the Bible and English Reader. Alas! I was doomed to learn that there was such a thing as city ignorance as well as rustic simplicity.

The stage turned up at Weatherby's home a little after dark. It was a large two-story house, painted white, and considerably more stylish than I had expected to see. My friend's father, however, was one of the magnates of the county, being a wealthy gentleman-farmer, who had served for years in the capacity of State Representative. He received us at the door with the warmth and kindness of true hospitality, and immediately ushered us into the best parlor. Sympathetic reader! feel for me. The room was crammed to repletion with a collection of the whole Cranstown aristocracy. We had, thanks to bad roads and unlooked stars, arrived on the very evening of a grand tea-party. Tired, dusty, and travel-stained, I was to be introduced to the solemn circle. Shade of Brummel! could I have invoked on me thy spirit of impudence, of unblushing brass,—I might have been happy. As it was, I was somewhat reassured by finding that most of those whose critical inspection I was undergoing, were such as my imagination had painted—persons from whose taste and discrimination I might reasonably hope not to be remarkably annoyed. The meek,

unassuming, aged minister, and his equally unassuming spouse,—one spruce, middle-aged lawyer,—one emaciated school-master,—three knowing shopkeepers with their halves, and a large infusion of upper mechanics and farmers completed the assembly.

But there was one exception to the rule of intellectual mediocrity. Reader, mark the exception! While suffering, with lamb-like resignation, the ceremony of introduction, I had in return for a particular stylish bow, received a glance from a pair of deep, dark, lustrous eyes, such as Aspasia might have envied. Was it then singular that, when the bustle of my friend's entrance and delighted reception gave me a moment's freedom, my looks should stray again toward the owner of those speaking orbs?—Our eyes met; a single glance assured me that I had discovered a being of a superior order to the crowd around her, and I needed not my friend's affirmation to convince me that she was looked upon as quite the genius of the town; that she had read full two dozen of novels, and was the authoress of some exquisite lines on the death of a kitten; and all this at the early age of sixteen. I was, to be sure, a little damped at learning that she was simply the daughter of a very respectable farmer, but consoled myself, on finding that she bore the sweet and lovely name of Mary Fay.

She was a beautiful creature—this Mary Fay. Just blushing into the graces of womanhood, with the step of a fairy and the delicate form of one also; eyes which flashed upon you from underneath their long lashes like melting diamonds; a high, clear brow, shaded by glossy curls and a rich pouting underlip, which a wandering bee might have lighted on by mistake. "Pray heaven her mind be equally lovely," I thought, "that the gem may be worthy the casket."

I soon perceived that my entrance had created a sensation. The apparition of a collegian is no everyday occurrence among the rocks and hills of Cranstown. Conversation was nearly extinct; the minister, the lawyer and the pedagogue kept up, indeed, a spirited dialogue on the prospects of American literature; though I remarked that on my entrance they were debating the price of Genesee flour. Few, however, seemed inclined to follow their example; an awful silence was about to ensue, and I perceived that a mighty effort would be necessary.

Just then the lady by my side observed, in faltering accents, that "she suspected I had made a rather tiresome journey."

I turned with majestic deliberation. "Mere corporeal lassitude, Ma'am," I replied, "is neutralized by intellectual delectation. The dilatory progression of our transporting vehicle was well remunerated by the ocular fascinations of the circumjacent scenery. It was, as Heliodorus well observes, 'quite prime,'—

Arma virumque cana qui primus ab oris."

I cast a glance around the circle to assure myself of the effect. It was decisive; every tongue was silent, every eye was fixed upon the speaker in mute admiration.

Did I say every eye? I was wrong; for in that reconnoitering look my own were met by a glance from the bright orbs of Mary Fay, absolutely tearful with merriment, which she was endeavouring to conceal behind her mother's chair. My opinion was made up on the instant; take it as an invariable rule, the only minds of a most delicate order, can rightly appreciate humor.

I cannot see how it should concern the reader, that I most unprecedently presumed to gallant Miss Fay to her home, on the strength of a mere silent introduction; or that I took the liberty of inquiring after her health on the following day; or that a slight cold which she had taken, gave me a pretext for another call—*et sic de ceteris*. In fact, I cannot conceive

now my present narrative should be of the slightest interest to any mortal breathing; and I do earnestly conjure the courteous reader to pass on to some article more worthy attention. Nor let it be imagined that I write for men's perusal or approbation. Were I really a city exquisite, detailing his graceless adventures among the barbarians of the North,—or a dapper, lounging collegian, spreading to the world the history of his earliest love-scrapes—well might I be scorned by the sober public as the insignificant victim of idle folly or craving vanity. But the faded, sober Quinquagenarian,—the staid bachelor, addicted to port wine and reverie,—may be allowed to rake over, with faltering hand, the dying embers of memory, perchance to discover some last lingering spark, of happy reminiscence whereto to cheer his chilled and withered frame.

And now, if I did not hate digression, I have a theory of my own,—a very pretty theory, indeed,—which I should like to explain to the public. Old gentlemen, who sit alone by a hard-coal fire, in an upper story, are exceedingly apt to speculate; not perhaps in the stocks,—but in stockings and slippers. But I have, as I said, a perfect horror of digression; I have walked through a mud-puddle rather than go out of my course to spare my boots. I love a bold, straightforward, rectilinear line of progress; never was my admiration more warmly excited than by the story of the Indian heroes, who chose rather to suffer death than be turned from their track. This was, indeed, the true spirit of rectitudinal martyrdom. There is, after all, no trait of the character of our aborigines more distinctive or more admirable than their unconquerable perseverance; had they but possessed an energy equal to their firmness, the spot where I now write might be the site of a Pokanoket wigwam. If it be true, as is asserted, that the Indian skulls which have been unearthed are much smaller than those of the Europeans, it will afford a singular corroboration of the Phrenological doctrine, which makes force of character to depend on size of brain. Indeed, who that has studied, however slightly, the principle of this science (if such I may call it,) has not been struck with many instances, to say the least of remarkable coincidences, which have afforded him much food for meditation. Perhaps, however, the same might be said of theories still more removed from the beaten track of scientific exploration. In truth, facts are, as philosophers well know, the most deceitful props of an argument; and every prudent, as well as fair reasoner, will, for his own sake, beware how he employs them.

But, as I said, I have a horror of digression. I have no idea of being dragged along, like one in a file of convicts, "by the chain of association." I abominate it. I abjure it. Mary Fay was a lovely girl. I never met with a mind of loftier susceptibilities. She had read but little, for her situation had not permitted it; and the habit of thinking much and deeply on what she had read, gave a pensive, perhaps fanciful cast to her mind. She seemed to care little for the acquisition of new facts and knowledge. To invent, to theorise, to reason, to search for first principles, was her delight; and her thoughts would spring at a glance to a conclusion, for which hours of tardy observation and deduction would have been necessary to others. With all this, she had a most exquisite taste for the ludicrous, a refined sense of the ridiculous in speech and action, which I have never seen surpassed. A glance of her merry eye, a quiver of her beautiful lip, conveyed a volume of fun. It was irresistible. It may be that this description will be thought unnatural and overwrought.—For this I care not; it is enough for me that such a creature as I have attempted to describe once existed. Of its suitableness I cannot judge; but its truth is written in indelible letters on my heart.

My venatorial studies, in the mean time, went on

spiritedly under the guidance of my friend. I was not wholly a novice in this line, as I had, from my school-boy days, been in the habit of waging an inveterate war with the tribes of peep and yellow-leg, on Chelsea-beach; and, with modesty be it said, I invariably came off victor in the contest: though it must be confessed that the number of missing on the part of the enemy bore an alarming proportion to the killed and wounded. Hence, as may be well be supposed, my first efforts against the fowls of Green Mountain air, were any thing but successful. A grinning rustic, who saw me one day as I gazed with a look of amazement and despair at the departing flock of pigeons, into which I had vainly discharged my piece, observed, by way of consolation, that I had, at least, "made the feathers fly." I gave him a certain remarkable look which I sometimes inflict, and which never fails—a look expressing a compound of the deepest contempt, of the most utter derision, and the most withering scorn. The effect was instantaneous; the fellow raised his fist, and threatened to knock me down.

Under the instruction of Sam, the difficulties arising from the wide difference between beach and inland gunnery were soon overcome; and the birds, whose careless unconcern had at first provoked my wrath, were now becoming more shy of my prowess. Yet the quantity of game bagged by me did not materially increase—a fact at which I marvelled much less than my friend. He knew not that the first duty of a good sportsman—to be always on the alert—was by me most culpably neglected; that when my eye should have been intent on a covey of partridges, and my ear listening to the chatter of the squirrel, the mind, alas! and I fear the heart also, was out on a little scouting expedition of its own. He knew not that often, when my fowling-piece was poised in the deadly aim, there would flit between it and the mark a bright image—a shadow of beauty—with dancing hair and laughing eyes,—to turn me from my murderous intent, and set me amusing on the charms of Mary Fay. Reverie, the worst habit for a hunter to fall into, was wont to beset me. But the day-dreams which floated around me now were far different from the visions of the pale, ambitious student, whose thoughts, from the solitude of his humble chamber, rose upward to the high places of earth and the pinnacle of Fame's temple. But now, wheresoever I might stray, in the depths of the interminable forest, or among the pine-crowned summits of the craggy mountains, there ever swam before my mind's eye the picture of a lowly cottage, clasped by embracing hills, and shaded by green trees, wherein dwelt, afar from the tumult and strife of the world's mad ambition, meek-eyed Content, and nestling Love, and Happiness, and Mary Fay. Alas! the aspiring fancies of the visionary boy; what are they now but the reminiscences of the forlorn, declining bachelor? And that other picture—those bright after-dreams of love, and hope, and ceaseless pleasure—they too—but of that anon.

One pleasant afternoon I was invited by my friend to join him in an expedition which he meditated. He had discovered a small pond, or rather puddle, in the woods of Asconset, about five miles from the village, where the deer, which yet roamed in droves through their aboriginal forests, were accustomed to drink. Near the water we were to lie in ambush in the darkness of night, and might hope, with good-luck and a fair moon, to secure at least some thoughtless fawn, if not an antlered monarch of the waste. I had only time to make my preparations, and promise Mary a pair of fawn-skin moccasins and her father a haunch of venison, when the springless wagon, in which all the peregrinations of this primitive region were performed, rattled to the door. And now for Asconset wood and a noble buck.

The afternoon was fair, and gave promise of a

cloudless night. There was yet light enough, when we arrived, to show the recent and indubitable foot-prints of deer, mingled, indeed, with those of the sheep and cattle which pastured on the surrounding hills. Having tethered our horse at some distance from the pond, and supplied him with abundant provision, we prepared with great care our couching places a few rods apart. It is essential that the hunter thus in ambush preserve the strictest silence; a whisper a rustling of the foliage, the snapping of a withered branch, are sufficient to betray to the watchful chase the proximity of its foes. Accordingly, with rifles cocked and patient resolution, we extended ourselves each on his bed of leaves, to await the coming minute.

The night came down, dark and still. Not a breath of air murmured among the tall old trees; the only sounds which could be distinguished in that voiceless waste were the harsh croak of the vigilant frogs in the neighbouring pool, and the querulous wail of the swooping night-hawk. As the darkness fell deeper and deeper, these noises gradually died away, and he unbroken silence of the night began to have a most dismal effect on my nerves. A feeling came over me, such as I never experienced but on one occasion before. It was during a vacation in which, for some reason needless to mention, I remained at the University a few days after the rest had departed. About ten in the evening I rose from the book over which I had been long poring, and looked out into the College yard. The buildings surrounding the space on which I gazed, commonly at this hour blazing with lights, were wholly dark and rayless; then the thought arose in me, for the first time, that of the hundreds who but a week past had filled the halls with light, a dead sound, and life, I alone was left; a sensation of utter loneliness, of deep desolation, came over me, the like of which I would not wish to suffer again. Of a similar nature, though by no means so intense, was the feeling which now began to gather round me, and I hailed the rising of the melancholy moon with an emotion of almost delight.

On a sudden, an animal issued from the thicket, about ten rods from the pond, and approached it with hesitating pace. The dim haze which shrouded all objects rendered it impossible for me to distinguish its species; but my highest anticipations were realized when my sharper-eyed companion murmured in the lowest possible whisper—"It is a fawn—a beautiful red fawn." The creature advanced slowly to the brink of the water, turning on every side, and listening as if in fear of enemies. At the appointed signal from my friend I fired. The creature flung its heels into the air, in scorn of my erring shot, and bounded toward the thicket. Sam arose with the coolness of a veteran sportsman, advanced a few steps, and watching his opportunity as the animal turned to take a last look at its pursuers, levelled his rifle at its side a little back of the fore-shoulder. The report was followed by a cry of pain, and the wounded animal sprang with convulsive bounds into the thicket, and was lost to sight. We hurried to the spot; the ground was wet with blood, and we were able to follow the red trail for some distance. At length, however, as the darkness of the woods began to hide the track from sight, we determined to leave it for the present, and return in the morning with the dogs—secure of finding the bleeding fawn, dead or dying, somewhere near our station. Merry was our homeward drive that night, and the beech trees and pines of Asconset woods rang to the round of many a joyous carol,—what was wanting in execution being well supplied in voice. We arrived home about midnight; but though so late, the family, in hope of our return, had not yet retired; and many a sleepy eye, which brightened at the news of

our success, was soon closed in the quiet of a dreamless slumber.

It was late the next morning when Sam and myself descended to the breakfast table. Mr. Weatherby, who had been up several hours, received us with a smile of mysterious import, and inquired when we were to set off in search of our game.

"As soon as we have finished our breakfast, Sir," answered my friend. "But what is the matter?" he asked, looking round on the faces of his parents and sisters, lit up with ill-concealed mirth; "is there any thing ludicrous in two young hunters, who have been up half the night, turning late risers?"

"Not the least, Samuel," answered the old gentleman. "But Captain Fay has been here this morning with a singular story. He declares that one of his cattle, a pet calf of his daughter's, crawled home late last night with a rifle bullet in its shoulder; he thinks it possible that you may know something of it."

"A calf?"

"Mary Fay's calf!"

Sam looked at me; I looked at my friend. Cruikshank should have painted that look.

Then broke forth the tide of merriment; we were fairly overwhelmed with jest, and pun, and irony; and, after bearing up manfully for a while against the torrent, were compelled to retreat. Out of doors it was no better. The story of our adventure had spread like wildfire. That morning the whole population of Cranston, seemed to have cudgelled their brains for quips and quirks against the unfortunate deer-hunters. One requested the favour of a haunch; another observed that Science was under great obligations to us for the new species of "cervus" which we had revealed—"d'ye take?" Dr. Pundit, the village physician, stopped his sulky to compliment us, with a luminous twinkle of the left eye, on the courage and firmness which we had displayed, declaring that "our pluck was well worth our calf's head." And, worse than all, some very kind friend was good enough to show me a copy of some exquisitely humorous verses, in which, under the titles of Theseus and Pirithous, Sam and myself were shown off in a most elegantly ridiculous attitude. It needed but a glance to assure me of the writer. O Mary, Mary! I could have borne the miserable jesting and idle sarcasms of others; but that thou, to whom I looked for consolation and support; thou! whose duty it was to have sympathised with my sorrows and bound up my broken heart; that thou, too, shouldst turn against me! It was too much.—I uttered a malediction, and rushed to my room. In twenty minutes my trunk were packed, and in one hour I was on my way to the University. I forget what excuse I gave my friend for my abrupt departure; but I believe he understood the case as well as myself.

A week's reflection was sufficient to convince me of the very foolish part I had acted in thus yielding to my resentment. I wrote a most earnest letter to Mary, in which I condemned myself in toto for my haste, entreated her forgiveness and reiterated my vows of unalterable affection. Three months afterwards I received the following answer:—

"Dear Sir:—"I have been very negligent in not having answered your obliging letter; but I have been occupied this fall in attending to my father, who has been very sick of the asthma. At one time Dr. Pundit was afraid he would not recover; however, he is much better now. I have lately begun the study of Botany, which I admire exceedingly for its beautiful classification. Pray, can you procure for me 'Bizzell's Plants of Boston?' if you can, you will very much oblige me. Excuse the brevity of this note, as I am at present particularly engaged.

Yours ever,

MARY FAY."

"P. S.—You must direct your next letter to me by another name; Mr. Brief is our most promising lawyer, and is spoken of everywhere as a most intelligent young man. Father has been obliged to kill the poor calf.
Yours, M. F."

SENATORIAL POETRY.—Our "grave and reverend Signiors" sometimes woo the muse.—The following beautiful and feeling lines were written by the witty Senator and veteran statesman, the Honourable John Holmes, Esq. of Maine, so famous in the annals of Congressional eloquence as a patriot and friend of Liberty, during all the last war. Now in his jovial old age, binding around his "frosty pow" the garland of poetry—preserving his mercurial temperament unconquered and unsoiled by time, and still devoting his life to the public weal, though filling only the humble position of a member of the lower legislative house of his native state.—N. Y. Star.

From the Portland Courier.

The following lines were written by Mr. Holmes of Alfred, and sung in full chorus in the house of Representatives after the adjournment.

When Legislators come to part,
They cheerfully incline,
They recollect with grateful heart
The "days of auld lang syne."
Tho' fierce debates and party strife,
To chill our hearts combine,
A parting thought will bring to life
The days of auld lang syne.
Then wives and children and our friends
Wake rapture most divine,
When sweet reflection'er extends
To auld lang syne.
We fly away on wings of love,
And all our thoughts combine,
To re-unite and thus improve
The days of auld lang syne.
When we around the social board
In pledge of friendship join,
We take the cup and pass the word
To auld lang syne.
And when our wives shall cheer our lives
With rapture most divine;
We'll here engage to seal the pledge
To auld lang syne.
And when the lass shall fill the glass,
We'll cheerfully incline
To kiss the lip that takes the sip
For auld lang syne.

The Prince of Wales and the female Astrologer.

Between thirty and forty years ago, you could not pass through Holborn, during a certain portion of the year, without observing a string of carriages drawn up near a large house, the upper floor of which appeared magnificently furnished; and the groups of well-dressed people seen going in and coming out, could not, if you had a grain of Eve's curse in your composition, but make you ask who it was that received so many fashionable visitors in such a dingy district.—You were informed that the celebrated Mrs. Williams, the renowned caster of nativities and teller of fortunes, honored Holborn, by residing in it; and it you were fortunate enough to meet amongst your male friends one who had paid the lady a visit, you heard that she was a very handsome, though somewhat dark woman. The females differed on the sub-

ject of her beauty, influenced doubtless by the good or ill fortune foretold to them.

Among the numerous supplicants to this Lilly in pe ticoats, she had the honor of numbering the Prince of Wales; and although his Royal Highness endeavored to preserve a strict incognito, he was hailed by his title on entering the abode of astrological research. The Prince did not scruple to tell the result of his visit. "The lady informs me that I shall live to be King, although my stars decree I am not to be crowned."

In the autumn, Mrs. Williams usually visited the various resorts of fashion, Bath, Clifton, Hotwells, Brighton, &c. and it was during her sojourn at the two former places that what I am about to relate occurred.

No sooner was her arrival known in the city of Bath, than her doors were besieged by persons of all classes; as it had been duly announced that a simple consultation was within the reach of the humblest, while an examination of the heavenly bodies, to ascertain whether or not your star was on the ascendant, must be remunerated by a price too exorbitant for the superstitious in the middle walks of life.

Among the first who found themselves confronted with this awful personage were two young ladies of family; the largest douceur was tendered; and our Cassandra commenced turning over the leaves of a mystic volume. Suddenly the book was closed, and she started abruptly from her chair. Then, leading one of the girls aside, she said impressively to her, "I am too ill to take any trouble for that poor dear child to-day; you must leave me now, but only on this condition, that you," and she grasped the hand of her auditor, while her dark eyes seemed almost lit up by supernatural fire, "you must solemnly promise to come to me tomorrow, let what will have chanced. 'Tis well—now go."

Faithful to her word, the terrified girl returned the next day; "I ask not for your companion of yesterday," exclaimed Mrs. Williams, "she is dead!" A burst of tears from the afflicted friend confirmed the fatal sentence. This fearful tale was speedily told, and hundreds flocked to look upon and consult the same mysterious oracle.

The late Countess of M—— conceived it possible, by a simple artifice, to puzzle the conjuror, and accordingly attired herself in humble garb, taking with her the well-dressed governess, on whose finger her ladyship had placed her own wedding-ring. A guinea was tendered by Miss——, while her mistress, trying to assume a rusticity of manner, dropped a courtesy, and offered a crown piece. Their separate palms were scrutinized by Mrs. W. who, after a brief investigation, turned to the matron saying, "why do you suffer that woman to wear that ring? is it not enough that she has already usurped your rights?—ay blush and tremble, girl." Mrs. W. was right.

An elderly maiden had lost many articles of plate, jewelry, and wearing apparel. Their unaccountable disappearance had caused the most serious uneasiness to her housekeeper—a trusty creature, who never left home except on a Sunday evening to attend Lady H——'s chapel; but whose stay-at-home habits were broken thro' by the sudden determination of her lady to visit Mrs. Williams, in the hope of obtaining some information respecting the missing property.—The pious domestic talked about tampering with Satan, and Saul a d the Witch of Endor, in vain. Mrs. F—— had made up her mind to go, and what was more, to take her trusty Sally with her as spokeswoman on the occasion—the excellent spinster being of a nervous and timid temperament.—They reached the dwelling of the sybil; Sally gave the fee and a list of

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the lost articles, adding, "We shall be happy to pay you twice as much, if you will assist us in finding them." "We, and us, woman!" said Mrs. Williams, "I wonder how you ventured to come to me!"—then, turning to the alarmed mistress, she continued, "Here stands the thief!" Down dropped Sally on her knees, confessed the fact, and, in consequence of her information, the house of the pew-opener of her favorite chapel was searched, and the property found and restored.

The Hotwells was the next scene of action.—Amongst the various extraordinary circumstances that occurred during her residence on Dewey Parade, one will suffice: A gentleman holding a situation of considerable emolument in the custom house of Bristol, determined to procure, from so celebrated a votary of the planets, his horoscope; and, on presenting the usual guerdon, was desired to call on the following day for the important and scientific document. He did so, and found the lady in a most perturbed state. She appeared to be nearly overcome with strong emotions, as she bade him take back his guineas, and never, if he valued his happiness or respectability, to look on her again. Mr. O—— was a young man, certainly ten years younger than the handsome woman who so strangely forbade him her presence; and he was withal a nervous man. Apprehending that sickness or death was to befall him, he besought to know the worst at once.—"Neither ill health nor dissolution is threatened," replied the enchantress; "enough that disgrace, misfortune and misery hang over you, unless you fly this moment, and pause not till you have placed the world's distance between us!"—"Why, what have I to fear from you—gentle and beautiful as you are?" demanded the alarmed O——. "Leave me! leave me!" exclaimed the equally agitated fair one, "and for once defy the malignant influences of the stars, whose aspect now threatens destruction to both of us!"—"At least inform me what shape the impending evil assumes. I will not quit you till you have so far satisfied me."—"Listen, then, and tremble! All last night was I engaged in casting your nativity: in vain I endeavored to persuade myself that I had miscalculated a most important event. Still, there it was, as plainly written by the hand of Fate as was your birth and mine; and thus it stood—that before the moon waned, you were to become my husband!"—"Her prediction was fulfilled. In three days Mr. O—— was married to the widow, and in less than six weeks he found himself in jail, loaded with the debts of his wife, who had deserted him and resumed her former name.

I shall conclude this imperfect sketch of a person so singular, by relating a fact known only to one or two who were in the immediate confidence of the late King, and which was told me by the gentleman to whom the remark was addressed—his official duties bringing him close to the person of his monarch at the coronation. No sooner was the crown placed upon the head of George IV. than, turning to an old and faithful servant, he said, exultingly "C——, Mrs. Williams was a false prophet!"

ESQUIMAUX PHILOSOPHY.—Among the Esquimaux, according to Sir John Ross, the crime of murder very rarely occurs. When it does, the murderer's punishment consists in being banished to perpetual solitude, or shunned by every individual of the tribe: inasmuch that even his sight is avoided by all who may inadvertently meet him. "On being asked (adds our intrepid countryman) why his life was not taken in return? It was replied, that this would be to make themselves equally bad—that the loss of his life would not restore the other—and that if he would commit such an act he would be held equally guilty.

RAIN.—The seasons of the year, while they contribute by their variety to our pleasure and happiness, are characterised by such weather as is best adapted to the necessities of the vegetable and animal creation; wherefore the proportions of rain vary in different months of the year. In summer we have not so many rainy days as in winter; but the showers are then heavier, the streams of rain closer together, and the quantity which falls is greater than during any other season. Dr. Dalton, whose scientific accomplishments we have before had reason to notice, concludes that the first six months of the year may be regarded as dry, and the last six as wet months. Another ingenious author has inferred from long observation, that in spring it rains oftener in the evening than in the morning, but that towards the end of summer, oftener in the morning than the evening, and storms at this time are apt to occur a little after sunrise: The reason that in the winter less rain falls, though we have more rainy days than in summer is, that the temperature of the air is less variable in winter, and the condensation of moisture not so forcible; therefore, the rain continues falling in small drizzling drops, which, accompanied or followed by chilly north-east winds, give rise to colds and coughs, and many distressing maladies, which often sweep into the grave the most delicate and lovely beings, to whom our affections have been in this world most allied. Here, too, we may observe that, while a clouded and damp atmosphere favors the increase of vegetable foliage, it is not so favorable to its fructification. In such seasons, while the blades of grass grow broader, the nutritious principle which they should contain is not well developed; so that animals feeding on this poor grass are obliged to take a larger portion to satisfy their appetites. Cattle and sheep which feed on such pasture may be observed to be almost continually eating; whereas, in moderately dry seasons, where the occasional rains have been heavier, every blade of grass grows more healthy, its nutritious principle is better evolved, and less sufficing, the same animals may be seen lying and ruminating in the shade. In progression of the seasons, rain falls at all times during the twenty-four hours; Luke Howard has concluded, that much less falls by day than by night. "According to my experiments (says he,) the rain that falls by day makes only one-third of the quantity that falls by night." After the fall of rain, we must all have remarked how the grass, flowers, herbs and trees, assume a rich aspect—

"There is life in the fountains,
There is joy in the mountains."

All nature is gladdened and refreshed. The most inattentive person too must be sensible of the delightful fragrance which seems breathed from every leaf and flower. This peculiar effect is by Foster, attributed to the rain, especially of thunder showers, being highly electrified, and this, most probable has a considerable influence; for doubtless, the more powerful exhalation of such odors, after rain, is occasioned by the stimulus which the refreshing rain affords the vegetable creation. Such are the general phenomena attendant on the fall of regular rain, without the benign agency of which, the fields would be parched up, and every herb withered by excess of drought. In scriptural phraseology, "the earth would cry for succor unto the heavens, and the heavens unto God."

IRREGULAR RAIN.—We term rain irregular when it presents us with appearances which are out of the ordinary course of nature. Thus, authentic accounts have been published of yellow rain, red rain, luminous rain, viscid rain, besides which showers of nutritious

*Luke Howard's Climate of London, vol. ii. p. 197.

substances, of fishes, and of reptiles, have also occurred in different parts of the world. It is easy for the ignorant, who are always ready to give rash and arrogant decisions, to deny at once the possibility of these or any other preternatural occurrences; but the well-informed mind, conscious how limited is the extent of human knowledge, will receive with no over-hasty credulity the acknowledgment of such apparently anomalous facts, and wait with becoming patience and humility until the advancement of science, by unfolding the explanation, dissipates the apparent mystery.

YELLOW RAIN has fallen during storms in various parts of Europe. It has occurred in Norway and in Copenhagen and about twenty years ago, rain of this kind fell in Germany. This appearance is thus explained; the pollen, or impregnating seed-dust of the flowers of the fir, birch, juniper, and other trees, is of a yellow color, and this pollen, by the action of the wind is carried to a considerable distance, and descends with falling rain. This yellow rain has also been found impregnated with sulphur. The rain of this kind alluded to, which fell in Germany, was so saturated with sulphur, that matches were made by being dipped in it.

RED RAIN has also been noticed. In the year 1810, a shower of red rain fell in Hungary. It lasted a quarter of an hour, and the water was like blood. This was ascribed to be owing to the rain-water being loaded with the red pollen of pine trees, which were the principal trees in a neighboring forest. On the 14th of March, 1813, a shower of red mineral rain fell in Upper Italy. At the time, thunder was heard, and lightning seen in every direction. This peculiar rain was carefully analyzed, and its chemical elements discovered. Here, in explanation, we may observe, that the earth is generally a little iron, and other adventitious substances, in the air, the aggregation of which might have occasioned this phenomenon, for thus meteoric stones are supposed to be formed; and perhaps, had the attraction been different in this instance, such might have been produced.

VISCID RAIN has also fallen. In the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, an account is given of a shower of viscid rain which happened in Ireland. On examination it was found to be owing to the presence of extraneous matter, partly vegetable and partly animal.

Showers of Nutritious Substances have been recorded on unquestionably good authority. We do not allude alone to the manna which fell in prodigious quantities round the Hebrew camp—for that may be regarded as a miracle and is considered to admit of a typical interpretation. In Arabia, manna is found in great abundance on the leaves of many trees and herbs and may be gathered and transplanted to a distance by the wind. Even so recently as 1824, a shower of this kind occurred. In 1828, a substance was shown to the French Academy, which fell in the plains of Persia. It was eaten, and afforded nourishment to cattle and many other animals. This nutritious matter was found to be a vegetable production—the *Lichen esculentus* of authors—which had been transported thither by the wind.

We are not in these various instances, to forget the powerful agency of the wind, which often has been proved to carry, to a prodigious distance, sand dust, and the ashes and scoræ which have been thrown up during the eruption of volcanoes. Not very many years ago during a strong gale, herrings and other fish were carried from the Firth of Forth so far as Lochleven—a fact which has been well attested. In some countries, rats migrate in vast numbers from the high to the low countries; and it is recorded in the history of Norway, that a shower of these (thus transported

by the wind) fell in an adjacent valley. A shower of toads is reported to have fallen many years ago at Portobello; but we are inclined to suspect the truth of this tradition.

From the Louisville Journal.

DEAR WOMAN.

Let us drink—in the bowl no treason—
No malice prepose in good cheer—
From our head, if it pilfer reason,
It at least leaves our hearts more sincere;
A toast, or a song, or a story
Of woman can ne'er come amiss;
For woman's the theme and the glory
Of man, in a moment like this—
Whatever the future may promise—
Whatever the present may give—
There is something they cannot take from us
While woman and memory live—
With their sighing, and sobbing, and weeping,
All day they are all that they seem!
But Lord pardon them! when they are sleeping
There is no telling what they wont dream.

Of women, dear mystical creatures—
The Teian I never believed—
Who can look on their forms and their features
And dream, he will e'er be deceived?
When they're saddest; they sing like a linnet—
When they're false, they betray with a tear.
Their lips can pledge more in a minute,
Than their hearts can redeem in a year.
They shrink when their bosoms are boldest,
And blush to dissemble their wiles;
They smile when their hearts are the coldest,
And man is seduced by their smiles—
And their sighing, and sobbing, and weeping,
All day they are all that they seem:
But Lord pardon them, when they are sleeping
There is no telling what they wont dream.

Yet we love them,—how madly, how blindly!
For love sees no faults, so they say—
But all we would blame is most kindly
Conceal'd from our eyes all the day.
We have glimpses of grace in the morning,
We have roses and raptures at noon,
Our brows and bosoms adorning—
And bliss by the light of the moon—
We have spells that we would not have broken—
We have rapture and wishes suppress'd—
We have thoughts that have never been spoken—
We have look'd—they imagine the rest—
With their sighing, and sobbing, and weeping
All day they are all that they seem—
But Lord pardon them, when they are sleeping
There is no telling what they wont dream!

THE POOR LITTLE MAID.

When a poor little maid feels her senses astray,
Cannot sleep on her pillow, nor rest all the day,
Sees a form still pursue her, do all that she can,
And this form should be that of a handsome young man.
Sly neighbors will whisper then, good lack-a-day!
The poor little maid's in a very sad way.

When of her own friends she begins to grow shy,
When she speaks very seldom, and speaks with a sigh,
When, though witty or wise, she appears like a dunce,
And people wonder what's come to the girl all at once,
Sly neighbors will whisper then, good lack-a-day!
The poor little maid's in a very sad way!

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Brief Epitaphs.

Dr. Walker, amongst other things, wrote a work on the English Particles which caused him to get this very short and pretty epitaph:

"Here lies Walker's Particles."

The brevity of which reminds us of that on the famous Dr. Fuller.

"Here lies Fuller's Earth."

In Knotting Church Yard.

A virtuous wife in the prime of life,
Was snatch'd away, her soul is blest and
Gone to rest, her flesh is gone to clay,

On a Smuggler shot by the Excise Officers.

Here I lies,
Shot by the XII.

At the north east corner of the Cemetery of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, in the city of Dublin, there is a slab of granite bearing the following epitaph:
Here lies my poor wife much lamented,
She's happy—I'm contented.

In Modern Athens.

Here lies two brothers—by misfortune surrounded,
One died of his wounds—and the other was drowned.

An Irishman going to be hanged, begged that the rope might be tied under his arms instead of round his throat. "For," said Pat, "I am so remarkably ticklish in the throat, that if it tied there, I'll certainly kill myself with laughter."

The Law Magazine relates an anecdote of Sergeant Davy—a distinguished lawyer in the time of Lord Mansfield—that being once called to account by his brethren on the western circuit, for disgracing the profession, by accepting silver of a client, he replied—"I took silver, because I could not get gold; but I took every sixpence the fellow had in the world—and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

PHYSIOGNOMY.—Lavater, in his work on physiognomy, says that Lord Anson, from his countenance, must have been a *very wise man*. Horace Walpole says that he was one of the most *stupid* men he ever knew.

LAWYERS IN PARLIAMENT.—Sir Richard Baker, in his Chronicle, under the year 1736, records that the House of Commons ordered that no man of the law should be returned as Knight of the Shire, and, if returned, that he should have no wages.

ANCESTRY.—An ingenious French writer observes, that those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, may be said to search in the *root* of the tree, for those fruits which the *branches* ought to produce.

A GRATEFUL BEGGAR.—"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a Captain under whom he had served. "Saved your life!" replied he, "did you think that I am a Doctor?" "No," answered the man, "but I served under you in the battle of—; and when you ran away, I followed."

An Irishman's horse fell with him, throwing his rider to some distance, when the animal, in struggling to get up, entangled its hind leg in the stirrup. "Oh, very well, sir," said the dismounted cavalier; "if you're after getting up on your own back, I see there will be no room for me."

Every body knows what a pattern for prudence Lady Morgan is. The other day she corrected a lively young Milesian lass for saying, "she could not see a certain object with the naked eye." "Kitty!" exclaimed the Au horress of the Boudoir, "upon my conscience you ought to be more delicate in your language—always for the future say the 'undressed organ of vision.'"

WHAT I'VE SEEN.

I have seen worth humbled, and unworthiness exalted; yea, even so that the last was first and the first last.

I have seen those least efficient in time of danger, most boisterous on the subject of military achievements.

I have seen persons far more attentive to the concerns of their neighbors, than their own, and prying into their affairs for the worst purposes.

I have seen stupidity allied to wealth, producing a display of stolid ignorance, highly disgusting to a sound judgment.

I have seen a little animal so inflated with pride, as to be almost full of bursting. It resembled a man too!

I have seen men put on airs of war and bloodshed, who would almost run from a lizard.

I have seen men, who were all things to all men, and I have seen all men suspicious of them.

I have seen enough of this world to cause me to exclaim in the language of a black man, 'white folk very unsartin.'

JEREMIAH SEE-ALL.

CONSOLATION.—While General Green, of Rhode Island, was independent of all parties, he had a capital knack of soothing the disappointment of beaten candidates, and on such occasions used to tell a favorite story, in a style of inimitable humor, which reconciled every body to the loss of office. We can give nothing of its spirit—merely the outline. A field-lave in the South, to whom meat was a rare blessing, one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities. "O how fat! berry fat! the fatter I ebb'er did see! Let see how I cook him. I roast him. No, he so fat lose all he grease. I fry him. Ah, yes, he so berry fat he try himself; golly! how fat he be! No, I won't fry him, I stew him." The thought of the savory stew made the negro forget himself, and in spreading out the feast in his imagination, his arm relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly distance, he eyed his late owner with great composure. The negro knew there was an end of the matter, and summoning all his philosophy he thus addressed the rabbit, shaking his fist at him all the time—"You long-eared, white-whiskered, red-eyed son of a b—, you no so berry fat arter all noder!"—*Boston Free Press.*

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to the artist, who proposes to erect a building on it; he can well build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity, a helping hand will never be wanted—but let a single part of this be defective, and you go on a hazard, amid doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character, poverty is a curse—with it, scarcely an evil.—Happiness cannot exist where good character is not; where it is not a frequent visitor. All that is bright in the hope of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale of years, centres in and is derived from a good character. Therefore acquire this as the first and most valuable good.

MISS BIFFIN.

This most accomplished person, who, having been born with neither arms nor legs, contrived to paint miniatures and cut watch papers with her nose. The above feats I have seen her with mine own eyes perform at Craydon, where she was fairest of the fair. We will illustrate this account by an anecdote equally true, which will be vouched for.

Miss Biffin, before her marriage—for married she is—if, alive, and even if dead, was taken to Covent Garden Theatre early in the evening, before the performance began, by the gentleman to whom she was afterwards united. He having some other engagement, deposited his fair charge in the corner of the back seat of one of the upper front boxes, whereupon, aided by long drapery, such as children in arms wear, and a large shawl, she sat as unmoved as immovable, enjoying the play and the farce, not perhaps applauding in the ordinary style by clapping, or expressing her impatience at any needless delay by stamping on the floor. The engagements, however, of her beau proved longer than the performances of the theatre. The audience retired, the lights were extinguished, and still Miss Biffin remained. The box keeper ventured to suggest that, as all the company were out, and most of the lights were out too, it was necessary she should retire. Unwilling to discover her misfortune, and not at all knowing how far she might trust the box keeper, she expressed great uneasiness that her friend had not arrived as he had promised.

"We can't wait here for your friend, Miss—you really must go,"—was the only reply she obtained from the obdurate janitor.

At length Mr. Brandon, then box book and house keeper, hearing the discussion, came to the spot and insinuated the absolute necessity of Miss Biffin's departure, hinting something extremely ungallant about a constable.

"Si," said Miss Biffin, "I would give the world to go; but I cannot go without my friend."

"You can't have any friend here to night, Ma'am," said Mr. Brandon, "for the doors are shut."

"What shall I do, Sir?" said the lady.

"If you will give me your arm, Ma'am," said Brandon, "I'll see you down to the stage door, when you can send for a coach."

"Arm, Sir!" said the lady. "I wish I could, Sir; but I have got no arms."

"Dear me, Ma'am," said the box book and house keeper, "how very odd! However, Ma'am, if you will get up on your legs, I will take every care of you."

"I have not got any legs, Sir," said Miss Biffin.

This entirely puzzled Mr. Brandon, who professed himself as much astounded at the intelligence, as the waiter at the tavern with the three guests—of which more under some other head,—and had not Miss Biffin's faithful friend arrived just at this moment via the stage door, it is impossible to imagine what would have happened. Her intended, who was perfectly alive to all the little peculiarities of his beloved, settled the affair in a moment by bundling her up, lifting her from her seat, as Caesar did, "with decency," and carrying her off upon his shoulders as a butcher's boy would transport a fillet of veal in his tray.—*N. Monthly Magazine.*

AN IRISH BOXER.—Among the original settlers of Londonderry, N. H. there was a stout two-fisted Irishman, who valued himself very highly on his skill in the pugilistic art. It was his ambition to be accounted the greatest boxer in the country, and this passion continued to the end of his life. On his death bed, he was visited by a benevolent clergyman, who set before him the motives to repentance, and among others mentioned that those who died in faith would set down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the

world to come. The dying pugilist seemed to pay very little attention to this argument, but was anxious to know whether Sampson would be there. "Yes," said the clergyman, "Sampson will be there also." And will he be here, sure," said Pat, brightening up for a moment and clenching his fist, "then by the powers, there will be a boxing there when he and I meet!"

[From the Cincinnati Mirror.]

THE USED UP.

The jig is up: I have been flung
Sky-high—and worse than that.
The girl whose praises I have sung,
With pen, with pencil, and with tongue,
Said 'No,'—and I felt flat.

Now, I will neither rave nor rant,
Nor my hard fate deplore:
Why should a fellow look aslant
If one girl says she won't or can't,
While there's so many more?

I strove my best—it wouldn't do:
I told her she'd regret—
She'd ruin my heart—and chances, too,
As girls don't like those fellows who
Their walking papers get.

In truth I loved her very well,
And thought that she loved me:
The reason why, I cannot tell,
But, when I wooed this pretty belle—
'Twas a mistake in me.

She's dark of eye—and her sweet smile,
Like some of which I've read,
Is false—for she, with softest guile,
Lured me 'mong rocks, near love's bright isle,
And then—she cut me dead.

My vanity was wounded sore—
And that I hate the worst:
You see, a haughty look I wore,
And thought she could not but adore,
Of all men, me the first.

Well, thank the fates, once more I'm free—
At every shrine I'll bow;
And if, again, a girl cheat me,
Exceeding sharp I guess she'll be—
I've cut my eye-teeth now.

Oh, like the humbebee, I'll rove,
Just when, and where I please—
Inhaling sweets from every grove,
Humming around each flower I love,
And dancing in each breeze.

HIRING A COOK.

"If it were only a wife, now, that I wanted, there would be hopes for me—but a cook. Well, as it storms too hard for you my love to venture out, I must go," said Mr. Manning. "I regret the necessity," my dear; "but this is the day, and if the woman does not hear from me, she will doubtless engage herself;—and she refuses to call here."

"How I wish we could have a patent invention for cooks as well as cooking stoves," thought Mr. M. as he entered the house where his intended cook resided. She appeared,—a large-formed,—well-dressed female with quite an air of importance. In fashionable life she would be called a showy woman.

"Your terms are?"
"Four dollars a week, sir."
"That is more than we have been accustomed to give. My family is not large. Five in the parlor only; and we have a boy and a chambermaid."

LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

THE PHILADELPHIA BOOK, or specimens of Metropolitan Literature.—This volume contains many articles of decided merit, and will be prized by Philadelphians generally for its local character, it not for the intrinsic value of the publication. We observe in glancing over its pages, that the selections have been made with reference to brevity, rather than as affording correct specimens of the writings of our literary citizens. This is a feature in the work which we presume the compiler was obliged to introduce, owing to the limited size of his volume, and much as we must regret that it is so, yet he nevertheless deserves much credit for the very impartial and judicious arrangement he has made. The names of Binney, Duponceau, Chandler, Sergeant, &c. &c.—names closely connected with our metropolitan literature, and esteemed as essayists of a high intellectual order are in themselves sufficient to recommend this volume to the library of every citizen. Borodino, by Thomas Fisher is an excellent poetical production. It has a spice of Campbell in its easy flow, and graceful versification. Wissahiccon, by Benj. Matthias, was published some months since in this paper, and is a descriptive piece reflecting great credit on its author. Our limits will not allow us to particularize many other articles of an equally meritorious character. The following from the pen of Robert Morris, is so worthy of the high character acquired by that gentleman as a poet, that we take pleasure in inserting it.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,
For thou art all too pure to linger here;
Life's joyous sands to thee have fleetly run,
And sorrow's hand hath made thy being sear—
Thy guiltless was a pure and artless dream,
And many a sunny hope has thrilled thy breast,
And many an air-blown bubble gilt life's stream,
Flash'd for a moment—broke, and sunk to rest—
Emblems of youth and liveliness were they,
And like hope's fairy visions pass'd away.

I would that thou wert dead, forsaken girl,
Thy high pale brow enshrined within the tomb;
For as with gentle winds still waters curl,
So fades at sorrow's touch young beauty's bloom—
Thou art too pure and fair for this cold earth,
A thing too guiltless long to dwell below,
Thy voice has lost its cadences of mirth,
The glory has departed from thy brow,
And youth's pure bloom has left thy virgin heart,
And beauty like a phantom will depart.

I would that thou wert dead, for life to thee
Is as a broken reed—a withered flower;
Dark shadows rest upon thy destiny,
And storms of fate around thy fortunes lower—
Wedded to one thy bosom cannot love,
Banished from him thine every thought employs,
Thou art in heart a bruised and wounded dove,
And earth to thee can yield no future joys,
Wearily passes life and time with thee;
A dusky shadow dims thy destiny.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,
And thy bright spirit dethralled of clay;
Even as the dew-drops waste beneath the sun,
Thus by disease thy being wastes away—
Oh, who that knew thee when thou wert a child,
With a glad voice and heaven-unfolding eye,
A creature as the snowflake undefiled,
With a bright lip and cheek of rosy dye,

"You may hire cooks cheaper I suppose—but that is my price."

"I will give you two dollars and fifty cents—we have never paid but nine shillings."

"It is of no consequence to talk about it," said madam cooks, indignantly. And she swept out of the room with a gesture that might have become Fanny Kemble, when she turned up her nose at the price first offered by the Manager of the Tremont.

"Let me calculate,"—thought Mr. M. as he walked home; "I cannot expect to realize more than fifteen hundred clear, from the profits of my store—it may be less. And now—\$4 per week for a cook—1.25 each for boy and chambermaid;—board of the three \$2 each, at the lowest—is—\$12.50 per week or six hundred and twenty-five dollars the year."

Then, for rent, rates, provisions, fuel, clothing, and all other extras for my own family and our parties,—I have—\$75; and my daughters want masters, and my wife must, for health's sake, go one journey every year.

"There must be something wrong in the present fashions of society. An educated man thinks it no shame to do the business of his profession, whatever it may be. I work in my store every day. But women who are educated must not put their hand to household employment; though that is all the task we assign to our females. It would degrade a lady to be seen in her kitchen at work. O, how many are now sitting at ease in their parlors, while their husbands, fathers, brothers, or sons, are toiling like slaves—and what is worse than toil anxiously bearing a load of care lest their exertions should not meet the expenses of their families."

"It cannot continue thus. If women who receive a fashionable education are thereby rendered incapable of performing their domestic duties—why men will marry cooks, by and by, and shun the fashionables as they would paupers."

"Yet it may be the folly and pride of us men, after all. We want the whole command of business, the whole credit of management. We do not communicate to our wives and daughters the embarrassments we suffer, or the need we have of their assistance—at least co-operation. I will see what effect this confidence will produce."

The two elder Miss Mannings (the youngest is at school) take each her turn in the kitchen every other week, and with the counsel of Mrs. M., and the help of the boy, every thing in the home department, goes on like clock-work. They say, they will never be troubled with cooks again. And, what is better Mr. M. declares his daughters were never so gay and contented for a month together before, and never had so much time for their music and studies.

Early rising and active employment, for a few hours each day are wonderful promoters of good health and cheerfulness and leisure is never appreciated, till it is earned by efforts to be useful.—*Ladies Magazine.*

PRINTERS' PROVERBS.—Pay thou the printer in the day that thou owest him, that the evil day may be afar off, lest the good man of the law sendeth thee thy bill: greeten g.

Remember him of the quill, and the devils around him, and when thou widd'st thy daughter to a man of her choice, send thou unto him a bountiful slice of the bridal loaf.

Borrow not that for which thy neighbor hath paid, but go and buy for thyself of him who hath to sell.

Thou shalt not read thy neighbor's paper, nor molest him in the peaceful possession of it, lest thou stand condemned in the sight of him who driveth the quill, and thy character be hawked about by poor children.—*Anon.*

Oh, who that knew thee then, can see thee now,
Nor wonder for the beauty of thy brow.

I would that thou wert dead, and sanctified—
Thy spirit with high laments is fraught,
And that which scorn and cruelty defied,
The lingering stealth of pale disease has wrought—
Yes, death is near thee now, sweet Genevieve,
And thou shalt haste to meet him with a smile;
It is in vain thy gentle sisters grieve,
Thy soul shall soon flee by each sorry isle,
That glitters brightly through the calm blue skies,
Like white lids lifted from pure spirit's eyes.

Thou soon shalt die, sweet martyr, and the earth
Will nurture gentle flowers above thy grave,
Sweet emblems of thy being and thy birth,
With cypress leaves around thy tomb shall wave—
And when the pensive stranger wanders nigh,
His lips shall wait a tributary prayer,
For her who soon shall prematurely die,
For her whose seraph form shall moulder there—
Farewell, sweet Genevieve—'tis sad to part,
Farewell, thy beauty shrouds a breaking heart.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.—*A lecture upon the Prussian system of Education.*—We are informed in the preface to this neat little volume, that the writer having been long convinced that the institutions of New England, for popular education fulfilled the design of such education, but very imperfectly, desirous also, to "exclude boasting," and to substitute, if possible, some actual improvements in practice, such as might accomplish the true design of popular instruction, took occasion, in the summer of 1835, to publish in a weekly paper, a series of articles, very imperfectly illustrative of the actual state, and possible amendment of the common schools of the country. Those anonymous speculations, not ascribed to any female, suggesting some applications of Prussian system of education to the American people, were so far acceptable to some of the most intelligent members of the American Institute of Boston, that they applied to the writer for more detailed illustrations of that system. There were readily furnished, and, in the form of the annexed discourse, were read, as a favour to the writer, by George S. Hillard, Esq. in August, 1835.

Other documents and observations, in relation to this great public interest, are subjoined for further illustration of it. The whole claims no other merit than the desire to diffuse sound and practical ideas, among all who take any part in meliorating and exalting generally, by means of a rational, and truly moral education of all classes of the people.

It is written by a lady, and contains much sound information upon the subject of education, and from an examination of the author's views we fully concur in the opinion as expressed by her, that the same system if applied to the school system in the United States, would lead to important and beneficial results.

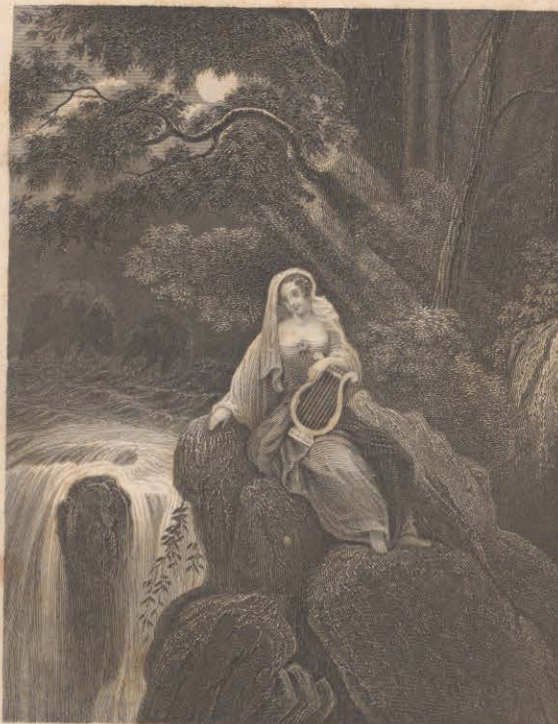
KING SOLOMON'S COUNSELS TO THE YOUNG.—*By the Rev. Horace Hooker, Hartford—Burgess & Co. publishers.* We have in this work—a duodecimo, handsomely issued in embossed binding,—selections from the proverbs of Solomon, arranged and illustrated by appropriate examples. "The Child's book on the Sabbath," published not long since by the same author, was highly extolled for the moral character of its contents, and this work is written for the same purpose and in the same style. It is happily adapted to the comprehension of the young mind, and is stored with judicious matter, calculated to benefit the class of readers to whom it is dedicated.

THE PASTOR'S OFFERING is the title of a neat little volume of two hundred and fifty pages, by the Rev. J. M. Davis, of this city. It forms a series of lectures upon Courtship and Marriage, & shows the origin and importance of the marriage institution—the evil of indiscreet unions—circumstances to be considered in entering upon marriage consequences, &c. &c. An introduction is given by the Rev. J. M. Daffield. In the third lecture, the author has laid down certain rules that should govern the sexes in the selection of marriage-companions. To the ladies, he says, Do not marry a fop—a spendthrift—a miser—a man who is not industrious in some honourable vocation—one who is irritable, violent and overbearing in temper—a sceptic—a man of questionable morality, &c.

To the celebs he recommends not to marry a slattern—a tattler, a scold—a woman of dictatorial spirit or tyrannical disposition. The subject is one of much importance, and the reverend author takes an utilitarian view of it, which make his lectures interesting. It is published by Mr. Henry Perkins, Chesnut st.

MANUAL OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE.—*Philadelphia—Key & Biddle.* This is a translation from the German of Professor Eschenberg of Brunswick, by N. W. Fiske, professor of classics in Amherst college, Me. Among the many books of the season, the "Manual of Classical Literature" is without a rival, being one of the most valuable publications that we have seen for some time. To the classic student and man of letters, the learned researches of Eschenberg will open a vast field for study and instruction, and it will be found a text book, copious, clear and complete, adapted to the wants of all who make literature an object of attention. It is divided into five parts, each of which embrace a distinct era of the literature, or general history of the ancients. The first contains an archaeological view of literature and the arts in their primal condition, from the days of the Pelasgi up to the age of Petrarch. The second part, under the head of Art, gives a history of the sculpture, engraving, paintings and architecture of the ancients. The third part treats of Greek and Roman poetry, oratory, philosophy and scholastics. The antiquities of these people are classed under the fourth head, and in the fifth, we are furnished with a most interesting epitome of classical geography, chronology, &c. To speak of the merits of this work as a literary production would be a task of supererogation, inasmuch as the well deserved reputation both of the author and translator, fully establish its claims to rank among the very best of our classic manuals.

EFFECTS PRODUCED ON THE SCOTCH BY THEIR POPULAR SONGS.—No man who has lived among the peasantry of Scotland will deny the effects produced on them by their popular songs. During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highland soldier, while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him; but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side, and sung him "Lochaber no more." The spell was on him. The tears came into his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, "Lochaber nae mai!—I maun gang back—Na!" The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave.—*Monthly Repository.*



THE SPIRIT OF POESY

Published for the Gasker by S. Colkinson.



CASSETT

OF LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

For none have ready ear the music of the spheres,
And those whom the celestial choir doth please,
The social, joyous throng, who with the Muse
To worlds unknown, and times in years remote,
O come direct! they only I require.
Shed on my soul thy sacred influence!

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 1836.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY

BY H. M'CELLAN, JR.

I.

Along the rolling fields
In the lone mountain's shade
The spirit of Poesy
In the old oak uprises,
And the hundred passing years
The savage storm
Has made thy presence
And the mosses greenness
And tangled weed—
The poetic dream,
And the rose's shadowy bloom,
With the moonlight beam
And thoughts to keep.

II.

With silver lights
And golden night,
And the bright
And the bright
And the bright
And the bright
And the bright
And the bright

III.

Lo! the spirit of poetic song!
The wild woods unto thee belong,
The sacred tear to shed!

37, 1836.

From heart to heart, and from
Living, o'er Milton's noble bust,
And mighty Shakespeare's precious dust,
The sacred tear to shed!

From heart to heart, and from
Living, o'er Milton's noble bust,
And mighty Shakespeare's precious dust,
The sacred tear to shed!

From heart to heart, and from
Living, o'er Milton's noble bust,
And mighty Shakespeare's precious dust,
The sacred tear to shed!



OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

For none have vainly e'er the muse perused,
And those whom she delights, regret no more
The social, joyous hours, while wrapt they soar
To worlds unknown, and live in fancy's dream:
O muse divine! thee only I implore,
Shed on my soul thy sweet inspiring beams.

No. 9. PHILADELPHIA.---SEPTEMBER. [1836.]

THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

I.

Spirit of Song! by rolling flood
Embosomed in the lonesome wood
I see thy mystic form;
Above thee the old oak uprears,
Which, for a hundred passing years
Hath braved the savage storm!
A beetling crag is made thy throne,
With vines and mosses overgrown,
And briar and tangled weed—
Fit haunt for thy poetic dream,
When musing o'er some sombre theme,
Thou se'st beneath the moonlight beam
On mournful thoughts to feed!

II.

The moon is up — with silver light
Gleaming the sable arch of night,
And making hill and valley bright
With its fantastic rays;
And brightly is its radiance cast
On the wild stream that hurries fast
Beneath thy thoughtful gaze.
Perchance the whirling eddy's gush,
The bubbling ripple's mellow rush,
Entrance thy listening ear;
And as the tumbling waters shoot
By grassy bank and mossy rook,
Their voices well thy humor suit,
So sweetly sad and clear!

III.

Lone spirit of poetic song!
The wild woods unto thee belong,

37, 1836.

Deserts, and places where a throng
The stirring cities fill;
In mountain hoar, and grotto dim,
In forests dark and caverns grim,
We feel thy presence still.
Thou fill'st the poet's heart with fire,
And, lending him the tuneful lyre,
With dream of fame and high desire
Thou mak'st his bosom thrill!

IV.

By glassy lake and silent moor,
And by the far extended shore,
Where the rough billows madly roar,
Lone Spirit—thou art found!
Sometimes, where sweeps the shell strewn sand
That skirts as with a golden band
The grassy borders of the land,
Thy influence spreads around.
Sometimes upon the bare bleak rock,
Known only to the wild sea flock,
Thou lov'st to watch the mighty shock
Of the tempestuous main,
Soothed by the angry-dashing wave
That ever o'er the seaman's grave
Mutters a dreary strain!

V.

Spirit of Song! thou lov'st to hie
To sylvan spots, where lowly lie
The ashes of the dead,
The noble dead — the bards of yore,
Who once the laurel chaplet wore,
Chanting high strains which e'en more,
From heart to heart shall spread;
Living, o'er Milton's noble bust,
And mighty Shakespeare's precious dust,
The sacred tear to shed!

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.
THE UNKNOWN.

BY MARK BANCROFT.

"Eke well I wot, he said, that mine husbond
Should leave fader and moder, and take to me;
But of no number mention made he,
Of bigamie or of octogamie,
Why should men than speke of it vilanie?"

Wife of Bath's Prologue—CHAUCER.

Hospitality like all other general terms, which tie up a whole genus in one cluster, is used to denote extremes of human reception and treatment of the wayfarer, as wide as is heaven from earth. The Arab chief, whose means of solacing the wants of one traveller, is gained by robbing, perhaps murdering others, makes national boast of his hospitality. The most civilized nations of Europe, and of America also, who protect the traveller, who pays for all he receives, are as proud of their hospitality as can be any Nomade who ever roamed over the sands, between Mecca and Grand Cairo. And last, not least, in hereditary hospitality, stands the aristocratic planter, who receives kindly and entertains princely the traveller, who approaches his mansion in a style, as much as to say, "I don't care a snuff for your hospitality."

With all this fine boast of hospitality, one fate awaits the weary wanderer over Arabia, Europe and America, in about nine cases in ten. The milk of human kindness is indeed found wherever man is found, but it is very unequally divided; some breasts having an overflow, whilst all around is sterility; and some breasts, sorry am I to say, abound with vinegar in place of milk.

The village of — was one of those high sounding names which as it contained a post office, school house, one place of public worship, three stores, four or five shops, and six taverns, was a place of no trifling importance in the opinion of its inhabitants. This village had risen from the accidental crossing of roads, six of which diverged from it like radii from a common centre. To do nothing but justice, we must acknowledge it was a most lovely spot; and from it spread landscapes on all sides, over which the eye of taste, whenever such eyes were opened on it, roamed with unsatiated delight. On every side the long, though ever varying chains of the Appalachian mountains, formed back grounds to a series of pictures, which if transferred with truth of design and fidelity of colouring to the canvass, would serve to immortalize any one painter.

Of the roads which passed the village of —, one took precedence as the great valley road, and main stage route from north to south; and amongst the stage offices on this road, none sounded a higher note than the hotel of Richard Rawlins, Esq. called behind his back, Dick Rawlins, an abbreviation—we for convenience sake, not disrespect, intend to use in this our veritable history.

On an evening of November, 1823, chill and heavy, with fitful showers of mingled snow and

rain; the stage was every moment expected, but preceding this public vehicle appeared a traveller in plain garb under an umbrella, as weather beaten as the holder. In his mud covered boots, and pack slung over his shoulders, this wayfarer approached the gallery of Dick Rawlins' Hotel, on which stood Boniface, looking down the road for the expected stage.

"Can I have lodging with you to night?" demanded the footman.

"We can't lodge the like of you," replied Rawlins, pointing with his cane to a very humble looking tavern at the end of the village, but not deigning to take his eye off the road. The traveller, stood a few moments, however, eyeing Rawlins, and then dryly observing, "you are very kind," strode away, and entered the outwardly uninviting inn. The impatiently looked for stage was awaited by Rawlins some half hour more, when it appeared lumbering along, and well filled with passengers.

Long since sincerely and deeply disgusted with the hollow sounds of public affairs; my mind sought occupation and interest, from the ever varying and often most dramatic realities of private life. Many of those realities, and realities brought before my own view, I have shrunk from narrating, and have softened them under the more plausible garb of fiction. Yes! more than one have been the scenes I have witnessed, which to record, would be to test human credulity beyond its power of bearing, and to give vouchers, would be to expose traits from which our best feelings would revolt. That person has travelled but little, or has observed superficially, who can say of any representation of human characters; "this is beyond nature."—Much more correctly, may it be said, "man has done all that man can do."

Rather seizing them when presented, than seeking those detached fragments of the history of private life, I have often, even to my own mind, appeared as if placed intentionally before the ball, as it rolled along the great road, and the present was an instance, in which I became a spectator to the development of events, which changed the fortunes of two families, with a rapidity which left the senses bewildered as if awaking from a long troublous dream. The weather and state of the roads, had induced me to halt a few days in the Rawlins hotel, in the porch of which I was standing, when the master so cavalierly dismissed the footman. Though rather disgusted with the act, for the time my attention was drawn to the approaching stage; from which issued a promiscuous company of well dressed persons, who were duly ushered into the "inn's best room." Of the new comers, I could not avoid remarking one, a young lady, very richly, but remarkably plain dressed. Enveloped as she was in habiliments suitable to the season and temperature, her elegance of form and movements could not be concealed. Pale, and bespeaking care, rather than ill health, her countenance relieved by eyes large, black, and penetrating, beamed intelligence. Attentive as our landlord was to every one whose fine clothes bespoke a full purse, he was more than usually obsequious to the lady, with

whose appearance I had been so much occupied; but it demanded little penetration to observe that less ceremony would have secured more gratitude. To enquiries as to her health, and how she stood her long journey, short answers were returned, and unwelcome civilities cut short by the entrance of a genteel looking middle aged man, to whose bosom she was clasped, as they murmured, "my own papa"—"my sweet daughter." In a few moments a close carriage, and a couple of fine horses whirled them from the inn and village.

The departure of the father and daughter, unlocked a flood gate of intelligence. "What a noble figure, and such features!" breathed a very good looking young man—"and as proud as beautiful," responded a female mouth, under a pair of eyes expressing any sentiment, rather than tolerance for youthful beauty.

On his opponent the young man cast a very meaning look, but deigned no replication, and sat silent, as a quite aged man observed, "Anna Elsworth, I am afraid is destined to add one more to the many examples, to prove how wretched may be a person endowed with talents, education, wealth, beauty and health; she is now pale, but it is anguish which preys on her cheeks—on her heart. Innocent she is of a guileful thought, but afflicted for the guile of others."

These expressions drew the silent but inquiring attention of his audience, and the old historian continued:

"It is now about thirty years, since Col. Mansfield Elsworth, arrived in this neighbourhood a stranger. The extent of his purchases and promptness of his payments proved very extensive wealth, and wealth not since diminished, but on the contrary, greatly augmented, and now Col. Elsworth is "the rich man of our country." Rich in lands, slaves, houses, and money; but mystery hung over him, and mystery remains hovering over him.—Where born, of what nation, or wherefrom none can conjecture. Highly educated, the English, French, and Spanish languages, seem each when speaking it, to be his native tongue. Scrupulously faithful to every pecuniary obligation, he incurs, and inflicting injury on no one, a not oppressive, if not a mild slave master, yet this man is shunned; an atmosphere cold, repulsive and damp, chills approach, and Col. Elsworth has amongst his acquaintances neither a friend or enemy. Though a married man, he is alone. The second year of his residence in this country, he addressed and received the hand of a woman, too much like himself, to admit as much of sensibility as could warm the domestic hearth. The parents of one son and two daughters, all now of mature age; Col. Elsworth and his wife live in one house, and without scandalizing themselves or children sit down at the same table, observing towards each other the most perfect politeness and indifference."

"From whom did Miss Anna derive her disposition?" demanded the young man, who had expressed so much admiration on her departure.

"From her father she inherited pride and disdain," replied the charitable lady.

The company regarded her with some little disdain, as the old man shook his head, and continued, "if I know aught of this young lady's real character, and I think I know much, she has pride, though not exactly of that species, for which her friend there gives her credit; and I believe Anna Elsworth would disdain depreciating any of her acquaintance in their absence."

The old gentleman was too intent on the defence of his favorite, to notice the inimitable effect of his remarks, nor did he perceive that in a moment after pronouncing "*acquaintance in their absence*," he had one auditor less; nor did he notice the very difficult suppression of a loud exhibition of the feelings of his remaining hearers, as he proceeded—"Do we not see every where around us children differing as much from their parents as do other persons, no way related? We do, and why therefore should we wonder to meet in Anna Elsworth, a character distinct from that of her parents?"

"You have told us," interrupted again the younger advocate, "that Anna Elsworth is marked for misery—why?"

"Because," replied the old man, "she has a heart—and because she and her parents have very different scales to estimate the value of dead matter."

Neither question or reply was needed and admitted, as the old historian rose, bowed and retired to his rest, as we all did successively, all no doubt, in their own way individually, reflecting on the events and conversation of the evening.

Next to the cholera morbus, or some other deadly epidemic; I know nothing else so distressing which can enter a country village, as a person, an entire stranger, who will not let the public into the secrets of who he or she is, what is his or her business. Now, I never could find in my heart to inflict such needless misery on any community, consequently, have always, when arriving in a place where I was a stranger, proceeded at once to make known, that my name was Mark Bancroft, that I was upwards of sixty years of age, had travelled considerably; and that my principal object in advancing towards seventy, was to record the fates and fortunes of obscure persons like myself, and thus aid in doing the small work which was neglected by the proud genius of history. The new comer into the village of —, seemed like myself to keep a shelter over his head, but un pityingly left the good people around him to torture themselves with conjectures; and when it was hinted to him by his landlord, that he was a *suspected* person, coolly replied, "it is well I'm not a *convicted* person." Pain long endured must either kill or be cured, is an old saying, but the pain of unsatisfied curiosity cures itself by indifference, and such cure was time effecting, when on one early morning the unknown shouldered his knapsack, and with as little ceremony as he entered, wended his way from the village. He was now truly a suspected man, and many who were awed by his manner and evident prowess, now wondered why he had not been arrested and examined. But what he was, from whence he came, or to where departed,

ed, were all becoming stale matters of inquiry, until the occurrence of an event of most tragic character, roused general and more than merely idle curiosity, on who could be this stranger?

Early in December, of the same year, after the return of Anna Elsworth to her father's house; the fearful news was spread far and wide, that Col. Elsworth had disappeared suddenly. The whole adjacent population was roused. It appeared as if he had sunk into the earth—all his horses were found in the stables. No one could be found who had seen him on any road leading from his home. Suicide at first cautiously whispered, became louder, until search was proposed and entered on. For two days the search was diligently but abortively pursued, and most part of those who had engaged in the search had retired hopeless. A few, however, persevered and were rewarded on the third day by returning the body of what had been the wealthy Mansfield Elsworth, from the muddy bottom of his own large mill dam. It was evident from the fact of having fastened a large stone to his body, and from having precipitated himself from an overhanging precipice, that the wretched man wished to prevent any discovery of his fate.

Conjectures on the causes which led to self destruction, a man in the full possession of unbounded means of enjoyment; and not much past the meridian of life, were rendered more dark and painfully mysterious by the revelation of the following fact. On the morning on which the unknown departed from —, he bent his way to the mansion of Col. Elsworth, where on arriving, he inquired for the owner. "This is Col. Mansfield Elsworth, I presume," said the inquirer, as Elsworth came to the door, before which the stranger stood with both hands resting on his staff. "Elsworth is my name," was the short reply, without being followed with "walk in." Both stood a few moments, silently looking into each other's faces, when the stranger observed, "Col. Elsworth, I must have some private conversation with you."

"Why private?" replied Elsworth.

"That is for me to explain," rejoined the stranger, coolly.

"You are an entire stranger to me," observed Elsworth, "and if you have any thing to say to me, say it before my family."

His wife, son and youngest daughter, had come into the porch, and were standing with inquiring looks behind him, when Elsworth thus braved the man before him. That man stood unmoved eyeing the group for some time, but at length observed very solemnly and with something of severity, "I am an entire stranger to you Col. Elsworth, but I must have some private conversation with you however;" and while thus saying, handed Elsworth a card.

The moment that his eye glanced on the card, the proud man cowered, and thrusting it into his pocket, hastily observed "walk in."

"That is not necessary," replied the stranger dryly, "as you can walk out. I am on my way and we can converse on the road." Elsworth

made no farther reply but joined the stranger, who bowing to the group left on the porch, turned to the road. His family were rivetted to the spot, and kept their view fixed on the retiring figures until they disappeared.

The day passed, and the black shades of evening were closed in before Elsworth returned to his home. Always reserved, cold and even not unfrequently repulsive to his family, he now entered his splendid mansion, gloomy, sad and evidently much disturbed. One of that family, his daughter Anna, had always been his tranquilizing spirit, and if ever his heart felt real affection it was for this exemplary daughter; but even she now shrunk from his perturbed looks, and in silence placed herself at the supper table to perform its duties for a father, who after swallowing a single cup of tea retired abruptly.

Days passed on, and each wrapped in their own reflections, the family of Elsworth felt how comfortless was become their home, where abounded all that wealth could purchase; but they were yet to learn how much more of bitterness could be infused into their cup.

Profoundly reserved on what passed between him and the stranger, it was evident that whatever was the subject of their colloquy, it had sunk festering on the mind of Col. Elsworth. Always most regularly attentive to the care of his immense property, it was observed by his family that days were passed in moody abstraction; during which some overwhelming thought prevailed over the long habit of industry. One heart and one mind ministered to him in silent affection, whilst clouds and darkness hovered between him and all the world, beside.

The winter had set in with unusual severity and whilst the wind and sleet beat against the casements, Col. Elsworth seated in his arm chair, his daughter Anna on the opposite side of their marble fire place, and both employed on painful retrospection; the other members of the family had retired. Exhausted, the father leaning on one arm of his chair, fell into a disturbed slumber, his daughter watching the working of his features, moved by contending passions. Starting at length as if stung by some sharp reflection, the miserable master of thousands heaped on thousands, stared ghastly until his gaze fell on the face of his weeping daughter. There is a charm in the tears of an affectionate daughter which no man not actually bereft of reason can withstand. Col. Elsworth stood abashed and softened before his imploring child. A moment he stood, when she rushed into his arms breathing into his heaving heart, "oh, my father!" There was volumes of nature in the three words, and they reached the soul of that parent, so long a stranger to his own blood; and his tears fell for the first and last time on the pale and trembling cheeks of Anna. Apparently soothed, the father at length strained his child to his bosom, ejaculating "may God forever preserve thee my babe," retired. The daughter with hope dawning of a more softened future retired also, to dream delusive visions.

The few coming days were those of blasted hopes—of death, horror, shame, and despair.

We may now retrace some years and return to events long antecedent to the circumstances we have related. Mrs. Elsworth, was one of two sisters, and two sisters of very discordant disposition. The wife of Col. Elsworth, harsh and unfeminine, in temper as in manner, had nevertheless a masculine mind, and could be affable if not soft in the intercourse of life. Without warmth of feeling she could hardly be said to love or hate any human being. If she ever loved any person that person was her son; and what hatred was in her nature was reserved for her husband. To her daughter, she was, it may as well be said at once, indifferent. Of these daughters, one, the eldest wept and suffered, but complained not, the other inherited with her share of the fortune, a full proportion of the family selfishness.

Lewis Elsworth the son, and after the death of his father the male representative of the name and estate, possessed from nature qualities of high order, but neglected by his father and indulged by his mother, he rose to manhood, defective in education, and moral discipline, idle and dissipated he repaid his mother as such a mother ought to have anticipated, and towards his sisters he was the opposite of what their divine relation would under better auspices have been.

Amid this sterile desert, this wide waste where the tender charities of human life, the flowers which ought to decorate the palace as well as the cottage, found no genial soil, no bland air, rose two plants which seemed like the amaranth in paradise after the fall and expulsion of the primitive parents of our race. The too mild, timid, and from her cradle unfortunate sister of Mrs. Elsworth, had married the man of her heart, and two happy years were passed by Captain Henry Cordwell and his lovely Susan. One blooming boy sweetened their cup, but such felicity was too much for this earth, Captain Cordwell who had faced and smiled at danger in the field, was slain by the accidental discharge of a rifle. The catastrophe took place in presence of his wife—the blow reached her heart, and one mound of turf rose above the father and mother of the orphan. An orphan indeed was the little Henry Cordwell, his grand parents were existing in very narrow circumstances, and his aunt only a few days before made Mrs. Elsworth, of a character little calculated to supply the place of a mother. Like most military men Captain Cordwell left only a spotless name as an inheritance to his infant son, and it is only justice to the memory of Mansfield Elsworth to record, that from him came the proposal to adopt the bereaved child. Mrs. Elsworth submitted rather than consented, and Henry Cordwell was received into the house of his natural protectors. A nurse was hired; and by a rare chance a kind, affectionate and judicious nurse took charge of Henry Cordwell.

Time advanced, and three cousins afforded the aunt a full excuse in her own heart to neglect her sister's child. Though cold, there was nothing of cruelty in the composition of Col. Elsworth. Im-

mersed in the acquisition of wealth, he gave no attention to the mental or moral culture of his nephew; and no wonder, his own son received as little of his fostering care. The nephew, however, possessed one inappreciable advantage over the son, as if overlooked he was not indulged, and therefore, almost from infancy, Henry Cordwell was forced to the resource of self dependence. As he advanced in age his uncle used, consequently contributed to develop powerful qualities; and at the age of eighteen Henry Cordwell was the most efficient youth of his years in the whole adjacent country. In his manners, he reminded every one who had known her in life of his mother; but in person and real character he was the model of his father. Mild, affable, and modest, he was nevertheless fearlessly brave, and athletic, far beyond his age, one or two roistering youths of mature years had served as examples of what he had to encounter, who provoked the son of Captain Cordwell.

Nature will have her way in spite of mere human wisdom. From what has already been given on the texture of the family, it needs but few words to inform the reader, that in all that renders the relation of brother and sister worth the title existed much more between Henry Cordwell and Anna Elsworth; than between her and her real brother. In those thousand little kind attentions, which make the very texture of domestic affection from infancy to the most protracted age, these cousins felt and acted as brother and sister; but if they acted as brother and sister, they knew their true relation, and long before either was conscious of the reality, fraternal feelings had been replaced by sentiments of very different nature and greatly increased intensity. Admitted to each other's society under a sacred veil, which is safe from even the prying scrutiny of the world, thus did Henry Cordwell and Anna Elsworth, reach the term of that period, when their true relation could no longer be concealed from themselves, and the truth was forced upon their minds by what both expected and feared.

The daughter of Col. Elsworth, beautiful and accomplished, could not escape attentions, which under an influence almost a secret to herself; her heart shrunk from when offered, and which her lips rejected when tendered in form. Though neither parent had ever conducted to this daughter, as such a child deserved and would have returned with all her soul, both parents were of accord in one wish, and that was that Anna should marry a man of wealth.

Amongst the horse racing companions of their son, was Edward Hoskins, an only child of a very aged man. Handsome in person, at once vain, mean, and fawning. A gambler and dangerous gambler, because he possessed one virtue, strict sobriety; consequently always master of what mind nature gave him. For the hand of Anna Elsworth Hoskins became a candidate. Had her heart not been wound into the fate of another, such were the difference in their natures that Anna Elsworth would have loathed his professions, but pre-occu-

pied as she was, the very name of Hoskins she heard with horror.

Malice is sharp sighted, and carries a poisoned dagger when self love is wounded and pants for revenge. "Hoskins," said Lewis Elsworth, in a taunting manner, "you are a handsome fellow, how comes it that you and that sentimental sister of mine can't understand each other, eh?"

Hoskins was stung to the quick, and doggedly replied, "that rascally cousin of your's."

Young Elsworth naturally shrewd, was struck as if by lightning, and remained silent, but the hint was not lost and he who ought to have been her beloved friend, became a spy over the devoted Anna. His dark suspicions were communicated to his mother and younger sister, and by the agency of the latter reached Col. Elsworth. By a strange influence the immediate expulsion of Henry from the Elsworth house was prevented by its master. His nephew had long become so necessary to his business that self whispered, "you must lose the most valuable of your slaves;" generosity put in a word by suggesting, "why not let the young folks follow their inclinations?"—And sacrifice the Hoskins estate," quickly interrupted selfishness, and turned the beam.

With one obvious exception Henry had never met with kindness in his uncle's house, but on the other hand he had met with open persecution, but now a fearful change came over the horizon of his fate. On the part of his aunt and youngest female cousin, no measures short of open violence were kept, and his uncle first distant, then harsh approved of nothing confided to and faithfully performed by the nephew. All this was borne with exemplary patience, such was not, however, the case when openly insulted by his cousin Lewis. Still his mind placed before him the imploring Anna, and calmed the tempest, until an accident brought matters to issue. A regimental muster was held in a field behind the hotel of Dick Rawlins. This brought together all ranks of the country. Col. Elsworth commanded the regiment, and his wife and daughters in full and splendid costume, were amongst the constellation thus formed. Anna, who would very gladly have avoided the scene, was there a reluctant and of course, inattentive spectator. So was Hoskins, persecutingly polite, and so was Henry Elsworth on the back ground. The manoeuvres of the day had closed, and the many coloured groups were retiring. The female part of the Elsworth family with some other ladies of the vicinity, had been seated in the drawing room of the Rawlins inn, when Col. Elsworth appeared, and proposed a move for home. The ladies rose and Hoskins presented himself to hand Anna to her carriage. Her brother who had made rather free at the bar bustled forward, and evidently with intention staggered against his cousin Henry, who was modestly standing out of the way leaving the ground to his rival. But the rude shock and the boisterous order to "get out of the way," was rapidly heating the blood of the Cordwells, when Hoskins who imperfectly saw the personal encounter without knowing who was the ag-

gressor, stepped towards the injured party raising over his head his scabbard sword, vociferated, "young man what do you mean?" shaking the sword at the same time.

"Shade of my father," ejaculated the doubly insulted youth, transported beyond all self command, and the bleeding body of Hoskins was writhing between the feet of Col. Elsworth, and with a rapidity which no one could perhaps, none wished to avert, his broken sword was dashed into his face. All was confusion. The ladies screamed, some fainted, and all but one expressed the utmost alarm. That one was Anna Elsworth. With the keen eye of love she witnessed every scene of the drama, and at the bottom of her woman's soul was gratified at the result. By the interference of the gentlemen order was restored, and every one wended his way to their homes.

The next morning Col. Elsworth, demanded a meeting with his daughter. This she expected—indeed desired, as her situation had become intolerable. There is something of awful in the eternal presence under such circumstances, even when every claim of justice is on the side of the child.—With impresses he had taken too little pains to deserve, Anna Elsworth stood before her embarrassed father. Both were for some time silent, but at length the father observed.

"Your cousin Henry?"—Both were again silent.

"Is in great danger," at length subjoined the father, as he closely scrutinized the countenance of his daughter; but here his tactics failed him, his object being to ascertain her real feelings by exciting alarm.

"In great danger perhaps," replied Anna, "of being murdered, and I doubt the existence of even that danger—Ho kins, my father, loves himself too well to risk meeting Henry a second time."

"There are others Anna, beside Hoskins."

"Heavens, my father you don't mean, your own son—my brother?"

Col. Elsworth pierced to the heart by the appeal, and a truth he dreaded to reduce to words, sunk his head on his hands and sighed bitterly. His own life forced itself into review, and no calosity of soul could support without pain the retrospect. The fearful contrast between the son and daughter was too strong to be overlooked; and an enmity between a son and daughter, what parent can bear? Judging by his own standard, Col. Elsworth beheld one member of his family armed against another, and dreadful was his fears of coming calamity. There is a strength, an inherent force in innocence and integrity of purpose, which never fails in the moment of trial; they were with Anna Elsworth, and raised her above the persecutions of fate. She threw herself on her knees and clasped those of her father, exclaiming, "I cannot ever be the wife of such a wretch as Hoskins."

"Nor can I ask it of my child—name him not," responded the father, as he leaned his head on that of his daughter—"But," and he again paused.

"Let me go and spend a few months in Philadelphia?"—said Anna imploringly.

"And your cousin?"

"Restore him to your favor, and if that will give you peace your child pledges before God never to marry man without your consent."

"While I am living Anna let thy oath be binding, when I am gone consult your own reason."

Thus reconciled, the father and daughter separated. Anna in a few days departed for Philadelphia, and Henry Cordwell on a commercial mission for his uncle, each hoping again to meet in other and better times. Anna had returned as already stated, and Henry expected when the ominous stranger made his mysterious visit, followed by the self destruction of Col. Elsworth. The spring of 1824, was developing its treasures, winter had departed, and warmth was spreading a carpet of green over the earth. The song of the birds and ploughman were mingling over the fields; and by political revolution the village of ——— had become the court house of ——— county, and until more suitable buildings could be erected, justice took up her lodgings with Dick Rawlins. This august guest, the reader may well suppose, did not lessen the self importance of her landlord, the more as he had been made justice of the peace.—Pompous and overbearing where power and impunity gave him confidence, there was one family to whom he bowed submissively. That family was composed of the widow Elsworth and her children. Amongst the papers of the late Col. was found a mortgage that more than covered all that Rawlins was worth, of course Lewis Elsworth was the GREAT MAN at the hotel.

Contrary to what was expected, no last will and testament of Col. Elsworth could be found; therefore, his estate was to be divided according to law amongst his heirs. Alike rapacious, the mother and son were set against each other in irreconcilable opposition, and both in full determination to assert their respective claims to the last farthing.—In such a contest Anna Elsworth was an antagonist well calculated to become the victim of all parties opposed to her interest, and the only one who would have yielded a cent to the ties of family.—Public sentiment was with this exception to her connexions, but what is public sentiment worth in such cases? why not worth a lawyer's fee.

So stood matters, when advertisements in large letters were put up appointing the day of sale of the personal estate of the late Col. Mansfield Elsworth; and calling upon all persons indebted to that estate to come forward and make settlement with the administrators, Catherine Elsworth and Lewis Elsworth. In the mean time, before the all important day of sale comes round let us inquire what has become of Henry Cordwell. Bound from Charleston to Nassau, in New Providence; the vessel in which he embarked was by a series of tempestuous weather driven into St. Georges, in Bermuda. Preyed upon by anxiety of every kind, he was under the access of a raging fever when he was unconsciously landed. Days and even weeks passed over before the contest was determined between life and death. Awaking finally from a refreshing sleep, weak but relieved from

pain, Henry Cordwell gazed around as we may suppose would a disembodied spirit arrived in the regions of eternity. Confused recollections of the past mingled with astonishment, "where am I?" he involuntarily exclaimed, as his gaze swept round a room rather elegantly furnished, and as a man about thirty years of age entered who with a smile, replied to his question, "where am I?" by replying, "amongst friends—but be quiet when you are able to hear you shall know more." Henry fixed his eyes on the face of his friend, with a vague idea that he had seen the face long before, and in the United States. In that face there was a something which reminded him of her whose image was most deeply imprinted on his heart.

"You think you have seen me on the continent of America," said his protector, "so you have, and that is another subject we will discuss when you have recovered more strength."

Henry acquiesced, and in a few days was able to sit at the table of his host Parker Russell, whose family he found composed of the son and an aged mother. He found also with equal delight and astonishment that Mr. Russell had taken the utmost care of his property as well as health. Why this man an utter stranger should take so marked an interest in his affairs seemed impenetrable mystery—an anomaly in such a world as Henry had so far traversed. Independent of gratitude every time Mr. Russell spoke, the tones thrilled to his heart, and Anna Elsworth appeared to his fancy.

Renovated health reminded Henry of home and the trust reposed in his integrity. His business arranged, and the dawn of the day of sailing had broke, when a rap at his door was followed by the entrance of his friend Russell. Henry had risen and was nearly dressed, but stood transfixed as Russell sat down and with indescribable energy observed, "Henry Cordwell, you have seen me before you ever set foot in Bermudas."

"A confused recollection has told me so," replied Henry, "but Parker Russell you alarm me dreadfully—your looks are fearful."

"Do you remember the man who at ———?"

"Good God, perfectly do I remember now," interrupted Henry, staggering back and sinking on the bed.

The reader will here suppose the recollections of Henry, to relate to the appearance of the stranger, who held the unexplained meeting with Col. Elsworth, so decidedly connected with his deplorable fate, but the events of years before were now recalled. Col. Elsworth and his family were on a summer tour, and were leaving the vessel in the harbor of New York, when Anna then a lovely child of about twelve, accidentally fell overboard, and was swept past the dock by a powerful tide, and must have been lost had she not been saved by the exertions of a young man who plunged from a British vessel and seized her as she was sinking. The father as soon as due care was given to the restoration of his child sought her preserver, and found him, though very young, master of a very valuable mercl ant vessel. As soon as they were themselves fixed in a temporary residence, Captain Russell

was invited to make himself at home with a family he had laid under so great an obligation. With the candid gaiety of the sailor, Russell and Anna romped from room to room and in playfulness he declared she must promise to be his wife, which in childish mirth she promised. So passed a few days, which brought with it the time on which Captain Russell was to sail on his return voyage. Entering the residence of Col. Elsworth with more of lightness of heart in appearance than reality, he met Anna skipping forward to meet him with a watch paper and guard of her own work. Patting her cheek he received his presents, and pulling out his watch was in the act of attaching them to their proper places when Col. Elsworth entered and fixed his eyes intently on the watch, involuntarily exclaimed, "Captain Russell, where did you procure that watch?"

"From my mother," replied Russell, returning the fixed gaze of Elsworth, who responded, "your mother." Both stood for some time looking upon each other as if turned to stone, whilst the family stood regarding them with unutterable wonder.

"Great God, mysterious are thy ways," at length exclaimed Captain Russell, as he hastily put up his watch and the little presents of Anna, whom he clasped in his arms, pressed her to his bosom, and rushed from the house to which he never returned. The same day his sails were unfurled, and Col. Elsworth and family were on their way to a watering place.

To all the connexion of Captain Russell with his uncle's family, Henry Cordwell had been an eye witness, a witness in all the ardor of youth; when impressions are cut so deep as to be only destructible with the heart on which they are engraven.—The moment therefore that Russell recalled the stirring scenes of former times the whole recollections rose in the mind of Henry Cordwell, strong, distinct and moving as were they on the days of their occurrence. But with the memory of the past, came the surprise at the abrupt and singular manner in which Captain Russell left the residence of Col. Elsworth, nor could he avoid observing, "Captain Russell, every member of our family are under a debt of eternal gratitude."

"Not so heavy as your kindness may suppose," interrupted Russell, smiling, "is there any great merit in a young man plunging into a river to save a lovely child—or any wonder in his loving as a brother the precious jewel he has been the instrument of preserving?"

"Merit there may be in such a case, wonder none certainly," replied Cordwell, "but the manner of parting."

"Of little consequence now," subjoined Russell—we sailors are something like the wind; but my dear friend the sand in our hour glass is rapidly falling, and I see the sails of your vessel kissing the masts. You depart this day. Go complete your voyage—return to your country and to your relations. Me you will meet again, as you have twice met, and when least looked for."

Cordwell was mute with very natural wonder. That there was deep meaning in his words, and

some real but inscrutable connexion between his fate and moral power of the man before him he could not doubt. Rapid were his mental attempts to scan the future by the past, but perplexity as in an uneasy dream came over his path.—His fruitless reflections were, however, broken by Russell, who with the friendly boisterous manner of his profession seized him by the shoulder, and shouted in his ear "breakfast."

The wind was fair, the sails unfurled, the anchor hoisted, when Captain Russell ready to step into his boat seized the hand of Cordwell, and wringing it with sincere warmth, pointed to the penant observing,

"My friend, my brother, we sailors are prophets on the winds—your homeward voyage will be prosperous; God be with you before and after Anna Elsworth has become your wife—yes! Cordwell, Anna Elsworth shall be your wife."

The heart of Cordwell was too full to reply, as he returned the painful grasp of hands. The same words would have sounded as expressions of madness, if they had proceeded from any other mouth, but from him, the preserver of Anna, from him who had been his own preserver, they left undefined but a pleasing sensation which we may pardon him for indulging on his voyage, whilst we return to the village of —.

Dick Rawlins and his notable wife, were on the full tide of preparation for the great business of the coming sessions. A group of village wits or idlers, were seated or standing in the hotel porch, discussing the news or consuming segars, or something still more enlivening, on a rather sultry summer evening; when a foot traveller was seen on the distance, who as he approached covered with dust, attracted the attention of the Sanhedrim, one of whom was no less a personage than Lewis Elsworth, in a fit condition for fun and frolic. The traveller without ceremony rose the steps of the porch, threw his pack on the floor under one of the seats on which he sat down as he was assailed by Lewis Elsworth with, "well Mister, you are a stranger, but don't make strange."

"And why should I make strange in a tavern?" retorted the new comer, fixing his stern looks on Lewis, who flustered as he was staggered backwards on recognising the very man, whose visit had such terrible effects on his father. The consternation of Lewis, drew more particularly the eyes of all the party on the stranger, who without any great emotion demanded, "are you not Lewis Elsworth?"

"I am Lewis Elsworth," was the hesitating reply. "You are positively Lewis Elsworth?" provokingly again demanded the stranger.

Lewis a little sobered and greatly irritated, whilst encouraged by the gathering crowd, replied in a loud and threatening voice, "I am Lewis Elsworth, and I'll let you know it; what have you to say to Lewis Elsworth?"

"You'll let me know it—why if I believe you, and I suppose I must, I know already who you are, and what I have to say to Lewis Elsworth, is, that I am sorry for those who share the name."

What excess would have followed cannot be known, as at the moment when the stranger expressed the denunciation so degrading to Lewis; Rawlins rushed between them, and looking fiercely at the stranger, rather screamed than asked, "are you not the vagabond who last fall came to this village—who are you—get out of my house this moment."

The stranger with the greatest composure met this torrent, but grasping his heavy crab stick rose to his feet, and eying Rawlins, at length observed, "In the first instance to tell you who I am, my name is Parker Russell—I was here in this village some months ago, and had then the honor to be shewn away from what that blusterer chooses to call his house. Until now I had thought a tavern with a sign swinging from it was a public house, free to all whose conduct and money gave no offence. As to going out of this one, that I'll do when I am ready."

Most of the persons present felt the propriety of the observations, and felt no wish to seek an unprovoked quarrel with a man, and a stranger, but Lewis Elsworth was struggling and begging to get at his antagonist, but was calmed by that same antagonist, who laying his staff on a seat, observed, "gentlemen, permit that boy to come here and I'll do him a favor, which no doubt his father has neglected;" and without waiting he shoved one or two aside, and with his left hand seized Lewis as if he had been a child of ten years of age, and raising his open right hand as if to slap the culprit, but a softening thought seemed to pass through his mind, he paused a moment, and thrusting the crest fallen young man from him, observed in a solemn under tone, "no his treasure of repentance is already too full"—and is he not the brother of—?" Here he stopped, and some asserted that tears traced his manly cheeks.

Parker Russell was whispered along the porch. That is the man who resided a few days at the Sun and Moon, and who visited Col. Elsworth.—These and many other whispers were either unheard or unheeded by the object, who opening his pack, unrolled a bundle of advertisements, one of which he attached to the bar room wall beside that announcing the sale of the personal estate of the late Col. Mansfield Elsworth. Then bowing to the company, walked deliberately towards the house in which he had lodged during his first visit. As soon as he was gone all crowded round the advertisement, and read with no little surprise a formal forbidding of any sale or purchase of the goods, chattels, or slaves, of the estate of Mansfield Elsworth; as claimants would appear to contest the rights of those in possession. Signed Parker Russell.

Here was indeed a new and most fertile subject of comment, conjecture, and malicious insinuation. Every one accounted for the conduct of the stranger Parker Russell in his own way. The majority pronounced him an impudent imposter—a few shook their heads and were silent. Lewis Elsworth now sober, mortified, and burning with rage, treated the whole as a villainous attempt to injure

himself, mother and sisters, and swore vengeance; but as it was Saturday evening the operations under his wrath were per force suspended two nights and one day. This short period was, however, sufficient to fill the whole country with reports as discordant as fancy in its wildest mood could imagine.

Since the death of the Colonel his family had kept in great part retired. Even the few families with whom they formerly associated with on a friendly footing, seemed either to have shunned or were repulsed from Elsworth house. Even Lewis, had only recently and partially returned to his former habits, and was as the reader may remember, severely punished for his dereliction.

Impenetrably silent on the subject, was the cause and mover of so much wonder, amazement and empty commentary on what every one discussed and no one except himself could understand.—Time went on with just his common speed neither hurried or delayed by the impatience of man, and in the present instance, great was the impatience of those concerned, and those who as far as interest was involved ought to have been unconcerned. On the Monday morning, the Elsworth estate had driven state and national affairs off the field. In the meanwhile, as Lewis Elsworth had informed his mother and sisters of the very unexpected circumstance, at first received by the mother and youngest sister with contempt, and by Anna with perfect indifference; yet reflection forced itself on all parties. The peculiar, in fact awful visit of this man—his bold and calm deportment, and even his silence all combined to excite fear, which each affected to conceal, but which all felt with the torturing pain inflicted by undefined danger. A note prepared to request the presence of her attorney, was rendered useless by the appearance of that gentleman early on Monday. The news had reached him by one of the advertisements, and brought him to Elsworth house. The compliments of the morning was soon gone over as all parties were anxious to discuss matters of more consequence.

"Mr. Sharpley, have you seen this claimant to our property?" demanded Mrs. Elsworth.

"If you mean the man who signs this," displaying the important advertisement, "Mrs. Elsworth, I have not seen him, but he does not come forward in this as a claimant."

"And what is he then?"—interrupted Mrs. Elsworth.

"That is what we are to ascertain, Madam," replied Sharpley, with professional nonchalance—"I would advise a meeting with this man."

"A meeting," ejaculated Mrs. Elsworth, rising, "you don't advise me to meet this pretender?"

"I advise," replied Sharpley, "anything but rashness, and contempt of an enemy of whose force you are ignorant."

This observation made in a manner to convey more by looks than words, silenced Mrs. Elsworth and her son whose mouth was open but rapidly closed. Hitherto Anna employed with her needle had sat silent, but was in fact more seriously, be-

cause more rationally engrossed with the affair than any other member of the family, now interposed by observing, "in my very humble opinion, Mr. Sharpley, you advise for the best, and from what my brother states, a meeting between him and Russell can do no good, but the contrary; my mother and sister appear to shun the meeting—let me attend you and hear what this man's intentions or pretensions are."

The advantage of this proposal was at once caught and supported by Sharpley. He had known Anna Elsworth from her infancy, knew her strength of mind, clear understanding, and more than masculine fortitude; and grown old in legal history his tact taught him that, a fearful though undefined revolution in the Elsworth family was involved in the claims of Russell, who though coming forward in an unusual manner, that manner bespoke a confidence no mere impostor could assume. Considerable opposition to Anna representing the family on the occasion being overcome, it was finally arranged that Mr. Sharpley should negotiate a meeting at his own house between Mr. Russell and Anna Elsworth. Thus empowered, the man of law, a really respectable and venerable member of the bar sought Russell, and was greatly pleased to find, contrary to what prejudice had represented; a gentleman plain indeed, but dignified, and whose appearance and language announced the man of education and travel. Compliments passed, Mr. Sharpley handed to Russell a paper signed by Mrs. Elsworth and her children, proposing what has been explained to the reader. Russell read it attentively, and at the close his powerful eyes beaming, exclaimed, "her guardian angel has not deserted Mrs. Elsworth. Most willingly will I see her daughter Anna."

Old and experienced as he was, Sharpley completely misunderstood the true motives of Russell, but was much rejoiced at the issue, so far, of his mission, and next day at ten in the morning the all deciding meeting was appointed to take place.

Short as was the time, another actor appeared on the stage and gave added interest to the drama. That actor was Henry Cordwell. Until his arrival in Charleston he had not heard of his uncle's death, but of the mourners with one exception only, he was no doubt most sincere, and in no mockery of woe appeared to the family in deep mourning. Of their peculiar situation he was utterly ignorant, and his astonishment admitted of no description, when told that a man of the name of Parker Russell claimed, or announced claims to their whole fortune.

Who of the inmates of Elsworth house slept on the ensuing night we cannot say, but there were two who slept not. These were Henry Cordwell and Anna Elsworth. At early dawn Cordwell rose with the intention of hastening to the village of —, in order to ascertain whether or not the Parker Russell, now so dreaded by those connected with him, was his friend at Bermudas, but early as it was he found his Anna seated at a window and gazing on the morning star.

"My sister for I will—I must call you by that

dear name," exclaimed Henry, seizing her hand, and seated himself beside her, and looking earnestly on her sleepless countenance.

"Oh," replied the agitated girl, "if you were indeed my brother."

"Cannot I be more?"—passionately rejoined Henry.

"We may all be beggars before night," energetically exclaimed Anna.

"This tempest," exclaimed Henry, "something tells me will pass away and days of happiness follow;" and he pressed his cousin to his bosom, and continued, "my Anna, if this Parker Russell is the person I think he is, you will find me with him at Sharpley's, and Anna Elsworth will be my wife," and with another embrace he rushed from the room, and in the still dusk of the morn Anna watched his receding figure along the road to the village of —.

If Anna Elsworth possessed a soul far above, not only the general character of her sex, but far above the far greater number of her species; still that soul was human, and subject to the hopes and fears excited by the affairs of a fluctuating world. Educated in affluence, and habituated to regard herself as the inheritor of ample fortune, the threatenings of poverty could not be heard with indifference. With a heart attuned to the finest and most enduring emotions of family and social affections, but driven by the texture of mind which spread as a dark veil over her father, mother, brother and sister; Anna Elsworth sought the recesses of one bosom into which all the treasures of her hopes were poured. At a moment when suspense was torture, could she reject the consolation imparted by the sounds so congenial, "Anna Elsworth will be my wife?" No, it was the voice of hope, and came to aid virtue and innocence in the severe trial brought on with the now coming day.

Seated in a room next to the office of lawyer Sharpley, sat that aged and naturally benevolent man of law, and with him Parker Russell, and Henry Cordwell all evincing some impatience as if expecting, yet fearing the appearance of the ambassador of the Elsworth family. A carriage makes its appearance in which a man and woman are seated. This man and woman were Lewis Elsworth and his sister. The brother, as the sister was received by the gentlemen who awaited her coming, sullenly turned the heads of his horses and drove furiously away, pursued as he was by an enemy from whose arrows no speed could save him.

That excess of danger which sinks to the dust ordinary minds, raises the truly heroic to a sublime elevation above all that adversity can muster to appal or intimidate. Pale indeed as the sculptured marble, Anna Elsworth was received by the three men who for different reasons beheld her firm step and powerful expression of countenance with something of awe, and with unmixed admiration. Well indeed might they feel awe and admiration, as of the four now together in one room, and on so momentous an occasion, Anna, was the only one who neither trembled or wavered as the development approached.

"In storms of war and the elements," said Captain Russell, afterwards, "never did I experience a moment so terrible." But as said also afterwards by lawyer Sharpley, "the features of Russell, speaking as they were at all times, seemed now to say, 'much is in my power and great is the happiness Providence has confided to my agency.'"—He looked on Anna Elsworth, as we may suppose, would an angel of mercy on a guiltless but suffering mortal. His fixed but softened gaze was returned by casual glances. In the mind of Anna long cherished recollections were revived, as the lip of Russell quivering, and the manly tear bedimmed eyes as he exclaimed, why "Anna Elsworth, have you forgotten?"

"My preserver," responded Anna, "no, never—but is all this real?"

"It is real," ejaculated Russell, as he clasped her to his breast. Have patience reader and you shall be shewn that Captain Russell had more than one reason to justify his freedom; though for the moment it brought some color to the cheeks of Anna, and some pain to the bosom of Henry Cordwell, while a smile played upon the face of Sharpley.—Russell not regaining as he had not lost his presence of mind, seated himself before Anna, and after a pause observed, "I believe I need not ask, whether Anna Elsworth can or cannot hear the truth."

"From you," replied Anna, "I can hear truth, whatever may be its import."

"It is well, oh! its well," rejoined Russell, "Anna that you stand a saving angel to your relations." The astonished woman heard these words in silence as Russell drew from his pocket a large bundle of papers and laid them on the table, and as if still doubting female fortitude, he essayed to speak several times, but with fixed looks on Anna, the words died on his lips.

"Fear me not," said the intrepid woman divining the cause of his hesitation. Russell untieing the bundle of papers, selected one and then commenced the long and painfully looked for explanatory narrative.

"This paper," said he, "is a completely authenticated power of attorney from the still living wife of the man called, while residing in this country, Mansfield Elsworth, but whose real name was Mansfield Russell." Here, both his male listeners sprung to their feet, but he regarded them not, but gave his whole attention to Anna, on whose colorless visage not a muscle moved. The men set down, as she with the utmost composure observed, "say on, and say all."

"Invaluable woman," breathed Russell in an under tone, and then proceeded. "Mansfield Russell, was an English merchant in very prosperous business, and married a woman, with whom he ought to have been happy, but if not from temperament, I know not the cause he was not happy. Mr. Russell and his wife, however, lived together until she became the mother of a son, whom I may as well call my cousin. This boy had just began to climb his father's knees, when that father disappeared from Bristol, the place of his birth and resi-

dence. With every careful and long persevering inquiry, upwards of twenty years passed away before any the very slightest hints of the fate of Mansfield Russell reached his wife. That wife remained five years in Bristol. Wealthy in her own family inheritance, Mrs. Russell touched not a single penny of the property left by her husband; even the very household furniture she sold, and placed the whole in the English funds, where it has accumulated to an immense sum. Possessing some landed property in Bermudas, Mrs. Russell removed there and fixed herself in elegant but almost monastic seclusion with her son and myself, also an orphan. As I advanced in life, I became impatient of vegetating in a small group of islands, and my protectress yielded at length and permitted me to enter the merchant service, in which at twenty, I was master of a vessel owned in partnership with Mrs. Russell.

Before leaving home, and when in the intervals of my voyages I was at home; I had so constantly before me the full length portrait of Mansfield Russell, that I literally became acquainted with the original, and when that original, time changed as it was came before me on a trying occasion, the truth flashed on my mind. On one of my voyages to New York I had, and oh, my God! I shall ever thank thee for it as one of thy most exalted favors, that I was the instrument in thy hands to save from death Anna Russell, for that is her real name. But let us be calm and proceed. When I discovered that the father of the little angel I had saved from the waves, was the real and long lost and sought for Mansfield Russell; I rushed as you might have supposed, as a madman from his door. The secret remained with me until I saw and imparted it to his wife. After long consultation it was concluded that I should come to the continent and if possible ascertain the real situation of this man. This commission I executed with great difficulty, but with full information, and thus informed, returned and communicated the result to the person most interested. Combining all circumstances, and unwilling to involve the innocent with the guilty, we all concluded to let the secret die with us. Wealth was to any of us no adequate object, but we were compelled to adopt other measures, by very unexpected circumstances. A man made his appearance in Bermudas, who proved himself a sister's son of Mansfield Russell. By some channel this nephew had received a vague knowledge of his uncle and his wife and son out of the way; this uncle's estate was at the mercy of a man we found mean and mercenary. We knew that both in New York and Philadelphia, a clue to discover Mr. Russell existed, and we discovered enough of our new and unwelcome relation to be convinced that no delicacy stood between him and money. I hope to be forgiven for the sailor-like trick, or account of the motive, as without telling any direct falsehood I sent my cousin to Calcutta, while I sailed to America. The result alas! I could not foresee. The manner of my visit you all know—but what passed between us, I must relate in few words. I made myself known to him, opened

to him his danger from another quarter, and never, never can the dreadful scene be removed from before my eyes. He implored my forbearance, plead for secrecy, offered immense sums; he prevailed in every thing else but in the acceptance of his money. We wept together, separated and on my part with a determination never again to expose myself to such a trial. But how little can we command destiny? I found that the earthly happiness of two persons depended on my interference, and persons dear to me, one as the breath of my own life. Was I not moved by an unseen power? The whole importance of my presence here I knew not until I arrived in Philadelphia. There I learned the lamentable event which followed my former visit, and hurried on to where I am and to the close of this drama."

Here Russell paused, and for several minutes breathless silence prevailed, every one turning from face to face of each other, as if to read thought.—The torturing silence was broken by Mr. Sharpley, at length observing, "well Mr. Russell, what are your intentions?"

"My intentions," replied Russell, "shall soon be known; you are welcome to examine these papers and you will find that there is no hope of legal defence. The wife and son of Mansfield Russell, are the indisputable heirs to every part and parcel of his property; and I tell you in sincerity that contest will, must produce nothing but exposure."—Again silence prevailed until broken by Anna, in whose bosom the feelings of a daughter were kindled, and she exclaimed as if to herself, "oh, my mother, my mother, had she but a son as he ought to be, had I but a brother, we could," and a flood of tears burst from her heaving heart. This was too much for Russell, his breast swelled and he again seized the mourner exclaiming, "Anna, Anna, you have a brother, I am the son of your father, I am Parker Russell your brother."

I must here throw down the pen for a few moments. It would be mockery to attempt to describe the scene, but the delirium of the parties over, we may close with a few words.

Did I not tell you in Bermudas friend Henry, that Anna Elsworth should be your wife, and I now tell you a double portion of her father's fortune is yours with her. Yes! her share and mine. No words Mr. Cordwell; I'll not be contradicted. As to the estate, neither my mother nor I want or need any part of it. But, and his eyes assumed a very different expression, "the rod shall not be broken."

If the rod was not broken, however, it was never used. Henry and Anna were united. The two wives closed their days, not long after their mutual existence was made known to each other. Captain Russell still a bachelor, resides with his brother and sister, with a little train of little Cordwells to follow him when he goes out, and meet him with clamorous joy when he returns.

We have said that the rod of his power was never used, and as far as his half brother and sister and his step-mother were concerned he never raised the rod, but it fell heavy on Dick Rawlins. As

soon as family affairs were arranged Captain Russell entered, the by him well remembered hotel, and was met very differently from his former reception by the incumbent. "Save yourself Esq. Rawlins, useless meanness, this house is mine, and prepare to leave it." Rawlins was dumb, and Captain Russell persevering, so in due time the sign post was cut down, and the house purified. It is now the seat of a village seminary, supported in great part by the Russell family, and from its upper story on the far distance is seen the mansion of its patron.

OUR SAVIOUR.

"It was night—
And softly o'er the sea of Gallilee
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon;
The breaking waves played low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice
In its rich cadences, sweet, clear, and true,
Seemed like some just born harmony in the air
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people."

"His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curl from off his shoulder fell
As he leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep
And in his look the same wild majesty,
And in his mien the sadness mixed with power,
Filled them with love and wonder."

FILL THE CUP.

Fill the cup, the bowl, the glass,
With wine and spirits high,
And we will drink while round they pass,
To—Vice and Misery!

Push quickly round the draught again,
And drain the goblet low,
And drink in revelry's swelling strain
To—Reason's overthrow!

Fill, fill again—fill higher still!
The glass more warmly press—
Fill up and drink, and drink and fill,
To—Human beastliness!

Push round; push round in quickest time—
The lowest drop be sent
In one loud round to guilt and crime,
And—Crime's just punishment!

Fill, fill again—fill to the brim,
To—loss of the nest fame!
Quaff—deeper quaff—while now we drink,
Our wives, our children's shame!

Push round, push round! with loudest cheer
Of mirth and revelry!
We drink to—woman's sighs and tears,
And children's poverty!

Fill up the glass—fill yet more high!
Thus soon ne'er let us part—
Stop not a woman's tear and sigh,
Give—Beauty's broken heart!

Once more! while power shall yet remain
Fling with its latest breath,
Drink to ourselves—DISEASE AND PAIN,
AND INFAMY AND DEATH.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

Bologna, Oct. 2, 1835.

Bologna is another of those cities of the middle ages, which records the brilliant triumphs of Republican principles, not only in that elevation of sentiment which Liberty imparts to a people, but a triumph of trade and manufactures, and even of high and exalting art and science. The history of Bologna from the past even to the present is a history triumphant in proclaiming that under a free government, the people are the happiest and the most enterprising,—a position not often denied even here, but adding also, that under such a government science advances more rapidly, and arts more splendidly than under the richest patronage of an aristocracy or monarchy. But though Bologna is a city of the middle ages, yet it is not a city of the dead or the dying as Ferrara is. There is life and soul in it even now. Its heart beats, and its pulse is quick;—and though Austria even here under the sanction of the Pope has its Huns, and its corps of mirmidon Swiss, and though every day the bayonet of the one flashes in the streets, and the rumbling cannon of the other is rolled over its pavements, yet there is at this hour the material of Revolution all alive here, ready to be fanned even to blaze. The people are unlike the other Italians whom I have seen. By their very insolence they seem to make themselves respected and feared. Here they think, and speak what they please growing at the soldiery as they parade, and telling you publicly what they think of their masters, and how they will serve them, if Providence ever sends the proper time. Their Police, notwithstanding it is often cruelly rigid with strangers, and has within my observation, refused a Swiss his passport for Rome, for no other reason than that he was a Swiss, yet suffers this insolence on the part of the Bolognese, leaving them a liberty of evaporating their bile by grumbling, but parading the Austrians and mercenary Swiss often enough in the streets to show them that grumbling is the only liberty they have. The Pope has found that the Bolognese are too unmanageable for him and his beggarly troops, and he is, therefore heartily glad that Austria has relieved him from the burthen, and secured the fidelity of his subjects. Certain I am it would cost no trouble at all to make a Revolution here, for the discontent is universal, and the hatred of Rome and Vienna is expressed in every quarter. The Bolognese sit uneasily under their chains.

Bologna is full of interesting objects of art, and here upon the threshold of the Papal States I should be glad to stop and study its arts as a preparation to enjoy the Vatican and the Capitol, if I did not fear that the Cholera might reach home before I can, and thus shut me out from a visit to that city upon which my whole heart is now fixed. The rapid view I have taken must confine me to a description as rapid as the view. I will then pass over its two hundred churches almost all rich with paintings—men of New England boast not of the number of your churches now, when here in a city of only 60,000 inhabitants there are two hundred of them—remarking only that those of St. Petronibus and St. Dominic are the most interesting from their historical associations, the first being the one where the famous mission of Cassini was traced upon the pavement in 1655, and where Charles the V. was crowned by Clement the VII. and the other, for the beautiful shrine of St. Dominic, the founder of the Dominicans, and for the Paradise of Guido, one of his most remarkable compositions in fresco. In a city, however, which gave birth to Guido, Domenichino, Albano, and the three Caracci it is unnecessary to hunt much in order to find beautiful tablets. The masterpieces of all these artists indeed are to be found within these churches, the palaces, or the galleries of Bologna. Here for the first time I saw a Guido, that Homer of the Painters, simple, grand and pathetic, in the "Murder of Innocents," where for the first time too, I felt that a poem might be written with colors upon canvass as well as printed upon paper. Domenichino appears too in all his genius, in his allegorical picture *il Rosario*, where though less simple, less austere, less sublime than the great Guido, he is not less beautiful nor less interesting. Such beautiful Virgins do these masters paint here, that I am hardly surprised that the Catholics gaze upon and hang over their divine faces, absorbed in such deep admiration of the painter that they at last believe this

beautiful creation to be the Mother of Jesus herself. How the canvass can speak, how genius can make even colors touch the heart, what words there are even in painted pantomime is an ever recurring feeling that I have as I go into the galleries and the palaces of the city!

The *Accademia delle belle Arti* is the rich collection of paintings in Bologna, perhaps for its number the choicest in the world, and yet that number is about two hundred and fifty. The masterpieces of Guido Reni are there, as I have said,—engravings from which are seen the world over, and the copiers of which are from all countries but—ours. Domenichino's Martyrdom of St. Agnese, the Madonna in glory and the Madonna del Rosario, are also there. The Caracci figure in some excellent pieces, and so do Guercino and Parmigianino. The jewel of the gallery, however, is said to be the St. Cecilia of Raphael the Saint being represented as listening to a choir of angels, and surrounded by St. John, St. Paul, the Evangelist, St. Augustine (I never heard of him) and the Magdalene. Volumes have been written upon this picture. It is said to have changed the whole character of the art—to have drawn from the canvass the lifeless, and gilded forms of Cimabue and Giotto, and to have replaced them with the animation, beauty and soul that distinguished the great masters that followed after it. Winckelmann, the learned commentator of pages and pages upon the single arm, even upon the single finger of a statue, has especially dwelt upon this painting with a learning far above my comprehension. It is in this gallery that the traveller who comes the route I have taken, finds recorded as it were the history of the art. The opening room of the gallery is covered with the works of the early painters, who revived the art, if we may credit the historians, once so famous in Greece and Rome, —and we trace its progress here, from Giotto even to the present day though no great progress can be seen, it is true, since Guido and Domenichino and Raphael burst forth upon the world in such resplendent genius.

Witnessing the ardent study that very many young men were making of the great works of those masters, I could not but feel a wish that some of my own countrymen were of the number! What reason is there, that our countrymen in the arts should be almost a blank! We have had reason, heretofore, it is true, in our poverty, in the necessity too of seeking the useful before we thought of the beautiful;—but that day is now gone by. But few countries at the present moment are richer than ours. Italy is not so rich in active wealth, none is so prosperous; and for this reason, therefore, it is time to adorn the Useful with the Beautiful, to mingle the one with the other, and to begin to claim for ourselves that love for, that emulgence in even the arts, which have in all by-gone days, distinguished all republics—none ever more promising than ours. But who, perhaps, you demand is to take the lead in this magnificent reformation?—Who is to provide the money and the men? Congress, it is certain, will never move but to a partial extent. The habits of the members will never lead them to the cultivation of the arts. They are not perhaps to be blamed, for coming from the various ends of so wide an empire, they cannot have an opportunity to foster that taste, and to create that enthusiasm that others have with better opportunities, who upon the little galleries of our sea board cities, often see something that approximates to the beauty we see here. Besides, the members of Congress are often afraid to do what their hearts would prompt them. Many of them are content to be led, and never think of leading. The securing of their own re-election is never to happen by the expenditure of money for the patronage of the arts; and unhappily it is so—that politics and literature, science and the arts are not associated together with us, as they almost always are in Europe, but are often made irreconcilable enemies. We have no nobles by "the grace of God," and blessed be heaven that it is so;—but we have a princely race of men who are to take their place, but in only the doing of their good. Our merchants are our princes, as in Venice and Genoa of old. They have the money of the country. They have its resources in their hands. The wide world is the sphere in which they act:—The ocean even, is but their grand highway. Their enterprise is now the admiration of all mankind. The Rail Roads they have made, the canals they have cut, the beautiful ships of theirs which through the ports of all the civilized world, have given them a character as exalted as merchants can aspire to. But one other field of ambition

have they then in which to crown themselves with princely honors,—to rank themselves side by side with the high born nobles of this European world, and that is in the PATRONAGE OF THE ARTS. It is their duty as it is their glory. They alone can do it.—They alone have the means. They alone have the liberality. Upon them rest our hopes and expectations. What the Venetian merchants did for Venice, they must do for us; and if they will but imitate the bright example, the republican cities of the United States will soon be as brilliant as the proud republic of Venice. Let them unite together for this purpose. Boston ought to send at least ten of its young artists to Europe and pay their bills. New York could send twenty—Philadelphia fifteen—Baltimore ten,—and what would be the expense? Not eight hundred dollars a year for each,—hardly five hundred in Bologna;—and all the subscribers to such a scheme as would confer immortal honor upon its projectors, could be amply compensated by the copies of the great paintings of the day, which they might justly demand from the young men whom they sent out, as the recompense for the money advanced. Or out of these copies a public gallery may be formed; and thus we could see in America what Europe thinks as much of as we think of the Iliad of Homer or the Æneid of Virgil, or the Divina Comedia of Dante. In a republic like ours, we should shine in the Beautiful as we do in the Useful. The highest efforts of intellect, with the tongue, the pen, the pencil and the chisel are not incompatible with the greatest simplicity of manners, and the greatest equality of condition. While every American should even with the vengeance of a radical, cry down the incipient social aristocracy that is springing up,—while he should abhor and denounce the importation of European principles and fashions, even with fanaticism,—yet he should insist at the same time upon the cultivation and introduction of whatever advances us as men,—whatever adorns the intellect, or exalts the sentiment,—whatever links itself in with, and purifies the tender associations of the heart, whether it be of Religion, of Poetry, of Painting or of Sculpture. The whole intellect of our great country at the present moment, is absorbed in the Useful. *Utility* is the Juggernaut riding over every thing else. The Beautiful is trodden under it. *Intellect* is even chained in dragging the car. *Virtue*—*Religion* too, are in danger of becoming its victims. It is time then to cry for a change, to turn the crowd, to insist upon the alliance of the two, which alone can make a people good and great. The merchants of our great cities, whom commerce with the world has liberalized, and who can afford to be liberal too, are the men who must make the change.

I come back now to Bologna. My thoughts often run away with my pen, and carry it upon home, and indeed I should do but little service in giving you but a catalogue of things here, if I did not select of the beautiful what I thought worth imitation, and of the bad what I thought worth condemnation. If a wall of fire was between us and Europe, perhaps it would be well, for it may be that we copy more of the bad than the good. But as it is easy to copy what is mischievous, we must insist now upon introducing what is beneficial, to counteract one with the other. Europe is full of instruction for us, though we do falsely flatter ourselves that we are the wisest people in the world, and every lesson we study whether to follow or to shun it, will do us a service. What this view, I am ever making comparisons, illustrations, and references,—and if they occur too often, or are too impertinent, or too assuming, the only excuse I can offer is, an over anxiety that I may feel to do good to a land made dearer to me every step I take from it. If other Americans who have been here, had from any connection with the press, been induced to do the like, I would not trouble you with a thought out of the range of my journey.

But—I do now come back to Bologna, to go on with my catalogue only. Bologna has its palaces as well as other Italian cities, and many of them are worth visiting for the beauty of the paintings within them. The subject that the painters have selected there, are oftener classical than religious, and therefore more interesting to me, for I am already weary of Saints, Madonnas, Magdalens, "the Cross," Angels, "the infant Jesus" and myriads of the like, upon which Italian painters have exhausted all their efforts to decorate the churches. In one of these palaces that we visited, a little girl of about seven or eight years, acted as our guide pointing out with astonishing skill

what was most beautiful in the frescoes, or the paintings, and telling us all about the men who painted them with a vivacity that interested us deeply. But this is not so very remarkable in a city, where the chairs of the University have been filled by female Professors, who were Professors of Greek, and of physic—lectures in anatomical preparations in the University here, famous for their execution, were the work of a woman. To this day women attend the lectures upon these preparations, under the cover of a mask, however, as they attend a ball. Bologna indeed has been the residence of many remarkable women, one among whom was renowned for her thesis in Latin, in which she attempted to prove that the first fault was committed by Adam, and not by Eve who was the seduced and not the seducer—on which account, to show the contempt of the sex, she would never marry, but as others have said, because she could not, as she was hideously ugly!

The University of Bologna was once among the most famous of the world, with its 6,000 students, and seventy-two professors; but with the loss of its liberty, the University lost its splendor. It is great, however, even to this day, and it is said to be an excellent place for the education of young men. Indeed, Bologna is one of the best places in the world for a father to educate his children in, as masters speaking all the European languages can be obtained, as it is the cheapest of the Italian cities to live in, and its good society is said to be among the best. Rents are cheap. Provisions are cheap. Every thing is cheap, even as it is with us in our smaller cities and towns. And then Bologna is a pretty city too. The theatre is one of the largest in Italy. The buildings are beautifully built. Almost the whole of the city has magnificent arcades over its side-walks, sheltering the promenades from the sun and the rain. These, undoubtedly, are the fruits of its republican liberty, when the man on foot was thought as much of as the man in his carriage. The Fountain of Neptune in the great square of the city, is one of its most remarkable ornaments. The raging ocean-god is here displayed in all his majesty. Syrens and dolphins are subject to the sway of his trident.

But yet more remarkable than this are the two great leaning towers of the city, both built between 1110 and 1120, one being about 140 feet high and nearly nine feet out of the perpendicular, and the other about 330 feet high, and two feet and a half out of the perpendicular.—They are both of brick and square in form, and have a frightful look as they threaten to tumble on every passer by. But yet more curious than even this, is a range of arcades not less than three English miles in length, connecting with the Church of St. Luke on the summit of a mountain of the Apennines! The arches are 600, the steps 514, with fifteen lateral chapels, each painted with some incident in the life of the Virgin. The expenses must have been enormous for the Arcades even, to say nothing of the Church, which was forty years in building. The reason of this singular structure is, that in the Church there is an effigy of the Virgin, said to be painted by St. Luke, which effigy a Grecian monk found in the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, with an inscription on it, commanding him to carry it to the Monte della Guardia, there to be placed upon the altar in the Church of St. Luke. To find this mountain, the monk walked over almost all the Christian world before he could learn that it was near Bologna. But when he found it, the image was received with enthusiasm, and in solemn procession placed upon the mount. Its worshippers multiplied, but access to it was difficult at such a distance, and on such a mount, and in order to remedy this evil, the Priests stimulated the people to make it accessible by the series of Arcades of which I have spoken. A splendid church was built for the reception of the effigy, whose remains it is said, are valuable even to this day in bringing on, or in stopping the rains. Where the Grecian monk placed it they keep it to this day, and though it would have been easier to have brought it to the city, than it has been to bring the city to that, yet that would have been violating the command the monk saw on the inscription.

ANCONA, October 6th, 1835.

We left Bologna on the morning of the 3d, in a vetturino for Ancona, which is the chief papal commercial city on the Adriatic, and which is on the usual route that travellers take to the Ionian islands and to Greece—

steamboat running thence once a month to Corfu. The vetturinos travel thirty to fifty miles a day according to circumstances, and our hour of starting was long before day-light, sometimes being awakened as early as two o'clock in the morning, and never later than four. The price we gave for a journey was ten Roman scudi, without the *buona mano*, which is about a scudo more as a customary gratuity: for these eleven American dollars, we rode three days, were found in three excellent dinners with wine, and two beds each night. Our vetturino was conducted by three horses, and was large enough to carry six persons. The carriage was more comfortable and more beautiful than the common hackney coaches of America. Thus you see that vetturino travelling in Italy is as cheap as one can desire, though one may have some reasonable objection to visiting at two o'clock in the morning, and to eat a hearty dinner just as one goes to bed, after a whole day's fast.

As we left the gate and walls of Bologna, which was no easy thing, for the peasantry were thronging around them, (kept in order by the military on horseback,) with their teams loaded with huge butts or pipes of wine on which a duty is to be paid,—after our passports were signed with the permission to depart, we started upon the road that leads to Imola, once the *Forum Cornelli*, supposed to have been erected by Sylla. The town of Imola has risen on its ruins, and stands at the entrance of the rich and extensive plain of Lombardy on a branch of the river Vatenus, now called the Santerno, which river the road crosses on a bridge, and then proceeds to Faenza, anciently *Faventia*, where Sylla obtained a victory over the adherents of Carbo. This town is of a square form, and its four principal streets are straight, and meet at the market place, which when we were there, was thronged with women vending on their little tables, all kinds of eatables, from bread and grapes even to hot boiled chestnuts, which seems to be a cheap and favorite food of the poor Italians. Women indeed are the chief traders out of doors here, and the most industrious part of the population, it seems. Faenza was our stopping-place for four or five hours, while our horses were fed and kept housed during the heat of the day, and thus, though we had to visit every thing, yet in all my visitings I could not see that any thing was left of its famous eastern ware, to which it gave the name of *Faence*. *Forum Livii* (now shored into, and called Forlì) was our sleeping place for the night. But a thunder storm, with a deluge of rain during the evening, prevented us from seeing what is said to be one of the handsomest squares in Italy, and we were off next morning long before any thing was visible. *Forum Populi* (now called Forlimpopoli), was the most remarkable place near which we passed, but a castle and a few dwelling houses are now all that mark the site of this forum.—Cesena, the last town on the old *Via Æmilia*, which anciently belonged to Cisalpine Gaul, was the town where we spent our second noon day. It stands on the river Sapis, now the Savio, and is approached by a superb modern bridge thrown on that river. The town contains near ten thousand inhabitants, a handsome fountain, and a colossal statue of the late Pius VI., who passed his noviciate near there as a novice of the order of St. Benedict, in the church of the *Madonna del Fuoco*, or our 'lady of the fire.'

Near this Cesena, in the direction of Tavignano, anciently *Compinum*, the *Via Æmilia* crosses the Pistello, a rivulet which has been called the Rubicon. That river which, till the reign of Augustus, formed the boundary of Cisalpine Gaul toward the southeast, discharges itself into the Adriatic on the road between Forlimpopoli and Ravenna. It is composed of several small streams which unite about one mile from the sea, and assumes the name of Fiumicino, the ancient *veritable* river that Cæsar crossed when he 'passed the Rubicon.' The famous march of Cæsar, when he made up his mind to violate the territories of the great republic of antiquity, interested me much in the whole of this region, all around which we had ample time to visit. The Rubicon is a river more widely known than even the Father of Waters with his stream of 4000 miles. But if the Pistello is the Rubicon of antiquity, the little muddy Tiber which at times frets and roars under the Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, is as great a river, and if it be the Fiumicino, the world can judge that even that is no great stream with such a diminutive Italian name. Brooks or creeks, we should call all these rivers in America. The interest

attached to the river, however, is not fixed upon its magnitude or meanness, but when the great consequences of that act of Cæsar's when he deliberated with himself upon the narrow bank, what should be the fortune of Rome, and because it is the spot where, in carrying out his maxim of—"if justice is to be violated, let it be violated for the purpose of reigning," he settled the destinies of the Roman republic, and virtually led to the enthroning of the Emperors. One of these mighty men who stand in history apart from others as if made of some diviner stuff, there felt striving wildly in his bosom *Justice* and *Ambition*. That high and noble nature that ever distinguishes exalted men make him tremble at the thought of violating the boundary line of his own country. The fearful consequences and the monstrous wrongs his foresight clearly showed him; but he acted at last, as every such man-hunter has acted, from the days of Nimrod to those of Napoleon. Ambition triumphed, and Patriotism fell. Washington alone of the men of the sword in a crisis like this, has disdained a crown. But the great and the base act of that wonderful man of antiquity upon this Rubicon, has given immortality and a boundless fame to a rivulet, and made it as important in history, as the Mississippi or the Amazon in geography, though the students of the Past debate even in whole volumes upon its identity, and almost mistify its very existence. I have just been perusing a good sized book in Italian, which is chiefly confined to debating the question of 'which is the veritable Rubicon?' My guide to the spot, however, flippantly settled the question in a minute, and though he did not pretend to show me the foot-prints of Cæsar, yet he showed me the very spot where he crossed! He was a Frenchman who was never heard to say, 'I do not know,' when you asked him about the Past.

Rimini was the second night's halting place of our Vetturino. The country through which we had been passing is called Romagna, of which Imola is on the northern confines. Corn, hemp, and flax fields, with abounding vineyards, skirted the road on which was our first day's ride, and on either side were cottages and farms. From Cesena to Forlì, the scene was delightful, with lovely plains about us, and the Apennines on our right.—Cesena was long governed during the middle ages by petty military chiefs, but the last of its seigniors bequeathed the city by will to the Roman See.—But now in all of these cities, in the whole of Romagna even, there is the utmost contempt for the Papal government, and the utmost hatred of the Austrians, whose troops are ever encamped as far on this road as the walls of Forlì. Forlì indeed, is said to be daily in a state of rebellion, and if it were not for the Austrian troops, the rebellion now invisible, would soon be so strong and so loud as to sever all Romagna from Rome, so far off over the Apennines. Rimini was the *Ariminum* of the Romans, originally an Umbrian town, but when colonized by the Romans it became the key of Italy on the eastern coast. The sea, however, has now retired so far from the coast that the ancient port of Ariminum is traced with difficulty, but its marble ornaments embellish several of the churches in the modern town. Thus is ended the commercial importance of the city, of the possession of whose port Cæsar thought so much. But the interest attached to the city is far from being ended with its importance in the geography of the day. It is one of those old interesting cities of Italy that are old enough to have two antiquities, as it were; for with the ruins of the triumphal arch of Augustus adorning its *Porta Romana*, are numerous fabrics of the warlike Chiefs Malatestas, whose bloody swords were brandished against the Turks as well as the Romans; fabrics, churches, castles, and citadels of Italian marble whose mingled architecture of the Past and the Present tells the ages of which they were, and thus link one era in the history of man with another. Again, this is the scene of that famous Episode in Dante's *Inferno*, where he and Virgil encounter among the shades of Semiramis, Dido and Cleopatra, ever beaten by storms, the unhappy Francesca da Rimini, who so tenderly, in the misery of Hell, describes to them the love of the happy days on earth—an episode as famous with the readers of Dante as is the monologue, "to be or not to be," of Shakespeare. Pellico also has written a tragedy upon this same theme, and laid the scene in this city. But there was something to see of the living as well as of the dead, the evening I was in

Rimini, for the whole population in one grand mass, with all the Priests of the city at its head, were turned out, making a grand procession in the streets, with candles and images varying from the full sized figure of our Saviour to the little fac simile on a of the protecting saints of the city.—The Priests chanting and praying, and the multitude loudly responding, each and all invoking the high Powers of Heaven to turn the cholera from their city, and from the states of God's vicegerent upon earth. I joined in the prayer with my whole heart and willingly bowed and kneeled with the multitude, for what stranger would stand when thousands were kneeling in the streets all around him?—but probably my prayers sprang from different impulses than theirs, as the quarantine are much more frightful in Italy to me, than the pestilence is to them. Never, however, did I witness a more solemn procession. The response of the crowds to the prayers of the Priests was loud, and hearty and sincere. The windows of all the houses by which the procession passed, were decorated. The numerous bells of a Catholic city were quickly ringing. The churches were all illuminated within on every altar, and on every candelabra. "The cholera will not come," said a sincere Catholic, when the services were over,—and though in this part of Italy I have more faith in *cleansing* than in *praying*, so dirty are the towns in general, yet I hope that the Virgin and the saints will listen to such earnest prayers. I am deeply interested in it, for if a *cordon* was drawn around me as it is around Tuscany at the present moment, there would be no such thing as getting out of the Papal states. Such a sensation in a strange land in the time of a double pestilence of a quarantine and cholera, is one of the most disagreeable that can afflict a traveller.

Not far from Rimini, upon a high and steep hill, among savage rocks, overlooking the despotism and slavery of men all around—there firmly and proudly enthroned sits a little republic of an age of thirteen hundred years—one of the oldest, if not the oldest governments of the world; but alas! "the last of all the Romans,"—the last of those glorious republics that once dotted and sparkled up n all the Italian plains! LIBERTY, that inspiring word, when no longer heard in the Roman Forum, and no longer fought for on the isles of Venice, when the very whisper of it was death upon the banks of the Arno, even then found a refuge in the forbidding cliffs that overlook the Adriatic, and proudly bazoned upon the portals of SAN MARINO.

The oldest Republicans of the world are there in one little town, as some proud Eagle in her sky-built eyrie. The waves of despotism have for ages beat against this rock, but have never over-topped its summit. The invading armies of Romagna, the Hun, the Austrian, and the Frank, have never clambered up its sides. Even the "thunderer of the earth," as the French once styled the last man-conqueror of theirs, who by the noise and confusion he made well deserved the name, hurled no bolts of wrath against this little Republic, nestling in the very heart of his achievements. Even when flushed with triumphs, and seizing every thing for himself and France, with his own hand, he complimented the little miracle of a government, and promised it an increase of territory, which the people had the wisdom to refuse, with thanks for the offer, but with the avowal that they had no ambition to aggrandize their territory, and thus to compromise their liberties. Even despotism then, and the subjects of despots respect a government thus consecrated by age, and the interest of an American is redoubled, upon seeing this little *fac simile* of his own far-off land; upon feeling, as it were, the pulse of a people, whose sympathies are in unity with his. The little heart that is beating here upon the rock of San Marino is in the new world, sending life-blood through ten thousand mighty veins and flushing with its health the broad spread surface of a country that reaches from the sea-wrought butlets of the Bay of Fundy to the sands of Mexico;—and though the hope is wild, yet it will spring up—that the humble work of the honest Dalmatian mason who flying from persecution, founded his city upon the Trian's mount, may become what the like government was that arose on the Palatine Hill, and stretched at last from Scotia to the Euphrates, or like that nobler empire of those wandering pilgrims who first landed on the rock of Plymouth. It would thrice save the world, and thrice redeem it from its indifference, if but the principles and the purity of Marino's Republic could extend from the

frozen needles of the Alps to the blazing mouths of Vesuvius.

ANCONA, October 7, 1835.

But up up, I must be off. But what a lazy truant I am upon the road! Rimini we left long before daylight and upon the borders of the Adriatic, we witnessed the rising of the sun. Over the water from its bed in the East, it seemed to come as an emblem of the light and civilization which had blazed upon the world from the opposite shores of the sea, but alas, only the emblem is now left, for the land of its birth is sunk in apathy, and the thick ruins of its past are its only glory. The emblem, however, did magnificent honor to the scene. The sky with its thousands of clouds, hung as it were with so many banners of flame. The rich waves of light rolled far and wide across the sea of Heaven—and the shores of the Adriatic bounded in joy, as if in welcome of his coming. A sunrise so beautiful I never witnessed before, and I could not but connect it in my thoughts with the autumnal sunsets of my own home, which even the sky of Italy has not yet equalled in my eye,—indulging in a curious reverie, as I walked upon the sands, or up the little hills—thinking it might be that the glory of the morning was left for the land, where was the morning of man, while the brighter evening of his race was pictured in our own golden West, where not only the clouds stream with red and purple and blue, like rainbows in motion, but where the very forests dance in robes of light, and the tremulous leaves vie in splendor, and throw back and reflect all the colors as mellowed and dyed in the depth of the sky. I know not why, but so it is, there is a new pleasure that a man feels whenever for the first time his eyes fall upon a new river, or a new sea, and the sensation is similar whether it be a river or a sea, though the greater or less according to the magnitude and extent of the waters, or the history connected with them. One of the grandest views, if not the sublimest in the United States, it strikes me, is the junction of the Mississippi and the Ohio, not that there is aught of itself in the scenery around so very astonishing, but the idea of extent and power inflame the imagination there, when you see a stream of about 3000 miles long mingling with another of 1200 miles, and the greater absorbing the less, which of itself is a mighty river, without even swelling its stream, or widening its banks, as it seems to the eye, and both then to course on together a thousand miles more to meet the ocean! The almost boundless extent, and the awful but silent power of the seeming lazy current affected me more than the noise of Niagara, because extent was associated with power. A like sensation I felt even here on the shores of the Adriatic because here for the first time, my eyes had had an actual view of the broad sea itself, free and loose as it were, and not in chains as among the lagoons of Venice. But, as in the junction of the Mississippi and the Ohio, of which I have spoken, there is no hint at all astonishing in the scenery around, the sensation is powerful nevertheless.—The sight of a new sea is perhaps a new era in a man's life. It may be that he thinks he has made a new acquisition, and his heart beats proudly at the thought. Or it may be, that I felt aroused by the associations of similar objects in the sea, those longings after home, which every traveller feels, more or less, in a foreign land. I saw the same waters which in their everlasting flow may roll upon the very shores where all my hopes and my heart are, and as I discerned in the distance the Adriatic banks of Ancona, of Dalmatia, or of Greece, or it may be some American ship seeking her way to Trieste, I felt that on board each of these, there was a link that might connect me with them. The sight of a ship, always does a stranger's heart good, when he is in a foreign land, and particularly if he has been long in the interior of that land, for upon it he feels as if he could walk where he will be a stranger and a foreigner no more.—The great glory of the Adriatic though, is not this in the eye of a pilgrim from the new world. It is the only changeless thing amid the ruined empires all around. The oldest of all—yet it is the only thing young. Beauty and youth sit upon its waves, and its shores alone. The Mediterranean, the Archipelago, and the Adriatic are as they were when Homer coasted along them, or when the Egyptian sent his arms to Greece. Twenty nations, with their opulent cities, their regal palaces, their temples, and their arts, have fallen upon the Peninsula between the Euxine and the Medi-

terranean alone. The Trojan, the Lydian, the Macedonian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman and the Turk have each in turn shed their blood, and won their triumphs on its plains. Just over this sea is the land of Pericles, Themistocles and Cimon. An American steamboat in a single day, would carry me quite near the Acropolis and Mars Hill, or the Areopagus of Athens; but the city that Pericles adorned with marble, has but few other relics of interest left than the genius of the place. As we rode along, I could not but think upon the varied races of men that have sailed in arms over these waters, and upon the various means of navigation, from the Grecian and Roman with their galleys, and the Venetian clinging to the coast without a compass to guide him, to that new invention, that new power that a countryman of ours vivified and subdued for the service of man, so as to enable him to defy wind and tide. And it was a source of high gratification to me to see that though I was now upon one of the oldest known seas of the world, which the prow had been cleaving ever since the sheet was spread to catch the wind to move the wood, yet that upon all these seas from the best I could learn, aye, even from the pillars of Hercules to the Euxine, from the mouth of the Nile to Genoa the Superb, seas where Arts and Arms and Commerce had their birth,—yet that upon all these, thus laying the shores of Egypt, and Palestine, and Greece, and Italy, and Turkey, and Gallia, and Spain there are not so many steamboats now as there are upon the single inland water of Lake Erie, where sixty years ago the savage raged, and the tomahawk was brandished in terror! Good God, what an idea does this give of the growth and promise of my country! I verily believe that the inland trade of the single State of N. York is now worth all the trade of the whole Mediterranean, and its tributaries. The three hundred steamboats of the Mississippi would create more astonishment here than did the army of the Persian monarch who lashed the sea; and the vast inland vale from which they come is a world almost, if not quite as large as Thucydides or Strabo dreamed of.

But up—up, and on. Every little thought pulls me aside upon some speculation; and I shall never get to Rome. I get along as slowly as our vetturino goes. Our third day's ride was all along the Adriatic, on the old *Via Flaminia*. Catolica we passed, a town so called, from having served as a place of refuge to the orthodox prelates, who in the time of the Council of Rimini, separated themselves from the Arian or heterodox bishops. Pesaro, once a Roman colony, was the town in which we made our regular noon-day halt. The villa inhabited by the late Queen of England is about one mile from here; and in her pleasure grounds are two monuments, the one erected to the memory of her brother, who fell at Waterloo, and the other to the memory of her daughter, the late Princess Charlotte, of Wales. General Buonaparte made this his head quarters too, when as the Republican General, he was driving the Austrians from Italy-Fano. The ancient *Fanum Fortuna*, was the next town we entered. It is upon the coast of the Adriatic, near the mouth of the ancient Metaurus a river famous for having witnessed the defeat of Asdrubal, A. U. C. 545, by the Roman Consuls of that year. But at Fano, we only halted to fill our vetturino with four catholic priests, one a Jesuit, and one a Benedictine, and the others of what orders I do not know;—and when we started again, we were in the train of two other vetturinos full of catholic priests, all bound to Rome. The Jesuit did not bite me, and the others were very civil, though one of them loved his beads and his Latin prayer book more than conversation, probably because I murdered his Italian so. But they have one droll habit to which I have not as yet become accustomed, though I have witnessed it among all classes of men from the Rhine to the Adriatic—and that is, the custom of kissing each other, and embracing, for the same reason, that we shake hands. Now though there might be some sense in kissing a pretty cousin or a pretty female friend whom one had not seen for many a day, yet it is indeed droll to see ten or twelve strapping great men, with long beards often, and stiff mustachios, busily kissing as many others as strapping as themselves. But such, nevertheless, was the drollery we witnessed at Senigaglia, where we halted for the night, and where our whole flock of priests kissed every stray shepherd whom they met, of every other flock. However, I have made up my mind long ago to think one custom in one part of

the world as reasonable as another, and when the man in America tells me what is the use of shaking hands, I will tell him what is the use of kissing in Italy. The kissing ceremony with half of the world has reason and feeling on its side, but the *shaking hands*, with gloves on, has not even that. Every time I sneezed, the priests wished some saint would bless me, and bowed their heads, and the blessing came down thick, and the bows often, for I had a most amazing cold. If there is a sneezing saint then, and he hears the benedictions of the priests, my life will be a lucky one.

Senigaglia, our third night's lodging place, the *Sena Gallica* of the Romans, is a little town upon the Adriatic, with a port full of little vessels that cruise in and across the sea. The priests insisted upon acting as our Cicerones of the place, but it did not cost us much time to see its churches, and the shipping and the sailors, the strangest of all the shows, speaking a varied language in Italian idioms that outrival even the confusion of Babel, according as they were from the Eastern or Italian side of the waters, and appearing in as many varied costumes as there are dominions hereabout. Our dinner was, however, the most important affair of the day, which our priests by their affability and intelligence made very agreeable, telling us all they knew about their land, and inquiring all about ours, particularly of the valley of the Mississippi, of the progress of Catholicism, in which they have the most exalted promises. The usual quarrel at night, first with dirty sheets, and then with wet ones, ended the day, though not so well as usual this time, for we could find no dry sheets in the house, and therefore dispensed with any. This little quarrel has become as regular as going to bed.

Off before day light we were again on our fourth day's journey in our vetturino. I am out of all patience with the horses that are never made to trot, but that trip along in a quick stepping walk. However, a man must never be in a hurry in Italy.—That is the first lesson he must learn. An American must in this respect unchange his whole man, and forget his whole education. Our route this day was along the Adriatic. On one side was the calm sea, and the blue sky, and on the other gentle hills sloping gradually toward the water, but the quicker the road is passed over the better for the traveller. The promontory of Ancona was in sight long before we reached it. At last we were riding along the rocks thrown up to beat back the sea. The citadel was passed. The gates were reached, and a French soldier in his red breeches and long grey coat was standing there! A French army here on the Adriatic, the tri-colored flag waving over the walls, the poor Pope plundered on the flank by Austria, and on the other by France! Nevertheless I am so weary of the Austrian white coat, and the Papal locomotives in uniform, that a laughing, happy little Frenchman is to the eye as an oasis in the desert.

B.

ROME, October 12, 1835.

I have been travelling in a Roman Diligence ever since I can remember,—and at last I am housed within the walls of "the Eternal city." The mode and manner of coming, *firstly*, as the preachers say, and *secondly*—upon matters and things in general, as usual, you will cry—and first of the first, let me go back to Ancona.

Ancona retains its ancient name, a word of Greek origin, expressive of the angular form of the promontory on which the town is placed, and Strabo ascribes its foundation to the Syracusan who fled from the tyranny of Dionysius. The town has a magnificent quay, and peculiarly fine harbor of a circular form, which Trajan enlarged and improved at his own expense. A triumphal arch of Corinthian order, erected near the Fort, to commemorate this act of princely beneficence, is well proportioned, finely frescoed, simple, grand, and composed of very large blocks of Persian marble. It is now the great Roman harbor of the Adriatic, and perhaps the only Roman city, on which there exists any Commerce of any great extent, or much business, life and energy. The Pope allows there, for the sake of commerce, all religions, and thus the useful intermingling of the Protestant and the Hebrew, with the Catholic faith, creates something like activity in this free Port. But the streets, even the widest of them, are so narrow that two carriages can hardly pass abreast, and there are many of them in which no carriage can go at all. The walls are

too small for the population, and hence the houses are over-crowded with inhabitants—and full of myriads and myriads of fleas.

Among the public edifices, the Cathedral is the most prominent. It stands on a high and commanding summit, with the busy city beneath, the Appenines not far off on the side of land, and the Adriatic, with the opposite coast of Dalmatia sometimes visible, on the other side. The position and the view are superb, and every traveller should wind up the hill to see the mountains and the sea. It stands, it is said, on a site of a Temple of Venus, which shows, if such be the fact, that the ancient worshippers of that beautiful divinity knew well how to give her the choicest place for a home. The Lazaretto, that indispensable appendage of every Italian city, is well worth seeing. The Custom House or Exchange is adorned with statues and paintings. But the population after all, is the choicest of the shows, and among them the Jews are the most conspicuous in their way. I entered with my friend into the narrow streets in which they live. The women took us by force, yes, by all the strength they could muster,—not another rape of the Sabines, you will say,—into their shops, and there in one manner and another compelled us to buy. The process of sale was to demand a double or a triple price, and then to ask what we would give, and to insist upon an offer, and as no reasonable man ever thinks of underbidding one half the price demanded, when we made them offers, they always accepted them. Thus we purchased garments in which it is dangerous to move for fear of spitting them to pieces, handkerchiefs that even the winds will split, and stockings so feeble that they tumble apart when we look at them. The pretty Jewesses of Ancona! Look out for them hereafter. Never enter their streets even for there is no escaping them. They cheated us delightfully, and then gave us coin to console us. My friend and myself had hardly money enough left to get to Rome.

A tax is charged upon all strangers who enter Ancona by land, of three Pauls, (30 cents)—and such is the custom I believe, in very many of the principal towns; at least it is in Ferrara and Bologna and Ancona thus far, and in Rome also I am told,—a card of permission to reside in the city also costing three Pauls more. Regularly, every night that we have slept upon the road all the way from Milan, our passport has been demanded, and carried to the Police, and there is almost always some charge greater or less. I mention this as among the blessings of many governments crowded together, and as one only of the trivial consequences of that disunion which would fall upon us from the separation of our States. The introduction of the passport system would necessarily follow,—and this is one of the greatest nuisances on the continent of Europe.

Ancona we left at night about one o'clock, in a Roman stage coach that carried twelve persons, and that could carry almost as many more. The French garrisons extend no further than the walls of the city, and there of course we lost sight of them. The French, by the way, seized upon the port of Ancona because the Austrians garrisoned Bologna and Ferrara and Forlì; and thus the two great powers between them, are taking care of the eastern dominions of the Holy See. The next town of importance we reached was Loreto, so famous for having within one of its churches the *Santa Casa*, the Holy House in which not only Christ was born and bred for twelve years, but his mother Mary also, which aforesaid Holy House having been in eminent danger in Nazareth of Galilee from the armies of Titus Vespasian, but in a danger more imminent afterwards when Galilee was in possession of the infidels, and every professor of Christianity was put to the sword, at last in 1291 was lifted from its foundations by angels, and transported through the air as far as Dalmatia, but not liking that residence, three years afterwards, took another jump across the Adriatic too, and alighted in the dead of night in a forest near Recanati, (not far from Loreto) where all the trees bowed down to the ground and thus remained in reverence, like the fish to whom St. Anthony preached, as long as the Holy House continued among them. The Virgin Mary there took notice of the house, and devotees and pilgrims flocked fast to the sacred dwelling, but as the devil tempting some thieves and robbers there to plunder the pilgrims as they came, the Holy House, after a sitting of only eight months, took another flight, and set

itself down about a mile further off, on the joint property of two brothers, but the brothers quarrelling and fighting at last about the division of the spoil of the pilgrims, the Holy House took its last and final jump upon its present situation, where the people of Loreto have covered it in a splendid church, and where pilgrims have adorned it with the dazzling treasures of golden lamps, censers, statues, chalices, vases of gold and silver, jewels, gems, robes, pictures, mosaics, the *ex voto* offerings of nobles, and crowned heads, as well as of the humble and the poor. The scarlet gown that the Virgin had on when the Angel Gabriel appeared to her, and the *holy porringer* in which Jesus was fed, are also to be seen. Any *Signus Dei*, rosary, crucifix, &c. &c. shaken about reverently in this holy porringer by the proper priest, will cure the disease of the owner, and even keep off the devil himself.

The immense treasures of this Holy House the French in their invasion of Italy appropriated to their own use about the time that they abolished Sundays, and found out a new God, and bled Paris with the guillotine. At the Restoration the image of the Holy Mother of God got back to Loreto, and princes and nobles have been since enriching it, while the pilgrims are yet grooving the marble floor on their creeping knees. The history of the Holy House that I have given you, I have translated from an Italian chronicle, in my own words to be sure, but keeping to the facts, which are much more solemnly told, however, than I have told them. Prince Eugene Beauharnois, Maria Louisa, Ex-Duchess of Parma and Queen of Etruria, Charles the Fourth of Spain, the Princess of Wirtemberg, the Emperor of Austria, and such like personages have enriched this place with emeralds and amethysts, and turquoise rings set in gold, and rubies, and pearls, and garnets, all for the Holy Mother of God, who when on earth was content with the earthen holy porringer, to feed her child, bred in a humble house no better than the cabin of an Indian woodcutter on the banks of the Ohio.

My book of which I have spoken, has given me my chief knowledge of the Holy House. For though I was in Loreto at early morning, the house where pilgrims throng to the church, and when the altars are most brightly lit up, and the treasures seem the richest, I had but a hasty look, for my breakfast was at the time inviting me more than this flying house of the Saviour, and the book I concluded would better instruct me than the priests. It was about day-light when our diligence reached its stopping place in the town, and one of the first voices I heard at the windows of the coach was a man whispering in a very low tone, that he had something important to show us, if we would descend. My friend and myself descended, and followed him in a narrow alley of a dim and doubtful look, and there entering into a little shop, we found various kinds of relics for sale, rosaries, &c. all blessed in the holy porringer, and among them all the book which gave us the miraculous history of the Holy House. After sputtering out what bad Italian we knew at the walk he had made us take in order to see his relics and his book, we bought the last, and I busied myself in reading it on our way in the diligence to Rome.

After quitting the great pilgrimage ground of the Christian world, which rivals Jerusalem and St. Peters, where men and women have thronged in caravans, with their tanners, their Governors, and their Priests even to the number of 100,000 at a time, it is said, performing the most painful devotions on their knees, around the circuit of the Holy House in such multitudes as I have hinted before, that they grove in the marble even to the depth of an inch and a half,—we started for Foligno, across the Appenines on our way to Rome.—Maccerata was one of the first towns we passed, of about 10,000 inhabitants, situated in the summit of a mountain where the traveller can see the Adriatic, often a delightful view when it is the first, as the voyager comes from the side of the Mediterranean. Tolentino was one of the next towns that we entered, in nothing remarkable, unless it be in having the sepulchre of St. Nicholas, and in being the place where the treaty was signed between the Pope and Bonaparte when the conqueror got the Belvedere Apollo, and the toilette of the Virgin of Loreto. Valcinna, a poverty stricken village, situated in a valley covered with superb oaks comes next, and then the plain ceases, and there the ascent is continued up to the narrow passage of Seravalle (the name vale) and ascent made with six horses, two postillions, and two yokes of oxen at the rate

of about a mile or a little more an hour, though it was far from being so very difficult. Oxen, however, among the Appenines, are indispensable appendages to the Post, as it seems.

Seravalle is a village crowded between two mountains which are a little distant one from the other. It was the boundary line of the late Kingdom of Italy, near here is the little village of Camerino which Livy says, furnished 600 men to Scipio to pass into Africa. The ruins of walls, and gates of an ancient gothic castle are to be seen there at the present day. After this, we entered the narrow passage of Col Florito, where the road is creviced in the rock, and forms a demicircle of about two miles in extent, and so very narrow is it, that if two carriages meet, it is always difficult, and often quite impossible without retrograding, to pass. Next comes the village of Case Nuove in a territory as sterile as death, the only resources of whose inhabitants seems to be the charity of the passing travellers for men, women and children in rags in all the names of the thirty thousand Saints, more or less, with the Virgin Mary in the bargain, to relieve their wants, promising us if we did, ten thousand blessings—now bowing their heads to the earth, now kneeling in the dirt, resorting in short to all the ingenious devices that could touch our hearts. My own happy country! How happy are you in never being shocked with such spectacles of human misery and degradation.

Foligno came next, but it was deep night when we arrived there. The worst passes of the Appenines we had surmounted and cleared. The scenery had been wild and naked, but the quicker it is passed, the happier the traveller will be. Too much misery meets the eye, to induce one to wish for a longer tarry. Our Diligence stopped at Foligno till day, and out of the then unoccupied seats, I made my bed for the night, much more comfortable I found in the morning than my flea-bitten companion had discovered in the House.—Day light showed us, that Foligno was in a pretty vale, and our eyes were delight again to behold hills covered with verdure and with trees. The ruins of the ancient temple of Clitumnus, that classic stream sung by the Poets from Virgil to Claudian, was on the summit of the hill by our road. A Catholic chapel it is now, but the devastators of Bishops and Monks have left but little of that beauty that the architect Palladio so much admired.—Virgil in his Georgics apostrophises this stream, and speaks of its fleecy flocks (albiregnes) and lordly bulls (maxima taurus) that bled for the gods, and bring Roman triumphs to their temple. But Clitumnus has lost its virtue since the days of Propertius and Silvas Italicas, for now though the cattle are white, they are not those pump milk white snowy bulls that become the whiter from laving in and drinking of the stream. And though the scenery was pretty enough, yet I was far from agreeing with Pliny, when the beggar thronged around me, that "there is nothing with which you may not be pleased." In summa, nihil erit ex quo non capis voluptatem—for the Italian cry of *carita, carita, quidche, co a*, charity, charity, something, something—give me something, is now louder than even the oracles of the river god, or the prayers there offered to the Umbrian Jupiter.

I feel now that I am on classic ground, and as I saw on the highlands of Scotland with the Lady of the Lake in my hand, or on the Lakes of Westmoreland with the Poems of Wordsworth,—objects, the inspiration of British pens,—even so I see here, or begin to see, what inspired the pen of a Virgil and a Horace. The walls of Spoleto, the Spoletium of Livy, are before me on the acclivity of a mountain—the citizens in which repulsed the conquering Hannibal, when flushed with victory on the Lake of Trasymene that he had dyed red with Roman blood, he put himself on the route to Rome. *Porta Fuga* is the name of a gate bearing an inscription, which to this day, records the event.—Soon after passing Spoleto, and the suburbs so beautiful, we began the ascent of the mountain, Somma, the Jupiter of the Appenines. Seeing oxen as usual fastened to our Diligence, I got out, and commenced the ascent on foot,—and I reached the summit, and had time to make a little dinner of sour wine, and hard crumbs of bread, all I could get, long before the lazy oxen reached me. Beggars throng his hill; a capital plan for them, as on one side the carriage goes slowly up, the passengers generally walking, and on the other, they are dragged chained downward. Terni came next, the

birth place of Tacitus, but better known for its *Cascata delle Marmore*, or its marble cascade. Byron in his "Hell of waters" as he calls it when "they howl and hiss;" but as an Englishman's "hell of waters" differs so very much from an American model Niagara, or even the second-rate cataracts of my own State, I came to the conclusion that the poetry was grander than the waterfall, and therefore kept the diligence on to Rome, without waiting a day to visit the cascade some distance from the road.

The strange if not beautiful scenery on the road from Terni along the Appenines, interested me much. But all I could think of was the Tiber and Rome. I caught a glimpse of the first just as the sun was setting and night hurrying on; and I would not sell the delicious pleasure inspired by that first glimpse for many a richer show. Soracte's towering brow that Horace apostrophises, was even now, as it was in his day, blanched with snow. The ruins of the ancient Oriculum, but a mass of rubbish now, inspired an Italian who was with us, and he burst forth in an *improvisation* as wild in expression, as it was amusing and new. But darkness came on, and I could see no more. Two dragons on horseback escorted us across the Campagna,—and all I could hear in the distance was the beating of the horse's hoofs upon the pavement. The rising mist obscured every thing; and though I strained my eyes, I could see nothing through the mist and my window, for that, my fellow travellers would not let me open on account of the *malaria*. But they told me all was misery, or ruin, and desolation, though this was once a colonnade of palaces and temples that led to Rome! Sleep was out of the question. All I could think of was Rome. I magnified the horrors around me, as we rode slowly over the land which Madame De Staël so beautifully describes as a land fatigued with glory. By the first light of morning, we were at the walls of Rome, entering the *Porta del Popolo*, a place so far from answering to my preconceived ideas of ruined Rome, that I found it to be one of the most beautiful places I had ever seen. Our passports were taken from us. Our course was then up the Corso to the Dogana, or custom house, which is in part the ruins of an ancient temple.

The emotions of a traveller when entering a city which in the new world, has ever been among his earliest dreams, where topography was taught him even with the geography of his own land, are not such as can be well described, or if described, to be shared by others. It is one of those eras in a man's life which he never forgets, and the impressions go with him to his death. I was disappointed in every thing that I saw at first, as in every man whose anticipations are linked with the poetic Rome of the Past, and not the half dead and half living Rome of the Present. I have as yet just seen enough to know that in the years only of study too, can this august city be visited. What a paltry account I shall give you then in my hurried marches of some twenty or thirty days!

B.

Some sixty years ago, the first English settlement was made in Kentucky, and forty-five years ago, the whole population of the Valley did not exceed 140,000. Now it is more than 5,000,000—the increase for the last twenty years, having been estimated at 100 per cent. in ten years. And supposing the increase to go on, only at the rate of 70 per cent. in ten years, the population of the Valley, in 1845, will be *eight and a half millions*—in 1855 *fourteen and a half million*—and 1685, little short of 25 millions—nearly double the number of the whole existing population of the United States. Thus we are to look for in the short space of thirty years; and before the lapse of the present century not less than one hundred millions will probably occupy this Valley. Every thing resulting from human enterprise, and human skill, are advancing with corresponding celerity and vigor. Thus we are in the midst of a region, in whose character and destiny, is involved much of the happiness of our race. Our hope is to aid in moulding this character aright.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
ODE ON THE DELIVERANCE OF TEXAS,
Addressed to General Houston.

Away with tales of Grecian glory!
No longer con that ancient page
For acts embalm'd in deathless story,
Of hallow'd valour's noble rage,
Not there alone they burn before ye;
Turn to a nearer scene of strife,
Whose bloody record fresh before ye,
Attests the heroic waste of life.
The marvels of grey Marathon, whose consecrated
fight
Shines down thro' long three thousand years as Free-
dom's beacon light;
Nor Morat's mountain-altar, on storied Alpine height
Where Switzer-peasants shamed the bold Burgundian
into flight;
Not these—nor thousand such out do
The Texian martyrs' service true.

Hark to a cry from the far West!
A cry of woe—the cry of blood
From brethren to the death oppress,
Rolls o'er our proud Behemoth flood.
In Texas plains denying quarter,
The blood red banner wildly waves;
Hark! hark! the signal guns of slaughter!
For vengeance Santa Anna raves.
Vengeance! on whom? The trumpet voice
Of Freedom shrieks the stern reply;
Her sons—a sacred band—rejoice
In her defence to do or die.

The Goddess rises—in her grasp displayed
The beaming terrors of that awful blade,
Which erst on Bunker's Hill she drew,
And which shall never sheathed be
Till backward driven Mexic's foul crew,
Shrink to their home of slavery.
And at her armed call awake
Such patriot glow of ecstasy,
As spurn'd the Persian despots yoke,
And triumph'd at Thermopylae.
Oh! deathless spirits of the brave!
Within the Alamo's walls ye rush,
No cowards terms of truce to crave,—
But, bent on glory or the grave,
The holy cause to serve and save,
Ye die!—they conquer not but crush.
By dire odds outbrav'd assailed,
Like lion bearded in his den,
This handful of undaunted men,
Each charge with gen'rous fury hail'd
Till perjured Cos's cravens quail'd,
And flew, like scar'd fowl to the fen.
Dread as the bursting thunder-cloud,
Your deadly bolts ye deal around;
Eight times repuls'd the braggarts proud
Leave heaps of dead to tint the ground.
The hostile host slow rolling on
Your vengeful volleys swift sweep down;
And San Antonio's ramparts won,
The victor's brow no laurels crown.
'Tis o'er—the desperate conflict's done:
Who flies? who yields? who lives?—not one!

Their memory in glory shrin'd,
Passing th' immortal Spartan's fame,
An humble wreath the muse would bind
To deck each noble, noted name.
The warrior-woodman CROCKETT, who grimly smil'd
at death,
And, still "a head," 'mid hecatombs resign'd his well
sold breath;

Bowie! young lion of the wild! his free and fearless
breast,
Fierce with the rapture of the strife, inspiring the rest;
The bold Virginian TRAVIS, who led the hero train,
The mighty and the free that spurn'd at safety—and a
chain;

These perish'd there!—there sunk to rest
By all their country's praises blest.
Each fighting fell;—'tis silent all;
Murder has wip'd his greedy knife;
Sad glory throws her hallowing pall
Around the horrors of that strife.
The demon dastards, there defied,
Disgraced, and trembling at their gain,—
Now pouring in, in frantic pride,
The rites of sepulchre denied,
And basely main'd the God like slain.
Vain impotence of sickening crime!
Curs'd deed of shame!—their deeds sublime,
Where'er the winged wind shall bear,
The ashes idly scattered there,
Shall bid the tamest soul to glow—
And loftiest psalm-hymns to flow,
See! bursting from the funeral pyre,
The precious phoenix flames aspire!
They blaze!—they lighten o'er the land,
Appalling, but enkindling too;
The maddened brave—the fearful few,
Who backward from the contest drew,—
Now nerv'd with energy divine,
Accept the awful answering sign.
Each Texian to his arms shall stand—
Eusanguin'd wave each busy brand—
And slacken none his red, right hand
Till paid the old and new.

And lo! another Washington!
With wisdom's aegis, leads them on.
HOUSTON! with haughty beauty dight,*
The avenging Alcides in might—
His fiery warriors musters nigh;
Far rings around their battle cry,
(The Alamo watch-word shrilling by)
Of! Victory or Death!

On him, the chief, is fix'd each eye;
He fires each breast with ardour high:
Marcellus' fervour—Fabius' care—
Napoleon's energy are there;
And burns and breathes, and beats that heart—
Inform'd with all the patriot part—
With that stern transport heroes feel,
When starting on the rare career—
To make—not mar—a country's weal,
And honour's meed to win and wear!
With breathless interest—proud surprize,
From Maine to Mississippi's banks,
Our nation bends its eager eyes,
That watch and weep and sympathise—
On HOUSTON and his firm phalanx.

They've met, the adverse pow'rs of war—
They've met, the lofty and the low;
The eagle-race from states afar—
The prairie-wolves of Mexico.
Even as the fiend Ithuriel dar'd—
Then blench'd at his uplifted spear,—
The brigand butcher fought and far'd,
When drew the Liberator near,
With lofty soul, serene but stern
As Maccabeus in the fray;
Before his sword the coward kerne,
Like ice 'neath sun-beams, melt away.
"Revenge for brothers basely slain!"

* Gen. Houston, has long been celebrated for the
splendor of his person.

From the London Quarterly.
THE ORIGINAL.

By Thomas Walker, a Police Magistrate of London

'Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,'
was repeated in Dr. Johnson's hearing, he endeavor-
ed to throw ridicule on the sentiment by a parody—
'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat';

but, with all due deference to the Ursa Major of cri-
ticism, we cannot help thinking that a man's expo-
sition or representation of a character may derive both
truth and vividness from its resemblance to his own.
Does any one, for example, believe, that Mr. Do
Quincey would have expatiated so eloquently on the
glories of opium-eating, had he not been himself a
veritable Turk in such matters? or that Charles Lamb
could ever have indited his 'Confessions of a D Unk-
aid' had he lived all his life as soberly as Madame
Pasta* or Sir Andrew Agnew?

From the first announcement of this publication,
therefore, our decided opinion was, that it would fail
unless 'The Original' should prove himself the great
sublime he drew; and we were not a little rejoiced to
find, as well from the inestimable scraps of autobio-
graphy scattered amongst the essays as from other less
palpable indications, that Mr. Walker is actually and
honestly a member of the now almost defunct corpo-
ration of humorists, who made the fortune of the dra-
matist of old—fellows of infinite sense, nimb; subtilness,
kindness cordiality & egotism, with just oddity enough
to make them amusing without concealing the ster-
ling goodness of their characters. To enable our read-
ers to judge whether we are right in classifying the
present writer amongst these, we shall begin by bring-
ing together a few of the reminiscences he has printed
of himself. The following are prefixed, by way of in-
troduction, to a series of papers 'On the art of attain-
ing high Health,' which commence with the third
number of the work:—

'Some months before I was born, my mother lost a
fav'rite child from illness, owing, as she accused her-
self, to her own temporary absence; and at that cir-
cumstances preyed upon her spirits, and affected her health
to such a degree, that I was brought into the world in
a very weakly and wretched state. It was supposed
I could not survive long; and nothing, I believe, but
the greatest maternal tenderness and care preserved
my life. During childhood I was very frequently and
seriously ill, often thought to be dying, and once pro-
nounced dead. I was ten years old before it was
judged safe to trust me from home at all; and my fa-
ther's wish to place me at a public school was unfor-
mally opposed by various medical advisers on the ground
that it would be my certain destruction. During
these years, and for a long time after, I felt no security
of my health. At last, one day when I had shut my-
self up in the country, and was reading with great at-
tention Cicero's treatise "De Oratore," some passage
—I quite forgot what—suggested to me the expediency
of making the improvement of my health my study.
I rose from my book, stood bolt upright, and deter-
mined to be well. In pursuance of my resolution I
tried many extremes, was guilty of many absurdities,
and committed many errors, amidst the remonstrances
and ridicule of those around me. I persevered, never-
theless, and it is now, I believe, full sixteen years since
I have had any medical advice, or taking any medi-

* The last time Madame Pasta was in England a li-
terary lady of high distinction asked her whether she
drank as much port as usual:—No, mia cara, prendo
HALF-AND-HALF adesso' . . . HALF-AND-HALF is a
light summer beverage composed of port and ale in
equal proportions.

The Texians scour the battle plain,
Let triumph's clarion blithe resound,
Let earth's ten thousand tongues pour out,
A mighty and a deafening shout,—
The patriots by acc aim be crowned
For Freedom's grandest victory;
A host dispers'd—their Ruler ta'en,
The oppressor doomed to wear the chain—
While Fame's fond annals yet remain
This feat shall peerless be;

And high amid the honour'd few—the nation founders
blessed,
Thou, HOUSTON, take thy equal place—enjoy thy
glorious rest.

Miltades at Marathon
So green a laurel never won:
Nor'd in field of Bannockburn
The Bruce 'neath Scotia's standard earn
Such full and fair renown.

No trembling tyrant nobly spar'd,
To their triumphal car stood bound;
Submissive to his foes award,
See Santa Anna lick the ground!

No more shall shriek in wild despair,
The maids and wives of Texas' fair;
With garlands in their shining hair,
The conquerors their embrace;

And he! the great Deliverer!
Who sniv'd ruthless Texic's spear,—
What trophies bright to him they rear!
His name what lengthened honours grace!

Wide o'er the world the lustrous star of sov'reign
Texas beams,

No more to set while mountains stand, and San Jacinto
streams;
While stamp'd upon the radiant scroll, time hath no
pow'r to dim,
But brightens still—while earth applauds, and guar-
dian seraphs hymn—

'Mid W. lace, Doria, Tell, and the arch-champion
Washington,

Imperishable glows the name and fame by HOUS-
TON won!

VIRGINIA.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

TO MISS ———

Fare thee well, perhaps forever,
Painful—bitter, though it be—
Oh that I, the ties could sever,
Binding still my soul to thee.

I have striven to forget thee,
From thy presence wished to go—
But when'er my eyes have met thee,
I have loved thee still the more—

Canst thou, wilt thou, not forgive me?
Oh! forgive, forget the past—
And if thou canst never love me,
Grant thy friendship to the last—

If 'tis criminal to adore thee,
Guilt, pure love for thee to feel—
Deep in crime, I stand before thee,
For I love thee far too well—

True, too rash were the advances,
Ardent love did make to thee—
But thy matchless smiles and glances,
Won my heart, and ruined me—

Fare thee well, earth's brightest treasure,
Happy be thy lot below,
May thy bosom thrill with pleasure,
Mine can ne'er expect to know.

J.

cine; or anything whatever by way of medicine. During that period I have lived constantly in the world—for the last six years in London, without ever being absent during any whole week—and I have never foregone a single engagement of business or pleasure, or been confined an hour, with the exception of two days in the country from over exertion. For nine years I have worn neither great-coat nor cloak, though I ride and walk at all hours and in all weathers, my dress has been the same in summer and winter, my under garments being single and only of cotton, and I am always light shod. The only inconvenience I suffer is occasionally from colds; but with a little more care I could entirely prevent them; or, if I took the trouble, I could remove the most severe in four-and-twenty hours.

As it may be instructive and amusing to point out such chance analogies between the thoughts and habits of Mr. Walker and other distinguished individuals as they occur to us, we shall here observe, that the time and manner of his determination to be well, strongly resemble Major Longbow's no less strenuous determination on board the steamer, that no human consideration should induce him to be sick; and that, from his power of preventing or rapidly removing colds, we should suppose Mr. Walker related to the Marquis of Snowden, immortalised by Mr. Hook in 'Love and Pride,' who scouts, as a reflection on his nobility, the bare supposition that a Plinlimmon could catch cold. But we need not resort to fiction for instances of the exemption obtained by great men, apparently by mere dint of volition, from the ordinary wants and weaknesses of humanity. The Duke of Wellington is said to have been enabled to sustain the extraordinary fatigues of the late war in the Peninsula by the acquired habit of snatching sleep at any period of the day or night indifferently, though another General whose name has been a good deal before the public, required not merely his regular hours of rest, but the ministering aid of a warming-pan. Physiologists, again, attribute the imperturbable calmness of Prince Talleyrand—of whom Madame Guizot used to say that a kick on the hinder part of his person produced no change whatever in the expression of his face—to his faculty of compelling the due discharge of the most important of the bodily functions at will. We are the more particular in our enumeration of instances, to prepare the reader for the still more startling assertion of personal privilege or exemption which comes next. Our author is describing the results of an abstemious diet:—

'Indeed I felt a different being, light and vigorous, with all my senses sharpened—I enjoyed an absolute glowing existence. I cannot help mentioning two or three instances in proof of my state, though I dare say they will appear almost ridiculous, but they are nevertheless true. It seems that from the surface of an animal in perfect health there is an active exhalation going on which repels impurity; for when I walked on the dustiest roads, not only my feet, but even my stockings, remained free from dust. By way of experiment I did not wash my face for a week, nor did any one see, nor I feel, the difference.'

Yet even these things may be paralleled from the memoirs of a hero of real life, who resembles Mr. Walker both in his personal peculiarities and manner of telling them, to a degree which will amply justify us in adding his authority to the above. We allude to the famous Lord Herbert of Chisbury, whose narrative runs thus:—

'I shall relate now some things concerning myself, which though they may seem scarce credible, yet before God are true. I had been now in France about a year and a half, when my tailor, Andrew Henly, of Basil, who now lives in Blackfriars, demanded of me half a yard of satin to make me a suit, more than I

was accustomed to give, of which I required a reason, saying I was not latter now than when I came to France. He answered, it is true, but you are taller, whereunto when I would give no credit, he brought his old measures and made appear that they did not reach to their just places. I told him I knew not how this happened, but however he should have half a yard more, and that when I came into England I would clear the doubt; for little before my departure thence, I remember William, earl of Pembroke and myself did measure heights together, at the request of the Countess of Bedford, and he was then higher than I by about the breadth of my little finger. At my return, therefore, into England, I measured again with the same Earl, and, to both our great wonders, found myself taller than he by the breadth of a little finger, which growth of mine I could attribute to no other cause but to my quartan ague, formerly mentioned, which, when it quitted me, left me in a more perfect health than I formerly enjoyed, and indeed disposed me to some follies which I afterwards repented and do still repent of.

'I shall tell some other things alike strange of myself. I weighed myself in balances often with men lower than myself by the head, and in their bodies slenderer, and yet was found lighter than they, as Sir John Davies, Knight, and Richard Griffiths, now living, can witness, with both whom I have been weighed. I had also, and have still, a pulse in the crown of my head. It is well known to those that wait in my chamber that the shirts and waistcoats, and other garments I wear next my body, are sweet beyond what either easily can be believed or hath been observed in any one else, which sweetness also was found to be in my breath above others before I used to take tobacco, which towards my latter time I was forced to take against certain rheums and catarrhs that troubled me, which yet did not taint my breath for any long time. I scarce ever felt cold in my life, though yet so subject to catarrhs that I think no man ever was more obnoxious to it, all which I do in a familiar way mention to my posterity, though otherwise they might be thought scarce worth the writing.—*The Life of Lord Herbert of Chisbury; Written by himself. Edit. of 1809, pp. 232—235.*

It was also said of M. de Fitzjames by 'la maine Deshoulières,' that he might be rolled in a gutter all his life without contracting a spot of dirt. Still we are not surprised to find Mr. Walker endeavoring, in a subsequent number, to corroborate his statement by a high medical authority:—

'My most staggering assertion I take to be this—[The Original here repeats it]—Dr. Gregory says of a person in high health, the exhalation from the skin is free and constant, but without amounting to perspiration—*exhalatio per cutem libera et constans, citra vero sudorem*—which answers with remarkable precision to "my active exhalation," and the repulsion of impurity is a necessary consequence. In fact, it is perspiration so active as to fly from the skin instead of remaining upon it, or suffering anything else to remain; just as we see on animal in high health—(i.e. M. de Fitzjames)—"roll in the mire and directly after appear as clean as if it had been washed. I enter into these particulars, not to justify myself, but to gain the confidence of my readers, not only on this particular subject, but generally—more especially as I shall have frequent occasion to advance things out of the common way though in the way of truth. Well-grounded faith has great virtue in other things besides religion. The want of it is an insuperable bar to improvement in things temporal as well as in things spiritual, and is the reverse of St. Paul's "rejoiceth in the truth; believeth all things; hopeth all things;" for it believes nothing and hopes nothing. It is the rule of an unfortunate sect of sceptics in excellence, who in the mention of anything sound, look wonderfully

and shake their heads, and smile inwardly—infallible systems of a hopeless condition of half knowledge and self-conceit.'

We entreat Mr. Walker to believe that we are not of this unfortunate sect; we place the most implicit faith in his dirt-repelling capabilities; but opinions may differ as to the cleanliness of a face, and he therefore will do well to keep his feet in the same relative state of purity, to be prepared, at all events, with Lady Mary Wortley Montague's retort, who, on a French lady's expressing some astonishment at the not quite spotless condition of her hands, exclaimed, 'Mes mains, Madame!—ah! si vous voyiez mes pieds!' Miss Berry, in her clever and agreeable book on the Social Life of England and France, quotes this reply in illustration of the coarseness of the times; but the inference is hardly just, for, assuming Lady Mary to have been acting on Mr. Walker's theory, to say that her feet were dirty was simply tantamount to saying that she was ill. At the same time, in case of confirmed ill health, it might be advisable to try the effect of occasional ablution instead of trusting to 'active exhalation,' exclusively. Mr. Wadd, in his treatise on Leanness and Corpulency, records the case of an elderly female who had shunned all contact with water, both hot or cold, for more than twenty years, under a belief that it was bad for the rheumatism, to which she was a martyr; when, long after she had given up all hopes of cure, she had the good fortune to get half drowned in a pond, and the immersion, combined with the consequent stripping and rubbing, effected her perfect restoration to health. It may be also just as well to caution Mr. Walker's admirers against following his example as to clothing too rigidly, particularly in the article of cotton stockings and thin shoes; for by going 'lightly shod' in wet weather they may incur an inconvenience of a very different description from cold. The Baron de Béranger relates that having secured a pickpocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of inquiring whether there was anything in his face that had procured him the honor of being singled out for such an attempt:—'Why, Sir,' said the fellow, 'your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a flat.'

We are tempted to quote another of Mr. Walker's personal immunities:—

'Once when I was residing at Rome, my horse suddenly ran up a steep bank, and threw me off behind with great force on my head upon a hard bank. I felt a violent shock, and a very unpleasant sensation for the moment, but experienced no bad consequences whatever. For some time previously I had been living very carefully as to diet, and had taken a great deal of exercise, otherwise I am confident I should have suffered greatly, if not fatally.'

Mr. Walker ought certainly to know best; but our equally confident conviction is, that the escape was entirely owing to the original firmness of the exterior defences of the brain.

Having now ascertained the habits and peculiarities of the Police Magistrate, we turn back to his Preliminary Address, which must be quoted to convey an accurate notion of his plan:—

'Dear Reader, I address you without ceremony, because I do not like ceremony, and because I hope we shall soon be on intimate terms. I have long meditated this mode of introducing myself to your acquaintance, from a belief that it might be for our mutual advantage: for mine, by furnishing a constant and interesting stimulus to my faculties of observation and reflection; for yours, by setting before you an alternative diet of sound and comfortable doctrines, blended with innoxious amusement.

It is my purpose to treat as forcibly, perspicuously,

and concisely as each subject and my own ability will allow, of whatever is most interesting and important in religion and politics, in morals and manners, and in our habits and customs. Besides my graver discussions, I shall present you with original anecdotes, narratives, and miscellaneous matters, and with occasional extracts from other authors, just as I think I can most contribute to your instruction or amusement; and even my lightest articles I shall, as often as I am able, make subservient to the illustration of some sound principle, or the enforcement of some useful precept, at the same time rejecting nothing as too trifling, provided it can excite in you an *antibibulous* sensation, however slight.

'In conclusion, I must tell you that with regard to pecuniary profit as an author, I estimate that as I do popularity in my capacity of magistrate. A desire for popularity has no influence on my decisions, a desire for profit will have none on my writings. I hunt after neither one nor the other. It they follow as consequences of a patient and fearless perseverance in the establishment of right, well and good—I value them on no other terms. I aspire in my present undertaking to set an example towards raising the national tone in whatever concerns us socially or individually, and to this end I shall labor to develop the truth, and seasonably to present it in a form as intelligible and attractive to all ages and conditions as lies in my power.

'I have given you my name and additions, that you may be the better able to judge what credit I am entitled to in respect to the different subjects of which I may treat, and as the best security against that license which authors, writing anonymously, even when known, are but too apt to allow themselves.'

Here Mr. Walker is unconsciously pluming himself with one of Lord Mansfield's feathers—'I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.*' His disregard of literary profits may be based on another great lawyer's authority—'Glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve to scorn all meaner views. I speak not of your wretched scribbles for bread, who tease the world with their wretched productions; fourteen years is too long a period for their perishable trash. It was not for gain that Bacon, Newton, Locke, instructed and delighted the world. "When the bookseller offered Milton five pounds for his *Paradise Lost*, he did not reject it, and commit his poem to the flames—nor did he accept the miserable pittance as the reward of his labors: he knew that the real price of his work was immortality and that posterity would pay it."—Mr. Walker may be supported by the same consciousness; but, sad as the sinking in point of sentiment may be, we own we think there was more sense in Ensign Odoherty's maxim, given in Blackwood, that every unpaid writer is *ex vi termini*, an ass.

Lines from the Arabic (unpublished).

Wakeful, I list yon cooing dove,
Whose heart, like mine, with grief is broken;
With mournful plaints she fills the grove,
While silent tears my pangs betoken.

Methinks we share one common grief,
And fore one love our vigils keep;
Partners in woe—ah, sad relief!
'Tis her's to wail, and mine to weep!

* Judgment in Wilkes's Case.

† Lord Camden's speech on the great Copyright Case, Becket and Donaldson, in 1774.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.—No. II.

In the pursuit of literature, there is something truly fascinating. To cull the gay flowers of fiction, and imbibe the impassioned language of poetry, charms and elevates the mind. To catch the breath of genius as it gushes forth in all its power, and to watch the play of the imagination, is a delightful task. But when this genius is the production of our own time, fostered by our care, and brought to light by our exertions, and when this imagination is engaged in portraying the scenery of our native land, its beautiful lakes, rivers, mountains and valleys, there is a tinge of patriotism blended with the pleasure—we feel proud that America has produced men of genius.

When our forefathers threw off the yoke, which the tyranny of the Mother Country had imposed upon them, they did not, at the same time, free themselves from all the sentiments and opinions which there prevailed. And it was not natural. It is difficult to wean the mind from long established habits. They felt for Great Britain a filial regard; they were accustomed to look up to her for protection and support: and when they found hatred assuming the place of love, and tyranny, that of protection, they did rend asunder the tie which united them, but it was with a sorrowful heart—it was like raising the arm against a beloved parent. Although after they became free, they no longer looked to her for assistance, protection or support, yet they were entirely dependent on her for intellectual sustenance. Literary works in America were scarce. The genius and intellect, which were soon to shine forth, and dazzle the world, were in embryo; and, alas! for the spirit of the times, when they did shine forth, they received at first, little encouragement. What was once the result of necessity, had now become agreeable. As well as to the writings, they became also attached to the writers, of Great Britain, whose histories seemed to be interwoven with their own. No work, which did not bear upon it the appearance of a transatlantic journey, would suit the taste of our progenitors; and the greater the distance beyond, the greater the pleasure. But that time is passed. We are disenthralled from mental dependence on Europe: the present generation does full justice to native talent: American works are read with the greatest avidity. The sons of genius no longer issue their penny pieces from garrets and cellars; but pour forth their eloquent strains from the mansion of the rich, the elegant, the learned and the refined, where they are welcomed and caressed according to their merit. And why should it be otherwise? Can there be anything in our government unfavourable for the development of Genius? can it not soar as high, free and unfettered, as when the chains of ignorance or despotism are around it? No! amidst the grandest exhibitions of nature, bred amongst a people, skilled and energetic, and free as the very gales of Heaven, we are surprised that it did not sooner take its flight. But it did at length spring up, and the united acclamations of a nation bore testimony to its success.

The distinguished honour of being the first in this hitherto untrodden path of intellectual labour, was reserved for Washington Irving. He is, emphatically, the founder of a new school. Possessing talents of the highest order, a chaste imagination, unbounded wit and humour, his appearance was hailed as a new era in the literary world. We do not say that Mr. Irving, is the first or greatest writer that ever appeared in our country. Our pilgrim fathers were able writers, but of a different stamp. Washington Irving's writings are purely literary, without the least tincture of politics, philosophy, or metaphysics. His aim is to please and to delight. His first work, "Salmagundi," bears up in the appearance of great humour. It was intended as

a satire upon the weak points in our government, and though written with point and energy, is perfectly harmless. The history of New York, is the most perfect work of the kind in existence. The author seizes upon a trivial and unimportant incident of real history, and dresses it up in a garb of fictitious and burlesque gravity. He wears the mask so well, that were it not for the frequent bursts of humour, we should be inclined to think him in earnest. The style of this work, as his style in general, is peculiarly graceful and easy. These works were written before his journey to England; after his return he published the "Alhambra," the "Conquest of Grenada," the "Tales of the Bachelors," besides many others, all bearing the impress of genius. Washington Irving is certainly the best literary writer of the present day. Other writers may arise, and soar a still loftier flight than he has done. This may happen; but if it should, still he may assume the proud device, "*Primus ego in patriam*."

The writer that comes next on the roll of fame is Cooper. And here we have a model of an elegant and cultivated genius. Cooper's renown as a writer is owing to his bold invention. Possessing great genius, an imagination unchastened by "the sober realities of life," he invents and combines characters and images that fire the mind, as it were by a spell. Whether he depicts the western forest, and its lordly masters; or the ocean, peopled with living beings, he is equally successful.

"For there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave."

Among the great number of literary writers, who have lately sprung up, we are glad to find many females. To woman belongs every thing elegant and refined. It is her lot to soothe man in his roughest hour; and to arouse every magnanimous sentiment of his soul. Miss Sedgwick is considered the ablest female literary writer of our country. Her writings are distinguished for their good sense and practical utility. Her's is not the sickly imagination of a sentimental fine lady, but the well regulated impulse of a powerful mind. We are pleased to find a spirit of morality breathing through all her works. They are intended for improvement and instruction; and cannot be studied too much by the young, upon whose minds they will not fail to have a salutary influence.

In this land, a land of learning and refinement, we have also a Temple dedicated to the muses; and many pour in their offerings. Upon Bryant, the eloquent Bryant, the Goddess seems oftenest to have smiled. His is that lofty aspiration, that yearning of the soul, that rich flow of thought, which immortalizes a Poet's name. He writes not to dazzle the mind, to vitiate the taste, or to corrupt the judgment; but to instruct, to purify, and to ennoble. He endeavours to touch the secret springs of men's actions; to awaken them to a sense of their duty towards each other, and to their Creator. This is his aim; and this is the aim of every true Poet. If he cannot instil a single noble sentiment, if he cannot make men wiser or better, his gift is in vain.

MIRZA.

From the Boston Morning Post.

A letter went through the Boston Post Office bearing the following poetic direction:—

"I spoke to uncle Sam one day,
About a pass to Canada—
He named his price—to dispute were vain,
So here I go to STANSTEAD PLAIN.
Now should I live to reach that town
And old John Bull look gruff and frown,
Four pence and half, my friends engage,
Shall smooth his brow and cool his rage,
And Miss Louisa Moore will come
And cheerfully hand o'er that sum."

From the New York Knickerbocker.

A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.*

'And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undisturbable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued—
Subdued and cherished long.' COLERIDGE.

A handsome-looking man, upon whose brow middle-age had scarcely yet set its signet, was the next in routine. To our demand of a tale from him, he pleaded none of those excuses, of which, from other lips, we had had but too many. He promptly admitted the justice of the claim, lamented his own incompetency as a raconteur, and promised to do his best to repay the pleasure which he said our various narratives had communicated to him.

He was, as I have said, a fine-looking man. There was an ingenuousness in his aspect, which had an extremely winning effect; and this, added to his air of *distingue*, must in its day have done great havoc among female hearts, and doubtless would have been equally successful at this time; but every one could see that his attentions were reserved for the lady who sat by his side, and who seemed to be on especial good terms with him.

In the early part of the day, we had noticed what seemed exceedingly like a bit of flirtation between them—that interchange of looks which constitutes the freemasonry of the heart—those varying tones which in their modulations told to each other far more than was meant for the common ear—'wreathed smiles,' which sat well upon the pale, manly cheek of the gentleman, and the rose-tinted countenance of the dame—all, in fact, that would have been of rather a suspicious character, but for the knowledge gained from his own lips, within ten minutes after their arrival, that the lady was—his wife!

She was as beautiful a person, in form and feature, as it was ever my lot to look upon. Perhaps she was not quite young enough for a heroine, for she might have been thirty-five summers; but she might well have been seen thirty-five summers; but she might well have passed for at least ten years younger. I am utterly at a loss for words to describe the character of her beauty. Nay, it was not beauty; it was something more exquisite still. The features were fine in their ensemble, but taken separately they were not what you would call beautiful. Still, there was something in her piquant air—her *espiègle* glance—her lovely alternation of clear white and red—her lofty brow, polished and white as alabaster—her earnest look, in which there was as much *soul* as I have ever seen illuminate any countenance—her dark and glossy hair, tasteful yet simple in its tournure—that, taken altogether, formed what I would deem far more lovely than that mere statue-like loveliness at which

—We start,

For soul is wanting there!

It was evident that her help-mate considered her the beautiful ideal of beauty and of goodness. So attentive—so very attentive was he to her, that we thought at first they must have been newly-married; but, on observation, we perceived that his was a more temperate and calm attention than is paid by the bridegroom to the bride, and the manner in which the lady took all his little endearments—the farthest possible

*The curious reader of this sketch, (which the writer, a gentleman of literary repute in England, informs us is what it purports to be, a tale but no fiction, heard from the lips of the narrator himself,) may doubtless find a clue to the personages introduced, by consulting some authentic life of the renowned representative of Shakespeare's heroes.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

from any thing like the mawkish display by which the newly-wedded oftentimes make themselves ridiculous and disagreeable—clearly showed that she had been long accustomed to them.

In a word, it was the best specimen I have ever seen of marriage as it should be. The husband was kind, affectionate and gentle—the lady was the same. It was an interchange of the most delightful courtesy imaginable—that courtesy which springs from the heart, and is best nourished in the heart. The whole company was interested in these two strangers. All felt delighted when the lady having left the room, the gentleman kept his promise, and told his story thus.

'My name is Tressilian: my family came from Cornwall, where, long before the Conquest, they had extensive estates. My grandfather, for his active services as a volunteer, when 'the isle was frightened from its propriety' by the rebellion of 1715, was made a baronet by George the First. As the family estates were quite adequate to any additional expense which this new dignity might confer, my ancestor did not hesitate to accept the honor.

'My father was a younger son, and, like most younger sons, early made a foolish marriage, which arrayed the rest of the family against him. He was young, spirited, and ardent, so he solaced himself with the happiness of a wedded life; and I verily believe that he with his hundreds was happier far than his elder brother, with the title and the rich estates.

'My uncle, the baronet, was a haughty man, and his pride was hurt at the thought that his brother was not quite as wealthy as he might have been, had he married an heiress. He did not better his condition for him, because he was as selfish as he was proud, but offered him a situation in Ireland—one of those government trifles by which obsequious votes in the House of Commons were rewarded; and my uncle had a 'leading interest' in three boroughs. My father saw that the offer was a good one: he accepted it, and by doing so, bettered his own finances, and by removing himself from the vicinity of his proud brother, did another service, without intending it.

'I was an only child. My father's appointment was in the Customs at Cork, and I was born in that beautiful city. It would take up a long time, to very little purpose, to narrate how I rose from infancy to childhood, from childhood to manhood. While I was yet a child, my mother died, and I had just reached my twentieth year, when it pleased Providence that my father should follow her.

'His illness was brief. An hour before his death he told me, what indeed I had long expected, that he had far outlived his income. It appeared, that as only two brothers, with their families, stood between him and the baronetcy and estates, he had calculated on the succession sometime or other! In this foolish expectation, he had latterly lived, rather according to his hopes than his means. The result was, that after paying all his debts, I found myself the master of a solitary £50. It was the alpha and omega of my worldly possessions at the time.

'I had received a tolerable education, and although ever an idle, had always been considered a gifted boy. For the last two years of my father's life I had 'taken to learning,' as the common saying is, and my proficiency was sufficient to make up for past idleness and carelessness—sufficient to show that if I would distinguish myself, I could. The emergency in which I was placed, was quite sufficient to rouse my ambition. I resolved to go to London, and adventure in the paths of literature.

'One of my first steps on my father's death had been to write to my uncle, Sir Edgar Tressilian, acquainting him with the fact. In due course I received a letter of condolence—formal, cold, and unat-

fectionate—informing me that his own health was excellent, that my bachelor uncle had just broken his neck leaping a double ditch in a steeple chase, that my other uncle, with his five sons, (how in the name of common sense could my father anticipate that all these, who stood between him and the baronetcy, would be so complaisant as to die!) were all well and flourishing, and that he could not presume to offer me any advice. Disgusted with the coldness of this epistle, I was about throwing it into the fire, when I caught a few lines pencilled on a corner, as if written by stealth. I remember them well; they were these:

'Dearest Cousin: Never mind my father's letter; he does not mean the harshness which he writes. I am sure he would be glad to see you at Tressilian Court. I know that you must be indifferently supplied with the goods of fortune. You will oblige me forever by keeping what I shall send to-morrow. I have no use for it; it may be of service to you.'

'EMMA.'

'The next day I got another letter from Emma also; there was an enclosure of £50. I confess that I felt no disinclination to retain my gentle cousin's gift.'

'It must have been twenty years since I first saw London—just twenty years this spring. I had then only turned my twentieth year. I entered the modern Babylon as many a man entered it before me—that is, as a literary adventurer. My money soon went, and my spirits ebbed with my sinking fortunes. I had formed no extravagant hopes of success, but I confess that I had expected to meet with employment for my pen. But I was quite unknown. Publishers received me politely, but asked, not what I could do, but what I had done. I was a stranger, and they were unwilling to risk their capital on one who had yet to make a name. I blame them not. It is one of the inevitable evils of the career upon which I had entered; and if some lucky chance in the chapter of accidents did not turn up, it was probable that I might live on without doing anything, until I ceased to live. Of all the misfortunes in this mortal life, I know none more heart-sickening than that of a man of letters, who feels that he has the ability to do that which would make him an immortal name, but never can obtain the opportunity of bringing that ability into profitable action.'

'At last, after I had been in London for about two months, I was fortunate enough to obtain some employment. Heaven knows it did not come before it was wanted, for my funds were literally in *extremis*. I am not ashamed to confess, that I have known what it is to want a meal, to depend for mere existence on the remuneration (slight enough in those days) that I could obtain for such light literary articles as I could dispose of to the magazines. But now, a more certain mode of literary exertion was presented to me, and I prepared myself to enter into it, with the full force of my best mental faculties. I was engaged to write for a biographical work, and I delighted in the task.'

'It was on a fine day in April, 1814, that as I lounged through the streets of London, truly alone in their "peopled solitudes," I accidentally passed by St. Martin's Church, and just at the moment a bridal party was entering that beautiful building. Curiosity led me in, and I witnessed the performance of the marriage ceremony. The bride was a young, delicate creature, of that age when it is said the female stands on the very verge of womanhood. Her years could not have been more than sixteen—certainly not much more. The bridegroom was nearly four times her age. It certainly was not a love match. In the lady's looks there was a little appearance of regret at

what I could not but consider a sacrifice: she deemed herself with graceful elegance, and went through the marriage ceremony as well as could be expected.

'At the age of twenty-one, a man may have a little romance in his mind; indeed what sort of a dull plodder must he not be who has not? I confess that I was one of those who built castles in the air; and looking upon the young and beautiful bride, I felt something like regret that she should have been so unmeetly matched to age—that shall I own the weakness?—that she was not my own.

'As yet I had been heart-free, but while I gazed upon this beautiful creature, the arrow entered into my soul. I knew that it was wrong, that it was foolish; but still I loitered for a parting gaze upon that fair young girl. To look upon such beauty was nothing wrong—to look upon it, to love it as I did, was. At last the ceremony was concluded, and I hastened out of the church to catch but a parting glimpse. A carriage was at the door; the bridegroom hurried out as fast as his gout would permit him, the bride supporting him, rather than supported by him. I never had seen any face more lovely. The novelty of her situation had slightly tinged her cheek with the most delightful blush imaginable. My fixed and eager glance met hers. She blushed yet deeper beneath my steadfast, impassioned gaze. At this moment the bridegroom, forgetful of the politeness which should have been, then at least, extended to the bride, entered the carriage first. I saw all the embarrassment of her situation, and eagerly stepped forward to assist her. There was no other resource for her; half confused and half angry, she took my offered hand in preference to that of one of the liveried lacquers, a moment, and she was in the carriage. She gracefully bowed her thanks to me—the carriage whirled off—and I was left alone, gazing after it.

'I recovered my self-possession in a minute, and bounded off like an arrow from the bow. The people must have thought me mad. I contrived to keep the carriage in view; at last I was so exhausted by my long race, that I was about abandoning the pursuit. Still I toiled on, my heart beating in my bosom as if it were going to break; my steps grew slower and slower; my temples throbbed, as if the blood would burst from the arteries; my knees bent beneath me; I was forced to lean against a lamp-post for support, utterly exhausted, when the carriage stopped.

'I stood in Harley-street. My fatigue was at once forgotten. Again I rushed forward,—just in time to hand the bride from the carriage. The servants had no time to interfere—they must have thought that I was one of her friends. She grew pale and red by turns; she did not refuse my hand, but hers trembled within it. By a strong effort, she subdued herself to calmness. My conduct must have surprised her. She might not have wondered at my behaviour at the church door, for that was a simple act of courtesy; but how must she have been astonished at seeing me before her at the end of her route? I felt that this embarrassed her. Her hand was ungloved; the glove fell to the ground; I raised it up, and ventured to press my lips to the white hand I held;—he looked with a sort of mirrful wonder, into my face, ere she disengaged her hand, with the air of a princess. I turned aside: in a minute, the aged bridegroom was on the threshold of his door, the carriage rolled away, the white train of the bride swept within the hall. I caught a glimpse of the lady's face turned toward me; I bowed—she returned my salute—the door closed—and I stood in Harley street, pressing the white glove to my lips, feeling more alone than I had ever felt before, and conscious that I had acted a mad, a foolish part.

'As I went home, I communed with my heart. I took a wiser resolution than young blood and heated imagination might be expected to form. I saw that the fair lady and myself could have no interest in each other: she was a wife now, and I was but a stranger. However unequally she was matched, still she was mated, and if my passions would permit me to forget the great gulf that was fixed between us, my principles forbade it. So I turned to my solitary home—more solitary then—and dreamed away the hours in a reverie, sad as it was soul-subduing. But I was young then, and youth is the time for building castles.

'I have said that I obtained a literary engagement. It turned out both profitable and honorable. It brought me money, and it brought me fame. True, I had not very great remuneration; but I had enough to answer my simple wants, and provide for my unexpensive habits. I had not very much fame—but still it was fame, and as to the stepping-stone to further distinction, I did not despise it, because it was not of the highest caste. I knew that he who would look from the mountain's brow, must first conquer the difficulties of the ascent, and I was content to win my way upward as best I could.

'I must admit, that, although sometimes my thoughts reverted to the fair bride of Harley-street, she did not engross half as much of my attention as might be expected from one of my sanguine and romantic temperament. The truth is, for twelve or fourteen months succeeding the adventure I have told you, I was so much engaged in authorship, that I had no time for love. Now and then, I confess, I gazed upon the white glove with mingled feelings of regret and mirth—regret that I should have known so little of its fair owner—mirth at my own foolish conduct on her bridal day. Perhaps, too, if sometimes I saw a graceful figure in the street, or at the theatre, I may have looked with more than common curiosity, to see whether the face was that of my unknown chamber. But to prove to you how very little, beyond the first impression, my heart was interested, I never went into Harley-street. You smile. I suppose you think that this proves that I was not quite so indifferent as I would persuade myself that I was. You may be right.

'During all this time, I had scarcely heard anything of those members of my father's family who had treated me with so much coldness and neglect. Once or twice, my uncle wrote to me on business, and I was not sorry to have the opportunity of paying off pride with pride. It appeared that three of my cousins had drunk themselves into a fever, and died from the consequences of their debauch; that my two other cousins had exhibited symptoms of consumption, an hereditary disease; that the baronet was anxious to sell part of his estates, but as I stood collaterally in the line of succession, my consent was necessary, merely as a matter of form, to "dock the entail," and I never wrote a letter with more pleasure than that in which, respectfully but positively, I declined interfering in any way with the affairs of the family which had disowned my father, and deserted me. I was resolved to show them that, in spirit at least, I was a true Tressilian. I believe that my haughty uncle respected me for my unbending disposition. He had wanted the money to purchase a tin mine, and it was eventually fortunate that I had refused my signature. The speculation would have beggared him; the party who purchased the mine lost nearly half a million on the concern, and died in a mad-house. From my gentle cousin Emma I heard once or twice. She was the sole link that bound me to my line.

'My greatest ambition in literature had ever been to write a successful drama. In the year 1815, it was rather fashionable to have a dramatic taste. Kean had recently appeared, and carried the public along

with him. Never was a triumph more complete. The coldness of an English audience was changed; the public became enthusiastic. Among others, I felt the power of the witchery. I was spell-bound by the might of the actor's powerful delineations. Night after night I followed in the wake of his triumph. I felt as if it were my own.

'At last the thought suddenly came, that I might triumph with him. I would write a play in which he should perform. I would make the creature—his acting would give it vitality and existence.

'I seized upon the thought as upon a treasure. I hastened home and commenced the task. I had long meditated on the subject, and my choice was made almost before I took pen in hand. In six weeks I had completed the drama. The task was done. The difficulty, unthought of before, now arose—how to get it brought out. This consideration fell upon me like an avalanche upon the traveller—still it was worth while to make an effort against the difficulty. I resolved to make it.

'I did what the emergency required; I took my play in my hand, and waited on Kean. I frankly told him what were my fears, and what my hopes. He gently encouraged the latter, and soothed the former. He expressed himself delighted with my play, and took it upon himself to bring it before the managers at Drury-lane theatre. He did more—he introduced me to some of his most influential patrons and friends. He was to me most kind and friendly. What a noble heart that man had!

'Kean was right. He had not miscalculated his influence with the management. My play was put in rehearsal, and the first tragedian himself volunteered to take one of the leading parts. The play was produced. I sat in the pit, trembling anxiously for its fate, when in one of the boxes opposite I saw the bride of Harley-street! There she sat, more beautiful than ever. The dazzling whiteness of her skin was in admirable contrast and deep relief with her mourning dress. I never had paid much attention to the minutæ of female attire; and never until now did I regret the ignorance which prevented my knowing whether or not she wore a widow's dress. But no!—those could not be the unbecoming garments of widowhood!

'The play went on beyond my hopes, but I little heeded how it proceeded. My heart—my hopes, had all been intent on the success of my drama. Now, the whole was changed, like a shifting scene in a magic lantern—and my play—the world itself—was all nothing to me. My world sat in the dress circle of the boxes, lovelier than even my dreams had represented her.

'At last the ordeal was past. The play was over, and announced for repetition, amid shouts of applause, and few would have suspected that the abstracted being in the pit was the successful author. My friends thronged round me, and warmly offered their congratulations. The whisper ran through the house: "There is the author!" and in a short time I felt, painfully felt myself to be the object of universal attention. I was in a strange position. At the age of two-and-twenty, I had gained a triumph such as at those years had rarely been striven for. All eyes were upon me—all tongues seemed eager to do me honor. But the eyes that I wished to see, and the voice that I longed to hear, these alone were wanting. At last, the beautiful unknown joined in the universal interest, the murmur had reached her also; she turned to look upon the successful dramatist. Her eyes met mine—her cheek turned pale as death—a little pause, and she rose to leave the theatre.

'You may be sure that I lost no time in quitting my place also, in the pit. So intent was I in the pursuit, that I did not heed, much less acknowledge, the

plaudits which greeted me as I left the scene of my triumph. So much the better; it was attributed to my modesty! The truth is, I was quite unconscious of the applause which were heaped upon me.

I was just in time. The lady was unaccompanied, and her carriage was at the door. There was a dreadful crush, as at that time there always was when Kean performed. Coachman strove with coachman, in most bitter emulation. The ladies were frightened, and the gentlemen indignant. I saw the horses rushing on the pavement, and on the instant I dashed forward to lend my aid. One hand held back the lady, the other held in her fiery steeds; others came to give their assistance, and I was then called upon to devote my whole attention to the fair lady I sought. She fainted away in my arms. Relief was speedily obtained, and she recovered sufficiently to bear the motion of her carriage. I opened the door and helped her in. All around must have thought I was a relative, or at least an acquaintance. I followed her; the door was closed; the vehicle was soon disengaged from the crowd of carriages, and 'homeward bound.'

'Meanwhile, my fair charge swooned a second time. She lay in my arms, like a thing of death. Fortunately, I observed a smelling bottle in her hand. I opened and applied it. 'Where am I?' she exclaimed, with signs of recovery. My reply satisfied her that she was safe. A very few words formed our conversation. I was far too much excited by past recollections, and by the conflict of present thought, to speak; and she, independently of her recent indisposition, found sufficient excuse for silence. She might have felt disinclined to converse with a stranger; or she was conscious only that somebody had rescued her from danger, and that he was escorting her home.

'We soon reached our place of destination. I was in Harley-street again. We stopped at the same house. I saw a hatchment over the door; I perceived that the servants were in mourning. This gave confirmation to my hopes—God forgive me!—that my charmer was a widow, and a great load was thus removed from my heart.

'Our journey was at an end. I handed the lady into her house. She lingered for an instant upon the threshold to return me thanks, and requested to know to whom she was indebted for what she was pleased to term my 'very great kindness.' To tell you the truth, I did not half relish the cool, complimentary manner in which the inquiry was made—just as if it were a mere matter of form. Perhaps I was a little piqued that she did not turn her eyes upon me while asking the question. I expected that, at the very least, she might have looked at the man who had saved her life. But there she stood—her face half turned toward me, and her bright eyes most provokingly fixed—not on me. You smile at this. I could smile now, to think that such a trifle could have annoyed me; but such things are, in the days of youth, when but a little cloud between us and the sunshine of the heart will dim the eye and pale the cheek.

'I handed the lady my address, and at the same time revealed my name. Nothing could be more instantaneous than the change which was caused by that one word 'Tressilian.' The 'open sesame' of Ali Baba had not a more sudden or powerful effect. The word had scarcely passed my lips, ere the lady quickly turned round, and eagerly and earnestly fixed on me an intense glance, as if she would have read the very secrets of my heart. I never set up for being a very bashful man, but I quailed beneath the intensity of that look; and to make it worse, it continued so dreadfully long. I may lose by the admission, but I do confess that I begin to feel desperately annoyed by the too great attention which the lady

paid me. You will remember that I was rather awkwardly placed; the circumstances of the case were enough to make a man of the world lose his self-possession. I was but a man of letters—a race who are as little self-possessed as any in the world.

'At last, the lady found a voice—not, however, until she had read my features as you would read a book. If my identity was to be proved, she had qualified herself for a witness most thoroughly. 'Tressilian?' she repeated,—'it's very strange.' Another pause. 'May I ask, have we met before?' I replied that we had. 'Would Mr. Tressilian be so good as to mention when and where?' About two years before. 'Ah,' exclaimed she, 'I remember it now, I thought that I should have known the gentleman to whose very particular attentions on my wedding day I was so much indebted, and—a little annoyed.' The last words were spoken in rather a mirthful tone, and my confidence was restored again. The lady went on. 'You are about asking my permission to call to-morrow, and inquire how I have got over my fright. Come—I shall be but too happy to see the gentleman who has obliged me—*thrice*.' I believe, I made some unintelligible reply. The lady cut short my compliment. 'Our tête à tête may be held, methinks, in a somewhat less public place than at my hall door. One word more—your name is Tressilian?' I bowed assent. 'Julian Tressilian?' I was surprised at her apparent intimacy with my Christian name, as my manner of reply might have shown her. 'I believe the nephew of Sir Edgar Tressilian, of Cornwall?' Another bow of assent. 'Then, sir, I shall be so happy to see you again; you will remember the house?'—this was said in the most arch tone imaginable—and may do a more unwise thing than make the acquaintance of its owner—the widow Melton. The prettiest possible smile played upon her lips, as she thus announced her name and widowhood. I promised, cheerfully enough, heaven knows, to pay the visit, and departed with my mind full of thoughts the most varied and curious.

'It was one consolation to know that my now known unknown was unshackled by the bond matrimony—another, that she had forgiven, but not forgotten my conduct on her wedding day—a third, that she had not only been exceedingly courteous, but rather anxious, as I thought, to see me again. I puzzled myself with conjectures as to the means by which she could have obtained a knowledge of my name and connexions. I assure you, so intent was my mind on these speculations, that I almost forgot my success at the theatre. By degrees my thoughts flowed in a calmer current—and a sound, dreamless sleep was the finale of my contemplations. You may think that this was a 'most lame and impotent conclusion,' but as I am not telling a romance, I can only give you things precisely as they occurred.

'I awoke early in the morning, and, spite of all my efforts, sleep again I could not. Oh, how I longed for the hours to run on quicker! Never had they seemed so leaden-winged as these. Shall I confess it? My most anxious thought was to see—the widow! No! The newspaper! And who would blame my impatience? Successful as my drama had been, there was no knowing how the critics of the press might speak of it.

'But the whole of them seemed in a friendly conspiracy to do me kindness, and—shall I say it—justice. All of them spoke enthusiastically of Kean's acting—and of my play. What a light heart throbbed in my bosom! I was one of the happiest men in London.

'As the day rolled on, carriage after carriage stopped before my door. Never before had such distinguished visitors sat in my humble apartment. I had quite a levée of the gifted and the noble. I might

gratify my vanity by naming them, but I have outlived that feeling, and really I must hurry to a conclusion. But among them I had Kean, with his heart upon his lips, loud in praise of my drama, which he said had put a new leaf to his laurel. I was indeed a happy man. Never before had I been conscious of the deep, deep pleasure of hearing my own praises from the lips of those whose praise was distinction: I was doubly conscious of this deep delight, for I felt that I had done something to deserve it.

'At last, for I thought they would never have departed, my visitors went away. I hurried to pay my promised visit. I was in Harley-street in a short time. 'Was Mrs. Melton at home?' 'Yes, and had waited in all the morning.' I was ushered into a noble and magnificently-furnished apartment. At the time, I did not heed it, nor its splendid adornments; but I saw one—the loveliest—reclining upon a sofa. Two years had changed the girl into a woman; and like the stranger in 'Christabel,' she was 'beautiful, exceedingly.' I was received courteously—kindly. In reply to some playful badinage on my having fashionably delayed my visit to a late hour, I frankly told her what had detained me.

'What,' she cried, 'are you the dramatist? Why, all the papers are full of your praise. Good master Tressilian, your modesty will run a fair chance of being ruined.'

'Once entered into conversation, you may be sure that I did not allow it to flag. Nor did we, even thus early, lack those mutual confidings which are so delightful—so bewitching. I confessed candidly enough, that I had been struck with her on her bridal day. I narrated what I have already told you. She paid me the most flattering attention. Believe me, that the most dangerous position in which you can place a young man, is to allow him to talk of himself to a beautiful and accomplished woman, who pays him the dangerous compliment of being interested, or seeming to be so, in what he says; the seeming does not differ much from the reality. I speak from my own experience. I drank in deep draughts of love.

'The lady was accomplished—more so perhaps, than is usual at her age, for she was only eighteen—indeed, scarcely that. But there was a substratum of deep and solid sense beneath the Corinthian embellishments of her mind. Added to this, there was strong feeling—a dash of enthusiasm—and that most dangerous weapon in the hands of a pretty, witty, wilful woman—a strong perception of the ridiculous. With such natural and acquired advantages, you may well believe that she must have been a most delightful companion. I question whether she had greater talent or beauty.

'I think I have told you of the flattering interest she took, or appeared to take, in whatever concerned me. Our interview lasted two hours. Time was not leaden-winged then—and in that time she had become acquainted with as much of my adventures, few as they had been, as I thought it proper to communicate. I had one excuse for my egotism—I was an Irishman, and we have a privilege by time and custom immemorial, of talking of ourselves—when we find fair and willing listeners!

'There was one good source of consolation—she was almost as communicative as myself. Her story was a brief one: her father had held a high situation at Madras, in the civil service of the East India Company. With the usual profusion of persons who enjoy large possessions, and are used to oriental luxuries, he contrived to outlive his income so considerably, that at his death his only daughter, Mariana, was a penniless orphan. Mr. Melton, who had been his school-fellow in youth, and his friend through life, took charge of the young lady, then a mere child, sent her to England to be educated, and on his re-

turn found her on the narrow isthmus which divides girlhood from womanhood. The result was the common one. He was struck with the naïveté of her manners, her wit, her beauty; and changing his intention of adopting her as his daughter, he offered her his hand and fortune. Mariana was without a friend in the world, unconscious of the sacrifice she was making, and had little hesitation in espousing her father's friend. It was indeed a new edition of 'January and May,' as far as years were concerned, she being sixteen and he more than sixty. She had been a wife but for one year; her husband's death left her in affluence; the bulk of his fortune, amounting to six thousand a year, became her own, without the slightest restriction.

'Such was the substance of her communication—a story that damped my own hopes. If I hated one thing more than another, it was that most despicable character—a fortune-hunter. I own that if I had been smitten before, I was doubly struck now, when a few hours conversation had discovered to me the rich and varied resources of her mind. But there was a sudden dash to my hopes. If she were unfriended, I would have been delighted to have been the friend who through life would protect, and love, and cherish her: had she been unfriended, I would have 'coined my heart to drachms' for her—I would have felt pride in making my pen support her: but here, amidst wealth and luxury, she was surrounded by friends—she was too far above my aim.

'You who have known any thing of the passion-springs of the heart—of the passion-strivings of the heart—of the enchantment which the heart feels in converse with the one it loves—you can imagine how fleetly flew the hours, while Mariana and myself thus held converse together—free and friendly, as if we had known each other for years. She told me, when I inquired how the accident of the preceding night had affected her, that until that morning she had not been fully conscious of the extent of her obligation to me; that she had thoughtlessly gone to the theatre, and that the gentleman who accompanied her having quitted her for a few minutes to call her carriage, she had missed him; when, as she owned, the sudden sight of myself in the house had strangely affected her. Did I err—but I fancied that her tones were more subdued, and her voice deepened as she made this confession, half sport, half earnest.

'We parted: but I promised Mariana to see her again. How willingly I kept my word! Day after day saw the chains more inextricably twined around my heart. And Mariana—truth to say—appeared as little loth as myself to continue the acquaintance.

'Sometimes, often indeed, I resolved to banish her from my mind; but the resolution was broken as soon as made. There was this new poem to be read, that song to be practised; I had promised now to accompany her to see her portrait in the exhibition; it was one of the loveliest that Lawrence ever painted; to-morrow we were to visit Windsor Castle; in short, there was a round of engagements, and as these were fulfilled, there were new ones entered into. It was impossible to keep my resolution: perhaps this was the reason why I so often made such resolves.

'I had a friend, a worldly minded, wealthy man, who had made a fortune by the law, as respectfully perhaps as it is usually made. He was a shrewd, though just man. He would neither neglect his interests, nor would he willingly injure the interests of others. He was so strictly just, that he knew not, I then conceived, how to be generous. I had rendered this man a service, and he professed his gratitude, and tendered me at all times the advantages of his advice. I do not know what impelled me to visit him now; he was the last man in the world of whom you would think I would make a confidant. But I did. It may

be because I knew that he would not laugh at me. I told him precisely all my feelings—my hopes—my fears. He heard me with attention. 'It strikes me,' said he, 'that this lady and her fortune would be a desirable investment. It is evident that she loves you—that you love her—and, as you would wed her if she were friendless and portionless, I do not see why the accident of her being neither, should stand between you and happiness.' I attempted to argue against this sophistry, but he put me down with, 'If you had fortune, you would share it with her: it happens that she has it instead, so the case is much the same. Woo the lady and wed her. You will want money, perhaps? Here is a draft for a hundred pounds. Draw on me for what farther sums you may require, and repay me when you have the means. Not a word more. You did me a service once—it is but fair that I should return it as I best can,' and he literally pushed me out of his office.

'I was weak enough—foolish enough—base enough, to suffer my better feelings to be subverted by what the lawyer had said. I continued my visits to Mariana, and saw, with a delight which you can more easily imagine than I can describe, that she was not heart-whole. The crisis was at hand.

'So occupied were my thoughts with her image, that I neglected the common business of life. One great conception filled my breast—this was the conviction that I was beloved. My success as a dramatist—the friends to whom that success had introduced me—the necessity of farther exertion to maintain the high place into which this success had thrown me—all were as nothing. The excitement of these varying thoughts careered through my mind with an impetuosity language cannot paint. Added to this, I had an uncertainty of purpose. I seemed to live, and breathe, and have my being but in the presence of that one loved object.

'One morning, just as I was quitting my residence for Harley-street, three letters reached me, which the servant said had been lying for some days at a coffee house I frequented. One was from the treasurer of the theatre, enclosing two hundred pounds, as the remuneration for my play. Such satisfaction did this give me, that I thrust the other letters into my pocket without opening them, and hurried to my legal friend. I seldom had felt more real satisfaction than when I repaid him his loan. He looked at me in astonishment, inquired when the marriage had taken place, and looked the image of perfect disappointment, when I told that matters remained precisely as they were before. I fancy that he considered me as one on whom a lucky chance was thrown away.

'I proceeded to Harley-street. Here I saw Mariana, who seemed more beautiful than ever, and far more interesting. Her cheek was flushed—her words were hurried—her manner betokened much anxiety. An indifferent subject of conversation was started, but neither of us pursued it. Silence followed.

'I know not how it was, but in that silence my hand wandered for the first time round Mariana's waist; a little pause, and my boldness increased. My lips ventured to touch the pouting beauty of her's; ere she could speak a word, although her eyes spoke eloquently enough, I was on my knee, and had told all my fear, and whispered some of my hope. I told my love—my madness—since first she crossed my path. I did not plead in vain.

'A deep, deep sigh—a long, long gaze—a silence more expressive than the richest oratory—a slight pressure of the hand—tears—sudden and frequent—these were her confession. That moment repaid me for all that I had suffered during the fever of my fear.

'Then followed the full and mutual confession—each to each—of all that disturbs the heart. In the midst of this I remembered that I had one more con-

fession to make—one due to my own honor, to my pride, to myself esteem. I spoke to her thus—for I will remember every syllable that was uttered at that memorable time. 'My dear girl, I have told you much—pardon me that I have not told you all. You have pressed your lip to mine. You have given your heart to mine—all in the trusting hope that I deserved you. Listen to me. I do not. I am the veriest cheat that ever won a woman's heart. I have dared, not forgetful of myself, to remember your fortune, I have deceived myself—you, I would not. Nor do I ask forgiveness. Spurn me; reject me; despise me; I deserve it all.'

Mariana appeared thunderstruck. At last she spoke. 'Julian you a fortune-hunter—you a cheat? You must not deceive me now?' I related all that had passed. She listened attentively, and a shade of abstracted thought clouded her brow. At last she spoke; 'I would fain hope that even what you say were true, rather than that, having seen my weakness in confessing that I love you, you would trifle with it thus, and now. Answer me—do you know anything new concerning yourself?—do you know any thing about Tressilian Court?' I told her I knew nothing. 'Nothing! Have you no letters?' I remembered the letters which I had not opened, and produced them. She laid her hand upon mine, ere I opened them. 'If,' said she, 'the contents of those letters should make your purpose waver for a moment, and I knew the intelligence they bring, have known it since yesterday, and thought it brought you to my feet to-day,—if your purpose wavers for a moment, remember, I release you from your vows. I, too, would not be held as a fortune-hunter. Read them now.'

'I opened them: one was from the family solicitor, written a week before, informing me that my uncle and his two sons had been lost at sea, on their voyage to Madeira, whither the latter had been ordered for the benefit of their health, and suggesting the propriety, as I now was heir at law to the title and estates, of my visiting Tressilian Court, where my surviving uncle was anxious to receive me. The other letter was from my cousin Emma, praying that I would lose no time in coming to Cornwall. In a postscript, which always contains the pith of a young lady's letter, she hoped 'that my wooing thrived.'

'I suppose you may imagine what my first impulses was. I felt no inclination to release Mariana from her plighted faith—doubly proud that I could best show that it was indeed herself that I had sought.

'She told me that she had been a school-fellow of my cousin Emma's, and from her had known and regretted my evil fortunes—that when she first heard my name, her interest was excited, and all the rest she had confessed an hour before! This she added, that she had already heard from Emma of my change of fortune, and that she believed at first, that it was this ray of sunshine over my path which had led me to tell in words what her woman's wit had long since conjectured. She told me, also, that as I had won her heart long since, she would have given her hand with it, to Julian Tressilian, whatever were his prospects.

'It is full time that I bring my story to a conclusion. I went to Tressilian Court; I soon became a favorite with Sir Edgar. It was a cherished plan of his to marry me to my gentle and lovely cousin; but, I was engaged, and, for the matter of that, so was the lady also.

'One morning, there was a double marriage at Tressilian Court. The beauty of Harley-street became more beautiful in the wilds of Cornwall—and my cousin, transplanted to the garden of Wiltshire, did not become less lovely than before, and (her smiles said) even more happy.

THE BOARDING HOUSE.

By Frederick West.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. "MUCKABAR" TOMKINS.

"Do you see that lady with an immensely high turban?"

"I have observed her for some time past. What is she? I should imagine an actress who has dressed for the theatre, from the gaudiness of her attire, and the thick layer of rouge with which her face is incrustated."

"You are mistaken. She is a lady of some property, but her intellects are not altogether perfect. On her wedding-day she arrived at church, to the astonishment of all present dressed in deepest sables. After the performance of the ceremony, she drove off from her husband, nor would she see him for nearly a month, indeed she was with much difficulty persuaded by her father to live with him at all. They are now separated. Notwithstanding this singular incident, she is for the most part only

'Mad nor-nor-west.'

Her monomania consists in an unbounded love for dumb animals, of all sorts, sizes and complexions.—Her poor little daughter, a beautiful child, is altogether neglected for her four footed favourites. She has a dog which is a great pet. I was in a confectioner's store, on one occasion, when her carriage stopped at the door, and herself and her loved companion alighted."

"What will he take to-day ma'm?" asked the owner of the store, "an almond or a sponge-cake! The cranberry tarts are just up—pretty fellow!"

"The pampered and bloated creature was seated on the counter, and wheezing with great difficulty from its excess of gluttony."

"No! Fido has a bad cold. I fear they will lie heavily on his dear stomach: you may give him a little blanc-mange."

"The servants in the boarding-house, together with the mistress, entertain the greatest horror of this brute, and would gladly poison it if they dared. Great was their rejoicing, when one day, as the bills duly testified, it was missing, lost, or stolen! but greater far was the consternation and phrenzy of Mrs. Tomkins. She ordered her carriage to the door—had it literally plastered with the handbills, offering a considerable reward for the dog, and getting inside, ordered the coachman to drive slowly through the streets. Out of the windows was to be seen, first on one side and then on the other, her elongated countenance, looking most anxiously at every puppy she encountered, and endeavouring to trace in its visage some resemblance to her dear departed Fido! In the evening the boarders of the house were attracted to the windows by most vociferous shouts, which rang through the streets and alarmed all the neighborhood. Up flew window sashes and out popped heads in every direction. Rumours most contradictory filled people's mouths.—Some said the mob were about to attack the palace—depose King William and his beloved Adelaide, and place the Duke of Wellington on the throne—and others that the most respectable portion of the community, had struck for an increase of wages, and had positively refused to sew another stitch without being allowed at least a double proportion of cabbage; while a select few piously believed that the comet had broken bounds—that the world would be consumed that the day of judgment was come. Anxiety or agitation was depicted on every face—all were on the tip-toe of expectation, when a carriage was seen driving,

'My uncle lived to see his grand-children climb his knee—to embrace my children also. He was gathered to his ancestors some ten years ago; and if any of my hearers wish to see how we keep up old customs at the Court, Julian Tressilian will gladly show them a happy household.

'As for our happiness — But here comes Mariana, scarcely changed from what she was when first I saw her, except that her eldest daughter will soon make a part, as she did then, in the great drama of marriage. She weds a husband whose years better suit her own.

'Mariana, I have told to our surrounding friends the story of our 'whole course of love:' it is well, dearest, that you were absent, for otherwise I could not have spoken of you as you were, and are, and will be—the beautiful, the happy-hearted, and the faithful!

Thus did we hear the story: and slight as it here may seem, it won admiration, and warm thanks from those who heard it. At any rate, it was a frank confession, and lost nothing from the manner in which it was told. We felt that the narrator was not romancing, and perhaps the apparent truth of the tale was one of its greatest charms.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Ere for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,—
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death,

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

at a most furious rate, down Piccadilly. It was the identical vehicle of the fair disconsolate, followed by a crowd of delighted and mischievous boys—hooping, laughing, yelling and shouting at the singular sight to which her eccentricity had favoured them. Shortly after this event she was laughably victimised by a smart fellow, who had heard of her strange propensities. She was told that a person wished to see her in the parlour.

"What is your business?"

"I beg pardon, madam, but knowing your refined taste for curiosities, I have taken the liberty of bringing two *muckabar* cats to offer should you be inclined to purchase them."

"*Muckabar* cats! I never heard the name before.—Is there any thing remarkable in these animals?"

"Exceedingly! madam. They are brought from *Muckabar*, whence they take their name. Their skins are exceedingly soft, white and delicate—and they have no claws!"

"Dear me! That is very singular! Let me see them. Well, I declare they are most beautiful! What do you ask for them?"

"I cannot take less than two guineas, on account of the difficulty of procuring them and the great expense of their keep."

"What do they live upon?"

"Cream and chicken."

"The old lady was in raptures—paid the money with delight—had a splendid glass-case made for them, and invited all her friends to see the *Muckabar* cats, who could only exist on cream and chicken. After a few days they appeared to be in great pain and mewed most piteously. Mrs. Tomkins was wretched, and was about sending for Sir Astley Cooper, when the servant, whose duty it was to attend them, discovered that they were two common kittens sewed up in skins which, becoming exceedingly tight and painful, caused their piteous cries. To add to the horror, their talons, which had been closely clipped by the designing varlet, had grown again, and the first person upon whom they exerted their prowess was the luckless Mrs. Tomkins herself. From this moment she was known as Mrs. *Muckabar* Tomkins. But the crowning effort of this female Martin, consists in her having projected, if not started, a new vehicle for town, to be drawn by four horses instead of two, as is usual here. She declares that the sufferings which 'God's noblest piece of dumb workmanship (the horse)' experiences, outrages, all humanity; she therefore proposes, solely out of consideration to the brutes and the chance of its being a good speculation for herself, to put four horses to do the work of two, for which only double the price will be asked of each passenger, but then each will be performing a duty to himself and society, and not outrage humanity by overburdening 'God's noblest piece of dumb workmanship, the horse.' The drivers and cabs are to be gentlemen. They are engaged not to swear on any consideration either to the horses or passengers, and to drive without the barbarous application of the whip, but to induce their cattle to proceed by kind words only, and they are to go to church three times on the Lord's day, for which they receive additional pay, while they are to carry religious tracts in their pockets for perusal whenever the omnibus stops. She appeals to humane and christian souls for encouragement. We hope they will answer the call, as it may enable her to speculate a little more largely in *Muckabar* cats."

CHAPTER IV.

THE QUACK.

"Who is that gentleman who sits shivering beneath a weight of flannel and wrappers sufficient to thaw an iceberg? See, he has left the table, and esconced him-

self before the fire. I am very much mistaken if you have not something to relate of so remarkable a personage."

"That gentleman is a Mr. Cammophile. I remember him a year ago—a fine, hale, joyous rubicund specimen of his species: he is now a poor meagre, cadaverous epitome of mortality."

"And to what is so remarkable a change owing?"

"To physic!"

"Then, 'throw physic to the dogs, I'll have none on't'."

"By mere accident he came in contact with 'Bachan's Domestic Medicine.' He eagerly perused the volume and firmly believed himself afflicted with half the maladies contained therein. He immediately sent for his physician, a sensible and worthy man, to whom he described as many evils as were contained in Pandora's box. The physician endeavoured to laugh him out of his ridiculous conceits."

"The symptoms, doctor—the symptoms?"

"Are imaginary."

"But the book?"

"Burn it."

"The physician was evidently an idiot, who knew nothing of the constitution. He was called no more. The imaginary sufferer constructed a laboratory in his own house—consulted his own book—mixed his own medicine. No sooner did he believe one miraculous cure effected, than, upon referring to his oracle, he perceived himself a prey to some new and dire disorder; and again pounded and compounded—mixed, messed, and made, and—the worst remains behind—swallowed, to the destruction of his health, the prostration of his faculties, and the utter ruin of his constitution."

"This was all very well, for, be it known to you, he is an antiquated bachelor, a class of beings for whom I feel very little pity, under any circumstances. It is true, I am myself a bachelor, but a *young* one; and though the amiable modesty which ever accompanies men, has hitherto kept me from the elysium of matrimony, I entertain great hopes, as this is *leap year*, that some terrestrial houri will compassionate my forlorn situation, and make me completely blessed—"

"Do not all speak at once, ladies—"

"As I was saying, he is an *old* bachelor, and moreover, he stands between an interesting and deserving, but, alas! very moderately circumstanced couple, and the property which will be theirs at his death—"

"It was all very well, as I said before, while he confined his practice to his own person; but, unfortunately, having the most supreme confidence in his own skill, he became exceedingly anxious to benefit others as well as himself; and the mystic volume was accordingly opened before his domestic who was at once persuaded that every evil attendant upon man, woman or child, was centred in his own luckless person. To it they went—bleeding, blistering, and dieting, until John became, like his infatuated employer, a mere phantom of his former self. He was on the verge of the grave. The conviction flashed on his imagination. He resolved to quit, while he had the power to do so."

"I was witness to the last scene that took place between them. Some imp of an insect flew into poor John's eye, and Mr. Cammophile, upon hearing the symptoms and referring to his book duly announced the aforesaid John to be afflicted with Ophthalmia, which he said he had no doubt was caused by his drinking to excess."

"The poor fellow had taken nothing but broths for two months previous."

"Mr. Cammophile prescribed—it was the old system; but John had had enough of it—so, screwing his courage to the 'sticking place,' he said 'he thought a change of air would be requisite in his case.'"

"No occasion for that, attend to my prescription, spare, and in a few weeks more—"

"I shall be no more," muttered John, sotto voce between his teeth.

"You will be well again."

"Now, John was naturally a timid man, but the fear of death haunted him, and he said,

"Look at me, sir! What am I? Nothing. If I venture out, the people cry, the living skeleton, and stare at me as though they expected me to melt into air, evaporate. Place a candle behind me, I dare swear I'm transparent: like Peter Schmeil I shall have no shadow—the sun will shine through me.—You've tried your skill upon me for two months—if I stay any longer you will have no opportunity, unless it is to anatomize my bones."

"It is impossible to portray the indignation of Mr. Cammophile who seemed to think in reducing a man from the *beau ideal* of a prize ox into the ghost of a walking stick, that he was laying him under eternal obligations."

"Have I not physicked, bled, or blistered you every day for these two months?" cried he.

"True."

"Have I allowed you any meat during that time?"

"No."

"Or injurious malt liquors?"

"No."

"Or any thing but light broths and gruel?"

"No."

"And is this your gratitude sir? Leave my house. Never let me see your face again."

"John retreated, as if he were making his escape from a charnel house, and Mr. Cammophile turning to me, in the highest degree of excitement, exclaimed, 'The ungrateful dog? The insolent puppy! There has not a day past sir, for the last three months, in which he has not been by me physicked, bled, or blistered.'"

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Leaving this quack to his fire side meditations—cast your eye to the bottom of the table. Observe that young gentleman whose face is lighted with enthusiasm—whose soul is laughing out of her palace windows—his clear bright eyes. There is contagion in her beams. He has excited his auditors to convulsive merriment."

"I observe. What of him?"

"His mistress was married last week."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes! He is a young philosopher; he is now surrounded by beauty and accomplishment; and he does not think one iota the less of that sex which is his pride and glory—because he has found one in it who has deceived him."

"The only idea of his late 'lady love' I can give you, I gleaned from his pocket book. It contains a lock of raven hair, and by it is written, 'A memento of one, who, without birth, fortune, wit, or accomplishments to distinguish her—by a cheerfulness of spirits (which ever seemed to me the joyous outpourings of a beatific nature) engraved her name upon my heart in characters which would have been indelible—had she not by her heartlessness erased the impression. Her mind was naturally rich but uncultivated, and her judgment correct until warped by the narrow prejudices of those soulless beings by whom it was her misfortune to be surrounded, influenced and guided. Thus she became like the wild rose, whose beauty is despoiled, and whose fragrance is annihilated by the rank weeds with which it is surrounded and bidden.'"

THE SPARE MAN.

See! The ladies are leaving the room—we shall be left to ourselves for half an hour. The gentlemen

have begun to talk upon politics, a subject generally reserved till the departure of the ladies."

"Who is that gentleman who has sunk into sleep already? A moment since he was on his legs, and now he is almost snoring."

It is—

"His custom always in the afternoon,"

but upon my life I cannot tell you who he is, nor I believe can any one present. We call him the spare gentleman. He comes regularly to the table at meal times—he scarcely opens his spare mouth unless it is to close his spare lips upon the spare morsel he puts between them. He is spare in purse, spare in person, and spare in conversation. If spoken to, he affects not to hear, to spare himself the trouble of replying, and if importuned greatly, he answers merely in monosyllables."

"A report once got into circulation that he had a leaning towards the spare rib of a dead nabob, who was his vis-a-vis at table, and the very counterpart of himself. If this were the case, she saved him the effort of a declaration by listening to the pleadings of a young barrister, who was infinitely more successful with his suit, in the court of love—than he had been with his suits in the courts of law, and who walked off with the widow and her pagodas. Many, however, disbelieved the imputation, believing his affections to be purely plate-onic. Certes it is that he eats—not talking till he can neither eat nor talk—and then his spare figure sinks into the arm chair, until it is lost to any but a microscopic eye. There he remains in sweet oblivion, till the servant announcing that the urn has been taken up stairs into the drawing room; disturbs the sweet repose of this sleeping beauty. He then follows the gentlemen, and taking a spare chair, sits in a spare corner until the company take their departure. This is his conduct for months together.—Once only, have I heard him speak half a dozen words consecutively. On this occasion the company had all departed, except myself and another gentleman. When rising, and buttoning his spare coat round his spare person, he squeaked in a thin spare voice—"They retire to rest very early here."

We were completely taken by surprise. Like the shock of an earthquake to us was his long pent up voice, stealing through the portals of his attenuated jaws."

We both thought the exertion would prove fatal—that like the gush of light that proceeds the extinction of a dying flame, it presaged the dissolution of the automaton figure, which had been, with clock like regularity, so long moving amongst us—but the next day at the accustomed hour, we found him at his accustomed place. And to say the truth, we should all have been sorry to have lost him. He is a decided character, and in the words of the deathless bard,

"We could have better spared a better man."

THE DRAWING ROOM AND THE DEPARTURE.

See! that pretty chambermaid is summoning us to join the ladies. The domestic functionaries in this country are almost universally whites; colored people are rarely seen."

This is—
Do not be surprised at the absence of all restraint in the manners of these people. They are very particular in England, whom they admit into their domestic circles; but you have only to come properly introduced to be received at once, as though you had been on the most intimate footing for years."

Common report makes them reserved—cold and formal—but this is merely assumed with those with whom they are not, or do not wish to be acquainted."

Yes sir. This is the drawing room—the court of beauty—the hall and home of the fair, where loveliness waves its witching wand—throwing a bright and

glorious spell over our hearts—sleeping our senses in warm delight, and binding us in the silken bands of blissful and doting slavery.

In a few moments you will see groups at different tables, playing at Chess, Whist and Ecarte. You will see a sylph-like form, gracefully bending over the harp, and gaze upon fairy fingers sweeping its golden chords; and whilst every sense is absorbed in the bright being before; you will hear a voice like that of an angel's, revelling in rich and intoxicating melody—

The Waltz—

But how do I know you may be a married man! Heaven and your "ladye" forgive me, for exposing you to such temptation.

Away! away! whew!

Farewell fellow traveller. If you like my companionship, some other time we may meet again—then if you are a bachelor I will introduce you to the lady from whom I have so unceremoniously hurried you. Till then, adieu.

The following passage from "Dragoon Campaigns to the Rocky Mountains," contains a lively sketch of the

MISSISSIPPI BOATMEN.

"I was led to reflect that the daring and fool-hardy spirit of Mike Fink had not become extinct among the boatmen, when our steamer came to, for a few hours, at Natchez, on her way down the Mississippi. This city, which on the heights displays a beautiful appearance, is nevertheless more noted on the river here for the character of the lower town, or 'Natchez under-the-hill,' which the boatmen make a kind of rendezvous, and is the frequent theatre of a royal row. At the time of our stop there, over fifty boats of different descriptions were lying off in the river opposite this place. Close to the wharf, up in the deck of a broad-horn, stood a fellow of powerful muscular appearance, and every now and then he would swing round his arms and throw out a challenge to any one 'who dared to come and take the rust off of him,' styling himself the 'rower,' and declaring that he hadn't had a fight in a month, and was getting lazy.

"The men standing around seemed neither disposed to take much notice of his fellow nor to accept his challenge; and from this I imagined that he was a regular bruiser, and no one cared to oppose him. For some time he continued throwing out his challenge, and interlarding his speeches with the usual boast of a western bruiser, that is, that he was 'half horse, half alligator, half steam-boat, and half snapping-turtle, with a little dash of lightning,' &c. &c.

"Presently a little stubbed fellow came along, and hearing the challenger dare any one to rub the rust off of him, stepped up, and in a dry kind of style looked up in his face and inquired, 'Who might you be, my big chicken, eh?'

"'I'm a high-pressure steamer,' roared the big bully. 'And I'm a snag,' replied the little one, as he pitched into him, and before he had time to reflect, he was sprawling upon the deck.

"A general shout of applause burst from the spectators, and many now, who before had stood aloof from the braggadocio, jumped on board the boat, and enjoyed the manner in which the little fellow pummeled him.

"This scrape appeared to be the signal for several other fights, and in the evening a general row ensued, which ended in the demolition of several edifices and the unhousing of several scores of their inmates; however, during the night our boat left the town, and I learned nothing farther connected with this scrape."

From the Saturday Evening Post.
THE POET.

BY J. DU SOLLE.

Madden in his "Infirmities of Genius" remarks, that poets are the most short-lived of literary characters, and inculcates the idea, that the constant exercise of the imagination is not only inimical to health, but the inevitable cause of premature death.

Thou dark-eyed, pensive passionate child of song! Enthusias! dreamer! worshipper of things By the world's crowd unnoticed, 'mid the throng Of beautiful creations Nature flings The sunlight of existence on! The wings Of the rude tempest are not halt so strong As thy proud hopes—thy wild imaginings—Stop! ere their bold and sacrilegious flight Reach a too-dazzling height:

Venturing onward, till the flashing eye Of Reason, grown deliriously bright, Kinde to madness, and to idiocy;

And, from excessive light, To hideous blindness fall, and tenfold night!

Stop, melancholy youth!

Thou bright and sparkling be the tide of song, And many a sunbeam o'er its waters dance

Meanderingly along—

Though it be heaven to quaff of,—yet, in truth, A deadlier venom taints its gay expanse, (More deep, more strong.)

Than to the subtlest poison doth belong!

A very demon haunts its foetid air, Infatuating with its serpent glance

The wanderer there;

And, with a sad but most bewitching smile, Luring the credulous one to its desire: Stirring new feelings, passions, hopes, awhile, And burning thoughts, whose mad, unholy fire, With its own strength engirdles its own funeral pyre!

Stop then, sad youth! since Life is not all care, But hath its hours of rosy-lipped delight: Since the cold grave hath little but despair, The weary, world-worn spirit to invite:—Stop! I conjure thee! bid thine muse away!

Her fatal gifts relinquish or resign; Her haughty mandates heed not nor obey:

E'en now thy brow hath sorrow's pallid sign—Thine eye, though bright, is like the flickering ray Of a "stray sunbeam o'er some ruined shrine,"

Lighting up vestiges almost divine, In sad, yet dimly beautiful decay:

Thy cheek is sunken, and the fickle play Of the faint smile that curls thy parted lip,

Hath something fearful in it, though so gay, A something treacherously calm, and deep;

Such as on sunny waters seems to sleep, When hid beneath some passing shadow's gray,

The subtle storm fiend watches for his prey.

Stop! ere thine hour of dalliance be over; Ere health abandon thee, and quench her light

In the dark stream of death—the faithless rover! Ere Hope herself, take flight,

Down to the depth of that dark flowing river, Whose sombre shores are cloth'd in endless night;

Ere thou be wrested from us, and, for ever—Blotted like some loved planet, from our sight;

And, save the ties,

That not e'en destiny itself can sever, A feeble reminiscence, or a name,

Be all thou leav'st us of thee 'neath the skies—Or some rude stone, perhaps, to greet our eyes,

And, with its speechless eloquence proclaim, "Here lies

Another victim to thy love, O Fame!"

From the Saturday Evening Post.

FOR THE BACHELORS.

Inviting all, both big and small, to LOOK SHARP, and with all convenient speed to take unto themselves,

A lovely and a loving wife,
The sweetest comfort of this life;
"Tis madness sure, you must agree,
To lodge alone at TWENTY-THREE;
For writings pen'd by heaven have shown
That man can never be blest alone."

"And the Lord said it is not good for man to be alone." No, verily, nor for woman neither. Well said most noble patriotic Paul. May the children of Columbia harken to thy counsel that there be no more bachelors in our lands like scrubby oaks standing selfishly alone, while our maidens, like tender vines lacking support, sink to the ground, but that united in wedlock's blest embraces, they may grow up together as the branches overspread the nations, making their country the pride and glory of the earth! "I will the young people marry,"—yes, if you prize pleasure, marry. If you prize wealth, marry.

If you prize health, marry. Now I set me to prove these delightful truths, draw near ye bachelors of the willing ear, while with the grey quill of experience I write. Believe me, citizen bachelor, never man yet received his full allowance heaped up and running over of this life's joys, until it was measured out to him by a loving wife. A man with half an eye may see that I am not talking here of those droll matches which now and then put a whole neighbourhood a-squaring, when scores of good people are called together to eat mince pies, and to hear a sweet nymph of fourteen vowing, to love! honour and obey, an old icicle of fourscore! or to see the rosy cheeked youth lavishing unnatural kisses on the shrivelled lips of his grand mother's bridesmaid. Oh, cursed thirst of land and negroes!! From such matches, good Lord deliver all true hearted republicans; for such matches have contributed to make those sweetest notes, husband and wife, to sound most prodigiously out of tune. The old husband, after all his honey moon looks, grunts a jealous base, while young madam, wretched in spite of her coach and finery, squeaks a scolding treble, making a fine cat and dog concert of it for life. But I am talking of a match of true love between two persons who having virtue to resist the transports of a tender friendship, and good sense to estimate their infinite value, wisely strive to fan the delightful flame by the same endearing attentions which they used before marriage. O! If there be a heaven on earth, we must look for it in such a marriage of prudence and of love. On the splendid list of their felicities, I would set down as,—

The first bliss of Matrimony.

The charming society, the tender friendship it affords. Without a friend it is impossible for us to be happy. Let riches roll in upon us in golden tides, let genius bear us up to the highest pinnacle of honour, yet if we have no beloved friend to whom we can tell our joys, and invite to share our prosperity, it loses more than half its value, and seems all but joyless pomp, untasted plenty. Yes, the sweetest drop in the cup of life is a friend. But where on earth is the friend to be compared with an affectionate wife? For your sake, she has left father and mother, and all the first and dearest connections of life. To you alone she looks for happiness—with you she wishes to live, and in your arms she wishes to draw her last breath. Are you poor? Like another self—she toils and saves to better your fortune. Are you sick? Love makes her the best of nurses, she never leaves your bedside, she sustains your fainting head,

and strains your feverish cheeks to her dear anxious bosom. O! welcome sickness, with such a companion. Are you prosperous? It more than doubles your blessings to share them with one so beloved.—Are you in her company? Her very presence has the effect of the most agreeable conversation, and her looks, though silent, convey a joy to the heart of which none but happy lovers have any idea. Are you going abroad? The thoughts of her going along with you, her ten thousand endearing tendernesses rise to your d-lighted remembrance, sweetly amusing your journey, while dear conjugal love makes every idea of home delightful; there the fire blazing and the vestments warm, the neat apartment and delicious repast prepared by her officious love, fill your bosom with bliss too big for utterance. Compared with a life, like this, merciful heaven! how disconsolate the condition of the bachelor; drooping and melancholy he walks in by himself; no endearing friend—no sweet society—no charming converse—he eats his morsel alone—his sorrows have no comforter—his joys die within him.

Second bliss of Matrimony.

It gives us lovely children, to gladden our hearts to perpetuate our names, to enjoy the fruits of our industry, and to derive to us a sort of new existence, which we fondly hope will be more prudent and happy than the first. Tender parents! say, what music in nature is equal to that which thrills through your nerves, when your little patlers, with infant voice, attempt to lip your names. See Florio and Delia, happy pair! surrounded by their lovely children, blooming as the spring, sweet as smiling innocence, and laughing like the graces, pulling at their knees to catch the invited kiss, while the fond parents, with eyes swimming with delight, gaze on them and on each other, filled with gratitude to heaven for such precious treasures, and daily and gloriously employed in training them up to virtue and happiness. Delightful task; pleasure more than mortal. A pleasure which, according to Moses, the Almighty himself enjoyed when he beheld the works of his hands, and saw that all was good. Delia was visited by a wealthy old maid, a cousin, who entertained her with a world of chat about her diamond necklaces, gold ear rings, &c., which she displayed with great satisfaction. She was scarcely done before Delia's children returning from school, ran into the room with blooming cheeks and joy-sparkling eyes, to kiss their mother. Delia then, with all the transports of happy parents, exclaimed, "these, my dear cousin, are my jewels and the only ornaments I admire." O, glorious speech! worthy of an American lady, for these living ornaments, which give to our country plenty in peace, and security in war, and a brighter lustre to the fair than all the fairest jewels of the east. Besides, the pleasures which a fond parent finds in the circle of his children, are the purest and most exquisite in nature; kings and conquerors have gladly left their crowded levees, to caress and play with these their little cherubs. The prime minister of Agesilaus, coming into the palace, found that great prince in high romp with his children. The old fellow (a bachelor of course) began to grin surprise; the king with a smile, observed "my friend, do not say a word in this matter, until you come to be a parent." A fond parent finds likewise something wonderfully improving in the society of his children. Even a stranger cannot look on their sweet countenances without feeling the force of innocence, and catching something of their amiable spirit; how then can a parent otherwise than catch from them the finest sentiments of tenderness and humanity, gazing on their beloved faces till his heart aches within him, straining the to his bosom till the tear starts into his eye, how can he be cruel even to the children of the stranger. That French Hannibal

Buonaparte, who was a married man, at the head of an inferior force fell in with the Austrians. As they were preparing to engage, Buonaparte seeing two poor little children in the fields, crying at the sight of so many faces, commanded the troops to halt, till with the assistance of a corporal he had removed them out of danger. The eyes of the Frenchmen sparkled on their generous chief. They raised the song of war (the Marseilles Hymn,) the song of heroes fighting for their hoary sires, their weeping wives, and helpless babes. The Austrians fell before them as the fields of ripe corn fell before the flames that are driven on by the storms of heaven.

O generous parents! natural guardians of your children! Encourage them to marry, to marry early, 'tis the voice of all wisdom, human and divine. What says God himself? "Tis not good for man to be alone." Then least of all for a young man, what says Solomon? "My son, rejoice with the wife of thy youth, and let her be as the loving fawn and pleasant roe, let her breast satisfy thee at all times, and be all ways ravished with her love; for why, my son, will thou embrace the bosom of a harlot, whose way is the way to hell, going down by the chambers of death!"

F. M.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

What wak'st thou Spring?—sweet voices in the woods.
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyless leaves
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispering shade.
And happy murmurs running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call—
Spring, the Awakener! thou hast burst their sleep,
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy peopled world of flowers;
Thou from the dust has set that glory free,
Colouring the cowslips with the sunny hours
And pencilling the wood anemone,
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glow with mute poesy

But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring?
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou art
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much!—We know not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,
What fond strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more shall see!
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices, that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the Dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds and leaves, and living blooms?
—Oh, is it not, that from thine earthly track,
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle Spring: no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones there!

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE LOVES OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

On hearing a young lady say, that the loves of Romeo and Juliet, in the aggregate, were pure fiction; that there were no Romeo lovers.

Never exist! think'st thou the poet's brain,
Could weave, when most creative, such a chain
Of beautiful imaginings as those,
Verona's hopeless lover's fates disclose?
Never exist! On earth there never was
Love so devoted, say'st thou? 'Tis because,
The roguish archer knows whilst thou art free,
He gains a hundred votaries for thee.
Who but for thee, had never own'd his power,
But laugh'd a Venus' fav'rite, till this hour.
So in thy service's consideration,
He grants thee for a time emancipation;
More still to implicate. In this same sense,
A rogue's allow'd to turn state's evidence,
Believe that Romeo's love is still left here,
If 'tis not shewn, 'tis your fault, O ye fair!
Coquettish are ye, hard to be defin'd,
Is't not proverbial that a woman's mind
Is more inconstant than the fickle wind?
Ye give encouragement to those who ne'er,
With your sweet heart's affections ye will share.
With all love's wiles and witchery ye lure,
Your yet unconscious victim, till too sure,
He rankles 'neath the arrow's cureless smart,
Then smiling, leave him to a broken heart.
But what of that? 'Twould ill become the fair,
For sear'd affections blighted hopes to care.
Do not those wither'd hearts like some fair tree,
Blasted by lightning to sterility,
Stand like some monumental trophy forth,
To grace your triumphs and proclaim your worth?
What though thy lover's hopes have in the spring
Of love and life, e'en in the blossoming,
Been trampled on and crush'd, what tho' his cheek
Hectic and wan—his hollow voice bespeak.
Corrosive grief and premature decay,
Pitiless, hopeless, withering away,
Seeking when life is sweetest, in its bloom
To lock his sorrows in the silent tomb,
Pursue your course proud beauty, blandly smile,
Remorseless, heartless, pitiless the while,
With all your blandishments his heart to snare,
Teach him to hope, and leave him to despair.
Then make his sorrows wittily a jest,
And plant your trophy in his bleeding breast.
Pursue your course triumphantly and gain,
Heed not, how dearly, so 'tis done—a name.
It is for this that forms so sweetly bright,
Irradiate this dull earth with heavenly light.
O! that your natures ye should so pervert,
O! that such loveliness should want a heart.
Complain not then of us, till you can say,
A Juliet's love doth in my bosom play.
All flirting, coquetry, deceit disdain,
These evils but revert to you again.
Stand in that native purity and truth,
Which nature stamp'd you, when she bro't ye forth.
Then shall our tongues be loos'd from the constraint,
That now doth weigh them down, and we shall paint
Our passions in such glowing colours, you
Shall never doubt, but we're as Romeo true,
And with such rapture our dear love shall tell
That Romeo himself, you'll own could ne'er excel.

F. W.



*Sepulchres of the Sons of David,
(Commonly called the Tombs of the Kings, near Jerusalem.)*



The Forum—Rome.

**SEPOLCHRES OF THE SONS OF DAVID,
Commonly called the Tombs of the Kings, near Jerusalem.**

Nearly a mile from Jerusalem, on the north, lie the Tombs of the Kings as they are commonly termed, though it is difficult to account for this appellation being given to them: for it is certain that none either of the kings of Israel or Judah were buried here, as Scriptures assign other places for their sepulchres; unless, perhaps, Hezekiah was here interred, and these were the "sepulchres of the sons of David" mentioned in 2 Chron. xxxii. 33. Whoever was buried here, it is certain that the place itself discovers so great an expense both of labour and treasure, that we may well suppose it to have been the work of kings. The approach to these sepulchres is through a passage cut in the rock into an open square having the appearance of a quarry, whose western side was quite smooth and perpendicular, in which is excavated a porch of about ten yards in length by four in depth. Over this porch are carved festoons of fruits and flowers, very beautifully executed, exhibiting an advanced stage of art, though now very much defaced. On the left is the entrance into the sepulchral chambers, so filled with rubbish, that the traveller is obliged to he down, and creep in like a lizard, to gain admittance. Through this he is conducted into a square chamber, having three doorways, on three different sides, leading to other chambers (in all, six or seven in number,) cut with mathematical exactness, the walls being perfectly smooth. In these were hewn recesses, of different shapes, for the reception of bodies, some being oblong, and others the segment of a circle. In one of these apartments was a row of smaller niches, in size and form resembling the columbaria of the Romans, and in the floor are sunk quadrangular receptacles of the size of a coffin. Strewed about, are fragments of sarcophagi, covered with carvings of fruit, flowers, and foliage, similar to that which ornamented the frieze of the portico.

Maunder states, that he found one of the doors still upon its hinges: such is not now the case. But the intelligent author of "Three Weeks in Palestine" (who concurs in Maunder's opinion that these tombs were the sepulchre of Helena, queen of Adiabene, and her family,) states that he "saw one door still perfect, and very singular and beautiful it was, hewn out of the same compact limestone which forms the rock, half a foot in thickness: the panels were as nicely cut as the finest mahogany doors in this country, and the whole highly polished. It had originally turned upon tenons of one piece with itself, resting on sockets in the solid rock; so that no extraneous matter was used for hinges, fitting most exactly in the door-frame, shutting apparently with its own weight, and requiring pressure to push it open. There was no sign of bolt or fastening of any kind about it. In several of these crypts were fragments of similar doors."

Rome—the Forum, as seen from the Capitoline Hill.

Christianity is generally supposed to have been first planted at Rome, by some of those "strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes" (Acts, ii. 10.), who heard the Apostle Peter preach, and were converted at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. To the church thus formed in the metropolis of the ancient world, Saint Paul affectionately inscribes the epistle to the Romans. (i. 7.)

The Forum, which is delineated in our engraving, is perhaps the most melancholy object which Rome contains within its walls. Not only is its former grandeur utterly annihilated, but the ground has not been applied to any other purpose. When the visitor

descends into it from the Capitoline Hill, or Mount, he finds many of the ancient buildings buried under irregular heaps of soil: and a vivid imagination might fancy that some spell hung over the spot, forbidding it to be profaned by the ordinary occupations of inhabited cities. Where the Roman people beheld temples erected to perpetuate their exploits, and where the nobles vied with each other in the magnificence of their dwellings, we now see a few insulated pillars standing, and some broken arches. Where the comitia were held, where Cicero harangued, and where triumphal processions passed, we now see no animated beings, except strangers who are actuated by curiosity, or convicts who are employed in excavating as a punishment, and cattle grazing upon the scanty pasture. The Roman Forum is now called the Campo Vaccino: it is computed to have been 705 feet in length, and 470 in width.

The three pillars on the right of our engraving are said to have belonged to the temple of Jupiter Tonans: they stand on the declivity of the Capitol, not far from the column of the Emperor Phocas. It is known from Suetonius, that Augustus erected such a temple at the foot of the Capitol, in gratitude for his escape from being struck by lightning; and of that temple these are supposed to be the remains. The pillars were buried in the earth, almost up to their capitals, which are of the Corinthian order: but while the French were at Rome, in 1811, they were disinterred, and are now laid open to the bottom. They are of white marble, fluted, and are of great size, being four feet four inches in diameter. Up the lateral frieze there are several ornaments connected with sacrifices. According to Vitruvius, the Temple of Jupiter Tonans anciently had a portico of thirty columns.

The building, which appears on the left, is the Arch of Septimius Severus, which was erected in honour of that emperor and his two sons, Geta and Caracalla, to commemorate two triumphs over the Parthians. It stands at the foot of the Capitol, &c. at the north-west angle of the ancient forum: it is of white marble, and consists of one large arch, with a smaller one on each side, having a lateral communication from one to the other. Besides the bas-relief on each front, it is ornamented with eight fluted composite pillars. Formerly, there was a chariot on the top. This arch was for centuries buried for nearly half its height. Leo X. ordered some excavations to be made under the direction of Michael Angelo: in 1563 they were undertaken a second time, but were filled up again. A similar failure took place in the pontificate of Gregory XVI.; and in 1804 the arch was laid open to the bottom by Pius VII.

In the centre is the Temple of Fortune, which edifice was for a long time mistaken for the Temple of Concord. Its portico only remains: it consists of a front of six Ionic columns of granite, the bases and capitals of which are of white marble. They support an entablature and a pediment, and all vary in diameter; which circumstance induces a belief that this edifice must have been restored with materials borrowed from other buildings. The interior frieze now remaining exhibits some ornaments of excellent workmanship, and others so inelegant as to savour strongly of the dark ages; and as it appears evident that the Temple of Fortune, situated on the ascent to the Capitol, was burnt during the reign of the Emperor Maxentius, and rebuilt about the age of Constantine, and likewise equally evident that the Temple of Fortune stood very near that of Jupiter Tonans (as the portico in question does), the antiquaries of Rome now concur in opinion, that this portico was the entrance to the Temple of Fortune.

We add the following letter of Mr. Brooks, whose

description of Rome, and particularly that portion of it represented in the above engraving, will afford additional interest.

ROME, October, 1835.

Antiquity in the mind of an American assumes a new definition, the moment he puts foot within the walls of the city of Romulus and the Cæsars. Christopher Columbus becomes to him as a contemporary. The brick and mortar ruins of Jamestown in Virginia, seem to be but the ruins of yesterday. Our Pilgrim Fathers are *Fathers* no more. The Abbeys and the Cathedrals of our father land lose all that charm with which we first beheld them, as we look upon these august ruins of the great republic of antiquity, this once mighty city, this more than London even in population of the Cæsars. The living Rome looks like the rest of Italy. 'The gate of the people,' the spouting fountains there, the restored Obelisk of the Egyptians, the well crowded Corso, the Piazza of Spain, these are places in which the living are seen, where the men of the present live and die, but in the old Rome of the republic and the mightiest works of the proudest men, I could now track out by the putrefaction and the nauseous odors of the atmosphere that surrounds them. The fifth of their environs is the best guide-book of their majesty. The Roman Forum, the proud capitol ground of the old republic, as much richer once than ours as are the stars of heaven than the glow-worms of the earth—that holy spot where civilization, light and liberty streamed over the whole world, exalted by the temples of gods and the footsteps of god-like men, audible even now almost with the voice of Cicero,—what is this spot at the present day? Chained convicts are digging twenty feet under ground for the sacred way, around the basis of of broken arches and columns. Near where the Rostrum was supposed to be is a filthy stable. A vile rail fence hedges in the Temple of Concord and Jupiter Tonans, and a mock of a soldier stands guarding the narrow pass of the shelving earth. Cattle are feeding around Jupiter Stator where Romulus rallied his legions against his Sabine invaders, the god upon whose arch Cicero apostrophized. Men are pitching stones in sport over the *Sacra Via*. The foot of the Palatine is the stopping place of the market men, and hay is eaten by the oxen in mangers made of the marble and the glorious relics of Romans. A *Con-Yard* (*Campo Vaccino*) the place has been called.—The bleating of flocks and the tinkling of little bells now take the place of the eloquence of Cicero and Hortensius, and swarms of lizards and rats and mice run through the heaped-up earth under which a Scipio and a Horace, and a Virgil trod. The proud Palatine where Roman liberty was cradled, in the thatched cottage of Romulus, and stifled in the golden palace of Nero—desolation sits brooding upon it. The earth even has overgrown Bath and Temple; there is a city under ground, and the fox nestles in the brambles that choke up its corridors, and the chambers of princes have become the stables of the jackass! Modern man has attempted to make a home there, but the ruins have been too thick to abide in, and the vine was more easily grown over them, than the house reared above them. The glory of the Capitoline Hill is gone, for this hill has so often quaked with revolutions—Gaul, Republican, Imperialist and Papist have made it their battle-ground—that nothing of the ancient edifices are seen, and modern ones have taken their places.—The Tarpeian rock it is true, stands; but it is no longer that terrible rock whence traitors were thrown—for the earth was filled up at its base, and cliffs have tumbled from its summit. Among dirty cottages and dirtier people, beggars that were thick, and filth almost insufferable, I found a lane and the stair case of a house that led me to the top; but one view was enough,

and I never wish for another. The poetry of the past is so shocked by the misery of the present, all around the Capitol, that the only lesson we learn is that one of horror, that we ourselves and even the greatest of godlike men, rear what monuments to their fame one may, must all experience the like destiny that those once consecrated spots are now suffering under. The rolling and ruinous car of time grinds up temples, hills and men, as easily as the insignificant worm that creeps.

I love in a strange city, especially in a city like Rome, to wander about first without a guide or a guide-book, ignorant of what I see, and thus with no trumpet for fame, so that I may know what impressions strange objects make upon me—objects without the name. 'This mazy, misty wandering one may enjoy to his full content within the wide stretched walls of Rome, and there feel as lonely and as sadly solitary as it within the broad spread forests of Maine.—I indeed my thoughts have often felt the thick strewn ruins here, where one with difficulty at times climbs over masses of brick and mortar, to compare the prospect with those long, leafless, and lifeless over-branching pines through which a hurricane of fire has run with a track of black desolation. The winds have, perhaps, thrown down many, and choked up the way among the roots;—and so have time and revolution here thrown down arches, and walls, and the traveller wanders in a wilderness of ruins, even within a city, without a voice to disturb him, or even a sound save that of the owl or some other bird that makes its nest in the many crevices of the many lone walls. For Rome is, and has been, indeed, a mighty city, and all that is said of it is true, and more is true, as it is one of those few places which from its grandeur, beauty and sublimity, ever is so much above us, that we cannot exaggerate in speaking of it. It had no past, the present alone would be worth a pilgrimage from America; and if there were no present—if all were as the ruins of Palatine or the broken temples of the Forum, yet the past would be enough to pay for the pilgrimage. All the ages of Rome have been grand in their way. The republic was simple, yet august, free, powerful, and proud. The Empire was rich, dazzling and glorious. The second Empire of the Pope has been as renowned as each of the others, and as powerful too, with its religious sway. It is the city of the Apostles, as well as of the Republic and Cæsars. But even Rome, 'the Niobe of Nations' as Byron so beautifully calls it, with the carcasses of so many ruins encumbering it, is the most wonderful place of the earth. Its churches are uneclipsed in splendor. Its galleries of the arts have no equals.—All Greece, all Italy, Egypt even, have their bright focus here. It is the home of the Fine Arts, the great school of arts from all the civilized world,—and what a student sees elsewhere, is but the star-light compared with the full brightness of the moon. Beauty has made it her abiding place even in death.

The marble Apollo of Grecian art presides in the Vatican, with a look, an air, and a tread worthy of the god of eloquence, of music, of poetry and arts. That miracle of architecture and wealth, St. Peter's, is here. Grandeur is yet enthroned upon the vast walls of the Coliseum. But what need be said of a city where a Michael Angelo left his 'Last Judgment,' and Raphael his lodges and his transfiguration, except to add that the treasures of the past and the present time are there, and that in a year of ardent study, a man cannot see all, and understand all that ought to be seen. I come home every night weary with the investigation of new things of which I never dreamed, fatigued and exhausted with such exciting mental efforts, and find hourly that a claim is laid upon my knowledge of mythology and of antiquity, of past

and present, and upon my taste and eyes too, that years of reading and observation can not gratify me with. An Englishman or an American educated as the people are, is but an infant in Rome, by the side even of a common *valet de place*, who has been bred and born in its study.

But I had no year to spend in the re-reading of Latin classics from Livy to Tibullus, nor the thousand and one authors who have written on the antiquities of Rome—many of them being antiquarians here, even before the discovery of America. Nevertheless if a man has leisure, no where can Virgil be read with such interest as in Italy, or Horace as in Rome, and history is always doubly interesting when studied and traced upon the spot. Gibbon must be fresh in memory for the 'Decline and Fall,' and Livy for the rise and growth—else much of that charm with which history crowns every thing it touches, is lost. I sallied forth at first, as I was going to say, in my former paragraph without guide or man, and as my first thoughts will at least be newer than my second, I will tell what they are. I followed the Corso, which is the Broadway of the modern Rome, but lined with palaces though filled with the arts, a street I may add not wider than Wall-street, New York, and with a sidewalk upon which only two persons can conveniently pass. I came to the Capitol I hardly know how, I ascended the steps, observed the statues there, and then three edifices that form three sides of the area, but never would one judge that this was the Capitoline Hill, the place of Temples, Chapels, Altars, the Citadel and schools of ancient Rome. I walked over this area, and descending the hill upon the other side, looked down upon the desolation of the Forum. Broken columns, a pavement seen thirty or forty feet under the earth that has been dug from over it, ruined art and grandeur contrasting strangely with meanness, poverty, and filth, convicts excavating, or a student perhaps with his pencil, copying, tell you that this is some place important, but unless a description of the book is vivid upon your memory, you never would dream it was the Roman Forum. I descended steps, and walked over what was once the *Sacra Via*. I tried to read the Latin inscriptions on some of the Temples, but this was not easy, as they are so blackened and disfigured, but yet I read enough to awaken, and enlighten a little of my curiosity. Through a range of trees, I ventured my way over a gravelled walk. A church on my left peeping out from amidst Corinthian columns, the porticos of which seemed to have been hurried to half their height of the pillars, the cornice in front gone, but sculptured in the friezes at the sides with griffins and candelabra, attracted my attention, and tracing the shaded route, and going around this church in the filthy alleys, I found this church was nestled in the embraces of the temple of Antonia and Faustina,—the holy God in heathen arms! I went on further, vast masses of brick towering high with prodigious arches met my eager gaze. These I afterwards learnt was the ruined Basilica of the Christians of the Empire. As I went on further, ruin thickened upon ruin. The triumphal arch of Titus might be guessed at from its reliefs. The colossal ruins opposite, antiquarians are deliberating about to this very day. Some of the Coliseum was before me, the mighty men of which there is no mistaking. Its name is written as it were, on its grand and towering walls. I retraced my steps, for I saw that I was wandering in a wilderness of bricks and there was a weight and oppression in the loneliness of the place. I got into the Forum Bearium at last. I saw the Cloaca Maxima, a little clear stream of excellent water was then running through its vaults.—There was not a man, nor a breathing thing to be seen about this once busy spot, this Wall-street of the

Bankers and the Tradesmen. The arch of Septimius Severus was there, disfigured and broken. The immense marble blocks of Janus Quodripero which had been buried deep in the earth, stands also there. I knew not then the name of a single thing. I could not even dream what the highly adorned place once might be. But now it was the official ground of Rome. Vaults seem to be emptied there. A quick rapid view is all one can take. I retraced my steps again. I crossed the Forum. I went through the ruins of the Basilica of Constantine. I found myself soon in yet another position, where life was mingled with desolation, where man seemed to have made a discovery, and to exult in his success. Huge masses of broken granite columns stood up in a regular order. The earth had been cleared out for a wide space, and the area cleared had been fenced in. A Doric column, adorned all over with *basso relievo*, was placed at the further end. There was no mistaking this, for it must be the historic column of Trajan. Trophies, eagles, wreaths, all proclaimed it; but why was St. Peter standing on the top of Trajan's column, the Apostle of Peace, surmounting the sculptured wreath, proclaiming a Roman Emperor's triumph over the fallen Dacians? The French, I learnt, made this excavation, but yet they were the propagandists of arts as well as of arms. I returned home to my lodgings in the Piazza of Spain, amazed and confounded in my unguided wanderings among the ruins of Rome. My impressions were that the world has been retrograding, and that modern pride should stand abashed before even the ruins of antiquity. I felt for the moment in contrasting the humiliation of the present with the grandeur of the past, a sense of shame, and an awful fear, that the human race was going backward rather than forward. Certain it is that this Rome is eighteen hundred years behind the Rome of the Christian era, and were it not for Science, how Art and taste would tremble in the contrast, and what little even Eloquence and Poetry could say!

The Tiber, the far-famed Tiber, which Roman poetry has adorned with so many charms, was one of the next objects of my visit: but the golden Tiber I found to be like the Po, a yellow muddy stream, which in America would be classed among the streams of the eighth or tenth class. The Androscooggin in Maine is a larger river. Cape Fear river in North Carolina rolls a volume of water far larger, and I only mention this in comparison because it is the only one of the prominent southern rivers that at this moment strikes my attention. But upon the little Tiber, as is London on the Thames, was situated that mighty city which once ruled not only the land but the waves. However, the Roman poets are not so much to be derided; and an American should not make the Ohio or the Red River of his own land a standard for the measurement of European rivers—for the Tiber is among the considerable rivers of Europe as to size, when seen as it runs through Rome. I venture to say, however, that no man whose ideas of the Tiber were formed from the reading of Roman classics, ever looked upon the stream itself without a keen disappointment upon finding his magnificent visions of dazzling gold to be settled down in turbid water and yellow mud. The golden Mississippi would be a proper name, from the extent, as well as the color of its current, and from the value of it as one of the great arteries of an immense country.

The Tiber exhibits at present nothing very remarkable upon it, but its ruins. There is no commerce there or signs of commerce—and the only galleys of the present day are little ill-built boats that never trust their heads far beyond Ostia, the ancient port. The bridges, however, or the relics of bridges, have a history of intense interest, as well as the stream that has

borne upon it so many vast events. The Bridge of St. Angelo, adorned with statues, angels and saints, is the most beautiful of the bridges of the present day; but the wanderer never thinks of them when he is passing it, while he sees before him the mighty mausoleum of Adrian, and at his side the Triumphal Bridge on which the Roman Heroes passed triumphant to the Capitol. The little relics of the Sublidian Bridge, peeping at times above the surface of the Tiber when the water is lower, recall to one's memory the famous flight of Horatius Cocles, when with his single arm he beat back Porsenna's troops, and thus preserved the Capitol:—and though even little or nothing is left of the ancient Æmilian Bridge, yet when one sees where it was, the *Ponte Mole* of the present day, he understands the history of the arrest of Cataline's conspirators under the Consulate of Cicero, as well as the story of the battle of the Christian Constantine with the tyrant Maximus. Of the eight ancient bridges of the Romans, there now exist only two, and some ruins of two others.

One of the many huge masses of stone that attract the attention of a stranger in Rome, is the vast mole of the Emperor Adrian, who in laying thus broadly the basis of his tomb, and piling thus high upon such foundations a mausoleum, grander than modern palaces, little dreamed what a citadel he was making for others to fight in and from, and how contemptible his own proud ashes would be in it. The tomb of the Roman ruler for three centuries, has been the Citadel of Rome. Rome has been defended there. The Popes have made it their castle, and Rome was theirs when the mole of Adrian belonged to them. The crusaders have assaulted it in vain. Frederic Barbarossa battled against it. The Gothic Theodoric made his prison there. The triumphant rage of the whole city has been spent upon it in a vain attempt to dislodge their tyrants; but the indissoluble structure has withstood force and fame, and is standing yet as a massive fabric that bids fair for an existence in the centuries to come, though nothing is left of its builder not even his bones or his dust—nothing of his relics even, but the walls of his mole and his marble bust.—So firm has been this mole as a castle of defence and assault, that has been remarked, by a lamentable coincidence, the tomb of one of the Roman despots has helped to perpetuate the subjection of the Roman people.

Far different, however, from this has been the destiny of the mausoleum of Augustus on the north side of what was once the Campus Martius. The classical reader may perhaps have in his memory some one of the descriptions which the Roman writers have given of this proud mausoleum once holding the ashes of the masters of mankind, and built to brave eternity. If so, he will recollect that it was incrustured with marble, and was raised to a great height, so as to form a stately dome. The summit was adorned with a statue of Augustus himself. Two Egyptian obelisks stood at the entrance, and evergreens were planted on the broad belts that marked the division of its height and its succeeding stories. Graves surrounded the imperial pile; and the *Bustum*, where the bodies of the Augustan family were burnt, was not far from that. This was the great receptacle of the ashes of Augustus himself, and of Germanicus too. Marcellus was also buried here, the beautiful and pathetic lines upon whose death in Virgil's *Æneid* are so widely famous. But, above all, Julius Cæsar was buried here—that man so wonderful in every thing he touched, and so wonderful in all his life—whether he was heading his legions in the battle-field, or mounted on the rostrum of the forum—whether he was making love with the charming Cleopatra, or disputing with the stern Cato—whether playing in puns and pretty sayings, or writ-

ing military annals—astonishing men when alive by the versatility of his genius, and confounding the world by the majesty of his death. For this mausoleum, in which were the relics of such a man, I sought in company with an English friend. We coasted along the banks of the Tiber, and inquired of the passers-by where it was, but we often asked in vain; for, though we entered the shops of the very neighborhood to inquire, many could not tell us where it was. But we discovered it at last. We followed up a narrow street that stretches towards the Tiber. We turned an alley, and found ourselves in a place, the suburbs of which were so filthy, devoted to such base purposes as they were that, on account of the exhalations, existence around seemed to be insupportable there. We entered at last an ill-looking door of an ill-looking house, and, after ascending some crumbling steps, found ourselves entering, under the escort of an old woman, what was once the burial-place of mighty men of Rome. *Pigs had their pens in the sepulchral chamber.* Where the ashes of men deified as gods had rested, *cattle had been fed.* The cells of the august dead were the stables of the living brute. A fortress this place was during the dark or middle ages.—Then it was hollowed out as a vineyard, and at last it became a circus to serve for bull-fights and fire-works!

The grave-stones even have been used as a measure for weight; and the sign that the Julian race sculptured, as a mark that their august remains were there, the Romans adopted to tell how much was 200 weight of corn! The sarcophagus of Agrippina, the grand-daughter of Augustus, the Divine, stands tenantless in an open court on the hill of the Capitol; but where Augustus himself is, or his sarcophagus—or Cæsar—or Germanicus—no man can tell. The groves, I need not say, are gone. The dome has tumbled down. Where were the evergreens, is the railing of the circus. In short, but few places more miserable than this could now be found in Rome; and such is the story of the mausoleum of the proud and divine Augustus!—Such is the fabric in which he hoped to rest in peace! Such is the value of that fame that seeks to trumpet itself by gorgeous edifices, or that fixes upon any other memorials than those God himself has reared, such as the everlasting hills. B.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.

St. Luke, Chap. vii. verses 12th, 13th, 14th.

With solemn tread and countenance of woe,
They bear along the body to consign
The last dear relic to its parent earth.
Sadder of all the widowed mother moves
Onward in the procession, shedding tears
Of deepest anguish—'tis her only son—
He, in whom her fondest hopes were centred,
And whose hands supplied her with the comforts
And luxuries of life; who wept with her,
And smiled when she smiled—now alas! is wrapt
In the cold arms of death. Insensible
To all her lamentations—
But Jesus passing, marks the widow's grief,
And bids her "weep not" for her son, though dead.
Shall rise again to life.—Then drawing nigh
Unto the bier, he touched the icy corpse
And said "young man, arise!"—
He spoke—The spirit joined the form,
The pulses beat again—again the heart
Throb'd in his bosom as 'twas wont to do.
The blood once more flowed freely thro' each vein.
And life and vigour dwelt in ev'ry limb. T.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER XX.

I could easily transcribe for you long comparative statements of the expenses and the receipts of the French Colonial Government here, as well as tables of the shipping, and of the exports and imports of all the ports in the Regency; and if the colony were in a settled condition, such documents, though dry reading, would be well worth studying as a means of solving the grand problem, namely, what profit will France make by her conquest of Algiers? Things, however, are not in a settled condition. I have still, to be sure, the same general impression that their national pride will induce the French to retain the country; and to penetrate from its littoral into its interior as far as they can; and I have still a further general belief, that by good management a prospective of splendid though remote advantages might be opened to France, and to the civilized world at large, from the French possession of the Regency. But you must take this opinion as a guess, not as a dogma; for I repeat that things are not in a settled condition. The public feeling of France itself, as to the advisableness of retaining Algiers, is divided between pride and frugality; and how the struggle is to end will depend upon many contingencies. Among these we may reckon the chief one to be the balance of account from year to year, as the expenses and receipts of the colony. Let us hear then, perhaps you will say, how much on the one hand the colony costs France for soldiers and the civil administration; and on the other hand, how much it yields in the shape of customs, tolls, taxes on markets and on the natives, &c. &c.

As to the expense of the French army in Algiers, that must depend upon its number. At the time I write, the officers whom I have consulted compute it, generally, a 23,000.† Take that estimate, and compute the expense of every soldier at £35 a-year, and the result will be £805,000 sterling. But when I recollect the fact that the British War Minister once expressed to me his belief, that what with ordnance, hospitals, officering, accoutrements, ammunition, &c., our soldiers cost not less to the nation than £80 annually per head, I cannot believe that France maintains her military, (in Algiers at least,) all things included, at less than one-half that sum. The expense, therefore, to France in the event of her being obliged to maintain 23,000 fighting men in the Regency, would exceed a million sterling a-year, besides the cost of her civil government.

Query, Would this force be sufficient to overrun the country, and to keep possession of it? I am no military man, but I would stake my life on the truth of the opinion, that, to sweep and keep the country, Napoleon himself, if alive, would demand double that number. It is wandering from the question to talk of the British retaining Hindostan with twenty and some odd thousand British troops; for the Kabyles and Arabs are not Hindoos, and we have 200,000 native Indian troops, of the most warlike caste in our service. No doubt the French might keep hold of Algiers Oran, Bougie, and Bona, and a few miles round those cities, with 15,000 men. But who knows what their policy will be in this respect? and who therefore can settle the question of what the military expense of retaining this Regency will be to France?

It thus seems to me to be a matter if not of vague, at least wide calculation, how much the possession of Algiers will cost France in the way of pecuniary

* Mons. Genty de Bussy, states the whole effective force of the army at 31,410 on the 1st January, 1834.

outlay. The Colony may ere long cost her half a million sterling a-year, or it may cost her two millions. This contingency depends on other contingencies; and I should say the same thing of the profits that may result and partially meet that outlay. Suppose I tell you, for instance, on the authority of Genty de Bussy, that the French Colonial Government of Algiers, derived from all its resources in the colony, namely, from the public domains, the custom-house dues, the post-office, the police fines, the monopoly of hides, the sale of coals, the impositions on the natives, and some other items, the sum of 1,144,664 francs and 78 centimes, within the first six months of the last year, 1834—and, by fair calculations, double that sum during the entire year: still, how far is this information from guiding us to a certain conclusion as to how much may be the future receipts of the colony! The importation customs depend considerably on the size of the army: the tolls and exportation duties depend on the friendliness or hostility of the natives. Every thing, in fact, depends on contingencies, about which conjecture must go to sea without a star or a compass.

The first profit which France derived from the conquest of Algiers, was the confiscation of the Dey's treasury; and to this acquisition I can see no fair objection, conceiving, as I do, that her attack on the pirate chief was perfectly justifiable; yet, still it behoved her to use her victory on the principles of civilized nations, and sacredly to respect the faith of treaties. Have the French done this? Certainly not! They have seized on some profits which are forbidden fruits in fair warfare, and they show a mean hankering after other extortions, which they have neither the effrontery to execute, nor the conscientiousness to forgo. I say this as a man, and not as an Englishman; for England, although her colonial policy has been generally wiser than that of France, has no right to call herself sinless in Africa—as the hapless Caffres can bear witness: but I have a right to speak of this subject as a citizen of the world.

By the convention made at the surrender of Algiers to the French, the Dey was permitted to depart with all his private property. By the word "*richesses personnelles*," in the second article of the treaty, it was no doubt indicated that he was to leave behind him his state-treasures, which were public property; but it was announced distinctly, that all the inhabitants, civil and military, were to be protected in their property, trade, industry, and religion. Surely, by any honest interpretation of this treaty, the Turks remaining at Algiers, came within its protection; but the French had scarcely fixed themselves in the city, when the Governor, General Bourmont, ordered a general arrestation of the Turks—tore them from their wives and families—and, putting them on ship-board, caused them to be transported out of the country. It was rumoured that those Turks were conspiring against the French, but as Sidy Hamdan, in relating this affair, very justly remarks—"Here was a handful of men who a few days before had possessed arms, ammunition, artillery, the castle of the Cassaba, and other forts—they had an army and treasures to support them, and the Beys of the provinces on their side; yet, with all these advantages, they had preferred surrendering to France to continuing a hopeless struggle. Now that the tables were turned—now that they were without arms, ammunition, or a single strong-hold—how improbable it is that men with brains in their heads should think of regaining in their weakness what they had given up in their strength!" But there was a rumour of a conspiracy brought to General Bourmont by some of the lowest scum of the Jews and Mussulmans, who were paid for their espionage—and we all know the skill of spies to forge

treason where they cannot find it. In so grave a matter, however, as the banishment of those men, justice demanded proofs and not *rumour*—and of proof or public trial not a shadow was exhibited in their case. In 1832, the French, for the first time, declared, that they had documents of a native conspiracy, which the then Governor General, a most impartial judge to be sure, considered authentic; and by a charitably strained inference it was concluded, that all Turks whatsoever must have been concerned in it. Even granting that conclusion, however, it is clear that those Turks were condemned and punished two years before a title of proof was alleged against them.

When the tri-colour was substituted for the white flag at Algiers, the natives found no amendment in the colour of French domination. The first decree of General Clausel, dated the 8th of September, puts under sequestration the effects which had belonged to the late Dey—(by these effects is meant immoveable property, for the public treasury had already been secured)—the effects also of the Beys, or provincial governors, as well as those of the departed Turks, and the funds of a corporation, called that of Mecca and Medina. A second decree of the same Governor, dated December 7, 1830, sequestrates the houses, magazines, manors*, and establishments of all descriptions whatsoever, the revenues of which are appropriated to the mosques, or which may have any other special appropriations.

The decree, it is obvious, lays its hands at once not only on the immoveable property of the Dey, which was a justifiable seizure, and on that of the Beys, which, for aught that I know, was also excusable, but on the property of the departed Turks, and on that of all corporations—civil or religious—including even charitable institutions—a proceeding of gross iniquity. In September, 1831, a new decree was issued by the then Governor for sequestrating the estates of all absent Turks, without hinting at the slightest discrimination between those who might be guilty or innocent. It is no wonder that the Baron Pichon, who appears a uniform advocate of the rights of the natives, should reprobate the above decrees; but I am agreeably surprised to find his opponent, Monsieur Genty de Bussy, making a liberal confession on the same subject, and blaming the decree for making no distinction between the guiltless and the convicted refugees. Monsieur Genty de Bussy, according to all accounts that I have heard of him, is not particularly troubled with a dyspeptic conscience; but he is too shrewd a man to be an out-and-out sophist in so glaring a case of injustice. He modifies, nevertheless, his censure of the decree by remarking that, in as far as it applied to Turks actually guilty of conspiring against France, it was perfectly lawful, since they were, in a full sense of the word, traitors. But I deny this position of M. Genty de Bussy. "Traitors" means persons who owe allegiance, and have renounced it. If, after the French had taken Algiers, they had treated the Turks with common justice, they would have owed them allegiance; but what allegiance had France a right to claim from men whom she dragged from their homes and gardens and drove into banishment, without a shadow of proof or the show of a trial? The French were the traitors, and not they. It is well known that, for several days after the capture of the city, the Turks were insulted, kicked, and spit upon by the Jews wherever they found them. The poor Turks met in a body in order to petition the French Governor for protection, and they sent him a deputation to prefer their prayer; but, by a sad fatality, they chose for deputies some men who were either the spies of Bour-

* I thus generally interpret the word "censive," which means manors entitled to quit-rents.

mont, or at least who speculated on being rewarded for discovering new symptoms of Turkish treason; and those wretches, instead of bearing the petition of the Turks, went and told him that the Turks had congregated in order to raise an insurrection. This fact has been repeatedly stated to me by the Moors, who were no friends to the Turks and by impartial foreign consuls. And this was bringing civilization into Africa, to try men by spies, and to condemn them without a hearing!

M. Genty de Bussy, in fact, assumes too much in partially apologizing for the above decree, by alleging that there were guilty as well as innocent Turks among the absentees, whose estates were sequestrated. None of the absent Turks—whether they had been dragged on ship-board to be deported, or had fled from Algiers in a panic, as I believe many of them did—could be guilty of treason towards a power which had broken all faith with them, and to which they owed no fealty. Allowing it even to be true, as the French publicly announced, that they had got indubitable documents, in 1832, of many Turks abroad who being engaged in plots against the French, and call this treason, if you will—still it is a treason proved a year later than the infamous decree which sequestrated all Turkish estates indiscriminately. Nay, even go further, and suppose that, in 1832, there was not one untreasonable Algerine Turk among the absentees, still what caused their absence, and what drove them into treason? It was French injustice; and the French, forsooth, are to punish the crime which they have themselves created! I am told, however, by Frenchmen who, without justifying, would palliate this treatment of the Turks, that the decrees of governors are not laws till confirmed by the Home-Government; and that the banished Turks might still, by a proper appeal, get these sequestrations removed—but they are barbarians, and have no notion of legal appeals! But, verily, this argument is worse than a barefaced mockery of justice. Does any man believe that these Turkish gentlemen, robbed in defiance of laws and faith of their estates, will ever be restored to them?—I do not.

It seems like a retribution of Providence that these beautiful villas, thus wrenched from their owners, have yielded but little profit to the wretches. They are principally occupied by the military, and the French soldiers, wherever they have taken up their habitation, have made the houses uninhabitable to all future tenants by cutting up the wood-work, in order to make their fire. Some destruction in this way was unavoidable, but the troops amuse themselves with superfluous tricks of mischief. I was told so, at least, by one of themselves; a *naïve* laughing corporal, who said to me, "After all, we are a sad set of fellows. I found my comrades, *les singes diables*, one day cutting down a tall, noble, palm-tree, and for what purpose do you think?—why, to get at a bird's nest: but they got no living birds, for the nestlings were all killed by the fall."

The sequestrated immoveable property of the Dey, the Beys and the banished Turks comes under the title of the "National Domain, or public property;" and it would seem that the French are disposed to give a sweeping extent of signification to that term: for the decrees of some of the governors of Algiers, sequestrate the property of native corporations, civil as well as religious. The idea of sequestrating religious funds has struck the French themselves as so impolitic and faithless, that Genty de Bussy has, like a wise man, deprecated the fulfilment of those decrees. But, for my own part, I can see nothing more unjustifiable in the sequestration of funds belonging to civil corporations than those belonging to corporations that are religious. Algiers capitulated on a promise that the pro-

perty, the commerce, and the industry of its inhabitants should be protected; and what sort of protection is this, which sequestrates the property of even civil corporations? I grant, no doubt, that there is something more glaringly impolitic in alarming the natives about their religious corporations than about their lay ones; but the essential injustice is the same.

You will be surprised, perhaps, to hear of corporations' vested rights and funds, proceeding from legacies for religious and charitable purposes, having been respected from age to age among a people so despotically governed as the Algerines. But there were limits to the despotism even of a Dey of Algiers. It is true that when he took a fancy to a man's head, he generally succeeded in getting it removed from his shoulders; and afterwards he took the same care of the beheaded man's property, that the conscientious bird takes of the silver spoon, in the story of the "Maid and Magpie." But the Dey could only be a civil and not a religious robber. The Moors and the Turks in all the Regencies of Barbary, like all true believers in Mahometan countries, had a number of public foundations, both for piety and practical charity, which were enriched from time to time, both by gifts and legacies. Over these foundations Religion threw its guardian *ægis*, and Deys and Pashas were compelled to hold them in veneration.

The most important of these institutions is that of Mecca and Medina:—"It contributes to the expense of supporting mosques in those sacred cities; it distributes charity to the poor, and it makes advances to Mussulmen," says Genty de Bussy, "who wish to go as pilgrims to Mecca." But it is strange, considering the general clearness and accuracy of that gentleman, to find him, after he has made this statement, referring us to a document which contradicts it, on the subject of pilgrims going to Mecca, being assisted by the aforesaid institution.

This document is a series of questions addressed to the Mufti of Algiers, respecting that endowment, together with the answers given to those questions.

One of the questions is, *Do the Mussulmen of Algiers who go on a pilgrimage receive any assistance from the endowment of Mecca and Medina?* The answer is simply, No.

The only way in which I can reconcile this seeming discrepancy, between De Bussy's statement and the document to which he refers, is by supposing that poor Mussulmans accidentally coming to Algiers from the holy cities may have been assisted to return thither out of the Mecca and Medina fund; in which case, however, those paupers could hardly be called pilgrims from Algiers.

But the most curious fact that meets us in the examinations of the Oukil, i. e. the stewards of this Mahometan fund, by the French "*Intendant civil*," is, that *Christians* as well as Mussulmans were the objects of its charity.

Question put by the Intendant:—"In distributing the alms of this endowment, do you establish distinctions among the poor, or are the distributions made indiscriminately to all who present themselves?"

Answer:—"Alms are distributed to each according to the misery and destitution of the applicant: and the circumstances of the applicant are inquired into and appreciated by the Oukil."

Another question:—"Are there fixed periods for the distributions, and how are they regulated?"

Answer:—"There are fixed periods for the distribution of alms; namely, the mornings of Monday and Tuesday. The poor are divided into three classes namely, the men, the women, and the *Christians*—each of the three classes receives separately."

A charitable Algerine in the last century—honour be to his memory!—bequeathed a large sum to be

laid out in bread for the Christian slaves on that day of the week, when their allowance of food was the scantiest. It was probably to the religious protection of the above endowment that he confided his legacy.

Well, whilst I know your heart is thankful that there are some redeeming traits in the Algerine character, let me not unintentionally lead you to too much indignation of the French, from supposing that they have cut off every stream of charity towards the poorest class of the natives. No!—the Baron Pichon describes the twice-a-week distribution of alms, which he had himself seen; and which, I am confident, are still continued, though I have not witnessed them. At these distributions the Oukil sits in public with two assessors: a troop of perhaps two thousand indigents—mostly women carrying or leading infants—debiles before him; and a pittance—would that I could say it was more, of about a sou and a half is doled out to each individual. In the olden time, when a sheep cost but fifteen-pence at Algiers, this sum was, perhaps, not much less than equivalent to the scantiest parish charity in England; but now that prices are raised, it is no wonder that the mendicants look gaunt. M. Pichon certainly means that this charity comes out of the Mecca endowment; for he says that the surplus, after the beggars have been served, is turned into the public treasury, and no longer goes to the Holy City, in order that the funds originally intended for the religious purpose may not be perverted from their destination and employed in paying for intrigues and insurrections against the French. With equal justice and humanity the Baron remarks that the enemies of France, who are abroad among the Mussulmen, could, by no stretch of ingenuity, invent means of fomenting native discontents more efficacious than this iniquitous diversion of funds appropriated to religion. The French entered Algiers on the faith of the national religion being sacredly protected; but this tribute to Mecca is a vital part of Islamism. It is very well to talk of Mahometan superstition, and if the people of Algiers should choose to become Protestant Mahometans let them get rid, if they will, of the tribute; but the French, without perjuring themselves, cannot interfere with the tribute as it is now established. And be it remarked that, in outraging the religion of a Mussulman, you are not interfering merely with his superstitious dogmas, but with the whole sources of his moral consolations. The Koran is the Mussulman's code of laws and jurisprudence: the compass that guides his actions in this world as well as his hopes towards the next.

It is but fair to say, that although I despair of ever seeing justice done to the expatriated Turks, I have hopes that the sequestration of the corporation-funds will not be universally and permanently sanctioned by the French. Baron Pichon says, "That the sequestration on properties having special appropriation is only partial and nominal; that the funds for supporting the mosques of Algiers, for example, have never been taken possession of." So far so good; and though the name of mosques reminds me that one of the largest in the city was demolished by the French, and another converted into a Catholic church (of course without consulting the inhabitants,) yet for the former proceeding, violation of the treaty as it was, one can allow something like a palliation in looking at the improvement which it has made upon Algiers. The demolition of the mosque and its adjacent buildings has enlarged the only public market-place in this gloomy city, and opened a view from it towards the sea; it has therefore made the town healthier as well as pleasanter. Moreover, as long as the African Commission continues,* I shall not consider the question of the sequestrations as hopelessly at rest.

* A Board appointed to inquire into the state of the

But, without denying to M. Genty de Bussy, the merit of having generally spoken with truth and candour on this subject, I cannot quite agree with him, that the French Government stands exculpated in the whole affair. "The French Government," he says, "has never given its sanction to all the decrees of the General-in-chief, or the acts of the intendans at Algiers." This is a vague sort of exculpation. It may be that no one act of the French Government has sanctioned all the decrees of the Governors—at one sweep; but in September, 1831, did not the French Minister-of-War send to Algiers an order for the sale of all the onerous domains in Algiers, with the exception of the property appropriated for the mosques of Mecca and Medina? He made no other exception to Clausel's decree of the 7th of December, 1830, which sequestered the houses, magazines, manors, and to all establishments whatsoever, under what title soever having special appropriations. After this order of the War-Minister, it is needless to speak of the French Government never having sanctioned those iniquitous sequestrations; but it is singular to find Mons. Pichon, just after he has admitted the existing sequestration to be in part only nominal, immediately adding, "*Mais le sequestre existe sur les biens de Mecca et Medina.*" If he means any thing by this sequestration, he surely means that it is real, and not nominal.

The truth seems to be, that in this meditated robbery of corporation property at Algiers, the French authorities on the spot have been about as timid as those at home, when they came to the practical point of executing the decrees of 1830 and 1831. Mons. de Bussy himself, is amusingly honest on this subject; I cannot but laugh when I find him confessing, "The sequestration in Africa, is quite a measure of exception, (*une mesure tout exceptionnelle*)—a measure of public safety, in opposition to law (*étrangère au droit*), and which policy alone could make advisable." In other words, the apologist may have said, that, under certain circumstances, honesty is not the best policy—but policy is the best honesty.

The Governor's decree of the 10th of June, though made public, and supported by a ministerial decision that came subsequently from Paris, has not received an entire execution. "At no period," he adds, "have the rules of sequestration been rigorously applied, and it is only with a sort of timidity and groping that those who are engaged in this business have gone on."

Now, Frenchmen, if you will be rogues, put a bold face upon the business. Do as we did in England; when we heard of the Caffres being robbed of their cows, and bayoneted by our brave soldiers, our Members of Parliament went down to the House, and maintained that the Caffes had been too mercifully used; but you are mealy-mouthed in this affair, and grope about in a game of blind-man's buff at chettery.

Yet the French have, undoubtedly, done some good at Algiers; and as I have dealt so freely with their delinquencies, it will be but fair, in my next letter, to describe to you some of their Institutions which promise to foster civilization, and, like the red streaks in the sky after a stormy evening, bespeak a pleasant to-morrow.

Sympathy with distress is thought so essential to human nature that the want of it has been called *inhumanity*; want of sympathy with another's happiness has not been stigmatized with so hard a name, but it is impossible to esteem the man who takes no delight in the good of a fellow creature; we call him hard-hearted, selfish, unnatural; epithets expressive of high disapprobation.

African colony, and to give in reports on the subject to Government.

LOST AND WON.

OR THE THIRD SEASON.

"Yes: he shall propose this season, and then I shall have the gratification, the delight, the exquisite triumph of refusing him. It will only serve him right!"

Such was the language of Florence Neville's eyes, as she contemplated, with no little satisfaction, the graceful reflection of her figure in the glass, before which she was attiring for the first ball of the season.

Of whom was she speaking? of whom thinking? Why did that short rosy lip curl with such beautiful scorn as the last look was given at the snowy dress, which hung in its lace folds like summer clouds round the fairy form of its young mistress? Florence was at that moment picturing to herself the subjugation of one high heart which had obstinately refused doing homage at her shrine—of one being in the wide world who had denied her power, calmly gazed at her undoubtedly lovely countenance, and tranquilly disapproved her 'style.' It was insufferable: so Florence determined that her third season should be distinguished by the conquest of the haughty, high, and handsome Earl of St. Clyde—not that she cared for him; oh, no! she was only determined to make him propose. Indeed there was a sort of playful wager between her cousin, Emma Neville and herself, on the subject, and Florence felt her credit at stake if she failed.

"Have you thought of our wager, Florence?" said Emma Neville, as they descended to the drawing-room together.

"To be sure!—You think I shall lose it. I can read your thoughts."

"If he is the St. Clyde of last season, you certainly will," laughed Emma. "That man is invulnerable, Florence."

"*Nous verrons, nous verrons?*" said the beauty, and taking her father's arm, she sprang lightly into the carriage.

It was a brilliant ball! The rich and the noble, the young and the beautiful—all were there; and in the centre of an admiring circle, dazzlingly conspicuous, stood Florence. She was preparing to waltz with a tall, dark, unbending looking personage, who was apparently quite indifferent whether he supported her light figure or that of any one else. This was Lord St. Clyde. Florence, on the contrary, was all sparkling gaiety. She was dancing with him for the third time. Another moment and they were flying round the circle with rapid grace.

Things went on exceedingly well. Florence knew her ground and the game she was playing, and as she passed Emma, the cousins exchanged glances. That of Florence said 'He is won!' that of Emma, 'Not yet!'

"I'm afraid you are fatigued," said Lord St. Clyde, as he led his partner to a seat.

"Oh, no, not much," replied Florence; "but the rooms are very warm. It is impossible to dance, and still more to breathe—particularly here."

She was in one corner of the room—the most crowded and removed from either door or window.

"The conservatories are cool," said the Earl, but he did not offer to lead her there. Florence was perfectly aware that the conservatories were cool, but she knew also that they had another advantage—they were perfect groves of the choicest flowers and orange trees, consequently no better spot was ever suited for a flirtation, *perhaps* for a proposal. With experienced policy, however, she only leaned gracefully back, and gently fanned herself. Lord St. Clyde stood by her side. He was any thing but a ball-room man, for though his figure was faultless, and his dancing just

enough to show it off, he had none of that charming fluency of conversation which a dancing partner should have; he could not pay a compliment if he did not feel it—he would not, if he thought it was expected; therefore, had he been Mr. St. Clyde, jun, he would have been a great bore in society; as it was, he was a delightful young man—so much proper reserve.

The galloppe in *Gustave* roused the Earl from a reverie.

"Are you too much fatigued to join in the galloppe, Miss Neville?"

"Oh, yes! I never galloppe, it fatigues me so! Is it possible you like that romp, Lord St. Clyde?"

The Earl persisted, but Florence would not dance—he persuaded, but she would not listen—he condescended to repeat the request, and almost allowed a compliment to escape him—no, Florence was firm—the Earl said no more, but drew himself up. Suddenly Florence rose with her brightest smile.

"I am too selfish, my Lord: that galloppe is so inspiring that I cannot resist it."

A change came o'er the spirit of St. Clyde: he was another creature, and Florence was herself again, all triumphant. The next moment the dancers were thrown into confusion, there was a rush toward the windows, and Lord St. Clyde was seen darting through the crowd toward the conservatory with a fainting figure in his arms—it was Florence Neville!

The cousin bent affectionately over the insensible girl, and the Earl knelt by her with a glass of water.

"It was my fault!" exclaimed St. Clyde, in an agitated voice, "I made her dance—good God! how lovely she looks! she does not revive—what shall we do?"

"Has no one salts?" cried Emma; "call my uncle, I think we had better go home—oh, who has any salts?"

The Earl was already gone for them. With a stifled laugh Florence opened her wide beautiful eyes and started up.

"Was it not well done?"

"Good Heaven, Florence!"

"Well, my dear, did you never hear of any one fainting before? You will lose the wager, *cuzina mia!*"

"My dear Florence, how you frightened me!"

"Never mind—hush, here they come; now take papa into the ball-room for my boa, and leave the rest to me."

Emma did as she was desired and forbore to ask any questions until they got home; then she anxiously inquired, "Did he propose?"

"No! provoking man! but very nearly. Did I not faint well?"

"Yes—but it will not do, Florence; that man does not care for you."

"Never mind that, he shall propose."

"But do you not care for him?"

"*Qu'importe?* he shall propose?"

"Never!"

"I will make him! Remember this is only the first ball of the season."

Lady Montague gave a *fete* at her villa at Putney. Mr. and Miss Neville were there of course. Florence had an exquisite bouquet, but she saw Lord St. Clyde advancing toward her; therefore, she prudently dropped it into the centre of a large myrtle bush.

"You have no bouquet, Miss Neville," was one of his Lordship's first remarks, "are you not fond of flowers?"

"Yes, passionately," said Florence; "but I have lost mine; I am sorry, for I fear I shall not find another so beautiful."

"Will you allow me to endeavor to supply its place with this?" was the instant reply.

Florence smiled and blushed as she took it; the

smile was art, but the blush nature, for she could not help it. Lord St. Clyde's eyes were fixed on her face, and the next moment she found herself walking with him while Mr. Neville was speaking to the hostess, whose gaunt daughter was looking very spiteful.—Florence played her part to admiration. Lord St. Clyde was in her bower, for she had engaged him in an animated flirtation. They were standing on the brink of a beautiful fountain, when the Earl exclaimed, "Do you know the language of flowers, Miss Neville?"

"No," said Florence, "but it must be very pretty do you know it, my Lord?"

"Yes, by heart."

"Then tell me what these flowers mean!" exclaimed the beauty quite innocently as she offered him her bouquet which was composed of a white rose, a pink rose bud, some myrtle, and one geranium. The Earl hesitated, and laughed, then suddenly recovering himself he said, "They speak in their simple language the sentiment that I dare not in words express."

Florence felt her heart beating, but she only laughed—that laugh encouraged the Earl,—"Florence! forgive me!"

"Ah, Miss Neville, I have been looking for you every where, and here you are all alone," cried one of Florence's gay train, the elegant Sir Percy Hope.

"Oh no, not alone," said Florence, rather annoyed, "Lord St. Clyde—why, where is—"

"The Earl was gone."

"Florence, did Lord St. Clyde propose to-day?" said Emma to her cousin in the evening.

"Not quite, but as near as possible—I declare I will never speak to Sir Percy Hope again!"

"Time! Time! can nothing stay thee!"

The season was passing rapidly, and Florence had four proposals; of course, she refused them, although they had been tendered by the Earl of St. Clyde. Still she said, "He shall propose," until the last Opera of the season.

Pale, languid, but still delicately beautiful, the spoiled and petted Florence leaned back in her box, deaf to the strains of the syren—regardless of the adulation around her, and disgusted with every thing in the shape of gaiety. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes for a second; on opening them, she saw a pair of dark eyes fixed with more than common earnestness on her face. It was Lord St. Clyde—those wild eyes could only belong to him. What possessed Florence at that moment? She did not bow—she did not smile—she merely bent forward and whispered the word of departure to her chaperon; then, winding her cachemere round her, she placed her arm within that of Sir Percy Hope, and left the box.

The next morning Florence was really unwell.—She said "not at home" to every one and began to tune her harp. String after string gave way as she drew them up. "Like me, poor harp," she sighed, "you are sinking, spoiling from neglect."

Suddenly the door opened, and a visitor was announced.

"Not at home," cried Florence hastily.

"Pardon me, for once I disobey," said a voice, and Lord St. Clyde entered. He continued:—"I have intruded, I confess, but it is only for a moment. I come, Miss Neville, to wish you—to bid you a long,—and perhaps a last far-well!"

"Farewell!" said Florence, dropping her harp key; "this resolution has been suddenly taken, has it not?"

"No," replied the Earl; "I am going to seek in Italy that happiness which is denied me here."

"Italy!" exclaimed Florence, turning her eyes like melting sapphires, on the Earl—"dear, bright sunny Italy—my own fair land!"

"Is it yours, Miss Neville?" said St. Clyde eagerly.

'Yes my lord, Florence was my birth-place, and my home for fourteen happy years.'

Lord St. Clyde paused—nothing is so awkward as a pause in a *tele-a-tete*; he felt this, and quickly rousing himself, he said hastily:

'I will not interrupt you any longer. Farewell!—perhaps we may meet again.'

'Perhaps we may—good bye,' said Florence, extending her hand; it was slightly, very slightly pressed and she was alone. For a moment, she felt as if the past were a dream; but glancing on the ground, she saw a white glove—it was the Earl's! She turned away, and leaning on the marble slab of a beautiful mirror, she gazed at the faultless reflection of her face.

'Beauty! beauty!'—murmured she—'paltry gift! since I could not win St. Clyde!'—And burying that young face in her hands, she fairly burst into a passion of tears.

'Florence! my own, my idolized!' said a voice close to her. She turned, with a real, genuine, unartificial shriek.

The Earl of St. Clyde was at her feet!

'Well, Florence,' said Emma Neville to the Countess of St. Clyde, one day, 'you must really give me a lesson on proposals—how well you managed your husband's—teach me your art.'

'No, no, you are quite mistaken, laughed Florence; 'no one could be more surprised at St. Clyde's proposal than myself, for I had given him up. Art failed, my dear Emma, and nature gained the day in this case. Take care how you make nets, they never answer. Men are shockingly sharp-sighted now!'—*London Court Journal*.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

LACONICS.—No. XI.

Desires and aversions are two copious classes of passions; and assume different forms, and are called by different names, according to the good or evil that draws them forth, and its situation with respect to us. For example; present good gives rise to *joy*, probable good to *hope*, present evil to *sorrow*, probable evil to *fear*; good qualities in another person raise our *love* or *liking*, evil qualities in another our dislike, &c.

Women often lose the man they love, and who loves them, by mere wantonness or coquetry—they reject, and they repent—they should be careful not to take this step hastily for a proud, high minded, gifted man will seldom ask a woman twice.

As habits of intoxication are not soon or easily acquired, being in most constitutions, especially in early years, accompanied with fits of fear and head ache, young persons may easily guard against them. I have sometimes met with those who had made it a rule never to drink any thing stronger than water, who were respected on that very account; who enjoyed health and strength and vigour of mind, and gaiety of heart in an uncommon degree; and were so far from considering themselves as under any painful restraint that they assured me they had no more inclination to taste wine, or strong drink, than I could to eat a nauseous medicine. If I could prevail on my young friends to imitate the example, I should do much good to their souls and bodies, their fortunes and intellects; and be happily instrumental in preventing a thousand vices and follies, as well as many of the infirmities which beset the old age of him who has given way to intemperance in youth.

If you desire to bind your acquaintances to you, you must be occasionally shy and ceremonious—this induces respect as well as friendship, and prevents familiarity.

All confidence is dangerous if it be not implicit; in most conjunctures you must either disown all, or conceal all. You have already told too much of your secret to that man from whom you consider it prudent to conceal one single circumstance.

In friendship we confide our secret—but it escapes us in love.

Religion and morality perhaps speak best for themselves—generally I mean:—I do not recommend you to talk or act like a missionary or enthusiast, nor that you should take up controversial cudgels against whoever attack the sect you are of, this would be both useless and unbecoming—especially in a young man of the world—but I mean that you should by no means seem to approve, encourage, or applaud those libertine notions which strike at all religions equally.

Sudden love is the most difficult to cure.

From vice proceed unnumbered calamities and evils which are continually infesting us; and mingling disappointment, vexation, and bitterness with our enjoyments and comforts. This is the cruel enemy which renders man destructive to man; which racks the body with pain, and the mind with remorse; which produces pride, faction, revenge, oppression and sedition; which embroils society, kindles the flames of war, and erects inquisitions; which takes away peace from life, and hope from death; which brought forth death at first, and has ever since clothed it with all its terrors; which arms nature and the God of nature against us; and against which it has been the business of all ages to point out provisions and securities by various institutions, forms of government, decrees, and laws: But the effects of vice in the present world, however shocking, are nothing to what we have reason to expect will be its effects hereafter.

Some passions are called unnatural, as *envy*, *pride*, and *malevolence*. The reason is because they are destructive of good affections that are natural. We naturally love excellence wherever we see it; but the envious man hates it, and wishes to be superior to others, not by raising himself by honest means, but by injuriously pulling them down. It is natural to rejoice in the good of others; but the malevolent heart triumphs in their misery. It is natural for us to regard mankind as our companions, our brethren, but the proud man regards himself only, despising others as if they were beneath him. These unnatural passions are always evil; they make a man odious to his fellow creatures and unhappy in himself; and they tend to the utter depravation of the human soul. Anger and resentment may lead to mischief, but if kept within due bounds are useful for self-defence, and therefore not to be altogether suppressed. We may be angry without sin; and not to resist injury is the same thing as not to perceive it, which would be insensibility. Nay on some occasions resentment and anger are further useful, by cherishing in us an abhorrence of injustice, and fortifying our minds against it. But pride, malevolence and envy, can never be useful or innocent; to indulge them even for a moment is criminal:—The kind of pride here denounced, as in other words—insolence, arrogance, inordinate and unreasonable self-esteem, and presumption.—There is another kind of pride which is a virtue, and of which I have elsewhere spoken in the "Lacotics."

Endeavour to preserve a healthful, cheerful state of mind, so as to enjoy yourself to the uttermost in any situation in which you may be placed.

Make love to daughters, be intimate and open hearted with sons; flatter mothers; and talk business and politics with fathers; and 'tis ten to one they will all be more than friendly to you.

MY PRETTY JANE!

Sung by Mr. Walton.

THE POETRY BY EDWARD FITZBALL.

Composed by Henry R. Bishop.

Andantino esp'o.



meet me, meet me in the Evening While the bloom is on the Rye—The

Spring is wan—ning fast my love, The corn is in the ear. The

mf *p*

summer nights are coming love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then

pretty Jane! my dear—est Jane! Ah! never look so shy— But

meet me, meet me in the Eve—ning While the bloom is on the Rye—

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring,
The Lads and Maids in favors white,
And village bells, the village bells shall ring.

The Spring is waning fast, &c.

NAVAL REMINISCENCE.

"All of which I saw, part of which I was."

In the year 1804, when Preble, as Commodore of the American squadron in the Mediterranean, was gaining glory, before Tripoli, alike for himself his officers and crews, and for his country, Lieut. Commdr. Richard Somers, had command under him, of the Nautilus, a schooner of 14 guns.

During the several fights which had previously occurred with the enemy, this officer had shown great bravery as commander of gun-boat No. 1; and, now, suggested to the Commodore that a happy result might, possibly, be obtained, by converting the ketch, Intrepid, a captured craft of about 75 tons—the identical vessel with which the gallant Decatur had boarded, recaptured, and burned the frigate Philadelphia—into a fire-ship, and sending her into the harbor under the walls of the Bashaw's castle, in direct contact with the entire marine force of the Tripolitans.

This daring and highly dangerous enterprise being determined upon, Somers, with whom it had originated, received the orders—to which he was thus entitled—to conduct it; and the necessary preparations were promptly made by him. Fifteen thousand pounds of powder were first placed loosely in the hold of the ketch, and upon this two hundred and fifty thirteen-inch, fused shells, with a train attached from the cabin and fore-peak. Only one officer, the talented and lamented Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth—brother of the present Commodore Wadsworth—was to accompany him, and four volunteer seamen were to compose his crew.

All things were now in readiness, except the selection of the men—for it came to this, at last, every man on board the Nautilus having volunteered for the service. This done, it was determined, without delay, to attempt the enterprise—to succeed in it, or perish.

Two nights successively did the Intrepid move; but owing to light and baffling winds, nothing could be accomplished. These failures, and an unusual movement in the harbor after dark on the third night, led Somers to believe that the suspicions of the enemy had been excited, and that they were on the look out. It was the general impression, that their powder was nearly exhausted; and as so large a quantity as was on board the ketch, if captured, would greatly tend to protract the contest, before setting off he addressed his crew upon the subject, telling them "that no man need accompany him, who had not come to the resolution to blow himself up, rather than be captured; and that such was truly his own determination!" Three cheers was the only reply. The gallant crew rose, as a single man, with a resolution of yielding up their lives, sooner than surrender to their enemies while each stepped forth, and begged as a favor, that he might be permitted to *apply the match!* It was a glorious moment, and made an impression on the hearts of all witnessing it, never to be forgotten.

All then took leave of every officer, and of every man, in the most cheerful manner, with a shake of the hand, as if they already knew that their fate was doomed; and one and another, as they passed over the side to take their post on board the ketch, might be heard, in their own peculiar manner to cry out, "I say, Sam Jones, I leave you my blue jacket and duck trousers, stowed away in my bag;" and, "Bill Curtis, you may have the tarpaulin hat, and Guernsey frock, and them petticoat trousers that I got in Malta,—and mind, boys, when you get home, give a good account of us!" In like manner did each thus make his oral will, to which the writer was witness, and which "*last will and testament*" he caused to be executed to the very letter.

It was about nine o'clock, on the night of the 4th

of September, 1804, that this third and last attempt was made. The Nautilus had been ordered to follow the Intrepid closely in, to pick up and bring out her boat's crew, in case they should succeed in the exploit. Hence, though it was very dark, we never lost sight of her, as I had been directed, by the first Lieutenant the late gallant Washington Reed—who commanded in the absence of Somers, to keep constant watch of her for this purpose, with a night-glass.

At the end of an hour, about 10 o'clock, P. M. while I was engaged in this duty, the awful explosion took place. For a moment the flash illumined the whole heavens around, while the terrific concussion shook every thing far and near. Then all was hushed again, and every object veiled in a darkness of double gloom. On board the Nautilus, the silence of death seemed to pervade the entire crew; but, quickly the din of kettle drums, beating to arms, with the noise of confusion and alarm, was heard from the inhabitants on shore. To aid in the escape of the boat, an order was now given by Reed, to "*show a light!*" upon the appearance of which, hundreds of shot, from an equal number of guns, of heavy calibre, from the batteries near, came over and around us. But we heeded them not: one thought and one feeling had possession of our souls—the preservation of Somers and his crew!

As moment after moment passed by, without bringing with it the preconcerted signal of the boat, the anxiety on board became intense: and the men with lighted lanterns, hung themselves over the sides of the vessel, till their heads almost touched the water—a position, in which an object, on its surface, can be seen farthest on a dark night—with the hope of discovering something which would give assurance of its safety. Still no boat came, and no signal was given; and the unwelcome conclusion was at last forced upon us, that the fearful alternative—of blowing themselves up rather than be captured—so bravely determined upon, at the outset of the enterprise, had been as bravely put in execution. The fact, that the Intrepid, at the time of the explosion, had not proceeded as far into the harbor, by several hundred yards, as it was the intention of Somers to carry her, before setting her on fire, confirmed us in this apprehension; still, we lingered on the spot till broad day light—though we lingered in vain—in the hope that some one, at least, of the number, might yet be rescued, by us, from a floating plank or spar, to tell the tale of his companion's fate.

To our astonishment, we learned next day, that Lieut. Israel, a gallant youth, who had been sent with orders from Commodore Preble to Somers, after he was under way in the ketch, had accompanied him in the expedition, and had shared his destiny.

Such was the end of the noble fellows, who, a few days only before, on board their own gun-boat, No. 1, had beaten six of the enemy's fleet, of equal force with themselves, immediately under the guns, and within a pistol shot of a shore battery; an achievement accomplished only, in their peculiar position, by backing astern, and keeping up an incessant fire of canvass bags, filled with 1,000 musket balls each, till our gallant Commodore in the "Constitution," stood in to take the fire of the battery, and thus enable us, under his cover, to obey the order, "*to come out of action!*"—a signal which had already been flying more than an hour, and which Somers, at first would not, and at last, (from the fierceness of the fight,) could not see.—*Naval Magazine for March.*

Dr. Doddridge once asked his little daughter, nearly six years old, what made every body love her? She replied, "I don't know indeed, papa, unless it is because I love every body."

ARABIAN BATHS.

My wife and Julia have been invited, to day, by the wife and daughter of an Arab chief of the vicinity, to pass a day at their baths. This is the diversion in which oriental women chiefly indulge. A bath is announced a fortnight before hand, as a ball would be in Europe. I subjoin the description of this fete, such as my wife gave it to us this night on her return.

The bathing apartments are a public place, the approach of which is interdicted to men on every day until a certain hour, in order that women alone may have the free range of them; but when it is intended to be a bride's bath, such as the one in question, men are excluded throughout the day. A faint light is admitted into the apartments by means of small domes with painted windows. They are paved with marble, shaped into compartments, of varied colors, and inlaid with considerable skill. The walls are also lined with marble in the form of mosaics, or sculptured with Moorish mouldings, or small columns. A graduated heat pervades these apartments; the first one has the temperature of the external air; the second is tepid, the others are warmer in succession, until the last—when the vapor of the almost boiling water rises from the basin, and oppresses the air with its overpowering heat. In general there are no basins scooped in the centre of the apartments, but merely spouts, through which water, to the depth of half an inch, is constantly flowing upon the marble floor, running off through some gutters, and incessantly renewed. What is called a bath, in the east, is not a complete immersion, but successive aspersions of a greater or less warmth, and the impression of vapor upon the skin.

Two hundred females of the town of Baireut, and of the neighborhood, were on that day invited to the bath, and amongst them many young Europeans; each one arrived wrapped up in an immense sheet of white linen, which completely conceals the superb costume of the women when they issue forth. They were all accompanied by their black slaves or free servants; according as they arrived, they formed into groups, or sat down upon mats and cushions prepared in the outer hall; their suit removed sheets which enveloped them, and they then appeared in all the rich and picturesque brilliancy of their dress and jewels. These costumes are highly varied in the color of the stuffs and the splendor of the jewels; but they are altogether shapeless.

The dress consists of broad folded pantaloons of striped satin, secured at the waist by a tissue of red silk, and drawn in above the ankle by a gold or silver bracelet; a robe worked in gold, open in front, and fastened under the bosom, which is left bare; the sleeves are drawn close under the armpit, and afterwards hang loose from the elbow to the wrist, a silk gauze then runs underneath and covers the chest. Over the robe they wear a vest of scarlet color, lined with sable or ermine, with gold embroidery over the seams; the sleeves are also open.

The hair is parted across the head, a portion falling over the neck, the rest twisted in plaits falling to the ankles, and made longer by black silk tresses, imitating natural hair. Small wreaths of gold or silver hang at the extremity of these tresses, which, by their weight, they cause to float along the shape; the head is moreover strewed with small pearl chains, strung gold sequins and natural flowers, all mixed up together, and scattered with incredible profusion, just as if the contents of a casket had been thrown pell-mell over those gaudy heads of hair covered with the perfume of jewels and flowers. This barbarian gorgeousness has the most picturesque effect on young females of fifteen or twenty; some women, moreover, wear a cap of cut gold, of the shape of an inverted

cup, on the centre of which is seen a gold tassal, bearing a tuft of pearls, and dangling on the shoulders.—Their legs are bare, and the only covering of the feet are yellow morocco slippers, which they drag along at every step.

Their arms are covered with bracelets of gold, silver or pearls; their necks with several necklaces forming a twist of gold or pearl of the uncovered bosom.

As soon as all the women had assembled, a wild music was heard; some females, whose breasts were only covered with a slight red gauze, uttered sharp and plaintive cries, and played on the fife and tambourine; this music continued throughout the day, and imparted to a scene of pleasure and festivity, a character of savage tumult and frenzy. When the bride appeared, accompanied by her mother and her young friends, and dressed in so splendid a costume that her hair, her neck, her arms and her breast were completely concealed under a veil strewed with garlands of gold and pearls, the bathing women seized upon her, and stripped her, by degrees, of all her ornaments; in the mean while, the rest of the company were undressed by their slaves, and the various ceremonies of the bath now commenced. They moved, to the unceasing sound of the same music, coupled with more and more extravagant forms and words, from one apartment to another; they began with vapor baths; afterwards came ablution baths; perfumed and soapy water was next poured over them; then commenced the several amusements, and all the women indulged, with various cries and gesticulations, in the sports familiar to school boys who are taken out to bathe—splashing one another, dipping their heads under water, throwing water in each other's faces, the music withal growing louder and more yelling, as often as any of those amusements excited the laughter of the young Arab girls. At last they left the bath; the slaves and other attendants again plaited the damp hair of their mistresses, fastened the necklaces and bracelets, dressed them in their silk gowns and velvet vests, spread cushions upon mats in the apartments, the flooring of which had been wiped dry, and brought forth from baskets and silk wrappers the provisions prepared for the repast; these consisted of a pastry, and all kinds of confectionary, for which the Turks and Arabs are unrivalled; sherbets, orange flower water, and all the icy beverages in which eastern people indulge at every moment. Pipes and *narguils* were also brought in for the elder part of the company; a cloud of odoriferous smoke filled and obscured the atmosphere; coffee, of excellent flavor, was freely served up in small cups enclosed in little transparent vases of gold and silver wire; the conversation now became animated; dancing women came next, who executed, to the sound of the same music, Egyptian dances and the monotonous Arabian evolutions. Such were the occupations of this day, and it was not until nightfall that the whole train of women led the young bride back to her mother's house. This ceremony of the bath usually takes place a few days before the wedding.—*Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.*

Upon a certain time, an orator, who wished to advocate the construction of a new turnpike through a section in Virginia, made the following sublime speech, as we learn from the Marshall Sentinel:

"May it please your worship! while Europe is convulsed in civil discords, and her empires tremble with internal commotions, and while her astronomers mount the wings of their imagination, and soar through the etherial world, pursuing their course from system to system, until they have explored the vast eternity of space—let us direct our attention to a road more immediately in our neighborhood.

VENTRILOQUISM.

A few years ago, towards the dusk of evening, a stranger in a travelling sulkey was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern, situated near the foot of a mountain, in one of the Western States. A little in advance of him, a negro, returning from plough, was singing the favorite Ethiopian melody of

"Gwien down to shin-bone alley,
Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with "Halloa!—uncle!—you!—snow ball!" "Sah?" said blackey, holding up his horses. "Is that the Half-way House ahead, yonder?" "No, sah, dat Massa Billy Lemon's Otel."—"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemon?" "Yes, sah; you know Massa Billy? who used to lib at de mouf o' Cedar crick; he done move now do; keeps monsons nice tavun now, I tell you." "Indeed?" "Yes, sah; you stop dah dis ebenin, I spec; all spectable gentlemen put up dah. You chaw backah, massa?" "Yes, Sambo; here's some real Cavendish for you." "Tan-kee, massa, tankee, sah; Quash my name." "Quash, eh?" "Yes, sah, at you service. Ooh," grunted the delighted African, "dis is nice; he better an green ribber; tankee, sah, tankee." "Well, Quash, what kind of a gentleman is Mr. Lemon?" "Oh, he nice man, sah, monsons nice man; empertain gempemen in de fus stile, and B. take care uv de hauses. I 'longs to him, and do I say it. Mas Billy mighty clobber man; he funny too; tell heap o' stories about ghosses, an sperrits, natwithstandin he fraid on 'em, he self do, my 'pinion." "Afraid of ghosts, eh?" said the traveller, musing. "Well, go ahead, Mr. Quash; as it's gettin late, I'll tarry with this Mr. Lemon, to night." "Yes, sah; gee up hoo! go long lively;" and setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in

"Gwien down to shin-bone alley —"

The burthen "Long time ago" was taken up by some one apparently in an adjacent cornfield, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued, however, with

"Dah I meet ole Johnny Gladden."

And the same voice again responded from the field—

"Long time ago."

"Who dat?" said the astonished negro, checking suddenly his horses and looking round on every side for the cause of his surprise. "Oh, never mind; drive ahead, snow ball, it's some of your master's spirits, I suppose." "Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without uttering another word. Halting before the door, the stranger was very soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon, a bustling, talkative gentleman, who greeted his customer with "Light, sir, light—here, John! Quash!—never mind your umbrella, sir—John, take out that chair box—come in, sir—and carry this horse to the stable; do you prefer him to stand on the floor sir?" "If you please, sir; he's rather particular about his lodgings." Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and tend to him well; I always like to see horses well tended; and this is a noble critter, too," continued the landlord, slapping him on the back. "Take care, will you?" said the horse. "What, the d—l," exclaimed the landlord, starting back. "None of your familiarity," said the horse, looking spitefully around at the astonished tavern keeper. "Silence, Belzebub," said the traveller, caressing the animal; and turning to the landlord, he observed, "You must excuse him, sir, he's rather an aristocratic horse; the effect of education, sir." "Wohoa, Belzebub! loose the traces, Quash; what are you starting at? he won't eat you." "Come, landlord," said Belzebub, "I want my oats."

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up into the

porch, and the traveller was fain to jump into his vehicle and drive round in search of the stables himself. Having succeeded to his satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned to the tavern. Anon supper came on—the eggs had all apparently young chickens in them—the landlord was in confusion at such a mortifying circumstance, and promised the traveller amends from a cold pig which, as he inserted the carving fork into it, uttered a piercing squeal, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the knife and fork, and the cold perspiration began to grow in large beads upon the forehead of the poor landlord as he stood looking fearfully at the grunter; his attention was soon taken, however, by a voice from without, calling—"Hilloa! house! landlord!" "Aye, aye; coming, gentlemen—more travellers—do help yourself, sir." "Landlord!" Coming, gentlemen here, John, a light—bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the gentleman,"—and out the landlord bounced, followed by John with lights; but soon returned with a look of disappointment; he declared there was no living being without. The voices called again—and the landlord after going out returned a second time declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted that night by evil spirits. The stranger presently arose from the table and drew his chair to the fire, having made a pretty hearty supper from the eggs and young porker, their cries to the contrary notwithstanding.

That night, rumor saith, Mr. Billy Lemon slept with the bible under his head, and kept a candle burning in his chamber till morning; and those who pass there, to this day, may upon close examination discover the heels of old horse shoes peering over the door casement, as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins and all other evil spirits. Having ascertained the name of his guest, in the morning mine host proceeded to make out his bill—

"Mr. J. S. Kenworthy,

To William Lemon, Dr. &c. &c."

This same Mr. Kenworthy, was recently a passenger on board the steamboat Columbia, from Norfolk to Washington City, when a violent altercation took place in one of the berths, between three or four different individuals for precedence. He is said to be something of a wag, and withal one of the most accomplished Ventriloquists of the present day.—*Norfolk Beacon*.

REASON AND LOVE.

Once Reason, they say, a lady lov'd,
And tried every means to get her;
But Reason alas! he very soon proved
That the lady lov'd somebody better;
For whenever poor Reason would knock at the door,
Intending with wisdom to court her;
"Not at home," was the answer forever in store,
From Cupid, her Ladyship's porter.
For woman and Reason can seldom agree,
So Cupid refused his petition,
My mistress would turn me away, sir, said he,
If Reason once gained an admission.

The lady grew older, but Cupid did not—
He's as young and as fresh as the morning;
So Reason contrived, with a sober thought,
To make the poor dame give him warning;
But Cupid not wishing his post to resign,
Gently rapped in his turn at the door sir.
Not at home, sir, quoth Reason, the Lady is mine;
So Cupid was heard of no more sir.
Quoth Reason, delighted the lady is won—
My empire I see is beginning;
But alas! he soon found that when Cupid was gone,
The lady was scarce worth the winning.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY GILES M'QUIGGIN.

WHILE this distinguished statesman and patriot, was Vice President of the United States, it was customary for the individual holding the said high office, to attend to business more in person, than the refinements of more modern times will allow. It happened on one occasion that some important matters required his attention in Philadelphia, and some other places distant from the Capitol. In those days a journey to Philadelphia was not to be performed in a few hours,—it was two or three days travel, and not of the most pleasant sort either. On his return, he stopped in Baltimore; it was about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when the Vice President rode up, *suilless* and unattended, to the tavern. A Scotchman by the name of Boyden, kept the hotel, of late so much improved and now so handsomely sustained by our worthy townsman Belzhuover. The bucks of the town were assembled in the large hall, smoking, strutting, cracking jokes, and otherwise indulging in the other eccentricities of the day. Boyden was at the bar examining his books, and doubtless making calculations in reference to his future prospects. Jefferson had delivered his horse into the hands of the hostler, and walked into the tavern to make arrangements in regard to his fare. Some one touched Boyden upon the elbow and directed his attention to the stranger who was standing with his whip in his hand, striking it occasionally upon his muddy leggings. Boyden turned round and surveyed him from head to foot, and concluding him to be an old farmer, from the country, whose company would add no credit to the house, he said abruptly—"We have no room for you, Sir."

Jefferson did not hear the remark, and asked if he could be accommodated with a room. His voice which was commanding and attractive, occasioned another survey of his person, by the honest proprietor of the house, whose only care was for its reputation. He could not find, however, in his plain dress, pretty well covered with mud, any thing indicating either wealth or distinction, and in his usual rough style he said—

"A room!"

Jefferson replied, "Yes, Sir, I should like to have a room to myself, if I can get it."

"A room, all to yourself! no—no, we have no room,—there's not a spare room in the house,—all full—all occupied,—can't accommodate you."

The Vice President turned upon his heel, called for his horse, which by this time was snug in the stable,—mounted and rode off. In a few minutes one of most *wealthy and distinguished* men of the town came in and asked for the gentleman who rode up to the door a few moments before—

"Gentleman!" said Boyden.

"Yes, the gentleman who came up but this instant on horse-back."

There has been no gentleman here on horseback this afternoon, and no stranger at all, but one common country looking fellow who came in and asked if he could have a whole room; but I asked him out of that mighty quick, I tell you,—I told him I had no room for such chaps as him."

"No room for such chaps as him!"

"No bye the pipers, no room for any body that don't look respectable."

"Why, what are you talking about man? He's the Vice President of the United States!"

"Vice-President of the United States!" exclaimed Boyden, almost breathless in astonishment.

"Why, yes, Sir. Thomas Jefferson, the Vice-Pre-

sident of the United States, and the greatest man alive."

"Murder, what have I done? Here Tom, Jim, Jerry, Jake, where are you all; here, fly you villains—fly and tell that gentleman we've forty rooms at his service!—By George! Vice President—Thomas Jefferson! tell him to come back and he shall have my wife's parlour—my own room—Jupiter! what have I done? Here Harriet, Mary Jule clear out the family! he shall have the best room, and all the rooms it he wants them.—Off you hussies, put clean sheets on the bed. Bill take up this mirror. George, hurry up with the boot-jack—By George! what a mistake!"

For fifteen minutes Boyden raved like a madman, and went fifty times to the door to see if his wished for guest was returning. The Vice-President rode up Market-street, where he was recognized by many of his acquaintances, and by them directed to the Globe tavern, which stood somewhere near the corner of Market and Charles-streets;—here Boyden's servants came up, and told him their master had provided rooms for him.

"Tell him, I have engaged rooms," said Jefferson.

Poor Boyden's mortification can be better imagined than told of; the chaps who were loitering about the bar and the large hall, and had laughed heartily at the disappointment of the muddy farmer, had recovered from their astonishment, and were preparing to laugh at their downcast landlord. After some time, he prevailed upon some friend to wait upon Mr. Jefferson with his apology, and request that he should return and take lodgings at his house, promising the best room, and all the attention should be given him.

Mr. Jefferson returned the following answer: "Tell Mr. Boyden," said he, "I appreciate his kind intentions, but if he had no room for the muddy farmer, he shall have none for the Vice-President."

Marriages of Reason vs. Marriages of Love.—The greatest drawback upon the chances of happiness in an Indian marriage exists in the sort of compulsion sometimes used to effect the consent of a lady.—Many young women in India may be considered almost homeless; their parents or friends have no means of providing for them by a matrimonial establishment; they feel that they are burthens upon families who can ill afford to support them, and they do not consider themselves at liberty to refuse an offer, although the person proposing may not be particularly agreeable to them. Mrs. Malaprop tells us that it is safest to begin with a little aversion, and the truth of her aphorism has been frequently exemplified in India; gratitude and esteem are admirable substitutes for love—they last much longer, and the affection based upon such solid supports, is purer in its nature, and far more durable than that which owes its existence to mere fancy. It is rarely that a wife leaves the protection of her husband, and in the instances that have occurred, it is generally observed, that the lady has made a love-match. But though marriages of convenience, in nine cases out of ten, turn out very happily, we are by no means prepared to dispute the propriety of freedom of choice on the part of the bride, and deem those daughters, sisters, and nieces most fortunate, who live in the bosom of relatives not anxious to dispose of them to the first suitor who may apply. It is only under these happy circumstances that India can be considered a paradise to a single woman, where she can be truly free and unfettered, and where her existence may glide away in the enjoyment of a beloved home, until she shall be tempted to quit it by some object dearer far than parents, friends and all the world beside.—[*Miss Robert's Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan*.]

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

OLD GRIMES'S SON.

Old Grimes's boy lives in our town,
A clever lad is he—
He's long enough, if cut in half,
To make two men like me.
He has a sort of waggish look,
And cracks a harmless jest—
His clothes are rather worse for wear,
Except his Sunday's best.
He's kind and lib'ral to the poor,
That is, to Number One—
He sometimes saws a load of wood,
And piles it when he's done.
He's always ready for a job—
(When paid)—whatever you choose,
He's often at the Colleges,
And brushes boots and shoes.
Like honest men, he pays his debts,
No fear has he of duns—
At leisure, he prefers to walk,
But when in haste, he runs.
His life was written some time since,
And many read it through—
He makes a racket when he snores,
As other people do.
When once oppress'd he proved his blood,
Not covered with the yoke—
But now he sports a freeman's cap,
And when it rains, a cloak!
He's dropped beneath a southern sky,
He's trod on northern snows—
He's taller by a foot or more,
When standing on his toes!
In church he credits all that's said,
Whatever preacher rise—
They say he has been seen in tears,
When dust got in his eyes!
A man remarkable as this,
Must sure immortal be—
And more than all because he is
Old Grimes's posterity.

The editor of the Eastern Democrat puts a dozen saucy questions to us, and concludes with calling us "a brandy barrel." If he has that opinion of us, no wonder he is so fond of pumping us.—*Prentice.*

MILITARY.—"Feller ossifers and gentlemen sogers," said a Connecticut Jonathan who had just been appointed to the honorable station of corporal in a company of militia invincibles—"I'm tarnally obliged to ye, by gauley, for pinting me a korporeal, for I'll be darn'd to darnation if I can't cut out Jo Gawky now, and git Poll Higgins in spite of broomsticks and pun-kins."

DULL OF APPREHENSION.—"Hollow, mister—stop that cow." "I've got no stopper." "Head her, I say." "Her head is on the right end." "Turn her." "Her skin is on the right side." "Curse it, can't you speak to her." Good morning, Mrs. Cow!

ANY GIVEN QUANTITY.—Did you ever hear the answer a noble lord made to a person who asked him, "Which could drink the most wine, himself or his noble brother?"—a good three bottle man, but also famous for taking especial care of his money. "Oh," said his lordship, "I have no chance with my brother, he will drink any given quantity."

A CHILD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE RAILROAD.—A little fellow who had just begun to talk, was taken down to the Depot, a few days ago, to see the Cars start; and on being asked what he saw there, he said "It was a whole row of coaches, that went without any horses, and had a great tea-kettle on before, boiling; and they were fryin' too, and all the gentlemen went in to get their suppers!"

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye:—"The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure."

PROMPT ANSWERS.—At an anniversary meeting of the London Sabbath School Union, the Rev. Mr. Kilpin remarked, that in catechising some children on the subject—"Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven"—the following were the questions and answers:

What is to be done?
The will of God.
Where is it to be done?
On earth.
How is it to be done?
As it is in heaven.
How do you think the angels do the will of God in heaven, as they are our pattern?
The first replied, They do it immediately.
The second, They do it actively.
The third, They do it unitedly.

Here a pause ensued, and no child appeared to have any answer; but after some time a little girl arose and said, Why, sir, they do it without asking any questions.

WOMAN.—Women are formed for attachment.—Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained, and knows how to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility, which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of your highest enjoyment, may grow to bitterness and wormwood if you fail to attend to it, or abuse it.—*Young Gentleman's Book.*

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father the other day to his delinquent son, "I am busy now—but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the patient lad, "I can wait."

The Married and the Unmarried.—*News for Bachelors.*—Some very curious facts on the subject of Marriage, as connected with longevity, are stated by Dr. Casper, in a paper lately published at Berlin. The difference becomes still more striking as age advances; at the age of 60 there are but 22 unmarried men alive for 48 married; at 70, 11 bachelors for 37 married men; and at 80, for the three bachelors who may chance to be alive, there are 9 benedicts. The same proportion very near holds good with respect to the female sex; 72 married women for example, attain the age of 45 while only 52 unmarried reach the same term of life. M. Casper, in conclusion, considers the point as now incontestably settled, that in both sexes marriage is conducive to longevity.

VERY GOOD.—A Botanic Thompsonian doctor in Providence, concludes an advertisement containing a defence of the Cayenne pepper, steam and lobelia system, with the words following, to wit: "Let the dead rest!!"

From the Monmouth Inquirer.
THE BELLE'S SOLILOQUY.

AN IMITATION

'Twill rain! 'twill rain! I wish I had
A thousand slaves, or more!
I do declare, it is to bad,
To see the rain drops pour.

My slaves! O! they could catch somehow,
Each drop before it fell;
At my command they'd fondly bow,
And never dare rebel.

'Twill blow! 'twill blow! and ma has said
That I have got a cold:
I shan't be there to night—and Phil,
Poor Phil! wont me behold.

And then there's Johnson and Ben White:
Jo Allen too, the dear?
There's whiske'd Hance and Dr. B.
Will think 'tis very queer.

'Twill hail! 'twill hail! and Mrs. L. L.
Will certainly be there;
And when she's trying all the time,
My conquests, proud, to share.

My conquests! ah! I need not ask
More slaves to do my will;
To count them all would be a task—
I hope I shall go still.

XENOPHEN.

A Yankee visited the West Indies, and having his attention called by the cries of an old man apparently one hundred, inquired the reason of his weeping, when the wrinkled and grey headed old man replied that his father had just whipped him. The Yankee's curiosity led him to see the father of a son so old, and finding him in a hut contiguous, began to reprimand him for chastising one so advanced in life. The father's apology was this: "the rascal has been throwing stones at his grandfather."

MODESTY.—Modesty is the chastity of female innocence—the ornament of virtue—the angelic grace of loveliness—the sanctity of manners—the amiable criterion of innate purity of heart—the index of refined sensibility of soul—and the Psyche of the graces. Where this divine heaven-born quality is wanting, beauty is a scentless rose—loveliness uncharming innocence unadorned—manners insipid—purity of heart doubtful—and sensibility unamiable. It may be truly said, that Modesty is the sum of all virtues.

A person who was fond of relating his dreams observed in the presence of the late J. Randolph, that he dreamed that night of lice. "That was very natural," replied Randolph, "for a person almost invariably dreams by night of what has been running in his head all day."

THE BEST OF WOMEN.—She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.—*Goldsmith.*

A dog flying open-mouthed at a sergeant upon a march, he ran the spear of his halbert into the throat and killed him. The owner was quite indignant that his dog was killed, and asked the sergeant why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of his halbert. "So I would," said he "if he had run at me with his tail."

RICH AND COMFORTABLE.—A wealthy farmer in Connecticut tells the following characteristic story:—"When I first came here to settle, about forty years ago, I told my wife I wanted to be rich. She said she did not wish to be rich, all she wanted was enough to make her 'comfortable.' I went to work, and cleared up my land, I've worked hard ever since; and have got rich; as rich as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they all have got good farms. And my wife ain't comfortable yet."

A BEAUTY.—As lady Elizabeth passed the line of persons seated and standing in thick array, there was heard an involuntary murmur of "How gloriously handsome she is!" Who that understands woman's beauty, does not know that even a handsome woman is at times twice as handsome as she is at others? Who that is herself endowed with the gift of beauty, has not experienced this, and occasionally felt imbued with a more than usual power of captivation!—(*The Devoted.*)

PADDY AND THE ECHO.

'Patrick! where have you been this hour or more? you must not absent yourself without my permission.' 'Och, niver more will I do the like, sir.' 'Well give an account of yourself, you seem out of breath.'

'Fait the same I am sir; I niver was in sich fear since I come to Ameriky. I'll till ye all about it, sir, when I git my breath wonst agin.'

'I heard ye tilling the gentlemen of the wonderful heco, sir, over in the woods, behind the big hill. An' I thoct by what ye said uv it, that it bate all the hechoes uv ould Ireland, sir; and so it does, by the powers! Well I just run over to the place ye was speakin uv, to converse a bit with the wonderful creathur. So said I, 'Hillo, hillo, hillo!' and sure enough the hecho said, 'Hillo, hillo, hillo! you noisy rascal!' I thoct that was very quare, sir; an' I said hillo again. 'Hillo, yourself,' said the hecho, 'you begun it first!' 'What the devil are ye made uv,' said I. 'Shut your mouth, said the hecho,' So said I, 'ye blatherin scoundril, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, that ye is't, I'd hommer ye till the mother of ye woun't know her impedint son.'

'And what do ye think the hecho said to that sir?' 'Scamper ye baste of a Paddy,' said he, 'or faite it I catch you, I'll break ivery bone in your ugly body.' An' it hit my head with a big stone, sir, and was nigh knocking the poor brain out of me. So I run as fast as iver I could, and praised be all the saints, I'm here to tell you of it, sir.—*Sunday Morning News.*

FIELDING.—A literary friend one day called to pay Fielding a visit, and found him in a miserable garret, without either furniture or convenience, seated on a gin-tub turned up for a table, with a half emptied glass of brandy and water in his hand. This was the idea of consummate happiness, entertained by the author of Tom Jones—by him whose genius handed down to posterity the inimitable character of Square, with his "eternal fitness of things."

Lines on a Fascinating but Heartless Woman.

A woman with a winning face
But with a heart untrue,
Though beautiful, is valueless
As diamonds formed of dew.

A FIGURE TO PAINT.—"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me, when I call him."

AN INCIDENT.—The following is from a late number of the Charleston Courier:—Numerous characteristic incidents are to be as having occurred to the Volunteers during their sojourn among the swamps and hammocks in Florida. It is related that upon one occasion when the South Carolina Regiment was ordered to advance from the encampment at Spring Garden, our young townsman, Ashby, who commanded a company of back-woods-men, was ordered to scour a certain hammock, and take post at a given point therein. Having executed the order, the Col. appeared in sight, at the head of other companies, riding from point to point, with his usual impetuosity. The young officer either forgetting the order, or perhaps impatient to be engaged, called out, "Col. here we are, where shall we go now?" "Go to the Devil," roared out the Col. "Attention men!" cried Ashbey, "you have heard the order: Forward! *this must be the way.*"

"O mother," said a very little child, "Mr. S— does love aunt Lucy—he sits by her—he whispers to her—and he hugs her." "Why Edward, your aunt does not suffer that, does she?" "Suffer it, yes mother, she loves it."

HARD TIMES.—An old lady was complaining a few days since, in the market, of the excessive high price of provisions. "It is not the meat only that is so enormously dear," said she, "but I cannot obtain flour for a pudding for less than double the usual price, and they do not make the eggs half so large as they used to be!"

HOPE AND MEMORY.

As the wild waves of ocean glide,
And life's deep waters flow,
Hope's foam-bells dance upon the tide,
And memory's pearls below.

THE VIOLET.—Hast thou passed by a hedge row at even tide? and has a delicious fragrance been all about thee, and thou knowest not whence it came? Hast thou searched and found the sweet violet hidden beneath its leaves—know that it was that which gave its odors to the air around thee. Thus my child should the christian make sweet the place of his good deeds; and thus, in all humility, should he endeavor to remain unnoticed himself. When thou seest the hungry led and the naked clothed, the sick man visited and the widow comforted—search and thou shalt find the flower whence all this odor arose; thou shalt find full often that the Christian hath been there, constrained by the love of Christ.—*A mblems of youth.*

Among all the productions and inventions of human wit, none is more admirable and useful than Writing, by means whereof a man may copy out his very thoughts, utter his mind without opening his mouth, and signify his pleasures at a thousand miles distance; and this by the help of twenty-four letters, by various joining and infinite combinations of which all words that are attainable and imitable may be framed, and the several ways of joining, altering, and transposing these letters, do amount (as Calvin the Jesuit has taken pains to compute) to 52,636,738,497,964,000 ways, so that all things that are in heaven and earth may be expressed by the help of this wonderful alphabet, which may be comprised in the compass of a farthing.

EARLY RISING.—"Not up yet?" said a friend calling upon another who was fond of indulging in morning and day dreams, "not up yet?" "Why, I have been stirring these four hours." "Very likely," added the friend, "you could not have done more had you been a spoon!"

If a woman were to change her sex what sort of a being would she become? [She would be a *he* then—a heathen!]

A JUVENILE YANKEE TRICK.—In the village of New Bedford, (says the Providence Herald,) the boys were in the habit of playing at ball. A cross-grained old chap, who kept a crockery store was somewhat annoyed by the juvenile sport; and whenever a ball came in his way would seize upon it, take it into his store, and clap it into the stove without ceremony. A few days since, having made a prize of one of the offensive articles in question, and adopted his usual course, he soon found he had 'caught a Tartar.' A horrible explosion took place—the stove was blown 'sky high'—the store was shattered with the shock—and about forty dollars worth of crockery was dashed in pieces! It is unnecessary to add, that the urchins, who had so often been interrupted in their sports by 'soursoaps' had charged their ball with gunpowder, by way of a practical hint to the old fellow to let them alone in future.

Anecdote of Napoleon.—When Napoleon returned to his palace, immediately after his defeat at Waterloo, he continued many hours without taking any refreshments.—One of the grooms of the chamber ventured to serve up some coffee, in his cabinet, by the hands of a child, whom Napoleon had occasionally distinguished by his notice. The emperor sat motionless, with his hand spread over his eyes.—The page stood patiently before him, gazing with infantine curiosity on an image which presented so strong a contrast to his own figure of simplicity and peace; at last the little attendant presented his tray, exclaiming, in the familiarity of an age which knows so little distinctions, "Eat sire—it will do you good."

The emperor looked at him, and asked, "Do you not belong to Gonesse?" (a village near Paris.)

"No, sire, I come from Pierrefite."

"Where your parents have a cottage and some acres of land?"

"Yes, sire."

"There is true happiness," replied the extraordinary being, who was still emperor of France, and king of Italy.

SINGULAR.—There have been many circumstances related of our revolution and the great men who projected and carried it through, which were not so well attested, would almost induce a suspicion of their truth, but the following striking coincidence is one, of which we do not recollect ever before having seen a notice.

Washington, born February 22, 1732, inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

John Adams, born October 19, 1735, inaugurated 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Jefferson, born April 2, 1743, inaugurated 1801; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Madison, born March 16, 1751, inaugurated 1809; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Monroe, born April 2, 1759, inaugurated 1819; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

The above is a list of five of the Presidents of the United States (all men of the revolution,) who ended their term of service in the 66th year of their ages.—J. Q. Adams's term of service, had he been elected a second time, would have also expired in the 66th year of his age.—*North Alabamian.*

Had Andrew Jackson, who obtained in 1824, a plurality of the Electoral votes, been elected at that time, his second term of service would have expired in his 66th year.—*Balt. Repub.*

LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

THE EARTH.—Its physical condition and most remarkable phenomena, by W. Mullinger Higgins, fellow of the geological society and lecturer on natural philosophy at Guy's hospital, copiously embellished with fine cuts, published by Messrs. Harper & Brother, New York, and sold by W. Perkins Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the above most interesting work from Messrs. Harper & Brothers. We are much delighted with it, having rarely seen so much useful information compressed in so small a form. It is a *multum in parvo* that would repay the purchaser were the price double what it is. Highly delighted as we have been with this pithy record of the earth's phenomenon, which we fearlessly state is not to be found in any other work of its size whatever, we confess that we are doubly pleased with it from the beautiful reflections with which it is interspersed, by one who looks from "Nature up to Nature's God."

ECHOES.

There is one other subject of inquiry connected with the atmosphere as a conductor of sound that seems worthy of notice in this place; and that is, the circumstance under which echoes are produced. An echo is produced whenever sound meets with an obstacle of sufficient regularity to reflect it. The laws by which the reflection of sound is governed are the same as those that influence light under the same circumstances; if it be obstructed by a plane surface, the direction will be changed, but the paths will be parallel; if by a concave, it will converge; if by a convex, it will diverge. A wall, or the side and ceiling of a room or public building, may occasion echoes; but as sound travels with a great velocity, and as it takes no perceptible time in moving from one part of a room to another, the echo is so blended with the original sound that the two appear as one. In large buildings, however, this may not be the case, and then the echo frequently becomes a serious inconvenience. We may notice one or two of the most remarkable instances in nature and in art.

On the banks of the Rhine, near Lurley, there is an echo that repeats the sound several times, and has been frequently described by travellers.

In the whispering-gallery of St. Paul's Church, London, the faintest whisper is conveyed from one side of the dome to the other. The tick of a watch may be heard from one end to the other of the Abbey of St. Albans; and in Woodstock Park, there is an echo that repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night. In the Cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, there is an echo by which a sound is conveyed from the great western door to the cornice behind the altar. The confessional happened to be placed at the former, and some over-curious persons resorted to the latter for news, till by some mishap a listener once heard more than was convenient, by which the secret became known, and the confessional was consequently removed. At the sepulchre of Metella, the wife of Crassus, there was an echo that repeated five times. We are informed by Barthius, in his notes on Statius's "Thebais," that on the banks of the Naha, between Coblenz and Bingen, an echo repeated the words of a man seventeen times; and although the repetition is, in most echoes, heard after the word or note of the person who speaks or sings, in this instance the repetitions follow the original sound so rapidly and clearly, with such varieties, that the voice seems to be lost in the multitude of mimicry.

In times when men were less interested in the investigation of the causes of the phenomena they heard

or saw, the echo must have exceedingly perplexed them. Were we permitted to indulge imagination, it would not be difficult to picture to ourselves the amazement and consternation with which an inhabitant of the newly-peopled earth would be seized, when he first heard the rocks far and near reiterating the broken sentences that escaped from his lips, as he wandered alone by the banks of a river, or chased the deer in the mountains. There is much in external nature calculated to awaken that consciousness of invisible power which resides in every bosom that has not been entirely contaminated by vice. The Greeks, whose luxuriant imaginations were ever active in the personification of natural phenomena, have given to echo a place among the gods. The reader will recall to memory her history. She is described as the daughter of Air and Tellus, the attendant of Juno, and the confidant of Jupiter. Her loquacity, however, displeased the god, and she was so far deprived of speech as to only have the power of reply when spoken to. Pan was once her admirer, but never enjoyed her smiles. Narcissus was the object of her choice, but he despised her, and she pined to death, though her voice is still heard on the earth. It is unnecessary to point out the aptness and beauty of its personification.

COMBE ON DIGESTION AND DIETICS.—Many valuable and scientific works on popular subjects are lost to the general reader, on account of the abstruseness of style and varied technical terms too often employed by the authors. Books on every subject of popular interest, and which are designed for an extensive circulation should possess the indispensable requisites of a judicious selection of the most interesting information, which has been acquired on the subject treated of, and moreover, be written in a plain and simple style, utterly devoid of those elaborate flourishes of ornament, only allowable in works of fiction.

The volume before us, though by no means devoid of the faults we have alluded to, has at least the merit of having selected the most agreeable parts of an intricate and disputed point in Medical Physiology.—The best time for dinner—the best time for supper, &c. are questions which the most illiterate reader will feel himself ready to take a part, and in the present volume he will find the subject, treated with a gravity and attention commensurate with its importance.—The sentiments of the author "on the propriety of a third meal" do not entirely coincide with our own in some particulars, but the arguments will apply fully as well if not better to a fourth. This however the reader must settle, either by reason or appetite, to his own satisfaction.

The book may be had of Messrs. Desilver, Thomas & Co. and—considering the amusement and information it will afford—at a very reasonable price.

THE FAMILY BOOK OF DEVOTION.—is the title of a new religious publication, recently issued under the editorial care of the Rev. H. Hooker, whose talents and piety are already favorably known, to a number of our readers, by his work entitled—"A Portion of the Soul." The volume consists chiefly of sermons, selected from the writings of the most eminent English divines, interspersed with suitable and appropriate prayers, for various occasions; and comprising in its contents, many original observations of the learned editor. We are gratified to perceive, that the reviving demand for this species of literature has enabled the publishers, Messrs. Desilver, Thomas & Co. to issue this volume in a style of execution worthy of the contents.

It is perhaps a circumstance to be regretted, that we have so few divines in this country, whose sermons when printed, would stand a comparison with

the elaborate and highly finished productions of Blair, Tillotson, and many of the standard English writers, on the subject of divinity. The immediate cause of this, probably, is the great dependence which most of our preachers have on the powers of their oratory, and the graces of elocution, for attracting the attention of their hearers; they find it easier to impress the senses than the judgment, and consequently their sermons when published, appear divested of the beauty and force they possessed, when first delivered. It is true that there are some exceptions to the above observations; still it is the prevailing fault of our American divines, and until more attention is paid to the composition of religious writings, which might easily be done without impairing the sincerity and enthusiasm which generally dictate them, we must look in vain for any standard work, which may rival the authors before alluded to.

The second No. of the Baptist Triennial Register, has recently been issued by Mr. J. M. Allen, the agent of the Tract Society, and may be procured at the Office of that Institution, No. 21 South Fourth Street. To members and congregations of that persuasion, the volume will prove an invaluable acquisition, comprising as it does, a vast amount of statistical and general information respecting the rise, progress, and in some instances, the decline of the various Churches of that sect throughout the United States. Many new and interesting facts are stated by the author, respecting the ecclesiastical polity of the sect to which he belongs, and the steps which have recently been taken for the better diffusion of their doctrine, not only in this, but in foreign countries.

In proof of this, we have made the following extract:

"From the statements presented in the preceding pages, it will appear that we have in the United States 365 associations, 252 of which reported 25,224 baptisms within 12 months, and a clear increase of 27,718 members. In 6,319 churches we have 452,000 members. The Free Will Baptists are not included in this enumeration. In 750 churches they have 33,882 members. In British America, we have 172 churches with 25,195 communicants. In 1,038 of our Sunday Schools, reported by unions or associations in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina, we have 62,333 scholars. This enumeration is very imperfect. Many of our churches in these States and throughout the Union have flourishing Sunday Schools and Bible classes in operation, whose numbers have not been reported. The whole number may be safely computed at 3,000 with upwards of 170,000 scholars.

It is probable that we have not less than 50 churches in association and about 200 unassociated, whose numbers we have not ascertained. The number of their members may be computed at 10,000. Including these, we have in the United States and British Possessions in America 7,549 churches, and 537,523 members. These numbers, with the additional evidences presented in the work, of the advancing course of our Zion in active benevolence, intelligence, and piety, should excite our gratitude, and call forth our earnest supplications and consecrated efforts for the future.

We have no doubt but that this work, will meet with suitable encouragement, and there is no part of the contents calculated to give offence to the general reader.

Lafitte—The Pirate of the Gulf.—By the author of "The South West," in two vols. Harpers & Brothers, New York, 1836. These volumes are a history of the loves and adventures of the Hero, whose name

figures in the title page—a not fictitious personage whose exploits by land and sea—though of no very honorable character, have thus been rendered subservient to the purposes of the novelist. The work is not without some animated scenes; and one or two good situations, but lacks design—it is without plot; interests occasionally; yet without taking deep hold on the attention.

Many of the incidents are forced, and strike us as unnatural; and, on the whole, though cleverly written, we should say that it was the production of a young, or, at least, an unpractised author, who has yet to learn two things—first, that effects must always be proportioned to their causes; and, next, that these causes should be in themselves probable. The writer has not sufficiently observed this rule in developing the sources of Lafitte's hatred toward his unfeeling brother—the immediate cause of all the misfortunes, or rather, crimes, of the former. Nor is the life of celibacy to which "Gertrude Langueville," (the fair cousin of the "twin brothers") is made to devote herself, by way of expiating the sin of another, at all reconcilable to that justice which the writer of fiction should be sure, always, to award to the characters and career of his various personages. These are faults which we doubt not the author will be found to have eschewed when, as we have reason to believe he will be induced to do,—he again appears before the public. He is evidently an American; and with further time and study will be enabled to achieve some enduring triumphs in a field where, from the number of competitors, success is the more honorable for being the more difficult.

OPEN CONVENTS.—By Theodore Dwight—published by Van Nostrand & Dwight, 146 Nassau street, N. York. This book is composed of extracts from "Six Months in a Convent," by Mrs. Reed; Maria Monk's "Awful Disclosures," and Cardinal Rieisi's "Secrets of Female Convents Disclosed"—with deductions therefrom intended to impress upon protestants, the absurdity and danger of submitting their children to the guidance of catholic teachers, inasmuch as nunneries and popish seminaries are dangerous to the morals and degrading to the character of a republican community. We wish the author had abstained from making extracts from such a work as that of Maria Monk. He is to say the least unwise in this, the testimony of Maria Monk will give very little credence, and only weaken the position he has taken, which is a good one, for surely a greater absurdity cannot possibly exist than for protestant parents to send their children to catholic seminaries, where if they are not enticed into the Roman belief by those who are most anxious for proselytes, or their young minds blinded and led astray by the imposing ceremonies of catholicism—they will at least be debased from that instruction and observance of their faith, which it is the duty of every parent to impress upon the mind of his or her offspring—"Train up a child in the way he should go," saith the scripture.

SURGERY ILLUSTRATED.—By A. Lidney Doane, A. M., M. D. compiled from the works of Cutler, Sind Velpau, and Blasius with 52 plates. Published by Harper & Brothers, of New York, and sold by Perkins, of Chesnut street.

This work we should conceive will be a most valuable addition to the library of every surgeon throughout the states. It treats upon bandages, fractures of the extremities and surgical operations which are all illustrated by finely executed engravings. The author has compiled from most valuable sources, —in his preface he says

"In this work we make no pretensions to originality, thinking that the profession will be benefited

more by a compilation of facts than by an original book of theory. Our aim has been to be useful. It is for medical men to determine whether we are or are not successful."

THE MOURNERS' BOOK.—By a lady.—Published by W. Marshall & Co. The taste and discrimination for which woman has ever been remarkable, is evinced in the sweet little book before us. It is a collection of gems from the most admired of authors. Flowers whose perfume has out-lived in some instances the hearts which engendered them, and in others still lend a grace to those from whence they sprung with their sweet odour are culled without one noxious weed to mar the bright coronal.—When we mention amongst a whole host of talented writers, such names as Mrs. Hemans, one who by precept and practice has done more to aid the cause of religion than many a professed teacher of the word; Mrs. Hannah More; Mrs. Sigourney; Miss Landon; Miss Baillie and Mary Howitt—Dr. Blair; Professor Wilson; Montgomery; Anne A. Watts; Baxter; Archbishop Leighton; Addison and William Penn, we are sure that we have said enough to recommend it to every family who can obtain it.

THE DEVOTED.—By the authoress of the Disinherited, Furtion, &c. in 2 volumes, published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. This is one of that vast portion of publications, which may be said to be born for—to live and die in a Circulating Library. It is like thousands which have preceded it—it is like thousands which will succeed it—which seem engendered to administer to the ravenous appetite for novelty with which the reading portion of the community who subscribe to libraries are afflicted, and whose appetites are so keen, whose cravings are so great that they devour with greedy avidity all that they can procure for their insatiable maws, no matter whether their food be wholesome or unwholesome, nourishing or enervating, beneficial or injurious. When we consider the amazing rapidity with which books of fiction issue from the still teeming press, it is no longer a wonder that there should be such a lamentable paucity of standard works, the only wonder is that there should be any at all. We make these remarks generally and without any particular reference to the novel before us, which will no doubt be read with the utmost avidity by that very numerous class for whom it is expressly intended. It can scarcely fail in its ephemeral success, it has every requisite for it; we have in it a lady who has three lovers—a roué—a parson and a madman—all of whom she encourages, and one of whom loves, and—you imagine we are going to tell you the sequel, no such thing—we will not anticipate your pleasure, but we will inform you that the fair writer is a perfect adept in the art of her profession, which is to bring too young and loving creatures together—to show you a union of heart and soul and sentiment, a reciprocity of affection which would make their union an earthly elysium, and then by some natural magic to tear them asunder, and show how miserable they may be, then again by some singular circumstance to bring them together, and once more to lead you to imagine their woes are over, and then to plunge them again into the abyss of woe from which they are only extricated, to be again plunged into their fated misery, and so on to the end of the chapter, playing with your feelings, gentle reader, as a skillful angler does with a trout which having hooked, he suffers for a time to dart away, unconscious of the line to which the barbed and pain inflicting dart is attached, and which is again to recall it to a sense of his acute suffering.

We have thus far been somewhat prolix, in conclu-

sion we beg to say that in addition to the three lovers—there are three murders recorded in the *Devoted*. Now this article will be sufficient we are sure, to set all devoted subscribers and devoted readers at circulating libraries in a state of perfect unrest, till they have taken the *Devoted* to themselves.

Elksawatawa, or the Prophet of the West.—Harpers & Brothers, New York. The power of delineating nature, "in her under guise," with accuracy, is probably one of the most valuable that an American writer can possess. We live in a country where the fidelity of the likeness, and the slightest variation from the original, can be most readily determined by a comparison with objects every where surrounding us; and where, consequently the talent alluded to, will be sure of being justly appreciated.—Perhaps the rapid progress of civilization, and the consequent substitution of a more artificial state of society in the place of the primitive simplicity of manners, which, in some parts of this country, yet continues to characterise the inhabitants, may ere the lapse of a few years entirely destroy this test and oblige the reader of this description of fictitious writing, to refer to the pages of history in order to determine how far the author may have succeeded, in his attempt. But, however this may be in future, it is not so at present; and the writer who attempts to describe the terrors of the solitary wilderness, and to depict the characters of the wild beings who make it their home, must expect to find his judges in those who have braved the perils of the former, and are familiar with all the characteristic traits of the latter.—It may be, that the certainty of an impartial and speedy decision, respecting the merits of works of this kind, has latterly induced so many writers to direct their attention to the fair face of nature, in place of those more obvious distinctions that arise out of a state of artificial society.

Whether the delineation of those smaller shades and distinctions which must prevail, to a certain extent, among those who, from similarity of education and other causes, might be supposed to be on a level with each other, requires a more intimate knowledge of human nature, than to catch the endless and ever varying changes which the progress of civilization and knowledge is producing among us, is a point that we shall not attempt to determine. At present, we shall only state the reasons that have led us to believe that the author of *Elksawatawa*, has failed in giving a correct account of the scenes he professes to describe.

It has been long the fashion (we do not know a better term) to exaggerate the slightest peculiarities of language, which distinguish the inhabitants of the southern and western states from those of the eastern. The author of the volume before us makes allusion to this practice in his preface, where he observes, that "the many burlesques of western manners, which have given so much amusement to our eastern and transatlantic brethren, were as great a novelty to the supposed actors in them, upon their first appearance, as to their neighbours in the adjoining states." It such is his belief, why does the language of one of his principal characters consist of a mixture of slang, with disgusting vulgarity? or does the writer suppose that the character of "Earthquake," "half fox half fool," is the best representative of a Kentucky hunter? Indeed, the writer seems sensible of the deliberate misrepresentation and slander which he has embodied in his description of western character.

Another striking variation from the truth of the original, may be found in the egotism which constantly offends the ear in the language of "Earthquake." We do not think that the ceaseless parade of their own exploits of daring and bravery, with

which most of the characters in this book embellish their discourse, will at all increase the public opinion in favor of the accuracy with which the writer professes to have examined western habits and customs. It is almost needless to remark, that this is the last vice, or failing, to be looked for in our forerunners, to whom the perils and dangers incident to the life they lead, are too familiar, to be made a matter of boast among themselves.

But we do not feel disposed to animadvert further on this production. To those who would take up the volume to beguile a passing hour, the story may possess some interest; but we repeat that as a delineation of western habits and manners, it is by no means as faithful as we should have been led to anticipate.

Western Literary Journal.—We have received the second number for July, vol. 1., of a new monthly periodical, under the above title, published at Cincinnati; and which, together with the "Western Monthly Magazine," formerly edited by Timothy Flint, Esq., gives to the west two Literary Journals—a fact that speaks volumes for the growing taste and intelligence of the people of the Prairies.

The "Southern (Richmond) Literary Messenger," has recently passed into the editorial hands of Mr. Edgar Poe, of Baltimore; and the "Southern (Charleston) Literary Journal," seems to be in a fair way of establishing for itself a permanent footing at the South. The *Southern Review*, it is said, will shortly be revived. The decadence of this work, some three or four years ago, and but four years after it had been first established—during which time it had taken high rank in our quarterly literature—was a reflection upon the literary pride and spirit of our Southern friends, which, for their own sake, it is to be hoped they will not again incur.

Parley's Library.—We have been favored by the Messrs. Desilver, Thomas & Co. with three little volumes, extremely neat in appearance, comprising biographies of Columbus, Washington and Franklin.—They are a brief abstract of the lives of those illustrious men—well adapted to the minds of youthful students, and furnishing in a condensed form, matter that must always possess a deep interest to the American reader.

Elements of International Law.—In one volume, from the pen of our resident Minister at the Court of Berlin, Henry Wheaton, Esq., may be considered as a valuable accession to the important science of which it treats, which, like every other, is progressive—involving, as it advances, new rules and principles deduced from the practice of nations in their intercourse with each other. The work has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The existence of absolute truth is supposed in the objection, otherwise it would be wholly without sense and meaning. Suspicion of our faculties and fear of being deceived evidently imply it; nor can we deny that it exists without contradicting ourselves; for it would be to assert that it is true that nothing is true. The same may be said of *doubting* whether there is any thing true; for doubting denotes a hesitation or suspense of the mind about the truth or reality of what is denoted, and therefore a tacit acknowledgment that there is somewhat true. Take away this and there is no idea of it left. Thus ignorance implies something to be known; and denoting about the way to a place, that there is a way. So impossible is universal scepticism; and so necessarily does truth remain even after we have taken it away.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT

Is thus related in the Newbury Herald:

A discourse was delivered on Wednesday evening, in the Pleasant street church, before the society for the Relief of aged Females, by the Reverend Mr. Stevens, of Boston. Prayers were offered by the Rev. Mr. Williams, of this town. The annual report of the society was read, and a collection taken up in aid of the society.

The discourse of Mr. Stevens was a production glowing with warm and elevated feeling, chaste and energetic in language, and fully sustained the reputation which had preceded him here.

In concluding his remarks, Mr. Stevens said he would relate a part of the history of a family in Philadelphia, with which he was intimately acquainted.—It consisted of the parents and four children. The husband was in an employment which enabled him to maintain his family comfortably and lay by something as a provision for his old age. In the midst of usefulness he was seized with a consumption, and during a protracted illness, the little estate which he had acquired was chiefly expended. After his death, the mother tasked herself to support her little family.—Night after night was she engaged in laboring with her needle for their support, the children sitting by her side endeavoring to comfort and encourage her. Her arduous exertions shortly brought on the same disease which had taken away her husband. The support of the family was thus entirely cut off.

At this crisis, the oldest boy, then not over 7 years of age, went from door to door, begging for some employment, to keep the family from starvation! Those upon whom he thus called, were too busy to listen to the story of a child. Finally, by dint of perseverance he succeeded in obtaining a situation in the Globe cotton mill, in Philadelphia, receiving for his services 75 cents per week. He succeeded in getting a younger brother into the same establishment, who was paid 50 cents per week. Their united wages—\$1 25 per week—served to sustain the sick mother and the family. Things went on this way for some time—the mother was hastening to the end of her earthly career. None interested themselves in the fate of these obscure individuals. Their neighbors were a vicious, degraded people, as poor as themselves.

For a long period roasted potatoes were their only food—and the small pieces of wood which they could collect in the street their only fuel.

Finally, a female who had been a bridesmaid to the mother, heard of her distresses and sought her out.—Her assistance and personal services were freely given—but alas! it was now too late; she could but smooth the pillow of death. The mother was laid in her grave by the side of her husband, and the children were left orphans. The kind lady remained by, disposed of what little furniture was left, and obtained situations for the remnant of this afflicted family.—Their prospects began to assume a brighter hue. At their meeting at the end of the year they could say that the past year had been more prosperous than any before it. Finally an opening was made for the older boy in the christian ministry, and that boy, said Mr. Stevens, is the individual who now addresses you.

We have rarely witnessed a more powerful effect than the announcement of this fact produced. It was as though an electric shock had gone through the whole audience. So entirely unprepared were the assembly for such a termination, so completely had their sympathies been given to the sufferers, who they had supposed were at that time many miles distant, that the declaration, that one who had passed through the scenes in which their feelings had been so strongly enlisted, stood before them was unexpected and startling in the highest degree.

Engraved by J. Yeager for the Casket October 1836. Published by S. C. Atkinson.

[illegible]

...the robes of clear

The dress of the sitting figure is of *poux de soi*, printed muslin, a white ground flowered in a new
24, 1836.



ATKINSON'S CASKET

OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body,
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.

No. 10. PHILADELPHIA.—OCTOBER. [1836.]

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

MORNING WALKING DRESS.—*Toilette de promenade des matin*. Hat of *paille d'Italie* (Leg-horn), trimmed with crimson or black velvet ribbon, and ornamented with a bouquet of field flowers, and a veil. The hat is large; the front *coûlée*, and descending low at the sides of the face; the crown is neither remarkably high, nor is it low (see plate); the garniture (trimming) is rather simple, being composed of crimson or black velvet ribbon; one row of the ribbon goes round the lower part of the crown, crosses in front, and descends at each side, to form the strings; a second ribbon goes round the upper part of the crown, and is finished in a large bow over the bavolet at back (see plate); the bouquet of field flowers is placed high at the right side of the crown; the bavolet or curtain is of *gros de Naples*, edged with narrow velvet ribbon. The veil of blonde; a few light puffings or bows of ribbon to match that on the hat are worn beneath the front; the hair is in smooth bands, brought low at the sides. Redingotte of *jaconet muslin*. The corsage is made *à châle*, with a *revers* trimming over, in the style of the shawl waistcoats. (See plate.) The back of the dress fits tight to the shape. The *revers* is rounded at back, and is sloped off towards the waist in front, in a manner most becoming to the figure. (See plate.) The corsage is *demi-montant* (half high), and is worn without a *collerette*. The sleeves are full at top, and tight from the elbow to the wrist. The dress crosses to the right side, and is trimmed all round with a narrow frill of itself. The side of the skirt that crosses over is rounded at bottom. The redingotte is fastened in front with a small ruby brooch, from which a gold chain depends; the watch, which is fastened to the other end of the chain, is hid beneath the *ceinture*. White kid gloves, black shoes and silk stockings.

The dress of the sitting figure is of *poux de soi*.
24, 1836.

Perhaps some of our lady readers may not wholly object to a few particulars respecting the fashions.

The morning dress is now considered quite complete without an apron. The neatest is made of grey or *Ecrû pou de Soie*, strewn with bouquets of flowers embroidered in different colored silks, and diminishing gradually towards the pockets, which are made on the inside, and the openings concealed by three small knots of ribbon placed upon the pocket hole.

Among the new and prevalent appendages of dress are morning collars made of French cambric, and trimmed with the same material small plaited: they are of a round shape, double and moderate size. The beauty of the material, and the extreme smallness of the plaiting renders these collars very lady-like appendages to morning dress.

Italian straw hats are now quite as much in request as those of rice straw. Some of the newest have the curtain at the back of the crown composed of the same material and turned up—that is, the very finest kind of these hats, which are as flexible as silk. The curtain being of a moderate size, and turned up in a soft roll, has a more jauntier effect than the deep curtains of silk or velvet, which are more commonly worn. Several of these hats are trimmed with straw colored feathers, either two or three *en bouquet* on the crown, and a wreath of blue bells in the interior of the brim next the face. The ribbons may be either plain straw color, or else straw color figured with blue. Others are trimmed with white ribbons, and a bouquet of field flowers on the crown, and a wreath to correspond in the interior of the brim. Some are also ornamented with two large bouquets of different flowers so placed, as one half to be upright on the crown, and the other resting on the brim.

In half-dress, small black lace *fichus* are in favor, with white roses.

For public promenade dress the robes of clear printed muslin, a white ground flowered in a new

pattern, in detached sprigs. The sleeves are tight on the shoulders and a little below it, and from the elbow to the wrist is arranged in three *bouffants* of moderate size. The mantelet is made of white gros de naples trimmed with white lace, or of white *filé de soie*, trimmed with black lace.

In full dress, the pocket handkerchief is deeply trimmed with exquisite lace work: some single kerchiefs cost 20 to 30 guineas.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

Could I steep my pen in flowers,
Were it from a turtle's wing,
That had soar'd in love's own bowers,
Then might I a tribute bring,
And haply not a worthless lay
To greet, sweet maid, thy natal day.

Wert thou less perfect—had'st thou been
Less beautiful—less bright;
Less like a seraph shining in
Thine own ethereal light,
Transcendant less beyond compare,
Less like a form of upper air,
Or had I lov'd thy spirit less,
Methinks in words I might confess
All that I feel, but cannot say
To thee upon thy natal day.

I sometimes think thee not of earth,
But creature of seraphic birth.
On thy brow shines beauty's might,
In thine eyes beam heaven's own light.
Whilst up on thy dimpled cheek,
Maiden innocence doth speak.
Laughing out in joyousness,
In its own sweet loveliness.
Oh! never beamed a natal day,
On one more pure, more sweet, more gay.

Worthless is the rhyme I bring,
Such a glorious tune to sing.
Could my heart speak from my breast,
Were my soul to thee confest.
As it cannot ever be,
In its deep intensity—
Could I dip my pen in flowers,
Were it from a turtle's wing
That had soar'd in love's own bowers,
Then might I a tribute bring.
A glaring soul impassioned lay,
To greet thee, on thy natal day.

F. W.

Improved Phraseology.—Two darkies passing down the turnpike the other day as a train was crossing the bridge, one exclaimed, "Didn't take dem cars long to come from whar dey did." "No nigger," replied the other, "but why can't you say *from whar dey was*."—*Coatsville Advertiser.*

LOVE AND CONSTANCY.

BY E. BURKE FISHER.

CHAP. I.—LOVE.

"Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and bye, a cloud takes all away."
"Harry, dear Harry, farewell!" "God bless
you, Mary, we shall meet again!"—a stifled sob
from the first speaker, and an ejaculation of
manly sorrow from the latter, attested their
emotion—the oarsmen dipped their light blades
into the wave, and the little craft obedient to the
impulse rapidly receded from the shore. The
youth watched its progress through the glancing
waters, and every ripple it created seemed to
wash upon his heart; a moment, and it ranged
under the bows of a stately vessel, which soon
after spread her canvass to the breeze, and bore
down the bay, on her outward course. Evening
found the youth pacing the shore, gazing upon
the faint outlines of the departing ship, and when
the niggard robe of night hid her from his view,
then it was that the full sense of his situation fell
heavily upon him—he felt that he was an outcast
—an alien, without a single tie to bind him to
life, and with a sensation of wretchedness,
known only to him who has tasted of the bitter
chalice of misery—he cast him down upon the
sands, and wept long and bitterly! * * *

Who is there who has not heard the melan-
choly detail, as

"From his sire's lips glean'd,
Or history's page,"

of the fierce and destructive tornado, that ushered
in the autumnal equinox of 1787. Its fury was
felt by the storm-tossed seaman, as his frail bark
drove onward to destruction, and its disastrous
results might in part be gathered, from the many
evidences of its triumph as strewn along the
shores of Cape Cod. The tempest proved as
transient as it was violent, and the sun that
shone out on the morrow of the storm, steeped
its rays on the now tranquil ocean, which, ap-
parently conscious of the ruin it had wrought,
seemed to atone for its mischief by studied re-
pose. The regular swell of the sea succeeded
the raging billows of the night—the shrill demon
of the tempest had retired to his northern
caves, and in his stead, the playful zephyrs of
the south wanted upon the waters. The hardy
wreckers were out upon the beach as usual,
after a night of storm, culling a harvest from
the spoils which the ocean had cast upon their
shores. Men, women and children were en-
gaged in this employment, and so inured had
they become to their somewhat equivocal pro-
fession, that whether the object they inspected
was the corpse of the shipwrecked, or a cask of
West India, the same *sang froid* was evinced,
and they proceeded as leisurely to rifle the gar-
ments of the disfigured and ghastly dead, as in
breaking open a sea chest. An unusually well
stowed bale had drawn the attention of the
crowd, and they were busily employed in turn-
ing over its contents, when an exclamation of
surprise from an idler upon the strand caused

the party to turn in the direction he pointed, and
they beheld the object that had elicited his out-
cry. Drifting in towards the land, they saw a
floating spar, upon which rode a small lad of
some sixteen or seventeen years, supporting in
his arms what seemed the lifeless form of a fe-
male. There was something so noble in this
generous devotion to another's safety in the
hour of deadly peril—a touching display of all
that ennobles, in the conduct of one so young,
thus jeopardising his own doubtful chance of
preservation, in the rescuing from the fierce wa-
ters their prey, that even the cold and sluggish
feelings of the men of Barnstable were moved
to admiration, and forgetting personal advan-
tage in the excitement of the moment, they await-
ed but the approach of the float within range of
their interference, when they rushed into the
surge, and with deafening plaudits bore the
young mariner and his burthen to the land.
The boy relaxed not his hold of his companion,
until he had safely deposited her in the arms of
the bystanders, when throwing one look upon
her wan and lifeless features, he cast his eyes to
heaven, and murmuring, "Thanks, merciful
Father! she is saved!" sank insensible upon
the sand.

Sympathy—that noblest attribute of the soul,
finds as ready response in the heart of the child
of nature, as in the tutored feeling of the man of
civilization; and the lawless wrecker in his
course of plunder, may act as nobly, and feel as
proudly the sacred glow of humanity, as does
the sage expounder of moral legislation! The
witnesses of the sad scene we have described,
furnished ample illustration of the fact, for the
men of Cape Cod, "albeit, unused to the melting
mood," drew their hands over their eyes, and
their tones were husky as they communed with
each other, while the women, ever alive (in all
conditions) to the dictates of humanity, busied
themselves in the attempt to excite to action the
frozen channels of life in the unfortunate mai-
den.

The intense pitch to which the sensibilities of
her preserver were strung, precluded him from
enjoying the repose he so much required, and
supported by one of the spectators, he stood
watching with silent expectation the efforts at
resuscitation practised upon his companion in
suffering. The exertions of the females were at
length crowned with success, the ashy paleness
of her brow was crossed by the flush of return-
ing animation, and before the lapse of another
hour the children of the wreck, who but a short
time since were tossed to and fro upon the ca-
pricious waters, found themselves under the
friendly roof, and seated at the hospitable board
of Gregory Cox, to whose dwelling the generous
wreckers had borne them.

The kindly nature of their host, for a long
time, taught him forbearance upon the subject
of their painful story, and weeks passed on be-
fore he gently hinted his wish to hear the sad re-
cital, and so judiciously did the worthy Quaker
prosecute his inquiries, that the detail was given,
with scarce the knowledge of the lad, that the
events over which he brooded had been reveal-
ed to their sympathizing friend. His narrative

was brief, yet pregnant with misfortune. Thus
it ran.

The maiden was the daughter of a Frenchman
of rank, who had lately relinquished an official
post in the Canadas with the intention of return-
ing to his native land. He had, with his wife
and daughter, embarked in the vessel com-
manded by the narrator's sire. Circumstances con-
nected with the instructions of his owners, had
induced the commander to make for the port of
Boston, but contrary winds rendered nugatory
his efforts, and for several days the ship had been
beaten along the coast of Massachusetts, where
it was met by the raging equinox, and destroy-
ed by the combined fury of the winds and
waves. So unforeseen was the shock, and so to-
tally unprepared were the miserable victims,
that the same storm-fed billows which scattered
the fragments of the vessel to the fury of the
winds, bore with it the mass of beings that cove-
red upon its decks. Borne along by the vio-
lence of the assault, the boy was plunged into
the boiling sea, but fortunately striking a drift-
ing spar as he fell, he had steadied himself upon
it, the only living thing, as he thought, that sur-
vived the onset of the fierce destroyer. As he
was thus rocking upon the turbulent waves, a
gleam of lightning, triumphing for a moment
over the darkness, gave to his view the garments
of the girl, and with instinctive humanity, he
lifted her from the waters and supported her in
his arms, although aware that he was thereby
rendering more hazardous his own ultimate
chances of safety.

It seemed as if the eye of Omnipotence saw
and approved the act, for in a short time the
march of the tempest was stayed, the lashing
billows sank to gentle ripples, and the wild roar
of the howling winds gave way to the soothing
breeze, as it swept from the land. During the
remainder of that eventful night of disaster and
death, did the young mariner sustain the insen-
sible form of his companion, and although no
signs of returning consciousness rewarded his
care, yet, buoyant with the hope of a generous
and daring spirit, he clung to his position until
the coming of Aurora revealed the shores of
Barnstable, towards which his sailless and un-
seamanlike craft was rapidly drifting. The rest
has been already shown.

Time rolled on! Weeks resolved themselves
into months, and months became absorbed in
years, yet the circumstances of the wreck, as
detailed in the journals of the day, brought no
claimant for the girl. As to the stripling, his
only relative was that parent whom he had seen
meet a watery grave, and he knew that he
stood alone in the world, with no one to sym-
pathize with the misery that racked his bosom,
save the orphan partner of his perils; and when
he looked upon her budding loveliness, thus left
to waste neglected, and without the fostering
care of maternal watchfulness, he vowed to be
to her all that a brother could, or a parent might
be. The isolation of his destiny had rendered
him an enthusiast upon the one subject of his
charge, so that, when in the gay flush of innocent
girlhood, she shared his joys and mingled her
tears with his, his feelings became concentrated
in devotion, which the world calls *love*, but for

which affection, pure as seraphs might glory in avowing, would be the more fitting term. In the absence of other channels to vent his feelings she became the cynosure of his loftiest imaginings, his more than sister. Happy in her youth, and time-seared to the loss she had sustained, *Mary Destraix* loved her preserver with a sister's tenderness; and when, after the lapse of years, there came one who called himself her uncle—her father's brother—the joy with which she sprang to his embrace was merged in tears, when the probability of her separation from her brother crossed her mind, as the stranger announced his intention of returning with her immediately to the castellated abode of her ancestors, in the sunny plains of Marne.

"And Harry—my brother Harry, shall he not go with us?" she asked inquiringly, gazing into the stern face of her new-found relative.

The Frenchman turned to the spot, where stood the subject of the query. He had heard the story of the youth, and liked not the question; and as he glanced, not at the noble countenance and manly bearing, but the rustic apparel of the stripling, his dislike to a further intimacy between the pair was increased. The stranger was Lord of Marne, and had breathed the courtly air of the Louvre, and he could see nothing worthy of consideration in the mere fact, that a rough and untutored rustic should peril his life for a maiden of noble blood. Tendering the youth a purse well stocked with Louis, he signified his disinclination to rank him among the members of his voyage home. The indignant recipient took the proffered gold, advanced a step, and dashing the gift at the feet of its aristocratic giver, rushed from the scene.

"Harry, my noble, generous preserver," sobbed a voice at his side, as he stood upon the rude piazza that overlooked the ocean, "think not so meanly of me, as that broad lands and empty honors I would forsake you! Harry, my brother, I will not go!"

"Not so, *Mary Destraix*," was the answer of him she addressed—the bitterness of his feelings rising paramount to the usual joyousness of his tones when he spoke to her—"Are you not the daughter of a peer of France, called to fulfil a bright and envied destiny? Would you so forget your illustrious ancestry, as to forego their claims upon you as their descendant, to follow the fortunes of one, who was even cast from the ocean as unworthy to tenant its caves?"—and the boy laughed in his agony.

"Look there!" he continued, addressing the stranger who had followed his niece—"Look at you cradle of storms!" and he enforced his words, by pointing out towards the quiet waters, which lay steeped in the phosphorescent tints of a summer's eve. "Where were the vassals of your house that they stepped not in to the rescue of their master? Will the great deep give up its prey for gold? Though the blood of Charlemagne runs in your veins, that act—that crowning act, of offering lucre in exchange for life—would sink you to a level with the veriest serf!"—and drawing up his form, now moulded into the fair proportions of nineteen summers, he gave back the haughty glance of the French-

man with one equally fierce, and turned to the weeping maiden.

The result of their conference was such as lovers' conferences usually are. The mind of *Mary* was open to the fact, that her feelings towards her preserver were merged in a fonder tie than a sister's, and a promise of constancy, immutable to time and circumstance—an interchange of tokens—a kiss, the first that ever consecrated their mutual affections, and *Harry Harwood* sought his couch that night—so late boiling with the fiercest passions—now calm and full of hope—

Congenial hope! thy passions-kindling flower,
How bright—how strong in youth's confiding hour!
The going down of the succeeding sun found
Harry weeping upon the beach alone.

CHAP. II.—CONSTANCY.

* *Mulica cupido, quod dicit amanti
In vento, et rapida scilicet oportet aqua.*—*Catullus*.

There were banquetting, and revelry within the princely halls of Versailles, and the dulcet sounds of woman's voice accorded well with the rich breathings of lute and harp. The effulgence of a thousand lights streamed upon the beauties of the court of Louis, as they stood ranged in their dream-like loveliness at the foot-stool of the queenly Austrian. The rich swell of vocal melody—the tread of the dancers, as they moved in the stately *Pavon*, or lascivious waltz—the laugh of the witty, as jest and repartee rang through the lofty dome—all typified an epoch of pleasure, and absence from cares such as then existed in the *conversations* of *Maria Antoinette*, but which too soon gave way before the ruthless onset of revolutionary reformation covenanted in the destruction of these very halls, and sealed in the blood of royalty.

The park, and alleys of the gardens, echoed with the laughter of joyous and happy spirits, and the flowery groves, and trellised arbors—fit spot for love's communion—were made this night the trysting spot of many a youthful pair, while the gentle breeze as it swept through the leafy paradise, carried upon its wings confession—reciprocal disclosures—vows, and protestation, baseless all—aye, baseless as the courier by which they were borne away!

"Beautiful *Mary*, you wrong me, every way you wrong me, by your unjust suspicions. The *Deperney* may be as fascinating as you describe her, but I own not her power! *Canaille* of the *National Assembly* may be won by her lures, but *Marmont* wears no colors save those of the fair *Destraix*."

"Hold, impertinent! Know you not that the *Lady Deperney* is my friend, and beware how you speak of the members of the Assembly, or I shall send you to republican America, there to learn more fitting terms, by which to designate the leaders of the people!"

"That I may also gain some tidings of your lover of *Barnstable*," was the laughing rejoinder of her companion. "Your uncle tells strange stories of that same youth, and I am half inclined to be jealous of some certain passages that occurred in the *lete-a-lete* you wot of."

"Aye! my gallant deliverer from the raging

billows of the Atlantic." For a moment, there came associations of a painful nature, across her mental vision, and she felt herself checked in her levity; it was but for a moment, for in the next, she smilingly tapped the mercurial Frenchman upon the shoulder as she answered, "Nay, you should not be too severe upon my youthful follies—the boy saved me from a watery death, and in the hour of parting, there might have been things spoken, prompted more by gratitude than prudence—besides I was so young!"

"But what if the boy should clothe this pretty romance with the sober hues of reality, and come to claim his rights? What would the heiress of *Marne* think, if, at the levee of our gracious sovereign, her quondam lover should step forward, and demand her as his bride?"

"Rest contented on that score, knight of the trifling countenance," laughingly responded the fair one; "the lad has too much sense to attempt any flight of the kind; his modesty and wits would teach him in so doing he was transgressing the bounds of discretion."

"And yet, if he could survey the ripened loveliness of the flower he saved when in its budding helplessness," urged the gallant *Marmont*, bending his lips to the hand of his companion, "and feel no wish to claim it for his trans-atlantic bower, he must be indeed a stoic; and I take it, that his is a warmer spirit than voluntarily to purge his memory of the recollection of an action that must come coupled with the charms of the rescued floweret. By the bones of the immortal *Henri*! but the little I have heard of thy deliverance, and the heroism that achieved it, have taught me a brother's love for this same—how call you the youth?"

"Harley—No—*Harwood*; aye, that is his name—but, methinks, a glimpse of him would tend marvellously to lessen thy brotherly feelings. He had but little of knightly bearing, and his speech and actions savored somewhat of his nautical training. I would that he were here?"

There was a rustling in the adjacent shrubbery—a hasty step was heard upon the gravelled avenue, and as the intruder dashed swiftly by, there came words upon the ear of the late speaker, breathed in tones she remembered but too well. "And this is *Mary Destraix*, and it is thus she speaks of *Henry Harwood*! Great God, how I have been duped!" The footsteps died away in the distance, and before she could rally from the shock, the speaker was gone.

The sword of *Marmont* was drawn from its sheath, but the convulsive grasp of the conscience-stricken girl withheld him from pursuit; and when he inquiringly bent his gaze upon her countenance, its expression was so death-like and cold, that fearing she was ill, (for he understood not the purport of the stranger's exclamation,) he hastily returned to the saloon.

During the remainder of the evening, it was the subject for comment that the favorite of the queen was grave and abstracted, and that her brow, usually lighted up with the joy of an untrodden spirit, was crossed with darker hues than were wont to sully it. Even *Marmont* strove in vain to restore her depressed spirits, but it would not do; the words she had heard in the garden clogged her soul, bowing it down

to remorse and anguish. Memory led her away from these scenes of hollow semblance to the shores of Massachusetts—to that eventful night, when, in her feebleness, she battled with the adverse waters. Again she was listening to the oft-repeated story of the garrulous wreckers, as they painted, in their blunt honesty of speech, the daring courage and generous conduct of the youthful mariner, as, after having laid her gently upon the beach, he uttered that prayer of thanksgiving for her safety. As fancy's finger pointed out these episodes of her past existence, and she reflected upon the return she had made—that she had spoken of him as a thing of scorn, and that he had heard her! the swelling waves of contrition irrigated her selfish soul, and she retired to her chamber, for that night redeemed from the trammels of coquetry and ingratitude. Dismissing her maid, she sat down in an embrasure of her apartment, but was disturbed from her reverie by the entrance of her attendant, who placed beside her a packet, bearing her address, and again retired. Hastily breaking the seal, she opened its folds, in doing which a braid of hair escaped from therein and fell to the ground. The contents of the epistle were disjointed in character, and evidenced a bruised and saddened spirit. The writer was *Harwood*.

"I will not upbraid you, *Mary*, although you have crushed my fondest—my dearest hopes! Fool that I was, I dreamed that the *Mary* of my boyhood was still the same—that what she professed in other days, she would prove in my ripened years—that her gentle spirit yet retained its recollection of one with whom was spent the darkest portion of her brief existence! Do you remember that night when the demon of the storm swept the bosom of the dark Atlantic, and I bore you—but no! not that; but surely you still retain the memory of that kind, good old man, who took us in our destitution and gave us a home, and who, when we were seated at his social board, would moralize upon our melancholy story, and bid us love one another, for it seemed as if Providence so willed it in the arrangement of our destinies. And oh! how often, when wandering along the shores of *Barnstable*, have we mingled our tears when we looked out upon the great sea, the sepulchre of all we loved, and cheated Sorrow of its triumph, in gilding with Hope's brightest pencilling a radiant and sunny future—and then, that evening, when in the holy hush of nature, and in the presence of none save our God, you vowed remembrance, and gave me a ringlet of your own raven hair. I return it, *Mary*, for I may not retain it after the fatal proofs of your feelings towards me, which inadvertently I overheard this night. Alas! that such things should be—that you, whom I have loved—how fervently and deeply let my present agony portray, should speak of me as of one—but I will not upbraid, but bless you, *Mary*, even in your heartlessness will my prayers be as fervent for your welfare, as when in other years I watched your girlhood beyond the ocean. Farewell! Heiress of *Marne*, farewell—forever!"

Her attendants, upon entering their mistress's chamber on the ensuing morning, found her lying insensible upon her couch, the letter of *Harwood* compressed within her grasp.

Did she awake to better feelings, and was the film of ingratitude and deceit rent from her heart? Alas! that selfishness should prevail over the finer impulses of our nature, and the perspective of a coronet in woman's eye sway ascendant over the homely aspect of humble wedlock! Who was Henry Harwood, that he should aspire to the hand of the favorite of Marie Antoinette, and on the plea of having performed a trifling act of humanity, dare thus to address the loveliest woman in the Court of Louis? One month, and Marmonti, amid the beauty and chivalry of France, and honored by the presence of royalty, wedded the fair Destraix!

Marmonti's lineage was noble—ay, princely! In his veins there ran the tide of the House of Bourbon. Marmonti was the friend of his King!

And had the flight of time wrought no change in the fortunes of the boy of the wreck? In a land like ours, industry and perseverance eke out their reward; and fostered by the liberal and equalizing spirit of our institutions, Harwood's concentrated energies found ample opportunity to develop themselves. His tale won for him the favorable notice of a philanthropist, and his integrity and devotion to the sternest duties, gained him his friendship—so that the homeless, beggared stripling of a few years past, found himself embarked upon the sea of commerce, aided by friendly winds, on his course to fortune and esteem; and although he could urge no pretensions to ancestral honors, yet in republican America, where aristocracy is but the idle misnomer of faction, and man is judged by the standard of his moral excellence, Harwood became one of her genuine aristocracy—one of her merchant nobles!

The bells that rung out the consummation of the nuptial rites, tortured not the ears of the jilted lover—he was ploughing the waves on his return.

CHAP. III.—REVERSES.

"For mortal pleasures—what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

There was slaughter in the streets of Paris! Revolution,—not the revolution of a shackled and indignant people rising to assert their rights,—but of a wild mob,

"The scum
That rises upmost when a nation boils,"

stalked in the palaces of the mighty, desecrating their ancestral domes, and treading down with demoniac fury the trophied honors of their sires. Faction—lawless and unprincipled faction—usurped the tribunals of justice—its acts were the dethronement of kings, ratified in the blood of princes. The headless trunk of the Bourbon was cast beneath the feet of his people in their fury, and to weep for him was to share his fate! The regal Antoinette too—the fairest, yet alas! the most hapless of the daughters of Lorraine—was dragged to the accursed block, and in rapid succession her chivalrous defenders kissed the guillotine, reeking with the blood of their sovereigns. The fell tiger Anarchy, was abroad in Gallia, and his fangs rent asunder the life-strings of all who owned not his sway, while the wild shouts that ushered in the blood-washing

republic was mingled with the wail of France for her slaughtered and dishonored chivalry.

Marmonti witnessed the decapitation of his royal relative, and heard from his cell the cry that told the murder of the queen. A blank of a few days ensued—he was dragged from his dungeon—a dash in the records of the criminal tribunal, and all that remained of Frederick, Duke of Marmonti, was his lifeless and mangled corpse. Did the wife of Marmonti share the grave of her lord?

Seated in the oriel of an apartment in the *Palais du Ministere des Affaires des Etrangeres*, was a lady clothed in a suit of sables. The year was in its decline, and the melancholy aspect of the external world served to deepen the gloom that sat throned upon the features of the mourner. Ever and anon the hoarse roar of the multitude in the adjacent *place* swept into the room, as some popular leader vented his oratory; or from the Boulevard below the window, there would ascend the voices of the patriotic artizans, as they repeated in stunning chorus,

Aux armes citoyens, formons nos bataillons
Marchons; qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

She shuddered as these sounds broke upon her ear, and when from the *Place Vendome* there darted a thousand artificial meteors, aided in effect by the discharge of artillery, she shrouded her face with her hands and wept convulsively.

The door was thrown open and a visitor announced, but absorbed in grief she heeded not the tidings. The visitor advanced until within a few feet and paused, as if awaiting her attention, but still she noted not his proximity.

"Lady," murmured the stranger—God of heaven! could it be his voice?—"Duchess of Marmonti, will you not speak to your friend?" Yes those tones were his; his whom in her girlhood she had such cause to love and honor, whom in her womanhood she had slighted and defamed. And what did he here? Had he heard of her misfortunes, and was his errand to the wretched that he might triumph in her wretchedness? The passions of her race stirred within her as she caught at this opinion, and throwing back the dishevelled ringlets from her care-worn features she raised her flashing eyes to the face of the speaker; but the saddened look and pitying glance that met her gaze, spoke not joy but sorrow for her misery, and again her head was hidden from her companion's view.

"Mary"—and the voice of the speaker was fraught with emotion—"Mary," and as if that name conjured up old and familiar associations, he seated himself beside her; a tear filled in his eye and dropped upon the hand he pressed within his own. *That tear!* It opened the floodgates of memory, and told a brother's love. The sufferer saw not in the being before her, the man she had so deeply injured in his richest affections, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, she poured forth her grief, even as she was wont to do in earlier, happier years. Time rolled restlessly in its channels, and her companion was once more the Harry of Barnstable and she again Mary Destraix. Cheated by the phantom of happiness the kindly demeanor of Harwood created, she wept the more; but her tears were

not wrung from the heart—and when in the outpouring of his sympathy he spoke of her departure from Paris and its associations, and painted with brotherly fervor the comfort and safety that awaited her in his distant home, she raised her eyes beaming with gratitude and essayed to speak, but her emotions were too strong for the cold medium of words, and she could only thank him with her tears.

The influence of Harwood, through his country's ambassador, was sufficient to obtain from the new government of France a passport of safe conduct for the widow of the revolutionary victim, so that the only object of his coming being now accomplished, the pair quitted its shores. In her home in the western world the expatriated Duchess found an effectual asylum from the contingencies that threatened her during her continuance in the French capital; and as she noted the frank and urbane deportment of her host, her mind regained its wonted vigor and her countenance its healthful hues; not but that at times, when the sad and tragic scenes through which it had been her destiny to pass came across her brain, there came an icy sensation upon her heart, but she triumphed over her misfortunes, and would have been even selfishly happy was it not that when she reflected upon her conduct towards Harwood a sense of shame possessed her mind; but his own actions aided to dispel such feelings and sear her heart to their impressions, and she became as tranquil as the exigencies of her situation would warrant.

As to him—experience had taught him a lesson never to be forgotten. He had periled his happiness upon the fickle sea of human affection, and had met disappointment as the product; and although when he gazed upon the surpassing beauty of her, his first—his only love—he felt as he did on that day when he watched from the beach of Cape Cod her departure from the scenes of her girlhood; yet the revelations of woman's faith he had obtained in the royal gardens of Versailles, nerved his heart against further invasion from the son of Venus. It had worn away the enthusiasm of his earlier years, and left him still alive to the deference which woman in any and all circumstances has a right to claim, but callous to her lures; so that when in the course of time the mercurial passions of the French people had become shackled by the wisdom and tyranny of the giant minded Corsican, and that politic ruler deemed it expedient to annul the decree against the house of Marne and invited its only living representative to return to her family possession, Harwood at once counselled her acceptance of the proffered restitution, and despite her avowed astonishment and reluctance, hastened the arrangements for her departure.

"She will wed again," soliloquized the merchant, as he turned from gazing upon the bark which was conveying her to "the land of vine." "She will wed again; and surrounded by minions and parasites, and in the possession of gew-gaw honors, be happier than as the wife of one who has nothing to offer but his honest affections and an humble home," and with a sigh he quitted the quay.

Years brought another change in the dynasties of France. The imperial diadem was rent from the brow of Napoleon, and he—"the man of a thousand thrones"—left to point the moral of his own ambition upon the sea girl rock of Helena. The Bourbon sat again upon the throne of his sire, and with him the fortunes of his followers loomed in the ascendant. The predictions of Harwood had been in part fulfilled, for the relic of Marmonti was again a bride, and a leader in the brilliant circles that shone in the zodiac of the restoration. I have said in part—for, had her change of fortunes brought corresponding happiness?—We shall see.

The merchant read the announcement in the Parisian journals, and there was bitterness in the train of reflections which accompanied the perusal. Throwing aside the paper he indulged in long and melancholy musings upon this fresh instance of her versatility of principles, so glaringly developed in a second marriage. A letter was placed in his hands at the moment, and carelessly breaking the wax he held it unread, his mind still wandering upon the *on dit* from whence his reverie; but a vagrant glance at the superscription at length rivetted his attention, and he eagerly devoted himself to scanning its contents.

"Congratulate me, my dear friend," he read, "for I am the happiest of women. Our gracious sovereign is the idol of his people, and the times of wit and gaiety are revived in the capitol. You will see by the publication of to-day that I am again wedded; and although I do not feel for my present husband the strong affection which I entertained for the first, and which is buried with him, still I think I shall love him, for he strives to render me happy by indulgence in my every wish. His loyalty throughout the period of his monarch's exile, his unswerving zeal and bravery in the field, have endeared him to the king, who has been pleased to reward his faithful services with honors and preferment. My own introduction at court gained the favorable notice of his majesty, who smilingly assured me that my misfortunes should not be forgotten. And now, my friend, the storms that have hitherto overclouded the sun of my life are forever dispersed, and the future is full of promise. The court is re-established at Versailles—but I forget that between us Versailles is an interdicted name. *The garden scene!* Ah, how you would be amused to hear the envious demoiselles of the court rallying me upon that little incident, but I only laugh at them and!"

The idle levity with which she alluded to a period of such painful interest, jarred upon his excited feelings. "What an escape I have had!" he murmured, as with vacant eye he watched the blaze of the epistle as it scorched and blackened in the grate, where it had accidentally fallen. "Can she indeed be a faithful type of her sex! Nay, that is impossible; and yet!"—He paused and left the blank unfiled.

Gentle readers, you whose grey hairs are the results of sorrowful experience as well as time, have been taught that it is not expedient at all times to give utterance to our opinions; and you, also, romantic lingerers on the shores of boyhood,

have yet to learn that be your experience what it may, as it is with religion so also with woman; and he who tilts against either is warring with established usage, and will be buried in the ruins of his own creation. Thence it is that I, having performed my duty as a historian, wish not to hinge a moral upon my labors, leaving it for you to draw such inferences as you may deem most wise. But ere I leave you, I would state that the score of years that have passed away since the occurrence of the events recorded above, have wrought little change in the two principal personages of my story. Age has, it is true, somewhat marred the beauty of the *Countess Malvoli*, but her eager pursuit after pleasure is as keen as ever, while the merchant of Boston is still a bachelor, and has even been known in some of his cloudy moments, to assert—in the language of the *Volscian Satirist*—

"Nulla fere causa est, in qua non femina litem Moverit."

THE INDIAN'S LAMENT FOR PHILIP.*

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

Wilds! that have known, from age to age,
The Indian's gaze, the Indian's tread,
His pride, his prowess, and his rage—
Mourn—for the flower of Montaup's dead.
The death shot of the foe hath laid
Prostrate, his noble warrior form;
He sunk o'erwhelmed, but undismayed,
Born down, not broken, by the storm.
Mourn! for the red man's race is run—
A voice from Narragansett's shore,
Proclaims the set of Indian sun,
Proclaims the Indian's reign is o'er!
The hand of fellowship he gave
In vain—the white man proved untrue;
No choice 'twixt bondage and a grave—
Forth from his belt the war knife flew!
For Massasoit's spirit near
Hovered, and bade his son awake!
Whose soul, a stranger still to fear,
Resolved to bust its chains—or break.
He leagued with men who never yet
Could brook inglorious life to live;
The bear to hunt—the springe to set—
Like otter in the wave to dive—
Had been their wild venatic life
From erst of time—lords of the lone,
Blank wilderness!—the city's strife,
Its guilt—its cares—o them unknown.
"Till Europe's pale faced race,—with guile
Deep at their hearts, distained the shore
With peace upon their lips, the while,—
Whilst fraud lay lurking at the core—

* The great Wampanoag (Rhode Island) chief Metacom—or, as he was more commonly called, Philip—younger son of the celebrated Massasoit.

The Western wilderness profan'd!
The sword and not the olive brought,—
What to its free born sons remained?
What—but the doom their deeds have wrought,
The Wampanoags, not in vain,
Beheld their dauntless Chief betrayed!
The curse of Europe and the bane
Upon them, and their right arm stayed.
Forbid it!—Logan's spirit cried,
Tecumthé's shade rose up in arms!
And Montaup's flower and Montaup's pride,
Asserted by far clustering swarms,—
Brave Metacom stood in his might?
Garnished and girded for the field;
His people's fate hung on the fight!—
A people taught to die—not yield!
The war's dread torrent swept them down,
Hurled from their native steeps amain!
The village burnt—the ruined town—
His chieftains and his kindred slain—
The lost of Massasoit's race
Now stood alone of all his clan;
Hunted like pard, from place to place,
A daring and a desperate man!
Wilds!—that attested erst his sway,
Have you no shelter in your breast?
O everlasting Hills; where lay
Whilom, his martial form at rest,—
Can ye not succour, shield him, now?
The hell-dogs of the chase are near!
In vain he flies—he leaps below—
The death-shot hurtles in his ear!
Like column from its base o'erthrown,
Or his own native, desert hill—
He falls!—but falls without a groan—
And dies—an Indian Warrior still!—

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 advantage of good society, as it is called, to school them in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners it is founded in reason and good sense, and not upon those 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!"

* This is an anachronism, as the reader doubtless is aware. Tecumthé (so spelt by Mr. Cooper, in his "Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish") lived posterior to the revolution.

AMBITION.

BY FREDERICK WEST.

To the Convent of ——— in fair Florence, a short time since, came a young lady and her attendant. The lady was called sister Clara, and the attendant Ursula.

Great curiosity was evinced by the sisterhood to know who the interesting stranger could be; but the lady Abbess knew as little as themselves, and Ursula's tone and glance to the first querist who addressed her, effectually silenced all further appeals. One thing, however, could not be concealed—the situation of the beautiful Clara. Care and sorrow had wrinkled her young clear brow—misery had stolen the roseate bloom—the blushing tint of southern skies had failed to restore it to them again—desolation had built his throne in her innocent heart, and madness had glazed her once beaming eyes. But beauty still despite of care, sorrow, misery, desolation and madness, was stamped upon her sweet and delicate countenance, and on her feeble and attenuated form. She seemed, indeed, scarcely of this earth; there was something altogether so ethereal in the whole appearance of the unconscious sufferer, that a very little portion of romance would have sufficed for the imagination to have converted her into a disembodied spirit.

There is something particularly awful in madness at any time, in any mood, but in one so young, so beautiful, so gentle and so lovely, it was most heartrending.

She would wander from her companions, who with that kindness, and gentleness for which woman has ever been so proverbial, vainly sought to cheer and comfort her. It was a long time before, finding their efforts altogether unavailing, they gave up the humane attempt.

When quite alone, or with Ursula, whose presence only she endured, she would retire to a corner and knock against the wall, as though to arouse the attention of some one beyond, and then in a high, sharp, unnatural and unearthly tone, commence a conversation with the imaginary being she had conjured up, until Ursula wringing her hands in agony, whilst the burning tears forced themselves in rapid succession down her cheeks, would beg of her to desist; when Clara would reply impatiently,

"Hush! hush!—he will be angry"—and then change the conversation. At other times she would stand gazing on the walls for hours together without speech or motion, looking as cold and lifeless as the stones upon which she gazed.

What were the forms that peopled the thin small space before her, none could tell, only one could imagine; that one was Ursula—the broken-hearted Ursula, the guilty and despairing Ursula.

How much has love, that sweet and gentle flower, to contend against! How many passions rise up in their power, and might, and array themselves against it!—Pride, envy, and the rest, each striving to destroy the innocent; but none so cruel, heartless and remorseless, as *ambition*—which, tram-

pling it to death, builds its foundation upon the ruin it has made.

The Count De Longueville was a proud, haughty and poor noble, to whom the wars afforded a meagre support. He had married young, and his wife died in presenting him with his daughter Clara, his only child. He left her at a very early age in an old and romantically situated Chateau, to pursue his fortune on the "embattled plain," "seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth" with his early and only friend Baron de Stirum, an officer of great prowess, who was allied to him by congeniality of sentiment and situation. But in all his campaigns—in the heat of battle—in the toilsome march, and in the lonely midnight hour, the count's thoughts would wander to the old Chateau, and Clara the keystone to them all, would stand before him.

It was strange, but even from the infancy of his child, he dreamed "golden dreams" of wealth and power to be inherited through her; but when, upon making some stay at the Chateau, in the fifteenth year from the birth of Clara, he beheld her exquisite loveliness, now fully developed, his joy, like his ambition, knew no bounds—and in his high and haughty bearing he already seemed invested with the stately distinction he so much covered.

It was immediately after this interview, upon joining the forces, at the close of a hot and desperate engagement, that his early and beloved friend, received his mortal wound. He fell fighting by his side—he died in his arms—not, however, until he had bequeathed his son to the care and fosterage of the Count, who swore sacredly to fulfil the trust, and to do by the child as if it were his own.

A faint smile played round the mouth of the Baron—his hand grasped more fervently, for a moment his friend's and then relaxed its hold—his lips trembled an instant as in the act of prayer, his eyes, upturned to heaven, became fixed, and his gallant spirit fled.

Henry, the Baron's son, was removed at once to the Chateau, whilst the count continued his career of glory—raising up bright and beautiful structures of greatness, whilst he was mowing down and trampling upon the enemy.

We will leave him to take a peep at the Chateau; it contains three inmates, Henry, Clara, and Ursula. Ursula is busily employed in the domestic arrangements of the house. Henry and Clara, like two young fawns, are bounding through the antiquated apartments, now reading old legends in the Gothic library—now surveying the grim and awful looking ancestors, who frown from the walls beneath a weight of armour more than sufficient to crush the effeminate beings of modern degeneracy. Now, they are sailing over the sweet lake, whose unruffled bosom mirrors their forms, with the cloudless heaven, which they and their lives so much resemble. Now, they are administering to the wants of the poor cottager, who is invoking blessings on their heads. Now, they have "climbed" the mountain's height, and surveying the sweet valley below

them, are adoring that power which called such loveliness into light, and wondering whether Eden were so fair as their own loved inheritance.

Now, in all these *novels*, gentle reader, you will not fail to have noted, one very important circumstance, viz. that they are always together. And thus the orphan and the motherless grew up—

"Twin roses on a stalk."

Of the world in which they were destined to play so important a part they often spoke, it was to them fair as their own thoughts—they could not imagine that in the paradise of their conception, meagre want could elude in vain to stony-hearted malevolence—that smiling faces veiled mourning hearts—that treachery lurked beneath seeming affection—that the cup of life was too often a poisoned chalice, and that where a paradise appeared a hell could be.

All is now activity and bustle in the Chateau. A letter has been received from the count, in which he desires Clara to be in readiness to accompany him to the Capitol. Ursula is in a perfect pucker, swelling, like the frog in the fable, with the importance which she alone deems attached to herself, in being appointed directress of the necessary arrangements. She is hurrying here, there and every where—scolding the servants, fidgetting herself, annoying every one who approaches her, and showing all these traits of pride and arrogance which little minds invariably evince upon being dressed in "brief authority."

The appointed day comes. The Count Longueville arrives, and hearing that Clara with Henry has wandered out to take her first farewell of the scenes so dear to her, he goes to seek her in the garden.

Painful indeed, was that day to the young friends. Clara was almost heart-broken. What to her were gaieties and pleasures that Henry was not to participate in—and then to leave all her beloved haunts—each impressed upon her memory by some fond and endearing tie, from which it was agony to part. Her dear birds—her sweet flowers—her pet fawn—and her home. She was all tears.

The sun had gone down—the twilight had disappeared. The moon—the poet's God, the lover's friend, had risen in its chaste cold glory, and shining down the long gravel walk of the garden—cast the commingled shadows of the two lovers into a beautiful bower formed of lattice work, through which roses, jessamine, and honeysuckle intertwined; and the dark green creeping ivy clung—looking out in bold relief from its more sweet and lovely, but more perishing compeers. They had left the arbour for the last of their leave-takings, for it was the sweetest and saddest of their haunts. In it they had passed many and many a joyous hour—but now, no more—they must part.

A thousand emotions filled their breasts; the quiet loveliness of the evening inspired Henry to reveal feelings long germed in his bosom, till then unknown to himself. "Dearest Clara," said he, "you will forget me in the gaieties of Paris, and

these sweet scenes will only appear to you as a passing dream."

"Never, Henry, never"—and her sobs choked further utterance.

"It was the custom Clara, if those tales we have read with such delight speak truth, for those who loved as I now feel that I love you on parting, to bind themselves to each other by a solemn promise. Is the affection you feel for me, of a nature to warrant such an obligation on your part; or is it a slighter and more evanescent passion?"

"Oh, no: the affection I feel for you is of my life. You are interwoven with my being; none other could efface your image from my heart; nothing but death could part us."

"Nothing but death *shall* part us," exclaimed the joyous youth, entering the bower with his beloved.

At the instant a shriek was heard, and the form of Henry rolled lifeless into the moonlight, stabbed by an unseen hand.

Painful and lingering was the illness of Henry; upon being stabbed he had fainted; and upon recovering from the fit had managed to crawl to an old cottager, by whom he was strictly concealed and carefully attended. As soon as he was able to move he left the humble abode, and was heard of by its inmates no more.

In Paris, Clara, by her father's command, mingled in all its multitudinous fashionable festivities. She had gained one great point by mixing in the world; the art to hide her emotions. She had learnt to veil her feelings from the prying and pitiless eye of the curious. None saw the undying "worm within," consuming her health, and banqueting on her misery. But she would return from the gay circle of which she had been the ornament and delight, to indulge in the scalding tears that oppressed her, and to mourn over the affection of her infancy.

The count was delighted. The "serpent" in his ambitious path was forever removed, and his daughter, so he declared, no longer indulged in the childish remembrance. His wishes, his hopes, his dreams of ambition were on the eve of consummation. The Duke de ——— expressed to him his wish to make the lovely Clara a Duchess.

At this critical juncture he was despatched by his sovereign to Warsaw. He left his child under the guardianship of a female relative to mix as usual in the gay scenes of the capital. She was attended constantly by the duke, and strange to say, the roses which had so long forsaken her fair cheeks, returned again in their pristine beauty to the envy of half the belles, and to the delight and admiration of all the beaux of the metropolis.

There were some who hinted that a certain Captain Delaisse, a young and elegant officer, who was observed to be at all the parties Clara frequented, was mainly instrumental in restoring them. Certes, were match-making mothers and aunts ever on the qui vive. Such things as heightened color, watchful eyes, and soft emotions, evinced on the approach of any particular individual, are not

thrown away nor suffered to pass without comment, and each and all of these were said to have been observed in the fair Clara.

It was on an evening after one of those elegant parties in which the captain had been most agreeably assiduous, and the duke most assiduously annoying, that Clara sat in the privacy of her own apartments, an ante-room, looking out into the garden. Her passion for flowers was as great as when she watched their expansion at the Chateau Longueville. Beside the dying embers of the fire in sleepy listlessness, its tail curled comfortably around its legs, purled the sleek and contented cat. Old Ursula, with spectacles on her nose, sat nodding over a piece of work, performing a stitch at about every five minutes interval, as the graceful genuflection of her corpulent body, caused her to start into momentary consciousness. Morpheus was laying his lethean spell over all but Clara; her breast was strangely at variance with the tranquility of the scene. She would walk to the casement, look out into the broad moonlight, and return to watch the slow movement of incorruptible time.

At length a tap is heard at the casement; it opens, and the Captain Delaisse stands before her. "Dearest, dearest Clara, we must part; this shall be our last secret interview. I will return with honor to claim you, or I will return no more."

"Dearest Henry," said the faithful girl, for it was he, the companion of her youth, and the lord of her affections. Enough—their early vows were plighted anew—love tokens were interchanged and they parted. Ursula was their confidant and readily undertook to ensure the delivery of their correspondence.

The count returned—pressed the suit of his friend in vain. His suspicions were aroused. He set Ursula as a spy upon the actions of his daughter.

Faithful to the dress with which he liberally supplied her, the old domestic betrayed the secret of the child, she had nurtured from infancy. The correspondence of Clara and Henry was all delivered to the Count Longueville. This ambitious man, constantly pressed the Duke's suit, apparently altogether unconscious of the existence of Henry, and Clara supposed her secret safe. At length, after an engagement in which Captain Delaisse performed prodigies of valor, he was reported killed. Ursula brought the Gazette containing the document to the wretched victim of her duplicity. She still refused her hand to the Duke, until her father, discovering the reason, caused a counterpart of the love tokens she carried about her person to be made, and sent them by a counterfeiting soldier to her, as from the dying Henry. Then, and not till then, she yielded to the importunities of her harsh parent, and his daughter was a Dutchess.

The gorgeous cavalcade were leaving the cathedral, the solemn tones of the organ were swelling through the sacred pile, when a horseman was seen galloping furiously to the edifice. He stops; throws himself from his impatient steed, and Delaisse stands before them.

The next day Clara, the heart-broken Clara, was

the inmate of a mad-house. Henry disappeared forever. His fate was never known.

From the asylum, finding her to be harmless she was sent to the convent, where we discover her at the commencement of this o'er true tale.

One morning she was missed by the sisters. They sought her through the apartments of the convent, they searched the garden, at the extremity of which, in a shallow brook of water, they discovered the lovely unfortunate quite dead; relieved from a world of suffering, too acute for her gentle spirit to bear. Her pure soul had winged its way to the abode of spirits. Thus perished the victim of man's over towering ambition.

By the side of the brook lay Ursula. She had committed suicide.

The count still drags on a wretched existence, abandoned by all his former friends, carrying in his bosom that worst of hellers—*remorse*.

SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Air—"The Star Spangled Banner."

To the Sages who spoke—to the Heroes who bled—
To the day and the deed wake the harp strings of glory;

Let the song of the ransom'd remember the dead,
And the song of the eloquent hallow the story;
O'er the bones of the bold

Be that story long told,
And their mem'ry on Fame's golden tablets enroll'd,
Who on Freedom's green hills
Freedom's banner unfurl'd,

And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world.

Twas for us and our children, to conquer or die,
Undaunted they stood while the war storm burs
o'er them,

Each blade drew a thunderbolt down from the sky,
Till the foeman turn'd pale, and was wither'd be-
fore them—

Then from liberty's band,
Went a shout through the land,
As the rainbow of peace their fair heritage spann'd,
And the banner of Freedom,

In pride was unfurl'd,
And the beacon-fire rose that gave light to the world.

They are gone, mighty men, and they sleep in their
fame,

Shall we ever forget them? oh! never, no, never!
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great
name,

And the anthem send down, "Independence for-
ever!"

Wake! wake! harp and tongue,
Keep the theme ever young,
Let their fame through the long line of ages be sung
Who on freedom's green hills
Freedom's banner unfurl'd,

And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world.

THE DEATH OF JESUS.

The importance of an event cannot be accurately estimated by the degree of interest which it immediately excites, or the magnitude of the consequences which it immediately produces. Events, which, on their occurrence, excited deep and general interest, and seemed big with the fate of many nations and generations, have sometimes failed of producing any important or permanent result. They have passed by, and are forgotten; or, if remembered at all, the recollection is accompanied by a sentiment of wonder, that to incidents so trivial should ever have attached so much regard. On the other hand, the most extensive and lasting revolutions in human affairs, have often flowed from incidents obscure in their origin, casual in their occurrence, and apparently trifling in their importance. There is not to be found, in the history of the human race, from the commencement of time to the present moment, an instance in which the apparent insignificance of an event was more strongly contrasted by its real importance than the death of the Lord Jesus.

In this event, if we look merely at its external circumstances, there is nothing to merit record, or to secure remembrance. Man's giving up the ghost is an event of daily, of hourly recurrence. There was indeed something peculiar in this case, for Jesus died upon a cross. But is there any thing uncommonly interesting in the fact, that a poor and unfriended person, accused by his countrymen of violating the law of their fathers, should fall a victim to their hatred, and expiate his supposed crimes by crucifixion? The severity of his punishment might indeed be supposed likely to excite some degree of sympathy in the spectators; but certainly the probability was, that his life and death, his guilt or his innocence, would soon cease to be an object of interest, and that every vestige of his existence would, in the course of a very few years, perish from the earth.

Yet, this event, so apparently trivial and inconsiderable, formed the grand and concluding feature in a scene the most interesting and important which ever was, which ever will be, which ever can be exhibited on earth. Amid apparent meanness there was real grandeur; amid seeming insignificance there was infinite importance. That Jesus, who on the cross yielded up his spirit, was the only begotten Son of God in human nature. That life, which he voluntarily laid down, was the ransom of men innumerable; heaven, earth, and hell, felt the Saviour's dying groan. From that event consequences infinitely numerous, immensely important, and unspeakably interesting, have flowed; revolutions in this world, deeply affecting the present and immortal interests of mankind have been its result; while among its consequences in the invisible state, faith beholds a guilty world restored to the favour of its Creator; the rights of the divine government vindicated, the everlasting covenant ratified; and the gates of paradise set open.

While thrones, the most ancient and stable, have been crumbled into dust, and their proud posses-

sors forgotten among men; while the renown of the warrior and the statesman, the philosopher and the poet, has passed away; the death of Jesus on a cross is not merely remembered, but remembered with the deepest interest, and the most profound veneration. And now, at the distance of nearly two thousand years since this decease was accomplished in Palestine, we, the inhabitants of a remote district in a distant part of the earth, meet together to celebrate a religious rite instituted for its commemoration; and thus testify our sense of its importance, and our wish that it may be held in everlasting remembrance.

Browx.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe,
That cannot speak its woe;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow:
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony,—
This is a mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shorten'd breath:
To watch the last dread strife draw near
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
This is a mother's grief!

To see, in one short hour, decay'd
The hope of future years,
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief!

Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, "My child is there!"
This best can dry the gushing tears,
This yields the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

DALE.

EPITAPH.—The following epitaph may be seen in the church yard of Morton-in-the-Marsh:

Here lies the bones of Richard Lawton,
Whose death alas! was strangely brought on.
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped, and cut his toe off,
His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
Which took, alas! to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

Things in Rome.

ROME, October, 1835.

Unattended as Rome now is by strangers, for the cholera and quarantines have blocked up almost all the avenues that foreigners take to enter it, and alarmed as the whole population are by the reports of the cholera in Venice and Florence, it seems to be as sad and as mournful a place as ever man was permitted to dwell in. Half of it is indeed one great tomb; and the man whose eyes have been accustomed to witness the energy and activity of the English race in the two worlds, can hardly see life even in what is really moving and breathing. It requires all the exaggerations my fancy can create, to realize the idea that this city was once as large as London, and with edifices immensely richer, and that the now uninhabited and sickly Campagna was once thickly filled with villas and palaces as much more sumptuous than those that surround the city of the Thames, as is the bright, luminous sky of Rome to the dark, dim, and cloudy atmosphere of London.—But there is no doubt of the fact, though Rome at present is not so populous as Philadelphia by twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants, where more business is now done in a single hour, at least in a single day, than is done in Rome for a year. Tacitus says that in the reign of Claudius, the population of Rome was 5,844,672 souls, and Eusebius swells the amount to 9,000,000; but as it is difficult to define what was meant by Rome, whether all Roman citizens were included, no matter where they lived, or the whole of Italy, which probably was the fact by Eusebius' computation, commentators have come to the conclusion that the least amount of Roman population in the days of its prosperity must have been one million, but probably as high as two, or even three, taking in all those within, and those immediately under the Aurelian walls—which, by the way, are only about seventeen miles in circumference. But this mighty population, be it more or be it less, was reduced in the fourteenth century as low as 33,000; and under Leo X. when it began to revive, it was only 85,000;—and even now, it is less than 140,000.—though about that amount is said to be the population of the present day. Judge then, only from the statement of these figures what must have been, and what is the present appearance of Rome—particularly bearing in mind, that the whole of that broad spread and once fertile plain from the base of the Appennines to the Mediterranean, once thickly clustered with inhabitants, is now almost deserted, or tenanted only at the hazard of life as are the swamps in the neighborhood of Charleston, (S.C.) so that a modern Roman banker—Torlonia is his name.—owns whole fields of the ruins of what were once the august habitations of Emperors, or the play ground of the Romans, such as the Circus of Caracalla. The tombs of mighty families also are within his district, among them the lofty mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, about which, and around which, so thick are the bricks and mortar of ancient ruins, that it would be almost impossible to plough the fields. Thus ruined and deserted is the Rome of old. And though all is eloquent with a moral, yet the city and suburbs are sad and mournful, and every day this living among the dead makes me sigh more for the sight of the living. I find it to be the sanctuary of the scholar, where he may revel in the full glory of his exciting pursuits; and it may be well chosen as the sanctuary of the Christian too—for where can a moral be pointed with a force so keen as upon ruins of man and man's ambition, so thick as these? But yet it is the city of the dead. There is no life here, such as is seen even in the solitudes of America, or in the glens of Scotland. The sky is bright. The air is inviting.—But the people look, talk and walk as if they belonged to another time. There is a consumption upon every thing. It seems to be struggling with death; and death by and by will have it, even in spite of the opposition of man.

But as my last letter was chiefly upon the ruins of Rome, and as this I see, is running that way, I will turn my pen from what is so saddening and so gloomy, to write to you of what there exists at the present moment, beautiful and grand even beyond the picturings of the warmest fancy, before that fancy finds its origins here. I am a raging Anti-Catholic when I see squadrons of priests crowding the streets of Rome; and Satan himself

tempts me strongly to be at least an infidel, when I hear every church resounding with ceremonies from morning to night.—But when I enter the Palace of the Vatican, and exchange the saints' and the angels' for the choicest works of Grecian and Roman art, and remember that the Popes are the men who have collected these precious monuments of antique workmanship, I lose half my rage, and all my infidelity is at an end. The love of art, the taste for beauty, the civility and the politeness that mark the Catholic priest wherever you see him, (Ireland excepted) are the most tempting arguments I find in favor of his system; and my great surprise in travelling over the world is, that all the world are not smitten by the men, and the works of such men who have enjoined in their religion all that can touch, sway, charm, or awe the human heart. Certain it is, I shall think the better of the whole race of the Popes for having been in the Vatican, and the worse of the effects of religion upon society for having been in Rome, though all people must be miserable under the sway of priests alone, no matter what their professions are—for when the church rules the State, and there is no State but the church, so much is thought of heaven, and so little of earth, that the result undoubtedly would be as in Rome—the building up of little costly heavens, like St. Peter's, say,—and the employment of earth's laborers to feed and pay the laborers upon this heaven upon the earth. The sum of the argument is, that in preparing for the other world, this world is entirely forgotten; and as the earth will not produce without cultivation, and commerce will not flourish without men and means, the consequences is what we see in Rome—the whole treasures of the State within its churches, which are the richest on the earth, and misery and beggary enough among mankind. A Christian will say this is indeed an unknown sin, but it is nevertheless the fact—*Rome is too religious*. There is a need of the government of men exclusively devoted to earth's concerns to take care of men; and as there are always sinners enough among the managers of such a government to look out well for the things of this world, the priests come in very opportunely to lead the people to forget at times such things, and then to think of heaven. What I say then, perhaps ought to be directed against the government of Rome, and not against the church, which though centered in one head, are very different things in fact. There seems to be as much in a priest to unfit him to govern mankind, as there is in a sinner to rule in heaven—the reason undoubtedly being, that politicians must at times pull and haul, and then let go and pull again; whereas the priests never lets go, but always pulls, either because his conscience troubles him, or that he judges man by other than worldly rules—whereas the politician's conscience is tenderer, and very elastic at times. Conscience, too, is the devil and all, when it is not upon the right road. A man that has a conscience will never stir a step even if a world is tumbling on him—whereas reason in such a case would run and scamper like a rocket. I have seen a man with a conscience many a time (I do not speak literally,) puffing and puffing to blow a whirlwind black—whereas when a reasonable man came along, he mounted it at once, and safely rode it off. Our souls are for the church government, but our bodies are for our own, and our fellow men.

But the Vatican—not to talk of its 'Bulls,' and its 'Thunders,' though they were once so terrible all over the Christian world, that even the servants of Kings would not touch their masters nor the food that fed them. The Vatican is the Papal Palace, or the home of the Popes, though the Popes do not live there all the year, (if they live there at all,) on account of the *malaria* to which the situation at times is exposed. St. Peter's and the Vatican Palace are side by side,—and the greatest Church in the world is in companionship with the greatest Palace; for the Vatican has so many rooms, that none count them alike—some making the number 4,422, others 11,000, and others yet 13,000, including the subterranean. The city of Turin, which seems to occupy an area as large as Boston, and the Vatican, is pronounced to have about an equal circumference, from which you judge whether the tenant and owner of such a palace had not a right to make a Bull, and to thunder a little now and then. But be this as it may; for if he had not a right to thunder on account of the extent of his palace, no man had a better right to thunder over what was in it. The

whole revenue of the United States for half a century, would not be able to buy the works of art here collected. Though I had been seeing some things as I had travelled along in Italy, and felt even a little wiser for having been in England—and though I had believed my curiosity long ago to be all dead, forfeited as it had been with novelties—yet young Ben Franklin with his two loaves of bread under his arm, when he first entered the city of William Penn, did not feel *quarer* than I did, when I first came into these dazzling galleries of art. If a young bashful boy, when he is first making his entrance into society, remembers his first impressions of female beauty in the bright saloon, when all is glory, and all with him is love, and every whisper, and every smile touch him to the heart, then he may have some idea of my impressions in this saloon of mine, only remembering that though my marble and porphyry statues cannot talk, nor sing, nor dance, yet none of his that are singing or dancing, have the tenth part of the beauty of mine.—Jonathan never went snapping his whip through the sts. of Boston, with a drollier feeling than I did from one end of these galleries to the other. Long ago from drawings and engravings, I had formed an acquaintance with many of the *gentlemen and ladies* here, and *Mr. Belvidere Apollo*, and the *Mrs. Muses Thalia, Polyhymnia* and all, I was delighted to see. Demosthenes and Cicero were old acquaintances of mine, that school-boy lessons had at least impressed upon my memory. The philosophers of Greece were to be seen, and the Roman Emperors, and so were all the gods from Jupiter downward—to say nothing of Fawns and Bacchantes, I know not how many. The personages of whom I had been reading for years, were all before me. Ideas which have ever been seeking for objects on which to fix themselves, were embodied at once. An admirable commentary I found them to be on all that I had read of Roman or Grecian story.—A new book was opened, a living book as it were,—and in my fancy I carried myself back hundreds of years into an age and an era where arts and men were renowned as those of the present day.

The man who goes into the sculpture gallery of the Vatican for the first time, forgets the ages that have elapsed since the execution of the works that he sees. The numerous relics which a lucky chance has so well preserved, give him an intimacy, as it were, with the Roman and Grecian ages that he never felt before. The Scipios are known the better when the plain Sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus is seen. The attributes given to the Roman Deities one can understand the more when one sees the Jupiter or the Juno that a Grecian chisel has carved.—Mythology is personified there as it was with the ancients, as well as ideal as it is with us. The sculptured car, and the marble horses attached, give a vivid idea of a chariot race of old; and the Halls of the massive and solemn Egyptian Relics, with their unfathomable hieroglyphics, remind one of that dark and doubtful people, whose history and whose laws are so obscure to us. The scholar feels within these halls that a flood of light is bursting upon him, such as he never saw before, and the lover of beauty is charmed with objects that even his beau ideal can never draw in a more graceful or grander form. Pomp and majesty also are enthroned in every room, and the mere vulgar admiration of wealth, or the products of wealth, is satiated, and more. The beautiful Belvidere Apollo is here, and such a man the eyes of man never saw before. The agonized Laocoon is also here, with his hapless boys, and such agony is written on marble as never man described with pen. Both of these statues are Grecian, and the last is the joint work of three Rhodian sculptors, and was found in the Baths of Titus, having been buried there for years. Here is the Meleager, also asserted to be one of the finest sculptures that the world can boast. The Venus, the Ganymede, the Adonis, the groupe of the Nile and her offspring, Nymphs, Amazons, the Danaides, Dianas, Torsoes, Candelabras, Cinerary Urns, Vases of all sizes, magnificent Sphinxes in alabaster, Vestals, Animals of many kinds in marble and porphyry—things innumerable, in short, are to be seen in galleries where you walk at least a mile. A statue of Marcellus, a young wild boar in Nero Antico, a swan, a semi-colossal statue of Tiberius in Pentelic marble, Silenus with a Tiger, the Father of Trajan, the Minerva Medici, a semi-colossal statue of Fortune, the celebrated Belvidere Torso, by Apollonius,

of Athens, a Sappho, Juno as Queen of Heaven, are but few of the many remarkable works of ancient artists.

The relics of the lustrous days of old and shining Rome, that plunderer of the world, are gathered here—Pilasters of the purest Alabaster, Mosaics of workmanship the most curious, the rich Sarcophagi of Emperors, and Baths of basalt, granite and porphyry, the columns of Grecian and Roman temples upholding domes of faultless purity.—But I must stop, for who can ever narrate, or who would fail attempt to describe the details of these halls of beauty? Oh, we must steal them all, for we can never have the like without. Old Rome plundered other Republics, and when we are strong enough, we must plunder her. The rascals even stole their wives, the Sabine women—and as the Arts are the mistress of Republics, why should not ours run away with them when she can? You see what a shameless sinner I am when in such a place as this, and though I am far from approving the principle nevertheless I cannot help thinking that Bonaparte would have been a blockhead if he had not taken the finest of these things to adorn the Louvre of the Tuilleries. But when we steal them, no Holy Alliance will be able to get them back.

ROME, October, 1835.

All the wonders of the wonderful Vatican are not, however, in the sculpture galleries alone, though there is nothing in Beauty and Art, to be compared with them in the habitable globe. The Lodges of Raphael, as they are called, rooms which his pencil has adorned with "The School of Athens," "The Battle of Constantine," and others, and "God dividing the light from darkness," "Joseph explaining the dream of Pharaoh," and many more frescoes by the same master, which the Christian world are copying to this day as illustrations for the Bible. "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine chapel of the Vatican, is a fresco by Michael Angelo, on which he worked three years, and is pronounced to be one of the sublimest pieces of art. The French were copying it when I was in the chapel, for Louis Philippe, and what I saw was so faded, that it could with difficulty be traced out at all. Michael Angelo has said that painting in oil was but boys' play in comparison with this of fresco; but what a pity it is, that a work demanding such genius, and such labor, should perish so quickly! The Prophets and the Sibyls, the figure of the Deity, and those of Adam and Eve are frescoes upon the ceiling of this chapel, by the same great man. In another gallery is the celebrated painting of the Transfiguration by Raphael, the Saviour in which is a miracle upon the canvass. The head in particular, has an expression of sublimity and glory, which I never saw equalled before, and which impresses the beholder with as strong an emotion as the most beautiful poetry or the most powerful prose. Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," contends in fame even with this master-piece of Raphael; and the contest is between them as to "which is the greater picture of the two most renowned in the world?" This little gallery—little in comparison with the other galleries in Italy, has but few pictures, but such as it has, are the specimens of the art. And though Raphael's may be the first, yet such pictures as Titian's "Madonna and the Saints," and Guido's "Crucifixion of St. Peter" are the second—and with such a second what must the first be?

This much may be said of the arts in this vast Vatican, and of works which cannot be seen even in weeks, and studied only in months and years. But there is yet another apartment as astonishing in its way, as are the Arts in theirs—and that is the Library. The hall in which this is placed, is by far the largest I have ever seen; and every little division in this magnificent hall is beautifully kept and adorned with frescoes, or other exhibitions of art. Judge what may be the value of its contents, from the fact that its collections began in the fifth century by the Pontiff St. Hilarius, and that from that day to the present, the Pontiffs of Rome have increased its treasures. There are forty thousand manuscripts in this superb apartment, exclusive of the printed volumes. The vestibule of this library contains Chinese works, relative to Anatomy, Astronomy, and Geography, together with two columns, bearing ancient inscriptions. In the great saloon, adorned with frescoes, and with Etruscan and Grecian vases, Cinerary urns, Sarcophagi, one of which is of white marble, with a winding sheet of asbestos, and holds

some of the rarest manuscripts in the world. Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic and Armenian bibles are there. The Greek Bible of the sixth century in capital letters, written according to the version of the Septuagint, and from which all the subsequent copies have been taken, is also shewn. A Greek manuscript containing the Acts of the Apostles in letters of gold, a gift to a Pope by the Queen of Cyprus,—a manuscript of Pliny, with beautiful miniatures of animals,—a Virgil of the fifth century written in capital letters, and illuminated with miniatures, representing the Trojans and the Latians in the dress of their own times,—a Science of the ninth century, illuminated with ancient marks,—a Treatise on the Seven Sacraments, composed by Henry VIII. of England, and original letters between that Prince and Anne Boleyn, are among the many curious objects pointed out, beautiful and historical too, as to the progress of art, as well as ancient, for such splendid books in manuscript as I have spoken of, show what infinite care was bestowed upon a work in ancient times, and how much it must have cost.

Two long galleries, in the long Hall of the library, branch to the right and left from the grand Saloon. Fine columns of Porphyry, two of which with figures on the top where taken from the arch of Constantine, support the gallery on the right. Here are modern Paintings—presses filled with books, Tuscan and Grecian vases, and at the extremity of the gallery is a cabinet, containing beautiful cameos of Jupiter, Esculapius, Etruscan antiquities, human hair found in an ancient Sarcophagus, ancient seals, rings, &c. with the finest bust of Augustus. The gallery on the left is equally splendid and equally curious. Here are seen lamps and other antiquities found in the catacombs—instruments used in torturing the primitive Christians, and a portrait of the Emperor Charlemagne in stucco.—Near the end of the gallery is a cabinet superbly enriched with porphyry, and other precious marble, hung round with specimens of the Egyptian papyrus, and over this a ceiling, the master piece of Mengs, in fresco. But I am only compiling a catalogue; and yet this is necessary to give you a faint idea of what employed me for hours even in the outward observation of, without touching, or reading, or seeing even the printed books, all of which are kept in cases, or presses, and called for from the catalogue.

Thus hurriedly have I taken you through some of the apartments of the Vatican, stopping only to notice a thing here and there—but of its treasures, of its wealth, of its grandeur and beauty, no pen can give even a humble idea. I pardon all the sins at my confessional, of which they say the Popes have been guilty, for this proud monument of their taste, and their fame. No bigotry, no fanaticism, no injustice has presided over these splendid halls; for Roman god and Egyptian idol have as high a pedestal as Christian saint. The liberality, the enthusiasm, that have thus brought, collected, and preserved, and adorned these master pieces of master men, are worthy of all praise; and whatever the Protestant may find to disgust him in Roman government or Roman chapel, he will forget all here in unbounded admiration for the care that has been bestowed upon Learning and upon Art. This Roman pontiffs have done,—this, the government of Rome, the government of church and State in one, favored it is true by its position amid the ruins of the Rome of old, though no Raphael, nor Michael Angelo were dug from them. But if such are the doings of a hierarchy and a despotism, what is the duty of a free people governing themselves, justly boasting of their privileges, but at the same time loudly proclaiming, that it is their aim to enlarge, to elevate, and to cultivate the minds of men to the utmost possible extent? Do Americans believe that there is no intellect, but in that which the pen traces on paper, or the voice thunders out in the form? Has the mechanic, with the exalted plans of a Fulton, no intellect, no soul, even if he never puts pen to paper, nor makes a speech in public? The chisel, I tell them, can embody a thought with tenfold the power of the pen; and if the works of the chisel could be printed and every where spread, they would believe it. The pencil begins when the pen has exhausted its utmost power, and when a Milton or a Byron stops, a Raphael starts. What Byron, for an example of the power of sculpture, has so beautifully written of the dying gladiator of the Capitol, the Grecian artist has made sublime and awful, even in marble. The British bard soared and stretched and

soared, but yet he only *described*,—while the sculptor makes the thing itself, the very man, the very gladiator, and of marble too. Not a faculty God has given us, that cannot be developed more than it is;—and when we limit the patronage of intellect to men of letters, we under-rate the souls entrusted to us. The eye can drink in pleasure as well as the mouth. He who touches our hearts, or elevates our ideas by addressing them, deserves as much our gratitude as he who does it by our ears.

Let us not boast then, of enlarging the mind,—cry not too clamorously that "we are the greatest people on earth," till we begin to have some idea of that intellect that acts even in a higher sphere than Eloquence of Poetry. We may cut up the earth as we may, and dash about the rocks as we please in making Rail Roads and Canals, and a flood or an earthquake can do the like, and in all this a shovel and gun powder are as important instruments as we are; but there is a destiny higher and beyond that, a region more of the soul even on this earth for mortal man, and perhaps we are better fitted for that Heaven which Christianity promises us, and Christian Poetry so richly decorated with Angels, and Music, and Beauty and Glory, the more we fit our eyes and our ears on earth to enjoy the pleasures tempting us above. Eloquence may exhaust its power; Poetry may be inspired, but it can never describe such a Saviour as that of Raphael in his Transfiguration. There is a *Sermon* in it of nobler pathos than Fenelon ever reached. Certain it is our senses will never elevate our souls, but our souls must be addressed through them, and the Poetry and the Sculpture that preach to the eye, and the Music that touches the ear, divide empire with the homily of the Pulpit, and the written volume of the Divine. Christianity has met with its wonderful success by addressing all these avenues of the soul. Words are but signs, and are changed at pleasure though they admit of more variation and clearer than hieroglyphics, or music, yet hieroglyphics can group more thought together, and music has a power that words cannot even aspire to. Rely upon it, that though Utility is good in its way, and is the first, and most important lesson a man is to learn, yet it is a lesson he is taught in common with the brute, and that a country is far from reaching the destiny that our Republic claims, which bounds its ambition by the necessary and the useful alone. Greece never was content with that, nor Rome, and a Republic whose Future is shadowed out as ours is, in the very tracings that Nature has drawn upon our soul, in River, Mountain, and Lake, should at least begin to prepare itself for that Future that awaits it.

B.

ROME, October, 1835.

Did you ever take up a pen to write, and find that the subject was so wide, so full of every thing, that you not only knew not where to begin, but what to say?—Talk of London! the relics even of august Rome are worth a thousand Londons. Talk of Paris! for a thousand years the world has been plundering this mighty storehouse of antiquity, and it is now richer in art than Paris can be in a thousand years to come. Even at this moment it is probable that there is more of magnificence buried under the earth in Rome, than there is upon the earth elsewhere. The Mausoleums of mighty Romans have been made fortresses, and the statues of a Phidias and Lysippus were thrown down as weapons of war from the battlements of antique temples. Alaric came with sword and fire, heading the maddened Goth, but he beat against, and burnt in vain the brazen beams and the massive structures of the Forum. The blazing temples of the Capitol, the aerial aqueducts, the marble-sheltered groves still survived his inundation, though as a Christian writer says, "he made the city the sepulchre of the Roman people." Genseric came next with his Vandals, and they plundered the tiles from the temples without, and the treasures within, and wrenched the precious metals from the marbles that held them. Vitiges came like a roaring lion, burning every thing without the walls, and desolating the whole Campagna, so that the aqueducts were ruined, and the baths of the Emperors rendered useless. Totila threatened the overthrow of every monument, and his violence caused a desertion of the city for more than forty days. The Lombards have roared around its walls. German and Norman have pillaged within them. Constantine

plundered the arch of Trajan to adorn his own. The early Christians leapt upon the idols, and the idolatrous temples, with a fiery fanaticism; and in their horror of gods and goddesses, they had no eye for beauty, and forgot all love of art. The fanes of Roman deities fell under the wrath of the Christian God, and the column that upheld the temple was torn from its base to uphold the church. Theatre, Circus and Bath trembled, and fell under their indignation. The Coliseum was long the quarry of Rome. Marble pillars and porticoes, and statues even, were burnt for lime. The bronze of the temple was melted into cannon for the castle of St. Angelo. But even to this day, Rome, if not covered with marble, as in the days of Augustus and Nero, is sprinkled all over with fragments of it, the relics of one knows not what, so that the baths even now, under the huge masses of brick that cover them, are little quarries where precious pieces are often found, and often, very often, even in the lone as well as the frequented street, have I seen beautiful marble in the very pavements under our feet. War, however, and the Christian, are not the sole destroyers that have triumphed in this capital of the world. The Tiber rolled over all but the seven hills. The earthquake shook down *'buildings as large as provinces'*, to quote an ancient writer, till at last we read of the *fields* within the walls, of contending armies encamping on different hills, and fighting on different plains, and even that the roads had become so bad in the magnificent streets where once a Pompey triumphed, that in short days of winter, the Pope could not conclude the processions prescribed by the ritual!

Rome was forgotten at last. The mistress of the world slumbered for a while. The city of the Cæsars was made a solitude. Ruins choked up her highways. The matchless Laocoon was buried and forgotten in the palace of Titus, as well as those other famous antique relics found in the Farnese gardens, which stood upon a portion of the site of the former palace of the Cæsars. But a new power, a new Rome in the progress of Christianity, sprung up on the Vatican; and though without the arms or the panoply, or the magnificence of the Rome of old, it soon established empire as mighty over the earth. The Rome of the Republic, and of the Cæsars, was in part deserted, it is true, for another modern Rome that now stands upon the Campus Martius of old, and is bordering upon the Tiber and the Forum; but the Rome of antiquity was unearthed to make it yield its treasures—and what relics of the past are yet standing, are guarded as well as they can be, when their multiplicity and age are remembered.

Of a part of the treasures that have been dug up and found in Rome and the villas of the Romans adjoining, I have already spoken in what I have said of the Vatican; but this part which would be a magnificent whole in any other city, is but a part of the treasures even of the existing Rome. The modern capitol, on the brow of the Capitoline Hill, holds a Museum in which there is a collection of sculptures inferior only to that of the Vatican. Of the works of antiquity preserved in that hall, one of the first that strikes the eye, is an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the centre of the square—a statue famous in the arts, upon which critics, however divide as to its merits. A colossal statue of Oceanus called *Marforio*, because it was found in the Forum of Mars, stands in the quadrangle of the Museo Capitolino, as it is called. All I can do, of course, is to give you a faint idea of some few of the most magnificent relics of ancient arts preserved here, and then a little catalogue of names, so that you may see on what Grecian and Roman artists exerted their power. The famous Dying Gladiator is among the most remarkable pieces of sculpture in the world, and this was found in the gardens of Sallust the Roman historian—gardens which were upon the Quirinal Hill, and among the most magnificent, even of the luxurious Romans, adorned as they were with temples, a circus, baths, and with the finest sculpture, of which the Dying Gladiator is a specimen. Debates are loud and strong as to the character which this statue represents; whether it be a Greek herald or a Spartan barbarian shield-bearer. The renowned antiquarian Winckelmann, thinks it to be a herald; but be the name what it may, there is no doubt that it represents a wounded man dying, who perfectly represents what there remains of life in him. This statue it is, that Byron describes in his *Childe Herald*, and

which I have spoken of in my former letters as illustrating the fact that even a Byron cannot describe with his well chosen words, with half of the power that the sculptor can, with his chisel.—The Faun with his goat, about the size of life, is another piece of inimitable sculpture here, and is indeed a most animated and matchless representation of the laughing, drunken, grape-loving deity. This was found in the sumptuous villa of the Emperor Adrian at Tivoli. Venus rising from the Bath, Cupid and Psyche embracing, found in the Aventine Hill, the innocent child playing with a Swan, and Antinous, are the first among the many beautiful objects of the collection—while the Centaur is remarkable for its force and vigor, Hecuba for the perfect expression of its ugliness of this woman hired to howl. The Cupid Bending, is an exquisite specimen of infantine sculptured grace. The Faun of Praxiteles attracts attention. The semi-colossal Hercules holding the apples of the Hesperides, is most remarkable for still retaining the gilding on the bronze. This was found in the Forum Boarium, and is the only antique statue on which the gilding now remains. The Bassi-relievi of the many sarcophagi, arms, vases, pedestals, &c. are objects all worth examining, and on those sarcophagi there is a treasure of learning for the classical scholar who is studying ancient costumes, arts, religion, war, and superstitions, or the acts of an Achilles, Hercules, Jove, or the gods and goddesses, and demigods of the pagan mythology. Homer can be read here in marble; and here too, one may say, is the Bible of the ancient world. A mosaic spoken of by Pliny in terms of praise, found in Adrian's villa at Tivoli, and representing four doves on the brink of a vase, one of them drinking, is also remarkable, and copies of it are to be seen in every shop of Rome, in canoes as well as mosaic. The apartments of the Philosopher in the Museum has two marble shelves around the room, on which are ranged the busts of poets, philosophers and other distinguished characters of antiquity. Virgil, Socrates, Seneca, Plato, Diogenes, Archimedes, Demosthenes, Cleopatra, Sappho, Aristotle, Cicero, and a host of others are there. In the Saloon, are the two columns of giallo antico which ornamented the large niches of this apartment, where stands the Hercules of bronze that once belonged to the triumphal arch of Cecilia Metella, and the figures of Victory which support the arms of Clement XII. once belonged to the triumphal arch of Marcus Aurelius. Love armed with lightning, in nero antico,—the Hercules in basalt, a remarkable Minerva; Isis with the lotus on her head, and Diana as a huntress, are here. The apartment of the Emperors has bassi-relievi representing the Genii in cars, Bacchus on a tiger, with Fauns, Satyrs, &c. the chase of the Calydonian Boar, and Perseus liberating Andromeda, and in the middle of the room is a statue of Agrippina the mother of Germanicus seated in a cerule chair; and around the apartment on two shelves of marble, stand busts of the Roman Emperors and their relations, among the most striking of which are Julius Cæsar, Drusus, Germanicus, Caligula, Julia, (Titus's daughter), Marcus Aurelius, Septimus Severus, and Maximus. The apartments of the Vase, with other vases, holds one found near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is adorned with Bacchanalian ornaments. A bronze vase is also there, which, according to the inscription upon it, was once the property of Mithridates Eupator, King of Pontus. Ancient Roman weights and scales, a casket, a measure, and a candelabrum are also shown. The apartment of the Dying Gladiator is the richest in his troop; for in addition to the gladiator, it holds an Apollo, and a Juno, both semi-colossal, each much admired, as well as some of the other choicer works of which I have spoken above. Some chambers are filled with a series of Egyptian sculptures taken from the Canopus, or Egyptian temple that stood in the villa of that great builder, the Emperor Hadrian, at Tivoli. But those Egyptians, if these be their specimens, would have been as wise to let marble and basalt alone; for the people whose gods were an ox, cat, and onions, could not have that idea of beauty that a Venus or an Apollo would inspire.

From this splendid collection of these fragments of that antiquity that now inspires me with doubled veneration of the power and the men of the Rome of old, I passed over the square of the Campidoglio to the Palazzo de Conservatori. Statues of Rome triumphant and a weeping Province at her feet—the two Dacian captives

Kings—a group of a lion devouring a horse, stand in the quadrangle beyond the Arcade. In the Arcade, among I know not how many other things, is seen a Rostra column originally placed in the Roman Forum in honor of Caius Duilius, the first Roman who gained for his country a naval victory over the Carthaginians whom he humbled by a total defeat, having destroyed fifty of their ships.—A bassi relievi (found in the Forum) of Curtius devoting himself to the Dii Manes is also here. The third room contains the antique bronze the Wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, and which, it is said, was struck with lightning when Cæsar fell. This wolf, it is said, to which Cicero in his oration against Cataline and in some verses of his in his treatise *De Divinitate*, alludes, as having been struck by lightning. The marks of where the gilding was, and of where the lightning struck, are visible even to this day, but antiquarians dispute upon this subject, and some deny that this is the thunder-stricken wolf of Cicero. Volumes have been written upon this relic of other days, and Greek and Latin quoted in profusion, but be the truth as it may, I will persuade myself that it was the very wolf that stood upon the turrets of the Capitol, and I gazed upon it as an object venerable even to a Cicero, a Livy and a Virgil. In the fifth room are seen two Ducks in bronze said to have been found in the Tarpeian rock, and to be the ones that were honored with a post in the ancient Capitol, in honor of those which by their noise aroused the Romans to a rally when Brennus, General of the Gauls, was attempting to scale the Tarpeian rock to obtain possession of the citadel. *Geese*, Livy says it was, that saved the Capitol, the geese consecrated to Juno whom the Romans fed when they were starving themselves, and whom the geese in their turn saved from the Gauls, but be this as it may, these are *Ducks* that are here at the present day. The fourth room, however was the most interesting of all to me, for it contains the *Fasti Consulares* of the Romans, the names of the Consuls, chiselled in stone, as records of these great rulers of the day who once held power in Rome. Often in reading the names of these great men of the day, as standing thickly crowded in the margin of the books of Livy, mutilated often as they are—only some letters of their names at times being left, I have thought what a folly their ambition was, but when I saw the very records themselves, that impression was redoubled in its force. The Consular office in Rome was an object of as high ambition as the Presidency of the United States, and the man whom the suffrages of the Romans bore to that exalted station, considered himself as immortalized for all time to come. But what a wreck is here upon even these stony records of their fame! Broken and crowded together they are—fixed and propped up in the wall—many blanks—the names that ought to fill them never to be known—with others mutilated, and but a letter or two remaining! This is faint! This is the destiny of the highest and most august of the Roman dignitaries—of the men whose eloquence swayed the mighty multitude in the Forum, and whose valor led them to victory and to glory. What more can ye promise yourselves, ye who seek might and renown, which, if ye win them, will never exalt you to half the height of a Roman Consul.

Other apartments of this conservative Palace of which I have just been speaking, have within them Frescoes, Friezes, and Pictures by some of the most celebrated masters of the art. Some of the subjects are—the Battle of the Horatii and Curiatii—the sacrifice of Numa Pompilius with the institution of the Vestal Virgins—the Rape of the Sabine, Horatius Cocles in the Suburban Bridge, and Mucius Scaevola burning his own hand in presence of Fornsena, after having killed one of the Etrurian officers whom he mistook for the King. Titian's recumbent Venus, commonly called *Vanity* from the large label upon the canvass of *Omnia est Vanitas*, Guerchino's Persian sybil, and his St. Petronilla rising from the sepulchre, and in the presence of the noble Roman to whom she was betrothed in marriage, the Rape of Europa by Paul Veronese, with Guidos, the Caracci's and the like adorn the Picture gallery.—The *Protometeca*, as it is called, is an apartment of eight rooms embellished with busts of illustrious characters, chiefly of men of modern Italy, now no more, which apartment has been dedicated by the Popes to the Arcadian Academy.

But I must stop this catalogue where it is, for if I go on,

all the paper I have is not large enough to contain even the names of objects illustrious in Rome. My object only is to give you a faint idea of things to be seen, and from what I have already written, you will readily believe that a student may use his eye in intense study of objects of art only with profit, even for years and years. How the classical scholar must revel with delight in such a studio as that of the Vatican or Capitol! What forcible commentaries a man reads from these blocks of marble upon all of History that a Livy or a Gibbon has written, or all that a Virgil or a Horace have sung! The pages of the classics stand here, illuminated, as it were. Here the observer is let into the Religion and into the Patriotism of the Rome of his fancy, and he even sees, as I fancy, the interior of their homes, the very hearths that their Fenates guarded! For myself I never dreamed before that so many links connected us with these men of the past, and day after day, I feel a shock of that pride which we all have as men of this generation, that we are so little advanced beyond them. What modern palace for example could have equalled the Suburban villa of Sallust, the scholar as the man of pleasure, for from his grounds have come many of the curious relics of his day. How sumptuously Cicero must have dwelt in his Tusculum and near Gaeta! What an empire of art that was at Tivoli, which Hadrian erected!—We can judge only from what has been rescued, and what has been preserved, and if these be chance specimens, what must the whole have been! Time, war, flood, Goth, Saracen, Christian, German, Hun, Norman have been destroying for centuries, and yet so much is left!—All the nations of the world now are visiting and plundering by pieces, and yet Rome holds out, mighty and inexhaustible—a quarry, as it were, that has no end—a mine without a bottom, laughing at her plunderers, and then dazzling them with her magnificence. The earth swallowed up, it seemed, palaces and villas for a while, when man was blindest and most mad, to let the man of a brighter day see what Rome was in the days of her strength and her glory. The Pilgrimage ground of all mankind, indeed it must be for centuries to come.

Our *valet de place* who acted as guide and antiquarian and artist too, in conducting us over the city of the Rome dead, and the Rome living, took us from the Palace the contents of which I have been describing, a few steps farther to the Palace of the now solitary Senate, the last fragment of that august body that so long led Rome in her career of triumphs. This building is upon that brink of the capitol that overlooks the Forum, and we ascended its Tower to see the ancient Edifices and the sites of both the Romes. Here for the first time the Seven Hills of the Eternal City were marked out for my observation. What a shattered fragment, august as it is, is all I see, of that Rome that was! The sky, oh how beautiful, and the air, how lighted up, as if the glory that had departed from below, still hovered over, and crowned the abiding places of the mighty dead! And effulgence indeed it was, as the sun was setting, that seemed not to be of earth, adorned, beautified, and emblazoned the whole scene. The Mediterranean was on one side, and the Apennines, the retreat of the Romans from the Campagna, was on the other. That Campagna which was once so thick with villas, the like of that of Sallust, is now a barren, almost a deserted plain. This Capitoline Hill on which I stood, where Romulus first carried the regal spoils,—where Manlius was hurled to death from the Tarpeian rock—once the Asylum of Romulus's little Empire, sacred for whatever exile or criminal could reach the spot,—and afterwards crowded with Arches and Temples,—the very heart of that Empire whose arms reached far into Asia and Africa on one side, and to the Scottish Highlands on the other,—what holds it now of the fragments of its power, but this palace of its solitary Senator!—The Palatine Hill is before me, the little hill that once was the nursery ground of the gigantic Rome, the circuit of which was marked by a ploughshare, the *palace* of which domain was the straw-roofed cottage of Romulus. All Rome then dwelt upon this hill, but in after-times it was not large enough for the golden palace of its Emperor, for Nero covered the whole Palatine, and stretched beyond it. Tiberius, Augustus and Domitian also dwelt there, and Caligula connected it with the Capitol by a bridge across the Forum. But what is it now? Evander here might again gather his wandering tribes, and Pales,

the goddess of sheep to whom it was consecrated, and from whom it derives its name, might here at present resume her crook, and re-ascend her sylvan throne, for it is fast reverting to that original pastoral simplicity which Tibullus, the Poet, has described. Nothing but earth it was—adorned with every thing wealth, power and art could place there, it became,—and to earth, to the fields, to the nothing which it was, it was rapidly advancing again. My eyes are over the Roman Forum, which is almost under my feet, and its checkered history runs through my mind.

The Sabine women, whom as virgins the Romans stole for their wives—with dishevelled locks and streaming garments, and imploring hands, here rushed in between their Roman husbands whom they had learned to love, and their Sabine fathers and brothers, and with tears and cries, begged that blood should not be shed. Here, Virginius plunged the dagger into the heart of his daughter, exclaiming, "thus, my child, thus, do I liberate thee!" when the wicked Appius Claudius triumphing over all abstractions, sought to make her his own. The sacred Fig Tree, under whose boughs the infant founders of Rome were nourished, was also here. What this far-famed spot in later days became—how it was crowded with arches, and temples,—the triumphal crowds,—the martial pomp,—and then what it has become at last, the cow-yard of Rome,—all this I have spoken of before. I looked a little farther,—and there was the Esquiline Hill, on which Mæcenas, that patron of the arts, and Virgil had their villas, where also are the Baths of Titus, and his palace, and a part of Nero's Golden House. All now is ruin, utter ruin there, and the Baths of Titus are under the earth, and with a torch and a guide, the wanderer goes to see the shattered frescoes in its vaults. Farther yet I saw the Quirinal Hill, the *Monte Cavallo* of the present day, because upon it stands two colossal groups of a horse and a man, asserted to be the works of Phidias and Praxiteles. The temple of Romulus Quirinus, built by Numa, was here, and the Lirinnian festivals, as well as the Senaculum for females of the worthless Emperor Heliogabalus. The papal residence is now fixed upon this hill, and it therefore is not dead as the others; for the villas, and the churches, and gardens of power present, rescue it from desertion and death of the former part. The Coelian Hill, once called *Querquetulanus*, from its many oaks, and once adorned with temples, fanes, and sacred groves, is now crowned by the proud Basilica of St. John of Lateran, and monastic gloom, solitude, and desolation ever hover over this scene of former Pagan splendor. The Viminal Hill is no longer conspicuous, or perspicuous even, for though I was shown where it was, yet its adjacent hollows have been so filled up by time and the ruins of ages, that I never should have unguided sought for a hill where it was. The proud Aventine next attracted my attention. Remus ascended here to watch the fatal augury of omnipotent Jove. Here was the cave of Cacus, the famed exploits of Hercules, and the altars consequent upon the victory. Here were the splendid Temples to Juno, to the once chaste and venerable Bona Dea, to Liberty, and to Diana. Caius Gracchus fled to this last temple of which I have spoken, after his efforts for the Agrarian law, and the assassination of his brother Tiberius, for the purpose of committing suicide, but the nobles confined him,—his death was commanded,—his body thrown into the Tiber, and his widow forbidden to put on funeral robes. Now, the church of St. Alexis, it is conjectured, stands upon the site of the temple of the Hercules, that of Santa Maria del Priorato, and that of the Knights of Malta upon the site of the Bona Dea, and that of Santa Sabina, with its yet remaining twenty-four antique Corinthian columns of Parian marble upon the foundations of the "Cumæan Diana."

"The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood and fire
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories, star by star, expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the ear climb'd the Capitol: far and wide
Temple and Tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! Who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, 'here was, or is,' where all is doubly night?"
B.

ROME, October, 1835.

I had thought of saying something of the Churches of Rome, and of giving you at least a catalogue of what is wonderful in them; but so immense is their number that, I shall visit only a few of the most remarkable. But so full are these of precious works of art, that I cannot give you even a catalogue of what is remarkable in the few. A pleasure is enjoyed here in Rome, which cannot be enjoyed in any other city on earth, and that is—of a constant change of curious objects from old to new, and from new to old,—from the most astonishing ruins of the Past, to the most magnificent structures of the Present,—from the bright foci of Grecian and Roman art to the modern workshops of a Thorwaldsen and others—and the richest collections of ancient pictures to the modern studios of new beginners: so that when one is weary of one pursuit, he can change it for another with ease and pleasure, and all within the walls of a single city. Rome thus not only presents contrasts in this way, but its very poverty, desolation and filth add to the grandeur of some of its edifices. For when one has been clambering about the Tarpeian rock, and threading the nooks of the Capitol, and soiling his shoes in the purlieus of the Forum, he is in that state of mind in which the neatness and splendor of St. Peter's will astonish him the more. Thus wearied with exploring ruins and vaults under ground, and of the gloom which such a study throws over every thing you see, I was delighted with the change that St. Peter's afforded me.

My first impression in seeing this the greatest Church ever built, and the richest now on earth, was the common one of disappointment—for it did not come up to the picture I had in my mind; but in a short time this impression was worn away, and the majesty and superiority of this king of Churches vindicated themselves, so that they reminded me of one of those great men who in all lands disappoint us at first by the simplicity of their manners, but afterwards astound us by the grandeur of their conceptions. How St. Paul's in London could ever have put in a claim to be compared with this, is more than I can understand; for though my first impression, as I will own, was in favor of the grandeur and effect of St. Paul's, yet such impression can last no thinking man a single day.—St. Peter's is more beautiful, even at first, and grander far, afterwards, as its proportions are studied, and as much more wealthy in all that appertains to art, as the sun is brighter than the moon. St. Peter's is placed on the summit of a gentle acclivity, in an immense piazza of an oval form once the Circus of Nero. The centre of this piazza is adorned with an obelisk of red Egyptian granite, the only one at Rome which has been preserved entire; and this was transported from Heliopolis to Ostia by order of Caligula. After the fall of the Roman empire, this was tumbled down, and forty-one machines with strong ropes and iron rollers, and eight hundred men, and one hundred and sixty horses were employed for eight days to raise it out of the earth in which it was buried—and in transporting this obelisk from the place where it lay buried to the place where it now stands, only three hundred paces, four months of labor were spent. Two beautiful fountains also adorn the piazza, and the water is spouted rapidly from them, and falls into circular basins of oriental granite, entire pieces of fifty feet in circumference. The colonnades are semi-circular, consisting of two hundred and eighty-four large Doric columns, intermixed with pilasters, and forming on each side of the piazza a triple portico—that in the centre being sufficiently spacious for two carriages to pass each other. On the entablature of their colonnades is a balustrade ornamented with one hundred and ninety-two statues, each being about eleven feet and a half in height,

Beyond the colonnades are two magnificent covered galleries, each 360 Paris feet in length, and leading to the vestibule of the Basilica, which stands on the summit of a noble flight of steps adorned with statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. The vestibule is 439 Paris feet in length, 37 wide, and 62 high, and contains equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne. The front of the Basilica is 370 Paris feet in length and 149 in height, and is ornamented with immense Corinthian columns and pilasters, each column being 8 feet and 3 inches in diameter, and 88 feet high, base and capital inclusive. The front is terminated with a balustrade, surmounted by thirteen colossal statues, seventeen feet in height, and representing our Saviour and the Apostles. The centre door of the Church is bronze, ornamented with bassi relievi.—This is the gorgeous entry to the more gorgeous Church, whose interior length is 613 English feet,—the breadth of the nave, 207,—the breadth of the cross, 79,—the diameter of the cupola, 139,—the height from the pavement to the first gallery, 174,—to the second gallery 240,—to the representation of the Deity in the lantern, 393, and to the summit of the exterior cross, 448.

So admirably proportioned is this Basilica, that, notwithstanding its immense size, no person at first sight perceives the dimensions to be remarkably large. And such is the optical delusion, that the statues of children, which support the vases of holy water, do not appear more than three feet in height, though they are really gigantic. The interior of this wonderful piece of human workmanship is encrusted with rare and beautiful marbles, adorned with the finest pictures in mosaic existing, and supported by an immense number of rich and massive columns, the greater part of which are antique, seven of them, it is said, being taken from Solomon's temple. Its wealth and its treasures no one can give an idea of; for every man must be dazzled and confounded by their extent. Even as long ago as the year 1694, this edifice was supposed to have cost 47,000,000 of dollars; and every year has been since adding to its cost, and to such an extent, that it is quite certain that the whole revenue of the United States, all the money that flows into our treasury for four entire years, could not build its like. What an idea does this give of the power and the magnificence of the Popes who erected such an edifice, and what a world must have been tributary to them in order to provide the means! The reason why such a magnificent Church was erected on this spot, was, that here St. Peter was buried. The Christian Emperor Constantine first erected a spacious Church upon this spot, which, after standing eleven centuries, went to decay. About the year 1450, the Pope, Nicholas V. began to rebuild it; and thirty Popes, from that time to 1614, employing the genius of a Bramante, a Sangallo, a Raphael, and Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, as architects, were engaged in its construction. Yet old as it is, the pure air of Italy has left it fresh and light to this day, and so far from seeming, like the smoky St. Paul's, the work of a thousand years gone by, it looks like the work of yesterday.

I know not where to begin in this world of a Church, and this forest of statues that adorn it, to attempt to give you even a faint idea of its contents. All that the fancy of the Christian preachers say of the gold and the jasper of Heaven, seems to be realized here in this little heaven below. Under the cupola, which is the idea of Michael Angelo, who boasted that he would raise the Pantheon aloft, and who seems to have accomplished his boast—a cupola of 400 Paris feet in circumference, of the form most beautiful, embellished all over with mosaics and gold, reposes the high altar of the Church, crowned with a

sumptuous Baldachino of bronze gilt, near ninety feet high, sustained upon four twisted columns adorned with vine-leaves, which creep up even to the capitals. Angels, at each angle of the Pavilion, let fall from their hands garlands of flowers,—and this Pavilion is the neatest work in bronze that is known, of which the Pantheon was stripped to finish. The Pope and the Cardinal alone have the right to celebrate mass at this altar. The Sacred Confession, as it is called, is the foot of this sumptuous altar. A beautiful balustrade of marble, decorated with above a hundred superb and elegant lamps ever burning night and day, enriches it; and a double staircase leads to the interior part, which is incrustured with a profusion of precious marbles, and embellished by the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. Under this place was the grave of St. Peter,—and in a small chapel near, rest, it is said, his mortal remains.

At the upper end of the middle nave is the Tribune, decorated according to the designs of Michael Angelo, and containing the Chair of St. Peter, above which is a transparent painting of the Holy Ghost, represented in the form of a dove. The real chair of St. Peter is of wood, and heretofore served for the Popes on the day of their coronation; but this chair of wood is now incrustured in ivory and bronze, and thus the contrast of the simplicity of the one, and the magnificence of the other, as signaling the diversity of manners and times, is vividly forced upon us. Under the chair are the keys of the Church, and the pontifical tiara borne by genii,—and above, rays of glory which surround the Holy Spirit, come flowing in on all the sides, with an illusion created by the light, that produces a fine effect.

The Church of St. Peter is filled with the mausoleums of the Popes, and although these mausoleums in general do not pass for being master-pieces of art, almost all of them, nevertheless, exhibit some beautiful pieces of sculpture. One, for example, that of Alexander VII. is admired by connoisseurs. The Pope here is represented in his Pontifical robes, on his knees, upon a carpet wrought in Afric marble. Death, who is below, makes an effort to raise the carpet, and to show himself to the Pontiff, but Charity and Truth fortify and encourage him. But yet more worthy of attention than these, is the precious collection of Pictures worked in Mosaic, the new art, which assures the Painter the durable fame that the Sculptor has, for the perishable pencil-works of the master painters of the world are now copied into these Mosaics, and thus an eternity is assured them as fixed as mortal man can promise any of his works. Raphael's Transfiguration, Guido's Archangel Michael, Domenichino's St. Jerome, Guercino's St. Petronilla, pictures among the most famous in the world, are thus perpetuated. These Mosaics consist of small pieces of glass—I have seen the laboratory in an apartment of the Vatican—some of them being scarcely larger than pin heads, tintured with all the different degrees of color necessary to form a picture; and when the Mosaics are furnished, they are polished in the same manner as mirrors. The ground on which these vitreous particles are placed, consists of calcined marble, fine sand, gum tragacanth, whites of eggs and oil, which composition continues for some time so soft, that there is no difficulty either in arranging the pieces, or altering any which may have been improperly placed, but by degrees it grows as hard as marble, so that no impression can be made upon the work. B.

ROME, October, 1835.

The subterranean church under St. Peter's, built by Constantine, is one of the places most interesting in this wilderness of marble. As the visitor descends by the Sacred Chapel under the high altar, the idea of a grotto is forced upon him;—and with his young priests for guides,

and their torches, he wonders where he is going. Old tombs are the first things he stumbles upon—and there are so many, that he believes he is in a city of the dead. But every thing has an air of such antiquity, that the dead seem not of his generation, but the dead of another age; and the ghosts of the Past, he feels as if he were communing with. Besides of many of the Popes, are the tombs of Charlotte, Queen of Jerusalem and Cyprus, and of the family of the British Stuarts, the inscriptions upon whose tombs seem to declare that they are the rightful monarchs of England. The height of this subterranean church is between eleven and twelve English feet, and the pavement the same as in the days of Constantine.

But, come go with me to the top of this mountain of architecture, and then I will let you off: for I am telling, I fear, only what hundreds have read in far better descriptions before. We left our names some days beforehand, and at last got permission to ascend. The first staircase is of so easy, broad, and regular an ascent, that nules might mount it with but a little trouble. Up and up we ascended, till we were upon the roof of the building—and then, when I saw workmen and workshops there, little houses and comfortable habitations all about me, and domes as of new churches springing up yet higher on every side, I felt that I was really in a little city, and forgot that I was high in air. Towering far above, was the mighty cupola, this "Pantheon of Agrippa," that architects had reared thus proudly toward the skies; and after we had satisfied every curiosity with an examination of the suburbs below, we commenced the ascent in this double helix over our heads. Staircases are so arranged between the exterior and interior walls, that it is not difficult to ascend into the lantern, or even very difficult to ascend into the ball, which, though eight feet in diameter, and large enough to hold ten persons, appears to the spectator below, to be only a common celestial globe. In this cupola, which is one of the greatest achievements of architectural genius, we enjoyed some of the finest views of the church below, and amused ourselves with the optical illusions that were created in a building so magnificent. The mosaics that below were of common size, were monstrous here, and the many who were walking in the aisles under us, were but as pigmies and creeping things. The iron clamps that are affixed here and there to this mass of masonry, sustained even on the stout pillars below, show that architects have some doubt as to its permanency or durability; and when I was upon it, very naturally enough, I reflected upon what a crash would be created by the tumbling down of the greatest dome into the greatest and richest church of the world.

As I am not in Rome during the time of the Carnival, or of any of those great religious ceremonies, when St. Peter's is filled with the multitude, or illuminated all over from the cupola to its base, I cannot of course, describe what would be its effect, but can only fancy that it must be one of the most splendid spectacles that ever was got up. As it is, all I see, is the Cardinals performing their customary morning devotions, and the confessionals marked in all the languages of Europe, and in many of those of Asia, as the fit places for the penitent to approach, who cannot speak the language of the country he is in, and during a certain hour of the day, some priest is in some one of all these stalls, who can speak the language that the confessional purports. Admiring gazers are ever studying the niches and walls of this vast hall of art, though the number is at present few, on account of the cholera. The pilgrim yet continues to kiss the foot of the bronze statue of St. Peter, which was cast from the fragments of a demolished statue of Jupiter Capitolinus; and so much has this image of the apostle, thus created from the thunder of the pagan gods, been kissed by the lips of the devout, that, hard as it is, the great toe, is well nigh worn away.

St. Peter's is the Prince of the Roman churches in magnificence, but with such a Prince, what must be its satellites—its churches of secondary rank? In any other city than Rome, they would astonish the world, and be the theme of universal admiration, but the dazzling glories of this head of the churches eclipses all others that are not its equal. The Basilica of St. John in Lateran, the erection of which was begun by Constantine, is a miracle in my eye, even after I have seen St. Peter's. An obelisk covered with hieroglyphics, brought from Egypt to Rome under Constantine the great, first placed in the Circus,

and afterwards tumbled down, and covered in the earth, and then raised and stationed here by Pope Sixtus V. stands in front of the church, and thus that which once ornamented the Temple of the sun in Thebes, now ornaments what is called the mother church in Rome—the church that the Popes have ever regarded as their Cathedral, and which they take possession of as soon as they are elected. The pavement of this church is Mosaic. The bronze doors came from the Temple of Saturn. The altar of the Holy Sacrament is adorned with four magnificent fluted columns of bronze gilt, supposed to have been taken from the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The monument of Clement XII. was over the tomb of Agrippa. It was taken from the Pantheon, and is said to be in point of shape the most beautiful sarcophagus extant. Do you wonder then, that the modern Romans have so many beautiful things, when they had the choicest relics of the plunderers of Greece and Egypt, ay, the plunderers of the world!

The Baptistry of Constantine, with a dome supported by porphyry columns, and adorned with pillars of *Verd Antique*, and oriental alabaster the place where it is said, the Emperor Constantine was baptized—and the *Santa Scala*, or holy staircase of twenty-eight steps of white marble, reported to have belonged to the Palace of Pilate, which such multitudes have ascended on their knees, that two or three of the steps have been quite worn out, and now all are covered with planks of wood to preserve them, as men and women always ascend on their knees;—such, and a hundred such objects as these I must pass over, if I intend to be done with Rome, in order to give you but a sketch of other things more important. One other church then, and I will allude to the others but incidentally, and you shall hear no more particulars of the churches of Rome.

The Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore cannot be passed over, for it ranks as the third among the Roman churches. It stands on the summit of the Esquiline Hill, upon the foundations of an ancient temple of Juno Lucina. The great fault in the beauty of this church is that it is too rich. I laugh now at myself for wondering at the wealth of the churches of Venice, when I see such a church as this. The nave is supported by antique Ionic columns, thirty-six are of white marble, and four of granite. The Baldachino, or thing over the high altar, to put it into plainer English, is supported by antique columns of porphyry. Two of its chapels are said to be the richest in Italy—one, that of Sixtus V. which is incrustured with fine marbles, and adorned with Corinthian pilasters, bassi relievi, and paintings,—and the other, the Borghese chapel, which confounds one by its wealth. All the magnificence of art has been summoned to embellish it, and whatever marble, or gold, or jasper, or agate, or the precious lapislazuli can heap upon the wealth of an altar, has been profusely lavished upon that of the Madonna here. The Princess Borghese entered this chapel, as I with a party was examining its treasures. To all who were in it, she made a sweeping courtesy, and then fell upon her knees not far from the altar. A priest in his robes walked up, whispered a word in her ear; and as soon as he went out, others came in, also in their robes, and the music as of a choir of women, broke out from some hidden recess over our heads. The organ sounded loudly and richly, and the loud chant of the priests mingled with its concluding notes at times. Gilded doors opened above us in a niche in front, but over our heads, and an image of the Madonna, black and execrably painted, appeared. The sound of the organ was louder, the notes of the singers were redoubled in force, and the chant of the priests was terribly solemn.

Indeed to tell the truth, I was becoming a little confounded, and getting unusually solemn myself, for I defy any man to resist the impressions of such a scene as this—till our valet de place took me aside and told me that this Madonna was painted by St. Luke, (a villainous dauber he must have been,) and that but a few days before I came here, it was carried thence in a solemn procession of perhaps 20,000 persons to St. Peter's with all the pomp of the Catholic church, and that then the Pope himself officiated in praying before it, and that multitudes and multitudes kissed the frame of it, thus urging its intercession before the throne of God, that the Cholera might be averted from Rome! since which time, he said, the people were easier, for it was now believed the Pestilence

could not come! Now, though there is much sense in thus quieting a multitude, who fear a pestilence that first seizes those who fear it, yet wicked Protestant as I am, I could not but laugh at the means, and but think how much good these twenty thousand people might have done, if they had spent that day in clearing up the filth in the streets of Rome. Whether this resort was not better than ours, at times, of lying bulletins of health, when there is no health it is not for me to determine,—but if it has been successful, the people must have been fearfully alarmed before the procession, for the news of the breaking out of the Cholera in Venice has thrown the city into consternation,—and, blessed be my fortune, I have just arrived here in time to save being shut out, for the gates of Rome are closed against the traveller from Venice, and Naples doubly alarmed, is at present closed against Rome. However, Naples is but a trifle in comparison with Rome, and I shall return quite contented, even if I can get no farther.

ROME, October, 1835.

The modern Palaces in Rome, or rather their contents, are great objects of attraction; but the word Palace is far from giving an American an idea of what these structures commonly are.—No habitation in truth, can well be more uncomfortable than a Roman palace. The floors are of brick, and uncarpeted. The air enters at all points. Chilliness and gloom and desolation seem to dwell there. They are always built with an open court, into which carriages can drive; and this court, and even the marble staircases that lead from it into the interior, are commonly so dirty, so filthy even, that a stranger is disgusted the more by the contrast of mock splendor with such squalid nastiness. These beautiful staircases I have at times seen put to that use to which we devote the worst of places; and to find beautiful frescoes, pictures and statuary, I have been obliged to study my way along, with as much care as I would walk in a barn yard. Full one half of what is called a *Palazzo* in Rome, will bear this strong description. Comfort is a word which none of them know the meaning of,—and as for there being habitable places, they never can be to a man who has seen aught of comfort in England or America. To this remark the Palazzo Borghese is an exception; but there is no comfort even in this, though it is an edifice far more splendid than any in the United States, and profusely rich in pictures and furniture. Nine large rooms in it are usually shown to strangers, and the walls of these rooms are adorned with pictures from the pencils of the greatest painters of the world. In any other place than Rome, it would be a gallery, of which a nation would be proud—but here, it is the property of but the Borghese family alone. Diana shooting, by Domenichino, is one of its remarkable pictures, and the Deposition from the Cross by Raphael, is another; but Titian, Guercino, Albano, Julio Romano, Carlo Dolci, Caravaggio, Gherard delle Notti, and Paul Potter with his cattle, and Teneirs with his frolic and his fun, figure prominently among the multitude. The Palazzo Sciarra, is also rich in pictures, the two most remarkable paintings in which are, perhaps, "Vanity and Modesty" by Leonardo da Vinci, and "Gamblers cheating a Youth" by Carravaggio. The Palazzo Doria has in it some of the most celebrated landscapes in Rome.—Gasparo Poussin here figures with his dark landscapes in tempera. The fanciful Albano is

also visible. The light and airy Claude here shines forth in some of his most famous works.—His Sacrifice to the Delphic Apollo, is one of his greatest things. Salvator Rosa is here in his sublime landscape called his *Belisario*. Rubens, Holbein, Murillo, Rembrandt, and Teneirs are not forgotten. Such a collection of pictures any where else but in Rome, would immortalize the owner as one of the mighty patrons of art, but here in the abounding splendor of every thing of the like, it is thought nothing of. Rome, indeed, is so full of such things, that even a catalogue of the names is tedious, and I will, therefore, soon relieve you from them. The Palazzo Spada contains a colossal statue of a warrior holding a globe, supposed to represent Pompey, and to be the figure at whose base Cæsar fell. The Palazzo Farnese, the materials for building which were chiefly taken from the Coliseum and the Theatre of Marcellus, and which was in part the work of Michael Angelo, is one of the most splendid pieces of architecture in Rome. Before it stand two magnificent basins of Egyptian granite (above seventeen feet in length, and in depth between four and five feet,) which were found in Caracalla's Baths, and in the Quadrangle is the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella, made of Parian marble and found in her monument. The gallery above stairs is ornamented with some of the finest frescoes in Rome, executed by Annibal Caracci and his scholars, the mere enumeration of whose subjects will give you an idea of what a school for mythology it is, Paris recovering the golden apple from Mercury—Pan offering goat skins to Diana—Galatea with Tritons, Nymphs and Loves—Jupiter and Juno—Apollo slaying Marsyas—Boreas carrying off Orythea—Diana and Endymion—Europa on the Bull—Aurora and Cephalus in a chariot—Titan asleep, and Cupid flying with a basket of roses—Venus and Anchises—Hercules and Iolas—Cupid binding a Satyr—Syrinx turned into reeds by Pan—Leander conducted by Cupid swimming, to visit Hero—Perseus and Andromeda—Polyphemus playing on the syringa to charm Galatea—Polyphemus hurling the fragment of a rock at Acis—Jupiter and Ganymede—Hyacinthus and Apollo—Perseus beheading Medusa, and Hercules wrestling with the Nemean Lion;—all of which paintings are divided by ornaments in what is called in Italian, *chiaro scuro*, of wonderful workmanship. You see thus how the fictions of the poets are used by the artist to embody even the walls and vaults of an apartment, and you yourself can judge what must be the taste, and the faculties of such a people thus born with their eyes upon such beautiful creations—thus dwelling as it were in the realms of fancy, and seeing on earth the actions of the gods above.

But one more palace among the many, I will speak of, and then I shall have done. This other is the Palazzo Corsini, in which there are nine large rooms studded with gems of art, by Guido, by Murillo, Claude Lorrain, Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, Nicolaos Poussin, Albano, Rubens, Holbein, Bassano, and I know not how many other eminent men. The wealth of these palaces of Rome in all that appertains to art, is astonishing; and thus one sees, that go where he may,

whether into church, house, palace, or street, the arts welcome him, and cheer his way. The people live and breathe in an atmosphere of poetry, sadly tintured, it is true though, by the atmosphere of—fact.

The Fountains of Rome are among the most magnificent I have seen. Though the barbarians overthrew the aerial aqueducts of the Romans, yet water does not cease to flow from the mountains, and even now it is conducted into the streets and piazzas of Rome, with a manner and a pomp suited to the dignity of the Eternal City. The *Fontana di Termini* has a statue of Moses, on each side of which is a basso relievo—the one representing Aaron conducting the Israelites to quench their thirst; the other, Gideon encouraging them to pass the river Jordan, and directing his soldiers to lead the way. In the *Piazza Navona* are two fountains, one of which is ornamented with a Triton and other sculpture; and out of the other rises upon a rock, the statue of a sea-horse on one side, and on the other, of a lion, the four sides of which rock an obelisk surmounts, being embellished with four colossal statues, representing four of the great rivers of the world—the Ganges, the Nile, (with its head covered, to signify that its source was unknown,) the Plata, and the Danube. This Place Navona is sometimes permitted to be overflowed by these fountains, and in the basin that it makes, representations of sea-fights are given. The Fountain of Trevi is one of the grandest in Rome. Among the niches in the columns over this flowing river, is a Neptune carved upon a coach, drawn by horses of the sea that Tritons conduct. In two other niches are allegorical figures, the one representing Salubrity, and the other, Health. Above these statues are bas-reliefs—one representing Agrippa conducting the water to Rome, and the other, a young girl, pointing out the source of this water to the soldiers. The cornice supports four other statues also allegorical—one the Goddess of Flowers, another the Fertility of the Fields, another the Autumn or Fruitfulness, and the last, the charm of the prairies enamelled with flowers, or the Spring. The coach of Neptune throws out a great quantity of water, and it comes spouting and tumbling over the rocks; and though the effect is grand, yet the crossway where the fountain is, is not large enough for such a magnificence of work. Beautiful idea however, this is, particularly in a climate like that of Rome, of thus bringing refreshing cataracts into the very streets, and to the very doors of the people; and among the many things here that we ought to copy as age comes upon us, this is not the least.

The *Piazas* or *Places* of Rome, may be spoken of next, in order after its Fountains—for in these piazzas is commonly placed some one of those fountains. The *Piazza del Popolo*, of which I spoke in my first letter as being at the part where I first entered, is the most magnificent in Rome. The Pincian Hill embellished with a superb promenade, is just above it.—A winding ascent is almost concealed on its sides among the trees and the walls. A fountain stands in its centre, and lions spout water from their mouths. Two churches front the gate. Elegant buildings are around the sides.

All looks new, fresh and neat, and it is one of those few parts of Rome where one can live in peace. The *Piazza d'Espagna* is the common resort of foreigners, particularly those who speak the English language. The fountain in it, and the lofty staircase that leads up to the Pincian Hill, where even now, a murder is done now and then, are its principal ornaments. The Place of St. Peter was described in alluding to the church. Monte Cavallo was spoken of from the hill of the Capitol. The Place of Pasquin, perhaps more famous from its statue, abroad, than all the others for their grandeur at home, is very little and very dirty; but here stands a Torso, or mutilated statue, from whence has come the word *Pasquinades*. Some think that this statue was the body of a soldier of Alexandro,—but others say, that Pasquin was a tailor, a man agreeable but satiric, and a critic, who dwelt in this quarter of the city, and around whom assembled persons of his character and a statue having been found in this place, they put it up, and called it after the name of the witty tailor. To this statue there were affixed epigrams and *bons mots*, called *Pasquinades*. In another place not far off, upon the side of the Capitol, was a statue of a diver, found in the Forum, and to which was given the name of *Marforio*. These two statues were often pitted against each other in conversation. To *Marforio*, was applied a placard putting a question, and afterwards the response was affixed to the statue of Pasquin.—The government was at last so much annoyed with this kind of conversation, that *Marforio* was transferred to the Capitol—and thus ended the colloquy of these pieces of marble. Poor Pasquin is now neglected, and never thought of, by a Roman, though his fame is spread far and wide in the word *Pasquinade*.

I have not spoken of the Pantheon yet, but I have not forgotten it—for one of the first objects I sought out was this, the oldest building in the world, the glorious relic of sixteen centuries—the pride of old Rome, and the ornament of the new. A market place is now around its noble portico, and upon the fountain opposite, many a young Roman urchin was trailing down his mouth the long strings of his *maccaroni*. Dirt, filth, every thing unattractive, was all around; and it was the very last place in which a stranger would expect to find the temple of all the gods. The preservation of this building, and the general destruction of old Roman edifices, is wonderful; and to what miraculous chance we are indebted for it, no man can tell. One of the old Popes, we know, (Eugenius IV.) cleared away ruins all around the Pantheon, and the piazza in which it stands, was choked up with them.

But the Pantheon does not stand as it did, high and elevated in an open square, where all of its beauties might be beheld and approached, for the accumulation of earth has buried five of its steps, and a part of its foundations, and dirty buildings are crowded around all but its Portico. The marbles which once encrusted it, are chiefly gone, and only the ugly bricks are left to ornament its exterior. The Popes have plundered it of its bronze, and Genserich, king of the Vandals, lost its costly doors in the Sicilian sea. A

fortress it became at last, and then a church, the Church of the Martyrs, and the twenty-eight cartloads of relics of Christian saints there deposited, consecrated it to the Christian God, and saved it from Christian pillage, and the malicious demon, who, it is said, long attacked with blows the worshippers that would invade the Pantheon of the Pagan gods. The Portico and the frieze are, however, in a good state of preservation. The stately vestibule supported by sixteen magnificent Corinthian columns of red oriental granite, with their bases and capitals of white marble, antique in point of beauty, and the entablature and pediment of the Portico, in the tympan of which are holes that once served for bassi relievi, each and all, yet stand as a monument of Roman art even in its lustrous days. But the interior from the novelty of its construction perhaps, make a greater impression than this Portico so much admired, measured, and copied by artists of every land. The form is a Rotunda. There is not a window in it, but it is lighted from above, the dome of which is all open, uncovered by glass even, and the clouds from its centre are seen with a beautiful effect, as they flit athwart the vault above. The rains pour in there, and the snows when there are any, and the Rotunda is, as it were, but a wall from the winds. But in a climate such as that of Italy generally is, though to-day (October 18,) it is sufficiently cold, such a view of the skies through such a dome particularly in the summer, must be not only beautiful, but grand, and at times even sublime. Imagine the Rotunda to be, as the ancients have described it, full of the statues of gods in bronze, silver and gold and precious marbles,—ornamented with columns of porphyry, caryatides, mosaics, with every thing in short, that the masters of the world could concentrate there.—What then must have been the effect of the rich star-light pouring in there, or the full moon, or the high sun, even in his garniture of clouds, heightened as all this grandeur was by the superstition, that every marble was a god, from Jupiter the Avenger who stood upon the Tribune, to the Infernal Deities that were placed upon the pavement? The priest now has an altar where an idol stood. His candle is burning under the niche where a Roman god was placed. The beggars kneel about the doors where the Romans entered, and with starving appetites, beg for bread. Christianity has gained, but whether man has advanced, it is at least a question that one will ask himself upon such a spot. The inscription however, in honor of Raphael, is at least instructive in this, if in nothing else, in showing that the empire of the arts may be disputed, if not by us of this day, by men who were not very long before us. B.

Longevity of the Quakers.—The last number of the Moral Reformer, in an article under the above caption, says, "it is stated in the Obituary of the Society of Friends for the year 1834, that out of more than 200 adults recorded in it, the ages of one third, or more than 80 persons, are from seventy to ninety years of age, presenting an average of 85 years. The Quakers are temperate in all things."

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

The records of time are emphatically the history of death; a whole review of the world, from this hour to the age of Adam, is but the vision of an infinite multitude of dying men. During the more quiet intervals, we perceive individuals falling into the dust, through all classes and all lands.

Then come floods, and conflagrations, famines, and pestilence, and earthquakes, and battles, which leave the most crowded and social scenes silent. The human race resembles the withered foliage of a wide forest; while the air is calm we perceive single leaves scattering here and there from the branches; but sometimes a tempest or whirlwind precipitates thousands in a moment.

It is a moderate computation which supposes a hundred thousand millions to have died since the exit of righteous Abel. Yes, it is true, that ruin has entered the creation of God! That sin has made a breach in that innocence which fenced man round with immortality! Even now, the great Spoiler is ravaging the world.

As mankind have still sunk into the dark gulf of the past, history has given buoyancy to the most wonderful of their achievements and characters, and caused them to float down the stream of time to our own age. It is well; but if, sweeping aside the pomp and deception of life, we could draw from the last hours and death-beds of our ancestors, all the illuminations, convictions, and uncontrollable emotions of heart, with which they have quitted it; what a far more affecting history of man should we possess! Behold all the gloomy apartments opening, in which the wicked have died! Contemplate, first, the triumphs of iniquity, and here behold their close; witness the terrific faith, the too late repentance; the prayers suffocated by despair, and the mortal agonies!

These once they would not believe; they refused to consider them; they could not allow that the career of time and pleasure was to end. But now, truth, like a blazing star, passing through a midnight sky, darts over the mind, and but shows the way to that "darkness visible," which no light can cheer. Dying wretch! we say in imagination to each of these, is religion true? Do you believe in a God, in another life, and a retribution? O yes, he answers, and expires.

But, "the righteous hath hope in death." Contemplate, through the unnumbered saints that have died, the soul, the true and unextinguishable life of man, charmed away from this globe by celestial music, and already respiring the gales of eternity. If we could assemble in one view, all the adoring addresses to the Deity, all the declarations of faith in Jesus, all the gratulations of conscience, all the admonitions and benedictions to weeping friends, and all the gleames of opening glory; our souls would burn with the sentiment which made the wicked Balaam devout for a moment and exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my end be like his!"

The revelations of death would be the most em-

phatic commentary on the revelation of God. What an affecting scene is a dying world! Who is that destroying Angel whom the Eternal has employed to sacrifice all our devoted race? Advancing onward over the field of time, he hath smitten the successive crowds of our hosts with death; and to us he now approaches nigh. Some of our friends have trembled, and sickened, and expired, at the signals of him coming; already we hear the thunder of his wings; soon his eyes of fire will throw mortal fainting on all our companions; his prodigious form will to us blot out the sun, and his sword sweep us all from the earth; for "the living know that they shall die."

It is a difficult thing to be a christian. I feel the necessity of reform through all my soul; when I retire into thought, I find myself environed by a crowd of impressive and awful images; I fix an ardent gaze on Christianity; assuredly, the last best gift of heaven to men; on Jesus, the agent and example of infinite love; on time, as it passes away; on perfection, as it shines as beautiful as heaven, and, alas! as remote! on my own beloved soul, which I have injured, and on the unhappy multitude of souls around me: and I ask myself, why do not my passions burn? Why does not zeal arise in mighty wrath to dash my icy habits in pieces, to scourge me from indolence to fervid exertion, and to trample all mean sentiments in the dust? At intervals, I feel devotion and benevolence, and a surpassing ardour; but when they are turned towards substantial, laborious operation, they fly, and leave me spiritless amid the iron labour.

Still, however, I confide in the efficacy of persistent prayer; and I hope, that the Spirit of the Lord will yet come mightily upon me, and carry me on through toils, and sufferings, and death, to stand on Mount Zion among the followers of the Lamb!

A THOUGHT.

You sail on the horizon's verge
Doth like a wandering spirit seem—
A shadow in a sea of light—
The passing of a dream.

A moment more, and it is gone!
We know not how—we know not where
It came—an instant stay'd—and then
It vanished into air.

Such are we all—we sail awhile
In joy, on life's fair summer sea—
A moment—and our bark is gone
Into eternity!

Upon travelling; as soon as your time hangs heavy and you have nothing more to do or see in a place, depart. Pay all bills good humouredly, but gravely without grumbling: even if you should be imposed on, and you will often be, it cannot amount to much, and grumbling gains anything but redress.

In the multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom, but there is confusion too.

Your business, like your courtships, concern yourself and not another.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! I fondly lov'd,
A dream of bliss. 'Tis o'er.
This heart, that warmly throbb'd, is cold;
I love thee now no more.
You wove the chain—you've broke the spell
Enslaved and freed—Farewell! Farewell!

I saw thee blush to hear
Thy name with mine allied:
The crimson hue of burning shame
Thy cheek and forehead dyed:
Deep as the tint, I then felt mine
But too congenial with thine.

You should have blushed to feed
That flame you blushed to own,
And then thy young heart's falsity
Had been to me unknown;
And I had deem'd thee still a thing
Bright as my first imagining.

'Tis not unmoved I part,—
But 'tis for thee I grieve.
To think those eyes with truth's own beam
Could smile, and yet deceive:
That one so very young could be
An adept in duplicity.

Think not I can forget—
Only that I forgive.
Think not thy proud false heart again
Could in my fond soul live;
Not all the tears thou could'st distil,
Could blot the memory of that ill.

But fare thee well—no more
Thy cheek shall blush for me;
Unless it blushes at the thought
That I have blushed for thee.
You wove the chain—you've broke the spell
Enslaved and freed. Farewell! Farewell! F.W.

REMINISCENCES.

"Yes, I behold again the place,
The seat of joy, the source of pain;
It brings in view the form and face
That I must never see again.

"The night-bird's song that sweetly floats
On this soft gloom—this balmy air,
Brings to the mind her sweeter notes
That I again must never hear.

"Lo! yonder shines that window's light,
My guide, my token, heretofore;
And now again it shines as bright,
When those dear eyes can shine no more.

"Then hurry from this place away!
It gives not now the bliss it gave;
For Death has made its charm his prey,
And joy is buried in her grave." CHABRE.

Original.
ROBERT.

THE MAGNIFICENT DUKE OF NORMANDY.

Mr. Atkinson—We are so much employed on English reading, that we are involuntarily led away to a forgetfulness that there is an almost illimitable field of literature beyond the British Islands, and embracing Spain, Portugal, France, Netherlands, Germany, Swiss Cantons, Italy, Austria, and her dependencies, Prussia, Russia, Sweden and Denmark. Regions inhabited by upwards of two hundred millions of people, and a region, in some measure, formed into a literary republic by means of the French language. Brooks in his admirable letters states the deficiency of the people of the United States, in a knowledge of this language, the common tie of continental Europe, and so essential an accomplishment to every person desirous to range over the most extended, intellectual tracts of the earth.

On continental Europe, as it has long been in Great Britain, and is becoming in the United States, the most general reading is the Romance, under all the names of Epic, Novel, Tales, Romance, or whatever other title those children of imagination may appear. Their more solid works pass from the British nation to continental Europe with difficulty, but the novels of Walter Scott, spread over nations with the rapidity of light. The real history of those so greatly distinguished islands, are known there to few; but what reader beyond the channel is ignorant of that mingled literature, where the stern reality is hid or decorated by all the foliage and flowers of poetry?

If we reverse the view, the same observations apply, but with more force, as the Romance of the continent does not receive reciprocal attention, from either of the English nations of Europe or America. Whoever reads the French reviews will find that Cooper is in fact more admired in France than in his own country.

In brief, it is time for the American to open to himself a path to great mental fountains, beyond the pale of the English language. I have long thought, that the acquisition of the French language, would be incalculably facilitated, if students would study it in recent works of either history, or romance; or indeed recent works on any subject in place of grammars and other treatises written expressly for students in that language. It is with a view to aid in drawing the attention of the readers of the Saturday Evening Post and Casket, towards treasures, of which many of them no doubt have access; but of the very existence of which many more have but faint ideas, that I have undertaken a series of notices of French works, which if properly known, would stand in every library whose proprietor could sustain the expense.

Le Courier François, 17th September, 1835.

A new romance of Mr. Lottin de Laval, entitled "*Robert, the Magnificent*," is on the point of appearing from the press of the bookseller, M. Ambroise Dupont. It is at once a history, and a paint-

ing of the chivalric manners, created by the demi-civilization, spread over western Europe by Charlemagne. An administration of justice, at the same time splendid, and brutal in its forms. The degradation of a knight forms the subject of a fragment, which we present to the public.

ASSEMBLY OF THE BARONS.

More than one hundred Norman Barons, had assembled in a beautiful, square and spacious hall, and whose vault seemed to be supported by enormous pilasters demi-salient. The partitions of the walls appeared as if floating or undulating with immense hangings of brilliant purple coloured stuff, which might have given to the scene a most splendid elegance; if in those heroic and primitive times, taste and splendor could have been united. Four windows (fenêtres romanes,) separated in the middle by a very slight column, two to the south and two to the north, let in a flood of day into this remarkable hall.

Robert, the Magnificent Duke of Normandy, seated on an immense folding chair, gilded and in every respect similar to the seat described by Montfaucon, as serving Louis-le-Germanic, as his throne. Beside him, and on a lower bench, sat the Grandses d'Harcourt, de Briosne, de Beaufou, de Huntville, de Tournebu, and Guerpel, and their lordships Tanet, Marmion, and the Monk Gregorius.

Robert was speaking in a loud voice to his familiar counsellors, when two officers, Tehn and Horwig, introduced the prisoner; who slowly turned his view over the assembly, the members of which in turn regarded him with fierce disdain. The prisoner felt convinced, in remarking the looks of his judges, on whose stern visages was painted an expression which spoke the few chances of safety remaining to him, though he had surrendered himself under a *safe conduct*, generally respected in those distant ages of chivalry.

One terrible and appalling charge against the culprit, was founded on a circumstance, which had been that very morning revealed to the duke by William Talvas, coming express from Alençon, to denounce Kahel as the author of the burning of the Norman camp; and the suspicion of his being the intended murderer of Robert, had not been forgotten.

So heavy were the complicated charges against the prisoner as to render his case desperate; and he himself, comprehended his position fully, and his responses to the interrogatories put to him, were those of a man rendered firm by feeling that his danger could not be increased.

In that age of profound ignorance, political light and truth had retired to the recesses of the cloisters, and only appeared to the people under the coarse frock of a monk, or sometimes under that of a simple clerk. The barons knew this, but suffered to rise beside them and in the shade, that formidable power which gradually undermined their great feudal domains, and extending its roots as a giant oak, and year by year lengthened its shadow. This new ecclesiastical power, appeared animated with the blood of the state, and emboldened by imposing

its heresies on the people, went on increasing and marked by excesses, until after a lapse of nine centuries of injuries, the nation rose as one man, and with its *iron hand* dug a gulf, a frightful abyss, which devoured his double race of oppressors.

It was the first cause which determined the duke of Normandy to choose Gregorius to interrogate Kahel.

"From the numerous accusations against thee, and weighing on thy head," said the monk—addressing the prisoner, "thy crimes are great; thou art accused of having violated the laws of chivalry, in often changing thy armour, and of adorning thy escutcheon with devices which do not belong to thee. It is not known to what prince thou owest homage and fidelity as a vassal. At the court of Foulques-le-Rechin, at the tournaments of the court of Mans, and in the war of the rebel Talvas, as auxiliary, that thou hast sold thy services. And thy name—what is it?"

"To answer one and all of you," replied Kahel, turning his eyes, flashing fire on the benches—"I have no country—My name you ask!—It is of no consequence to you, I am your enemy!"

"Audacious soldier!"—exclaimed Robert, striking the floor with his mailed foot, "you forget you are in my power, and that I bear the sword of justice as judge."

"I have forgot nothing, Robert of Normandy!"—replied the fierce knight, "I am only astonished that after having determined on my death, you have assembled round you so many useless servants."

"Justice ought to preside over all my acts," replied the prince, with a dignified voice.

"Justice!" rejoined Kahel, in a tone of bitter irony, "and if thou hadst rendered justice with your boasted rigidity, would I be here, who surrendered myself under a safe conduct?"

"Darest thou invoke such a privilege," cried the duke with fury, "thou the shame of chivalry! thou whose memory will be a stain of infamy and reproach! No! undeceive yourself. He who has had the cold bloodedness to engage to devastate my camp, and sell my head for two thousand oboles in gold, has no right to expect clemency from his enemy. Barons" continued Robert addressing his captains, "consult the depth of your conscience and pronounce your sentence."

A silent pause ensued, which was not without apprehension for the duke, or dread for the prisoner. The barons by anxious looks, inquired of each other, and by rapid glances sought mutual encouragement in the fulfilment of the resolution they had formed. At length the first, Marmion rose, and in a harsh voice which resounded over the vault of the spacious hall, pronounced the cruel word "Death."

The Lord of Tournebu, the same who had narrowly escaped destruction from the hands of the Arab, at the time of the nocturnal attack on the camp, under the walls of Alençon, also exclaimed, "Death," and rapidly twenty others rose, repeating in loud and fearful voices, the terrible sentence, "Death."

Gregorius, did honor to the tolerance and humanity which was to be expected from him as the minister of mercy, voted for a long, and severe solitary repentance in one of the cells of a monastery.

"You see the pity, your fate inspires," said the duke to Kahel, with an air of triumph—"a single man, and that man a priest, disapproves a bloody chastisement. It is thus God never fails to punish murderers with the sword."

"And of course the murderers of the castle of Exmes," replied Kahel, in a voice echoing along the vault, whilst his dark eyes were fixed sternly and firmly on the duke—"God has not yet punished their crime, and yet blood was there shed feloniously."

Robert who was still standing, staggered, his limbs trembled, and whilst his face expressed sombre terror, he sunk on his folding chair.

"What is it you wish to say, stranger?" resumed Robert, after some hesitation.

"I wish to say," rejoined the Arab, "that ten years have not passed since a knight was treacherously murdered in the castle of Exmes, of which you were lord, and his murder has not been avenged."

"What is that to me?" replied the duke, carelessly.

"It is something to me," rejoined the Arab, in a scarce audible voice, and then remained silent.

If then the duke of Normandy affected great external calm, a piercing and painful recollection shook every fibre of his heart. The man against whom he felt a very excessive and natural hatred; after the injury inflicted on him by that man, was found intimately or nearly so, initiated into a terrible secret, a secret which appeared to influence in a fearful manner his destiny.

Thus the sentence of death was again pronounced in the heart of the duke, against Kahel, whose existence was a torment to his own. In the eleventh century the life of a man was little thought of, if that life give umbrage to his sovereign.

But there were almost insurmountable obstacles opposed to the wishes of the duke. Feudality, consolidated by ignorance and barbarous superstition, was obstinate, tenacious of its prerogatives.—In the eyes of the great barons all that appertained to the sword was sacred and inviolable; and the Arab knight, having surrendered under a pledge of ransom, enjoyed all these so often ridiculous and extravagant rights, which chivalry had consecrated from the earliest ages of its splendor.

Thus when Robert applauded the devotion of his most confidential barons, several of them, and those of most influence among the others, commenced at the extremity of the hall to make their murmurs heard; whilst others in a low voice declared they would oppose a violation of established customs, or they would retire in order to avoid participating in an iniquitous judgment.

Robert with a single glance of his eye comprehended the agitation prevalent in the minds of the dissidents. His powerful mind engrasped the whole features of the position in which he was

placed; all he had to expect from the forms of justice or from the sword; and all that belonged to the sovereign as well as the vassal. He at once felt the necessity of striking with violence, and of casting stupefaction over the refractory multitude if he expected to escape from the struggle victoriously.

Without the least appearance of particular emotion, the duke glided towards Marmion, whose fidelity he knew to be unshaken, and with a few significant words, and before the colloquy was noticed by the opposing barons, the active Marmion was outside of the fortress sounding the trumpet, and collecting the companies of horsemen on the great square of Falaise.*

In the meantime, the duke of Normandy seeing that the revolt was increasing; and that it had become menacing, and had reached the very bench beside his throne, rose suddenly, his eyes flashing fire, and his whole countenance expressing rage and defiance, commanding silence in a most imperative voice.

"What signifies these murmurs, barons?" he exclaimed, "Am I not any longer in your eyes the son of Richard II., and your master, and that of all Normandy? Has my liberality and clemency caused you to forget that I also can punish?—Take care! when before me any one draws his sword from the scabbard, mine shall be the last to return to its sheath. To menace, I reply by menace—injury I return with injury. And reflect well whether or not blood may crown your work. Is the time come when the vassal is to take rank with his lord paramount? No, barons, no! As long as this hand retains strength to hold this sword, I'll make my will respected. My ancestors came from the north, and the blood of these slothful (faineant) kings flows not in my veins.—Barons, I am not ignorant that crime soon follows words of revolt. How would it now be at this moment, if the ducal sceptre of Normandy was sustained by the hands of a Thierry, or a Childeric?—who among you will dare to rise and claim the power usurped by Ebrouin, and Rainfroy?"

Whilst closing this terrible apostrophe, Robert unchained his sword; and supported himself standing with the hilt in his hand, glancing his enraged looks over the barons.

The tumult was stilled. The voice of the prince struck terror, when his whole soul was abandoned to fury—that voice still rang in the ear of each assistant; but the calm was only apparent, and this silent resignation was only the precursor to a more violent tempest, and some more expressions of the duke gave it vent.

* Falaise, a town of France in the southern part of the department of Calvados; about 140 English miles, a very little north of west from Paris, and 25 south south east from Caen. It was the first capital of Normandy, and seat of its dukes. The remains of the very castle mentioned in the text, yet stands in its suburbs. William the conqueror, son of Robert the Magnificent, was born in this castle.

"If it is humanity which tears your hearts, barons," said the duke ironically, "ought you not to haste to terminate the sufferings of this man?—Apprehension is often a bleeding torture. The fear of death is indescribably dreadful, when hope is silent. Come, noblemen and warriors pronounce judgment."

Banishing all fear, an immense majority rose and protested against the sentence. This energetic measure forced the duke himself, to dictate the decree of death against the prisoner.

It was then that the count of Harcourt rose precipitately, and rushed to the centre of the hall.

"You see noble prince," exclaimed he vehemently, "that the greatest number of your faithful captains protest against the fate with which you threaten this warrior. Chivalry, that beautiful institution, ought to be preserved inviolable; as it is that inviolability which constitutes its force. Pardon my boldness, my lord and master; it is the attachment of an aged servitor, which has compelled me to raise my voice. Respect the customs and laws, if you expect to be respected by the people. In repulsing my supplications you attack the edifice at its base, and great will be the dangers.—This man surrendered to me his sword in presence of the Sieurs de Guerpel, and the Baron de Tanet. I have received him under safe conduct, and if he is condemned, then I am in my turn a disgraced knight; a knight whose word pledged, is broken, and whose escutcheon is stained with dishonor.—Preserve the dignity of my house, my prince, and let not the blush of shame cover my face whenever is pronounced the name of Harcourt. For this, I plead on my bended knees, Robert, and you are the only man on earth to whom I would render such an homage, which a high baron owes only to his God!"

The duke appeared shaken, when he heard these noble and eloquent words fall from the mouth of a cherished warrior; but this moment of weakness was passing as the vascillation of a flame, and he repressed it when his eye glanced on the cruel and fanatic countenance of the Arab.

"You concede not," resumed Harcourt, with stern dignity; "Then let the blame fall on your own shoulders. The vassal is humiliated before his liege lord; but my soul is pure and without reproach. I have performed the duty of a christian and of a knight; but my embarrassed position demands from me the performance of another duty, which shall be performed, whatever may be the danger. No nobleman ought ever to balance between fear of death and his menaced honor. I therefore conjure you Robert, in the name of Saint Martin and Saint George, and by the Leopards of Normandy, to restore to me my prisoner."

"Restore to us our prisoner," added at the same time, Tanet and le Sieur Guerpel.

And a hundred voices resounded through the hall, repeating the same demand.

"Yes, he shall be restored to you!" cried Robert, with indescribable fury—"yes! you shall receive him," and then seizing with both hands his

heavy sword, he descended, defying every one before him. "Yes! I will return him to your custody my noble lords—I'll return him to you after justice is done according to the laws of this very chivalry you invoke; and according to the words contained in the book of God. I'll efface from my duchy the stain imprinted on it by the footsteps of this vagabond. His bones shall not whiten on the earth, but they shall be reduced to ashes, and scattered to the winds, after his body is dragged over the plain by wild horses; and let the curses of King David, strike whoever dares to pronounce his name when his crimes are washed away in his blood."

"Behold my sword, my lord," said Harcourt, as he broke it, adding, "I owe it to myself to spare my eyes the sight of such a punishment."

"Our conscience compels us to follow the example of the noble count," said the Lords Guerpel and Tanet; "There are our swords," but without breaking them, they deposited them at the feet of the duke of Normandy.

This resignation pierced the heart of Robert; he had loaded these three officers with favors, and their conduct now excited sincere grief; and the more, as the defection arose from absurd prejudices in favor of a fanatic who only breathed vengeance and carnage.

"Harcourt," cried the duke in a softened voice, "do not yet depart; and all of you rebel barons listen to me. Invoke your God to enlighten your judgment, and then reply to my words. If in that dreadful night when this wretch set our tents in flames, and unsparingly massacred our brothers in their sleep; if in that very night my tent had been found in his path, and to gain two thousand oboles, he had borne the head of your prince in triumph; would you then have pardoned him, supposed he had been unable to regain Alençon with his trophy, and that he had been surrendered on *safe conduct* into your hands?"

This well timed appeal of the duke shook the resolution of many, who were at once influenced by the violence of his character which they feared; and by their love of his rectitude and liberality.—Several came fully into his views, others appeared undecided, or doubtful of the realities included in his questions.

"You do not then believe my words," pursued the duke, "very well, you shall be convinced.—Beaufou, call in William Talvas; he ought to be in the small room of the turret."

"Noble barons," said Kahel, addressing those he thought opposed to the sentence of the duke, "from the time I unhorsed Talvas at the Tournament of the Court of Maine, that man has been my most inveterate enemy. Ought you not to doubt his testimony?"

At this moment Lionel de Beaufou, returned into the audience hall, followed by another warrior, whose face could not be seen as his visor was completely down.

"Talvas," exclaimed Robert, with a triumphant

air, "say, is it not true that the prisoner wished to attempt my life?"

But before William Talvas could answer the question of the prince; the other warrior who had remained in the shade, now gravely advanced to the middle of the hall and raised his visor. It was the old Count of Alençon.

The sudden apparition of this miser, blanched the face of the savage Arab.

"Barons," said William de Bellesme, with humility,—"It was I who paid the two thousand oboles to this miscreant. He forced me, as I may say, with a sword at my breast. It was him, who by his perfidious and reiterated insinuations, induced me to rebel against my noble liege lord, and raise the standard of revolt. It was him who has devastated our domains, and consumed our harvests, and those of our dependents with fire.—Wretched me, I have not a bezant left, and to him am I indebted for the ruin of my house."

A slight murmur of indignation rose in the breasts of the groups; and Robert compelled the Arab to lower his visage. Avarice guided the soul of the aged Bellesme, who encouraged by the looks of the prince, continued—

"In the short period of four days, this scoundrel could not have expended so large a sum; and to confirm the truth of my statement, and to fully convince the honorable knights, I must examine his girdle."

Some rather audible smiles were excited by this expression of the old warrior. His besetting sin was well known. As he approached to execute his threats, Kahel stepped back, with a menacing aspect; but William Talvas and Tehn, both seized him, and confined his arms with powerful grasp, whilst Bellesme drew from under his robe a purse containing one thousand oboles.

"Here is one half," exultingly exclaimed Bellesme, "receive it my prince, and be assured of the faithful payment of the subsidies you have imposed on me."

"Gold given to me in payment of my own blood," observed Robert solemnly, as he received the purse, "shall never enter my treasury. It shall be altogether dedicated to religious thankfulness for my preservation. Take these five hundred oboles, pious Gregorius; the other half shall aid my faithful Beaufou, to construct a chapel to his patron."

Beaufou, with profound reverence, but smiling face, received the present of Robert the Magnificent; archly observing, "I accept my gracious prince your generous present, because gold cannot be stained, otherwise I could not but refuse it, as passing through the hand of a Jew."

"What would you say?" eagerly demanded together Robert and the monk; the latter already holding the purse in his hand, in evident disgust and terror.

"I say," replied Beaufou, with marked affection, "that this miserable wretch, who has excited our quarrels, is as worthless as a rotten block; he is nothing else but a Saracen or a Syrian Jew."

"A Jew!" exclaimed, trembling with rage, the

whole assembly—"A Jew polluting the habiliments of a knight. Destruction to the Jew!"

Gregorius making a sign of the cross, murmured, "Pardon me lord, for having pity for this abandoned unbeliever." Loud and bitter imprecations and gestures of rage and hate passed from mouth to mouth, and from face to face over the same assembly, who only a few moments before were in revolt against their sovereign.

"Double traitor! infamous christian!" cried Kahel, with fury, whilst bearing his bleeding arm to the *Sieur Beaufou*; "Do you treat as a Jew a child of the Prophet?"

"God of Heaven!" ejaculated Gregorius, again repeating the holy sign. "It is an unbeliever, an accursed Infidel, and a Saracen."

"Yes!" added Beaufou, unrolling a parchment, "He is more, he is a spy of the Emperor of Constantinople."

"Yes!" daringly replied Kahel, "I am a Saracen, an Arab; and it is vengeance for which I have traversed the seas! I brave the whole of you, base christians; and though bleeding, I defy to mortal combat the boldest amongst you. Show at least to a stranger that you have not the hearts of women. I defy you—I defy you!"

"Very well!"—cried Robert, with contempt, "your defiance is accepted, behold the executioner."

These fearful words were followed by the entrance of a man tall of stature, and thin of limbs; but nervous, and who entered the hall preceded by Marmion. He was naked to the waist, and a large sword of Roman form was suspended to his girdle. On a sign from Marmion, he seized the prisoner, and conducted him out of the hall, escorted by Tehn and Horwig. Robert then rose, and with dignity observed to the assembled grandees.

"This pagan has pushed his insults so far as to soil the escutcheons of chivalry. It is crime added to crime. To such a man no clemency is due—come my lords, assist at his degradation."

In the middle ages the degradation of a knight, was the most terrible of punishments; and not without shuddering did the barons proceed to the public square, and behold the preparations so rapidly made by order of the prince, long before the fate of the Arab had been decided. Every one of them could now more clearly see the bold character of their sovereign who had so completely disregarded their menaces of revolt.

The whole procession having arrived on the parade, beheld two scaffolds of unequal height. On the most elevated, Robert of Normandy, and his barons in their scarlet bonnets took their seats.

An immense crowd surrounded the square, from whence came shouts of contempt and hatred; howling, unrestrained vengeance against Kahel, who advanced armed at all points, as on the day of the battle of Alençon. He traversed the stormy multitude, and as he was on the point of mounting the lowest scaffold, a quick voice breathed in his ear in the Arabic language, "*Be courageous Kahel, nor turn thine eyes.*"

The knight obeyed, and with firmness mounted

the scaffold. A long pale had been placed in the ground, bearing at its top the escutcheon of Kahel, reversed. Twelve priests clothed in flowing surplices, encircled the knight; whilst Marmion and two armed officers stood in his front.

The priests then in a sonorous but lugubrious voices, chaunted the vigils for the dead, from the *dilexi* to the *Miserere*; and in the pauses of these hymns of grief the priests stood silent, the officers despoiled Kahel piece by piece, commencing with the helmet, whilst the heralds at arms, caused the air to resound with—

"This is the helmet of the traitor, the disloyal Kahel."

"This is the sword of the traitor, and disloyal knight."

Thus they continued until the Arab was entirely despoiled. Then taking his escutcheon from the pale, the executioner with a hammer broke it into three pieces at the foot of the scaffold.

Then the twelve priests rising, and with one voice, loud and appalling, they chaunted the most terrible of the Psalms of David: *Deus, Laudem, meam ne tacueris.*

During this dreadful and gloomy ceremony, the Arab knight, forgetful of the mysterious advice given him, struggled with fury in his soul against maddening despair. Death alone could now efface his ignominy; and though the days of his life were to be few, he regretted their numbers. His glances of fire were no more swept over the crowd; they were fixed on his soiled coat of arms; on his broken helmet, and on his broken arms. The dignity of the man was never to be restored. What pen or tongue can describe the anguish of heart in such accumulated causes of misery! And yet his tortures were far from being finished. The crimes of Kahel had been great, and it was necessary that his chastisement should be in proportion to his offences. It was then that a pursuivant at arms, entered bearing a basin of hot water, and stood ready to reply to Mailhoc, one of the heralds.

"What is the name of this man?" demanded Mailhoc, three times in succession.

"He is named, Kahel, the terrible," replied the pursuivant at arms, "a knight come from distant countries."

"You are deceived, Foulques," replied Mailloc, "the man you have named is a disloyal traitor, of broken faith"; and then to convince the people, turned to the elevated seat, and requested the opinion of the judges.

"By sentence of the barons and knights here present," pronounced Tournebou, the most ancient of the assembly; "it is ordained that this infamous rebel to his sworn faith is unworthy of the glorious title of knight, and that his crimes, merit degradation, and then death."

A prolonged and heart piercing cry came from the crowd, which appeared to be shaken as the branches of the pines in a forest tossed by a hurricane.

It was then that the pursuivant poured the hot water on the head of Kahel, who breathed a dread-

ful and menacing imprecation. The priests and the barons quit the scaffold in order to clothe themselves in the habiliments of mourning for the dead; whilst Lionel de Beaufou, assisted Robert to descend the steps of his seat.

The executioner attended the victim, very coolly supported on his large sword. Beaufou leaning towards the ear of the duke, observed in a whisper.

"Have you forgot the sister of the condemned? If before consigning him to the last blow, might we not know where she is to be found? This would be also a triumph."

"Blichild is beautiful, and I love her," replied the duke, with a bitter sigh; "but for a full return of all her love, I would not defer one hour the fate of this villain." But after a moment of reflexion, he approached the scaffold, followed by Beaufou.

They were preparing to force the condemned to ascend the lists according to custom, with his hands bound with cords; but at a sign from Beaufou, the pursuivants spared him this humiliation.

As Robert advanced, he observed to his attendant, "behold," but as they approached near him the Arab cast on them a look of thunder, and exclaimed, "is it to insult my shame, you have come here? perjured men."

"The perjured cover their heads with turbans," replied Beaufou gravely, "but attend to the words of my master, he holds in his hands life or death." Saying this, Beaufou stepped aside with the pursuivants, while Robert spoke with Kahel.

"I have no grace to ask of thee Robert," said the Arab indignantly, "not even life!"

"What have you done with the young woman you call sister?" said the duke in a troubled voice, "deprived of thy assistance, she will need a protector, who will maintain her in her rank?"

The Arab rose to the full elevation of his frame, like a reed bent by the blast, but rising as the tempest past. His piercing eyes became fixed, an undefinable expression animated his features, and then slowly, but in a most ferocious voice, replied,

"Robert of Normandy, after me, Deidza shall have no other protectors. If I must die before the sun descends twice beyond the towers of your fortress, poison will send her soul to join the beautiful hours of the great Prophet."

"Cruel man," interrupted Robert with contempt, "these bravados frighten me not. No means shall be permitted thee to consummate this new crime.—Before two days I shall have rescued from her prison this angel over whom thou hast tyrannised; and who contrary to all laws divine and human, thou hast imposed the title of sister. The blood of the tiger can never mingle with that of the dove."

"Yet Richard was thy brother," said Kahel, eyeing the duke with a most frightful smile.

"Wretch of wretches!" cried Robert, "thou hast crowned the measure of thy guilt. But after a moment's silence, added, "you shall live another day, but tell me the retreat of Blichilde, and perhaps your life may be spared."

"I know how to die," replied the Arab with firmness; "but if I die, she dies also."

"Very well," said Robert, "thy desire shall be accomplished."

He then remained some moment's silent, whilst his visage bespoke mingled rage and anxiety. His right hand resting on his heavy sword, seemed ready to be raised in signal to the executioner; or when the eyes of the people were turned greedily of blood. But another thought rose in the mind of the duke, who turning round observed, "reconduct this man to his dungeon, pursuivants, but let this scaffold stand until to-morrow, as I cannot grant him a pardon."

The officers obeyed, whilst the duke of Normandy, supported on the arm of Sieur Beaufou, proceeded to the church, disturbed and sad; traversing the howling and murmuring crowd, as if in a sea agitated by raging winds, disappointed as it was, in desire of blood.

MARK BANCROFT.

NOTE.—Amongst those orders of men, who by some outward marks and declared purpose have stood forth prominent from the great body of society, none were in any age or country more remarkable than the knights, (*Chevalier French*) of the middle ages. This immense institution spread over all western Europe; was subdivided into numerous orders, and was for several centuries the leading feature of human society, under the title of Chivalry, as Anglicised from the French *Chivalrie*. Similar to all other institutions of extensive spread and influence, very discordant opinions have been given on the moral and political aspects of Chivalry. Mingled with every other institutions, as it necessarily must have been, from containing the most elevated, indeed most respectable members of society; knighthood gave its own predominant character to government and religion, and drew a line, not yet defaced between the nobility and people.—The origin of the term was simply a *horseman*, and in the decline of military service, which in Europe followed the age of Charlemagne; the cavalry both in use and estimation, superseded the infantry and rendered the mere "*horseman*," a title of distinction. This gradually introduced *Chevalrie* as a caste—"The dukes and counts," says Gibbon, "who had usurped the rights of sovereignty, divided the provinces amongst their faithful barons, the barons distributed among their vassals the fiefs or benefices of their jurisdiction; and these military tenants, the peers (*equals*) of each other, and of their lords composed the *noble* or *equestrian order*, which disdained to conceive the peasant or burgher as of the same species with themselves.—The dignity of their birth was preserved by pure and equal alliances; their sons alone, who could produce four quarters or lines of ancestry, without spot or reproach, might legally pretend to the honor of *KNIGHTHOOD*." Vol. VII. 215.

And again:

"A single knight could impart, according to his

* Such were they, who are represented in the preceding story, as attending the Duke of Normandy—and such were they who at Runemede in England, wrested Magna Charta, from his great grand son, King John.

judgment, the character which he received; and the warlike sovereigns of Europe, derived more glory from this personal distinction than from the lustre of their diadem."

During the crusades, arose several orders of knighthood, which in part religious, and in part profane, offered a mixed character, which it is now very difficult clearly to describe or understand.—Of these, the principal were the Templars, St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards of Rhodes and finally of Malta, and "The Teutonic," a shadow of which latter still subsists at Mergentheim, in Germany. Of these mixed orders, hear again, Gibbon:

"His sword, which he offered on the altar, was blessed by the ministers of religion; his solemn reception was preceded by fasts and vigils; and he was created a knight in the name of God, and of St. George, and of St. Michael, the archangel.—He swore to accomplish the duties of his profession; and education, example, and the public opinion, were the inviolable guardians of his oath." Our author then goes on to state the peculiar duties and obligations of the knight, but continues thus: "The abuse of the same spirit provoked the illiterate knight to disdain the arts of industry and peace; to esteem himself the sole judge and avenger of his own injuries; and proudly to neglect the laws of civil society and military discipline."

After these expressions, how could Gibbon proceed to enumerate the benefits of an institution whose tendency was to *despise the laws* of civil society? No doubt some benefits were conferred by the orders of knighthood—dark indeed would be their history if this concession in their favor could not be made; but what inadequate compensation were those benefits for the enduring mischiefs of such institutions. The great body of the people depressed, reduced in fact to absolute servitude—improvement of every kind prevented or retarded.

"Impartial taste," adds Gibbon, "must prefer a Gothic tournament to the Olympic games of classic antiquity."

As far as mere exertions of brutal force were concerned there was, it is true, more decency if not more utility in the modern tournament, than in the wrestling and boxing at the Olympic spectacles; but Gibbon ought and his readers have, and will continue to reflect that wrestling and boxing were only part of the exhibitions at Olympus. There were presented and publicly read the finest compositions of Greece. It was in fact the most effective Lyceum, that has ever existed in either ancient or modern times. To speak of no others, the works of Herodotus, and those of Thucydides, were recited and received their seal at Olympus. The whole history of *Chevalrie*, was on the contrary a reign of ignorance, claiming a few doubtful effects on manners. When I resided near Natchez, between thirty and forty years past, and where duelling was then very common, I have heard the very arguments repeatedly urged in its favor, which Gibbon and many more have brought forward to

excuse or counter-balance the undeniable abuses of chivalry. In truth, duelling is in substance a re-appearance of the spirit of chivalry. Both carried human society retrograde to that state where man avenged his own wrong. The legal duel or judicial combat was a combination and aggravation of both. Time and experience with all the melioration they have superinduced, have not obliterated the traces of these barbarous customs. M. B.

THE SEPULCHRE.

There Manhood lies! Lift up the pall.

How like the tree struck down to earth

In its green pride, the mighty fall,

Whom life hath flatter'd with its worth!

Life is a voyage to our graves;

Its promises, like smiling waves,

Invite us onward o'er a sea,

Where all is hidden treachery.

What statued beauty slumbers there!

But mark those flowers, pale as the brow

Which they have wreath'd; it Death could spare

A victim, he had pitied now.

To-day she hoped to be a bride—

To-day, 't was told, her lover died!

Here death has revell'd in his power,

The riot of life's fairest hour!

Look on that little cherub's face,

Whose budding smile is fix'd by death;

How short indeed has been its race!

A cloud sail'd by the sun, a breath

Did gently creep across a bed

Of flowers—its spirit then had fled.

A morning star, a moment bright,

Then melting into heaven's own light.

Behold that picture of decay,

Where nature, wearied, sank to rest!

Full fourscore years have pass'd away,

Yet did he, like a lingering guest,

Go from life's banquet with a sigh,

That he alas! so soon should die.

Our youth has not desires so vain,

As creep into an age of pain.

But there how mournfully serene,

That childless widow'd mother's look!

To her the world a waste has been,

One whom it pitied, yet forsook.

Calm as the moon's light, which no storm

Raging beneath it can deform,

Did her afflicted spirit shine,

Above her earthly woes divine.

Thus death deal with mortality,

Like flowers, some gathered in their prime,

Others, when scarcely said to be,

Just number'd with the thing of time:

With life worn out some grieve to die,

To end their griefs here others fly.

Life is but that which woke it, breath—

Look here, and tell me, what is death?

ANONYMOUS.

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD THE
BEST SUPPORT UNDER AFFLICTIONS.

The exceeding corruption and folly of man are in nothing more manifest, than in his averseness to entertain any friendship or familiarity with God; though he was framed for that very end, and endued with faculties fittest to attain it; though he stands, he cannot but be sensible that he stands in the utmost want of it; though he be invited, and encouraged to it, frequently and earnestly, by God himself; and though it be his chief honour, advantage, and happiness, as well as his duty, to comply with those invitations.

In all cases where the body is affected with pain or sickness, we are forward enough to look out for remedies, to listen greedily to every one that suggests them, and, upon the least hope of success, from the reports of others, immediately to apply them. And yet, notwithstanding that we find and feel our souls disordered and restless, tossed and disquieted by various passions, distracted between contrary ends and interests, ever seeking happiness in the enjoyments of this world, and ever missing what we seek; notwithstanding that we are assured from other men's experience, and from our own inward convictions, that the only way of regulating these disorders is, to call off our minds from too close an attention to the things of sense, and to employ them often in a sweet intercourse with our Maker, the Author of our Being, and fountain of all our ease and happiness; yet are we strangely backward to lay hold of this safe, this only method of cure; we go on still nourishing the distemper under which we groan, and choose rather to feel the pain, than to apply the remedy. Excellent, therefore, was the advice to Job, in the midst of his great trouble and pressures, "Acquaint thyself now with God, and be at peace." Take this opportunity of improving thy acquaintance with him, to which he always, but now especially, invites thee: make the true use of those afflictions which his hand, mercifully severe, hath been pleased to lay upon thee; and be led by means of them, though thou hast endeavoured to know and serve him already, to know and serve him still better; to desire and love him more. Calm the disorders of thy mind by reflections on his paternal goodness and tenderness; on the wisdom, and equity, and absolute rectitude of all his proceedings; comfort thyself with such thoughts at all times, but chiefly at that time when all earthly comforts fail thee.

We shall in the first place, consider what this Scripture-phrase, of "acquainting ourselves with God," implies, and wherein the duty particularly recommended by it consists.

We are prone by nature to engage ourselves in too close and strict acquaintance with the things of this world, which immediately and strongly strike our senses; with the business, the pleasures, and the amusements of it; we give ourselves up too greedily to the pursuit, and immerse ourselves too deeply in the enjoyment of them; and contract at last such an intimacy and familiarity with them, as makes it difficult and irksome for us to call off our

minds to a better employment, and to think intensely on any thing besides them. To check and correct this ill tendency, it is requisite that we should "acquaint ourselves with God;" that we should frequently disengage our hearts from earthly pursuits, and fix them on divine things; that we should apply ourselves to study the blessed nature and perfections of God, and to procure lively and vigorous impressions of his perpetual presence with us, and inspections over us; that we should contemplate earnestly and reverently the works of nature and grace, by which he manifests himself to us; the inscrutable ways of his providence, and all the wonderful methods of his dealing with the sons of men; that we should inure ourselves to such thoughts till they have worked up our souls into that filial awe and love of him, that humble and implicit dependence upon him, which is the root and principle of all manner of goodness; till we have made our duty, in this respect, our pleasure, and can address ourselves to him on all occasions, with readiness and delight; imparting all our wants, and expressing all our fears, and opening all our griefs to him, with that holy freedom and confidence to which the saints and true servants of God are entitled.

The first step towards an "acquaintance with God," is a due knowledge of him. I mean not a speculative knowledge, built on abstract reasonings about his nature and essence, such as philosophical minds often busy themselves in, without reaping thence any advantage towards regulating their passions, or improving their manners; but I mean a practical knowledge of those attributes of his, which invites us nearly to approach him, and closely to unite ourselves to him; a thorough sense and vital experience of his paternal care over us, and concern for us; of his unspotted holiness, his inflexible justice, his unerring wisdom, and his diffusive goodness; a representation of him to ourselves, under those affecting characters of a Creator and a Redeemer, an Observer and a Pattern, a Lawgiver and a Judge; which are aptest to incline our wills, and to raise our affections towards him, and either to awe or allure us into a stricter performance of every branch of our duty. These, and the like moral and relative perfections of the Deity, are most necessary, and most easy to be understood by us; upon the least reflection and inquiry, we cannot miss them; though the oftener, and more attentively we consider them, the better, and more perfectly still shall we know them.

The acquaintance thus begun, cannot continue, without frequent access to him; without "seeking his face continually," in all the methods of spiritual address; in contemplation, and in prayer; in his word, and in his ordinances; in the public service of the sanctuary, and in the private devotions of the closet; and chiefly in the latter of these, which are, on several accounts, most useful towards promoting this holy correspondence. By these means, and in these duties is he to be approached and found; and, notwithstanding our infinite distance, will "draw near to them who thus draw near to

him," and show himself to be "a God" that "is at hand," and "not afar off."

But in vain shall we approach him, unless we endeavour to be like him. A similitude of nature and manners (in such a degree as we are capable of) must tie the holy knot, and rivet the friendship between us. Whomsoever we desire to approve, we labour also to conform ourselves to; to be "not only almost, but altogether such as they are," if it be possible; so that they, seeing themselves in us, may like us, for the sake of themselves. Would we then be admitted into an acquaintance with God? Let us study to resemble him. We must be "partakers of a divine nature," in order to partake of this high privilege and alliance! "For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness! and what communion hath light with darkness!"

Yet, further, one essential ingredient in all true friendships, is a firm unshaken reliance on him who is our friend. Have we such towards God? Do we entirely trust in him? Do we resign ourselves and our affairs absolutely to be disposed of by him? and think all our concerns safer in his hands than in our own? and resolve to believe every thing to be best and fittest for us which he sees best should befall us? Are we still under his rod without a murmur? without despondency of mind, and without charging God foolishly? Do we unbosom all our secrets to him, and neither endeavour nor pretend to hide any thing that passeth in the depth of our hearts from him? Do we enquire of him for his advice and assistance in every thing? and hearken to what our Lord God shall say to us either by the inward whisper of our consciences, or the outward ministry of his Word, or the awakening calls of his Providence? and give heed diligently to fulfil all the least intimations of his good pleasure that are any ways made known to us! Then have we entered deep into, and advanced far in that holy intimacy which the text recommends.

However, "yet one thing more we lack" to be perfect, *love*, which is the fulfilling of this law of friendship, the surest test and most exalted improvement of it.

Let us consider, therefore, whether we do indeed "love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind, and with all our strength." Whether our approaches to him are always sweet and refreshing; and we are uneasy and impatient under any long discontinuance of our conversation with him; and retire with pleasure into our closets from the crowd, in order to meet him whom our soul loveth. Whether our love of life, and our complacency in the good things of it, slacken every day, and even our dread of death is, in some measure, vanquished; and we do, whilst we are contemplating the joys of another state, almost "desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ."

When we perceive ourselves to be, after this manner, "rooted and grounded in love," then is our spirit advanced to the nearest degree of union with the great Father of Spirits of which it is capable on

this side of heaven; and we are, indeed, "the friends of God."

I proceed now, in the second place, to consider how reasonable, desirable, and necessary a thing it is thus to acquaint ourselves with God; as on many other accounts, so particularly on this, that it is the only true way towards attaining a perfect tranquillity and rest of mind; "Acquaint thyself with him, and be at peace."

Honour, profit, and pleasure, are the three great idols to which the men of this world bow; and one, or all of which, is generally aimed at in every human friendship they make: and yet, though nothing can be more honourable, profitable, or pleasing to us, than an acquaintance with God, we stand off from it, and will not be tempted, even by these motives, though appearing to us with the utmost advantage, to embrace it.

Can any thing improve, and purify, and exalt our natures more than such a conversation as this, wherein our spirits, mounting on the wings of Contemplation, Faith, and Love, ascend up to the first principal and cause of all things; see, admire, and taste his surpassing excellence, and feel the quickening power and influence of it till we ourselves thus, "with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed (gradually and insensibly changed) into the same image, from glory to glory," from one degree of perfection and likeness to another.

What an honour it is to us that God should admit us into such a blessed participation of himself! that he should give us minds capable of such an intercourse with the Supreme Universal Mind! and shall we be capable of it without enjoying it?

In what conversation can we spend our thoughts and time more profitably than in this? To whom can we betake ourselves with greater expectations to succeed in our addresses? Upon whom can we rely with more security and confidence? Is he not our most munificent benefactor, our wisest counselor, and most potent protector and friend? both able and willing to do every thing for us, that it becomes either us to ask or him to grant. Are not the blessings both of this world and the next in his disposal? And is not his favour and good will the only sure title that we can plead to them? And shall we spend our time, therefore, in cultivating useless and perishing acquaintances here below, to the neglecting that which is of the vastest concern to us, and upon which our everlasting welfare depends? Shall we not rather say, with St. Peter, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

In the third and last place, let us show that the most proper season for such a religious exercise of our thoughts is, when any sore trouble or calamity overtakes us: "Acquaint thyself now with him," said Eliphaz to Job; that is, now, when the wise Disposer of all things hath thought fit to pour out affliction upon thee; then that *peace*, or sweet calm and repose of mind which the text mentions, is most needful for thee, and is always and only to be had from the same hand that wounded thee.

At such times our soul is most tender and susceptible of religious impressions, most apt to "seek God, to delight in approaching him," and conversing with him, and to relish all the pleasures and advantages of such a spiritual commerce. The kind and chief design of God, in all his severest dispensations, is to melt and soften our hearts to such degrees as he finds necessary, in order to the good purposes of his grace; and so to dispose and prepare them every way, as that they may become fit mansions for his holy spirit to dwell in; to wean us gently and gradually from our complacency in earthly things, which we are too apt to rest in, though we are sure that we must one day part with them; to convince us of the vanity of all the satisfactions which this world affords, and to turn our thoughts and expectations towards the joys of another.

When the hand of God lays heavy upon us, we plainly discern our own insufficiency and weakness, and yet see nothing about or near us that can afford us any real relief: and, therefore, we fly to *Him* who only can, who is rich in mercies and mighty to save; both able and willing to stretch himself out to all our wants, and to fill our emptiness. Even they who, in their prosperity, forget God, do yet remember and turn to him when adversity befalls them. They who, whilst the course of things goes smoothly and happily on, and every passion of theirs is entertained, every wish is gratified, find no room for thoughts of this kind, but are so taken up with enjoying the blessings, as not to be at leisure to consider the great Author and Bestower of them; even those persons do, in the day of their distress, take refuge in reflections on the benignity and goodness of God; and begin then to think of him with some kind of pleasure (though alloyed with doubts and fears,) when they can with pleasure think of nothing besides him. How much more shall devout or blameless souls, which have never been strangers to these considerations, retreat to them in an evil hour with eagerness, and rest in them with the utmost satisfaction and delight? The acquaintance which they stand in need of for their support, is not now first to be made: it has been contracted long ago, and wants only to be renewed and applied to particular exigencies and occasions.

When once we have early and thoroughly devoted ourselves to God, there are no trials of our virtue and courage so sharp, no evils so great, but that we can sustain and bear them: for "God is our hope and strength, a very present help in time of trouble:" and, therefore, we resort to him on such occasions with the utmost readiness and confidence, even as a son doth to a beloved and loving parent, or a friend to the friend of his bosom, "casting all our care upon him," as knowing that "he careth for us."

Let us, throughout the whole course of our lives, take care to make the thoughts of God so present, familiar, and comfortable to us here, that we may not be afraid of appearing face to face before him hereafter. Let us so inure our minds to those faint views of him which we can attain to in this life, that we may be found worthy to be admitted into

the blessed vision of him in the next, when, in his presence, "there will be fulness of joy, and at his right hand pleasures for evermore." *ATTENBURY.*

THE WATER CRESS GIRL.

She leaves her bed while yet the dew

Is sparkling on the flower,

And ere Aurora's golden hue

Hath tinged the old church tower—

Ere yet the matin bell hath toll'd,

Ere yet the flock hath left the fold,

Or the blithe lark his bower—

Before the shadowy mountain mist

By the first sun-beam hath been kiss'd.

Her way is o'er the dewy meads,

And by the violet dell,

Where a rough plank her footstep leads,

By the old haunted well;

And then she steps from stone to stone,

In the brook's gurgling waters thrown,

To where the cresses dwell;

And many a lily decks the scene,

Where she presides the fairy queen.

Ah, little need she blush to see

The wave give back her face;

And her dark tresses wand'ring free

In all their native grace.

No blight hath marr'd her cheek's bright bloom,

No mark of care's depressing gloom

On that smooth brow ye trace;

For love—false love, hath never yet

His seal upon her young heart set.

Fair creature! I would wish that thou

Might'st pass thy life away,

E'en pure and tranquil as is now

The morning of thy day!

That heaven may take thee 'neath its care,

And guard thy steps from every snare,

In this world's dang'rous way—

That Hope be thine, without its fears,

And Love, without his sighs and tears.

The breaking off in the midst of that one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a greater appetite in him with whom you confer to know more. And because it works better when anything seems to be gotten from you by question, than if you offer it yourself, you may lay a bait for a question by showing another visage and countenance than you are wont, to the end to give occasion to the party to ask what the matter is of the change, as Nehemiah did, "and I had not before that time been sad before the King." I knew one that when he wrote a letter, he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a bye matter. I knew another that when he came to speak, he would pass over that that he intended most; and go forth and come back again, and speak of it as of a thing he had almost forgot. It is strange how long some men will lie in wait to speak somewhat they desire to say; and how far about they will fetch, and how many other matters they will beat over to come near it; it is a thing of great patience, but yet of much use.

THE BLACK CAT.

A TRUE STORY.

It is somewhat difficult if not impossible to describe perfectly the various effects on the human mind occasioned by hypochondria, melancholy, hope, fear, despair, anger, and many other mental affections.

The writer of this article was several years past personally acquainted with a gentleman of the name of B. a native of Connecticut, a part of whose biography consists of the following singular incidents. He received the honor of a collegiate education at Yale, about the year 1770. His constitution was not of the most robust kind, but his mind was vigorous and of a fine order. His talents and high standing in society early introduced him to a seat in the legislature of that state.

For several years he also held the office, and ably discharged the duties of Chief Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the county of N. At about forty years of age his health began to decline. He became melancholy, hypochondriacal, gloomy and nervous. His appetite failed—every kind of food was tasteless and insipid to him—his emaciated form bore the marks of settled disease—discontinuing all kinds of active business he retreated to his parlour—wrapped himself in flannels—considered his case hopeless, and "gave himself up to despair." His neighbors occasionally called in to see him, and tried to cheer his mind—but he was as one who "refused to be comforted." All their interviews with him uniformly terminated in solemn adieus.

One of his particular friends, Doctor M. an able and long practised physician, who was eminent in the skill of "ministering to a mind diseased," hearing of the situation of the judge, paid him a visit. The interview commenced as usual between a sedate, composed physician, and a despairing patient. The dialogue was in substance as follows—"Dr. M." said the Judge, "I am glad with all my heart to see you once more—it is a pleasure I never expected again to enjoy in this world.—I know I have but a few days to live—and I—I wish to see all my friends before I go, if possible—but some of my neighbors are disposed to consider me hypochondriacal—they say I am alarmed without any just cause—but I know better than they *can* know my own situation and feelings—why Dr. do pray see how poor I've grown!—look at that wrist—do just feel my pulse—how languid and irregular! I know I must soon go the way of all the earth." By this time the Dr—who for many years had been well acquainted with the constitution, mind and habits of his friend B. comprehended the whole length, breadth and depth of his case—it was one of sheer hypochondria. After gravely feeling the pulse and viewing the tongue of his friend, the Doctor observed, "those of your neighbors who believe there is no disease attached to you, I should consider not very competent judges in your case—I wish not to alarm you unneces-

sarily, but—but—you are far from being in a state of good health—have you had any fever hanging about you? any pain in your body or limbs? "Why no," replied the Judge "not much if any—but I am weak, and sometimes, especially in dark nights I find my breathing difficult and laborious—and frequently have no pulsation for several minutes—I thought last night, about midnight, at the time the moon changed, I must die before morning. Nobody knows what I undergo when these turns come upon me.—But they will soon be over!" The Dr. inquired what medicine he had taken—what regimen he had followed, what exercise he had used, etc. "O! Dr." he replied, "I have tried almost every thing that can be named—but all in vain—and as to exercise, I have not ventured to go out of my room for the last fifteen days, and am now so weak I should not be able to walk a single rod if I should get out.—There is, however, one thing more which one of my neighbors has strongly urged me to try, and which he is confident must help me, if any thing can. I have concluded to follow his advice—life, you know, is precious and we all feel willing to do every thing in our power to prolong it. The advice of this neighbor is for me to procure as soon as possible a young black cat—it must be one which has not a white hair about it:—and it must be a male. This cat is to be killed by strangulation, or some other method by which not a drop of his blood must be wasted.—It must then be placed entirely whole in a vessel of boiling water taken from some spring, and boiled till the skin, hair, and every other part of the animal shall be reduced to a *chowder* of the consistence of soup—the bones must then be carefully picked out, and the residue seasoned highly with red pepper and filings of hartshorn, with a little *sal ammoniac*, to my liking. Of this soup, thus prepared, I am directed to take half a pint each morning, noon and evening for the first two days, and after that time, a quart per day till the whole is used up. Pomp, my negro man, has been two days faithfully employed in pursuit of a cat of the requisite properties, but has hitherto been unsuccessful. He has found many which came very near the thing—but a few white hairs on the breast or at the end of the tail, render them all objectionable. To day I have sent him into the town of C. and cannot but indulge a hope that he will there find one which will answer to the description. This will be my last resort to any thing medical, and I am really encouraged in the belief that it will give me some relief."—Dr. M. with a grave countenance listened patiently, and after a few moments reflection, and without betraying the smallest inclination to smile, observed, that wonderful cures had been effected by means unknown to medical writers, and the ablest physicians, but had been discovered either by accident, or by unlettered men. "Now" continued he, "this prescription addresses itself to the judgment and understanding of every one—it accords with reason—we all know that a young cat possesses very great agility and muscular power:—and it is sup-

posed that black cats are more vigorous than those of any other color—and, beside that, all will agree that a male cat might be more energetic than a female—it is well known that the peculiar properties of the various kinds of food are carried into the system and are noticeable by their characteristic effects in the propensities and actions of the consumers. The soup, taken according to the directions given, will be consumed in about seven days. It would be a good thing to stir it up well when you dip out your daily rations, to prevent any loss by a *residuum* or settlements—your strength, provided this medicine should have the described effect, will return so rapidly that at the expiration of the seven days you will be able to get into your sulky and ride to my house, only about ten miles, and I will invite some of your old friends upon the occasion, and we will have a rich dish of fun and frolic. My house is overrun with rats and mice—by that time you must have become a first rate mouser, and will pounce upon a rat with all the energy of a full breed Maltise of the first chop."

Conviction of the *hoax* instantly flashed upon the mind of the judge—the artful design of the doctor was now in a moment fully unveiled—a hearty laugh was the first emotion of the judge—and this was responded to by one less convulsive on the part of the doctor. "Now friend B." said he, "your mind is prepared for a true description of your case. No bodily disease of an alarming character is or has been attached to you. Fresh air, moderate exercise, and social intercourse with your friends, are the only things necessary for a full restoration of your health. To-morrow, if the weather should be favorable, throw off the principal part of your flannels—tell Pomp to harness Dobbin into your sulky, and ride six or eight miles before breakfast.—This will give you an appetite—continue to ride daily either in your sulky or on horse back, and you will soon regain your health." These directions were followed—the judge speedily recovered; and for many years continued a useful magistrate in the county. He was no longer afflicted with hypochondria—the cure was radical. At proper opportunities, and among his friends, he often took satisfaction, by relating in a very pleasant manner his story of the Black Cat. SEVENTY-SIX.

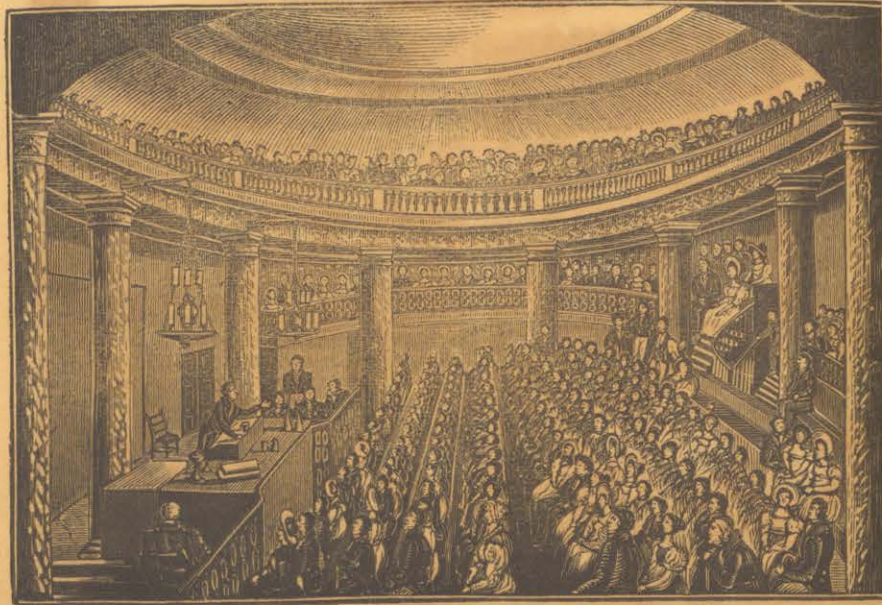
Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man: and therefore if a man write little he must have a great memory: if he confer little he must have a present wit: and if he read little he need have much learning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral—grave; rhetoric able to contend: nay there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: if a man's wits be wandering let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away ever so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences let him study the schoolmen: if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

THE LAMENT OF THE LATE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

BY MRS. EMBURY.

Though published some time since, is too good to be lost—and we accordingly give it a place in our pages. It is written with unusual force; and a good deal of that high, Queen-like, yet womanly, feeling, which characterised, in so remarkable a degree, the "Martyr Spirit," who once shared the diadem of Napoleon.—It is impossible to read these lines—which are a true reflection, in words, of the elevated character of the Empress,—without an emotion approaching almost to adoration, for that exemplary and devoted woman who so thoroughly appreciated the soul of Napoleon; and who laid down her own happiness, as a wife, at the shrine of his glory as the "world's great victor." Her sympathy with the fortunes of Napoleon—her constancy and high-toned honor—were rewarded, if not with ingratitude, yet with a feeling very nearly a-kin to it—indifference. By a selfish, if not a cruel, policy, she was banished the presence of the man she idolized; and her place supplied by an insipid Austrian Princess, mean as she was heartless—who, false to the ties alike of honor and feeling, deserted her husband and her son—not relishing the gloom into which the glory of the one had subsided; and forgetting the latter in her love—for her Chamberlain! The following *tribute* to her virtues is from the "Age of Bronze:"—

Enough of these—a sight more mournful woos
The averted eyes of the reluctant muse.
The imperial daughter—the imperial bride,
The imperial victim—sacrificed to pride;
The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
The young Astyanax of modern Troy—
She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.
O cruel mockery! could not Austria spare
A daughter? What did France's widow there?
Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
But, no—she still must hold a pretty reign,
Frank'd by her formidable chamberlain;
The marshal Argus, whose not hundred eyes
Must watch her though these paltry pageantries.
What though she share no more, and shared in vain,
A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,
That swept from Moscow to the southern seas,
Yet still she rules the pastoral realms of cheese;
Where Parma views the traveller resort
To note the trappings of her mimic court.
But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
Of all her beams, while nations gaze and mourn;
Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
To chill in their inhospitable clime,
(If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold,
But no—their embers soon will burst their mould;) She comes! the Andromache (but not Racine's,
Nor Homer's) lot on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
Yes, the right arm yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half-shattered sceptre through,
Is offered and accepted! Could a slave
Do more? or less? and he in his new grave!
Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
And the *Ex-Empress* grows as *Ex* a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts,
Why spare men's feelings, when their own are Tests?



Interior of Surrey Institution, London.



Gate of the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec.

SURREY INSTITUTION.

The advantages held out by this celebrated Institution, are, (apart from the regular Lectures) an extensive Library and Reading Rooms; a Chemical Laboratory, and Philosophical Apparatus—together with a supplementary library, the books of which, under certain restrictions, may be perused at the houses of subscribers.

The entrance to the building, is in Blackfriar's Road, beneath an elegant portico, of the Doric order, which is crowned by a statue of Contemplation.

From the hall, are communications with the apartments occupied by the Secretary. A vestibule then opens into a spacious anti-room, and from thence, through folding doors, is the entrance to a very elegant apartment, fitted up in the style of a Grecian temple, whose dome and entablature are supported by eight Corinthian columns, between which are placed statues of Homer, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Franklin, &c.

The theatre, represented in the engraving, is one of the most elegant rooms in London—containing two galleries, the uppermost supported by eight Doric columns of Derbyshire marble, the entablature of which is crowned by a balustrade of the same materials. The diameter of the theatre is 36 feet; and the parterre, or ground, 9 rows of seats. The light is received from the dome, and warmth is administered in winter by flues containing heated air. It is calculated to hold from 5 to 600 persons. The lectures delivered in the Institution, embrace Chemistry, Botany, Geology, Astronomy, History and Poetry, together with Music and Perspective.

The Reading rooms were opened to proprietors on the 1st May, 1808. Lectures on Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c. were read by Mr. Accum and Mr. Jackson, in the following November.

The Surrey Institution is an establishment, in short, reflecting distinguished credit upon those who projected, arranged, and at present preside over and conduct it.

RUINS OF BALBEC, OR BAALBEC. (Baal-Gad, or Baal-Hamon.)

Baal-Gad, or Balbec, was situated in the Valley of Lebanon, in Syria; and was called by the Greeks and Romans, Heliopolis, which means "The City of the Sun." Its architecture is of the Corinthian order; and its inhabitants,—Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians,—maintain that it was built by Solomon.

The magnificent gate, delineated in the engraving, is the entrance to the Temple of the Sun. It is of marble—the architrave enriched with arabesque sculpture, in high relief, and of exquisite workmanship—composed of flowers and ears of corn; vine-leaves, with male and female dancers; and other figures, within the tendrils. Beneath the lintel, is a fine specimen of the Roman Eagle, in high relief; with genii, on either side, holding festoons of flowers, hanging from the eagle's beak. The interior of the temple, seen through the doorway, is a very florid sample of the Corinthian style of architecture.

FUTURE GLORY.

Could I extract the choicest dignities and fortunes; could I inhabit the most temperate clime, and the most pleasant country; could I choose the most benevolent hearts, and the wisest minds; could I take the most happy temper, and the most sublime genius; could I cultivate the sciences, and make the fine arts flourish; could I collect and unite all that could please the passions, and banish all that could give pain. A life formed on this plan, how likely to please us! How is it, that God, who hath resolved to render us one day happy, doth not allow us to continue in this world, and content himself with uniting all these happy circumstances in our favour? "It is good to be here!" O that he would allow us here to build our tabernacles! Matt. xvii. 4. A life formed on this plan might indeed answer the ideas of happiness which feeble and finite geniuses form; but such a plan cannot even approach the designs of an infinite God. A life formed on this plan, might indeed exhaust a terrestrial love, but it could never reach the love of an infinite God. No, all the charms of this society, of this fortune, and of this life; no, all the softness of these climates, and of these countries; no, all the benevolence of these hearts, and all the friendship of these minds; no, all the happiness of this temper, and all the sublimity of this genius; no, all the secrets of the sciences, and all the discoveries of the fine arts; all the attractions of these societies and all the pleasures of the passions, have nothing, I do not say which exhausts the love of God in Christ Jesus, I do not say which answers, I venture to say which approaches it. To accomplish this love, there must be another world; there must be "new heavens and a new earth."

O that I could describe the believer,—his unutterable felicity,—while all "the tribes of the earth mourn and smite their breasts:" O that I could describe the believer assured, triumphant founded on the Rock of Ages, "hastening unto the coming of the day of God," aiming with transports of joy which he cannot express,—O may we one day experience these transports! aiming to approach the presence of Jesus Christ as his tenderest friend and deliverer, literally proving the truth of the promise, "When thou passeth through the waters they shall not overflow thee, when thou walkest through the fires, they shall not kindle upon thee!" O that I could represent him, crying, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Come! receive a creature once defiled with sin, sometimes even rebellious, yet having in his bosom principles of love to thee, but now ravished with transports of joy, because he is entering on a world, in which he shall be always obedient, and always faithful. SAURIN.

Sympathy with distress is thought so essential to human nature that the want of it has been called *inhumanity*: want of sympathy with another's happiness has not been stigmatized with so hard a name, but it is impossible to esteem the man who takes no delight in the good of a fellow creature; we call him hard-hearted, selfish, unnatural; epithets expressive of high disapprobation.

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

LORD BROUGHAM.

This individual has, for several years, occupied a large share of public attention on both sides of the Atlantic. His mental character, and his political career, are well worthy of studious consideration. He is to be viewed in the multifarious capacity of a lawyer—a reviewer—a writer upon politics, education, general science, and natural theology—a leader of opposition in the House of Commons—and last, but not least—Lord High Chancellor of England. Perhaps, there never was another instance of a person of such singular versatility of powers, rising so suddenly to the first dignity of a most arduous profession; and if there have been instances of equal—it may most confidently be asserted, there have been none of greater mental activity, than has been displayed by Lord Brougham. It is generally known that he was educated in Scotland. His first appearance at the English bar was in some appeal cases before the House of Lords. His eloquence made a strong impression in his favour, and in the vortex of the Metropolis he soon became conspicuous as a barrister and a politician. His previous connection with the *Edinburgh Review* had already given him notoriety as a political writer, and the Whigs, whose politics he had so zealously sustained in that periodical, were his patrons and supporters. The trial of Queen Caroline afforded an admirable opportunity for a display of his peculiar style of eloquence, and his forensic ingenuity. He was appointed her leading counsel, and became at once an object upon which the public attention was centered. The spirit with which he conducted that defence gave great offence to George 4th, and although it strengthened him with his party, yet there was very little prospect at that time, that the bold and unsparing advocate of the persecuted Queen, would ever enjoy any extraordinary professional distinction which was in the gift of the crown. Instead of tracing the career of this celebrated man, which has become matter of history, and is known to almost every reader of a newspaper—perhaps a few independent remarks—the result of reflection upon it—and made here, where the party waves upon which he has risen, and by which he has been rudely buffeted, cannot reach—may not be unacceptable.

It is to be regretted that Lord Brougham has divided his exertions among so many subjects.—It has prevented him from obtaining that degree of eminence in any department of mind, of which he is capable, and which would have been the better for his hereafter fame. There is a fascination in the idea of universal excellence—but it is a most deceptive one. The mind of man—the life of man will not permit it. Our powers are finite—our life is short. Brougham has not aimed at too much—but he has aimed at too many things. He has worked too fast. He has been too eager to despatch. There has been a disposition to hurry through an important matter, and to hurry from it to another of equal but dissimilar interest. We discover a feverish impatient haste in all his movements. He has

taxed his mental and physical constitution too far, and injured both. His labours have been almost beyond human endurance. A frame of iron, and nerves of steel, would be necessary fully and safely to sustain the burthen. With half his exertions, judiciously directed to some one adequate intellectual aim—he might have been a much greater man. As it is, he will leave behind him a reputation for very extraordinary powers, but it may be doubted whether that reputation will long endure. There will be no monuments of his greatness—to live when he is removed from this bustling stage—to which posterity may resort, and from which to derive a true estimate of the extent of his capacity, and the vigour of his understanding. Even now, he seems to have lost much of his political influence, and to be consulted and employed by the party leaders more as a matter of necessity than choice. Why is this? The answer is not, I think, a difficult one. But first, let us consider Lord Brougham as a lawyer. That he has acquired a substantial fund of professional knowledge cannot be doubted. With his passion for scientific research, it would be strange, if the author of the learned introduction to the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, in which the pleasures of science are so earnestly recommended, and an acquaintance with the whole range of it developed, should have neglected those legal acquirements which are essential to eminence and success in the profession of his choice. But he has not neglected them. His great speech upon the law reform is rife with professional learning, and much of it of a recondite and antiquarian description; such as none but a lawyer who delved and penetrated to the roots of ancient usage and venerated precedent, would be likely to know any thing at all about. Still, Lord Brougham never was regarded as among the first of legal reasoners at the bar. He never displayed that acuteness of perception—that nicety of discrimination—and that familiar and intimate acquaintance with decisions and cases, which enables the barrister to detect those delicate shades of distinction which escape all but the most careful and persevering investigation and comparison. Upon great principles he was much more at home, and when a case turned upon them, he argued it with uncommon ability and force. At *Nisi Prius*, he stood much higher than at *Bar*. Here, different talent, and another species of information were called into requisition—popular eloquence—spirit—knowledge of the human heart; of man as circumstances have made him; of the ordinary pursuits of life, and their influence upon the mind and the manners—there is scarcely any sort of general information, scientific or otherwise—which may not at some time or other, be of service to the advocate at *Nisi Prius*. He must know something more than the law bearing upon his cause. In what are called, cases of *tort*—cases sounding in damages—Brougham was very distinguished. He was the most energetic speaker at the bar; he examined the witnesses with ingenuity, spirit, and closeness; he spoke to the evidence with force and point; and he had the requisite ability of a tactician. But he had his rivals at *Nisi Prius*—rivals, some of

whom, in the ordinary mass of causes—were apt to be even more successful. Denman was a more agreeable, though by no means so powerful a speaker; Gurney was at least his equal in conducting a difficult cross examination; and Scarlett was decidedly his superior in skilful and ingenious management. Brougham's strength lay in his bold and fervent appeals to the understandings and passions of a jury—in that union of argument and declamation, which, with his varied intonations and admirable manner, sometimes swept irresistibly, like the blast of a tornado.

This may be the proper time to speak of Lord Brougham as a Judge. I have always thought his elevation to the Seals, an injudicious appointment. Brougham had no experience as a chancery lawyer. His practice had not been in the Equity Courts. When we consider that a Court of Equity is as much governed by precedent as a Court of Common Law; we must admit the impossibility of a sudden acquisition of the learning and experience in the Equity department of the law, requisite to the successful discharge of the important duties of an Equity Judge. I am aware that the office of Chancellor, in England, is also, a political office. He is the "keeper of the king's conscience"—he presides in the House of Lords, and is a member of the Privy Council. We are now viewing it as a judicial office. Brougham has at least one merit. He was expeditious. Decide he certainly did—case after case—with all possible speed. True, complaints loud and long have been made. His decisions have been frequently censured as erroneous, and pronounced upon an imperfect investigation of the case before him. This may be but the dictates of political prejudice or personal hostility; and Brougham has had enough of both to contend with. Yet it is very likely to have some truth for its foundation. It could not well be otherwise. When a Chancellor is resolved to gallop like a race horse through his calendar—when his only objects seem to be, to *clear the docket*, and to have it said that he has despatched all before him; when the reputation of unexampled celerity of decision, is the great aim of his ambition—it would be singular indeed, if correctness of decision should be equally his characteristic. He must frequently cut the gordian knot of an intricate cause. He will be irritated at impediments—impatient of delay—and his anxiety to get through his calendar, will induce the habit of coming to a conclusion upon a hasty half examination of the prominent points. This may satisfy those who deem an inclination to expedite and to despatch—the redeeming virtue of the head of the English Chancery—and there is some excuse for such an opinion of a court whose delays have been proverbial. But it may reasonably be doubted, which is calculated to produce the most injurious effect upon the due administration of public justice; the plodding dilatoriness of an Eldon, or the eager precipitancy of a Brougham. It has also been a matter of complaint against Lord Chancellor Brougham, that his deportment on the bench was undignified, and deficient in courtesy; that he frequently gave way to ill temper—inter-

rupted the arguments of counsel of the first standing and greatest experience, with petulant impatience—and would not hesitate, when occasion offered, to enter into wordy war with them, and even seek to disconcert by the exercise of his bitterness of retort, and keenness of sarcastic wit. This was very unbecoming in a judge—it was out of keeping with his dignity—taking improper advantage of the authority of his station—forcing an advocate off the track of his argument—perhaps breaking him down altogether; thus, invading the client's right to a full discussion and a fair hearing, without which his cause cannot be understood, or the proper relief extended, and bringing discredit upon what should be above reproach, and even the suspicion of partiality, of favouritism, or of animosities—one of the most solemn and important tribunals of the land. There is no excuse for such conduct. Self control is the duty of a judge. But instances of provocation may be adduced to extenuate. One is upon record. It is thus related.

"While delivering a speech, Sir Edward Sugden observed that the Chancellor was writing, and he stopped. The Lord Chancellor desired Sir Edward to proceed.

Sir Edward Sugden replied, that he could not, unless he were in possession of the attention of the court.

His Lordship said, that he was giving his full attention to every thing that was stated, and of that he alone was competent to judge; he was taking a note of something said by the learned counsel, and he should choose his own time for making his note; papers might be put before him for signature, but signing his name was merely mechanical, and did not at all withdraw his attention. If a judge were not at liberty to do any thing merely mechanical, while counsel were addressing him, the business of the court must be suspended every time he blew his nose, or took a pinch of snuff. If one of his predecessors had given such intense attention as was expected, he would not now appear with so smiling a countenance.

Sir Edward Sugden sat down.

The Lord Chancellor inquired if he had any thing more to state in reply.

Sir Edward Sugden declined to say any thing further."

It is said that Lord Eldon, was accustomed to peruse letters and scribble replies to them, while apparently engaged in the argument before him—and that Sir Edward Sugden never complained. They were political as well as personal friends. Sir Edward is one of the ablest of chancery lawyers, and was conscious, doubtless, that he himself could have made a most excellent chancellor; Brougham's rise had stopped his rising; he bore his lordship no good will, and had on more than one occasion openly expressed his dissatisfaction at his appointment, and his conviction of his inability to discharge its duties. All this is worthy of remembrance in forming an estimate of the propriety or impropriety of the department of the chancellor—his language—his *illustrations*, certainly—were not particularly decorous.

As a leader of opposition in the House of Commons, Brougham has shewn to the greatest

advantage. He was a debater of the first order; and his peculiar powers of spirited invective, prompt retort, and withering sarcasm, have been the theme of frequent description and comment—of complaint and eulogium. He could not have been equally successful as a Ministerial leader. He wanted temper—coolness—discretion—dignity—tact. There appears to be a native essential roughness about him, which no station—no combination of circumstances can overcome. It is part of the man—a necessary element of his nature—without it, he would not be Brougham. We must take him as he is, and balance his virtues against his faults: his friends need not fear for the result. Place him where you will, Brougham must be bitter and sarcastic—he cannot avoid being personal—he will make himself disagreeable—he must be disliked. For the Upper House he was never fitted—least of all, to preside. It was indeed, “a fall up stairs.” He was not at home among the Lords. He felt the trammels of etiquette, and was ever impatient to throw it from him; the formalities of his station were irksome and annoying; he yearned for the full freedom of debate—the fierce combat—the “*rough and tumble*” of the Lower House; he was restless, uneasy, and perpetually breaking through the rules of order, and startling his brother peers by his utter disregard and avowed contempt for conventional observances, and the artificial distinctions of aristocratic life. The man whose fiery temper frequently impelled him out of the bounds of order, even in that bear garden, the House of Commons—could hardly be expected to preserve order in the House of Lords. Ludicrous indeed must have been the scenes which not unfrequently took place—when the presiding officer—the *Moderator* of the House—was himself most grossly out of order—roaring like a chafed lion, reckless of repeated cries to order—and dealing forth his denunciations with a lavish hand, upon those who had roused the ire of this most vindictive and vehement assailant.

Lord Brougham ranks among the liberal politicians, and has ever been a staunch unwavering supporter of the popular cause. His elevation to the Peerage has not affected his principles. Lord Brougham is, if any thing, rather more ultra in his Whiggism than plain Mr. Brougham. To push forward the progress of reform, has been his darling aim from the commencement of his political career. He came into power as a reformer—he left it a reformer. The terms, *liberal*, *reform*, and *reformer*, have now, a technical signification. The professed *liberal* is sometimes the greatest of intolerants. One species of *reform*, is to tear up by the roots and raze from the earth. With some politicians, to *reform* and to *destroy*, are synonymous. Brougham is not to be confounded with such as these. When in power, he was assailed by Tory and by Radical. The one accused him of unsettling the foundations of the government, and making a serious inroad upon the constitution by his support of the measure of parliamentary reform; the other, valuing that reform but as the stepping stone to greater change, charged him with indifference, apostacy, and want of faith—because the “march of improvement”

was not commensurate with their unbridled wishes. It is somewhat to his credit, that he satisfied neither. His conduct and language towards the close of his Chancellorship, it must be confessed, were rather inexplicable and ambiguous. He urged that the Whigs had completed their great undertaking, and redeemed their pledge to the country; he spoke at times, as if little more could be reasonably expected from them—and then again, he threw out obscure and indefinite intimations of great things yet to be accomplished.

He made a journey into Scotland—was feasted, toasted, and complimented; harangued the people at public meetings—vapoured a little absurdly about his influence with his Sovereign—and having thus in the estimation of his enemies, “draggled the Seals through the mire,” the Whigs suddenly fall from power, and Brougham is Chancellor no longer. What his political views at present are, it is difficult to say. Whether, with his “ancient ally” Earl Grey, he will adhere to the old distinctive principles of the Whig party—or whether, he will give in to the bolder designs of O’Connell and the Radicals—or whether, he intends to steer between both, and yield an occasional support to either, as inclination may prompt—cannot be determined from any thing that he has yet said or done. It has been intimated, I know not upon what authority, that he will retire altogether from public life. An anonymous pamphlet or two against the aristocracy has been attributed to his pen. The letters of “Mr. Tompkins,” are sufficiently radical to receive the commendation of the Westminster Review.—Its authorship has been questioned—never, I believe, acknowledged by or for himself.

It may be doubted whether his political influence is now very important. When the Whigs were restored to power, he was not restored to the Woolsack—although it is well known that he was quite willing to resume its duties; he is out of the House of Commons; he is personally obnoxious to the King; with the nobility he is any thing but a favorite. His habitual indulgence in the most offensive personalities, and his disregard of the recognized observances and established courtesies of polished society, would amply account for this, distinct from all political considerations. His pugnacious disposition—leading him to deal his blows in every direction—upon both friend and foe; and the ambiguity which has marked his latter course, has naturally diminished confidence in him as a political leader.

We are now to consider Brougham as a writer. He published a work on the colonial policy of Great Britain in two volumes, which has been deservedly commended for its enlarged views, and the energetic language in which they are developed. His political articles in the Edinburgh Review I always liked—they were characterized by a racy, manly, spirited style; he reasoned freely and fearlessly; and if we did not always agree with him in opinion, we were constrained to admit the ingenuity and force of his argument. His pamphlets on popular education have been made the subject of frequent and severe criticism. His plan is cer-

tainly defective—too exclusively scientific—and almost totally neglectful of the necessary culture of the heart, and the foundation of the moral and religious character. In the cause of popular education he has been an indefatigable labourer. The London University—the Mechanics’ Institute—the society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—these are evidences of his industry and perseverance. He has assisted in rearing the whole. He has been to them founder and patron—for them he has toiled and drudged. He has superintended publications—descended to the labour of abridgements—and contributed prefaces and explanatory notes. It is difficult to point to the literary labours of Brougham: celebrity was not his object—the notoriety of authorship he has studied to avoid. His ready pen has been constantly at work, and his keen and caustic style has been detected in many a political paragraph in the public prints, even when he was involved in the high and arduous duties of the Chancellorship. His discourse of natural theology, which has been lately published here, has been assailed and rather rudely handled by the reviewers of both countries. Its important aim and worthy motive would seem to entitle it to better treatment. It was evidently written in too much haste, and defects both of style, arrangement, and argument, are the necessary consequences. But no one can deny that it displays learning and research—philosophical acumen—and argumentative power.

Of Lord Brougham’s style of eloquence we have heard much. His manner is described as powerful and impressive in the extreme—his voice strong, clear, and musical—his intonations varied and appropriate—his gestures bold, yet graceful. The excitement under which he frequently speaks—leaves him all his self possession, and brings out all his energies. He is a terrible antagonist—fierce in attack—merciless in conflict. I have heard of the *tomahawk* of controversy—it is Brougham’s weapon. He is as unrelenting as a *Seminole*. His eloquence has no sympathetic feeling—no tenderness—no pathos. His speeches read well. The language is always nervous—sometimes coarse; his sentences are long, and frequently involved—parenthesis in parenthesis; but he rarely wanders—he argues closely, as well as boldly—he takes hold of his subject like one who understood it, and was determined upon a thorough investigation, and all his energies are directed to the matter in hand.

Upon the whole, what will posterity say of Lord Brougham? It must pronounce him a man of very extraordinary talents. He will be entitled to remembrance. He has filled a large space in the public eye; he has risen to the first dignity of his profession; his life has been one of incessant activity and intellectual exertion. And yet, with all his vast capacity, varied talents, and manifold acquirements, we can hardly rank him among the great writers, statesmen, or lawyers of his country. He has not put forth any great work of general interest as the foundation of his fame as a writer. He was capable of it, beyond all doubt—but he did not will it.—He prepared the desultory and hasty literary

employments of moments snatched from public business, and devoted principally to subjects of temporary interest. He has not identified himself with any continued course of substantial and successful policy, by which he might have secured to himself the enduring reputation of a distinguished statesman. The project of parliamentary reform did not originate with him, and its operation is yet to be tested; the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies—thus far at least—has not been attended with the beneficial effects that were anticipated; his modifications of the poor laws have been partially adopted, and time is required before their wisdom can be demonstrated; his scheme of public education is very imperfect, and has never received the approval of parliament; his views of law reform are in many respects, judicious and necessary—abuses have been remedied, and improvements effected, through his zealous and unyielding perseverance; his active devotion to the great duty of an elevation and improvement of the popular mind, is deserving of warm commendation, though his system of instruction may be faulty: the cause is good, and he has done a great deal for it. No productions of legal learning and research—no series of able and important decisions have appeared, to evince his profundity as a lawyer, and to give him authority in the courts. It is as an opposition leader—a fearless eloquent debater—a hard working chairman of important committees—a man of universal knowledge, that he is entitled to a conspicuous niche in the temple of history. Far greater would have been his influence—much higher that niche—had more singleness of purpose, and concentration of energy, marked his political, or his intellectual efforts; and had a prudential self control, and a conciliatory disposition aided his strong intellect—his daring spirit—his unflinching resolution—and his untiring zeal—in directing and sustaining with success, measures and plans of general benefit and practical wisdom—of moderate, judicious, and gradual reform.

J. B. S.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.—A good deal has been written about the flight of time, and the rapidity of its course and the stealthiness of its progress have been the theme of philosophers, poets, saints and sages, in all time and countries. One of the happiest illustrations we remember to have seen, is the following image from a recent novel.

“To the happy, time flies swifter than the swallow; but not so to the listless ennuye: time to the ennuye is like the high insurmountable wall by which the snail lingers and dawdles in his toilsome progress; and should he get to the top! what then! why he must toil down again; and away he goes, creeping and slipping, sliding, slowly as ever; till some mischance befalls him! he looses his hold—and down he falls, to the river that flows dark, cold, and deep below. Snail and ennuye!—they both get their falls—the one in the water, and the other in the grave. In vain they turn with regret, the one to his wall, the other to his time, despised, mispent, and lost!”

N. Y. Mirror.

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

Many years ago, there lived in western Pennsylvania, General —, a revolutionary worthy, who had done the Statesome service. He united with the courage and chivalry of the soldier an impetuous and positive temper, which brooked no contradiction of his word or disobedience of his orders. Ploughing one day on his farm, one of the horses became restive and intractable; whereupon the testy Cincinnatus struck him so violently on the head, that the animal fell lifeless at his feet. On seeing a favorite steed, lately full of life and spirit stretched on the ground, his rage was changed to regret and self reproach: but knowing nothing better to be done, he disengaged the harness and went to his house. He sent for a fellow who did odd jobs about the neighborhood, to go into the field, where he would find the horse, and skin him forthwith and take his hide to the tanner's.

"What! Roney dead!" inquired the man.
 "Dead or alive, what's that your business?" exclaimed the general, with characteristic violence; "go, do as I bid you, and never ask me questions."
 The man accordingly went to do his business, and after a considerable time returned for his pay.

"Well, Jack, what do you ask?"
 "Why, only three quarters, general!"
 "Three devils! I'll not pay it."
 "But, stop a bit, General, it isn't much considering all my trouble. I don't ax for the skinning alone, but then such a work I had to catch—"

"Fire and furies! Jack!—catch him! was Roney alive?"

"Aye, General, alive and kicking; and a pretty hot chase I had to give him round the field, before I got a chance to knock him down—"

"What, you infernal scoundrel, did you kill him?" exclaimed the veteran bursting with rage.

"Yes, sir; you know I could not skin him alive!"
 "You diabolical villain: by the eternal, I'll kill you—"

"Oh, don't General, don't," cried Jack, effecting a retreat: "there's no law as far as I know, agin killing your horse, though it mought be murder if you'd kill me. Besides you know, I always obey military orders."

The foregoing story of slaying a good steed, reminds us of an episode selected from an old Italian novel by Giovana Francesco Strapparola, which appears to be the origin of

"Wearing the Breeches" and "Taming the shrew." Upon the true source of Shakespeare's plot for this comedy, there is a variety of opinions; let the similarity between it and the subjoined incidents determine.

There were two brothers who from their youth had entertained the warmest regard for each other. Their names were Pisardo and Silverio; and they lived in Corneto—a fortress of Tuscany. The latter became enamoured of a tailor's daughter, a smart pretty and lively girl, who was addicted to every species of extravagance to gratify her vanity and taste for public amusements. So infatuated was the young husband with her beauty and vivacity, that he willingly made every sacrifice to indulge her humors and administer to her excesses. As a natural consequence, the lady soon assumed absolute sway over Silverio's household. He lost all control of his wife, his servants, and even of his own movements, and nothing was done without her sanction. Yet the yoke was sweet to the doating husband, and he neither felt the shame of his wife's supremacy, nor the indignities which his tame submission to it brought upon him.

Espaniella had a sister equally fair and fascinating

as herself, but who betrayed a similar disposition to domineer in her father's family, and demand the acquiescence of every one in her unreasonable desires. This queenly creature, Pisardo addressed and married. After the rejoicing and festivity of the nuptials, Pisardo took his bride to his own house. Before they were domesticated, he had discovered her family failings, her total neglect of economy in every thing, her disposition to command, and above all, her self-will and spirit of contradiction. Aware, too, of his brother's unhappiness from the same temperament in his sister-in-law, he determined to correct the evil in his own house from the start. As soon, therefore, as his wife and he had entered it, he went to a closet and produced a pair of rich velvet breeches and two heavy sticks.

"My dear Fiorella," said he, "you see clearly that these are men's breeches."

"Yes my dear, and what of that?"

"And you see that these are a pair of stout cudgels?"

"What do you mean? Do you suppose I am a fool?"

"Oh no, my dear; you shall see what I mean. Take hold of one leg of these breeches. There; that's right. Now I will hold the other."

"Well, simpleton, what now?"

"Take, my dear Fiorella, one of these sticks in your other hand. There; just so!"

"How long sir, do you suppose I shall continue this nonsense?"

"Oh! just a moment. If you are ready now for blows, my dear, use your weapon; I have mine prepared. Let us hold on to the breeches and beat each other, until one of us is knocked down and conquered. The victor will take the breeches, and the vanquished shall be forever humble and submissive to the wearer's authority."

Fiorella was struck dumb, but not with the cudgel. For a considerable time she remained motionless, gazing upon the superior form and resolute countenance of Pisardo. There was no kind of levity in his manner, as he glanced alternately from his stupefied spouse to the stick in his hand. At last the power of speech, which surprise and fright had suspended, was restored, and with a tremulous voice, she uttered these words:

"Alas! my dear Pisardo, why should you act thus? Are you not the husband? and therefore my lord and master, and having a right to claim duty and obedience from me and all my household? Am I not the wife? and bound to do your will, and obey your commands? This is the written precept of the Creator, consented to by all the female race; and I truly feel its obligation. Then, sweet Pisardo, I must not wear the breeches: take them, they are yours, and fit for you alone; I cannot think they would become my sex, all things considered."

"Oh, but my dear, you may as well try—"

"No, no! I confess I am conquered: I confess I am a woman; and in this name is embraced respect, dependence and subjection."

"Well spoken, my Fiorella! but unhappily, the name of woman has another meaning, inconstancy. Prove, however, by your conduct that this term is unjust, or at least inapplicable to you, and I shall continue to love and cherish you."

Whether Pisardo had full confidence in his convert or not, he determined to exhibit a specimen of discipline, which might ensure gentle and amiable behaviour in Fiorella. Among his horses, one which was most beautiful in appearance, had so many bad qualities that no use could be made of him. Designing to shew the new mistress of his establishment all its comforts and luxuries, he conducted her through the gardens and grounds, and finally to the stable. He entered with a whip in his hand, and he displayed the horses, all, except one of the most delicate shape and

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.
OUR NATIONAL ENSIGN.

Flag of the planet gems!
 Whose sapphire-circled diadems
 Stud every sea, and shore, and sky;
 Oh! can thy children gaze
 Upon thy silver blaze,
 Nor kindle at thy rays,
 Which led the brave of old to die?
 Thou banner, beautiful and grand,
 Float thou for ever o'er our land!

Flag of the stripes of fire!
 Long as the bard his lofty lyre
 Can strike, thou shalt inspire our song.
 We'll sing thee—round the hearth,
 We'll sing thee—on strange earth,
 We'll sing thee—when we forth
 To battle go, with clarion tongue,
 Flag of the free and brave in blood,
 For aye be thou the blest of God!

Flag of the bird of Jove!
 Who left the clouds and stars above,
 To point the Hero's lightning path;
 Around thee we will stand,
 With glittering sword in hand,
 And swear to guard the land
 Which tamed the British lion's wrath!
 Flag of the West! be thou unfurled
 Till the last trump arouse the world!

Flag of two ocean shores!
 Whose everlasting thunder roars,
 From deep to deep, in storm and foam,
 Tho' with the sun's red set
 Thou sink'st to slumber, yet
 With him, in glory great,
 Thou risest, and shall share his tomb!
 Thou banner, beautiful and grand,
 Float thou for ever o'er our land! VAPID.

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory! And finally, why is it that brighter forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and taken away from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—*Bulwer.*

graceful carriage, obeyed his voice. But this animal was intractable, and would yield neither to the word or blow; at last Pisardo seized a club and felled the beast with a single stroke, and not being able to avoid his boots, received two or three severe kicks. Concealing the pain which he suffered, he drew his sword and thrust it through the heart of the prostrate horse.

"Good God!" exclaimed Fiorella, "is it possible, Pisardo, you can kill so fine an animal?"

"Know my Fiorella, that all that eat my bread, shall obey my orders."

Poor Fiorella was dreadfully shocked to find herself united to a man of such violent passions; but as she could not help herself, she wisely determined to submit. Acting under this resolution she soon discovered that Pisardo was kind, affectionate, and disposed to gratify all her reasonable desires. Never had she been so truly happy; and a more devoted pair where not to be found in all Tuscany!

It chanced after these occurrences that the henpecked Silverio visited his happy brother. Observing the quiet manner in which the latter's domestic affairs were managed, he felt the strongest desire to effect a revolution under his own roof, and obtained from Pisardo a recital of the means he had employed to reform his wife and ensure his comfort. Full of a similar scheme, Silverio returned to his home, and as soon as he had crossed the threshold, ordered the lady Espinella to bring him his newest and best breeches. Meanwhile he provided a couple of stout canes, and proceeded to business as his brother had done with Fiorella.—The scheme ended in a torrent of scornful abuse on the part of the shrew.

"What! are you mad? Do you think I would wear your breeches? No, indeed! Keep your own wardrobe, and I will keep my house. I am not to be tutored by you at this late day."

Silverio was somewhat staggered by the failure of this part of the plan; but he resolved to carry out the measure, and as he could not force, he persuaded his wife to go to the stable. There flourishing a whip about the horses, he selected the handsomest and best, and dealt him a fatal blow, betraying the utmost fury in his manner.

"Why, you brute! you fool!" cried the gentle Espinella, "are you bereft of your senses to kill wantonly your best horse?"

"No, madam; I shall serve all around me thus that oppose my wishes. Whoever eats my bread, shall obey my will!"

"Aye madman; use your beasts so, if you will. See! you have destroyed the finest horse in the service of the Pope, and have injured your own consequence. I think I perceive your design; but it is futile; your passion has no terror for me—I have known you too long."

Silverio was silent; his spirit drooped, and the fair dame continued;

"What have you gained by this, vain man, except self-reproach, shame and sorrow?"

The unfortunate husband returned to his brother and narrated the failure of his efforts to amend his wife's temper and conduct; and blamed Pisardo for exposing him to the abuse and the laughter of his neighbors.

"My dear brother," answered Pisardo, "it was foolish to make the attempt. To have slain a serviceable animal was a crime, and could only bring contempt upon the perpetrator; but you have been altogether wrong. He who would tame a shrew must not only wear the breeches, but from the start, must use the strength and authority becoming the proper wearer."

Be just in all thy actions, and if joined with those that are not, never change thy mind:

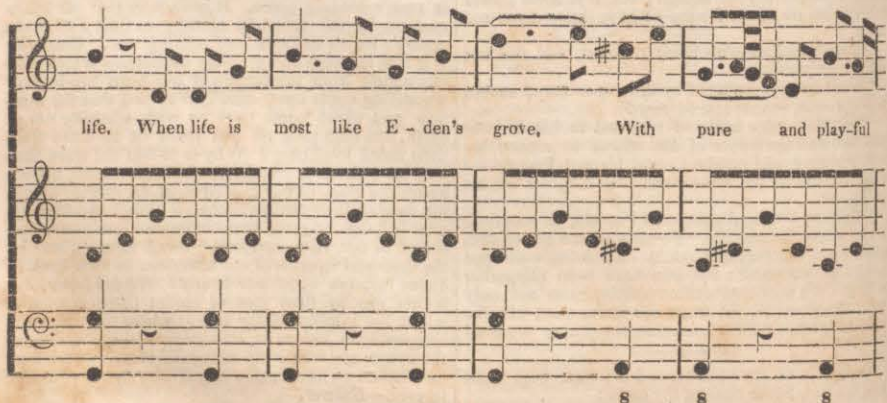
A MOTHER'S LOVE!

As Sung by Mrs. Rowbotham,

IN THE WEPT OF THE WISH-TON-WISH.

Arranged for the Piano Forte by B. Cross.

Andante Semplice.

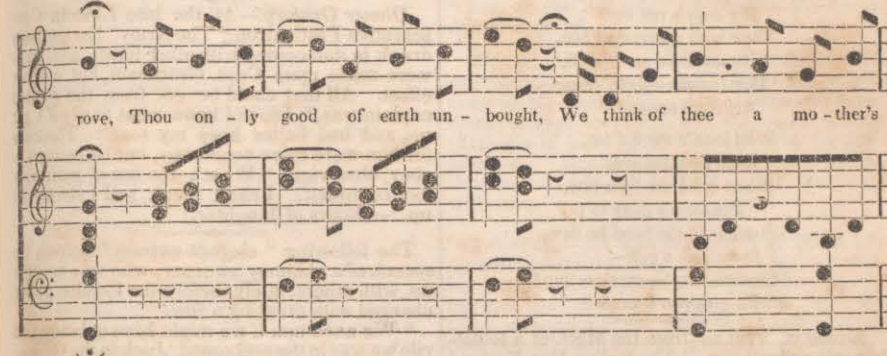
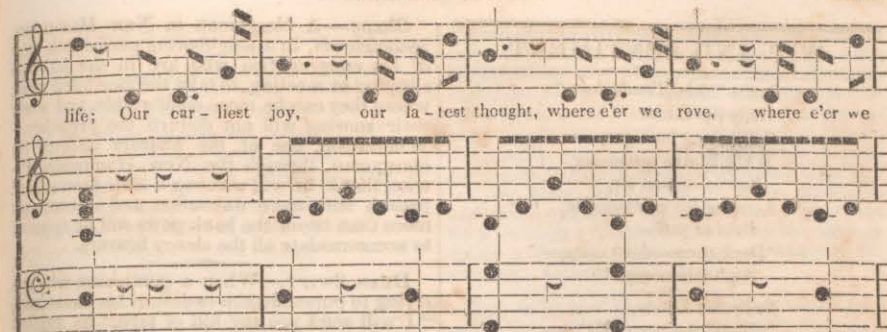


A mo-ther's love, a mo-ther's love, The dew that falls on op'-ning

life. When life is most like E - den's grove, With pure and play-ful

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

537



life; Our ear - liest joy, our la - test thought, where e'er we rove, where e'er we

rove, Thou on - ly good of earth un - bought, We think of thee a mo - ther's

love, Thou on - ly good of earth un-bought, A mo-ther's love, a mo-ther's

love, we think of thee, a mo - ther's love.

a piacere.

Tempo

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Air.—"The Troubadour."

Gaily the Editor

Smoking his cigar,

While he was scissoring

News near and far,

Looking for murders dire,

Item or puff—

'Devil come—devil come—

Ain't this enough?"

Sadly the Editor

Heard the boy shout,

'Paragraphs!—paragraphs!—

My copy's run out.'

Then with a nervelss pen,

He scribbled some stuff,

'Devil come—devil come—

Ain't this enough?"

Wild look'd the Editor,

Rage fired his eye,

When cried the little imp,

'The form's gone to pi!'

Straight to the fiend he flew,

Gave him a cuff—

Careless imp!—careless imp!—

I'll give you enough!"

MUSICAL TITLES (from the MSS. of a loblolly boy's collection)—"The Italian Man Friday." 'Brite shant I cleer.' 'Howe sweet in the Oodlings.' 'Live Letters cherish.' 'Old Lady Fare.' 'A jew, a jew, my dearest life.' 'Haul in the Downes.' 'Moggy's Larder.' 'Herring go bray.' 'Veeve henry Cart.' 'Kobin had hair.'—*Idem.*

"Mrs. Trollope was one of the greatest reformers of the day. The segar-smokers, the tobacco-chewers, the sit-up-against-the-wall-with-their-feet-under-the-rounds-of-the-chair-men, the run-and-hurry-rough-and-tumble-eaters,—need another lesson or two."

The above is from the New York Express; Mr. Brooks is right. The puff-tococco-smoke-in-your-face-men, the spit-on-your-carpet-men, the lie-down-on-the-sofa-in-the-presence-of-ladies-men, the pick-their-teeth-at-the-table-men, the stand-on-the-side-walk-so-that-the-ladies-can-scarcely-get-along-men, and the gabble-in-the-theatre-men-and-women, and the sit-on-the-front-porticos-of-the-public-hotels-with-their-feet-on-the-railing-men, all need to be gently rubbed with a brush made of pins, or tickled with a rusty nail.—*Philada. Com. Adv.*

Yankee Wit.—A 'notion seller' was offering yankee clocks, finely varnished, and gaudily coloured, and with a looking glass in front, to some one not remarkable for personal charms. 'Why, it's beautiful,' says the vender. 'Beautiful indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!' 'Then mister,' replied Jonathan, 'guess you'd better buy one that ha'nt got no looking glass.'

Sleepy.—A clergyman in New Hampshire, recommends, in a neighboring periodical, those of his congregation who are in the habit of sleeping at meeting, to take the four back pews, where they can be more comfortable, and where their snoring will not disturb the preacher.—Whereupon, one of the hearers informs the clergyman, through the New Hampshire Patriot, that if he will wake up a little himself, and preach with more animation and interest, not more than two of the back pews will be required to accommodate all the sleepy hearers.

DEAN SWIFT.—When a gentleman who was trying to persuade him to dine at his house, said, "I will send you my bill of fare," he replied, "send me your bill of company."

Dinner Oratory.—At the late Lincoln Conservative Festival, on "The Army" having been drunk in due course with other toasts, loud calls were made upon Capt. Grantham, but without effect. All that could be got from the gallant captain was, "I do not know what to say if I get up, and had better keep my seat." The calls for him were more vociferous, but he refused to obey, observing, "What's the use of making a fool of myself? I can't speak, and I shan't get up."—(Roars of laughter.)

The following "elegant extract" is from the speech of a chimney sweeper, who was brought up, with others, lately, before the London police charged with creating a row.

"We axed him if we might have a dance, and vile we wer in the reel round 'Jack in the Green,' he cum'd and turned us away for nuffen votsum-dever; there are some o' these ere chaps vat goes about vot are not serveeps, (pulling up his trousers) but if yer vorship wants to be satisfied on that ere subject, only look at my knees (showing large corns on his knee-pans.) I assure yer vorship ve are reglar flue-flakers, and I've been up the smallest flues in the country. I was born a serveep, I've lived a serveep, and I'll die a serveep."—(Laughter.)

NOT SO DRUNK AS SOME OTHERS.—We are told that a down easter, who had been celebrating the 4th of July in a miscellaneous way about town, found himself after dark becoming somewhat "tosticated." He straightway thought it judicious to make tracks for his lodgings, as a sensible man would; but in crossing the Park he lost the run of his "whereabouts," and imagined that he had reached his home. Chuckling with the idea of his timely escape, he very complacently pulled off his boots and opened the Park gate, put them outside of the fence to be cleaned, and then laid himself down for the night upon the green sward, where he unaccountably found himself in the morning. A loafer had taken his boots to clean.

Copy (*literatim*) of a note sent to the clerk of a parish:—Mister, my wife is ded, and wants to be berrid; dig a griefer for her, and she shall come and be berrid tomorrow at wonner clock. You knows were to dig it, close by my other wife; but let it be dip.

COMICALITIES.

The Irishman and the Dancing-Master.

A gentleman from Erin's coast,
Of Waterford the pride and boast,
Who kiss'd the pretty girls by dozens,
And fought and quarrel'd with their cousins,
Who'd been before the Mayor at Cork,
(Like the famed Marquis at New York)
For being drunk, rude and uncivil,
And sending charleys to the devil,
Was shipp'd to London's famous town,
Which, deeds was thought, of such renown
A better suff'rance might afford
Than the small scope of Waterford.

In all his pockets, vest, surtout,
And leather packing case to boot,
Letters of introduction lay,
That Erin's son might wing his way
To fashion's ton. "Hold, hold," cries he,
"Fitz-phelim 'twould be policy
Before you go to these high places
To take some steps to win the graces;
That those who look on you may see
No signs of your rusticity."

This was no sooner said than done,
A dancing master found he—one
Who was and is—but all must know,
The ballet's life and soul, Perrot,
"You are Monsieur," Fitz Phelim cried,
"Un maitre du danse," Perrot replied.
"What may your price of terms, Sir, be
To step me to gentility?"
"For the first lesson," said Perrot,
"Mes termes are joost two guineas, Oh!
"But for the second and all o'er
You sal pay one guinea, no more!"
Said Phelim like a man of sense,
"Sir, with the second I'll commence." F. W.

One afternoon, five or six weeks ago, a young girl, only 16 years of age, threw herself into the Seine, (at Paris,) but was immediately taken out by a bargeman, after she had passed under his barge. On being questioned as to her motives, she said that her mother had refused to give her a new gown, and she therefore executed a threat she made at the time, that she would drown herself, though her mother told her she would not have courage enough!!

Something Queer.—The following advertisement appears in the Albany Evening Journal: *Vive la Rue coolers.*—Open this day some stocks, distinguished by the above name, as the air ascends through them to the bottom of the boots, which is very agreeable to the health in these days.

P. S. The old and young screamers in great variety at Staats' house, in Pearl street, opposite the market, six doors from State street—so call and see for yourself.

Invitation to America.—The editor of the Ontario Repository says, the following has been furnished as part of a genuine letter from an emigrant son of the Emerald Isle, now in Canandaigua, to his friends at home. It is probably a pretty fair sample of the nature of the inducements, which operate on the mass of poor emigrants from that long mis-governed country:—"My Dear Jim—Come to swate Ameriky, and come quickly. Here you can buy praties for 2 shillings a bushel, and whiskey the same; a dollar a day for digging, and no hanging for stealing. Och! come," &c.

Bass is at last dead—but he died with a joke on his lips.—When he was fast sinking, his nurse said to him, "Will you be raised up Mr. Bass?" "Yes, on the last day," he replied, and immediately expired.

Wicked Confession.—A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose, the Quaker observed, "Really friend if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or, if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood.

"That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady, of much observation and experience, remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tenderer, and more refined feeling of the heart which is so apparent in every action, in every word."

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.—*Athenæum.*

The first lesson in music.—An Irish gentleman called on an eminent singing master to inquire his terms, the maestro said that he charged two guineas for the first lesson, but only one guinea for as many as he pleased afterwards. "O bother the first lesson (said the applicant) let us commence at the second!"—*Musical World.*

The following is a literal copy of a letter sent to a medical gentleman, not far distant from Blackburn:

"Cer—Yole oblige me if yole kom un ce me, I have had a Bad kowld, am Hill in my Bow Hills and have lost my Happy Tight."

Turkey Bosom.—Terence O'Brien was attached (in company with Peter Simple) to one of the British frigates, which was ordered to the West Indies. While there he attended "a dignity ball" by the colored "ladies and gentlemen." After having danced the last country dance with "Miss Minerva," he of course had the honor of handing her into the supper room. "It was my fate," says he, "to sit opposite to a fine turkey, and I asked my partner if I should not have the pleasure of helping her to a piece of the breast. She looked at me very indignantly, and said, 'Curse your impudence, sar, I wonder where you larn manners. Sar, I take a lilly turkey bosom, if you please.'"

National Predilections.—There are several kinds of drinkers, each of which has his own taste; and that every country has its peculiar beverage, we have evidence in the following old ballad:—

The Russ loves brandy, Dutchmen beer
The Indian rum most mighty;
The Welchman sweet metheglin quaffs,
The Irish aqua vitæ;
The French extol the Orleans grape,
The Spaniard tipples sherry;
The English none of these escape,
For they with all make merry.

Scientific pun.—A gentleman was showing a friend a balloon of ox-bladder inflated with oxygen. "But (observed the friend) if the oxygen should escape, how can you get it into the bladder again?" "That is not the difficulty (quoth a bystander,) it is not how to get the oxygen into the bladder again, but how to get the bladder into the ox-again!"

A correspondent, referring to the "five bottle man," recorded in Fraser's Magazine, gives the following information: "His name was Van Horn, and he was a Hambro' merchant, and belonged to a club called the Amicable society, held at the Bull inn, Bishopsgate street, for a period of twenty-two years. During the above period, he drank 85,580 bottles of wine, which makes 2972 dozen and four bottles, averaging at nearly four bottles per day. He did not miss drinking the above quantity but two days, the one of which was the burial of his wife, and the other the marriage of his daughter. He lived till he was ninety years of age.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.—There are many incidents in the early naval history of our country, worth preserving, among which is the following anecdote of the heroic Tingey. When he commanded the Ganges, in 1799, being off Cape Nicola Mole, he was boarded by a boat from the English frigate Surprise, and all the Englishmen on board were demanded, and also permission to examine the protections of the American seamen. Capt. Tingey returned the following manly and noble answer; "A public ship carries no protection for her men but her flag. I do not expect to succeed in a contest with you; but I will die at my quarters before a man shall be taken from the ship." The crew gave three hearty cheers, hastened with alacrity to their

quarters, and called for *Yankee Doodle*. The Captain of the Surprise, on hearing of the determination of the Yankees, chose rather to pursue his course, than to do battle for dead men.—*Boston Journal*.

National characteristics.—There is, in central Africa, an elective monarchy, where an intelligent and moral people choose, from among themselves, a sovereign, whose requisite qualification is superior merit; and such chieftain generally constitutes the happiness of his subjects. Napoleon Buonaparte styled Great Britain a nation of shopkeepers; but, in the former, we recognise a nation of black-king (*blacking*) makers; who, like Mr. Robert Warren, 30 Strand, may acquire celebrity as the best in the world.—*Travels in Africa*.

Jo Socabasin—one of our Penobscot Indians—not long since, was sued for a sum of \$5, by a white man, before 'squire Johnson. On the day of the trial, Jo made his appearance and tendered the requisite amount for debt and costs, and demanded a receipt in full. "Why, Jo, it is not usual—it is entirely unnecessary," said the 'squire. "O yes, me want 'um receipt sartin." "I tell you Jo, a receipt will do you no good." "Sartin 'squire Johnson, I want 'um."—"What do you want it for, Jo?" "O, sponse me die and go to heaven—then sponse they say—Well, Jo Socabasin, you owe any man now?" Then me say, "No." "Very well—did you payum Ben Johnson?" "O yes, me payum."—"Well, then, sponse you show 'um receipt!" Then me have to go way off down—and run all over hell, to huntum up 'squire Johnson!"—*Bangor Press*.

Female Convicts.—"On the third morning, 200 of these viragos attacked the workmen, took from them their hammers and sledges, broke open the huge prison doors, and rushed into the town, attacking the bakers' shops, &c. The troops were ordered out, the light company of H. M. 57th regiment in advance; the women beat a retreat towards the surrounding hills while the bugles of the troops sounded a charge; the object being to prevent the factory ladies taking refuge in the bush; which ruse, had it succeeded, would have rendered it difficult to predict whether Venus or Mars would have conquered; however, after various skirmishes or feints, and divers marches and countermarches, the drums and bugles announced a parley—the battle was considered a drawn fight—and a treaty agreed to, in which it was stipulated that the fair combatants should march back, with all the honors of war, within the gates of the factory, all delinquencies forgiven, and the usual allowance of tea and sugar restored. This little incident will give an idea of the determined character of the female prisoners at New South Wales.—*Martin's Colon. Libr.*

Most women, judge of the merit and good mien of a man, by what impression they make on themselves, and rarely allow either one or the other, to the person they are not touched with.—*La Bruyere*.



OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsies and masking,
Till life fled from us like an idle dream ;
A show of mummery without a meaning.

No. 11. PHILADELPHIA.—NOVEMBER. [1836.]

CARNIVAL AT POTOSI.

A recent traveller in Peru gives a lively account of the manner in which the last day of the Carnival is celebrated at Potosi. 'Grandfathers and grandmothers,' says he, 'with one foot in the grave, withdraw it on this occasion for a last hop in the dancing ring of the younger generations. All seemed inspired with the innocent folly of childhood, and the whole population becomes blended in one family party of joy and jubilee !'

During the day, egg-shells filled with perfumed waters, showers of powdered starch, and bonbons, are thrown by the ladies and gentleman at each other ; and, as all jests are tolerated, no one can be offended even if he is drenched with cologne, or covered with flour. Dancing, singing, racing, screaming, and other manifestations of wild joy, fill up the early part of the day.

Towards evening, the mirth, which for a time has subsided, is renewed. According to ancient custom, the people adorn themselves in all the finery they either possess or can borrow ; they then proceed in promenade to the plain under the great mountain near the city, some to sit and converse, and some to dance, till sunset. The scene is curious and brilliant. The quantity of diamonds, pearls, and gold ornaments, displayed on the occasion is immense. Some of the ear-rings worn by the ladies are so ponderous, as to be supported by gold chains passing over the head. The dress of some of the females is remarkable. It consists of a full plaited petticoat, containing twelve or fourteen yards of rich velvet or satin, trimmed with ribbons of the most gaudy colors, and festoons of artificial flowers. A scarf is thrown over the shoulders, but in such a manner as to display the raven tresses that hang in plaits down the back ; on the head, a narrow-brimmed black hat is sometimes worn. The whole produces a very striking, and not unpleasant effect.

46, 1836.

Such is the exhibition on the plain, which is for the purpose of burying the festivities of the carnival. The guitars, fiddles, and pipes, are bound round with black crape ; and when the use of these instruments is over, the emblems of mourning are deposited in the earth, and thus the ceremonies cease.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

When first thine infant cry was breath'd,
Our hearts with gladness thrill'd—
Thy anxious mother's bosom heav'd
With joy—with rapture, fill'd.
Hope—future bliss, and happiness,
On our glad view descended—
And welcome was thy fond caress—
With love and sorrow blended.

But scarce hadst thou to us been born—
The measure of our joy—
Death ! cruel Death—from us hath torn
Our babe—our hope—our boy.
Thy cup of life, dear boy, has been,
A bitter cup, indeed—
Unconscious of a worldly sin—
Stainless of any deed.

Yet hast thou borne, while on this earth,
Full portion of its woes ;
And suffer'd, till the hand of Death,
Thy beaming eyes did close.
But thou art gone !—the Saviour Christ,
Hath kindly taken thee
Unto his arms—THAT PLACE OF REST—
One bright Eternity.

Adieu ! Sweet treasure of our love !
A fond, a last farewell !
Thy spirit seeks the realms above—
Once more—farewell, farewell !

G. F. T.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN IN EAST FLORIDA.

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

And in the forest's melancholy sigh,
Amid those shades that vainly spread their arms
To shield them from their foes, I seem to hear
A spirit sad, in murmuring accents mourn
The hapless fortunes of the pristine race—
Lords once of an unbounded heritage!
But now, like evening's beams upon their hills,
Waning full fast, and doomed to perish quite.—ONEA.

HAVING had a taste of the perils and privations of a campaign during a severe seven weeks' service in the wilds of East Florida, we came to the conclusion that war—war, at least, against the Seminole in his impregnable fastnesses—is not exactly the thing it is cracked up to be. We there saw a gallant and experienced General baffled, and his science put at naught by the constancy and courage of the fierce descendants of the Yemassee—backed, it is true, by a combination of physical circumstances that resulted in snatching the laurel from the brows of Scott, to place it upon those of Ocoola!* We there saw the Veteran and Volunteer, to-day burning with high hope, and to-morrow cursing the evil hour that sent him to fight against an invisible enemy in the murderous hammock! There, too, we saw the chin-heads, the cypress knees and palmetto roots, that live along the mystic banks of the Outhlacoochy, bristling up at the approach of the white man, and as if in martial sympathy with the invaded Indian. In short, we there saw an army of five thousand men, marching in three different divisions, each with a practised General at its head, to circumvent the Seminole in his native woods—and, by a singular coincidence, meeting each other at a distance of 100 miles from their several starting posts, without being able to give any account of the foe—hungry, sick, disappointed, and discouraged!

As a prelude, perhaps not altogether in appropriate, to this ill-starred campaign, we shall here give a short account of a scene at which we were present, about eight months previous to the breaking out of hostilities, and in which Generals Clinch and Thompson, Ocoola, Jumper, Micanopy and Abraham, were the chief actors. It was then and there that the war spirit was perhaps first kindled in the haughty bosom of the Seminole—that spirit which has since passed over the once fair face of Eastern Florida—blurring, and almost obliterating, its lineaments!

It was on a fine morning in April, now fifteen months ago, that a friend (a planter in the famous *Alachua* district, west of the St. John's river) who had come down to St. Augustine on a visit, proposed to us a jaunt up to his plantation, about thirteen miles distant from the Seminole Agency, (Fort King,) at which place it was known, far and wide, that a *talk* was to be held with the nation upon the subject of their removal west of the Mississippi. Having provided ourselves with a due quantum of cheese and

* The name is generally, but incorrectly, spelt with an s. The above is the true orthography.

crackers, (which we stowed away in a candle box,) a change of linen, a hatchet, and lots of twine, in case of accidents to our gear—we sat out upon our journey. Picoleta, 18 miles from St. Augustine, was our first stage. It is an extremely solitary, though rather pretty, place. The site is one of the boldest on the river; while a single house greets the traveller on his approach to the spot. It commands a fine view of the vast waters of the St. John's; and is well adapted to the comfort of those who in the winter visit Picoleta for the benefit of their health. It was agreed that we should cross the river early the next morning, for the purpose of getting over the flat that was to take our horse and wagon on the other side. Our only conveyance was a batteau—and a beautiful affair it was! The alligators had evidently been feeding upon it for the last 12 months. It was flat bottomed, and sat like a wafer on the wave. And there was the majestic river heaving high and heavily before us, (for the day was gusty,) and exhibiting an expanse of more than 2 miles across, broken into ridgy summits capped by the white foam, in the midst of which we saw the black and unsightly heads of the numerous alligators that infest the waters of Florida—river, lake, pond and pool; and, after a heavy rain, not unfrequently disputing the very road with the astonished traveller, in that low, wet country.

It was not until we had got fairly out from the shore, that we could appreciate the thrilling nature of our situation. The mighty river seemed to come booming over us! and we involuntarily rose halfway from our seat as if to anticipate our fate by leaping headlong into the black and formidable waters that appeared to spurn our unworthy bark from their bosom!

We reached the opposite shore, however, in safety; got over our travelling equipage, and at day-break the next morning commenced our journey along the Bellamy road. The grass waved over it—for it had been then but little used—and our progress was altogether a matter of guess-work. Night came on, and we had to camp out—made a large fire, wrapt our cloaks round us, and lay down to sleep—for nothing had we to eat—having been upset in a pond, where we lost all our cheese and biscuit!

The sensation on waking up after a doze in the wilderness at night, it would be difficult to convey an idea of to one who has never experienced it. The first thought is—is all safe! An object, though but a few yards from you—a cart, or a horse—will for an instant startle you—for all is strange and still! And yet the mound and the morass appear to whisper! and if there be a breeze abroad—though but a breath—it seems to moan in accents almost human! The senses grow thick; they labour—and the fall of a leaf has its fear!

We were up by times, and reached Micanopy (named after the chief of the Seminoles, whom they call "Governor,") about sunset. At the expiration of a week (during which we amused ourselves with shooting alligators,) we sat out for the Agency, about 30 miles distant. It was not until we got within sight of the flag-staff, that waved its ample folds above the surrounding woods, that we were reminded of being in a

country inhabited by man; and the first of the race whom we met were two young Indians, saluting forth upon what errand we knew not. We hailed them; and, as is usual where they do not understand you, they *laughed*—and passed on. There is something wild, and scarcely natural, in the laugh of the Indian; and we never felt less inclined to trust him, than when he—*laughed!* On driving up to the Fort (so called—two or three plain houses, one a barrack—and since picketted,) we saw them in all directions; young and old, big and little; men, women and children. Their *shantees* were to be seen in almost every quarter, at irregular distances—as if dropped by chance—far as the eye could reach. They looked like men who had come there on business of moment to them and theirs. Portions of them were collected in groups about the house of the *Suller* (poor Rogers, whom they afterwards shot,) but seemed to avoid the quarters of Generals Clinch and Thompson—or, if they approached them, it was with evident distrust. They would sometimes stalk by, casting a furtive glance at the piazza, where the officers usually lounged away the day, as if their object was to reconnoiter the position; and we never saw them give us the go by after this manner, without fancying that they meditated mischief. At every beat of the drum, however, they would collect in crowds, but at cool distance, to see the men go through the drill. The greater part of them were fine, martial looking fellows, much perplexed upon the subject of the treaty.

THE "TALK"—OCEOLA.

We were one evening seated in the piazza, asking various questions about them, when a somewhat tall, slightly, but well-built Indian, came suddenly and quickly up the steps, taking us almost by surprise. His air was unassuming, but graceful and dignified; and his presence marked by great self-possession. He had a slight stoop in the shoulders, but carried his limbs as if their joints had been oiled. The play of his arms was singularly free and rapid, as, indeed, were the movements of the whole man; but the manner in which he used his arms we were particularly struck with—it was characterized by that ease and energy which may be observed in animals accustomed to spring upon their prey, but which we had never before seen displayed in the action of the human arm—not, at least, in the same degree. His waist was small, the whole figure elegant—and yet it inspired you with the idea of combined craft and power. He walked with his head down, which, together with the crouching of the shoulders, and that peculiar action of the arms, occasioned you, if in the same path with him, involuntarily to give way; yet, not without a certain feeling of admiration for the fine and flexible form that moved with an air of wild freedom so fleetly and silently before you. But if the figure of the man, which, without being at first striking, would yet gradually grow on the attention, presented an image of combined energy and elegance, the face was eminently worthy of a Raphael! The prevailing tone was that of profound melancholy, which rendered his smile the most wildly beautiful we had ever beheld. The eye, shaded by long, dark lashes,

appeared to sleep as within a shroud, but it was a shroud of thoughts, which you could not doubt had for their subject the sad fortunes of his race, hundreds of whom were there around him, reminding him by their presence of their impending doom—if, indeed, he ever could forget this—for did not the wing of that cloudy destiny which hovered over them, throw, too, its cold shadow upon him? It was an eye, then, full of fearful meaning; anxious, restless, when not fixed in thought, for then it riveted as if it grew upon the object on which its gaze had fallen. When in one of these moods of intense musing, the head would be partially turned on one side, as if looking over the shoulder, which gave an air of deeper abstraction to his manner, from which, whenever recalled by any thing said or done by those near him, it was always with one of those beautiful and seemingly unconscious smiles that acted like a mysterious charm on the beholder; it fascinated while it *froze*d; you admired, and yet shrunk from it; for after all, was it not the smile of a savage, a high souled Indian, without doubt; daring, dauntless; of amazing powers of mind and body; courage to bear, as well as act; but one, nevertheless, whose bloody code interposed a perpetual barrier between your sympathies and his. Perhaps, however, the most characteristic, as it certainly was the most marked, feature of the face, was the mouth, for it was one of those mouths in which "a deal of scorn looks beautiful!" The space between it and the chin was such as to give to the curled under lip an air of high disdain, of indignant energy; while a faint, perhaps, but indelible trait of ferocity played around that noble mouth, at each corner of which a speck of froth, white as the flaked snow, yet wrathful, as if it had been forced up there by the workings of the vexed spirit within, might generally be seen enhancing, in no small degree, the savage expression of the mouth we are describing. There was a tremulous motion about the lips; it was but the faint breath from the whirlwind of that stormy soul that played upon them, and gave to them their nearly audible vibration—they seemed as if they panted but to curse or kill!

It was this contrast between the repose of one feature, and the constant and almost painful play of the other; between the quiet of the eye and the action of the mouth, that might be said to stamp its peculiar character upon the face of this Micasuky Chief. The nose was Grecian, perfect! worthy of the Phidian chisel. The chin ample, square, and firmly set. The head not large, though somewhat long, but with nothing of the "retreating forehead and deprest vertex," which is believed to indicate an inferior grade of intellect. The head, on the contrary, was altogether a fine one. His dress was plain, though full—leggings; the hunting shirt and turban; with moccasins of fine soft leather, closely fitted to his feet, which were not large, exhibiting the hollow sole and high instep, for which, indeed, the Indian is in general remarkable—made up the exterior of the Sub-Chief, for such only at that time was he. In eight months after, by dint of prowess and of pains, he ranked the very best of them; and at the sound of his voice not alone the Micasukies might be seen to prick their ears!

Such was the appearance of this now famous Seminole warrior; such the physical man, at the time we saw him.—For that other history of him, it is written in his deeds.

As might be supposed, the first question asked by those who had come to be present at the "Talk," was, "How is Powel—on which side is he?" To this we received for answer—"O he is one of the opposition; but he is fast coming round. He has given us much trouble—restless, turbulent, dangerous—he has been busy with his people, dissuading them against the treaty—and thus sowing the seeds of discord where his influence,—for, though young, and a sub-chief merely, he is manifestly a rising man among them—if exerted on our side would greatly facilitate our views. But he has cooled down latterly, and we have great hopes of him now."—Truly a hopeful proselyte has he proved himself! He would come frequently and familiarly to the General's (Cinch's) quarters, and "Well, Powel," was the accustomed salutation. We had the honor of taking him once by the hand, and but once—for he left an impression upon our palm and fingers which we had no desire to have renewed. It was neither idleness, nor idle curiosity, that brought him so often to the quarters of the officers. He profited by all he saw and heard—appeared to gauge the capacities, and comprehend the qualities of those around him; and would always go away, if not a better, yet a wiser man than he came. He was never to be seen vaguely and idle mixing with his people. We do not remember to have once observed him in any of the numerous groups that would be collected for miles around the fort. His presence was felt without being seen. He ruled the many through the agency of the few. His "talks" were in the lowest key, and generally in private. He would take his auditor aside—but without appearing to do it—and would achieve more in few words than the majority of our Congressional orators in their vasty speeches. Yet he was shy of being seen thus engaged, and, as we have said, would most commonly retire, with his subordinate, to some place where he could be free from observation—and we are not likely soon to forget his sudden apparition, followed by a dark, fierce looking savage, into our sleeping apartment early one morning, yet not before we had risen and were drest. Our cot stood behind the door of the room, and on coming forward we saw him seated on a skeleton bedstead at the opposite end of the chamber, in earnest conversation with the Indian at his side. So stealthy had been their tread, that we were unconscious of their presence, till, turning, we beheld them in the position we have described. The sight startled us—for it was early, and every thing was still—but, although our sudden appearance from behind the door, must have been as little looked for by them, as most assuredly was theirs by us, yet neither limb nor lineament was discomposed; was stirred—not a muscle moved—the very eye appeared as a fixture—and, in short, they took no more notice of us than if we had been nothing at all! Our sensations, on the whole, were none of the most agreeable. The freedom of our chamber had been somewhat unceremoniously taken, and our very presence treated as though

it had been a nonentity. We concluded, however, that as Ocoola neither stood upon ceremony, nor stuck at trifles, it would be best to take no notice of him, and so we very quietly and cordially withdrew.

We had not been twenty-four hours at the agency before we were enabled to perceive that the Seminoles did not relish the business that had brought them there. The chiefs—all, at least, of the delegation who had gone to look at the land of promise, west of the Mississippi, were manifestly in a dilemma. They had signed the treaty, weakly, perhaps, wickedly, signed it, without previous consultation with their people, as had been stipulated for; and the latter very naturally and properly refused to be thus bound over by the unauthorised act of a few, merely, of their number. The signing of the treaty was, in truth, a breach of faith towards the nation, on the part of the chiefs; and our Government has yet to answer the question, "Were you not aware that the delegation had no authority to do what they did? that the Seminoles had never agreed to be absolutely bound by what might be the views, or mere will, of that delegation? that they had instructed the chiefs to go and look at the land, and then to lay before them an account of all that they had seen? that, under these circumstances, the treaty, signed as it was, was something more than a mockery, was an attempted fraud upon the Seminole nation? that, being thus null and void, as wanting the high sanction of the people, with what show of justice, of fair dealing, of honor, or humanity, did you hold up this faithless deed to that people, and, because they indignantly disavowed it, call to your aid the sharp but unworthy argument of the sword?" For the credit of our Government, we fear that this question is one more easily asked than answered.

This, then, it was that perplexed and perturbed the minds of the Seminole chiefs, now assembled, perhaps for the last time, to hold a talk upon the subject of that surreptitious treaty. As we have said, they had signed it, but where was the confirmation now? On the one hand, the agents of our Government pointed them to their names on the confronting record; and, on the other, the Seminole brandished his war knife, as the only argument with which he was prepared to approach the treacherous parchment; and which, it was well known, would be in certain reserve for him of the race who should have the bold baseness to ratify the deed—he ratified his doom!

Ocoola, (who had been one of the delegation that went West,) saw, at once, that he had a doubtful and a difficult game to play. He must appear to be in favour of the treaty, but not without apprising his people of the policy that governed him. He took no counsel of fear that was not an honorable fear. He was not afraid to die; but he feared death at the hands of those whom he should deceive. When in the council seat he would be silent—the time for action would be the time for him—and he saw, as with prophetic vision, the future teeming with those stern events that have since overshadowed the land, as with a curse invoked upon it by the indignant manes of the warrior-Yemassee!

For the rest, they too, like him, were free to choose, free to tread the broad though rugged path of allegiance to their people; or to follow meekly in the wake of the white man, who would despise while he cared them.

Several days had now rolled over, having each brought with it an accession to the numbers of the dusky forms that in detached parties spread over the far grounds of the agency, dotting it as with gloom. The site on which the fort stood was somewhat elevated, gradually sloping off, however, on either side, and, at the distance of several hundred yards, again rising to considerable height, beyond which the vast interminable woods were seen to stretch far as the eye could follow them. It was principally along this latter elevation that the several tribes lay scattered, but not mixed. In each tribe there are usually so many families; and, in time of peace, it is in families, and not tribes, that they live. The women do not, as is commonly supposed, perform all the drudgery. They are, indeed, "drawers of water," but not "hewers of wood." The men, too, not unfrequently prepare their own meals; and are very fond of a broth which they make of meat, and a grain the name of which we now forget, but which is of indigenous growth. They are great loungers; and, on the whole, we should say sluggish—though capable, when roused, of amazing exertions, and of sustaining incredible fatigue. Among themselves, without ever indulging in familiarities, they are extremely social; mild, yet grave—not, however, eschewing or disrelishing a joke, for they have much humor—but it is never extravagant. There is something decidedly rational, a philosophy in their manner, with which it is impossible not to be struck; and yet it is but

"The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!"

There is, however, an absent air about them even at those moments, when you would suppose their thoughts were most collected—that is, when quietly chatting among themselves. The smile, or the laugh, is like the fire from the flint, that straight is cold again. Would we could say as much for their anger, their revenge!

It is, doubtless, the wild uncertain life they lead, that has impressed this character of care upon their rigid features. There is something of unhappiness in the eye of the Indian—a repose that is not rest—a sadness, as if reflected from the dark shadow of his destiny, that settles upon every line of the countenance. See him leaning against a tree, or reclining under it, and he appears always as if revolving in his soul some change or chance of fate—something that claims his thoughts—and, alas! for the poor Indian, does he indeed not live "a man forbid?"

When night came on, the scene, for miles on either hand, that would present itself, was one of wild and fearful beauty! An hundred camp fires would light up the surrounding woods, against which you saw reflected the shadows of as many forms moving to and fro in the distance, but without lending a sound to break the silence of that peopled solitude! In walking through their encampment, at that hour, it was not without a certain thrilling of the blood—so noiseless was the scene, it seemed a mystery to the sense!

It was not until you got near, that you were made sensible of being in the midst of living beings—and yet all was still! save now and then the sudden movement of a limb—an unclad, brawny limb—or the breathing, thick and heavy, of the sleepers; and sometimes a sound, like a long drawn sigh, swelling almost into a groan, deep and hollow, from the breast of one who slept not. It was scarcely possible to repress a shudder as we past, for to us, at least, the scene was new.

The tent, or shantee, of the "Governor" (Michigan,) was pitched at truly royal distance, not only from those of his people, but from the quarters of General Clinch—it was two miles off! Nor did this savage head of his people deign to make his appearance until within a day or two of the approaching talk. This was now at hand—as most, if not all, of the nation who were to be present, had gradually come in.

It was the night immediately preceding the first grand consultation, that we received an invitation to be present at

A WAR DANCE,

To be given in compliment to General Clinch and his officers. The latter got permission of the General (who did not himself go) to be present on the occasion; and about seven o'clock in the evening we sat out, headed by Captain M—, of the artillery, a perfect *lever* of a man! and as gallant and agreeable as he is muscular. We soon got into a trail, though none of us knew exactly where the exhibition was to take place. The night was very dark, although a star light one. Presently, however, innumerable torches suddenly blazed forth upon our right and left, succeeded by as many voices chanting in chorus a wild song, to which they gave that emphasis the Indian is sure to impart to an occasion. And now the very air and surrounding woods were vocal! and, as the various parties came careering down upon the trail, some distance ahead of us—the flaring of the numerous lightwood torches—the dark, almost naked, and somewhat frantic looking forms upon which they fell, (for the spirit of the martial dance was up!) together with the concord, not exactly of "sweet sounds," but of loud, rude voices that greeted our ears—gave to the scene a truly savage grandeur; and recalled to the mind the image of the Furies, with their fatal lashes, hastening to the grove of the avenger—Nemesis!

On we went in Indian file, treading close upon each other's heels, and observing that silence which is sure to grow out of a sense of insecurity—for secure, some how or other, we soon began to fancy we were not. Here were 10 or 12 of us, only—all officers, save two—yet all unarmed—following after night some hundred Indians deep into the woods, and at a time when discontent was rife among them—to be present at a *War Dance*! We affected to joke each other occasionally, but in truth we began to think it was no joke—for we were now nearly 2 miles from the fort—while far ahead of us the torches still wafted onward. At length we thought of stopping short, and consulting as to the prudence of following our savage guides any further—when we fancied we could discover

that there was a halt. We now quickened our steps, and soon found our conjecture right. On getting up to the spot, we felt ourselves repaid for our long walk, in the wild beauty of the scene that presented itself; and also learnt why it was that they had carried us so far from the fort—it was to be near the "Governor's" quarters—Micanopy was hard by; and the dance was to be honored by his presence. The place selected did credit to the taste of the Indian, and showed that he had an eye for the beautiful in nature. It was under a canopy of green and graceful boughs falling in circular array around the spot, and nearly meeting in the centre, where the pendant leaves, "dewy with nature's tear-drops," appeared each to kiss the other, as if in sad sympathy for a scene that inspired even ourselves with an involuntary feeling of mournfulness. It had been got up as if by way of propitiating those whose fortune it was to be permitted to come there not with the awe which, under the once proud auspices of the Seminole, such a spectacle had not failed to impress upon their minds. It seemed to say,—Behold! it was thus that the Red man had been wont to celebrate the deeds of daring of his people! The voices that sent up their martial hymns in the dance, were those that rose fiercest in the battle cry! But the glory of the Seminole hath departed! desecrated is the prond song of his fathers! their spirits refuse now to hear it—for, lo! the white man hath commanded it to be!

And in truth there was a constrained air about the actors in this scene, as if their feelings did not go along with it—and how should they!

The ground under the trees (in the form of a circle) they had cleared up before we arrived, built a large fire in the centre, towards which one of them suddenly darted, and, bowing low to it, commenced a sort of canter round the ring, followed by another, and another—each first doing the same reverence to the fire—till nearly all the appointed number (some 40 or 50) had fallen into the dance—when the Queen of the evening, a very graceful, pretty looking Squaw (wife of one of the chiefs) decorated in all her finery—with a profusion (some dozen sets) of beads around her neck, and a world of tinkling shells (the small terrapin shell perforated, and filled with shot) glided from under a tree where she had been making her toilet—and with her head held modestly down—and the tips of her fingers employed in spreading out her dress on either side broad as the turkey's tail!—glided into the now fiery and impetuous circle, that carried her round as the wind would the gossamer!—The movement of the dancers was graceful, though vehement and rapid—yet keeping time to the low, sepulchral chant that accompanied it; while the hollow tramp of their feet, that sent its echoes far into the forest—the occasional and measured parse, followed by the supple bound!—and the significant glancing of the right arm, as if well pleased with its work of death—for it was expressive of that dark thought!—the glare of the flames shooting up almost into their faces, and giving to them an aspect scarcely of the earth!—their tall wild figures as they glanced against the torch light, and the thrilling hum as it arose slowly and heavily upon the

night—all combined to furnish forth a sample of the Indian War Dance, which those who have once seen it are not likely to forget.

The first set, having gone its round, was followed by a second, and then a third, till it came again to the first; and in this way they kept it up till after midnight, when we took our leave and left the ground.

About the same hour, the next morning, the Chiefs came into Council, calm, cool, and clear—as if the dance, the dust, the heat, the whirl and whiz of the preceding night, had neither taken vigor from their limbs, nor dissipated for a moment one idea in connection with the business they had come upon.

The first day's talk was held under a rural canopy, in the open grounds, about 200 yards from the General's quarters—who, together with the Agent (General Thompson,) and lots of Captains and Lieutenants, had taken his seat in the Council, dressed in full military costume.—The General (Cinch) has a fine determined countenance; and is just what he looks. On his right sat a young officer, with pen, ink and paper before him, to report proceedings. On his left was the little, limping figure of Cudjoe (the Interpreter) with his cunning, squinting eyes; and his hands folded across his lap, in seemingly meek attention to the scene around him. Near him stood a tall, square-shouldered, weather-beaten looking man about 50 years of age, who had been long amalgamated with the Indians, having married a squaw—and who was present for the double purpose of aiding Cudjoe when at fault; and of seeing that he faithfully transcribed from the English into the Indian. This formed the inner circle. The second and outer ones were filled up by the soldiers, but without arms; and the various other persons whom business or curiosity had collected together at the Agency. The day was fine; and quite a sensation had been produced. Presently it was announced that the Indians were coming. There is something in the sound—Indian!—that seems to startle, always, the white man. In the campaign it was the signal for immediate and profound silence,—

"And the boldest held his breath,
For a time!"—

And even here—in a talk with the then pacific Seminole—the announcement of his approach to the Council, caused all present (even the cool Cinch) to give that sort of heed which seemed to say—"Look out!"

Up they came along the narrow path, and in the wonted file—a long array!—silent, grave, and self-possessed; and with all that dignity so peculiar to the Indians as a people. The first who walked into the council, was a short, thick set, battered-looking old warrior, who had borne the brunt of many a fight; and braved the soldiers of General Jackson. Ocoola, Jumper, and the rest (all but Micanopy), succeeded, one by one; and went through the ceremony of shaking hands. We had all of us to give our hands of course; and a trying ordeal it was, not only from the number of palms we had to take, but from the quite too energetic *gripe* which each was sure to give us. The Indian, in shaking

hands, raises up his arm, bringing it down with a vim! that is exceedingly expressive—for it not unfrequently forces the blood down into the very ends of your fingers. Before we had gone through with this preliminary, our hands had become all of the same charming colour—that is black as the soot from the pine fires! At length one Indian, who wore a ring of tin or steel, seized our hand, and, before he relinquished it, fairly cut the little finger to the bone! Turning to the General, we could but observe, that we had drawn blood in the cause, but hoped it was not ominous!

This part of the business over, and all being seated—General Thompson, a man of tall, powerful frame—rose, and commenced a speech, which, together with his manner, we could not help thinking was altogether too grandiloquent. Nothing daunted, however, was Cudjoe, who, with his eyes riveted upon the speaker, appeared to drink in every word that he uttered. It was impossible at first not to be amused at his wrapt attention, for we were satisfied that all the while he was not comprehending perhaps a syllable that was said. We were mistaken, however, and when, to the surprise of all, we were assured by the white interpreter that Cudjoe reported faithfully—almost word for word—the language of the Agent, our mirth, at the poor black's expense, was instantly changed into an involuntary sort of respect for him. But, though Cudjoe was faithful, he was by no means elegant—perhaps he understood the Indians better. He would generally end his replies with—"He sess so." Sometimes it would be,—"He say he sess so." English which, though honest, could certainly not boast of being "the King's."

The burden of these replies was, that the Indians did not wish to leave the country. One speaker said,—"the trees were as his body; their branches as his limbs; and the water of the land as his blood." This was strong language—but, sorry we are to say, General Thompson, and the rest, had not come there to listen to the objections—however natural or just. Then why the forms of a consultation, a "talk"? Was it not a solemn mockery to convene the Indians for a Council, and then tell them that it was useless for them to say a word about the matter—for that go they must and should! It certainly struck us in this light; and even painfully. They evidently had come under the impression that they would be listened to; and when they proceeded to express their views and feelings, we handled our swords, and told them to beware! Nor was our phraseology, in addressing them, the most parliamentary.

Cudjoe was ordered, in the progress of the talk, to tell a Chief, who, it seemed, had denied his signature to the treaty at Payne's Landing, that he "lied." "Tell him from me, Cudjoe, that he lies!" The Indian plied his pipe, the while; and seemed coolly to puff away the insult with the smoke. He was, we believe, a bad fellow, still this language was scarcely justifiable; and it was used, too, to one who could not resent it; for so of course the Agent believed; but it was not forgotten; and poor Thompson's

scalp, a few months after, made atonement not alone to Ocoola.

The Indians, however, showed that they were not to be intimidated by the menaces of their "Great Father at Washington;" it was in vain that General Clinch looked daggers to them; they had not yet had a taste of his quality! and vain was General Thompson's *argumentum ad hominem*; a sullen, dogged air pervaded those whom he addressed, who made long, evasive speeches in reply; it was a hopeless business! the General, the Agent, and the officers, were all tired out; and Cudjoe was directed to say to the Indians that two days further would be granted them to make up a final answer; when if, they still persisted in refusing to comply with the terms of the treaty, they would be forced to it. With this threat the meeting broke up; the whites manifestly perplexed at the result; while the Indians exhibited the air of people entirely satisfied with themselves; and so ended the first day's "Talk."

All now began to speculate as to the nature of the "final answer" to be given in the end of the allotted time, if given in at all; and most of us anticipated a scene when that time should come.

WONDERFUL SPRING.

The next morning our friend and self,—attended by two of the fort soldiers whom the General politely allowed to accompany us to "man" our boat—repaired to a Spring about three miles from the Agency, and of which we had heard a great deal—for the purpose of at once seeing and bathing in it. It was an oblong piece of water, probably two miles in length, calm and sequestered; with the breeze just ruffling its surface as it sported, seemingly charmed, along its fair expanse, that mirrored the green and leafy world, that hung upon its borders; while in liquid lapse it laved, as if it loved

The Lily's flowers in the waves unmet;
That seemed as freshly from the heavenly bowers
By the star scattering hand of night there shed."

The traveller who, in passing, sees a woody trail leading down, as he would suppose, to a common pond for watering his horse, would never imagine that behind those lofty and thick woods, as if curtained from human ken, there lived a scene so dream-like and so witching!

"Yet solemn was that lovely solitude,
Gorgeous and silent, pensive and still,
As Eden, when man first was exiled thence."

We pushed off in our boat, and soon found ourselves floating upon a clear transparency of water to the depth of forty feet. Below, the appearance that presented itself was one of singular and striking beauty. It was that of a spacious floor inlaid with gold and precious stones of every variety of hue—giving a sort of bold relief to the large black fish that floated lazily along in that far depth, like genii of the place, to whom alone were known the secrets of its wonderful abyss! As we lay, startled yet still, upon the surface of that magic water, scarcely realising the wrapt scene! we almost fancied that some treachery lurked beneath the noiseless element—all was so wild and weird! To bathe, to lave our limbs in those silver waters,

was a temptation we could not resist. The thought, too, that perhaps we were the first to break the virgin beauty of its crystal surface, had its secret and exciting charm. Yet it seemed almost a sin!—for was it not a scene

"Too fair to worship, too divine to love!"

Nevertheless, in we plunged! and, whether fact or fancy, we certainly thought it the most delicious bath we had ever revelled in! The water was, in truth, soft as a lady's hand; and we seemed to drink in new life with its touch! Presently, however, to our horror, a large alligator made its sudden appearance within not many yards of us—swimming to a point near the shore where, it occurred to us, that he was going to take his stand, and watch his time! The appearance of a creature so rude in such a scene, dispelled our dream—and then we thought the water just like any other water. So much for the mind's sorcery!—it is *that* that colors all our objects—giving to them their power to curse, or bless! and signal is the doom inflicted by the hand that breaks the spell without destroying the memory of its charm!

Our friend, who had been accustomed to see alligators, and, fortunately too, to see things, not as they might be, but as they are—continued his gambols in the Spring, until fairly tired, when he got out, and we returned to the fort.

The day big with the fate of the Seminoles, the day for the second and last talk, was now at hand, and heavily in clouds, too, it came on. The rural canopy was abandoned; and the large area of the barrack selected for the conference. There was increased interest felt on the occasion, which had the effect of thronging the place at an early hour. Those who could not see were content to listen. The arrangements were in general pretty much after the fashion of the first day, except that General Clinch, by way, we presume, of emphasis, had placed his sword upon the table before him, and directly opposite the Indians, as if it would say, "Take Heed!" General Thompson was busily engaged in adjusting a budget of papers on another table; while the faithful Cudjoe stood ready at his post. On the other side sat Jumper, with his small and deadly eyes, contracted forehead, but very prominent nose; altogether a most ill-favored and forbidding visage. There, too, was Ocoola, playing, as usual, a piece of straw between his lips, as if to conceal the workings of the face, with his head on one side, and looks fixed upon the floor, like one communing with himself. Still, the "Governor" appeared not, and the excuse he sent in on the present occasion, was one that caused the gravity of the council greatly to relax—he had "*a pain in the stomach*!" "Tell him," thundered the agent, "tell him he is stricken from the list of chiefs!" and down he sat again, angry and annoyed at what he believed to be a mere trick of Micanopy's. The Indians heard, but heeded not, the sentence thus pronounced upon the "Governor," for they never show emotion. And now, all countenances being once more composed, General Thompson rose slowly and imposingly from his seat, and, with every eye fixed upon him, was in the act of putting forth his right arm, so as to suit the ac-

tion to the word now quivering on the tongue it was about to leave forever, when the sills of the flooring suddenly gave way, and we were all, officers and men, tables, benches, paper, ink and pens, precipitated to the bottom! turning sundry ludicrous somersets as down we went—a series of "ground and lofty tumblings" that were quite involuntary; but which the Indians did not at all relish, for they instantly raised a shout that recalled us to our senses—for it was a cry that proclaimed treachery!—Seminoles to the rescue! They thought themselves entrapped. A loud burst of laughter, on our part, soon undeceived them; and then they seemed to enjoy the ludicrous accident as much as we did. No body being hurt, though some amazingly scared, we now began to pick ourselves up as well as we could. Some had the benches toppled over them, others with their legs in the air, and not a few viced between the more bulky bodies with which they had been promiscuously thrown. Order being restored, the business of the morning went on, but little to the satisfaction of either party; and at length the council was dissolved, leaving the Indian opposition to the treaty nearly as formidable as before.

General Clinch took leave of the Agency a day or two after; and Ocoola, thinking it was time to get rid of the Agent also, (whom, up to that moment, he had effectually duped,) proceeded to the quarters of General Thompson, and ordered him to leave the place! The Seminoles (not yet ripe for open hostilities) failed to second the daring Micasuky, and he was put in irons. To effect his release, he made a promise, and he performed it—but he stopt there! The bond was now cancelled—and from that hour he resolved to strike a blow which we should feel—and have we not felt it? Poor Omathla! he was handsome, he was good, good as an Indian may be. He had his town, a large settlement, well built. He lived, in many respects like the white man. He was the white man's friend—in favor of his people executing the treaty—set the example, by driving in his cattle for sale, and—Ocoola shot him! The friendly Indians fled to our forts for protection—the hostile rallied around Powell—the war had commenced!

Let us imagine the lapse of a few months, and we are brought to

THE CAMPAIGN.

We pass over the battle of the Outhlachoochy, in December, for we were not present at it. We say the battle, because, without at all impugning his prowess, Gen. Gaines did not fight the Indians on that river in the following February, as it is thought he should have done; and Gen. Scott's affair with them, a little after, and nearly at the same place, was a mere skirmish. General Gaines represented the Indian force at 1500, as he believed—an over-estimate, in the opinion of all with whom we have conversed upon the subject. But, granting the 1500, he had 1100—no very great disparity at all events. Say the river was in the way—yet the river was in some places fordable, and not very far, either, from where Gaines threw up his breast work. Was it the want of supplies? He had taken

with him, from Camp King, rations for ten days—in seven he could be at Tampa Bay—and in five from the river. Was it want of conveyance for his wounded, in case he risked a battle? Did ever General go into the field without such conveyance? Did General Gaines expect to march through the enemy's country, without meeting that enemy? And if he did not, did he intend to give him battle? If so, how was it that he was unprepared?

View the matter in what light we may, it is inexplicable.

With regard to the battle of the Outhlachoochy, there are some things in connexion with that, too, that are yet to be explained. No one has a more cordial respect for the officer who presided on that occasion, than we have; but the people of Florida have asked, *why*, with the means he had of crushing the Indians then and there, he yet failed to do it? *Why* were 500 men permitted to remain, on one side of the river, spectators of the fight that was going on upon the other? Colonel Warren, of Jacksonville, whose gallant and impetuous charge, with the handful of men he was with difficulty allowed to get over, saved the retreating force of Clinch from being cut to pieces—earnestly and repeatedly sought and sued to be permitted to take over at least all his men—whatever General Call might think proper to do with his Tallahassee volunteers—and, with swords drawn, ready to cleave them down if they moved, the men were ordered not to stir! We fear it will not do to say that an attack was expected on that side. The Indians were on *this* side, (west of the river) and were fighting Clinch up to the elbows! *here*, then, he wanted all his force. But it was proper, it has been said, to have a few on the other side of the river to cover, if necessary, his retreat across it—it would not have been necessary to retreat, had those 500 men been where they should have been.

We beg pardon of all parties, if we are wrong—but we have reason to fear that we are not.

The opening of the regular campaign, under General Scott, was delayed fully one month beyond the time that had been appointed for it to take place, owing to the immense difficulties experienced in transporting men and supplies to the respective points to which they were to be forwarded. The very elements appeared to be against us; and the roads were nearly impassable. The weather, for weeks, was such as to make prisoners of us to the house; and it was found impossible to push forward troops and provisions with the celerity that had been anticipated. A number of Georgia Dragoons, who, animated by the finest spirit, had come on "in spite of thunder," on arriving down at the river opposite Picolata, and finding themselves up to their horses' knees in mud—with the rain driving almost through them; and with nothing there to greet them except the tumbling and tempestuous river, and a few pine sheds that had been erected as a temporary shelter—deliberately turned their backs on the inhospitable scene, and trotted home again! General Floyd, of Georgia—the very pink of courtesy, and soul of chivalry!—disappointed in obtaining the command he desired, also returned home. The

General, who, by the way, has very much the air and carriage of the Indian—tall, erect, of swarthy hue, with hair clustering about his brows in locks like the raven's, and with an eye in which a soul radiates in every sparkle—would have been an accession to either wing of the army, and it was matter for regret that his services were not secured. He is one of the most accomplished men in our country; a master of every gentlemanly and chivalrous art—but with his various and surprising skill in strict abeyance to the dictates of a spirit as just and as generous as it is romantically gallant. We lost him, however, and we could not help thinking that with him went a sinew of the war. Then came the astounding intelligence that General Gaines, with his 1100 men, had visited Camp King, and there made serious inroads on our supplies. This too, we believe, was almost the first intelligence we had had of his being in Florida at all, and was certainly not calculated to apologise for his presence there. We know it is said that it lay in his division, but did not orders overtake him at Pensacola, requiring him to repair elsewhere—to repair to the Mexican frontier? This, we believe, is not denied; yet the orders were not obeyed, and the General prosecuted his march into Florida. After he got there, would that he had done something to atone for the fault of being there. What *did* he do? Infinitely worse than nothing—and in more respects than one. He embarrassed the operations of the regular campaign at the very outset. First, by the consumption of supplies at Fort King—supplies that were all important to General Scott, who had been charged with the conduct of the war. But the grand evil was that of his fluttering the bird before the spring was set, and with no means of catching it himself. The plan of the campaign, which, so far as any regular plan could be available against such an enemy, was, without doubt, a good one—was perhaps rendered abortive by this movement on the part of General Gaines—as the enemy, undisturbed upon the river, (where they were known to be in all their force,) would in all likelihood, but for his most untoward and unmilitary movement, have remained where they were, until the three divisions of the regular army, marching from three separate points, could have been brought up to surprise and hem them in. This was the plan—a plan that would most probably have succeeded, had it not been counteracted by General Gaines—who yet failed to give such an account of the enemy, as, under all the circumstances, he was the more especially bound to do.

We desire to be distinctly understood, as being neither the partisan nor apologist (if, indeed, he need apology,) of General Scott; neither are we, from any personal motive whatever, the impugner of General Gaines's conduct. We merely exercise the right of expressing our opinions upon a matter of public import, founded as are those opinions upon facts that none may gainsay.

It was under auspices, then, not the most flattering, that on the 26th of March, the campaign opened under General Scott. On arriving at Picolata, we learned that the General and Staff

had gone down the river to Black Creek the day before, on their way to Fort Drane. We joined a detachment, consisting of seven men, two officers, and two pack horses, heavily laden—in all ten men—with 60 miles of road before us, known to be not altogether free from danger. The rain had been pouring in torrents, and rendered this road almost impassable. We managed, however, to reach Major Cooper's encampment that night, about five miles from the river—where our Sutler broke down, and abandoned the expedition as hopeless. He met with no bad market, nevertheless, among the poor fellows who had been lingering it out there for three weeks—out of grog, out of shoes, out of spirits. The Sutler, literally besieged, was not allowed time to rid his face of the mud that left it difficult to determine whether he was white or black, or to wring the water from his dripping apparel (and we were all pretty much in the same plight) ere he was required to unlock his stores. The night being raw and chilly, we had kindled a large pine fire—and with the vapour steaming from our wet clothes, as we stood near and almost in it—the smoke bringing the tears into our bleared and bloodshot eyes—we exhibited the appearance that Milton's devils must have done, when they escaped the "Stygian flood." The Sutler, nothing loth, in spite of his predicament, opened shop, and a ridiculous scene ensued. One fellow would go off strutting delighted in a pair of new boots, "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks." Another, decorated in a flaring new neck cloth, nearly dislocated his vertebrae in his attempts to survey the member so recently and gaudily adorned. A third had squeezed himself into a pair of trowsers which sounded the halt at every step! A fourth offered his watch for a supply of Dutch herrings. While a fifth, inspired by the whiskey, threw up his cap and hurraed for the devil! This last specimen reminded us of one of our detachment whom we had left in a profound slumber on the road, under one of the broken wagons of the Sutler, where we had laid him and covered him up in his blanket. He was "clane an Irishman," and a very characteristic specimen he was. He had been making free with himself at the river, but had started manfully upon the march! From the badness of the road, the party were somewhat scattered in their attempts to pick out a path. But though the centre was bad enough, the sides of the road, verging on the pine-barren, were still worse. There the treacherous soil would sink under you to considerable depth; and so suddenly as to threaten to break your legs. To our horse we found it extremely dangerous. Presently, at some little distance on our left, we saw a man go down prone upon his face in the mud!—the fall accelerated by the weight of his knapsack and musket. Up he got, again, however; and we supposed he had only stumbled. The desire to conceal, if possible, his real situation, caused him to make the most strenuous efforts, which, to us, who had noted his condition on starting, afforded no little amusement. In a moment more he made another most profound bow to his mother earth, pitching head foremost into her oozy lap! "Who is that," asked one of the officers who had accidentally spied

him out, in the very midst of his ludicrous difficulties, but before any one could respond to the query, the struggling Hibernian disappeared altogether! He had contended long and hard, but would it not do—his centre of gravity was not to be preserved; and now he had fairly given it up as a bad job, and lay prone at his length! his face down; and his arms spread out in the attitude in which he had blindly and frantically branched them forth, winnowing the air in his efforts to avoid a fall—his knapsack tossed over his head; and his musket grasped in one tenacious hand as with the gripe of death itself. He was fairly done up!—not another effort to rise—shame was dead—he seemed to say—"Well, its just so!"—he was effectually floored. The youngest of the two officers approached, and spoke to him—"Barney, can't you get up?"—but Barney spoke not—stirred not. "We shall have to leave you here,"—the threat was as little heeded. "Barney, give me your musket," said the officer, laying his hand upon it, as he spoke. "Och! but by J—s I won't, though! O I'll be d—d first! Give you my musket, eh! No, but I won't!" This indignant protestation seemed to issue from a mouth that was gagged—for it was half stifled by the mud and water in which it was buried. "Give you my musket, ha!—my only protection—no, I'll be d—d if I do!—I'll never give up my musket!"

"It is a good trait," said the officer with a smile, half commiserating the object before him; yet perplexed what to do with him. "Very well; you shall keep your musket, if you promise not to get drunk again?" "Faith, and I never will, from this day forwards; but you shall never have my musket while I am in the *innimy's* country!" With the musket he prized so much, still firmly clutched in his right hand, and casting suspicious glances at those around him, as if he would say, "You mean to snatch it from me if you can—but you sha'n't—no, by the Holy Powers, but you sha'n't!"—he was lifted up, placed under the Sutler's broken wagon some distance from the road; and with himself and musket there quietly laid to sleep, covered over with his blanket—we left him—telling him to come on early the next morning, and he would find us waiting for him at the encampment. True to the time, he was up with us early the next day, and we were soon again upon the march.

As we now approached Alachua, the face of the country assumed a new aspect; and from a dead level, became high and rolling—with series on either hand, of the most extensive fresh water lakes, that in summer are like a God-send to the traveller in the hot and sandy barrens through which he has to wade. Not that the whole country is one pine barren. On the contrary, it is literally dotted with Hammocks, of vast extent and amazing richness—constituting the most valuable land in Florida. But then (with a few exceptions) they are to be sought—that is in the low country, or near the sea-board. Here they lie far upon your right and left—leaving you to journey along upon a most monotonous and seemingly interminable road of sand. But in the interior, and as you go west,

these formidable hammocks almost dispute your path; and are the strong holds of the Indian. They are often skirted by what are called "Prairie Ponds," (pieces of water overgrown with broom) that oppose a frequently insurmountable barrier to all approach to the hammock. These hammocks, too, are most commonly continuous—so that once you get into them, it is not so easy a matter to get out again; while the prospect of following them up—of penetrating them through—is generally hopeless. They are, in fact, the natural breastworks of the Seminole; and, from behind them, unseen himself, he levels the deadly rifle, and your ranks are thinned by a viewless enemy! Often, too, he is perched upon a tree, whence, as you enter, he is enabled to distinguish the man from the officer—picks off the latter—springs to the ground with the agility of a wild cat—and is speedily lost in the impervious hammock.—It is for this reason that our soldiers dread them. To *charge a hammock*, perhaps requires more nerve than to storm a battery. The Indian plays the Partisan in these fastnesses, and shoots you as he flies!

On the third night of our march we encamped within 22 miles of Micanopy; and pitched our tent in a log stable. In front were some smouldering ruins, the recent work of the incendiary Indian; and in our rear a thick black wood. Directly over the stable a gigantic oak spread its arms; and as our fire was kindled, its light shot far back into the dismal gloom, giving to it a sort of brown horror, which the associations of the time and place contributed to enhance. We were now emphatically in the enemy's country—for he had recently made it such. It was necessary, therefore, to keep a stricter watch than we had yet done.

O! the luxury of a palmetto bed, in a snug "wall tent," after a long day's march! But the luckless "officer of the day"—the poor sentinel—hungry and worn, who, after twelve hours toiling, and before he has broken bread, or sipped his coffee, is summoned to do duty—to be on post—to stand guard! It is then, and under a consuming sun at mid-day, with the "haver-sack" and "canteen" both empty, perhaps!—these are the moments that try the soldier, and make him feel the difference between a parade in the city, and the terrible exactions of a campaign! It is then that all the energies of the man are put forth, for all are then required. And it is then, when—having displayed the noblest constancy and courage—he falls! falls, yet is scarcely noted by the comrade at his side, with the fiery death-thirst cleaving to him!—his prayer, his groan, his agony unheard, or unheeded—the wild shout, the roar and the rout of the raging battle goes booming over his head! and in that moment of his fierce extremity, perhaps the image of some beloved—a wife, or a mother—the image of his *home*! comes to him in that hour of wildest death, making it indeed hideous! It is then that war loses its "pomp and circumstance"—ceases to make "ambition virtue"—it is then that we feel how guilty and how ghastly are its glories!

About 12 miles from Micanopy, we encountered some of General Gaine's men, who told us the story about the "flag of truce," observing

that *the war was at an end!* This damped our ardour, and we all felt that mortal reaction which is sure to ensue after high wrought excitement. On we pushed, however; and meeting Dr. W. one of the surgeons of the right wing, he gave us a somewhat different account of the matter. Either the war was over, or there would be a last desperate struggle on the part of the Indians, who were believed to be still at the Outh-lachoochy. This revived our spirits—for, after all, man is a fighting animal—it is one of the vile conditions of his being.

We now reached Micanopy, a small settlement of about a dozen houses, one a post office, and surrounded by thickly wooded hammocks. Here we found about 20 families, occupying temporary huts, (for they were little better), within pickets that had been erected to receive them, on being driven from their homes. Along the road, for many a mile, we had passed their deserted dwellings—windows and doors hanging by a solitary hinge—fences broken down—and ruin growing green upon blighted hopes and prospects! And here, within these close pickets, were they huddled together, many of them in a state almost of starvation—for when they sent to Black Creek (a distance of 60 miles) for the supplies that had been granted them by Government, they were told, first, that no orders had been left for their distribution; and next, that they must come for them themselves!

The following morning we moved on to Fort Drane—passing, on our way to it, through a high and very picturesque piece of country. Within a mile of the fort the woods begin to open on either hand; and, as we emerged from them, we saw the numerous tents glistening high upon our left; while, on our right, a moving world of warlike objects presented itself—in the midst of which the black artillery guns stood apart, in grim repose—their fatal mouths seemingly to say—"We are ready!"—It was a scene to stir the blood—and told us that, so far from being ended, the campaign had just begun.

Fort Drane is neither more nor less than General Clinch's sugar plantation—a fine and extensive piece of rolling country; with the open wood on one hand, and an amazing hammock (one of the noblest in all Florida,) upon the other. We found the proprietor (the cool old General) seated in his tent, as placid as a May morning. In the piazza of a house hard by, was General Scott; his handsome face displaying evident marks of care. He paid a high compliment to the enemy whom he was about to beat up in their retreats; and who had, so far, he observed, displayed a greater degree of courage and *conduct* than any other set of Indians with whom we had ever contended in this country. The justice of this remark seemed assented to by all present.

This was on the 24th March. On the 26th, we were to take up the line of march for the Outh-lachoochy. Under a pelting shower (for the clouds, as if commissioned to "throw cold water" upon the ardor of our troops, continued from day to day to pour down torrents upon us,) we proceeded on to Camp Smith, some miles beyond the fort. Here we found them in a breast work; and here, too, were the Louisiana volunteers, who had been with Gaines; had lived on

dog and horse flesh; had been the buriers of Dade's men; had twice seen the Outhlacoochy; and were now again about to taste its waters. A finer, firmer, more cheerful, gallant set of men, never graced an army; they were soldiers every inch of them.

On passing the tent of one of them the next morning, we were attracted by the appearance of a saddle lying at the door of the tent. It was new; strongly and well made; and, stamped in large letters upon it, we read: "James Izard, United States Dragoons." It was the pack-saddle of the young and gallant soldier whose name it bore; poor Izard! who, at the head of his men, fell by an Indian bullet, while defiling along the eastern shore of the Outhlacoochy. There was something inexpressibly melancholy in the memorial before us. In the midst of a thronged and animated camp; the hum of an hundred voices; there lay all, as it were, that remained of one who, but a little while before, had himself been moving in a scene like that; his eye as quick; his hand as firm; his soul as true! Now, that eye was closed; that hand was cold!—but we could not help thinking that if the soul of Izard was permitted to feel a pang in another world, it would be prompted by the knowledge of how soon, *here*—near the very scene where his gallant daring might have averted his early doom! *here*, in the midst of former friends and companions in arms, he had been, *forgotten*! It did not seem to us, that if, instead of the visible token of a young and heroic spirit, so lately one of their number, it had been the collar of a horse or a dog that had been shot, it could scarcely have excited less notice, less comment! Perhaps we had not been sufficiently brazen by the habits of the soldier's life; but whatever might be the cause, we turned away from the sight of poor Izard's pack-saddle with a sickness of feeling which we have no disposition to recur to, much less to dwell upon. The day passed over heavily enough, at least to us, for, from some cause, that surly spirit, melancholy, had taken complete possession of us.

With the morning of the next day, however, all was hustle at an early hour; tents were struck, and the whole camp in motion, for on that day the army was to march. About 12 o'clock, accordingly, General Scott, with the entire right wing, 2000 men, 100 baggage wagons, and as many beeves, had arrived. The right wing, with the artillery, under Col. B., and the left, consisting of infantry, under General S. of Louisiana—the commander-in-chief, with his staff and body guard, (28 Dragoons,) together with the wagons, cattle, and our two flats for crossing the river, occupying the centre, and with our flankers sent out, the march was sounded!—We moved slowly, heavily, and imposingly; and, altogether, the spectacle partook of the sublime! We camped that night within a mile or two of O'Mathla's town, and such a scene! An hundred fires had suddenly blazed forth, and the immemorial wood, lighted up as by a conflagration, appeared to quail beneath the glare, and cower about its secrets, thus invaded in their dark dominions! And then there was the voice of a great multitude that rose as the rushing wind, and seemed to shake the solitude of night and of

the wilderness. Our steeds appeared to snuff the fresh breeze of the forest as something new to them; and the frequent and shrill neigh proclaimed that to them, too, there was a startling strangeness in the scene. Our encampment covered a space of fully ten acres, in the form of a square; and if you imagine its circumference dotted by innumerable tents—the centre filled up by a thousand groups of men, their glistening arms stacked near at hand, with here and there a batch of friendly Indians, in their wild but picturesque attire; the formidable team constituting, as it were, the nucleus around which all this was gathered; the whole lighted up by countless fires, and deriving strong relief from the dark background of dense woods on either hand—and, "at morn and dewy eve," the "doubling drum," sending up its stormy music high above this world of veering heads—while, standing out aloof from all the rest, upon the very verge and limit of our lines, the different sentinels walking their "lonely rounds," and occasionally sending deep into the camp the echo of the startling *hail*! which all must heed—"Who goes there?"—you have some faint idea of an encampment in the wilderness.

Glad, whenever we dismounted for the night, to lay aside the heavy double-barrelled gun, pistols, powder and ball, we had accordingly placed them under cover of the tent, and strolled out to survey the scene. Attracted by the appearance of a group of friendly Indians, we walked up, and were engaged in noting their various attitudes before the enormous fire they had kindled, when, far upon our left, we heard a sudden and confused sound of voices which we should not, however, have been likely to heed, (supposing it to proceed from a party of our men engaged in making some of the various arrangements of the night,) but for the manner in which the Indians suddenly pricked up their ears and as suddenly rose to their feet. This movement at once convinced us that they understood better than we did the nature of the sounds on our left; and, in a moment more, we heard the words, "Fall in, men! fall in!" in a clear, steady voice directly at our elbow. It was an alarm!—and in an instant the whole camp appeared to catch the sound. There is something in the tone of the officer, when he pronounces those emphatic words, that sends a momentary chill to the blood! Calm but firm—measured but marked—there is a quiet energy and earnestness that give to the voice of command, as it rises on the ear, a character of warning, which none may disregard. Its cool concentrated tone contrasts, too, so well with the sudden hurry and seeming confusion of the camp, that it seemed to us if a man were disposed from fear to run, that voice would arrest him—convert his cowardice into courage—and bid him stand for very shame!—And they were running—not from fright—but each to find his arms; and in a moment we were made sensible of our situation. On leaving our tent, we had not noted, as we should have done, the route we took; and now—in the excited commotion around us—the glistening of swords, and the bristling of bayonets; where that tent was, was more than we could tell. Never before had we slept in a tent, or seen an encampment; which ac-

counted for our confusion; and we were quite reconciled to ourselves on afterwards hearing one of the officers say that he had been precisely in the same predicament—in vain search of his tent!

The alarm was caused by an attack on some of our wagons far in the rear. Two of the guard had fled! and before the Red Skins were beaten off, they had killed one of the negroes who drove the wagons, carried off another, wounded one of the horses badly in the foreleg, and scattered five barrels of our flour on the road; and this in the rear of 2000 men. We buried the poor black that night. This was our first disaster. On Tuesday, the 29th, we were approaching the Outhlacoochy! There, we doubted not, the enemy awaited us in all his force; and not a man among us that was not primed and cocked, and ready for the onset!

Signs of the river being near now began to appear. From a high pine barren, the country was becoming low and wet. When we speak of a pine barren, we mean that our road, (which we had to make as we went along) lay through such, for on either hand, sometimes stretching away for miles, we were generally refreshed by the sight of large and beautiful ponds, or lakes, skirted, as usual, by hammocks of the most intense verdure; the view of which always tempted us to doubt whether the country of the Seminoles was not, after all, an exceedingly romantic one; and uniting, too, utility with beauty, for here the land was manifestly rich. But the Outhlacoochy! how the blood thrilled now that we were indeed approaching it! Presently, a large (barked) pine tree, laying its full length a little to the left of our road, was pointed out to us as the one along which Gaines' men were drawn up (before the General built his breastwork!) waiting the attack of the Indians, who, finding that Gaines' would not cross the river to attack them, very obligingly came over and attacked *him*. They set fire to the grass near the log, and, under cover of the smoke, would advance and salute the Volunteers, hoping to gain more in nearness than they lost in distinctness.

The scene here was desolate to an almost painful degree; it looked like the *den* of the Savages. In front of us, as we now got out of the wet ground, and neared a high dry pine soil, stood, deep, dense, and of mysterious aspect; the wood that lined the river on this side, effectually screening it from view. On our left was the ample breastwork that had been occupied by Gen. Gaines, at the south-western angle of which, growing over a small bastion, as if to shelter it from the sun, waved the green leaves of a young and beautiful oak, the only one about the place. "There," said a voice near us, "in that bastion, directly under that oak, is the grave of Izard." At that moment a loud burst of cannon broke over us! and went with its volume of bellowing thunder high along the Outhlacoochy, whose far woods echoing seemed to prolong the peal, as if to rouse the Indian in all their depths! where, gradually dying, the dread sound slept forever. It seemed to fancy, as if the form of Izard might have burst its cerements at that summons; would that it could! It was a voice such as he had loved! one that had ne-

ver before failed to meet with a response in his quick bosom! Alas, it fell upon his dull cold ear of death, and now could no more move him.

The object of the firing was to announce (as had been agreed upon) to either of the other wings, that might be within hearing, the arrival of General Scott at the Outhlacoochy. It however met with no response! General Eustis and Colonel Lindsay, then, had not yet reached their respective points. This was a bad business; where could they be!

About a quarter of a mile from the river we halted, to encamp; and, putting spurs to our horse, we galloped in the direction of the bastion, which was within a few yards of the hammock. There were no signs of a burial; the grave had been purposely made level, and a fire burnt over it, to conceal it from the Indians. How sad! how solitary was the scene! It was on the bank of the river, not far from where we stood, that, his horse having been shot in the neck,—he dismounted, tied him to a tree, and resumed his route on foot. The Indian rifle was ceaselessly twanging from the opposite shore, which, being the highest, gave the enemy an advantage that proved fatal to poor Izard, who, though repeatedly urged, refused either to *sloop*, or take a tree, as had been the practice of our men, derived from the Indians themselves. Falling as he was shot, (for the wound was a dreadful one, directly over the eye) he said to his men, "Keep close;" they were the last conscious words he ever uttered! He was borne to his tent, where it was with difficulty they could confine him. At length, on hearing some sudden noise, he rushed out before he was observed; eager for the foe, and *game* to the last! He was taken, or rather, forced back; and in a few hours, upon a spot as wild and lonely as ever struck with awe the mind of man, he yielded up a spirit that had partaken of the influence of the place—he died *delirious*. It was perhaps a fitting scene for such a death; a meet resting place for one who, foregoing the social advantages of birth and fortune, nobly preferred to enter upon a career beset with dangers and privations; for danger appeared to be the element most congenial to his soul. And yet—*here*!—far from the abodes of Christian man—in this blank wilderness,—

"Without a stone to mark the spot,
Ah, wherefore was he lowly laid!"

The presence of the treacherous hammock at length apprised us that further tarrying might not be prudent; and with an involuntary sigh to the sad memory of the man whose gallant dust was mingling with that inhospitable soil—and with a feeling of deep melancholy; not unmingled with a disgustful thought at the glory and the *nothing* of a name!—we left the place.

On returning we met Colonel Gadsden, at the head of a large detachment, bound down to the river to search out a crossing place for the army, which would effect the passage early the next day. We asked leave to accompany the expedition; and, having secured our horse, we went along with it. The first point at which we attempted to penetrate the wood that lined the bank, proving impracticable, we were obliged

to retrace our steps, and seek out another. At length, after a long and obstinate battle with the chin-heads, cypress-knees, and palmetto roots, (to say nothing of the impediments over head) we got into a low wet trail, which, after many windings, finally brought us within view of the river—there was the Ouithlacoochy! It was just the sort of river that befitted such a place; not wide, though in most parts deep, calm, black, and forbidding! The opposite shore stood high above us; and at once apprised us of the advantage which it gave the enemy on that side. That he was lurking there, and meant to dispute the passage of the army, none of us doubted; and, indeed, we expected every moment a salute ourselves; a *welcome* to the Ouithlacoochy. All, however, was still; not the note of a bird; seemingly not the fall of a leaf; not a ripple or a bubble from the water; it was inexplicable. The shore was steep even on this side; and, in attempting to look down the river, some of us nearly toppled in. Here, then, there was no crossing place, and we resumed our search. We toiled more than an hour, when we came suddenly to an opening leading up from the river, at least a mile from the point at which we had entered the wood; and from the head of which we had a full view of Camp Izard, and of the army back of it. Feeling fatigued, we left the exploring party, and walked up to the breast-work. We had scarcely reached it when shots were heard. The friendly Indians (with Billy at their head) gave a shout! and in a moment every man was ready upon trigger.

"Powell fight plenty to-morrow," said Billy; "fight too much"; his fine manly face lighting up, as he spoke, into an expression of eager longing for another crack at his Red Brethren. He was related to O'Mathla, whom Powell had shot; and the recollection of this circumstance repress the feeling of contempt, mixed with pity, with which we must otherwise have regarded his unnatural faithlessness to his own race.

We were now all eyes and ears; but the firing was not repeated; nor did we see or hear any thing of our men upon the river. Presently, however, they returned, and reported that the shots had come from the opposite shore; which left us satisfied as to the reception that awaited our attempt to cross the river on the ensuing morning.

At day break, then, Foster Blodget, of the "Richmond (Georgia) Blues," commanded by Captain Robertson, and one of the finest men of a confessedly fine company, holding in his mouth the rope which it was necessary to attach to the other side of the river, for the purpose of arranging our flat, coolly and deliberately broke water! His Captain stood by, and with intense solicitude watched the progress of the daring fellow; expecting, as we heard him say, every moment to see him shot down! This, we all thought, was surely the crisis! for by shooting Blodget, our crossing would be at once embarrassed, probably, defeated, for that day. Over he went, however, reached the shore, arranged the rope, hoisted a flag! and returned safe and sound as he sat out! "There are no Indians here," send some one; "they have evidently

abandoned the pass; and we may cross in safety."

The Indians (Micasukies) were there, however; but their conduct was wholly unaccountable! A sense of disappointment pervaded every bosom; from a state of high excitement we were suddenly let down; and, perilous as it would have made our situation, on many accounts, there was yet probably not a man who would not have clapped his hands for joy, had the enemy in all his force have made his sudden appearance on the opposite shore! But, though hard by, he did not appear; and, by 9 o'clock that night, the army was over! we were west of the Ouithlacoochy. Our rear guard, however, (the last, of course, to cross) were honored by a salute from the unseen savage, which being promptly returned, he seemed quite satisfied, for the present, with that interchange of civilities; and nothing further ensued during the night. The next morning we resumed our march, but not before we had been favored with a glimpse of our red friends. From a piece of rising ground, in front of our encampment, they had been descried in some tall white grass, about quarter of a mile off. "One of them," said the sentinel, "was drest all in white; and looked seven feet high! He was the biggest *Injin* I ever seen! They are there, sir; the devils!"

Some of the officers had also seen them, which left no doubt of the fact.

Well, we hoped, by following their direction, to come upon them; and accordingly the army moved forward. Old Nero (who had lived long with the Indians, and was now our guide) was in a little time at fault, for the trail gave out! There we were, an army bewildered! At length we summoned two of our friendly Indians, and they seemed perfectly at home, though neither trace nor sign could we see of a path! They seemed to scent the gale as they moved ahead of us; it was a sight that might be termed beautiful! In his wild and fanciful garb; his long black hair streaming to the wind; with staff in hand; a firm and assured step; here was the native of these wilds threading the thicket with the air of one who seemed to say—"I know ye!"

The point which we were now to gain, was Tampa Bay—100 miles to the south of us. A week would take us there, allowing for some detention on the route—a week of hot weather—sandy roads—fat pork—hard bread, and bad water—charming prospect! Indian signs now began to crowd upon us; and on the 30th, about 9 o'clock in the morning, we halted some miles from the river—left 350 men, under Major Lewis, to protect our wagons; and with the balance (1800) sat out on a scouting expedition. We passed over Clinch's battle ground, where we saw Indian shanties (their late winter quarters) in all directions. Presently some of the party sprung an Indian and a *whiteman*! Like deer, however, they bounded into the thickets, and eluded us.—Their fellows, thought we, are not far off. We had reconnoitered many a hammock, and the day was fast declining, when—about 5 o'clock—the writer of this came suddenly upon Colonel Gadsden, at the point of an immense hammock. We were surprised to see him on foot, but it was soon explained: "The

Indians," said he, "are here." "Where?" we quickly asked. "If you will ride round that point, you will see them. They have held up their hands to us, intimating, thereby, that they want to have a talk." A talk! thought we—a talk at them would be better! Nevertheless, it was something to know that they were here—that we were within reach of them. We moved eagerly on, and, on turning the point referred to by the Colonel, a rare and imposing scene presented itself. Lining the hammock, on the left, was the army, with General Scott at its head—mute and still—for it was a pause of expectancy! Spreading, on our right, lay one of those immense prairie ponds, that are the wonder of these wild regions; and had now become almost our despair! The hammock, in the form of a half moon, rose high along its borders, edging them with a green of the most vivid hue; while, upon a piece of head land, running out into the prairie, on our right, we could distinguish the dusky forms of the Micasukies, moving to and fro—sometimes disappearing in the hammock, and again emerging into view. At that moment, the setting sun,—

"That, like a Seraph's wing, above the woods
Appeared—"

lit up the scene, and gave to it a more brilliant and pervading beauty. It seemed a sacrifice to tear with bloody hand a picture of repose so perfect and so peaceful!

Nero (who was our interpreter, as well as guide) accompanied by Major B., of the Louisiana Volunteers, and Indian Billy—might be seen, now rising, and now sinking, laboring hard to get round the pond on the left, in order to reach the Indians, from whom he was instructed to learn definitely what they wanted, and to demand from them some account of *Primus*; a negro who, some weeks before, had been sent from Fort Drane to reconnoiter the enemy, and who had not afterwards been heard of. The Indians were still standing upon the head land as Nero and the rest approached—near, and now nearer—and the parties met! At the end of about fifteen minutes, we saw two of the horsemen returning at their speed! they were the Major and Billy! Seven Indians, it seemed, had suddenly emerged from the hammock, carrying their rifles after a fashion, which the two volunteers (for in that character had they accompanied Nero) by no means relished—who therefore concluded it wisest to retire—leaving the interpreter, nothing daunted, to continue the conference. At length he, too, began to retrace his steps; and, having returned, informed us that he could learn nothing from the Indians relative to *Primus*, except that he had "gone down to the sea shore"—but that they would tell us more in the morning, if we would grant them the desired talk. The fact was, they were unapproachable by the army where they were, and they knew it; it is otherwise very questionable whether we would not have attacked, instead of talking with them. As it was, we resolved upon the latter; and the more readily, indeed, from the impression that—as it was their intention (for so we naturally supposed) to sue for terms, which it would be in our power to dictate—we might, by making prisoners of them, use them for

the purpose of coming upon the others, whose whereabouts, of course, they knew. Camping, therefore, within a mile or two of them, we sallied out the next morning to meet our supposed suppliants. A part of the troops defiled to the left, and the rest to the right, of the pond. On this latter side, upon a small pine peninsula, between which and the hammock there was a piece of bad marsh ground, the cavalry was stationed, to intercept and cut off the enemy, should he fly or be forced from the hammock, and attempt to escape across the pine barren. The troops, with great difficulty, plunging at every step almost up to their waists, succeeded in getting over the marsh, and were just within rifle shot of the hammock, when its treacherous inmates opened a sudden and galling fire upon them! They were, however, not unprepared for such a reception, and returned the salute with interest. Our entire line now blazed! and for ten or twelve minutes the woods resounded with the rapid discharge of musketry and rifles! But as we could only fire in the direction of the smoke of the enemy's guns, and having given him three or four hot rounds, our men now charged the hammock! driving the Indians before them, whom they pursued for nearly four miles, and in spite of almost incredible difficulties; when—taking to the river before we could come up with them, they escaped! After several hours spent in the fruitless and fatiguing chase, we returned, with a loss of 4 men killed, and 7 wounded; but without being able to do more than guess at the loss of the enemy, who, being considerably in advance of us, were enabled to drag away their killed and wounded, which they never fail to do when practicable. The experience of a single day, thus spent, opened our eyes to the nearly impracticable nature of a war against such an enemy, in such a country. How were we to pursue them, to follow them up from hammock to hammock? With a train of 100 baggage wagons? Impossible. Nor could we convert our infantry into cavalry; we had not horses enough; and, if we had, the nature of the country forbid it; for, as it was, we had to reverse the process—dismount our dragoons, and incorporate them with the infantry. It was manifest, however, that the presence of the cavalry had the effect of keeping the enemy forever in the hammock, where, at the same time, that arm of the service was impracticable. But our supplies were deficient, and defective. This precluded the possibility of our employing another day in pursuit of the enemy. Instead of hard bread (biscuit) and bacon, the Commissary General at Washington, had burdened us with pork and flour; which, while it took up double the room that a similar quantity of the other would have done, without being as wholesome, occasioned, also, a much greater loss of time in preparing our meals. This we take to have been the true secret of the failure of the campaign. It was too late to remedy the evil after we had got into the enemy's country; but the fault can scarcely be said to have rested with General Scott, who, with deep regret we perceive, has been held responsible for its consequences. If it be asked why the army was taken into the field without proper and sufficient supplies, it may be answered

ed—first, that delay in opening the campaign (a delay occasioned by the difficulty of forwarding even such supplies as we had,) had already been complained of by the people of Florida, and in the public prints. It became necessary, then, to put the army in motion; and we moved, too, with less reluctance than we should otherwise have done, from the impression, shared by all, that the enemy awaited us at the Outhlachoochy, ready to give us battle. Instead of this, however, we found him *cut up into small parties, scattered over the whole face of the country!* Situated as the army was, then, the attempt to hunt up the enemy was hopeless, was *impracticable*; and we were constrained to proceed on at once to Tampa Bay, in order to get supplies. Yet when we got there we learnt that the Quarter Master, at New Orleans, influenced by the representation made, or caused (as it was said) to be made, by General Gaines, *that the war was at an end; closed by the blow which he had struck, at the Outhlachoochy!* had abstained from sending on the provisions he had been ordered to forward from that place. The Quarter Master did not stand excused, it is true; but neither was General Scott to blame for a result which he had not contributed to bring about.

From the same cause, then (deficiency of supplies) we were of obliged to *hasten our return* to the seaboard; unable to do more, on the route back, than scour a hammock, or so. The time, too, of the Louisiana Volunteers, would expire in a week; and that of others of the same troops in a very short time; added to which we had from 6 to 700 sick! The season was fast becoming dangerous in *those quarters*, and we had upwards of 200 miles to make on our return.

This, in few words, unless we greatly err, is the history of the failure of the campaign. Having given the facts, so far as they came to our knowledge, we leave it to others to *account* for them.

The refreshing waters of Tampa; its expansive and beautiful Bay; the appearance of Fort Brook, on a green tongue of land running down between Indian and Hillsborough rivers into the bay; the shantees of 400 friendly Indians ready for embarkation; and, though last, not least, the sight of a number of sail at anchor far down the Bay; all combined to repay us for our twelve day's toilsome and harassing march through the wilderness. There was one drawback, however, the *fleets!* they had taken possession of the fort and grounds; there was no compromising matters with them. We do wish that a certain General had carried them away in his ear!

The fourth day of our arrival witnessed the embarkation of the friendly Indians. They left their old hunting-grounds seeming without regret; but, "stoics of the wood," that they are, if ever they do feel, they seem to scorn the betrayal of emotion. Some "natural tears," however, we must suppose them to have shed in secret, as they shook the last sands of the old Bay from their feet; cast the last glance at the old familiar pines—"grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves, over the unreturning" Seminole! They left a number of their dogs behind them, and it was piteous to hear the howlings of the poor

creatures as they wandered amidst the quenched fires and deserted places of their old masters, seeming by their cries to say, "Where are they?"

Being desirous of returning by a new route, we joined the left wing under General Eustis. It was in going out to Camp Shelton—so called from the "Hero of the left wing," as he was designated,—General Shelton of South Carolina, who distinguished himself in a combat with an Indian Chief, on the march down to Tampa—that we were made the sharers in a somewhat ludicrous incident.

The dragoons (600 in number) under Colonel Goodwin, had that morning started for Pease Creek, with instructions to scour the adjoining country. We overtook them on the road—and, with a view to avoid the dreadful dust which they created, got into a trail, and shot ahead of them. We had not travelled far, when we met two officers, a Captain and Lieutenant, both of whom we knew. We stopped to shake hands, and asked them if they were bound to Tampa. "No, sir," was the reply of the Captain, (and a most worthy, spirited fellow he was too,) "we are on our way to the Camp, but had got the start of you, and have returned to inform Colonel Goodwin there are Indians ahead." "Ah! how far, sir?" "About a mile ahead, on the right, where they set fire to a building, the smoke of which can be seen from the road." "Did you see them sir?" "No, but my men did."

Colonel Goodwin, on getting up, was accordingly informed of the fact, and we hastened on. We soon came in view of the smoke, when we halted, and had a short consultation.

"Captain," said the Colonel, addressing his officer of dragoons, "we shall probably have some sport here. Take thirty of your men; de file to the right; and the moment you come in sight of the rascals, drop your corn, sir; every man of you; (each carried his corn upon his horse); and give them chase!" Away we sallied for about a mile, when a voice suddenly exclaimed, "There they are!" "Where; where?" was the equally sudden and excited question. "More directly ahead; through those pines; why, I see them as plain as can be!"

"True; there they are!" "Go back," said the Captain, to one of the men, and inform Colonel Goodwin that the Indians are here."

This order arrested our attention, and struck us as most extraordinary. We had been sent in search of the Indians, with directions to *give chase the moment we should see them*; and no sooner did we see them than the men *halted*, and a message was sent to *inform* Colonel Goodwin that the Indians *were* there! Well, there we stood *watching* them, when a cry rose that they were running through the woods! "There, there they go! they will escape us!" Carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, we instantly exclaimed, "Boys, let us after them."

"Drop your corn; drop your corn!" was the immediate response; and, without waiting for Colonel Goodwin to be *informed*, away we speeded in pursuit of the flying enemy, fast as our horses could carry us, and with our fingers ready to the trigger!

"By heaven, they are already out of sight!"

spur ye, boys!" and spur we did; for in about ten minutes more we were down upon—the *tents of our own men!* It was upon *Camp Shelton*; upon *General Eustis's left wing*; and *no Indians*; that we were charging at the rate of at least ten miles an hour!

The poor men, peaceably engaged about the Camp, were astounded! and stood like "wonder-wounded hearers" of the rattling of our horses' hoofs, and as astonished spectators at the menacing appearance that we presented. Nor were we the less amazed! The whole had been a strange blunder; strange; though it may be thought explained, when we state, that the Camp had been removed five miles to the right of where it stood when we had last left it on going to Tampa; and, not having been apprised of the change of location, a few stragglers from the Camp had been mistaken for Indians!

The Captain, whose tidings had led to the blunder, was profoundly silent upon the subject afterwards; and as he was, nevertheless, universally respected, no one seemed disposed to annoy him by any allusions to a mistake which was certainly a very awkward one.

About a week after this incident, we were approaching Dade's battle, or rather massacre-ground. Traces of our vicinity to it were to be seen in shreds of jackets, cartouch-boxes, belts, and things of that kind, scattered along the road for some distance, before we reached the fatal spot. The country around it was the reverse of what we had expected to see. Instead of a gloomy wood, or low unsightly bottom, it was an open pine barren, with a small prairie pond, however, (the only sombre object,) spreading in front of the ground, (the immediate scene of the horrid tragedy) which is in form an isosceles triangle. Every thing, (save that the men and officers had been buried) seemed to lay as the Indians had left it. Here was a team that had fallen, and now lay bleaching on the spot where it had been shot. There was a half-burnt cannon carriage, traces and chains lying about it. Here a broken cart, or dead horse; pieces of singed crimson velvet (from the instrument case of the Surgeon), implements and remains of all sorts; and *there the imperfect breast work!* the most melancholy object; for its half finished state reminded you of the hasty hands that in *desperate hope* had gathered together a few logs for protection, and had been suddenly stopped in the forlorn work; unnerved—paralyzed in the fiery death that overtook them! High above all rose the *tumuli*—for they looked more like huge mounds, than graves—of the officers and men. We observed some of the pine trees cut by cannon shot at least twenty feet from the ground. This was afterwards explained to us by one of the three men who had escaped the massacre, and whom we saw at Fort King. He said that the shot were fired in order to break the branches of the trees, which, falling, might drive the Indians from behind their trunks, (under the shelter of which they shot down Dade's men,) and in that way bring them in reach of the guns of the latter.

It was by means of the prairie pond in front, that this man, and, we think, the other two, were enabled to escape. They lay concealed in the

high broom that covered it, till the Indians retired, when they made the best of their way down to Tampa.

The scene was altogether a most mournful one, and we were glad when the army moved on, taking the road to Volusia—while Major Watson and ourself took the one to Camp King. They all thought us mad! and, in truth, it was not over-wise in us—for we were but two, and without arms, having lost our pistols. We, however, hailed the pickets, at Camp King, that night, about 12 o'clock, having travelled fifty miles in nine hours.

We carried with us the first intelligence of the army that had been received since it left Fort Drane, one month before. Would that our tidings had been more fortunate! We were constrained to say that the campaign had been a failure—and all the work to go over again! We never shall forget the rueful countenances which this news occasioned, as well it might; for the idea of a *summer campaign*, of being posted out in those fever-haunted regions during the intense months of June, July, and August, was far more formidable to our officers, than would have been the prospect of an hundred fights!

At Micanopy we parted with our fearless friend, Major Watson, and wended our solitary way back to Pocolata, after an absence of seven weeks; during which we had experienced privations and exposure of all sorts—yet congratulating ourselves, upon the whole, with having saved our *scalp!* J. W. S.

"I THOUGHT IT SLEPT."

I saw the infant cherub—soft it lay,
As it was wont, within its cradle, now
Deck'd with sweet-smelling flowers. A sight so
strange
Fill'd my young breast with wonder, and I gazed
Upon the babe the more. I thought it slept—
And yet its little bosom did not move!
I bent me down to look into its eyes,
But they were closed; then softly clasp'd its hand;
But mine it would not clasp. What should I do?
"Wake, brother, wake!" I then impatient, cried;
"Open thine eyes, and look on me again!"
He would not hear my voice. All pale beside
My weeping mother sat, "and gazed and look'd
Unutterable things." "Will he not wake?"
I eager ask'd. She answer'd but with tears.
Her eyes on me, at length, with piteous look,
Were cast—now on the babe once more were fix'd,
And now on me: then, with convulsive sigh
And throbbing heart, she clasp'd me in her arms,
And in a tone of anguish, faintly said—
"My dearest boy, thy brother does not sleep;
Alas! he's dead; he never will awake."
He's dead! I knew not what it meant, but more
To know I sought not. For the words so sad—
"He never will awake"—sunk in my soul:
I felt a pang unknown before; and tears
That angels might have shed, my heart dissolved.

HENRY PICKERING.

BROOK'S LETTERS.

Things in Rome.

Rome, October, 1835.

The Theatre of Marcellus, erected by Augustus, in honor of his nephew Marcellus, is now almost tumbled down, and though enough is left to give a faint idea of its former magnificence, yet about all we can see are the arches, corridors, and substructures, on which the proud fabric once rested. The Palace of the sole Roman Senator of the present day, now stands upon the ruins, the arches of which are filled with coal shops, blacksmiths, or vegetables. This is the destiny of that Augustan fabric that boasted once of its Doric and Ionic columns, and of its capacity to hold 30,000 persons. The Theatre of Pompey, which this proud Roman General built after his return from the Mithridatic war, at the consecration of which above 500 lions were killed, and eighteen elephants were exhibited in combat, is now seen with torches and lanterns under ground, and about all that is left of it is the reticulated brick work of the Romans, that even now, on all sides of Rome, is defying time. The Temple of Esculapius has become the Church of St. Bartholomew. In a narrow street close against the wall, stands the mausoleum of Caius Publicus Bibulus which, an inscription says, the Senate and the people erected to his worth—but when Bibulus lived, or who Bibulus was, nobody knows, for his mausoleum, surviving the wreck of a thousand others, has outlived his fame. The Pyramid of Caius Cestius, of the college of Roman priests, has also outlived his fame, and it is doubtful even in what age he lived, though his pyramid has a height of 113 Paris feet, and is at the base sixty nine feet in length. The *Tuberna Meritoria*, or the Roman Hospital for invalid soldiers, has been turned into the church of Santa Maria. St. Sabine stands on the foundations of Diana, and St. Alexis over the ruins of Hercules. The Temple of Remus is now the church of a brace of Saints. The arch of Titus, who is represented as loaded with the spoils of Jerusalem, is dilapidated and falling. On the spot supposed to have been the Lupercal, where was the ancient Temple of Romulus, is now the church of St. Theodorus below the level of the earth, the steps to which lead downward. The Temple of Chastity is converted into the church of Santa Maria—in *Cosmedin*, it is added, because the edifice was overloaded with ornaments. In the walls of this church can now be seen the Grecian marble and fluted columns, and the finely worked capitals of the Temple, and in its portico is an ugly ancient mask, called the Mouth of Truth, from an opinion once prevalent among the populace that oracles issued from it. Diocletian's Baths are converted into the churches of St. Bernard, and of Santa Maria, the present entrance of which was the *Caldarium* of the Baths in times gone by. The Pope's oil cellar is also in one of the rooms of these once spacious Baths. The Basilica of Santa Croce has a part of the true cross which St. Helena brought from Jerusalem, and the subterranean chapel of this ancient Saint is also there.

The Church of St. Peter in Prison, stands over a dungeon where the Apostle, it is said, suffered imprisonment. I went down into the dungeon, and by the aid of torches, saw the column to which, it is said, he was bound—the spring of water which was said to have miraculously issued forth that he might baptize the two jailers, and forty-seven of his fellow prisoners who afterwards suffered martyrdom. The spiders were thick, and the dungeon was wet, and the rock was hard—nevertheless I knocked off a piece from the walls, to keep in memory of my visit. But I must stop even this running catalogue of curious facts, for as I have said again and again, the catalogue of even a thousandth part of what would be precious relics or things in any other city, would weary you, if I were it make it out in Rome.

Come, go out but for a short time beyond the walls of Rome—for the suburbs of Rome are only second in curiosity to the city itself—and as I have resolved to break away from this city, even with but the briefest chronicle of what has deeply interested me, (for I can readily see that my visions as awakened on the spot can find but little sympathy elsewhere,) I will only group together the things most remarkable of all. The church of St. Sebastian in the catacombs is a great curiosity, or rather the catacombs are, over which it is built. A Capuchin friar, after giving each of us a torch, and taking one himself, led us into

these dark and doubtful labyrinths of the early Christians, who, in the days of persecution, used these catacombs not only for cemeteries, but for hiding places, and for the worship of God. Anon we were under the earth, with walls of *Pozzolana*, as the Romans call this species of soft stone in the catacombs, surrounding us on every side. The cavities within these walls were made for graves, and had a coffin aspect, which in such a spot chilled the blood. The passages between these walls are but from two to three feet wide, and as they lead, the stranger knows not where—for these catacombs, it is said, reach to Ostia, a distance of sixteen miles—we should have felt that we were incarcerated for life, and that our own bodies would soon rest in these skeleton stripped cavities, if we had had any suspicion of the guidance of our friar. Persons indeed have often lost themselves in these subterranean labyrinths, and so dangerous had this in particular become, that long ago it was blocked up in part, and the whole of its remote stretch is now shut out from curious investigation. These excavations were undoubtedly made by the ancient Romans, in searching for the materials of which their buildings were made. The Christians, when the penalty of death was inflicted in Rome upon him who worshipped the true God, fled hither, and the multitude at last, making this their retreat, dug out chambers where religious exercises were performed. I could not but contrast these dim and dismal dungeons where Christianity was cradled, with the proud and aspiring Basilica of St. Peter's, that towers high in air above all other structures of ancient or modern time, and forgetful of the waste of treasures that had been lavished upon it, I could not but consider it a noble monument to the memory of those men whose bones had been crumbling in the cavities of the rock by my side. That feeble praise which was here uttered tremblingly under the earth to the Almighty God of the Universe, is now not only echoed along the aisles and the vaults of the greatest fabric on earth, but it is sounded and resounded loudly, and proudly under the arch of the heavens in the four quarters of the globe, while the pagan gods are tumbled down, or preserved only as relics of art. It has been supposed that 170,000 martyrs were buried here.

The sepulchre of the Scipios in a subterranean repository, dark and damp, is seen on the way to the catacombs. The Circus of Romulus (the son of Maxentius) is one of the most perfect in Rome. The mausoleum of Cecilia Metella is a beautiful fabric which has well braved time, though long ago it was plundered of all that was in it, and converted into a fortress, as the ugly battlements now overgrown with weeds upon their tops, are ready to prove. The Fountain and the Grotto of Egeria, of which but little of the ancient beauty is left, interest us from their classical associations. The *Temple di Reduendo*, or the Temple of the Return, marks the spot where was supposed to be the site of Hannibal's camp when he was besieging Rome—a temple that the Romans erected in joy of his return to his own country. These are a few of the objects on one side of Rome, in fields of ruins where not even the plough runs, or perhaps can run, so thickly strewn is the land with walls and bricks; yet this land which was once crowded with habitations, is now overrun with weeds and bushes. A few villas are all that now form the suburbs of Rome. Among these the villa Borghese is the most magnificent, or at least the best kept. On Sundays, the whole of Rome resort hither in vehicles and on foot; and for the two Sabbath's past, there has been a rustic fete, which has redoubled in number the accustomed crowd. Turkeys, chickens, handkerchiefs, wine in bottles, legs of bacon, and other things as attractive, were fixed upon a pole or mast perpendicularly stationed in the ground, and the winner of these things was, he who could climb up its slippery sides, and drop down the things on the top. Thousands of people assembled to witness this, and a band of music soothed the multitude or stimulated the dance of the peasants. Other villas there are, as well as this, all famous for at least some one precious work of art—but I have said enough of art, and I must skip over these without even a word.

Tivoli, where is the vast and rich villa of the Emperor Adrian, eighteen miles from Rome, of which the Emperor himself was the architect, and which he adorned with Temples, Baths, Theatres, Porticos, and imitations of the most remarkable buildings in the world, and with a *Vale of Tempe*, *Elysian Fields*, and *Infernal Regions* even, is one of the most attractive objects about Rome. What a

paradise, and how rich in art must have been this villa, which genius of every kind did its utmost to adorn!—*Mecenas's* villa, or the ruins of it, can be seen about here, and opposite is what is left of the villa of Sallust. Some ten miles off was the villa of Horace; and the antiquarian, well versed in ancient lore, with a love of classic study, may be happy about here for weeks, though among a population not the safest in the world, and though living in a manner that a Prince would not choose, to say the least.

Frascati I visited also, about twelve Roman miles from Rome, upon a prancing horse, with a cavalcade of crazy young men, English, German, and French, who were too wild to stop to study what we galloped over, and therefore I am not much the wiser for my visit. Tusculum we visited near there, and walked over and through the bushes that cover its ruins. The reticulated brick work of Cicero's villa, where he wrote his *Tusculum* question, is the most interesting thing to be seen there. This villa, it seems, was upon the side of a hill, with a beautiful view all around, and there this great man retired from Rome, and trained his mind for meditation and philosophy. But if I do not stop now, I never shall—and therefore I am resolved, after a few more words of advice upon living and buying in Rome, to leave the city and start on the route to Naples.

Better Cameos can be bought in Rome than in any other place of Italy. The workmanship of them is often wonderfully delicate, but the price of a well worked one is always high. Mosaics here are also better than any where else where I have been. The models of all the ancient ruins can be brought here in marble, as well as of the master-piece of sculpture. Prints and colored drawings of every thing of the past and present, can be found in the shops. Two thirds, aye, nearly all of the Roman shops in the Corso and the Piazza of Spain, are but epitomes of the curiosities of Rome; and if a man has money to spend, he can no where better gratify an enlightened taste than in the purchase of these models of what are the wonderful things of the world. As Rome indeed chiefly lives upon the arts, and upon the strangers who visit it, purchases can be made here to better advantage than elsewhere; but two to the man who does not trade with a Roman of the present day warily, for the price demanded for a thing is no sign of its value—and unless the purchaser is a connoisseur, and even then unless he has huckstered from shop to shop, he will be cheated in every thing he buys. Double and even triple the value of a thing, and of what the vender will take, is often demanded of a stranger who is making purchases.

A man can live in Rome for almost any price. Many artists I've well there for less than a dollar a day, and my own expenses were but little more than that at the Hotel de Londres, one of the very best hotels in the city. But a young man who manages prudently, never dines at his hotel, but always dines out at a Restaurant, where, if not so many choice articles may be obtained of what he likes, amply enough for a dinner, at the cost of from thirty to forty cents, wine included. Families alone have the habit of dining at the hotels, and all the other travellers usually dine at the Restaurants, which, from four to seven o'clock, are usually crowded with men and women from all parts of the world. An artist may obtain fair lodgings in Rome for twenty-five or thirty cents a day—a breakfast for ten or twelve cents, of bread and coffee, and a dinner from twenty-five to forty cents—and no man in Rome, or on the continent of Europe I believe, thinks of eating more than two regular meals a day. Five hundred dollars in Rome will go about as far in expenses as two thousand dollars in London; for as you travel southward, this change is marked in the value of money—that an English shilling (twenty-three cents about,) becomes a franc in France (19 cents about,) a Paul in Rome (16 cents,) and a Caroline in Naples, which is 8 cents of our money.—Expenses, however, always depend upon the manner in which a man manages. He (as the American generally in imitation of the English) who drives up to a hotel in his own carriage, with his courier, ordering all and paying all, will find that neither two nor three dollars will pay his daily expenses in Rome, though he cannot have one single comfort that another may not have for a third of the sum. All travelling in Italy depends upon the practice and skill of the traveller, as to the amount expended. A little knowledge of the language is indispensable to getting

along cheaply and smoothly without a courier, for there are hundreds of places where French is not the current coin of conversation, though in every large town there are servants who speak French very well. The important fact that every thing must be bargained for in advance, even the washerwoman for a night-cap or neckerchief, must always be kept in mind. Three beautiful little rooms, two bed-rooms and a pretty saloon overlooking a garden in the Hotel de Londres, cost me and my companion one dollar a day. Our breakfast in the hotel was 30 cents—our dinner there, 60 cents, with wine;—but it was such a dinner as in London would cost two dollars. Each man pays the servant at least ten cents a day, and candles are a separate bill. Our lodging, probably, was cheaper than it would have been, if Rome had not been unusually deserted, on account of a fear of the cholera. A *cadet de place* costs five francs a day, whose services are indispensable here; but if a party is formed, the divided expense is but a trifle. Almost every picture gallery you see in Rome costs money, and so does almost every species of sight-seeing, unless it be on public days, and then sights are so numerous, that the aggregate of the whole is quite a serious bill, though in detail ten or fifteen cents are the most a man need give, and five will often answer his purposes, particularly in a party—for in Italy three young men on an average can travel for the same price that it would cost two alone. The market of Rome is one of the best in Italy. The wine of Orvieto takes the place of the old Faernian, which has lost all its fame, and it can be bought for twelve or fifteen cents the flask. A family intending to make a long stay in Rome would do well to hire private lodgings which can be easily obtained, and then to order their dinners to be brought from the restaurants. Grapes, apples, pears, peaches and apricots, we have found delicious—and for a single *biacchi*, which is in value of an American cent, we have often bought as many grapes as two of us could eat. Many a Roman lives on bread and grapes, or maccaroni, which is delicious with him, and his flask of wine, for ten or fifteen, or twenty cents a day at the most. Italy, you may thus see, is, next to the interior of our country—the West and New-England population off the great roads—the cheapest country in the world to travel in. I have thrown these little items together, so that an American at home may know with how much to venture abroad, as well as for the benefits of the future traveller.

NAPLES, November, 1835.

One is amused now and then in Europe by the odd specimens of his countrymen that he meets abroad. One night I was walking in the streets of Rome, with my travelling companion, when a man speaking English came up and addressed him as an acquaintance, with a "Good God, how happy I am to see you!"—"I am dying here all alone."—"These fellows here can't understand a word I say, and I can't understand a word of theirs."—"How did you get here?"—"Where did you come from?"—"What a thing it is to be in a country where you can't talk, and where you can't understand!"—"I want to go to Naples, and I cry 'Naples,' and they cry 'no,' but what the devil they mean, is more than I can tell." Really, I said to myself, this poor man is in a sad situation. I don't blame him for being over-joyed to see an acquaintance of his, especially one who speaks a language he can understand. We took him to our hotel, and as this had been the first opportunity he had had for a long time to open his mouth, I was astonished by his volubility. We installed him in a chamber by our side. But we soon found we had discovered a droll companion. A picture gallery he would finish at a single glance. One stride through the Vatican, and all the Vatican was seen—the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, the glorious and gorgeous rooms, the works of Raphael, and Angelo, Domenichino, and all! We wearied him to death in the Museum of the Capitol. The Dying Gladiator, the delicate and chaste embracing of Cupid and Psyche—nothing could make him halt before it. Before we would have finished one room, he would have traversed all, with the keeper at his heels, wondering what manner of a wild man this was, who was thus striding by the shining fragments of august antiquity. "Beautiful," "magnificent," "grand," "sublime," were his standing adjectives, and he applied them to every thing without reference to thing, time or place. St. Peter's with one stride, and repeated exclamations of "grand!"

"sublime," "magnificent" and "beautiful," was visited in less than half an hour. But the chief part of our fun was to take him among the ruins of Rome, the huge incoherent masses of bricks, and to show him them. Nothing on earth was such a bore to him as these old bricks. We hunted for relics of marble for hours in the wilderness of the palace of the Cæsars, and he, poor man, was bored to death. We mounted the lofty walls of the Coliseum, and took him along with us over arch an battlement, so that all Rome could be seen, but nevertheless, we bored him to death. We studied out the *Metæ* and *Spino* of the Circus of Romulus as illustrations of the ancient chariot races, but he saw nothing but weeds and desolation there, and the same everlasting bricks. The awful history of the Roman Forum never awakened him, and all he saw was the cattle about there, and the chained convicts, "digging holes under ground," as he termed it. Here in Naples to-day, we burst forth in a roar of laughter at one of his speeches; for while we were studying the celebrated group of what is called the Farnese Bull, he had finished all the rows in the vast gallery of the *Museo Borbonico* above us, and when we asked him what he had seen, he told us, there was nothing there but *old pots*, and that we had better go home. These *old pots*—what do you guess they were? these *old pots* that were not worth going to see! Why, nothing more or less than the most famous collection of Etruscan vases in the world, which the whole treasury of the United States could not buy! Among these *old pots* were beautiful tripods found in the temple of Isis at Pompeii, couches for the gods, carried in the *Lectisternia* festivals of the ancients, chalices, candelabras, altars, idols—in short, almost all the appendages of heathen worship that were found in that disinterred city of the dead, when the whole past was made present as it were, by falling upon Pompeii, which, under the lava of Vesuvius as it was, no barbarian, whether Goth or Christian, could despoil. These *old pots* are worth a study of days and days, and yet our strange companion had finished them at a glance, disgusted with the idea that these Neapolitan Lazzaroni should have collected them here, as a show to cheat us out of our money. These *old pots* are now copied in the ornamenting of rooms all over England, and there are some Englishmen who go so far in their admiration of them, that they are endeavoring in the furnishing and in the decorations of their rooms, to copy, and thus to represent for this day, what antiquity was, when these *old pots* were in fashion. Indeed these are but few specimens of this strange man whom we caught let loose, and running wild in the streets of Rome. Four days he had been there when we saw him, and with money enough in his pockets, he had been galloping every day all over Rome—now on horseback, now in a *cabriolet*, and now a *fiacre*,—and when we saw him, he swore (by all the heathen deities of course,) that he had seen all Rome, from beginning to end—its Alpha and Omega—and what on earth his landlord meant when he said 'no,' to his demand of 'Naples,' he never understood, till we told him he could not go to Naples for thirty days to come, as this was the quarantine, during which thirty days we kept him busy at work looking at old bricks and dirty alleys, or else in crying out "sublime" and "grand" in the picture galleries, the palaces, the churches and the museums of august Rome, till he was at last so surfeited with "glory," that even his parrot adjectives ceased to drop from his mouth. He speaks no languages on earth—not even his own—(mark, English is his native tongue.) By the mere force of gravity, as it were, he had tumbled from the Alps into Rome. He had got into a Diligence, and following it without stopping, and crying "Rome" when it changed, he had been brought to Rome. His progress is a miracle to me. How on earth he ever gets along is a puzzle. But every body cheated him, and he paid every body, and perhaps gold is the only universal language on earth.

By the way, for the honor of our country, we ought to institute an examination of the passengers on board our New York packets and throw over-board such as are not fit to go abroad. Europe is now overrun with many of the most extraordinary specimens of American humanity. We are judged of there, by what foreigners see,—and when they see for example such a novelty as I have described above, they certainly can form no high estimation of American civilization, if he be a specimen. The large majority of American travellers in Europe are young men,

the sons of rich parents, many of whom are ornaments to their country, and many are far otherwise. The mind of that American indeed must have much of strength in it, who is not changed or affected by what he sees here, and if he properly cultivates that change, it will do him good—for America has much to learn, as well as much to dread from Europe;—but if that change be but imitation—if it be but a servile copying of men and things, the American is ruined for ever as an American, and is never more fit for his own land. When we come here, we fall at once into a new state of society where rank is every thing, where thought and action run in far different channels than with us, and the temptation to deliver ourselves to this tale that whisks all others along, is irresistible almost. But whoever does surrender himself to it otherwise than as a spectator of a show—wo to him as an American.—His race for his own country is already run. Every step he takes when he returns to his family, will shock half his friends; and makes enemies of the rest. The fashions, the customs of Europe would be pests for us; and yet, as I have said before, we are so far from being the most enlightened people on earth, that Europe has ten thousand of the most important lessons to teach us. But then there is as much danger in studying these lessons as Ulysses found when he sailed by the land of the Sirens, and as the stopped up the ears of his sailors, and lashed himself to the mast, so, figuratively speaking, we must stop up our ears, and lash ourselves to the mast. I can fancy no better school than that of Europe for the young American, after he has seen something of his own land; and yet I can fancy none more dangerous to all his future prospects and future character. By character, I do not mean to speak of morals, but of principles—not moral principles, but principles for society, for government, for behavior, for conversation, for every thing in short, that a man may say or do. For example, I saw in September, a young American in Switzerland who had been so long in Europe (two years only,) that he had forgotten his own language; and though he did condescend to speak English at times, he lisped it so, through the hairs of his mustachios, and he was so very graceful in all his gestures, that he seemed to be the veriest fool I saw on earth. I took him for a fool, and a fool, especially such a fool, is a man out of the ordinary way, from whom something is to be learned. I sought his acquaintance and obtained it. Judge then, what was my surprise to find this man whom I fancied to be a fool, to be a very sensible man. Yet every body made fun of him. He was the butt of all company. And why? Simply because he had un-Americanized himself, and had somewhere picked up a voice and a manner which he thought to be mighty fine, but which, nevertheless, was neither that of a man nor brute beast. Such a voice alas, in the United States, would be a bar to all success is almost every thing—for by it the man made himself ridiculous, and ridicule is a weapon as strong in one sense as the arrow of death is in another. Such fashions as these, if I may call them fashions, are what is so dangerous. But then, as a man sees more of the world, he imbibes from that world (and so he ought in fact, or else, what is the use of seeing it?) new habits of thought. If these habits of thought thus imbibed, be in accordance with our institutions, all is well and good; but if they be otherwise, what is more injurious? For example, it is notorious, that when Americans forget that they are Americans—princes born even,—with the royal blood of a republic in their veins, and that each one of them at home is more of a man, if liberty and self-government make the man, than nine-tenths of the Princes of Europe,—when they forget this, and become the hunters of rank, and the hunters of other hunters of this same rank, it is notorious, I say, that they are the most abject and degraded slaves of the day. They out Herod Herod in all they do. Who does not blush for them, and blush for himself, that he is a countryman of theirs? Think of a nation like ours, not one in fifty of whom can trace our genealogy further than our father's father, boasting of family—of rank—of blood—of all these silly things in short, that mean think so much of here! Our patent of nobility is in what we are at the present moment,—proclaimed in that bright charter of constitutional freedom, and blazoned in those proud institutions that are above the reach of all the rest of the world. We are a nation of princes. The royal blood runs in all our veins. But when we boast of family abroad, or thrust ourselves unceremoniously upon men of

rank, our position is as absurd. Our title is a thing never to be spoken of, and never doubted. A monarch never troubles himself about his own rank, or the rank of others, and the only thing he thinks of is to sustain the character he has. Simplicity of character, energy without pretension, security as to position, pride for our country, for what that country has done, and for the precious blessings it enjoys,—modest, but determined resolution;—these are some of the characteristics of the true American in another land, and he who possesses them, does honor to us all. But throw him overboard, yes, throw him overboard, who starts for Europe on purpose to be a fool. I do not know but that it is necessary for our own security even, as the whole character, customs, and fashions of our country, if not at present, will soon be principally influenced by the number of Americans, who are now annually visiting Europe, and returning to their homes. Havre, Liverpool, and London are for all practical purposes, nearer New York than Naples is to Paris, and hence, from one of the most natural laws that regulate the intercourse of one people with another, it must happen that such facilities of travelling will in some degree assimilate the new continent with the old.

Things in Naples.

No. LXXVIII. November, 1835. Naples, I have said, is further for all practical purposes from Paris, than Paris is from New York, and yet the distance is but about a thousand miles. However, one feels here as if one was quite at the end of the world, as the diligences upon the road are so dull, and the difficulty of getting along is so great, though the roads are excellent in general. The mail it is true, comes by the courier in ten or twelve days, and so does the mail come from America to Europe sometimes in fifteen days. But there is no security for the transportation of any thing here, such as there is in England or the United States. A letter is often opened and detained, one knows not how long, or destroyed, it may be, because the government do not like what is said in it. Not a letter, for example, have I see a foreigner receive in Rome, which has not been opened. All are "smoked," and pierced, that is, cut in two places, and sprinkled well with vinegar, and it may be that in this process the seals are not broken, but nevertheless it is a fact that they are broken, and that the contents can thus be easily read. I feel, therefore, as if I was in fact at the end of the world, for I will trust no letter in such a country, and have received none, and expect to receive none till I get to Paris. The want of security, then, in the means of transportation, puts Naples almost at the end of the world. Newspapers are precious and scarce. The postage is immense. A stray Galigiani (an English paper in Paris,) may now and then be seen, and the sight of one is a precious treasure; but almost all I learn from the United States is in the little journals of Italy, which are about as large as one eighth part of the National Intelligencer in Washington. They tell me, the Union is breaking up,—that riots and rows are desolating the whole land,—that the slaves are rebelling, and that a servile war is threatened,—and they rejoice loudly, as they hold up this admonition of the folly of men attempting to govern themselves. Nothing so much delights them as this last demonstration, as they call it, of the impossibility of a republic, even when founded under the most favorable circumstances. The Lynch laws particularly delight them. The Mississippi gamblers, Lynched as they were, are nevertheless compensated with an immortality in every despot's Journal of Europe. The slave missionaries are wearing a crown of glory here, as martyrs of a mad democracy. How true all these things are, I have no means of telling; for all I see is in the little Italian journals, which are particularly occupied with such of our affairs as tend to discredit all Republican institutions. And, perhaps, one of the greatest pleasures of travelling is to read

such news of one's own country in a foreign land, particularly when it is probable that all is at least founded on fact. The Emperor of Austria, it is said, has seized this occasion to inspire his Italian subjects with a horror of all Republican institutions, by making it optional with some State prisoners in Italy—whether they will choose the punishment of death at home, or banishment to the United States!

But I am wandering far away from my journal as a traveller. I did not in my last even tell you how I got out of Rome, and before I finish this, I shall not get you into Naples, for on a road where every spot is classic, the traveller must go very slow. We finished in Rome our quarantine of thirty days, but as that was all in the way of business, we never felt its infliction. We went to the Police, and surrendering our bill of residence, for which we had paid, were given the passport, which we were told to take to the American Consul. The regulation of our passports we usually left to some domestic of our Hotels, who look upon the fee attending this as a perquisite of their situation. But when we spoke with the domestic of the Hotel, and demanded the usual fees, he laughed in our faces, when we told him we were Americans, as we must to use his own phrase, go through the *pounding* of the American Consul, whose signature was the most costly of all powers represented at Rome. The fee he said was two Roman scudi, which is two dollars of our money. I did not believe this possible, for I am yet so green in travelling that I have never before found this exaction made. An Englishman, who was with us, laughed at us loudly. "Your speculating, trafficking character," he said, "is ever seen in your consular agent at Rome." But this Consul, by the way, is an Italian, not an American. Rome is perhaps, the only place in Europe where a British traveller pays to the agents of his own government a single cent for a passport stamp, but as the religious Protestant rebellion of England put England so out of the Catholic pale that she never has had a Minister Plenipotentiary there, she has sent there a Consul, upon the same footing as ours, whose signature costs a British subject thirty cents only of our money. Not crediting the story of the domestic of the Hotel, I sought out the house of the American Consul, or the Palace as it is called, though not a very shining house even, nor with an atmosphere around it so pure as that of the Elysian Fields. I mounted the third story of it and after wandering through the purlieu of his kitchen, came into his office, which was that of a Roman lawyer and then was received by his clerk. The clerk tried to put us off with the remark that the Consul was not in, but as we did not want him, only his consular stamp, we succeeded in getting it, for which sure enough the two dollars was demanded. Two of us gave him his four dollars, and we demanded in a surly humour an account of what we considered a most outrageous and disreputable system of spunking. It may be just that he should have something for this signature from a traveller; no, even this is not just, for the American Government is bound to pay him, if pay is needed, but why is not the exaction such as other nations demand? Why is an American passport made a laughing stock in every Roman hotel?—And who can reply to the taunt of the Englishman, that our speculating, trafficking character even fixes itself upon our consular agents abroad? Let every American I say, redress this evil for himself, till his government redresses it for him. Take no American passports, if you want to save expense in every town where an American Consul chooses to exact this enormous fee for such a little service. Spoil the trade. An English passport will carry any man who speaks the English language from one end of Europe to the

other with but a trifling expense; and even a passport from the Foreign Office of England with the direct signature of Lord Palmerston upon it, can be obtained for one tenth part of the sum that an American passport costs, provided this exaction is continued.—First, I object to the exaction as outrageously disproportionate in comparison with other nations,—and next I object to the dishonor it inflicts upon the Americans as a people. Again, a Consul in Rome, for all I can see, is as unnecessary as the fifth wheel of a coach, for there is no commerce there, and his signature would never be needed for passports, if he had not linked himself with the Police, which is the surliest and the worst bred in the world:—but if such an officer is necessary, let him be an American. For if every American traveller is to pay him such a tribute—the sum is large enough now, as the American visitors are so many, to support a young unmarried American exceedingly well, who by his studies and pursuits in this the storehouse of the arts of the world, could ultimately do his country honor. I repeat, then, my advice to my countrymen who embark for Europe by way of England, to spoil the trade. As for myself, I never will touch an American passport again, after I get back to England, till the government wipes off this stigma upon it. Remember the exaction does not exist in Rome alone, but it follows a traveller now, every step he takes from Paris; and in Naples it is as in Rome, and so on to Florence and Leghorn, and Marseilles and Paris. Every where in short, where the 160 Consuls that our Government has, (and his signature to passports is always necessary,) are stationed, the American traveller with an American passport, is liable to this exaction. And if in the course of his European tour, he comes in contact with fifty such Consuls his passport alone will cost him one hundred dollars for American signatures, which added to the fees that must ever be given in almost all the nations through which he passes, will make a passport a very costly item among all his other expenses. For example, (to give you an idea of the passport system,) twenty signatures are put upon a traveller's passport between Rome and Naples, and Naples and Rome. Two dollars are paid to the American Consul in Rome when Rome is left, and two dollars to the American Consul in Naples when Naples is left; and the American Consul at Rome considers it a favour that he does not demand two dollars more, when Rome is left a second time. The Roman Police ask about a dollar for their signature. The Neapolitan signature in Rome costs nearly a dollar more. The Neapolitan Minister of Foreign Affairs in Naples, charges nearly two dollars. Then the Tuscan agent at Naples must also be paid. In short, there is not one of these twenty signatures, that does not cost more or less, either in what is paid the police, or in money given to the attendants upon the office for carrying the passports there.

The greatest of all these sponges, however, are the American Consuls: and thus our happy country which at home is freed from all such miserable passport restrictions upon the intercourse of its citizens, exhibits the spectacle abroad of being the most greedy to turn that miserable system to the profit of its own agents. No, I am as proud of bearing the American Eagle as a proof that I am an American citizen, as a man can be,—but I will not bear it when it is soiled and tarnished thus. The lion and the unicorn have no such stigma upon them.

A contract with a vetturino was made in Rome to take four of us to Naples for eight dollars each, inclusive of *buona mano*,—the time occupied in the journey was to be three days, and we were to be found with dinner and beds upon the road. He treated us so well, that we gave him a Napoleon for his *buona mano*,

though a fourth part of it would have answered—and what was of as much value to him, we gave him "a good character" in an English letter for other English-speaking travellers, in which we did not forget to warn all others against the Dogannus on the road, where is stationed a race of plunderers who need keep watching.

Things in Naples.

No. LXXIX. November, 1835.

We left Rome at an early hour in the morning, and in a short time were upon what was the *Via Appia*, the great work of Appius Claudius, in the year of Rome 441. Soon after we left the walls of Rome we were upon the wide desert of the Campagna, and but little was to be seen, save the ruined monuments that flank the sides of the Queen of Ways (*Regina Viarum*, as the poet called it.) As the Romans were forbidden to bury their dead within the walls, they built up splendid monuments all along the Appian Way, which was in fact their Westminster Abbey, whose aisle, however, was as long as the road itself, and whose arching was the sky over it. *Siste Victor*, the motto which we so often quote for our tombstones—*stop, traveller*,—once stood here on the monuments and mausoleums of the Romans that thickly bordered this most magnificent of the Roman roads—but monuments and mausoleums are now tumbled down, and all that can be seen amid the desert waste, are the hideous ruins where they were; old bricks in masses disfiguring the ground, and puzzling the antiquary to tell to whom they once belonged. By these monumental ruins, strewn for miles upon the Appian way, this road can now be tracked out, for these ruins stand at present as mournful landmarks of what Rome and its suburbs were. What an interesting spectacle they must have been in Cicero's day, when the Scipios and other noble families had their mausolea upon this road—a spectacle to which he so beautifully alludes in his appeal to Cataline!

This celebrated road went in a straight line to Albano, and by the way, all the old Roman roads ran as straight as needles; but the Romans nevertheless, did not hold to the American doctrine of making roads, that the shortest way to get round a hill is over its top, for they tunneled often, or else reduced the hill nearly to the surrounding level. A constant succession of ruins, most probably sepulchral, attends the traveller all the way to Albano, one of which more conspicuous than the others from its height, has been attributed to Aescanius. Albano we tarried long enough to visit, and to feed our vetturino horses, and then we started further upon our road in a country which had become that of hills. If I stop, however, at Albano, to talk over its history, and that of its vicinity, I never shall get away. *La Riccia* (as it is now called,) upon a dreary hill, was the next town that we passed, but it seemed to be in nothing remarkable at present, though it interested me as being the *Aricia* where Horace made his first night's tarry in his journey to Brundisium, in company with Heliodorus the rhetorician. All around here is indeed classic ground, but the beautiful poetry of the *Æneid* of Virgil, I fear will be the poetry with me no more; for what I have seen, has sadly dampened the fancies with which I had ever decked this land of Turnus, of Nisus, and Euryalus,—and of the haughty Queen of Hecuba. Nevertheless, I can readily see that this may have been a Paradise of a retreat for a Roman from the city or the plain, for it is interesting even now, though no Diana is now in its groves, as in days of yore, and though no temple and lake are now made sacred to her. The *Speculum Diana* (Diana's Mirror,) is now the Lake of Nemi, which Byron describes as "navel'd in the woody hills." These woody hills

were Diana's grove, in which, it was fabled, no horses would ever enter. Diana here brought her beloved Hippolytus, whom she restored to life; and horses could not enter her grove, for the horses of Hippolytus, frightened by the sea monsters of Neptune's creation, had dashed him against the rocks, and caused his death. Here, too, was at times, Egeria's retreat,—and thus you see, that every thing, as it were, sings of poetry, and from this you can judge what a beautiful land of romance it was. At a place now called Genzano, the *Cinthiarum* of the Romans, there is now every June a festival, the festival of Flora, by which one is reminded of its olden times. The ground at the festival is covered for a considerable extent with a beautiful mosaic work, formed by the leaves of flowers plucked from their stalks. Many of these flowers are gathered for weeks beforehand, and are yet so beautifully preserved, that their colours appear unfaded, when so disposed as to imitate in this vegetable mosaic work the Papal arms, &c. Not far from here is the ancient Lavinium; and on an eminence above Genzano is the Lanuvium that was founded by Diomedes. Our first night's tarry was at Cisterna, on the borders of the Pontine Marshes, which is supposed to be near the *Tres Tabernæ* mentioned by St. Paul in the Acts of the Apostles.

Cisterna is about one of the most miserable places a traveller can find on the face of the earth. The only decent building in the whole village was the hotel in which we were lodged. There we had a good dinner at 6 o'clock, and comfortable beds, but the water was undrinkable, and the wine but poorly compensated for its bad quality. But every thing around had so suspicious an aspect, that if we had not been four strong in number, we should have been less quiet in the enjoyment of our beds. At three o'clock the ensuing morning, we were mounted in our vetturino again, and on our way to and over the Pontine Marshes. It was yet long before day-light, and I could not see well where I was. Our coachman was as alert as we were at every sound he heard, and when he passed a party of noisy laborers, he made his horses go at the top of their speed. True, it is said there is no cause for alarm from robbers now in this gloomy place, but the gloom and the desolation impress the traveller with concern, and it is almost impossible to journey among a people held from robbery only by fear, through a place so peculiarly fitted for it, as all this region seems to be, without this impression. We passed crowds of people moving onward with their torches from the villages on the border of these marshes, to work upon them during the day,—and as they held their torches before their livid and sallow faces, they looked like so many grim ghosts from the regions below, brandishing their tery ensigns in some parade or other. The sun arose upon us, as we were upon these famous marches, and then for the first time, we saw clearly where we were. The road upon which we were, was excellent for such a place, and bordered with trees as it was, it stripped the view of half its horrors. Indeed this region cannot be what it was, so terrible, so awfully hideous as travellers have described it, in which the *malaria* was so potent, that it was almost death to pass it. We had been warned in fact, not to cross it before the sun had removed the vapors, and then not with an empty stomach, but here we were upon it before day light even, and without a breakfast also.—But when I remembered that October was not September, nor the warm summer months of July and June, I ceased to have any concern on this account. He who has seen the swamps in the vicinity of New Orleans, or the low grounds of South Carolina, between the Santees, has seen places far more frightful than this. I was reminded in my journey over it, of

the Dismal Swamp, between Virginia and North Carolina, though the brush and tangled wilds is thick on that, and there is little or none on this. The Dismal Swamp, however, if I am right in my recollections, is not so long as the Pontine Marshes are, though they may be wider. This region of swamp here is about twenty-four English miles in length, and various from six to twelve in breadth. To make a road through these marshes and to drain them, has been an object in progress from the time of Appius Claudius two thousand years ago, to the present day:—and upon them have worked the Roman republicans, and the Cæsars, Theodoric the Goth and the Popes, but generally in vain, till Pius VI. formed his road upon the foundations of the Appian Way, long hidden under water, and drained the swamps so judiciously as to render them in some degree capable of cultivation. French engineers pursued the same measures, and Pius VII. at last succeeded in some measure in purifying a tract of country, where gales in former times were tainted with pestilence and death. Nevertheless, Pliny says, upon the authority of an older writer, that this swampy ground once included thirty-three cities in the earlier times of the Roman republic—a fact which seems almost incredible now, though one may fancy that the streams ever flowing from the neighbouring mountain, and losing themselves in a soil which offered no outlet, could become stagnant at last, and thus so full of pestiferous exhalations, as to make cities uninhabitable, and to drive the inhabitants off.

The classic recollections all along this route were not a few, and they perhaps made the most pleasant associations of the day. We were upon the humid marshes, where came the Volcan Queen, the Amazonian Virgin Warrior, and the deathless Camilla Virgil, Horace, Martial, and others, of the Roman Poets have ever made even these swamps of interest. The *Forum Appii* is there, where Horace embarked with his companions in his Brundisium journey. The vestiges of the canal in which he was, nineteen miles in length, may be seen even to this day. Here it was, that he waged war with his stomach on account of the badness of the water, and waited with an ill humor, while his companions ate:—and while I regarded the prospect all round, I could well see that there was not much change even now from that time, when: "The lenny frogs, with croakings hoarse and deep, And quats loud buzzing, drove away all sleep."

From this journey of the Roman Poet one can readily see, that travelling was but a slow undertaking in ancient times, and that even the dull motion of the present day is an improvement upon the past, for Horace was all night upon this short canal, and it was near the dawn when he reached "the white rocks of Auxur,"—the Terracina of our day.

We breakfasted at Terracina, at eleven o'clock, upon sour wine, bread soup, and maccaroni, all we could get, and thus we were far from finding this Auxur to be the "splendidus Auxur" that Martial describes.

O nemus! O pontes! solidumque madendis arenæ,
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Auxur aquis!

But I never shall forget the impression that the full broad-spread Mediterranean here made upon me, and I clambered over the rocky cliffs under which the modern Terracina lays, in ecstasies almost to have a view. This was the first time I had stood upon the borders of the famous sea, and heard the urging of its waves, and as I have said in a former letter in speaking of the Adriatic, every new sea that a man's eyes view makes an era in his life.—A glimpse of the promontory of Circe, it is said, may be seen from these heights, and thus of that enchantresses land whose

magic spells bewitched even an Ulysses. A few sails, however, in sight, gladdened my eyes even more than the Circean promontory could, for when a stranger is in a strange land thus far from home, not only does the sea delight him by the association that this may be the water that laves his own shores, but a ship is, as it were, the link of a chain that touches his own heart, and those of his friends. But Terracina, apart from all this train of thought, is imposing and grand even from its position, for the jutting rocks there crowd narrowly upon the sea, and upon these rocks are trees of oranges and lemons, and the myrtles and the palms are often spreading down their sides. The sea air refreshes the land made hot by the sun, and thus, as it were, is mingled the tropic with the temperature of the northern clime. I visited the black ruins of Theodoric's Palace, and saw the remains of the Temples of Jupiter Auxur, whose shattered yet frowning vestiges of former grandeur yet attract the eye.

AFFECTING FIDELITY OF A DOG.

Professor Raff in his "System of Natural History" relates the following fact, and as the authenticity of that elegant author is unimpeachable, we think it fully entitled to a place in this collection. "A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy. The merchant after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels. The merchant absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink; the animal was too intent upon his master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before. "Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so, my poor dog is certainly mad; what must I do? I must kill him, least some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret. O! could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the next victim, if I spare him. With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand took an aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but the aim was too sure; the poor animal falls wounded and weltering in his blood, and still endeavours to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey, which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind, he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual. "I am most unfor-

tunate (said he to himself) I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure! it was missing! no bag was to be found! In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame. I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he was paid for his fidelity with his life. Instantly he turned his horse, and went off with a full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-averted eyes where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted, but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot, where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! his heart was ready to bleed—he cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone, the vital tide was ebbing fast, even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments: he stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

AD LUNAM.

Queen of the starry Heaven!
Ere the dim twilight's reign hath passed away,
And, by thy footsteps driven,
In darkness fade the last faint steps of day,
Searching the pathway of thy bright career,
Through the deep realms of night,
A thousand heralds of thy course appear,
Floating amidst the immeasurable light
That burns unquenchable along thy path,
Whether around thy cloud-encircled form,
The dim Halo,—pale prophet of the storm,
Foretells the tempest's wrath,
Or when thy light, the lonely mariner sees
In the clear ocean's depths unruffled by the breeze

Queen of the starry Heaven!
Emblem of HIM whose form is purest light,
Him to the monarch of the day is given
To represent his might,
And to the children of the dust to bear
The influence of his power
When at the midday hour
His fierce meridian splendour fires the air,
Yet as thy milder light
Usurps the shadowy night,
And the deep twilight dews
Fall silently amidst the evening's gloom—
E'en thus around the darkness of the tomb,
Imaged by thee, the rays of his rich love diffuse.

H. D.—

FROM THE LONDON NEW MONTHLY. LARKS IN VACATION.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Chapter I.

On the edge of a June evening, in the summer vacation of 1827, I was set down by the coach at the gate of my friend Horace Van Pelt's paternal mansion—a large old-fashioned comfortable Dutch house, clinging to the side of one of the most romantic dells on the North River. In the absence of his whole family on the summer excursion to the Falls and Lakes (taken by almost every "well-to-do" citizen of the United States,) Horace was emperor of the long-descended and as progressively enriched domain of one of the earliest Dutch settlers—a brief authority, which he exercised, more particularly, over an extensive stud and bins, Nos. 1 and 2.

The West was piled with gold castles breaking up the horizon with their burrashed pinnacles and turrets; the fragrant dampness of the thunder-shower that had followed the heat of noon was in the air; and in a low room, whose floor opened out so exactly upon the shaven sward that a blind man would not have known when he passed from the heavily piled carpet to the grass, I found Horace sitting over his olives and claret, having waited dinner for me till five (long beyond the latest American hour,) and in despair of my arrival, having dined without me. The old black cook was too happy to vary her vacation, by getting a second dinner; and when I had appeased my appetite, and overtaken my friend in his claret, we sat with the moonlight breaking across a vine at our feet, and coffee worthy of a filigree cup in the Bezestein, and debated, amid a true *embarrass des richesses*, our plans for the next week's amusement.

The seven days wore on merrily at first, but each succeeding one growing less merry than the last.—By the fifth eve of my sojourn, we had exhausted varieties. All sorts of headaches and meagrim in the morn'g—all sorts of birds, beasts and fishes for dinner—all sorts of accidents in all sorts of vehicles—left us on the seventh day out of sorts altogether. We were two discontented *Rasselas* in the Happy Valley. Rejoicing as we were in vacation, it would have been a relief to have had a recitation to read up, or a prayer-bell to mark the time. Two idle Sophomores in a rambling lonely old mansion were, we discovered, a very insufficient *dramatis personæ* for the scene.

It was Saturday night. A violent clap of thunder had interrupted some daring theory of Van Pelt's on the rising of Champagne bubbles; and there we sat, mum and melancholy, two sated Sybarites, silent an hour by the clock. The mahogany was bare between us. Any number of glasses and bottles stood in their lees about the table; the thrice-fished juice of an olive-dish and a solitary cigar in a silver case had been thrust aside in a warm argument, and, in his father's sacred gout chair, buried to the eyes in his loosened cravat, one

leg on the table and one somewhere in the neighborhood of my own, sat Van Pelt, the *Eidolon* of exhausted amusement.

"Phil!" said he starting suddenly to an erect position, "a thought strikes me!"

I dropped the claret cork from which I was at the moment trying to efface the "Margoux" brand, and sat in silent expectation. I had thought his brains evaporated as well as the last bottle of Champagne.

He rested his elbows on the table and set his chin between his two palms.

"I'll resign the keys of this mournful old den to the butler, and we'll go to Saratoga for a week.—What say?"

"It would be a reprieve from death by inanition." I answered; "but, as the Rhetorical Professor would phrase it, 'amplify your meaning,' young gentleman."

"Thus—To-morrow is Sunday. We will sleep till Monday morning, to purge our brains of these cloudy vapors and restore the freshness of our complexions. If a fair day, you shall start alone in the stanhope, and on Monday night sleep in classic quarters, at Titus's in Troy."

"And you?" I interrupted, rather astonished at his arrangement for me.

Horace laid his hand on his pocket with a look of embarrassed care.

"I will overtake you with the bay colts in the drosky—but I must first go to Albany. The circulating medium—"

"I understand."

We met on Monday morning in the breakfast room in mutual good spirits. The sun was two hours high; the birds in the trees were wild with the beauty and elasticity of the day; the dew glistened on every bough; and the whole scene, over river and hill, was a heaven of natural delight. As we finished our breakfast, the light pattering of a horse's feet up the avenue and the airy whirl of quick-following wheels announced the stanhope. It was in beautiful order, and what would have been termed on any *pave* in the world, a tasteful turn out. Light cream-colored body, black wheels and shafts, drab livery edged with green, dead-black harness, light as that on the panthers of Bæchus—it was the last style of thing you would have looked for at the "stoup" of a Dutch homestead.—And Tempest!—I think I see him now: his small inquisitive ears, arched neck, eager eye and fine thin nostril; his dainty feet flung out with the grace of a flaunted riband, his true and majestic action, and his spirited champ of the bit, nibbling at the tight rein with the exciting pull of a hooked trout;—how evenly he drew! how insensibly the compact stanhope, just touching his iron-grey tail, bowed along on the road after him!

Horace was behind with the drosky and black boy; and with a parting nod at the gate, I turned northward, and Tempest took the road in beautiful style. I do not remember to have been ever so elated. I was always of the Cyrenaic Philosophy that "happiness is motion," and the bland vitality

of the air had refined my senses. The delightful feel of the reins thrilled me to the shoulder. Driving is like any other appetite, dependent for the delicacy of its enjoyment on the state of the system; and a day's temperate abstinence, long sleep, and the glorious perfection of the morning had put my nerves "in condition." I felt the air as I rushed through. The power of the horse was added to my consciousness of enjoyment, and if you can imagine a Centaur with a harness and stanhope added to his living body, I felt the triple enjoyment of animal exercise which would then be his.

It is delightful driving on the Hudson. The road is very far beneath your wheels, the river courses away under the bold shore with the majesty inseparable from its mighty flood, and the constant change of outline on its banks gives you, as you proceed, a constant variety of pictures, from the loveliest to the most sublime. The eagle's nest above you at one moment, a sunny and fertile farm below you at the next—rocks, trees and waterfalls wedded and clustered as, it seems to me, they are no where else done so picturesquely—it is a noble river, the Hudson! And every few minutes, while you gaze down upon the broad waters spreading from hill to hill like a round lake, a gaily-painted steamer, with her fringed and white awnings and streaming flag, shoots out as if from a sudden cleft in the rock, and draws across it her track of foam.

Well, I bowled along. Ten o'clock brought me to a snug Dutch tavern, where I sponged Tempest's mouth and nostrils, lunched and was stared at by the natives; and continuing my journey, at one I loosed rein and dashed into the pretty village of —, Tempest in a foam, and himself and his extempore master creating a great sensation in a crowd of people who stood in the shade of the verandah of the hotel, as if that asylum for the weary traveller had been a shop for the sale of gentlemen in shirt sleeves.

Tempest was taken round to the "barn," and I ordered rather an elaborate dinner, designing still to go on some ten miles in the cool of the evening, and having, of course, some mortal hours upon my hands. The cook had probably never heard of more than three dishes in her life, but those three were garnished with all manner of herbs, and sent up in the best china as a warranty for the unusual bill; and what with coffee, a small glass of new rum as an apology for a *chasse-cafe*, and a nap in a straight-backed chair, I killed the enemy to my satisfaction till the shadows of the poplars lengthened across the barn-yard.

I was awake by Tempest prancing round to the door in undiminished spirits, and as I had begun the day *en grand seigneur*, I did not object to the bill, which considerably exceeded the outside of my calculation, but, giving the landlord a twenty-dollar note, received the change unquestioned, doubled the usual fee to the ostler, and let Tempest off with a bend forward which served at the same time for a gracious bow to the spectators. So remarkable a coxcomb had probably not been seen in the village since the passing of Cornwallis's army.

The day was still hot, and as I got into the open country I drew rein, and paced quietly up hill and down, picking the road delicately, and, in a humor of thoughtful contentment, trying my skill in keeping the edges of the green sod as it leaned in and out from the walls and ditches. With the long whip I now-and-then touched the wing of a sulphur butterfly hovering over a pool, and now-and-then I stopped and gathered a violet from the unsummed edge of the wood.

I had proceeded three or four miles in this way, when I was overtaken by three stout fellows galloping at speed, who rode past and faced round with a peremptory order to me to stop. A formidable pitchfork in the hand of each horseman left me no alternative. I made up my mind immediately to be robbed quietly of my own personals, but to show flight, if necessary, for Tempest and the stanhope.

"Well, gentlemen," said I, coaxing my impatient horse, who had been rather excited by the clatter of hoofs beside him, "what is the meaning of this?"

Before I could get an answer, one of the fellows had dismounted and given his bridle to another, and coming round to the left side, he sprang suddenly into the stanhope. I received him as he rose with a well placed thrust of my heel, which sent him back into the road, and with a chirrup to Tempest, I dashed through the phalanx and took the road at a top speed. The short lash once waved round the small ears before me, there was no stopping in a hurry, and away sped the gallant gray, and fast behind followed my friends in their shirt sleeves, all in a lathering gallop. A couple of miles was the work of no time, Tempest laying his legs to it as if the stanhope had been a cobweb at his heels; but at the end of that distance there came a sharp descent to a mill-stream, and I just remember an unavoidable mile-stone and a jerk over a wall, and the next minute, it seemed to me, I was in the room where I had dined, with my hands tied and a hundred people about me. My cool white waistcoat was matted with mud, and my left temple was, by the glass opposite me, both bloody and begrimed.

The opening of my eyes was a signal for a closer gathering around me, and between exhaustion and the close air I was half suffocated. I was soon made to understand that I was a prisoner, and that the three white-frocked highwaymen, as I took them to be, were among the spectators. On a polite application to the landlord, who I found out, was a Justice of the Peace as well, I was informed that he had made out my mittimus as a counterfeiter, and that the *spurious note* I had passed upon him for my dinner was safe in his possession!—He pointed, at the same time, to a placard newly stuck up against the wall, offering a reward for the apprehension of a notorious practiser of my supposed craft, to the description of whose person I answered, to the satisfaction of all present.

Quite too indignant to remonstrate, I seated myself in the chair considerably offered me by the

waiter, and listened to the whispers of the persons who were still suffered to throng the room, I discovered, what might have struck me before, that the initials on the pannel of the stanhope and the handle of the whip had been compared with the card pasted in the bottom of my hat, and the lack of correspondence was taken as decided corroboration. It was remarked also by a by-stander, that I was quite too much of a dash for an honest man, and that he had suspected me from first seeing me drive into the village! I was sufficiently humbled by this time to make an inward vow never again to take airs upon myself if I escaped the county jail.

The justice, meanwhile, had made out my orders, and a horse and cart had been provided and brought to the door to take me to the next town. I endeavored to get speech of his worship as I was marched out of the inn-parlor, but the crowd pressed close upon my heels, and the dignitary landlord seemed anxious to rid his house of me. I had no papers, and no proofs of my character, and assertion went for nothing. Besides I was muddy, and my hat was broken in on one side—proofs of villainy which appeal to the commonest understanding.

I begged for a little straw in the bottom of the cart, and had made myself as comfortable as my two rustic constables thought fitting for a culprit, when the vehicle was quickly ordered from the door to make way for a carriage coming at a dashing pace up the road. It was Van Pelt in his drosky.

Horace was well known on the road, and the stanhope had already been recognized as his. By this time it was deep in the twilight, and though he was instantly known by the landlord, he was some minutes in identifying the person of his friend in the damaged gentleman in the straw.

"Ay! ay! I see you don't know him," said the landlord, while Van Pelt surveyed me rather coldly: "on with him, constables! He would have us believe you knew him, sir! Walk in, Mr. Van Pelt, Ostler, look to Mr. Van Pelt's horses. Walk in sir."

"Stop!" I cried out in a voice of thunder, imagining that Horace really had not recognized me; "Van Pelt! Stop, I say! Horace!"

The driver of the cart seemed more impressed by the energy of my cries than my friends the constables, and pulled up his horse. Some one in the crowd cried out that I should have a hearing or he would "wallup the comitatus;" and the Justice, called back by this expression of an opinion from the sovereign people, requested his new guest to look at the prisoner for an instant.

"Do you know the culprit?" he asked in a solemn voice, after obtaining a momentary silence among the crowd.

Van Pelt had, by this time, become possessed of the principal circumstances of the case, and his first glance showed me that he recognized me.

To my utter astonishment, however, the smile that had involuntarily started to his lips changed to a feigned look of surprise; and after gazing at me

for a minute, while the crowd watched his face for the effect of his examination, he turned to the Justice, and declared he had never seen me before in his life!

"Drive on, Constable," said the Justice; and, with a shout from the people, the horse started into a smart trot, and preceded by a hundred boys, we went jolting over the stones of the village street, on our way to the county jail.

Van Pelt overtook me at the end of the first mile; but I was long in forgiving him.

Chapter II.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

It was about seven o'clock of a hot evening when Van Pelt's exhausted horses toiled out from the pine forest, and stood, fetlock deep in sand, on the brow of the small hill overlooking the mushroom village of Saratoga. One or two straggling horsemen were returning late from their afternoon ride, and looked at us, as they passed on their fresher hacks, with the curiosity which attaches to new comers in a watering-place; here and there a genuine invalid, who had come to the waters for life, not for pleasure, took advantage of the coolness of the hour, and crept down the foot-path to the spring; and as Horace encouraged his flagging cattle into a trot, to bring up gallantly at the door of "Congress-Hall," the great bell of that vast caravansary resounded through the dusty air; and, by the shuffling of a thousand feet, audible as we approached, we knew that the fashionable world of Saratoga were rushing down, *en masse* "to tea."

Having driven through a sand-cloud for the preceding three hours, and—to say nothing of myself—Van Pelt being a man who, in his character as the most considerable beau in the University, calculated on his first impression, it was not thought advisable to encounter, uncleaned, the tide of fashion at that moment streaming through the hall. We drove round to the side door, and gained our pigeon-hole quarters under cover of the black staircase.

The bachelors' wing of Congress-Hall is a long, unsightly wooden barrack, divided into chambers, six feet by four, and of an airiness of partition which enables the occupant to converse with his neighbor three rooms off, with the ease of clerks calling out entries to the ledger across the desks of a counting-house. The clatter of knives and plates came up to our ears in a confused murmur; and Van Pelt having refused to dine at the only inn upon the route, for some reason best known to himself, I commenced the process of a long toilet with an appetite not rendered patient by the sounds of cheer below.

I had washed the dust out of my eyes and mouth, and, overcome with heat and hunger, I knotted a cool cravat loosely round my neck, and sat down in the one chair.

"Van Pelt!" I shouted.

"Well, Phil."

"Are you dressed?"

"Dressed! I am as pinguid as a *pate foie gras* greased to the eyelids in cold cream."

I took up the sixpenny glass, and looked at my own newly washed physiognomy. From the temples to the chin it was one unmitigated red—burned to a blister with the sun! I had been obliged to deluge my head like a mop, to get out the dust; and not naturally remarkable for my good looks, I could, much worse than Van Pelt, afford these startling additions to my disadvantages. Hunger is a subtle excuse-finder, however; and remembering that there were five hundred people in this formidable crowd, and all busy with satisfying their appetites, I trusted to escape observation, and determined to "go down to tea." With the just named number of guests, it will easily be understood why it is impossible to obtain a meal at Congress-Hall out of the stated time and place.

In a white roundabout, a checked cravat, my hair plastered over my eyes, a *la Mawworm*, a face like the sign of the "Rising Sun," I stopped at Van Pelt's door.

"The most hideous figure my eyes ever looked upon!" was his first consolatory observation.

"Handsome or hideous," I answered, "I'll not starve! So here goes for some bread-and-butter."—And, leaving him to his "appliances," I descended to the immense hall which serves the comers to Saratoga for dining, dancing, and breakfasting, and in wet weather, between meals, for shuttlecock and promenading.

Two interminable tables extended down the hall, filled by all the beauty and fashion of the United States. Luckily, I thought, for me, there are distinctions in this republic of dissipation, and the upper end is reserved for those who have servants to turn down the chairs, and stand over them: the end of the tables nearest the door, consequently, is occupied by those whose opinion of my appearance is not without appeal, if they trouble their heads about it at all; and I may glide in, in my white roundabout, (permitted in this sultry weather,) and retrieve exhausted nature in obscurity.

An empty chair stood between an old gentleman and a very plain young lady, and seeing no remembered faces opposite, I glided to the place, and was soon lost to apprehension in the abyss of a cold pie. The table was covered with meats, berries, bottles of chalybeate water, tea-appurtenances, jams, jellies, and radishes; and but for the absence of the roast, you might have doubted whether the meal was breakfast or dinner, lunch or supper.—Happy country! in which any one of the four meals may serve a man for all.

The pigeon-pie stood, at last, well quarried before me, the *debris* of the excavation heaped upon my plate; and, appetite appeased, and made bold by my half-hour's obscurity, I leaned forward, and perused, with curious attention, the long line of faces on the opposite side of the table, to some of whom, doubtless, I was to be indebted for the pleasures of the coming fortnight. My eyes were fixed on the features of a talkative woman just above, and I had quite forgotten the fact of my dishabille of complexion and dress, when two persons entered, who made considerable stir among the servants,

and eventually were seated directly opposite me.

"We loitered too long at Barhydt's," said one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, as she pulled her chair nearer to the table, and looked around her with a glance of disapproval.

In following her eyes, to see who was so happy as to sympathize with such a divine creature, even in the loss of a place at table, I met the fixed and astonished gaze of my most intimate friend at the University.

"Ellerton!"

"Slingsby!"

Overjoyed at meeting him, I stretched both hands across the narrow table, and had shaken his nearly off the shoulders, and asked him a dozen questions, before I became conscious that a pair of large, wondering eyes were coldly taking an inventory of my person and features. Van Pelt's unflattering exclamation upon my appearance at his door, flashed across my mind like a thunder-stroke; and, coloring through my burned skin to the temples, I bowed, and stammered I know not what, as Ellerton introduced me to his sister!

To enter fully into my distress, you should be apprised that a correspondence, arising from my long and constant intimacy with Tom Ellerton, had been carried on for a year between me and his sister; and that, being constantly in the habit of yielding to me in matters of taste, he had, I well knew, so exaggerated to her my personal qualities, dress, and manners, that she could not, in any case, fail to be disappointed in seeing me. Believing her to be at that moment two thousand miles off, in Alabama, and never having hoped for the pleasure of seeing her at all, I had foolishly suffered this good-natured exaggeration to go on, pleased with seeing the reflex of his praises in her letters, and, Heaven knows! little anticipating the disastrous interview upon which my accursed star would precipitate me. As I went over, mentally, the particulars of my unbecomingness, and saw Miss Ellerton's eyes resting inquisitely and furtively on the mountain of pigeon-bones lifting their well-picked pyramid to my chin, I wished myself an ink-fish at the bottom of the sea.

Three minutes after, I burst into Van Pelt's room, tearing my hair and abusing Tom Ellerton's good nature, and my friend's headless drosky in alternate breaths. Without disturbing the subsiding blood in his own face by entering into my violence, Horace coolly asked me what the devil was the matter. I told him.

"Lie down here," said Van Pelt, who was a small Napoleon in such trying extremities—"lie down on the bed, and anoint your phiz with this unguent. I see good luck for you in this accident, and you have only to follow my instructions. Phil Slingsby sunburnt, in a white roundabout, and Phil Slingsby pale and well dressed, are as different as this potted cream and a dancing cow. You shall see what a little drama I'll work out for you!"

I lay down on my back, and Horace kindly anointed me from the treacher to the forelock, and from ear to ear.

"Egad," said he, warming with his study of his proposed plot, as he slid his fore-finger over the bridge of my nose, "every circumstance tells for us. Tall man as you are, you are as short bodied as a monkey, (no offence Phil!) and when you sit at table, you are rather an undersized gentleman. I have been astonished every day these three years at seeing you rise after dinner in Common's Hall. A thousand to one Fanny Ellerton thinks you a stumpy man."

"And then, Phil," he continued, with a patronizing tone, "you have studied minute philosophy to little purpose if you do not know that the first step in winning a woman to whom you have been overpraised, is to disenchant her at all hazards, on your first interview. You will never rise above the ideal she has formed, and to sink below it gradually, or to remain stationary, is not to thrive in your wooing."

Leaving me this precocious wisdom to digest, Horace descended to the foot of the garden to take a warm bath; and overcome with fatigue and the recumbent posture, I soon fell asleep, and dreamed of the great blue eyes of Fanny Ellerton.

The soaring of the octavo flute in "Hail Columbia," with which the band was patriotically opening the ball, woke me from the midst of a long apologetic letter to my friend's sister; and I found Van Pelt's black boy, Juba, waiting patiently at the bed-side, with curling tongs and Cologne water, ordered to superintend my toilet by his master, who had gone early to the drawing-room to pay his respects to Miss Ellerton. With the cold cream disappeared entirely from my face the uncomfortable redness to which I had been a martyr; and, thanks to my ebony *coiffeur*, my straight and plastered locks soon grew as different to their "umquihle guise" as Hyperion's to a Satyr's. Having appeared to the eyes of the lady, in whose favor I hoped to prosper, in red and white (red phiz and white jacket,) I trusted that in white and black (black suit and pale visomy) I should look quite another person. Juba was pleased to show his ivory in a complimentary smile at my transformation, and I descended to the drawing-room on the best possible terms with the coxcomb in my bosom.

Horace met me at the door.

"*Proteus redivivus!*" was his exclamation.—"Your new name is Wrongham. You are a gentleman Senior, instead of a bedevilled Sophomore, and your cue is to be poetical. She will never think again of the monster in the white jacket, and I have prepared her for the acquaintance of a new friend whom I have just described to you."

I took his arm, and with the courage of a man in a mask, went through another presentation to Miss Ellerton. Her brother had been let into the secret by Van Pelt, and received me with great ceremony as his college superior; and, as there was no other person at the Springs who knew Mr. Slingsby, Mr. Wrongham was likely to have an undisturbed reign of it. Miss Ellerton looked hard at the moment, but the gravity with which I was presented and re-

ceived, dissipated a doubt if one had arisen in her mind, and she took my arm to go to the ball-room with an undisturbed belief in my assumed name and character.

I commenced the acquaintance of the fair Alabamian with great advantages. Received as a stranger, I possessed, from long correspondence with her, the most minute knowledge of the springs of her character, and of her favorite reading and pursuits; and, with the little knowledge of the world which she had gained on a plantation, she was not likely to penetrate my game by my playing it too freely. Her confidence was immediately won by the readiness with which I entered into her enthusiasm and anticipated her thoughts; and before the first quadrille was well over, she had evidently made up her mind that she had never in her life met one who so well "understood her." Oh, how much women include in that apparently indefinite expression. "*He understands me.*"

The colonnade of Congress Hall is a long promenade laced in with vines and columns, on the same level with the vast ball-room and drawing-room; and, (the light of Heaven not being taxed at Saratoga) opening at every three steps by a long window into the carpeted floors. When the rooms within are lit on a summer's night, that cool and airy colonnade is thronged by truants from the dance, and collectively by all who have anything to express that is meant for one ear only. The mineral waters of Saratoga are no less celebrated as a soporific for chaperons, than as a tonic for the dyspeptic; and while the female Argus dozes in the drawing-room, the fair Io and her Jupiter (represented in this case, we will say, by Miss Ellerton and myself) range at liberty the fertile fields of flirtation.

I had easily put Miss Ellerton in suprising good humor with herself and me during the first quadrille; and, with a freedom based partly upon my certainty of pleasing her, partly on the peculiar manners of the place, I coolly requested that she would continue to dance with me for the rest of the evening.

"One unhappy quadrille excepted," she replied, with a look meant to be mournful.

"May I ask with whom?"

"Oh, he has not asked me yet, but my brother has bound me over to be civil to him—a spectre, Mr. Wrongham, a positive spectre!"

"How denominated?" I inquired, with a forced indifference, for I had a presentiment I should hear my own name.

"Slingsby—Mr. Philip Slingsby—Tom's *fidus Acates*, and proposed lover of my own. But you don't seem surprised!"

"Surprised! Ehem! I know the gentleman!"

"Then did you ever see such a monster? Tom told me he was another Hyperion. He half admitted it himself, indeed—for, to tell you a secret, I have corresponded with him a year!"

"Giddy Miss Fanny Ellerton!—and never saw him!"

"Never till to-night! He sat at supper in a white

jacket and red face, with a pile of bones upon his plate like an Indian tumulus."

"And your brother introduced you?"

"Fanny," said her brother, coming up at the moment, "Slingsby presents his apologies to you for not joining your *cordon* to-night; but he's gone to bed with a head-ache."

"Indigestion, I dare say," said the young lady. "Never mind, Tom—I'll break my heart when I've leisure. And now, Mr. Wrongham, since the spectre walks not forth to-night, I am yours for a cool hour on the colonnade."

Vegetation is rapid in Alabama, and love is a weed that thrives in the soil of the trophies. We discoursed of the lost pleiad and the Berlin bracelets—of the five hundred people about us, and the feasibility of boiling a pot on five hundred a year—the matrimonial sum total of my paternal allowance. She had as many negroes as I had dollars, I well knew, but it was my cue to seem disinterested.

"And where do you mean to live, when you marry, Mr. Wrongham?" asked Miss Ellerton, at the two-hundredth colonnade.

"Would you like to live in Italy?" I asked again, as if I had not heard her.

"Do you mean that as a *sequitur* to my question, Mr. Wrongham?" said she, half stopping in her walk, and, though the sentence was commenced playfully, dropping her voice at the last word with an emotion I could not mistake.

I drew her off the colonnade to the small garden between the house and the spring, and, in a giddy dream of fear and surprise at my own rashness and success, I made, and won from her, an avowal of preference—of love.

Matches have been made more suddenly.

Miss Ellerton sat in the music-room the next morning after breakfast, preventing pauses in a rather interesting conversation, by a running accompaniment upon the guitar. A single gold thread formed a fillet about her temples; and from beneath it, in clouds of silken ringlets, floated the softest raven hair that ever grew enamored of an ivory shoulder. Hers was a skin that seemed woven of the lily-white but opaque fibre of the magnolia, yet of that side of its cup turned toward the fading sunset. There is no term in painting, because there is no track of pencil or color, that could express the vanishing and impalpable breath that assured the healthiness of so pale a cheek.—She was slight, as all southern women are in America, and of a flexile and luxurious gracefulness, equalled by nothing but the movements of a smoke curl. Without the elastic nerve remarkable in the motions of Taglioni, she appeared, like her, to be born with a lighter specific gravity than her fellow creatures. If she had floated away upon some chance breeze, you would only have been surprised upon reflection.

"I am afraid you are too fond of society," said Miss Ellerton, as Juba came in hesitatingly, and delivered her a note in the hand-writing of an old

correspondent. She turned pale on seeing the superscription, and crushed the note up in her hand, unread. I was not sorry to defer the *denouement* of my little drama, and, taking up her remark, which she seemed disposed to forget, I referred her to a Scrap-book of Van Pelt's, which she had brought down with her, containing some verses of my own, copied (by good luck) in that sentimental Sophomore's own hand.

"Are these yours, really and truly?" she asked, looking pryngly into my face, and showing me my own verses, against which she had already run a pencil-line of approbation.

"*Peccavi*," I answered. "But will you make me in love with my own offspring by reading them in your own voice?"

They were some lines written in a balcony at day-break, while a ball was still going on within, and continued an allusion (which I had quite overlooked) to some one of my ever-changing admirations.

"And who was this 'sweet lover,' Mr. Wrongham?—I should know, I think, before I go further with so expeditious a gentleman."

"As Shelley says of his ideal mistress—

"I loved oh no! I mean not one of ye,

Or any earthly one—though ye are fair."

It was but an apostrophe to the presentiment of that which I have found, dear Miss Ellerton! But will you read that ill-treated billet-doux, and remember that Juba stands with the patience of an ebon statue waiting for an answer?"

I knew the contents of the letter, and I watched the expression of her face as she read it with no little interest. Her temples flushed, and her delicate lips gradually curled into an expression of anger and scorn; and, having finished the perusal of it, she put it my hand, and asked me if so impertinent a production deserved an answer.

I began to fear that the *eclaircissement* would not leave me on the sunny side of the lady's favor, and felt the need of the moment's reflection given me while running my eye over the letter.

"Mr. Slingsby," said I, with the deliberation of an attorney, "has been some time in correspondence with you?"

"Yes."

"And from his letters, and your brother's commendations, you had formed a high opinion of his character, and had expressed as much in your letters?"

"Yes—perhaps I did."

"And from this paper intimacy he conceives himself sufficiently acquainted with you to request leave to pay his addresses?"

A dignified bow put a stop to my catechism.

"Dear Miss Ellerton," I said, "this is scarcely a question upon which I ought to speak, but, by putting this letter into my hand, you seemed to ask my opinion?"

"I did—I do," said the lovely girl, taking my hand, and looking appealingly into my face; "answer it for me!—I have done wrong in encouraging that foolish correspondence, and I owe this for-

ward man, perhaps a kinder reply than my first feelings would have dictated. Decide for me—write for me—relieve me from the first burden that has lain on my heart since I"—

She burst into tears, and my dread of an explanation increased.

"Will you follow my advice implicitly?" I asked.

"Yes—oh yes!"

"You promise?"

"Indeed, indeed!"

"Well, then, listen to me! However painful the task, I must tell you that the encouragement you have given Mr. Slingsby, the admiration you have expressed in your letters of his talents and acquirements, and the confidences you have reposed in him respecting yourself, warrant him in claiming as a right a fair trial of his attractions. You have known and approved Mr. Slingsby's mind for years—you know *me* but a few hours. You saw him under the most unfavorable auspices (for I knew him intimately,) and I feel bound in justice to assure you, that you will like him much better upon acquaintance."

Miss Ellerton had gradually drawn herself up during this splendid speech, and sat at last erect, and as cold as Agrippina upon her marble chair.

"Will you allow me to send Mr. Slingsby to you," I continued, rising, "and suffer him to plead his own cause?"

"If you will call my brother, Mr. Wrongham, I shall feel obliged to you," said Miss Ellerton.

I left the room, and, hurrying to my chamber, dipped my head into a basin of water, and plastered my long locks over my eyes, slipped on a white roundabout, and tied around my neck the identical checked cravat in which I had made so unfavorable an impression the first day of my arrival. Tom Ellerton was soon found, and easily agreed to go before and announce me by my proper name to his sister, and treading closely on his heels, I followed to the door of the music room.

"Ah, Ellen!" said he, without giving her time for a scene, "I was looking for you. Slingsby is better, and will pay his respects to you presently. And I say—you will treat him well, Ellen, and—and—don't flirt with Wrongham the way you did last night! Slingsby's a devilish sight better fellow. Oh, here he is!"

As I stepped over the threshold, Miss Ellerton gave me just enough of a look to assure herself that it was the identical monster she had seen at the tea-table; and not deigning me another glance, immediately commenced talking violently to her brother on the state of the weather. Tom bore it for a moment or two with remarkable gravity, but at my first attempt to join in the conversation, my voice was lost in an explosion of laughter, which would have been the death of a gentleman with a full habit. Indignant and astonished, Miss Ellerton rose to her full height, and slowly turned to me.

"*Peccavi*!" said I, crossing my hands on my bosom, and looking up penitently to her face.

She ran to me, and seized my hand, but recovered

herself instantly, and the next moment was gone from the room.

Whether from wounded pride from having been the subject of a mystification, or whether from that female caprice by which most men suffer at one period or other of their bachelor lives, I know not—but I never could bring Miss Ellerton again to the same interesting crisis with which she ended her intimacy with Mr. Wrongham. She professed to forgive me, and talked laughingly enough of our old acquaintance; but whenever I grew tender she referred me to the "Sweet Lover" mentioned in my verses in the balcony, and looked around for Van Pelt. That accomplished beau, on observing my discomfiture, began to find out Miss Ellerton's graces without the aid of his quizzing-glass, and I soon found it necessary to yield the *pas* altogether. She has since become Mrs. Van Pelt; and when I last heard from her, was "as well as could be expected."

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS. AN ADVENTURE.

The sun, as wrapt in sable shroud,
Went down behind a wintry cloud;
And wild the wind swept o'er the world,
Where his lone way a warrior bold
On held, and saw no shelter near,—
Until a castle, dark and drear,
He reached,—that reared its towers black,—
Frowning to the flying rack.
His bugle at the gates he blew,
But only the lone raven flew
Croaking from the battlement,
Scared by the shrilly blast he sent.
But, when thrice the horn had wound,
The iron gates, with sullen sound,
Unclosed, and wide expanded stood:—
A space the knight in musing mood
Paused, then o'er the threshold strode,—
Resolved t' explore the grim abode;
And soon by dark and winding stair
A hall he gained; a banquet there
Spread rich before his wond'ring sight,
Sparkling with cates and goblets bright!
Yet nor host nor guest he saw,—
When, lo! behold a sight to awe
The boldest—to that board drew near
A phantom knight, with falchion bare,—
Who down as master of the feast
Sat, and grim pointed to his guest
A place,—then touched the goblet's rim,
And sign'd the knight he'd drink to him!
That knight, who naught had e'er dismayed,
Fearless sat before the shade,
And with stern nod returned his pledge;
Then, urged by hunger's keenest edge,
He revelled at the plenteous board,
Till filled; a measure then he poured
To his phantom host, who drank again
To him—but sudden dashed amain

His crystal goblet to the floor,
And, beck'ning, slow withdrew—each door
Its vasty valves before it spread
Wide:—The knight, with martial tread,
The shadow followed through proud rooms,—
Once gay, but none with feral glooms
Hung; while round deep silence reigned—
Until a vaulted roof they gained;
Until before a mighty tomb
They stood—for such it seemed—a womb
Of death! with grinning skull and bone
The gates were wrought, 'neath arch of stone,—
A ghastly work!—and loud within
Was heard what seemed the demon din
Of penal realms! while, strewed around,
Were relics sad of knights renowned,
Who there in dire adventure fell,—
And left their dust alone to tell
Their doom!—The spectre here the gate
Pointed, where a scroll of fate
Displayed on high appeared—of dire
Portent—thus writ in words of fire:—
'Mortal! from hence is no return!
Yet death reared not the penal bourne;
But Hope still bids the valiant dare,
Who nor death nor demons fear!
She smiles beyond in bowers bright,
And beckons on the fearless knight!
The phantom then his faulchion, bared,
Dashed sternly down, and disappeared!
The warrior seized the weapon straight,
And dauntless strode towards the gate,—
When, lo! its ghastly folds ope flew!
And, hideous to his startled view,
A scene of Tartarus displayed,
That might the boldest have dismayed!
A lurid light the sad confine
Illum'd; and there a form divine
Was seen—a damsel to the wall
Of that dread dungeon chained!—the thrall
Of demons! who, on harpy feet,
And some on vampire pinions fleet,
Towards the knight in fury flew!
To seize upon a victim new;—
Yet shrunk not the bold Paladin,
But brandished fierce his weapon keen,
And rushed upon the evil host!
Or he, too, there had sunk, forelost!
Although no foe his faulchion slew,
Backward shrunk the rav'ning crew!
And soon the damsel's long worn chain
With trenchant blow he hewed in twain!
With shrieks, like frightened kites through air,
The fiends disperse, and disappear;
The magic towers in thunder round
Down crumble! and on fairy ground
They stand—the warrior and the maid;
Where nature fair, by art arrayed,
Seemed wedded with eternal spring!
Birds of bright hue around them sing;

The turf a regal carpet spread
Of gold and gloom beneath their tread;
Fountains, like crystal bowers, here
Their liquid tendrils wreath in air,
And murmur seem by music reared,
And all a scene of bliss appeared!
The damsel, now from wizard power
Released, the knight to festal bower
On led, where feasts and love's delight
Cheered the day, and winged the night;
Where fairy bards her fame prolong,
And this the burden of their song,—
'Such bliss was for the knight prepared,
Who nor death nor demon feared!' LINUS.

THE REFUGE.

Turn from this world;—'t is not thy home!
From wave to wave why wilt thou roam—
Like yon small lovely speck of foam
On ocean's ever-heaving breast?
If toss'd by every storm that blows,
Brighten'd by every gleam that glows,
And melted by each tear that flows,
Canst thou find rest?
Could wealth to thee true joy impart?
Can giddy pleasures charm thy heart?
Or splendor soothe its secret smart—
Or heal its pain?
Could taste—could feelings most refined—
Can all the stores of art combined—
E'en 'midst the favour'd sons of mind
Thou'st sought in vain?
Is there no shelter to be found,
When clouds and darkness gather round
And e'en the deep fix'd solid ground
Is earthquake riven?
Is there no sure no certain stay,
No lamp to guide the wanderer's way,
And pour around its cheering ray,
In mercy given.
Turn to the world that may be thine,
Where love and peace forever join!
Look up!—behold that mystic sign—
Make it thine own!
Then shall the storms that rend thy breast
Be hush'd to everlasting rest,
And thou received a welcome guest
Beneath His throne! ROLLS.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Daniel Bernouilli, the mathematician, said once to Dr. Stachbing, speaking of Sir Isaac Newton, that when "reading some of his wonderful guesses, the subsequent demonstration of which, has been the chief source of fame to most of his commentators, his mind has sometimes been so overpowered by thrilling emotions, that he has wished that moment to be his last; and that it was this that gave him the clearest conception of heaven."

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.
BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

"Going to Bartlemy Fair," asked a young Irishman of very tolerable manners, and with a good deal of what is called modest assurance.

"Why, yes—I was never at a Fair in my life—should like to see one." "Never at a Fair," insinuated Mr. H—, why how can any one say that in London, which is a *thorough-fare*—more thorough, perhaps, than any other upon earth."

Never presuming to play upon words myself, I failed to enjoy Mr. H's wit; and, turning to a young countryman of mine, I asked him if he would accompany me.

"But what shall we see?"

"See!"—ejaculated the Hibernian, "why every thing that is rare and odd—from "Billy," the rat-killer, to "Caricatura," the mime!"

"I am told they exhibit plays!" "Aye; they play tricks, too, as well as tragedies; but all is *fair* play."

Three of us set out in the direction of the far-famed "Smithfield." We past down into the Strand; along which we continued till we got to the old Bailey, where we faced about to the left.—Just before we reached Temple Bar, we met Mr. M—, who, having been longer in London than ourselves, seemed quite at home—exhibiting that appearance of easy negligence and cool indifference, which, though sometimes assumed, and sometimes the result of want of soul, is, nevertheless, from whatever cause arising, always so imposing to the "new arrived," (as Mr. Pollock would say) fluttered and bewildered for the first month, or so, always.

"Have had the honor, you see," said our friend M—, exhibiting a delicate card, which he assured us he had but that moment received from the hand of a fair lady. "A lady!" I exclaimed in some surprise; "what is it that you mean?" "Mean," asked the gallant American, "why simply that the women in London are the most amiable and obliging creatures in the world." "But *did* a lady give you that card? Was she young? Was she pretty? Was she a lady?" "Heaven help us! why you overwhelm me! Yes, upon my faith, she is all these—bating the last, for which I will not vouch."

"Ah, I understand. Know no body in London. Valets ape their lords; maids their mistresses; and—" "all is mystery," said M—, finishing the sentence I had begun. "But where are you going?" "To the Fair, hard by; will you join us?" "Nay, my good sir, I have *fairly* tested that already. Take care of your brows and bills!"—and away posted our gay monitor, to pay his assiduities in the west end.

We encountered in our way, through Fleet street, some really very elegant looking women; and what astonished us was the utter indifference of the men, who thumped and thwarted them on either side, unmoved by looks that seemed to appeal to them; and

regardless of the rich apparel in which the fair creatures daily venture to encounter the various obstacles and accidents incident to the ever overflowing streets, east of Charles's Statue.

We had now reached the old Bailey; and, looking in the direction of Smithfield, beheld a truly formidable array of human heads, veering and vacillating within the space of one condensed, enormous column, that moved straight on,—diverging a little, on either side, at the confluence of Skinner and Newgate streets,—where a sort of land bay occurs, which forms, as it were, the line of junction. We crost this, and entered at once upon the great scene! The passage on the right, was lined with flower and fruit girls, who put all their best airs and graces in requisition, in order to attract customers. The "cries" were some of them the most musical, and others the most discordant imaginable—and yet not inappropriate. A brisk brunette exhibited a bouquet in one hand; while the pure white and red European lass invited you by her eyes to patronize her fruit. "Fine apples, fine apples; two a penny; two a penny." "Ripe cherries; cherries ripe—sixpence a pint."

"A rare collection of specimens, such as have never before been exhibited in this island," was announced by a stern, steady looking fellow, upwards of six feet; and in a tone of voice that had been so drilled as never to vary the accent, or modulation, which thus produced a monotonous music, and musical monotony, that kept concert to the hundred cries around and above us. "Here are to be seen the three dogs that fought the famous Lion, Nero." We looked up, and saw a huge representation of "Nero," (not unworthy of his name,) and the beasts attacking him front and rear; whilst, with one dog under his paw, and another in his jaws, he looked majestically and triumphantly around the arena.

"A serio-comico divertisement, to begin in fifteen minutes—admittance half a crown." Voices now saluted our ears on the left; where a platform, raised in front of the temporary theatre, exhibited two fellows, drest to the very life—the one representing a Sandwich savage; and the other a native of the Infernal regions. I never saw any thing of the kind better done, particularly the *fiend*; who, I have no doubt, *had gone to the devil* sometime before; and knew well enough, therefore, how to play his part.

After going the rounds of the Fair, we entered a very decent looking house of refreshment, which we found filled with visitors of the other sex (a thing common in London;) and who partook of the festivities of the place to their heart's content. In a few minutes a fellow, booted and spurred—and exhibiting the usual insignia of an "Hip! Hip!"—made his appearance, escorting six females, nothing daunted. The knave, I verily believe, had the whole of them under his protection,—which I shrewdly suspected to be not a merely temporary one. Without being either boisterous or consequential, I never saw that mortal who evinced signs and symptoms of more entire satisfaction. His

face was the fattest and most comfortable I had yet seen in that land of fat and comfortable faces. It was not a little provoking to see one single selfish fellow thus appropriating to himself so many fine looking women—one of whom, in addition to a well formed and even graceful person, displayed features, and an expression, that ill accorded with her situation. My friend placed his hand upon his heart, and sighed most affectingly—I cannot say affectingly—a habit I was surprised he should persist in, seeing that it did not pass current with me, on whom I had reason to believe it was intended to make an impression favorable to his susceptibility. I intimated to him that the display was well enough when we were alone, or in a place other than the one we were in. "If you ogle that girl, or make signs to her, you will have that fellow about your ears, believe me." The fact was, the man was evidently one of the "Fancy;" and such people it is best not to meddle with, unless one can stand his ground—an ability I doubted in my friend, who was a small man, and delicately made.

The Fair offering no further novelties, we retraced our steps back to Pall Mall, in time for dinner—which, at that season of the year, (it being September) we were permitted to eat by day, and not candle-light—as in the suicidal month of November, which was fast approaching. It had been a day pleasantly spent; and the three hundred and sixty-five may be disposed of as agreeably in London.

From the Standard of Union.
EXPUNGING ANECDOTE.

MR. WILSON: I dined a few days ago with quite an interesting party of both sexes, at the house of an old and much esteemed friend Mr. A—who emigrated to this country a few years ago from Virginia. Mrs. A. is a true daughter of the "ancient dominion."—Every thing is right there, and wrong very wrong here. "That is the way they do in old Virginia!" is a common remark with her. Our poet had just received the Richmond Enquirer and other papers, filled mainly with the "Expunging" news, which was altogether the topic before dinner. We had quite an animated political discussion. The company was pretty equally divided. The gentlemen were for expunging and the ladies against it. While at dinner a spoiled child who was indulged with a plate at the table by the side of his father, turned it over and its contents of meat, gravy, &c. was discharged upon Mrs. A's new carpet, very much to her vexation and discomfort and with more than ordinary feeling she said, "Mr. A. will have that bad boy to sit at the table. I think it will be his duty after dinner to make the servant "Expunge" the grease from the carpet!"—When dinner was over, the company retired to the parlour and Mrs. A. returning sometime afterwards to the dining room, found the little boy with a fire coal, making a great many black marks across and around the soiled place on the carpet. In the first transport of her passion she screamed out at the top of her voice to the little boy, you little rascal what are you doing there!! I'm spunging the grease from the carpet!! Quit this instant, said the irritated mother, or I'll break your head—you'll spoil my carpet. Wy la'ma (said the little boy) is not that the way they spunge in "old Virginy."

SKETCH.—AN EDITOR.

BY FREDERICK WEST.

Mr. Pompous Self-Conceit was distinguished from his earliest years for having that eternal loquaciousness which has been felicitously enough, designated, "the gift of gab." In infancy he bore away the palm from the most inveterate of squeakers—out-squalling every thing human, upon the "say so" of the nurse, who often wished the blessed babe in heaven. At school his squalling propensity subsided into a talking propensity, and many a boy who had fairly won his marbles forgave him his debt rather than listen to the awful harangue by which he endeavored to disprove it. As he grew up he became a debater—mixed in politics—advocated and denounced measures whenever he could get an opponent to enter the list with him. Here was a glorious field for his aspiring spirit. He became the oracle of a certain set of young men who deemed him a god—that of the people only listening to his advice, the golden age would be restored to us—that crime would vanish from the earth—that peace and plenty would reign paramount, and that unalloyed happiness would be tasted by all. It is true that his worshippers were noodles, but he felt it not, and had his ambition rested here, he might have gone down to the grave honored and lamented, but alas,

"Our appetite doth grow by what it feeds on."

The sway he held over his followers was too circumscribed, like a Cæsar or a Bonaparte, he panted for universal dominion. He would become the oracle of the world, and bountifully lavish upon all those opinions which had been received with such extacy by the few. As there are always a great portion of the multitude who, not taking the trouble to analyze a fine high sounding sentence, nor judge for themselves, are taken in by great talkers—so it happened that the fame of Mr. Pompous Self-Conceit marching and swelling as it marched before him, gained him at length the much desired office of Editor, or rather co-Editor of a large newspaper, of a large city, in these large states, which in their magnitude and resources laugh to scorn many principalities and kingdoms of the old world.

His brother editor, who was a gentleman of real talent and ability, and like all talented men, extremely modest withal, was almost lost in the glare of light the new editor threw around, but the eclipse was only partial, and like that phenomenon of nature, endured only for a short time. Our friend was like some huge trunk of a forest tree, falling into a tranquil lake, which for a moment makes an awful splash, and excites the still waters into motion in the far extending circle of ripples it throws forth—but which after the excitement is over, we discover to be a mere block floundering out of its element, to the annoyance of all who have been accustomed to delight in the pure water's unsullied bosom. He was told after a very short official reign that his invaluable services would in future be dis-

pensed with. His rage, his indignation knew no bounds, at what he termed, this mad, this flagrant, this base act. What, he who was benefitting the world to be turned out of office—and for what, to give place to one who only expressed his thoughts in a clear and concise manner to his readers, and who never puzzled them nor lost himself in the mazes of interminable argument—a man whose leading articles usually occupied from six to twenty lines, as the occasion might require—who rarely ever filled half a column upon the most interesting subject, whilst he had happy art to take nothing for a subject, fill half the paper with an argument upon it, and make nothing of it at last. It was too bad, it was infamous, he wondered that the "deep mouthed thunder" did not growl! on such an act, that the sun did not cease to shine on such a wicked world—as to his late partner he was beneath his contempt. However, the only rumbling was in the ex-Editor's head—the sun shone as usual on his wicked enemies, and the poor man beneath him pursued his avocations, to the delight of those poor deluded beings who believe in the axiom, that

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

After this he began to talk longer and louder than ever, and enforced his argument with a knowing shake of his head, which conjured up at once to the imagination of his beholders, the ludicrous figures of the earthen Chinese Mandarins, which are made to wag their empty noddles, as knowingly as if there was something in them. But it had no effect: one by one his old followers dropped from him. He "hugged the flattering unction to his soul," that no man is a prophet in his own country, and accordingly travelled.

Once more he became a great man, he came where his name and his misfortunes were unknown, and he wielded the editorial pen to the delight and astonishment of his employers, who had embarked like regular yankees in a speculation likely to be profitable, and who knowing nothing of editorial duties or capabilities, imagined that a long article must be better than a short one, and who were satisfied with their employers in proportion to the quantity he gave them.

"O sure a pair were never seen," he had found the very beings he had hunted for. Write! could not he write! if a fly fell into a mustard pot, he would record the fact, with an account of the growth of mustard—he would tell you how it was made, the exact quantity of hot water necessary for the process—the delicious flavour it gave to a fine piece of roast beef, &c. &c. then he would expatiate upon the nature of flies, how that in winter they were not to be seen, and in summer they were, and would finally inform you that if the mustard-pot had not been where it was, the fly would not have fallen into it, and that had it not fallen into it, it would have been killed.

Endless were his resources—Words! He had a whirlwind of them which he scattered over his pages at will. His great theme was independence, which with him was war to the knife—right or wrong, friend or foe, war to the knife. To scorn

those petty feelings, by which other men are actuated, to abuse, to slander, to vilify, was independence.

He never acknowledged an error or a wrong, that would not have been independent. It might be just, but justice was not, he deemed, the watchword of an editor—it was independence. At length from the few subscribers who remained to the proprietors, maugre the great man's great talents, sundry complaints arose, they told him fanciful articles being the main features of a paper to the exclusion of general and important information, would not do, and that moreover people had an objection to paying money to be abused in the bargain, merely to show the independence of an editor.

Sir Pompous was again turned loose upon the world, what became of him afterwards I could never learn, but, no doubt, in some little, narrow sphere, he still holds on with his accustomed verbosity.

It is singular how words are misapplied and tortured to serve the will of an individual. It is needless to say that the poor man who was a perfect slave to his vanity, had not that independence which he was always loudly vaunting—perhaps because he felt that if he did not, no one would give him credit for it—but it is invariably the case. The swaggerer is no gentleman—the coward boasts of his courage—the truckling editor trumpets his independence. Whatever virtue is inherent in us speaks for itself, and the world pretty generally understands that it is tinsel and not gold—the shadow and not the substance, which requires our blazoning to make apparent.

THE HONEST BOY.—A gentleman from the country placed his son with a dry goods merchant in——st. For a time all went on well. At length a lady came to the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited upon her. The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceeded to fold the goods. He discovered, before he had finished, a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady, said, "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk."

Of course, she did not take it. The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home; "for," said he, "he will never make a merchant."

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved, and hastened to the city to be informed of his deficiencies. "Why will he not make a merchant?" asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer. "Only a day or two ago, he told a lady, voluntarily, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged; and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness of me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all his fault?" asked the parent.

"Yes," answered the merchant, "he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever: and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your store for the world."

We make no comments on the above. Whether such a trade as the merchant would make, or rather taking advantage of the purchaser's ignorance, then making the best of one's knowledge, we leave our readers to decide.—N. E. Galaxy.

TO THE ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS.

The following lines addressed to the Alabaster Sarcophagus, supposed to be that of the King, called by Belzoni *Psammuthis*, but whose real name was *Ousiree-Menephthah*, mentioned in vol. iv., p. 154, of the *Saturday Magazine*, appeared in one of the public prints at the close of the year 1821. It may not be deemed an unworthy companion of the *Lines to the Mummy*.

Thou Alabaster relic! while I hold
My hand upon thy sculptured margin thrown,
Let me recall the scenes thou couldst unfold,
Might'st thou relate the changes thou hast known;
For thou wert primitive in thy formation,
Launched from th' Almighty's hand at the creation

Yes—thou wert present when the stars and skies
And worlds unnumbered rolled into their places,
When God from chaos bade the spheres arise,
And fixed the radiant sun upon its basis,
And with his finger on the bounds of space
Marked out each planet's everlasting race.

How many thousand ages from thy birth
Thou slept'st in darkness, it were vain to ask;
Till Egypt's sons upheaved thee from the earth,
And year by year pursued their patient task,
Till thou wert carved and decorated thus,
Worthy to be a king's sarcophagus.

What time Elijah to the skies ascended,
Or David reigned in holy Palestine,
Some ancient Theban monarch was extended
Beneath the lid of this emblazoned shrine,
And to that subterranean palace borne
Which toiling ages in the rock had worn.

Thebes from her hundred portals filled the plain
To see the car on which thou wert upheld.
What funeral pomp extended in thy train!

What banners waved! what mighty music swelled!
As armies, priests, and crowds bewailed in chorus,
Their King, their God, their Serapis, their Orus.

Thus to thy second quarry did they trust
Thee, and the lord of all the nations round;
Grim King of Silence! monarch of the dust!
Embalmed, anointed, jewelled, sceptred, crowned,
There did he lie in state; cold, stiff, and stark,
A leathern Pharaoh, grinning in the dark.

Thus ages rolled; but their dissolving breath
Could only blacken that imprison'd thing,
Which wore a ghastly royalty in death,
As if it struggled still to be a king;
And each revolving century, like the last,
Just dropp'd its dust upon thy lid—and passed.

The Persian conqueror over Egypt poured
His devastating host,—a motley crew,—
And steel-clad horsemen,—the barbarian horde,—
Music—and men of every sound and hue,—
Priests, archers, eunuchs, concubines, and brutes,—
Gongs, trumpets, cymbals, dulcimers, and lutes.

Then did the fierce Cambyses tear away
The ponderous rock that seal'd the sacred tomb;
Then did the slowly-penetrating ray
Redeem thee from long centuries of gloom;
And lower'd torches flash'd against thy side,
As Asia's king thy blazon'd trophies eyed,

Pluck'd from his grave with sacrilegious taunt,
The features of the royal corpse they scan'd;
Dashing the diadem from his temples gaunt,
They tore the sceptre from his graspless hand,
And on those fields where once his will was law
Left him for winds to waste, and beasts to gnaw.

Some pious Thebans, when the storm was past,
Unclosed the sepulchre with cunning skill;
And nature, aiding their devotion, cast
Over its entrance a concealing rill;
Then thy third darkness came, and thou didst sleep
Twenty-three centuries in silence deep.

But he, from whom nor pyramid nor sphynx
Can hide its secrecies, Belzoni, came,
From the tomb's mouth unclosed the granite links,—
Gave thee again to light, and life, and fame,—
And brought thee from the sands and deserts forth,
To charm the "pallid children of the north."

Thou art in London; which, when thou wert new,
Was what Thebes is,—a wilderness and waste,
Where savage beasts more savage men pursue,
A scene by nature cursed, by man disgraced.
Now, 'tis the world's metropolis, the high
Queen of arms, learning, arts, and luxury.

Here, where I hold my hand, 'tis strange to think
What other hands, perchance, preceded mine:
Others have also stood beside thy brink
And vainly conn'd the moralizing line.
Kings, sages, chiefs! that touched this stone, like me
Where are you now? Where all must shortly be.

All is mutation: he within this stone
Was once the greatest monarch of the hour;
His bones are dust,—his very name unknown.
Go, learn from him the vanity of power!
Seek not the frame's corruption to control,
But build a lasting mansion for thy soul!

Let us cherish sympathy. By attention and exercise it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue; and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing is more odious than that insensibility which wraps a man up in himself, and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or sorrows of another. This inhuman temper, however common, seems not to be natural to the soul of man, but to derive itself from the evil habits of levity, selfishness, or pride; and will therefore be easily avoided by those who cultivated the opposite habits of generosity, humanity, and good nature. Of these amiable affections, the forms of common civility, and the language of polite conversation, are remarkably expressive; a proof that good breeding is founded in virtue and good sense, and that a kind and honest heart is the first requisite to an engaging deportment.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

Passages from the Diary of a late London Physician.

'Yet once more, O, ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due!'

Look, reader, once more with the eye and heart of sympathy, at a melancholy page in the book of human life—a sad one, indeed, and almost the last that will be opened by one who has already laid several before you, and is about to take his departure.

It was pouring with rain one Wednesday, in the month of March 18—, about twelve o'clock, and had been raining violently the whole morning. Only one patient had called upon me up to the hour just mentioned—for how could invalids stir out in such weather? The wind was cold and bitter—the aspect of things without, in short, most melancholy and cheerless. "There are one or two poor souls," thought I, with a sigh, as I stepped from the desk at which I had been occupied for more than an hour writing, and stood looking over the blinds into the deserted and almost deluged streets—"there are one or two poor souls that would certainly have been here this morning, according to appointment, but for this unfriendly weather. Their cases are somewhat critical—one of them especially—and yet they are not such as to warrant my apprehending the worst. I wish, by the way, I had thought of asking their addresses!—Ah—for the future I will make a point of taking down the residence of such as I may suspect to be in very humble or embarrassed circumstances.—One can then, if necessary, call upon such persons—on such a day as this—at their own houses. There's that poor man, for instance, the bricklayer—he cannot leave his work except at breakfast time—I wonder how his poor child comes on! Poor fellow, how anxious he looked yesterday, when he asked me what I thought of his child! And his wife bed-ridden! Really I'd make a point of calling, if I knew where he lived! I can't afford a coach—that's out of the question. Well it can't be helped, however!" With this exclamation, half uttered, I looked at my watch, rung the bell, and ordered the carriage to be at the door in a quarter of an hour. I was sealing one of the letters I had been writing, when I heard a knock at the street door, and in a few minutes my servant showed a lady into the room. She was apparently four or five-and-twenty, neatly but very plainly dressed; her features, despite an air of languor, as if from recent indisposition, without being strictly handsome, had a pleasing expression of frankness and spirit,—and her address was easy and elegant. She was, however, evidently flurried. She "hoped she should not keep me at home—she could easily call again"—I begged her to be seated, and, in a quiet tone—at the same time proceeding with what I

was engaged upon, that she might have a moment's interval in which to recover her self-possession—made some observations about the weather.

"It is still raining hard, I perceive," said I; "Did you come on foot? Bless me, madam, why you seem wet through! Pray come nearer the fire"—stirring it up into a cheerful blaze—"shall I offer you a glass of wine, or wine and water? You look very chilly!"

"No, thank you, sir; I am rather wet, certainly, but I am accustomed to rain—I will, however, sit close to the fire, if you please, and tell you in a few words my errand. I shall not detain you long sir," she continued, in a tone considerably more assured; "the fact is, I have received a letter this morning from a friend of mine in the country, a young lady, who is an invalid, and has written to request I would call immediately upon some experienced physician, and obtain, as far as can be, his real opinion upon her case—for she fancies, poor girl! that they are concealing what is really the matter with her!"

"Well! she must have stated her case remarkably well, ma'am," said I with a smile, "to enable me to give any thing like a responsible guess at her state without seeing her!"

"Oh—but I may be able to answer many of your questions, sir, for I am very well acquainted with her situation, and was a good deal with her, not long ago."

"Ah—that's well. Then will you be so kind," giving a monitory glance at my watch, "as to say what you know of her case? The fact is, I've ordered the carriage to be here in about a quarter of an hour's time, and have a long day's work before me!"

"She is—let me see, sir—I should say, about six years older than myself; that is, she is near thirty, or thereabouts. I should not think she was ever particularly strong. She's seen—poor thing!—a good deal of trouble lately. She sighed."

"Oh—I see, I understand! A little disappointment—there's the seat of the mischief, I suppose?" I interrupted smiling, and placing my hand over my heart. "Isn't this really, now, the whole secret?"

"Why—the fact is—certainly, I believe—yes, I may say that love has had a good deal to do with her present illness—for it is *really* illness! She has been,"—she paused, hesitated, and—as I fancied—coloured slightly—"crossed in love—yes! She was to have been—I mean—that is, she ought to have been married last autumn, but for this sad affair"—I bowed, looking again at my watch, and she went on more quickly to describe her friend as being naturally rather delicate—that this "disappointment" had occasioned her a great deal of annoyance and agitation—that it had left her now in a very low nervous way—and, in short, her friend suspected herself to be falling into a decline. That about two months ago she had had the misfortune to be run over by a chaise, the pole of which struck her on the right chest, and the horses' hoof also trampled upon her, but no ribs were broken!"

"Ah, *this* is the most serious part of the story,

ma'am---this looks like real illness! Pray, proceed, ma'am. I suppose your friend after this complained of much pain about her chest---is it so? Was there any spitting of blood?

"Yes, a little---no---I mean---let me see"---here she took out of her pocket a letter, and unfolding it, cast her eye over it for a moment or two, as if to refresh her memory by looking at her friend's statement.

"May I be allowed, ma'am, to look at the letter in which your friend describes her case?" I inquired, holding out my hand.

"There are some private matters contained in it, sir," she replied quickly; "the fact is, there was some blood-spitting at the time, which I believe has not yet quite ceased."

"And does she complain of pain in the chest?"

"Yes---particularly in the right side."

"Is she often feverish at night and in the morning?"

"Yes---very---that is, her hands feel very hot, and she is restless and irritable."

"Is there any perspiration?"

"Occasionally a good deal---during the night."

"Any cough?"

"Yes, at times very troublesome, she says."

"Pray, how long has she had it?---I mean, had she it before the accident you spoke of?"

"I first noticed it---let me see---ah, about a year after she was married."

"After she was married!" I echoed, darting a keen glance at her. She coloured violently, and stammered confusedly---

"No, no, sir---I meant about a year after the time when she expected to have been married."

There was something not a little curious and puzzling in all this. "Can you tell me, ma'am, what sort of a cough it is?" I inquired, shifting my chair, so that I might obtain a distinct view of her features. She perceived what I was about, I think---for she seemed to change colour a little, and to be on the verge of shedding tears. I repeated my question. She said that the cough was at first very slight; so slight that her friend had thought nothing of it, but at length it became a dry and painful one. She began to turn very pale. A suspicion of the real state of the case flashed across my mind.

"Pray, tell me, ma'am, candidly confess! Are not you speaking of yourself! You really look ill!"

She trembled, but assured me emphatically that I was mistaken. She appeared about to put some question to me, when her voice failed her, and her eyes, wandering to the window, filled with tears.

"Forgive me, sir! I am so anxious about my friend,---she sobbed---she is a dear, kind, good,---her agitation increased."

"Calm---pray, calm yourself, ma'am---do not distress yourself unnecessarily! You must not let your friendly sympathies overcome you in this way, or you will be unable to serve your friend as you wish---as she has desired!"

I handed to her a bottle of smelling salts, and after pausing for a few moments, her agitation subsided.

"Well," she began again, tremulously, "what do you think of her case, sir? You may tell me candidly, sir,---she was evidently making violent struggles to conceal her emotions---for I as-

sure you I will never make an improper use of what you may say---indeed I will not! What do you think of her case?"

"Why---if all that you have said be correct, I own I fear it is a bad case---certainly a bad one," I replied, looking at her scrutinizingly. "You have mentioned some symptoms that are very unfavourable."

"Do you---think---her case *hopeless*, sir?" she inquired in a feeble tone, and looking at me with sorrowful intensity.

"Why, that is a very difficult question to answer---in her absence. One ought to see her---to hear her tell her own story---to ask a thousand little questions. I suppose, by the way, that she is under the care of a regular professional man?"

"Yes, I believe so---no, I am not sure; she has been, I believe."

I felt satisfied that she was speaking of herself. I paused, scarce knowing what to say---"Are her circumstances easy? Could she go to a warmer climate in the spring, or early part of the summer? I really think that change of scene would do her greater good than any thing I could prescribe for her."

She sighed. "It might be so; but---I know it could not be done. Circumstances, I believe---"

"Is she living with her family? Could not they?"

"Oh no, there's no hope *there*, sir?" she replied with sudden impetuosity. "No, no; they would see both of us perish before they would lift a finger to save us," she added with increasing vehemence of tone and manner. "So now it's all out---my poor, poor husband!" She fell into violent hysterics. The mystery was now dispelled---it was her husband's case that she had been all the while inquiring about. I saw it all! Poor soul, to gain my candid, my *real* opinion, she had devised an artifice to the execution of which she was unequal; overestimating her own strength, or rather not calculating upon the severe tests she would have to encounter.

Ring the bell, I summoned a female servant, who, with my wife (she had heard the violent cries of my patient,) instantly made her appearance, and paid all necessary attentions to the mysterious sufferer, as surely I might call her. The letter from which---in order to aid her little artifice---she had affected to read, had fallen on the floor. It was merely a blank sheet of paper, folded in the shape of a letter, and directed, in a lady's hand writing, to Mrs. Elliott, No. 5,---street. This I put into my pocket book. She had also, in falling, dropped a small piece of paper, evidently containing my intended fee, neatly folded up. This I slipped into the reticule which lay beside her.

From what scene of wretchedness had this unhappy creature come to me?

The zealous services of my wife and her maid presently restored my patient, at least to consciousness, and her first look was one of gratitude for their assistance. She then attempted, but in vain, to speak, and her tears flowed fast. "Indeed, indeed, sir, I am no imposter! and yet I own I have deceived you! but pity me! Have mercy on a being quite forsaken and broken-

hearted! I meant to pay you, sir, all the while. I only wished to get your true opinion about my unhappy husband. Oh, how very, very, very wretched I am! What is to become of us? So, my poor husband!---there's no hope! Oh that I had been content with ignorance of your fate! She sobbed bitterly, and my worthy little wife exhibited so much firmness and presence of mind, as she stood beside her suffering sister, that I found it necessary gently to remove her from the room. What a melancholy picture of grief was before me in Mrs. Elliott, if that were her name. Her expressive features were flushed, and bedewed with weeping; her eyes swollen, and her dark hair, partially dishevelled, gave a wildness to her countenance, which added to the effect of her incoherent exclamations! "I do---do thank you, sir, for your candour. I feel that you have told me the truth! But what is to become of us? My most dreadful fears are confirmed! But I ought to have been home before this, and am only keeping you!"

"Not at all, ma'am---pray don't!" "But my husband, sir, is ill---and there is no one to keep the child but him. I ought to have been back long ago!" She rose feebly from the chair, hastily re-adjusted her chair, and replaced her bonnet, preparing to go. She seemed to miss something, and looked about the floor, obviously embarrassed at not discovering the object of her search.

"It is in your reticule, ma'am," I whispered---and, unless you would affront and wound me, there let it remain. I know what you have been looking for---hush! do not think of it again. My carriage is at the door,---shall I take you as far as---street? I am driving past it."

"No, sir, I thank you; but---not for the world! My husband has no idea that I have been here; he thinks that I have been only to the druggist. I would not have him know of this visit on any account. He would instantly suspect that I play the hypocrite! I must look happy, and say that I have hope when I am despairing, and him dying daily before my eyes! Oh how terrible will home be after this! But how long have I suspected all this!"

I succeeded at length in allaying her agitation, imploring her to strive to regain her self-possession before reappearing in the presence of her husband. She promised to contrive some excuse for summoning me to see her husband, as if in the first instance, as though it were the first time I had seen or heard of either of them, and assured me that she would call upon me again in a few days' time. "But, sir," she whispered, hesitatingly, as I accompanied her through the hall to the street door, "I am really afraid we cannot afford to trouble you often."

"Madam, you will greatly grieve and offend me if you ever allude to this again before I mention it to you. Indeed you will, ma'am," I added, peremptorily but kindly; and reiterating my injunctions, that she should let me soon see her, or hear from her again, I closed the door upon her, satisfied that ere long would be laid before me another dark page in the volume of human life.

Having been summoned to visit a patient some-

where in the neighbourhood of---street that evening,---and being on foot, it struck me, as it was beginning again to rain heavily, that if I were to step into some one of the little shops close by, I might be sheltered a while from the rain, and also possibly gain some information as to the character and circumstances of my morning visitor. I pitched upon a small house that was "licensed," to sell every thing, but especially groceries. The proprietor was a little lame old man, who was busy, as I entered, making up small packets of snuff and tobacco. He allowed the plea of the rain, and permitted me to sit down on the bench near the window. A couple of candles shed their dull light over the miscellaneous articles of merchandises with which the shop was stuffed. He looked like an old rat in his hoard!---He was civil and communicative, and I was not long in gaining the information I desired. He knew the Elliotts; they lived at number five, up two pair of stairs---but had not been there above three or four months. He thought Mr. Elliot was "ailing"---and for the matter of that, his wife didn't look the strongest woman in the world. "And pray what business, or calling, is he?" The old man put his spectacles back upon his bald wrinkled head, and after musing a moment, replied, "Why, now, I can't take upon me to say, precisely like---but I think he's something in the city, in the mercantile way---at least I've got it into my head that he has been such; but he also teaches music, and I know she sometimes takes in needle work."

"Needle-work! does she indeed?" I echoed, taking her letter from my pocket-book, and looking at the beautiful---the fashionable hand in which the direction was written, and which, I felt confident, was her own. "Ah!--then I suppose they're not over well to do in the world?"

"Why---you ain't a going to do any thing to them, sir, are you!--May I ask if you're a lawyer, sir?"

"No, indeed, I am not," said I with a smile---"nor is this a writ!" It's only the direction of a letter, I assure you; I feel a little interested about these people---at the same time, I don't know much about them, as you may perceive. Were you not saying that you thought them in difficulties?"

"Why," he replied, somewhat re-assured---"maybe you're not far from the mark in that either. They deal here---and they pay me for what they have---but their custom ain't very heavy! Deed they has uncommon little in the grocery way, but pays regular---and that's better than them that has a good deal, and yet doesn't pay at all---ain't it, sir?" I assented. "They used, when they first came here, to have six-and-sixpenny tea and lump sugar, but this week or two back they've had only five-and-sixpenny tea, and worst sugar---but my five-and-sixpenny tea is an uncommon good article, and as good as many people's six shilling tea! only smell it, sir!" and whisking himself round, he briskly dislodged a japanned canister, and whipping off the lid, put a handful of the contents into it. The conclusion I arrived at was not a very favourable one---the stuff he handed me seemed an abominable compound of raisin-stalks

and sole-leaves. "They're uncommon economical, sir," he continued, putting back again his precious commodity, "for they make two or three ounces of this do for a week---unless they goes elsewhere, which I don't think they do, by the way---and I'm sure they oughtn't---for, though I say it as shouldn't---they might go farther and fare worse, and without going a mile from here either---hem! By the way, Mrs. Elliot was in here an hour ago, for a moment, asking for some sago, because she said Mr. Elliot had taken a fancy to have some sago milk for his supper to-night---it was very unlucky, I hadn't a half a handful left! So she was obliged to go to the druggist at the other end of the street. Poor thing, she looked so vexed---for she has quite a confidence, like, in what she gets here."

"True, very likely!--you said, by the way, you thought he taught music? what kind of music?"

"Why, sir, he's rather a good hand at the flute, his landlady says---so he comes in to me about a month since, and he says to me, 'Bennet,' says he, 'may I direct letters for me to be left at your shop! I'm going to put an advertisement in the newspapers.'---That," says I, "depends on what it's about---what are you advertising for?" (not meaning to be impudent)---and he says, says he---"Why, I've taken it into my head, Bennet, to teach the flute, and I'm a-going to get some one to learn it to." So he put the advertisement in---but he didn't get more than one letter, and that brought him a young lad---but he didn't stay long. 'Twas a beautiful black flute, sir, with silver on it---for Mrs. Hooper, his landlady---she's an old friend of my mistress, sir---showed it to us one Sunday, when we took a cup of tea with her, and the Elliot's was gone out for a walk.---I don't think he can teach it now, sir"---he continued, dropping his voice---"for, betwixt you and I, old Browning the pawn-broker, a little way up on the left hand side, has a flute in his window that's the very image of what Mrs. Hooper showed us that night I was speaking of. You understand me, sir?---Pawned---or sold---I'll answer for it---a hem!"

"Ah, very probable---yes, very likely!" I replied, sighing---hoping my gossiping host would go on.

"And betwixt you and I, sir," he resumed, "it wasn't a bad thing for him to get rid of it, either; for Mrs. Hooper told us that Mr. Elliot wasn't strong---like to play upon it; and she used to hear Mrs. Elliot (she is an uncommon agreeable young woman, sir, to look at, and looks like one that has been better off). I was a-saying, however, that Mrs. Hooper used now and then to hear Mrs. Elliot cry a good deal about his playing on the flute, and 'spostulate to him on the account of it, and say, 'you know it isn't a good thing for you, dear.'---Nor was it, sir---the doctors would say!"

"Poor fellow!--I exclaimed, with a sigh, not meaning to interrupt my companion---"of all things on earth---the flute!"

"Ah!" replied the worthy grocer, "things are in a bad way, when they come to that pass---an't they! But Lord, sir! dropping his voice, and giving a hurried glance towards a door,

opening, I suppose, into his sitting-room---"there's nothing particular in that, after all. My mistress and I, even, have done such things before now, at a push, when we've been hard driven! You know, sir, poverty's no sin---is it?"

"God forbid, indeed, my worthy friend!" I replied, as a customer entered, to purchase a modicum of cheese or bacon: and thanking Mr. Bennet for his civility in affording me so long a shelter, I quitted his shop. The rain continued, and, as is usually the case, no hackney-coach made its appearance till I was nearly wet through. My interest in poor Mrs. Elliot and her husband was greatly increased by what I had heard from the gossiping grocer. How distinctly, though perhaps unconsciously, had he sketched the downward process of respectable poverty! I should await the next visit of Mrs. Elliot with some eagerness and anxiety. Nearly a week, however, elapsed before I again heard of Mrs. Elliot, who called at my house one morning when I had been summoned to pay an early visit to a patient in the country. After having waited nearly an hour for me, she was obliged to leave, after writing the following lines on the back of an old letter.

"Mrs. Elliot begs to present her respects to Doctor ---, and to inform him, that if quite convenient to him, she would feel favoured by his calling on Mr. Elliot any time to-day or to-morrow. She begs to remind him of his promise, not to let Mr. Elliot suppose that Mrs. Elliot has told him any thing about Mr. Elliot, except generally that he is poorly. The address is, No. 5, --- street, near --- square."

About three o'clock that afternoon, I was at their lodgings in --- street, No. 5, was a small decent draper's shop; and a young woman sitting at work behind the counter, referred me, on enquiring for Mr. Elliot, to the private door, which she said I could easily push open---that the Elliots lived on the second floor---but she thought that Mrs. Elliot had just gone out.---Following her directions, I soon found myself ascending the narrow staircase. On approaching the second floor, the door of the apartment I took to be Mrs. Elliot's was standing nearly wide open; and the scene which presented itself I paused for a few moments to contemplate.---Almost fronting the door, at a table, on which were several huge ledgers and account books, sat a young man about thirty, who seemed to have just dropped asleep over a wearisome task. His left hand supported his head, and in his right was a pen which he seemed to have fallen asleep almost in the act of using. Propped up, on the table, between two huge books, a little towards his left hand side, sat a child, seemingly a little boy, and a very pretty one, so engrossed with some plaything or another as not to perceive my approach. I felt that this was Mr. Elliot, and stopped for a few seconds to observe him. His countenance was manly, and had plainly been once very handsome. It was now considerably emaciated, overspread with a sallow hue, and wore an expression of mingled pain and exhaustion. The thin white hand holding the pen, also bespoke the invalid.---His hair was rather darker than his wife's---and being combed aside, left exposed to view an ample well-

formed forehead. In short, he seemed a very interesting person. He was dressed in black, his coat being buttoned evidently for warmth's sake; though it was March, and the weather very bleak and bitter, there was scarce any appearance of fire, in about the smallest grate I ever saw. The room was small, but very clean and comfortable, though not over-stocked with furniture---what there was being of the most ordinary kind. A little noise I made attracted, at length, the child's attention. It turned round, started, on seeing a stranger, and disturbed its father, whose eyes looked suddenly and heavily at his child, and then at my approaching figure.

"Pray walk in," said he, with a kind of mechanical civility, but evidently not completely aroused from sleep---"I---I---am very sorry---the accounts are not yet balanced,---very sorry---been at them almost the whole day." He suddenly paused, and recollected himself. He had, it seems, mistaken me, at the moment, for some one he had expected.

"Dr. ---," said I, bowing, and advancing.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, sir---Pray walk in, and take a seat"---I did so. "I believe Mrs. Elliot called upon you this morning, sir? I am sorry she has just stepped out, but she will return soon. She will be very sorry she was not at home when you called."

"I should have been happy to see Mrs. Elliot---but I understand from a few lines she left at my house, that this visit was to be paid to yourself---is it not so? Can I be of any assistance?"

"Certainly!--I feel far from well, sir. I have been in but middling health for some time---but my wife thinks me, I am sure, much worse than I really am, and frets herself a good deal about me."

I proceeded to inquire fully into his case; and he showed very great intelligence and readiness in answering all my questions. He had detected in himself, some years ago, symptoms of a liver complaint, which a life of much confinement and anxiety had since contributed to aggravate. He mentioned the accident alluded to by Mrs. Elliot; and when he had concluded a singularly terse and distinct statement of his case, I had formed a pretty decisive opinion upon it. I thought there was a tendency to hepatic phthisis, but that it might, with proper care, be arrested, if not overcome. I expressed myself in very cautious terms.

"Do you really, candidly think, sir, that I have a reasonable chance of recovering my health?" he inquired, with a sigh, at the same time folding in his arms his little boy, whose concerned features, fixed in silence---now upon his father, and then upon me,---as each of us spoke, almost led me to think that he appreciated the grave import of our conversation.

"Yes!--I certainly think it probable---very probable---that you would recover, provided, as I said before, you used the means I pointed out."

"And the chief of those means are---relaxation, and country air?"

"Certainly."

"You consider them essential?" he enquired, despondingly.

"Undoubtedly. Repose, both bodily and men-

tal---change of scene, fresh air, and some medical treatment."

He listened in silence, his eyes fixed on the floor, while an expression of profound melancholy overspread his countenance. He seemed absorbed in a painful reverie. I fancied that I could not mistake the subject of his thoughts: and ventured to interrupt them, by saying in a low tone---"it would not be very expensive, Mr. Elliot, after all!"

"Ah, sir---that is what I am thinking about, he replied, with a deep sigh---and he relapsed into his former troubled silence."

"Suppose---suppose, sir, I were able to go into the country and rest a little a *twelvemonth*, hence, and in the mean time attend as much as possible to my health---is it probable that it would not then be too late?"

"Oh, come, Mr. Elliot---let us prefer the sunshine to the cloud," said I with a cheerful air, hearing a quick step advancing to the door, which was opened, as I expected, by Mrs. Elliot, who entered breathless with haste.

"How do you do, ma'am---Mrs. Elliot, I presume?" said I, wishing to put her on her guard, and prevent her appearing to have seen me before.

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Elliot," said she, catching the hint---and then turning quickly to her husband, "how are you, love? I hope Henry has been good with you!"

"Very---he's been a very good little boy," replied Elliot, surrendering him to Mrs. Elliot, whom he was struggling to reach.

"But how are you, dear?" repeated his wife, anxiously.

"Pretty well," he replied, adding with a faint smile, at the same time pushing his foot against mine, under the table---"Ah you would have Dr. ---, he is here; but he can't make out why you thought fit to summon him in such haste."

"A very little suffices to alarm a lady," said I, with a smile. "I was sorry, Mrs. Elliot, that you had to wait so long for me this morning---I hope it did not inconvenience you?---I began to think how I should manage to decline the fee I perceived they were preparing to give me, for I was obliged to leave, and drew on my gloves. 'We've had a long *tete-a-tete*, Mrs. Elliot, in your absence. I must commit him to your gentle care---you will prove the better physician. He must submit to you in every thing; you must not allow him to exert himself too much over matters like these, pointing to the huge folios lying upon the table---he must keep regular hours---and if you could all of you go to lodgings on the outskirts of the town, the fresh air would do all of you a world of good. You must undertake the case, ma'am---you must really pledge yourself to this'---the poor couple exchanged hurried glances in silence. He attempted a smile, "What a sweet, little fellow is this," said I, taking their little child into my arms---a miracle of neatness and cleanliness---and affecting to be eagerly engaged with him. He came to me readily, and forthwith began an incomprehensible address to me about 'Da---da---'---'pa---pa'---'ma---ma' and other similarly mysterious terms, which I was obliged to cut short by promising to come and talk with him in a day or two. "Good

day Master Elliot!" said I, giving him back to his father, who at the same time slipped a guinea in my hand. I took it easily. "Come, sirrah," said I, addressing the child—"will you be my banker!" shutting his little fingers on the guinea.

"Pardon me—excuse me, doctor," interrupted Mr. Elliot, blushing scarlet, "this must not be. I really cannot!"

"Ah! may I not employ what banker I like—Well—I'll hear what you have to say about it when we meet again.—Farewell for a day or two,—and with these words, bowing hastily to Mrs. Elliot, who looked at me through her tear-filled eyes, unutterable things, I hurried down stairs. It may seem sufficiently absurd to dwell so long upon the insignificant circumstance of declining a fee—a thing done by my brethren daily—often as a matter of course—but it is a matter that has often occasioned me no inconsiderable embarrassment. 'Tis really often a difficult thing to refuse a fee proffered by those one knows to be unable to afford it, so as not to make them uneasy under the sense of an obligation—to wound delicacy, or offend an honourable pride. I had, only a few days before, by the way, almost asked for my guinea from a gentleman worth many thousands a-year, and who dropped the fee into my hand as though it were a drop of his heart's blood.

I had felt much gratified with the appearance and manners of Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, and disposed to cultivate their acquaintance. Both were too evidently oppressed with melancholy, which was not, however, sufficient to prevent my observing the simplicity and manliness of the husband, the fascinating frankness of the wife. How her eyes devoured him with fond anxiety! Often, while conversing with them, a recollection of some of the touching little details communicated by their garrulous grocer brought the tears for an instant to my eyes. Possibly poor Mrs. Elliot had been absent, either seeking employment for her needle, or taking home what she had been engaged upon—both of them thus labouring to support themselves by means to which she, at least, seemed utterly unaccustomed, as far as one could judge from her demeanour and conversation. Had they pressed me much longer about accepting my fee, I am sure I should have acted foolishly; for when I held their guinea in my hand, the thoughts of their weekly allowances of an ounce or two of tea—their brown sugar—his pawned flute—almost determined me to defy all delicacy, and return them their guinea doubled. I could enter into every feeling, I thought, which agitated their heart, and appreciate the despondency, the hopelessness with which they listened to my mention of the indispensable necessity of change of scene and repose. Probably, while I was returning home, they were mingling bitter tears as they owned to one another the impossibility of adopting my suggestion; he feeling and she fearing—neither, however, daring to express it—that his days were numbered—that he must toil to the last for a scanty livelihood—and even then leave his wife and child, it seemed but too probable, destitute—that, in the sorrowful language of Burns,

"Still caring, despairing

Must be his bitter doom;
His woes here, shall close ne'er
But with the closing tomb."

I felt sure that there was some secret and grievous source of misery in the background, and often thought of the expressions she had frantically uttered when at my house. Had either of them married against the wishes of a proud and unrelenting family? Little did I think that I had on that very day which first brought me acquainted with Mrs. Elliot, paid a professional visit to one fearfully implicated in the infliction of their present sufferings! But I anticipate.

I need not particularize the steps by which I became at length familiarly acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Elliot. I found them for a long while extremely reserved on the subject of their circumstances, except as far as an acknowledgment that their pecuniary resources were somewhat precarious. He was, or rather, it seemed, had been, a clerk in a merchant's counting-house; but ill health obliged him to quit his situation, and seek for such occasional employment as would admit of being attended to at his own lodgings. His labours in this way were, I perceived, notwithstanding my injunctions and his promises, of the most intense and unremitting, and, I feared, ill-requited description. But with what heart could I continue my remonstrances, when I felt convinced that thus he must toil, or starve? She also was forced to contribute her efforts towards their support, as I often saw her eagerly and rapidly engaged upon dresses and other articles too splendid to be for her own use. I could not help, one day, in the fulness of my heart, seeing her thus engaged, telling her that I had many a time since my marriage seen my wife similarly engaged. She looked at me with surprise for a few moments, and burst into tears. She forced off her rising emotions; but she was from that moment aware that I fully saw and appreciated her situation. It was on a somewhat similar occasion that she and her husband were at length induced to tell me their little history; and before giving the reader an account of what fell under my own personal observation, I shall lay before him, in my own way, the substance of several painfully interesting conversations with this most unfortunate couple. Let not the ordinary reader spurn details of every day life, such as will here follow:—

"Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor!"

Owing to a terrible domestic calamity, it became necessary that Henry Elliot, an only son, educating at Oxford, and destined for the army, should suddenly quit the University, and seek a livelihood by his own exertions in London. The event which occasioned this sudden blight to his prospects, was the suicide of his father, Major Elliot; whose addiction to gambling, having for a long time seriously embarrassed his affairs, and nearly broken the heart of his wife, at length led him to commit the fatal act above spoken of. His widow survived the shock scarce a twelvemonth, and her unfortunate son was then left alone in the world, and almost entirely destitute.

* Despondency, an Ode.

The trifling sum of ready money which remained in his possession after burying his mother was exhausted, and the scanty pittance offered by relatives, withdrawn, on the ground that he ought now to support himself, when his occasional inquiries after a situation at length led to the information that there was a vacancy for an outer-clerk in the great house of Hillary, Hungeate, and Company, Mincing Lane, in the city. He succeeded in satisfying the junior partner, after submitting to sundry humiliating inquiries of his respectability and trust-worthiness; and he was forthwith received into the establishment, at a salary of 60*l.* per annum.

It was a sad day for poor Elliot when he sold off almost all his college books, and a few other remnants of gay and happy days, gone by, probably for ever, for the purpose of equipping himself becomingly for his new and humble functions. He wrote an excellent hand; and being of a decided mathematical turn, the arithmetic of the counting-house was easily mastered. What dismal drudgery, had he henceforth daily to undergo! The tyranny of the upper clerks reminded him, with a pang, of the petty tyranny he had both experienced and inflicted at the public school, where he had been educated. How infinitely more galling and intolerable was his present bondage! Two-thirds of the day he was kept constantly on foot, hurrying from place to place, with bills, letters, &c. and on other errands; and—especially on the foreign post nights—he was detained slaving sometimes till nine or ten o'clock at night, copying letters, and assisting in making entries and balancing accounts, till his pen almost dropped from his wearied fingers. He was allowed an hour in the middle of the day for dinner—and even this little interval was often broken in upon to such an extent as proved seriously prejudicial to his health. After all the labours of the day, he had to trudge from Mincing Lane, along the odious City Road up to almost the extremity of Islington, where were situated his lodgings, i. e. a little back bed-room, on the third floor, serving at once for his sitting and sleeping room, and for the use of which he had to pay at the rate of seven shillings a week, exclusive of extras. Still he conformed to his cheerless lot, calmly and resolutely—with a true practical stoicism that did him honour. His regular and frugal habits enabled him to subsist upon his scanty salary with decency, if not comfort, and without running into debt—that infallible destructive of all peace of mind and self-respect! His sole enjoyment was an occasional hour in the evening, spent in reading, and retracing some of his faded acquisitions in mathematics. Though a few of his associates were piqued at what they considered his sullen and inhospitable disposition, yet his obliging manners, and easy but melancholy deportment, his punctuality and exactitude in all his engagements, soon gained him the good-will of his brethren in the office, and occasionally an indication of satisfaction on the part of some one of his august employers. Thus, at length, Elliot overcame the numerous *disagremens* of his altered situation, seeking in constant employment to forget both the gloom and gaieties of the past. Two or three years

passed over, Elliot continued thus steadily in his course; and his salary, as a proof of the approbation of his employers, had been annually increased by 10*l.* till he was placed in comparative affluence by the receipt of a salary of 90*l.* His severe exertions, however, insensibly impaired a constitution never very vigorous, and he bore with many a fit of indisposition, rather than incur the expense of medical attendance. It may be added, that Elliot was a man of gentlemanly exterior, and engaging deportment—and then let us pass to a very different person.

Mr. Hillary, the head of the firm, a man of very great wealth, had risen from being a mere errand boy, to his present eminence in the mercantile world, through a rare combination of good fortune with personal merit—*merit*, as far as concerns a talent for business, joined with prudence and enterprise. If ever there came a man within the terms of Burke's famous philippic, it was Mr. Hillary. His only object was money making; he knew nothing, cared for nothing beyond it; till the constant contemplation of his splendid gains, led his desires into the train of personal aggrandisement. With the instinctive propensities of a mean and coarse mind, he became as tyrannical and insolent in success, as in adversity he had been supple and cringing. No spark of generous or worthy feeling had ever been struck from the flinty heart of Jacob Hillary, of the firm of Hillary, Hungeate and Company. He was the idol of a constant throng of wealth-worshippers; to every body else, he was an object either of contempt or terror. He had married the widow of a deceased partner by whom he had had several children, of whom one only lived beyond infancy; a generous, high-spirited, enthusiastic girl, whom her purse-proud father had destined, in his own weak and vain ambition, to become the wearer of a coronet. On this dazzling object were Mr. Hillary's eyes fixed with unwavering earnestness; he desired and longed to pour the tide of his gold through the channel of a peerage. In person, Mr. Hillary was of the middle size, but gross and corpulent. There was no intellect in his shining bald head, fringed with bristling white hair—nor was there any expression in his harsh and coarse features but such as faithfully adumbrated his character as above described.

This was the individual, who in stepping one morning rather hastily from his carriage, at his counting-house door in Mincing Lane, fell from the carriage step, most severely injured his right ankle and shoulder. The injuries he received upon this occasion kept him confined for a long period to his bed, and for a still longer to an easy chair in the back drawing-room of his spacious mansion near Highbury. As soon as he was able to attend to business, he issued orders that as Elliott was the clerk whose residence was nearest to Bullion House, he should attend him every morning for an hour or two on matters of business, carrying Mr. Hillary's orders to the city, and especially bringing him, day by day, in a sealed envelope, *his banker's book!* A harassing post this proved for poor Elliott. Severe discipline had trained his temper to bear more than most men; and on these occasions it was tried to the uttermost. Mr. Hillary's active and en-

ergetic mind, kept thus in comparative and compulsive seclusion from the only concerns he cared for, or that could occupy it—always excepting the one great matter already alluded to—his imperious and irritable temper became almost intolerable. Elliott would have certainly thrown up his employment under Mr. Hillary in disgust and despair, had it not been for one circumstance—the presence of Miss Hillary—whose sweet appealing looks day after day melted away the resolution with which Elliott every morning came before her choleric father, although they could not mitigate that father's evil temper, or prevent its manifestations. He insisted on her spending the greater part of every day in his presence, nor would allow her to quit it even at the periods when Elliott made his appearance. The first casual and hasty glance that he directed towards her, satisfied him that he had, in earlier and happy days, been many times in general society with her—her partner even in the dance. *Now*, however, he dared not venture to exhibit the slightest indication of recognition; and she, if struck by similar recollections, thought fit to conceal them, and behave precisely as though she then saw and heard of Mr. Elliott for the first time in her life. He could not, of course, find fault with her for this; but he felt it deeply and bitterly. He little knew how much he wronged her! She instantly recollected him—and it was only the dread of her father that restrained her from a friendly greeting. Having once adopted such a line of conduct, it became necessary to adhere to it—and she did. But could she prevent her heart going out in sympathy towards the poor, friendless, unoffending clerk whom her father treated more like a mere menial, than a respectable servant—him whom she knew to be

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate?"

Every day that she saw him, her woman's heart throbbed with pity towards him; and pity is indeed a kin to love. How favourably for him did his temper and demeanour contrast with those of her father! And she saw him placed daily in a situation calculated to exhibit his real character—his disposition, whether for good or evil. The fact was, that he had become an object of deep interest—even of love—to her, long before the thought had ever occurred to him that she viewed him, from day to day, with feelings different from those with which she would look at the servant that stood at her father's sideboard, at dinner. His mind was kept constantly occupied by his impetuous employer, and his hundred questions about every thing that had or had not happened every day in the city. Thus for nearly three months had these unconscious lovers been brought daily for an hour or two into each other's presence. He had little idea of the exquisite pain occasioned Miss Hillary by her father's harsh and unfeeling treatment of him, nor of the many timid attempts she made, in his absence, to prevent the recurrence of such treatment; and as for the great man, Mr. Hillary, it never crossed his mind as being possible that two young hearts could by any means, when in different stations of society, one rich, the other poor, be warm-

ed into a feeling of regard, and even love for one another.

One afternoon Elliott was obliged to come a second time that day from the city, bearing important despatches from Mincing Lane to Mr. Hillary, who was sitting in his invalid chair, flanked on one hand by his daughter, and on the other by a little table, on which stood wine and fruit. Poor Elliott looked, as well he might, exhausted with his long and rapid walk through the fervid sunshine.

"Well sir—what now?" said her father quickly and peremptorily, at the same time eagerly stretching forth his hand to receive a letter which Elliott presented to him.

"Humph? Sit down there, sir, for a few minutes!" Elliott obeyed. Miss Hillary, who had been reading, touched with Elliott's pale and wearied look, whispered to her father—"Papa—Mr. Elliott looks dreadfully tired; may I offer him a glass of wine?"

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Hillary, hastily, without removing his eyes from the letter he had that instant opened. Miss Hillary instantly poured out a glass of wine; and as Elliott approached to take it from the table, with a respectful bow, his eye encountered hers, which was instantly withdrawn, but not before it had cast a glance upon him, that electrified him; that fell suddenly like a spark of fire amid the combustible feelings of a most susceptible but subdued heart. It fixed the fate of their lives. The train so long laid had at length unexpectedly ignited. And the confounded clerk returned or staggered towards his chair, fancying that every thing in the room was whirled round him. It was well for both of them that Mr. Hillary was at that eventful moment absorbingly engaged with a letter announcing the sudden arrival of three ships with large cargoes of an article of which he had been attempting a monopoly, and in doing so had sunk a very large sum of ready money. In vain did the conscious and confused girl, confused as Elliott, remove her chair to the window, with her back towards him, and attempt to proceed with the book she had been reading. Her head seemed in a whirlpool.

"Get me my desk, Mary, immediately," said her father, suddenly.

"No, indeed, papa, you didn't," replied Miss Hillary, as suddenly, for her father's voice had recalled her from her strange reverie.

"My desk, Mary, my desk, dy'e hear?" repeated her father, in a peremptory manner, still conning over the letter which told him, in effect, that he would return to bed that night four or five thousand pounds poorer than he rose from it, ignorant that within the last few moments, in his very presence, had happened that which was to put an end for ever to all his dreams of a coronet glittering upon his daughter's brow.

Miss Hillary obeyed her father's second orders; carefully looking in every direction, but that in which she would have encountered Elliott; and whispering a word or two into her father's ear, quitted the room. Elliott's heart was beating quickly when the harsh tones of Mr. Hillary, who had worked himself into a very violent humour, fell upon his ear, directing him to return immediately to the city, and say he had

no answer to send till the morning, when he was to be in attendance at an early hour.

Scarce knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels, Elliott hurriedly bowed, and withdrew. Borne along on the current of his tumultuous emotions, he seemed to fly down the swarming City Road; and when he reached the dull dingy little back counting-house, where he was to be occupied till a late hour of the night, he found himself not in the fittest humour in the world for his task. Could he possibly be mistaken in interpreting Miss Hillary's look? Was it not corroborated by her subsequent conduct? And—by the way—now that he came to glance backwards into the two or three months, during which he had been almost daily in her presence—divers little incidents started up into his recollection, all tending the same way—"Heigh ho!" exclaimed Elliott, laying down his yet unused pen, after a long bewildering reverie—"I wonder what Miss Hillary is thinking about! Surely I have had a kind of day-dream! It *can't* have really happened! And yet—how could there have been a mistake? Heaven knows I had nothing to excite or disorder me—except, perhaps, my long walk! Here's a *coup de soleil*, by the way, with a witness! But only to think of it—Miss Hillary—daughter of Jacob Hillary, Esq.—in love with—an under-clerk of her father—pho! It will never do! I'll think of it to-morrow morning." Thus communed Elliott with himself, by turns writing, pausing, and soliloquizing, till the lateness of the hour compelled him to apply to his task in good earnest. He did not quit his desk till it had struck ten; from which period till that at which he tumbled into his little bed, he fancied that scarcely five minutes had elapsed. He made his appearance at Bullion House next morning with a sad fluttering about the heart, but it soon subdued, for Miss Hillary was not present to prolong his agitation. He had not been seated for many minutes, however, before he observed her in a distant part of the garden, apparently tending some flowers. And his eye followed the movements of her graceful figure, he could not avoid a faint sigh of regret at his own absurdity in raising such a superstructure of splendid possibilities upon so light a foundation. His attention was at that instant arrested by Mr. Hillary's multifarious commands for the City; and, in short, Miss Hillary's absence from town for about a week, added to a great increase of business at the counting-house, owing to an extensive failure of a foreign correspondent, gradually restored Elliott to his senses, and banished the intrusive image of his lovely tormentor. Her unequivocal exhibition of feeling, however—unequivocal at least to him—on the occasion of the next meeting, instantly revived all his former excitement, and plunged him afresh into the soft tumult of doubts, hopes, and fears, from which he had so lately emerged. Every day that he returned to Mr. Hillary brought him fresh evidence of the extent to which he had encroached upon Miss Hillary's affections; and strange, indeed, must be that heart which, feeling itself alone and despised in the world, can suddenly find itself the object of a most enthusiastic and disinterested attachment, without kindling into

a flame of grateful affection. Was there any thing wonderful or improbable in the conduct attributed to Miss Hillary! No. A girl of frank and generous feeling, she saw in one whom undeserved misfortune had placed in a very painful and trying position, the constant exhibition of high qualities; of a patient and dignified submission to her father's cruel and oppressive treatment—a submission *on her account*; she beheld his high feeling conquering misfortune; she saw in his eye—his every look—his whole demeanour, susceptibilities of an exalted description:—and beyond all this—last, though not least, as Elliott acted the gentleman, so he *looked* it—and a handsome gentleman, too!—So it came to pass, then, that these two hearts became acquainted with each other, despite the obstacles of circumstance and situation. A kind of telegraphing courtship was carried on between them daily, which must have been observed by Mr. Hillary, but for the engrossing interest with which he regarded the communication of which Elliott was always the bearer. Mr. Hillary began, however, at length, to recover the use of his limbs, and rapidly to gain general strength. He consequently announced one morning to Elliott, that he should not require him to call after the morrow. At this time, the lovers had never interchanged a syllable together, either verbal or written, that could savour of love; and yet each was as confident of the state of the other's feelings, as though a hundred closely written, and closer crossed letters had been passing between them. On the dreaded morrow, he was pale and somewhat confused, nor was she far otherwise—but she had a sufficient reason in the indisposition of her mother, who had for many months been a bed-ridden invalid. As for Elliott, he was safe. He might have appeared at death's door without attracting the notice, or exciting the inquiries of his callous employer.—As he rose to leave the room, Elliott bowed to Mr. Hillary—but his last glance was directed to Miss Hillary—who, however, at that moment, was, or appeared to be, too busily occupied with pouring out her excellent father's coffee, to pay any attention to her retiring lover, who consequently retired from her presence not a little piqued and alarmed.

They had no opportunity of seeing one another till nearly a month after the occasion just alluded to; when they met under circumstances very favorable for the impression of such feelings as either of them dared to acknowledge—and the opportunity was not thrown away. Mr. Hillary had quitted town for the north, on urgent business, which was expected to detain him for nearly a fortnight; and Elliott failed not, on the following Sunday, to be at the post he had constantly occupied for some months—namely, a seat in the gallery of the church attended by Mr. Hillary and his family, commanding a distant view of the great central pew—matted, hassocked, and velvet-cushioned, with a rich array of splendid implements of devotion, in the shape of bibles and prayer-books, great and small, with gilt edges, and in blue and red morocco, being the favoured spot occupied by the great merchant—where he was pleased by his presence to assure the admiring vicar of his respect

for him and the established church, Miss Hillary had long since been aware of the presence of her timid and distant lover on these occasions: they had several times nearly jostled against one another in going out of church, the consequences of which was generally a civil though silent recognition of him. And this might be done with impunity, seeing how her wealthy father was occupied with nodding to every body, genteel enough to be so publicly recognised, and shaking hands with the select few who enjoyed his personal acquaintance. With what a different air, and with what a different feeling did the great merchant and his humble clerk pass on these occasions down the aisle!—But to return. On the Sunday above alluded to, Elliott beheld Miss Hillary enter the church alone, and become the solitary tenant of the family pew. Sad truants from his prayer-book, his eyes never quitted the fair and solitary occupant of Mr. Hillary's pew; but she chose, in some wayward humour, to sit that morning with her back turned towards the part of the church where she knew Elliott to be, and never once looked up in that direction. They met, however, after the service, near the door, as usual; she dropped her black veil just in time to prevent his observing a certain sudden flush that forced itself upon her features: returned his modest bow; a few words of course were interchanged; it threatened—or Elliott chose to represent that it threatened to rain (which he heartily wished it would, as she had come on foot, and unattended;) and so, in short, it came to pass this very discreet couple were to be seen absolutely walking arm in arm towards Bullion House, at the slowest possible pace, and by the most circuitous route that could suggest itself to the flurried mind of Elliott. An instinctive sense of propriety, or rather prudence, led him to quit her arm just before arriving at that turn of the road which brought them full in sight of her father's house. There they parted—each satisfied as to the nature of the other's feelings, though nothing had then passed between them of an explicit or decisive character. It is not necessary for me to dwell on this part of their history. Where there is a will, it is said, there is a way; and the young and venturesome couple found, before long, an opportunity of declaring to each other their mutual feelings. Their meetings and correspondence were contrived and carried on with the utmost difficulty. Great caution and secrecy were necessary to conceal the affair from Mr. Hillary, and those whose interest it was to give him early information on every matter that in any way concerned him. Miss Hillary buoyed herself up with the hope of securing, in due time, her mother, and obtaining her intercessions with her stern and callous hearted father. Some three months, or thereabout, after the Sunday just mentioned, Mr. Hillary returned from the City, and made his appearance at dinner, in an unusually gay and lively humour. Miss Hillary was at a loss to conjecture the occasion of such an exhibition; but imagined it must be some great speculation of his which had proved unexpectedly successful. He occasionally directed towards her a kind of grim leer, as though longing to communicate tidings which he expected to be as grati-

fying to her, as they were to himself. They dined alone; and as she was retiring rather earlier than usual, in order to attend upon her mother, who had that day been more than ordinarily indisposed, he motioned her to resume her seat.

"Well, Molly!"—for that was the elegant version of her Christian name which he generally adopted when in a good humour—"Well, Molly," pouring out a glass of wine, as the servants made their final exit, "I have heard something, to-day, in the City—a-hem! in which you are particularly concerned—very much so—and—so—a hem! am I!" He tossed off half of his glass, and smacked his lips, as though he unusually relished the flavour.

"Indeed, papa!" exclaimed the young lady with an air of anxious vivacity, not attempting to convey to her lips the brimming wine glass her father had filled for her, lest the trembling of her hand should be observed by him; "Oh, you are joking! what can I have to do with the City, papa?"

"Do? Aha, my girl!" "What can you have to do in the city," good humouredly attempting to imitate her tone, "Indeed?" Don't try to play mock-modest with me! You know as well as I do what I'm going to say!" he added, looking at her archly, as he fancied, but so as to blanch her cheek, and agitate her whole frame with an irresistible tremor. Her acute and feeling father observed her emotion. "There, now, that's just the way all you young misses behave on these occasions! I suppose it's considered mighty pretty! As if it wasn't all a matter of course for a young woman to hear about a young husband!"

"Papa; how you do love a joke!" replied Miss Hillary, with a sickly smile, making a desperate effort to carry her wine-glass to her lips, in which she succeeded, swallowing every drop that was in it, while her father electrified her by proceeding: "It's no use mincing matters, the thing is gone too far."

"Gone too far!" echoed Miss Hillary, mechanically.

"Yes, gone too far, I say, and I stick to it. A bargain's a bargain all the world over, whatever it's about; and a bargain I've struck to-day. You're my daughter, my only daughter, d'ye see, and I've been a good while on the look-out for a proper person to marry you to, and, egad! to-day I've got him, my future son-in-law, d'ye hear, and one that will clap a coronet on my Molly's pretty head, and on the day he does so, I do two things; I give you a plum, and myself cut Mincing Lane, and sink the shop for the rest of my days. There's nuts for you to crack! Aha, Molly, what d'ye say to all that? An't it news?"

"Say! why I, I, I," stammered the young lady, her face nearly as white as the handkerchief on which her eyes were violently fixed, and with which her fingers were hurriedly playing.

"Why, Molly! What's the matter? What the—a-hem! are you gone so pale for? Gad, I see how it is; I've been too abrupt, as your poor mother has it! But the thing is as I said, that's flat, come what will; say it how one will, take it how you will! So make up your mind, Molly,

like a good girl as you are; come kiss me! I never loved you so much as now I'm going to lose you!"

She made no attempt to rise from her chair, as he got up from his own, and approached her.

"Adad, but what's the matter here? Your little hands are as cold as a corpse's. Why, Molly! what—what nonsense!" He chuckled her under the chin. "You're trying to frighten me, Molly, I know you are! Ah-ha!" He grew more and more alarmed at her deadly paleness and apparent insensibility to what he was saying. "Well, now"—he paused, and looked anxiously at her. "Who would have thought," he added suddenly, "that it would have taken the girl a-back so?—Come, come!" slapping her on the back—"a joke's a joke, and I've had mine, but it's been carried too far, I'm afraid."

"Dear—dearest papa," gasped his daughter, suddenly raising her eyes, and fixing them with a steadfast and brightening look upon his, at the same time catching hold of his hands convulsively—"So it is—a joke!—a joke—it is—it is"—and gradually sinking back in her chair, to her father's unspeakable alarm, she swooned.—Holding her in his arms, he roared stoutly for assistance, and in a twinkling, a posse of servants, male and female, obeyed the summons, rushed pell-mell into the dining-room; the ordinary hubbub attendant on a fainting-fit, ensued; cold water sprinkled, eau-de-Cologne, volatile salts, &c. Then the young lady, scarce restored to her senses, was supported, or rather carried, by her maid to her own apartment, and Mr. Hillary was left to himself for the remainder of the evening, flustered and confounded beyond all expression. The result of his troubled ruminations was, that the sudden communication of such prodigious good fortune had upset his daughter with joy; and that he must return to the charge in a day or two, and break it to her more easily. The real fact was, that he had that day assured the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Scamp of his daughter's hand, heart, and fortune; and that exemplary personage had agreed to dine at Bullion House on the ensuing Sunday, for the purpose of being introduced to his future Viscountess, whose noble fortune was to place his financial matters upon an entirely new basis—at least for some time to come—and enable him to show his honest face once more in divers amiable coteries at C—'s and elsewhere. Old Hillary's dazzled eyes could see nothing but his Lordship's coronet; and he had no more doubt about his right thus to dispose of his daughter's heart, then he had about his right to draw upon Messrs. Cash, Credit & Co., his bankers, without first consulting them to ascertain whether they would honor his drafts.

Miss Hillary did not make her appearance the next morning at her father's breakfast table, her maid being sent to say, that her young lady had a violent headache, and so forth; the consequence of which was, that the old gentleman departed for the city in a terrible temper, as every member of his establishment could have testified if they had been asked. Miss Hillary had spent an hour or two of the preceding midnight in writing to Elliott a long and somewhat incoherent account of what had happened. She gave

but a poor account of herself to her father at dinner that day. He was morosely silent. She pale, absent, disconcerted.

"What the devil is the matter with you, Mary?" inquired Mr. Hillary, with stern abruptness, as soon as the servants had withdrawn.—"What were all those tantrums of yours about last night eh?"

"Indeed, papa," replied his trembling daughter, "I hardly know—but really—you must remember, you said such very odd things, and so suddenly, and you looked so angry!"

"Tut, girl, pho! Fiddle, fiddle!" exclaimed her father gulping down a glass of wine with great energy. "I could almost, a-hem! really it looked as if you had taken a little too much, eh? What harm was there in me telling you that you were going soon to be married? What's a girl born and bred up for but to be married? Eh, Mary?" continued her father, determined, this time, to go to work with greater skill and tact than on the preceding evening. "I want an answer, Mary!"

"Why, papa, it was a very odd thing now, was it not!" said his daughter, with an affectionate smile; drawing nearer to her father, her knees trembling, however, the while, "and I know you did it only to try whether I was a silly vain girl. Why should I want to be married, papa, when you and my poor mamma are so kind to me?"

"Humph!" grunted her father, gulping down a great glass of claret. "And d'ye think we're to live for ever? I must see you established before long, for my health, hem! hem! is none of the strongest!" (he had scarcely ever known what an hour's illness was in his life, except his late accident, from which he had completely recovered;) "and as for your poor mother, you know," a long pause ensued here. "Now, suppose," continued the wily tactician, "suppose, Molly," looking at her very anxiously, "suppose I wasn't in a joke last night, after all?"

"Well, papa!"

"Well, papa!" echoed her father, sneering, and snappishly, unable to conceal his ill humour, "but it isn't *well* papa; I can't understand all this nonsense. Mary, you must not give yourself airs. Did you ever hear—a hem!" He suddenly stopped short, sipped his wine, and paused, evidently intending to make some important communication: and striving, at the same time, to assume an unconcerned air; "Did you ever hear of the right honourable the Lord Viscount Scamp, Molly?"

"Yes; I've seen things about him, now and then, in the newspapers. Isn't he a great gambler, papa?" inquired Miss Hillary, looking at her father calmly.

"No, it's a lie," replied her father furiously, whirling about the ponderous seals on his watch. "Has any one been putting this into your head?"

"No one, indeed, papa; only the newspapers,"

"And are you such an idiot as to believe newspapers? Didn't they say, a year or two ago, that my house was in for 20,000*l.* when Gumarabic & Co. broke? And wasn't that a great lie? I didn't lose a fiftieth of the sum! No," he added, after a long pause, "Lord Scamp is no such

thing. He's a vastly agreeable young man, and takes an uncommon interest in city matters, and that's saying no small things for a nobleman of his high rank. Why it's said he may one day be a Duke?"

"Indeed, papa! And do you know him?"

"Y—y—es! Know him? Of course! Do you think I come and talk up at Highbury about every body I know? Know Lord Scamp? He's an ornament to the peerage."

"How long have you known him, papa?"

"How long, puss? Why this, a good while! However, he dines here on Sunday."

"Dines here on Sunday! Lord Scamp dines here next Sunday? Oh, papa! this is another joke of yours!"

"Curse me, then, if I can see it! What the deuce is there so odd in my asking a nobleman to dinner, if I think proper? Why, if it comes to that, I can buy up a dozen of them any day, if I choose; and he thrust his hands deeply into his breeches' pocket."

"Yes, dear papa, I know you could, if they were worth buying," replied Miss Hillary, with a faint smile. "Give me a great merchant before a hundred good-for-nothing lords!" and she rose, put her hands about his neck, and kissed him fondly.

"Well, I, I, don't think you're so vastly far off the mark *there*, at any rate, Polly," said her father, with a subdued air of exultation; but at the same time, you know, there *may* be lords as good as any merchant in the city of London, hem! and, after all, a lord's a superior article, too, in respect of birth and good breeding."

"Yes, papa, they're all well enough, I dare say, in their own circles: but in their hearts, depend upon it, they only despise us poor citizens."

"*Us poor citizens*, I like that!" drawled her father, pouring out his wine slowly with a magnificent air, and drinking it off in silence. "You shall see, however, on Sunday, Poll! whether you're correct!"

"What! am I to dine with you?" inquired Miss Hillary with irrepressible alarm.

"You to dine with us? Of course you will! Why the devil should not you?"

"My poor mamma!"

"Oh, a hem! I mean, nonsense, you can go to her after dinner. Certainly you must attend to her!"

"Very well, papa, I will obey you, whatever you like," replied Miss Hillary, a sudden tremor running from head to foot.

"That's a dear good girl; that's my own Poll! And, hearken," he added, with a mixture of good humour and anxiety, "make yourself look handsome; never mind the cost, money's no object, you know! So tell that pert minx, your maid Joliffe, that I expect she'll turn you out first rate that day, if it's only to save the credit of *us poor merchants*!"

"Gracious, papa; but why are you really so anxious about my dressing so well?"

Her father, who had sat swallowing glass after glass with unusual rapidity, at the same time unconsciously mixing his wines, put his finger to the side of his nose, and winked in a very knowing manner. His daughter saw her advantage

in an instant; and with the ready tact of her sex, resolved at once to find out all that was in her father's heart concerning her. She smiled as cheerfully as she could, and affected to enter readily into all his feelings. She poured him out one or two glasses more of his favourite wine, and chatted as fast as himself, till she at length succeeded in extracting from him an acknowledgment that he had distinctly promised her to Lord Scamp, whose visit, on the ensuing Sunday, would be paid to her as to his future wife. Soon after this, she rung for candles; and kissing her father, who had fairly fallen asleep, she withdrew to her own room, and there spent the next hour or two in confidential converse with her maid Joliffe.

[To be continued.]

A MAN OF TASTE.

"How dy'e do Tom? I'm from Kentuck,
I guess a smashing, roaring buck;
I'll lick like thunder any body,
And beat the world at drinking toddy.
I care for nothing—live at ease—
Judge for myself—act as I please."

"Ah Dick, your notions won't do here,
They're like yourself, exceeding queer;
Judge for yourself! let others do it.
They'll find you sport, and you pursue it;
Then neither thought or time you'll waste,
And you'll become a man of taste."

"Never be seen where Shakespeare's played,
Upon the shelf long he's been laid;
Or if dragged forth, we lads of spirit,
Have too much sense to go and hear it;
But to the opera stick like paste,
'Twill show that you're a man of taste."

"Although you do not know a note,
That comes from *the* Amina's throat;
Swear that 'tis most excessive good,
A perfect paragon the Wood,
Whose voice is tetoacious chaste,
And you'll be thought a man of taste."

"Also the ballet patronise,
And swell the crowd who feast their eyes,
On dancers' legs; it is the fashion,
And so of course the track you'll dash on
From your own judgment quickly baste,
And be like me, a man of taste."

"Thanks Tom, Kentucky won't do here,
My judgment will not bend I fear,
To other's will. I'm no such lout,
To scream when men of fashion shout.
And Shakespear," here the door he slammed,
"If I forget him, I'll be d—d. F. W."

A false pride, or an ignorance of her own heart sometimes makes a woman refuse the first offer made her by a lover.



Interior of Covent Garden Theatre, London.



Trajan's Arch, Italy.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

On the 31st December, 1808—three months after the destruction, by fire, of the old theatre—the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. laid the foundation stone of the new building, with all due pomp and ceremony. The site of the present theatre is perhaps too confined; it cannot, therefore, be seen to advantage. It is after the model of the Athenian Acropolis, and is in the grandest style of the Doric. The interior does not fully correspond with the promise of the exterior, although extremely elegant.—Its shape is that of a rounded horse-shoe, wide at the heel. The Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock, in burnished gold, adorn the different circles of the boxes. It is considered, altogether, the most tasteful and comfortable theatre in Europe.

ARCH OF TRAJAN.

Forming one of the gates to Beneventum (one of the principal cities of Samnium), is to be seen the triumphal Arch of the Emperor Trajan, whose name it bears. It is a single arch, of Parian marble; and remains entire, with the exception of a part of the cornice. Its sides are adorned with four Corinthian pillars, raised on high pedestals. Its frieze, pannels, and indeed every part, both within and without the Arch, are covered with rich sculpture, representing some of the achievements of the Emperor, in whose honor it was erected. It is considered one of the most perfect monuments of its kind.

Half the world dislikes Mr. Tommy Moore's politics, but every body loves his poetry. With this remark we insert the following verses, which we are sure will leave the public opinion unchanged in both respects.

EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN ROCK TO LORD L—NDH—T.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Dear L—ndh—, you'll pardon my making thus free
But form is all fudge 'twixt such "comrogues" as we,
Who, whate'er the smooth views we in public may
drive at,

Have both the same praiseworthy object in private,
Namely, never to let the old region of riot,
Where Rock has long reigned, have one instant of
quiet,

But keep Ireland still in that liquid we've taught her
To love more than meat, drink, or clothing, *hot*
water.

All the difference betwixt you and me, as I take it,
Is simply, that you make the law and I break it;
And never, of big-wigs and small, were there two
Play'd so well in'o each other's hands as we do;
Insomuch, that the laws you and yours manufacture
Seem all made express for the Rock-boys to fracture.
Not Birmingham's self, to her shame be it spoken,
E'er made things more neatly contriv'd to be broken;
And, hence, I confess, in this island religious,
The breakage of laws and of heads is prodigious.

And long may it thrive, my Ex-bizwig, say I,
Though of late, much I fear'd all our fun was gone
by;

As, except when some tithe-hunting parson show'd
sport,

Some rector, a cool hand at pistols and port,
Who "keeps dry" his *powder*, but never *himself*,
One who, leaving his bible to rust on the shelf,
Sends his pious texts home, in the shape of ball
cartridges,

Shooting his "Dearly beloved," like partridges:
Except when some hero of this sort turn'd out,
Or th' Exchequer sent, flaming, its tithe-writs* about,
A contrivance more neat, I may say, without flattery,
Than e'er yet was thought of for bloodshed and
battery;

So neat, that even I might be proud, I allow,
To have hit off so rich a receipt for a row;
Except for such rigs turning up, now and then,
I was actually growing the dullest of men;
And, had this blank fit been allow'd to increase,
Might have snored myself down to a Justice of
Peace.

Like you, Reformation in Church and in State
Is the thing of all things I most cordially hate.
If once these curst Ministers do as they like,
All's o'er my good lord, with your wig and my pike,
And one may be hung up on t'other, henceforth,
Just to show what *such* Captains and Chanc'llors
are worth.

But we must not despair; even already Hope sees
You're about, my bold baron, to kick up a breeze,
Of the true, baffling sort, such as suits me and you,
Who have box'd the whole compass of party right
through,

And care not one farthing, as all the world knows,
So we *but* raise the wind, from what quarter it blows.
Forgive me, dear lord, that thus rudely I dare
My own small resources with thine to compare;
Not ev'n Jerry Didler, in "raising the wind," durst
Compete, for one instant, with thee, my dear L—
ndh—t.

But, hark, there's a shot! some parsonic practitioner?
No; merely a bran-new Rebellion Commissioner;
The Courts having now, with true Law erudition,
Put even Rebellion itself "in commission."

As seldom, in *this way*, I'm any man's debtor,
I'll just *pay my shot*, and then fold up this letter.
In the mean time, hurrah for the Tories and Rocks!
Hurrah for the parsons who fleece all their flocks!
Hurrah for all mischief, in all ranks and spheres.
And, above all, hurrah for that dear House of Peers!

Some of the studies fit for a gentleman—are poetry,
history, travels, geography, commerce, arts, science,
mathematics, languages, law, physic, &c.

* Exchequer Tithe Processes, served under a Com-
mission of Rebellion.

SONG OF BYRON.

"Awake not Greece,—she is awake:
Awake my Spirit!"

The Words by J. J. Adams—Music by the Author of 'Miriam Coffin.'

Inscribed to Mrs. Oliver Hull, of New York.

Written and Composed for the New York "Ladies Companion."

With Energy.

Dis—tract-ing to my fe-ver-ed soul, Life's puls-es wild-ly

flow; Yet still I drain the treach'rous bowl, and court the mad'ning

con spirito.

throe. Hark! 't is the war cry on the gale. A—wake, my soul! awake! Thy

THE DYING CHILD.

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spi—rit, Gre—cia, I'll in—hale, While ruth-less tyrants quake, While

ruthless tyrants quake.

2 The Moslem band is rushing on!
Awake! my soul's full strung!
They paused not when at Marathon,
The Persian Dirge was sung.
Hark to the sound! my heart's in arms—
I'll think of Salamis;
And revel in the rude alarms,—
And seek in war for bliss.

3 Not where "Bozzaris cheered his band,"
That noble spirit fled—
Nor in the field with "blood-stained brand,"
He mingled with the dead:
But where he yielded up his breath,
The pilgrim's shrine is found;
And by the never-dying wreath,
Is mighty genius crowned.

THE DYING CHILD.

'Tis dying! life is yielding place
To that mysterious charm,
Which spreads upon thy troubled face
A fix'd unchanging calm,
That deepens as the parting breath
Is gently sinking into death.

A thoughtful beauty rests the while
Upon its snowy brow;
But those pale lips could never smile
More radiantly than now;
And sure some heavenly dreams begin
To dawn upon the soul within!

O! that those mildly conscious lips
Were parted to reply—
To tell how death's severe eclipse
Is passing from thine eye;
For living eye can never see
The change that death has wrought in thee.

Perhaps thy sight is wandering far
Throughout the kindled sky,

In tracing every infant star
Amid the flames on high;—
Souls of the just, whose path is bent
Around the glorious firmament.

Perhaps thine eye is gazing down
Upon the earth below,
Rejoicing to have gain'd thy crown,
And hurried from its woe.
To dwell beneath the throne of Him,
Before whose glory heaven is dim.

Thy life! how cold it might have been,
If days had grown to years!
How dark, how deeply stain'd with sin,
With weariness and tears!
How happy thus to sink to rest,
So early number'd with the blest!

'Tis well, then, that the smile should lie
Upon thy marble cheek:
It tells to our inquiring eye
What words could never speak—
A revelation sweetly given
Of all that man can learn of heaven.—ANONYMOUS.

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

MR. ATKINSON.—You will recollect our venerable and respected friend, Judge ——. When here a few days since, he related to us among other anecdotes, one in relation to the Summary Administration of Justice, which occurred in the early history of New England. Anxious to get the Judge to correspond occasionally with some of our periodicals, for which his leisure in retirement affords him ample time, while his fine classic taste and belle-lettre scholarship, render him eminently qualified to give interest to whatever subject he might select, I suggested his writing out the anecdote he had related, and forwarding it to me for publication, which he kindly consented to do, and herewith you will receive it. I only hope it may be followed by others. I know the Judge is in the habit of occasionally corresponding with Silliman's Journal, and some others, in connection with matters of science, natural history, &c. and would he consent to furnish an occasional article for some of your interesting periodicals, embracing some of his reminiscences of olden time,—and he might go as far back as the period of the revolution, in which he bore himself a conspicuous part, I am certain the readers of the Post, Casket, &c. would be much pleased, and warmly welcome the Correspondent "Seventy-Six," as a most able contributor.

My honored friend furnishes the best example in his mode of life I have ever known, of what the Romans used to call *otium cum dignitate*, and good habits, and a regular and active life still enable him at the age of near four score years, to enjoy the goods of life, the comforts and elegancies with which he is surrounded; his mind at the same time, is still active in ranging over the whole field of science, and the arts, and even up to this time, often engaged in making acquisitions that are usually confined to the period of youth.

After saying this much for my Correspondent, I cannot forego the pleasure of permitting you to extract a paragraph from his letter, in which he compliments in such handsome terms our fair city, awarding to it in some particulars the palm over our neighbour and great rival, New York. While in other respects, the latter is admitted in turn to have the advantage. Yours, &c. H.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—For your very kind and unmerited favors and attentions bestowed on me in my late visit to Philadelphia I hasten to tender you my cordial thanks. Without your assistance, or that of some other like friend, my visit to that charming city, must have been much less interesting to me.

Respecting the aqueduct, the Penitentiary, the Exchange, the Hospital, and though last not least, those enchanting Parks, which your citizens call public squares, I shall attempt no description, because I am sensible of my total inability to do justice to either of them. I will only observe, that if it may be said of New York, that it is the best place in the world to acquire wealth, it may with equal truth be said that Philadelphia is the best to live in

and enjoy that wealth. There is observable by the stranger who visits this city, a neatness and becoming simplicity of dress in both sexes which appear to great advantage when compared with the tawdry costume which he sees in New York. A marked distinction is also noticeable in the manners of the inhabitants of the two cities. The kind and friendly spirit of William Penn, seems yet to rest upon the dwellers in this city of "Brotherly love;" instead of that restless eagerness in pursuit of money which is evinced in the hurry, bustle, and, to coin a new phrase, *rattle-te-bang*, with which the traveller is annoyed in passing through most of the streets in New York. As to public charity, and charitable institutions, it is no disparagement to any city in the United States to say, Philadelphia stands at the head of them all.

You will receive on the other leaf the anecdote of Gov. Hopkin's administration of Summary Justice, which you will please show to our common friend Mr. Atkinson; and if he and you think it deserving of publicity, he will be at liberty to give it some humble place (if such an one there be) in his "Casket," or where else he may please.

Summary Justice of the Olden Time.

In the early settlement of the Colony of Connecticut, about the year 1642, under the administration of Edward Hopkins, who for several years was Governor of the Colony, a law was passed by the General Court, as it was then called, prohibiting the killing of deer during those months in the year in which they were poor and of little or no value: and subjecting the offender to the penalty of a fine of forty shillings, "one moiety whereof to be paid to the treasurer of the town wherein the offence shall be committed, and the other moiety to him who shall sue for and prosecute the same to effect. And in case the delinquent shall neglect or refuse to pay such fine, he shall be publicly whipped on the naked body not exceeding twenty stripes."

Sometime in the month of April, a month in which the law forbade the killing of deer, one of the Governor's neighbors called on him and stated that a buck, for a length of time had been in the habit of feeding on a field of wheat near his house, belonging to him, and had become fat—praying his Excellency, under the circumstances to give him permission to kill the deer. The Governor replied, "I possess no authority by which I can dispense with the law—it would be of evil tendency and by no means admissible." The applicant urged his suit by informing the Gov. that he was poor, had a family of small children—that although it was out of the season for killing deer, yet the buck had fattened upon his property, and it would be a great favor to have permission to kill it. "I cannot," replied the Governor, firmly, "permit any one, under any circumstances whatever to violate the law—if you should proceed to kill the deer, have you any reason to suppose any one would feel disposed to prosecute?" "I have one neighbor," replied the applicant, naming him, "who like myself is poor, and who frequently kills deer himself contrary to

the law, though nobody complains of him—this neighbor, I have reason to fear, would prosecute for the benefit of that part of the penalty to which he would be entitled by the statute." "But," said the Gov. "in case you should kill the deer,—though remember, I give you no permission to do it; would it not be advisable for you to make a present to that neighbor of a quarter of the venison to secure his friendship and silence? Upon this the applicant without pressing his Excellency farther, made his bow and retired.

About three weeks after this, the neighbor who had been named, called upon the Governor, made complaint, and demanded a warrant against one of his neighbors for killing a deer contrary to the law. "What evidence," asked the Gov. "have you in support of your complaint?" "Why," replied the complainant, "he told me himself he killed the deer, and more than that, he gave me a quarter of the venison." "Indeed!" said the Gov. "and how did you find it? was it eatable at this time of the year?"—"O yes, Sir," replied the complainant, "it was really fat—we have had an open winter, you know Sir, and the deer has fed on a field of wheat belonging to the man that killed it, and was as fat as deer usually are in the fall of the year." Upon this disclosure of facts the Gov. suggested to the complainant whether it would not be better to let the thing pass off without any prosecution. "You ought to consider," said he, "we are here in a new country—provisions are scarce—many of us experience great difficulties in sustaining our families—you are not insensible that the reason and object of the law were to prevent the destruction of the deer during the season in which they are poor, and not fit to be eaten—you say this venison was fat, and had become so by feeding on the wheat of the neighbor who killed it. In addition to this, you acknowledge he gave you a quarter of the venison. Now under all these circumstances, would it not be considered unreasonable, and even ungrateful to insist on prosecuting this neighbor, who, by your own account, has been so kind to you?"

But notwithstanding these suggestions, this second Shylock continued to press his suit, observing to the Gov. "I know my rights, Sir,—I know I am entitled to one half of the legal penalty—I also know, Sir, you are sworn to maintain and execute the law—you cannot, you dare not disallow my complaint and deny me the benefit of the law!"—The complaint was filed, a warrant issued upon it, and the delinquent was arrested and brought before the court—and upon being put to plead to the matters charged in the complaint, pleaded "Guilty."

As soon as the Gov. had pronounced the sentence of the law upon him, the delinquent in a mild but firm tone of voice replied, "situated as I am, I cannot undertake to pay the fine of forty shillings—I feel unwilling to starve my wife and children by shunning my back from the lash of the whip—I shall offer it as a satisfaction in lieu of the fine." The Gov. accordingly made out and delivered to the constable the warrant of execution—a knowledge of the proceedings had roused a spirit

of indignation among the neighbors against the prosecutor, and had brought them together to attend and hear the trial. The delinquent presented his naked back to the officer, observing to him that it would be unnecessary to tie his hands, as he should neither make resistance nor attempt to escape. The constable tied a light tow string to the end of a short stick and began to perform his duty, by strokes more suitable to brush away flies than to inflict pain upon the back of a criminal. The Gov. who stood by with his law-book under his arm, counted for the constable; and as soon as ten were numbered cried out, "stop, Sir, let us see how the law reads!" Then opening the book, read "the other moiety to him who shall sue for and prosecute the same to effect." "This prosecutor is entitled to one half of the penalty—take him and bestow upon him the remaining ten stripes."

"O, but stop a little," said he, starting back, "touch me if you dare! Why, I have not been tried—you can't whip me," and made some attempt to escape. But the bystanders, regarding the command of the Gov. more than the remonstrances of the complainant, instantly laid hands upon him, not in the most tender and delicate manner, and having bared his back, and by the assistance of cords placed him in a posture of hugging a tree, made room for the approach of the officer. The tow string was now exchanged for a good and efficient horsewhip—"Mr. Constable," said the Governor, "you are acquainted with the circumstances attending this case—I hope you will perform your duty faithfully."

"Yes, please your Excellency," replied the constable, "I think I know my duty, and I guess I shall discharge it to the satisfaction of all present, with the exception of one only. I have already executed one sentence according to law—this I intend to execute according to law and equity both."

By the time the ten stripes were all told, the sufferer's back exhibited ample testimony of the indignant feelings of the spectator, and presented a durable *sarcographic* record of the prompt administration of Summary Justice. SEVENTY-SIX.

TALKING BACKWARDS.

Uncle Jo's ideas flow much faster than he can find words to express them, which oftentimes occasion a most ambiguous style of expression in his manner of relating a story. Going one day into his field, he found his neighbour's pigs enjoying a fine revel among the pumpkins—a part of a Yankee's property which he will by no means permit to be wasted. Driving them from the field, each of them bolted through the fence with a share of plunder from the pumpkin bed. After effecting an ejection of the trespassers from his premises, he hastened to the house to tell his helpmate of the disaster, and expressed himself in the manner and form following:

"Wife, wife," said he, "John Downs' field got into my pigs, and when I drove them, the pumpkins went through the devil with a pig in their mouths, as though the fence was after them, and a post tumbled over me and I'm e'en just dead!"—*Lowell Weekly Compend.*

PETER BRUSH.

THE GREAT USED-UP.

It was November; soon after election time, when a considerable portion of the political world are apt to be despondent, and external things appear to do their utmost to keep them so. November, the season of dejection, when pride itself loses its imperious port; when ambition gives place to melancholy; when beauty hardly takes the trouble to look in the glass; and when existence doffs its rainbow hues, and wears an aspect of such dull, common-place reality, that hope leaves the world for a temporary excursion, and those who cannot do without her inspiring presence, borrow the aid of pistols, cords, and chemicals, and send themselves on a longer journey, expecting to find her by the way:—a season, when the hair will not stay in curl; when the walls weep dewy drops, to the great detriment of paper-hangings, and of every species of colouring with which they are adorned; when the banisters distil liquids, any thing but beneficial to white gloves; when nature fills the ponds, and when window-washing is the only species of amusement at all popular among housekeepers.

It was on the worst of nights in that worst of seasons. The atmosphere was in a condition of which it is difficult to speak with respect, much as we may be disposed to applaud the doings of nature. It was damp, foggy, and drizzling; to sum up its imperfections in a sonorous and descriptive epithet, it was "orrid muggy weather." The air hung about the way-farer in warm, unhealthy folds, and extracted the starch from his shirt collar and from the bosom of his dicky, with as much rapidity as it robbed his spirits of their elasticity, and melted the sugar of self-complacency from his mind. The street lamps emitted a ghastly white glare, and were so hemmed in with vapory wreaths, that their best efforts could not project a ray of light three feet from the burner. Gloom was universal, and any change, even to the heat of Africa, or to the frosts of the Arctic Circle, would, in comparison, have been delightful. The pigs' tails no longer waved in graceful sinuosities; while the tail of each night-roving, hectoring bull-dog, ceased flaunting to warp the clouds, a banner of wrath and defiance to punier creatures, and hung down drooping and dejected, an emblem of a heart little disposed to quarrel and offence. The ornaments of the brute creation being thus below par, it was not surprising that men, with cares on their shoulders, and raggedness in their trowsers, should likewise be more melancholy than on occasions of a brighter character. Every one at all subject to the "skiey influences," who has had trouble enough to tear his clothes, and to teach him that the staple of this mundane existence is not exclusively made up of fun, has felt that philosophy is but a barometrical affair, and that he who is proof against sorrow when the air is clear and bracing, may be a very miserable wretch, with no greater cause, when the wind sits in another quarter.

Peter Brush is a man of this susceptible class. His nervous system is of the most delicate organization, and responds to the changes of the weather, as an Eolian harp sings to the fitful swellings of the breeze. Peter was abroad on the night of which we speak; either because, unlike the younger Brutus, he had no Portia near to tell him that such exposure was "not physical," and that it was the part of prudence to go to bed, or that, although aware of the dangers of miasma to a man of his constitution, he did not happen at that precise moment to have access to either house or bed; in his opinion, two essential prerequisites to couching himself, as he regarded taking it *al fresco*, on a cellar door, not likely to answer any sanitary purpose. We incline ourselves to the opinion that he was in the dilemma last mentioned, as it had previously been the fate of other great men. But, be that as it may, Mr. Peter Brush was in the street, as melancholy as an unbraced drum, "a gibbed cat, or a lugged bear."

Seated upon the curb, with his feet across the gutter, he placed his elbow on a stepping-stone, and, like Juliet on the balcony, leaned his head upon his hand—a hand that would perhaps have been the better of a covering, though none would have been rash enough to volunteer to be a glove upon it. He was in a dilapidated condition—out at elbows, out at knees, out of pocket, out of office, out of spirits, and out in the street—an "out and outer" in every respect, and as *autre* a mortal as ever the eye of man did rest upon. For some time, Mr. Brush's reflections had been silent. Following Hamlet's advice, he "gave them an understanding, but no tongue;" and he relieved himself at intervals, by spitting forlornly into the kennel. At length, suffering his locked hands to fall between his knees, and heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:—

"A long time ago my ma used to put on her specs and say, 'Peter, my son, put not your trust in princes,' and from that day to this I haven't done any thing of the kind; because none on 'em ever wanted to borrow nothing of me, and I never see a prince or a king,—but one or two, and they had been rotated out of office,—to borrow nothing of them. Princes! pooh!—Put not your trust in politicians—they're my sentiments. You might just as well try to hold an eel by the tail. I don't care which side they're on, for I've tried both, and I know. Put not your trust in politicians, or you'll get a hyst."

"Ten years ago it came into my head that things weren't going on right; so I pretty nearly gave myself up tee-totally to the good of the republic, and left the shop to look out for itself. I was brim full of patriotism, and so uneasy in my mind for the salvation of freedom, I couldn't work. I tried to guess which side was going to win, and I stuck to it like wax;—sometimes I was a-one side, sometimes I was a-t'other, and sometimes I straddled till the election was over, and came up jist in time to jine the hurrah. It was good I was after, and what good could I do, if I wasn't on the 'lected side? But, after all, it was never a bit of use. Whenever the

battle was over, and no matter what side was sharing out the loaves and fishes, and I stepped up, I'll be hanged if they didn't cram all they could into their own mouths, put their arms over some, and grab at all the rest with their paws, and say, 'Go away, white man, you ain't capable.'—Capable!—What's the reason I ain't capable? I've got as extensive a throat as any of 'em, and I could swallow the loaves and fishes without cheking, if each loaf was as big as a grind-stone, and if each fish was as big as a sturgeon. Give Peter a chance, and leave him alone for that. Then, another time when I called—'I want some spoils,' says I; 'a small bucket full of spoils. Whichever side gits in, shares the spoils, don't they? S.' they first grinned, and then they ups and tells me that virtue like mine was its own reward, and that spoils might spoil me. But it was no spoils that spoiled me, and no loaf and fish that starved me—I'm spoilt because I couldn't get either. Put not your trust in politicians—I say it agin. Both sides used me jist alike. Here I've been serving my country, more or less, these ten years, like a patriot—going to town meetings, hurrying my daylight out, and getting as blue as blazes—blocking the windows, getting licked fifty times, and having more black eyes and bloody noses, than you could shake a stick at, all for the common good, and for the purity of our illegal rights—and all for what? Why, for nix. If any good has come of it, the country has put it into her own pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings. I can't get no office! Republics is ungrateful! It wasn't reward I was after. I scorn the base insinuation. I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do but to take care of the public,—and I've only got half—nothing to do! Being took care of was the main thing. Republics is ungrateful; I'm swaggered if they ain't. This is the way old sojers is served."

Brush, having thus unpacked his heart, heaved a deep sigh or two, and laid his head upon the stone, for the purpose of considering his condition more at his ease; but soon unwittingly—for well he knew the consequences—fell into a troubled, murmuring sleep, in which his words were mere repetitions of what he had said before, the general scope of the argument being to prove the received axiom of former times, that republics do not distribute their favours in proportion to services rendered, and that, in the speaker's opinion, they are not, in this respect, much better than the princes against whom his mother cautioned him. Such, at least, was the conviction of Mr. Brush; at which he had arrived, not by theory and distant observation, but by his own personal experience.

It is a long lane which has no turning, and it is a long sleep, especially in the open air, which is not interrupted by those in authority. Peter Brush found it so in this instance, as he had, indeed, more than once before. His agitated slumbers were soon disturbed by the relentless paw of an officer of the night.

"Get up, Commodore," said he of the mace and badge. "Your ma will be waiting for you,

and your pappy, the major, will be apt to hide you." "Don't be official and trouble yourself about other people's business!" remarked Brush, trying to open his eyes. "Don't be official; it isn't the genteel thing."

"Not official!—What do you mean by that! Do you want me to neglect my business? I'm official, by being appointed a watchman, and it's my duty to meddle with other people's business, and to have a finger in every pie what's baking. Don't give me none of your slack," continued the Charley, expanding with the pride of office, and shaking his mace, "or I'll give you some of my tight."

"Oh, very well—be as sassy as you please—you've got an office—you've got one of the fishes, though it is but a minny, and I ain't; but if I had, I'd show you a thing or two. Be sassy, be official, be any thing, Mr. Noodle-sock. It isn't saying much for the corporation that they chose you, when Peter Brush was on the list for promotion, that's all; though you are so stiff, and think yourself pretty to look at. But them that's pretty to look at, ain't good 'uns to go, or you wouldn't be poking here.—Be off—there's no more business afore this 'ere meeting, and you may adjourn."

"What's all that? Why, you're so corned as to come under the act agin tipsy people, as well as under the act supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the suppression of loafing. Where did you get the liquor?—how did you come so very how come you so? Fie! you a gentleman's son!"

"Watchy, it's owing to the weather—part to the weather, and part because republics is ungrateful—that's considerable the biggest part. Either part is excuse enough, and both together makes it a credit. When it's such weather as this, it takes the electering fluid out of you; and if you want to feel something like—do you know what something like is?—it's cat-bird, jam up—if you want to feel so, you must pour a little of the electerising fluid into you.—In this kind of weather you must tune yourself up, and get resumed, or you ain't good for much—tuned up to concert pitch—but all that's a trifle. Put not your trust in politicians."

"And why not, Mr. Rosum?"

"Why not? Help us up—there—steady she goes—hold on—why not? Look at me; that's why—I'm a riglar patriot—look at my coat—I'm all for the public good—twig the holes in my trowsers. I'm steady in my course, and upright in my conduct—don't let me fall down—I've tried all parties, year in and year out, just by way of making myself popular and agreeable; and I've tried to be on both tides at once," roared Brush, with great emphasis, as he slipped into the gutter; "and this is the end on it."

This striking illustration of the results of the political course he pursued, and of the danger of being on two sides at once, being achieved, Brush, by the aid of his good-natured auditor, scrambled ashore, where he sat, the picture of the shipwrecked mariner.

"New, you must come along with me," said the Charley, helping him along; "I'll take care of you."

But what made you a politician—ain't you good for nothing else—haven't you got a trade?"

"Trade! yes," replied Brush, contemptuously; "but what's a trade, when a feller's got a soul? I love my country, and I want an office—I don't care what, so it's fat and easy. I've a genius for governing; for telling people what to do, and look at 'em do it. I want to take care of my country, and I want my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I'm made for—talking; that's my line. Talking in the streets, talking in the bar rooms, talking in the oyster cellars. Talking is the grease for the wagon wheels of the body politic and the body corpulent; and nothing will go on well till I've got my say in the matter; for I can talk all day, and most of the night, only stopping to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike—all ungrateful; no respect for genius; no respect for me. I've tried both sides, got nothing, and I've a great mind to knock off, and call it half a day. I would, if my genius didn't make me talk, and think, and sleep so much, I can't find time to work."

"Yes, but Mr. Rosum, you must go before the Mayor first, Mr. Rosum."

"No, I'd rather not. Stop—now I think of it, I've asked him before, but perhaps if you'd speak a good word, he'd give me the first vacancy. Introduce me properly, and say I want something to do shocking—no, not something to do—I want something to get; my genius won't let me work. I'd like to have a fat salary and to be general superintendant of things in general, and nothing in particular, so I could walk about the streets, and see what is going on. Now, put my best leg foremost—say how I can make speeches, and how I can hurra at elections."

"No, I won't; you're a candidate for thirty days, and we'll have you examined in the morning. Every man for himself."

That Brush's qualifications were found sufficient, there can be no doubt, and it is to be supposed, therefore, that, by virtue of an instrument, entitled a mittimus, he was duly installed.—*Satur. News.*

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE SMUGGLER.*

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

And think ye now, ye sons of ease,
Because the Smuggler's life is rude—
Midst bawling winds and roaring seas,
He lives a man of cheerless mood?

*We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers this beautiful production of the best dramatist of the age. To those who have listened with delight, to the author's recitation of it from the stage, we feel assured that we could offer no richer treat; and by all, who love the true and high inspirations of genius, we are confident, that this fine poem will be highly estimated. It was printed long ago in England; but this is its first appearance in an American periodical. The manuscript, which lies before us, is the author's own, given to us by himself, and it has been enlivened, in the copying, by many touches, from the hand that drew the original picture.—*Ed.*

Ye little guess, how many a smile
To fickle fortune's frown we owe
Ye little guess, the sons of toil
Know softer ease than you can know.
Now, bless thee, girl! The wind is fair
And fresh, and may not long be so;
We've little time, you know, to spare,
So gi's a buss and let us go!
The Smuggler cries. A wight is he
Fit for his trade!—so reckless rude,
He looks like—something of the sea!
He is not of the landsman's brood!
His stature's big—his hazle eye
Glistens beneath his bushy hair;
His face is of a sunny dye—
His hand, his bosom that is bare.
His voice is rough, yet kindly. You
Can tell he's wont to talk with winds
And thunders, and the boisterous crew
Of waves, whose moods he little minds.
His rosy, hardy infant son
Sits, crowing, on his lusty neck;
His wife, a fair and tender one,
Murmurs, and weeps upon his cheek.
He must not stay! The treasure's dear;
He hurries from her, with a sigh;
His manly soul disdains a tear—
Not but he has one in his eye!
The sail is set!—she clears the shore—
She feels the wind and scuds away,
Heels on her little keel, and o'er
The jostling waves appears to play.
This is the Smuggler's little crew:—
The mate, his tall and strapping son;
Another active youth or two,
Besides an old and childless man,
Who many a storm and wreck had seen:
His head as hoary as the foam
Of the vexed wave!—He once had been
Another man!—had now no home,
Save what the ocean and the winds
Made for him! 'Twas a ruthless one;
And they were rough, inconstant friends;
But, every other friend had gone!
At length, the cliff is seen no more—
Around is nought but sea and
And now, the Smuggler ponders o'er
His hopes and fears, alternately.
O Hope! thou little airy form!
Thou thing—of nothing!—subtlest thing,
That deals in potent spell or charm!—
Queen of the little fairy ring,
That dances up and down the beam
Of the midnight moon, and loves to play
Such antics, by its witching gleam,
As scare or wrap the sons of day.
When was the smile of human bliss
More fair than painted still by thee?
Thy phantom gives as sweet a kiss

As e'en the lover's fairest she!
Illusion blest! How many a son,
Of hard, unchanging destiny,
Whom fortune never smiled upon,
Has yet been taught to smile by thee!
Now, with thy little golden wand,
Perch'd on the Smuggler's helm, the wild
And savage sea thou would'st command,
And make it merciful and mild!
But, 't is a bleak and squally sky,
A restless and a raging sea,
Whose surge and cloud thy power defy,
And make their moody mock of thee!
Yet, little moved, thou keep'st thy place
Beside the staunch and reckless wight,
Who looks thee cheerily in the face,
And little apprehends thy flight,
Till, through the war of waves and winds,
Regardless of their threatening roar,
Thou guid'st him, till at last he finds
His path, and treads the sunny shore!
The traffic's made—the treasure stowed;
The wind is fair, the sail is spread,
And, laboring with her secret load,
Scarce heaves the little skiff her head.
Now is the Smuggler's time of care!
A wary watch he keeps—nor night
Nor day he rests, nor those who share
The fortunes of the venturous wight.
A veering course they steer, to shun
The armed sail, and strive to reach
The nearest friendly land, and run
In some safe creek, or sheltered beach,
Which now, at night they near; and then
Laugh at their fears and perils o'er—
When, lo! the wary beacon's seen
To blaze!—An enemy's ashore!
Down goes the helm!—'Let go the sheet!
The little bark obeys, and now
To clear the fatal land, must beat
The heavy surge, with laboring prow!
She weathers it; but ah! a sail,
By the bright starlight gleam, they find
Has left the shore—as they can tell,
She is about a league behind—
In chase of them, along the shore.
The Smuggler knows it well!—There lies
A little cove, three leagues or more,
And thither will he bear his prize!
Well sails the little skiff, but vain
Her efforts!—Every knot they run
The stranger draws on them amain!
She nears them more than half a one!
The Smuggler thinks 't is over now!
Thrice has he left the helm—and
The fruitless dew, from his sullen brow,
Dashed with his indignant hand!
When lo!—(And think you not there was
Some bright and pitying spirit there,

That hover'd o'er the Smuggler, as
He gave his rudder to despair?)—
Just as the heavy tears begin,
Adown his manly cheek, to roll,
Warm from that not unholy shrine—
The husband's and the father's soul!—
The cutter springs her mast! and lies,
A useless log, upon the seas;
While the staunch skiff her wrath defies,
And courts the fair and freshening breeze!
But, look! what threatens from behind?—
The rage-fraught waves swell high and proud
It 'gins to grow a squally wind,
With many a little ragged cloud,
Fleeting before the muffled storm!
Wrapped in a hundred clouds, with frown
As dark as Death's, and giant form,
Threatening to rush in thunders down,
In lightnings and in deluge.—Now
It comes!—It blows a hurricane;
Great is the roar above, below;
The flashes thick, as the big rain,
That beats and batters the huge wave,
Rolling in wrath along!—What now
The Smuggler's little skiff can save?
If Heaven ordains, I think I know.
Her mainsail and her jib are down;
Under her foresail, reefed, she flies!
Through the black fiery storm, whose frown
Of death the Smuggler still defies!
With dauntless arm the helm he rules,
Erect his form and bold his mien;
And, as it scowls at him, he scowls
And looks it in the face again!
All night it rages on!—but now,
As night declines, it dies away;
And leaves the blessed East to show
The rosy lids of waking Day,
That opes its glittering eye!—And O,
How radiantly it shines!—It shines
Upon the Smuggler's cliff!—'T is so;
Yet, how 't is so, he scarce divines!
But, look!—Who stands upon the beach,
And waves a welcome with her hand?
What little cherub strives to reach
Its father, from the nearing land?
O, treasures dear! What dome of state,
The haunt of luxury and show,
Contains so blithe a joy as that,
The Smuggler's hut will shelter now?
O, how he glows again!—to tell
What perils he has passed—what store
Of merchandise he has!—how well
The skiff her share of duty bore!
Now tell me not—but in my mind,
What e'er the smooth and softest tongue
Of luxury may sing, you'll find
Your sweetest joys from pain have sprung!

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

The effect of a pinch of snuff upon a new beginner, is very happily described in a translation from the Italian, by Leigh Hunt. It is, in truth, sternutation on paper, or sneezing described—

What a moment, what a doubt,
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
Pyramid rhinocerosic
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torments wrings me,
Now says, "sneeze you fool, get through it."
What shall help me? O good Heaven,
Ah! Yes—thank ye—Thirty seven
Shee—shee O! 'tis most del—*ishti*.
Ishti, ishti—most del—*ishti*.
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring)—
Snuff 's a most delicious thing!

Jonathan Long, a gawky six-footer,---commonly called "long John"---when on his way to market, always stopped for his breakfast at the tavern of old Major F. The Major observed that John was a tremendous eater, and had looked crab-apples at him until he was tired, in the hope of inducing him to get his breakfast elsewhere. But it availed not. Long John was again on hand. "Major," said he, "cant I have some sassaengers for breakfast?" "Yes," replied the Major, gruffly, "you can have them, if we've got enough in the house." He then bawled to the house-maid, and on her appearing, "There Betty," said he, "go take the measure of that man, and fry him his length in sausages!"---*Norfolk Advertiser*.

Tee total.—This term, which is used by temperance societies to designate the system which inculcates abstinence from intoxicating liquors, originated with a man named Turner, a member of the Preston temperance society, who, having an impediment of speech in addressing a meeting remarked, that partial abstinence from intoxicating liquors would not do; they must insist upon tee-tee-tee-total abstinence.

PROVERBIAL POLITENESS OF THE MILITARY.—An officer in India, who had been just raised from the ranks for his gallantry, being invited to the Governor's table, was invited by the Governor's lady, as a marked compliment, to take wine. "No, ma'am, I thank you," replied the unsophisticated hero—"I never takes wine; but I'm a tiger at beer!"

FUN.—"Mamma," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbidden his drawing horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail, "mamma, this ain't nice house, at Sam Rackets we can cut the sofa, and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet, but here we can't get any fun at all!"

AUDIENCE.—A crowd of people in a large theatre, so called because they cannot hear. The actors speak to them with their hands and feet, and the spectators listen to them with their eyes.

SOUND ADVICE.—A spendthrift Nobleman had a fortune left him, and was advised by a friend to purchase an estate notorious for its neglected state and sterility. "Why," said his Lordship, "there is not a single passable road through the whole estate."—"That is the very reason I wish you to buy it," said the other, "it will take you the longer to run through it!"

FOOTE AND DR. JOHNSON.—The English Aristophanes was no favorite with the Doctor; that the dislike was mutual, the following passage from a letter written by Foote, to a friend in Dublin, will prove: He (Dr. Johnson) has all the qualities of a bear, but its abstinence, all its awkwardness without its agility—in fact, he growls better, but dances worse.

A stump preacher, in describing the latter days, says—"Then, my hearers, the axle of the Globe will have become so rusty, that the earth will stop turning like the old weathercock on yonder barn—you will be obliged to grease the winds to make them glide over the earth—and the lightnings of heaven will not be able to descend without the assistance of a ladder."

Mathews used to tell a story of a Boor, whose father dying, he was advised to go to London to consult a civilian, and to tell him that his father died intestate, and had left six young infants besides himself, and ascertain if he could not be his executor. Arriving in London, he went to a lawyer's office, knocked at the door and was invited in, when the following conversation took place!

"Be you a silly villain?"
"Did you come to insult me?"
"Yes, I comed a purpose. You must know that feather died detested, and left six young infidels besides munself, and I wants to know if I can't be his executioner."

Dr. Parr was celebrated for the unsparing severity with which he could deal out his dumb-founders, when the occasion justified their infliction. A flippant chatterer, after having spoken slightly of the miracles, exclaimed, "Well but, Doctor, what think you of the mark of the cross upon the ass's back, which they say indicates the precise spot where the animal was smitten by Balaam?"—"Why, sir," replied the doctor, "I say that if you had a little more of the cross, and a good deal less of the ass, it would be much better for you." Upon another occasion, a shallow smatterer, tauntingly asked him, why he did not write a book:—"Sir, I know a method by which I might soon write a very large one." "Ah, doctor! how so?" "Why, sir, by putting in all that I know, and all that you do not know."

Sternutatories.—A young medical gentleman right from the schools, was called upon to extract a substance from the nose of a child, but not succeeding, he applied to one of his older brethren for an instrument and sought his advice. His friend inquired if he had tried sternutators, (medicines that produce sneezing).—The young doctor said he had, but they had slipped off.

An amusing Vignette in Bell's Life, represents the House of Lords under the symbol of the duke of Wellington, in a Cab, driving tandem, and running into a heavy Omnibus driven by O'Connell, who represents the House of Commons. The lines underneath explain the meaning:

Hurrah! dash away, neck or nothing, my duke—
Your cattle are prime, and in noble condition:
Dash forward, a stranger to fear or rebuke,
And a fig for the coward who dreads a collision.

Then flog up your prads, and be off like a shot—
No matter for driving a little at random;
In Lyndhurst a capital leader you've got,
Though now in some risk of upsetting your tandem.

A rat tail of real American breed,
Although in his figure a little too lanky;
But who doubts his courage? and then his speed!
Not many would venture a race with the Yankee.

The road of Reform don't agree with your prads,
Where Dan drives his Omnibus, slowly but steady,
With little Jack Russell behind as a Cad—
By the powers! you have got in close contact already.

The Nettle.—In Scotland, I have eaten nettles, I have slept in nettle sheets, and I have dined off a nettle table cloth. The young and tender nettle is an excellent pot herb, and the stocks of the old nettle are as good as flax for making cloth. I have heard my mother say that she thought nettle cloth more durable than any other species of linen.—*T. Campbell*.

Foddering the wrong Beast.—A few days since, a strong and active young man drove with great rapidity to a public house in the vicinity of this city. Having many miles to proceed, he left his jaded horse at the door, entered the bar-room, took a glass of brandy, then jumped into his vehicle and drove off. "He'd better have given his horse two quarts of oats," said the bar-keeper.—"The young man had probably forgotten," said a bye-stander, "that it was the horse, and not himself, that performed the labour of travelling." "He has foddered the wrong animal," said another.—*Boston Post*.

HOW PEOPLE LIVE IN TOWN.—A very honest-hearted Dutchman, who had seen but little of the world, took it in his head to visit the metropolis, a place he had never before seen; but, among all the wonders which perplexed him, "he couldn't zee how de people all got a liffen upon de town; they all stands or walks about, and doesn't work at all." One of his own experienced neighbors explained the mystery thus:—"I tells you, Hans; dey follow sheaten one another, and dat dey calls piziness, and dat's de way dey kits dere liffen!"

Our brother over the way gave us a specimen of Lincoln county poetry a few days ago. We think we have got a verse to match it, all the way from New Jersey. An editor down south thinks the first line is well characterized by the dog-gerel:

When Peggy's dog her arms imprison,
I often wish my lot was *kisen*—
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like *hern*.

Nashville Repub.

"Why, la bless me, where is this newspaper printed?" exclaimed an elderly lady after reading the long list of marriages which lately appeared in a paper published in Marion county, Ohio. "If it is 'nt from 'Marrying County,' I declare!" she added on examining the title. "Now doesn't that make both ends meet finely? La, what a suitable name!"

A TOUGH ONE.—They have a curious mode in Siberia of procuring the skin of the sable.—Their fur is in the greatest perfection in the depth of winter, at which time the hunter proceeds to the forest armed with a pitcher of water and some carrion meat; he deposits the bait at the foot, and climbs himself to the top of a high tree. As soon as the animal attracted by the scent, arrives, the man drops some water on his tail and it instantaneously becomes frozen to the ground! On which, descending from his elevation with incredible rapidity, his pursuer, with a sharp knife, cuts him transversely on the face. The sable, from the excess of pain, takes an extraordinary spring forward, runs off, and (his tail being fast to the ground) out of his skin of course, leaving it a prey to the hunter!

"You sot of a fellow!" exclaimed a poor woman to her husband, "you are always at the public house, getting drunk on hot purl, while I am at home, with nothing to drink but cold water." "Cold, you silly jade," hiccupped the husband, "why dont you warm it?"

One of Madam Malibran's sweetest songs is called "Night at Sea," the music by H. Herz, the celebrated pianist. The words are pretty—

x. gr.
Heart yearning for home;
Thought, dwelling with thee;
Prayers, that where thou dost roam
I soon may be.

SHORT COURTSHIP.—A few days ago a disconsolate Benedict, of Philliam, tired of single blessedness, waited upon the widow of a late well known character, Black Tommy, at Gainsburg, wishing to speak to her a few words. Of course she desired him to walk in. After a short colloquy, the business of the gentleman was broached—he wanted a house keeper, and had been recommended to her.

"Well," replied the dame, "what family have you?"

"Oh, only myself."
"But what house-room have you?"
"Oh, as to that, I have a setting room and one bed room."

"Ah! but where am I to sleep?"
"I was thinking that we had better get married first."

After a little consideration, a bargain was struck and on Monday last, the happy couple were joined in the holy band of matrimony.

Every body takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many persons even acknowledge moderate ones; but there is scarcely any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.—*Roucheffoucault*.

The following was found inscribed on the interior of a sea shell, picked up in a meadow at Rockaway:

Take, O take me back again
To the sea from whence I came;
Take, O take me to the sea,
Ne'er will I wander more from thee;
O let me breathe the pure sea breeze,
I'm sick of the rank green grass and trees;
The land air takes away my breath,
Tis filled with pestilence and death.
Take me back to the ocean shore,
And let me hear the wild surf's roar;
O let me see the bright broad bay,
And bathe once more in the foam and spray,
Or far out in the stormy deep,
By the moaning billow rocked to sleep,
The golden stars my canopy,
My couch the blue and boundless sea.

What I like to see.—I like to see a woman out in the morning scraping up chips to build a fire, and her husband in bed; it shows she thinks more for him than she does for herself.

I like to see a merchant and mechanic keep their shop doors and windows closed until the sun is an hour high; it shows they are independent, and ask no favors of their customers.

I like to see young women walking the streets on Sundays in their silks, with holes in their stockings; it shows they are more attentive to things above than below.

I like to see men crowding round the bar room Monday morning before sunrise: it shows their anxiety to get at their week's employment in good season.

I like to see women send their butter to market in a dirty cloth; it shows economy, as it saves washing.

Dr. Johnson's definition of a physician was—One who pours drugs of which he knows little into a stomach of which he knows nothing.

Double D.—It is amusing to notice the pleasure an audience take in the extreme notes of the human voice, particularly in the female, if unusually low. The mere tone will almost infallibly elicit an applause; the execution, the expression of a passage, pass comparatively for nothing. They rejoice to hear that they have "not lost their G." We once remember, at the theatre, seeing a man who had brought a friend evidently for the sole purpose of letting him hear a fellow with a voice like a buffalo, singing double D. There they sat, as patient and still as bitterns in a marsh, till about the period of the said buffalo's advent. And when he came on the stage, and prepared to sing his song, they were all activity and expectation. As the song proceeded, each growl was accompanied by an admonition from the friend, that *that* was not double D. "No, that wasn't double D; it was only about G, or so. No, nor that neither, though that was a good low note. Now then, there—there that was double D!" They heard double D. and were delirious with admiration. They encored the song for the sake of hearing double D. and immediately after left the theatre.—*Musical World.*

Beautiful Appeal to an Atheist.—I cannot believe that a mind like yours, can walk abroad

through this beautiful world, beneath its glorious canopy of light, and not feel, and sometimes tremble, at those evidences of Almighty being and agency, that flame from the sun, sparkle in the stars, echo in the thunder, breathe in the winds, murmur in the waters, exhale from the flowers, and warble from the groves. And I am sure that sometimes in your hours of depression and sorrow, your desolate spirit sighs for brighter hopes and surer foundations than any on which you can now repose. You are beginning to take the downward path of life; the hey-day of youth and enterprize is past; you have tasted about all that this world has to give; death has again invaded your domestic circle, and every year as age approaches, one star after another will drop from your sky.

To the Christian, surrounded by the sharers of his hopes, these loved and parting lights of life glide away to wait his arrival in a purer sphere; to you they are sinking to blackness of darkness forever. And as each year your passage to the tomb becomes more desolate and dim, no glimmer of hope arises to cheer, but all around is darkness, silence, and interminable gloom.

"Speaking of Guns."—Of all the torments not physical there is none more tormenting than to have a good story to tell and no opportunity to tell it. "There is no knowing" how the inveterate story-teller feels under such circumstances, and to what desperate extremities he may be driven to relieve himself of his burthen. The Dunstable Telegraph has a good anecdote on this subject—"Riding the other day," says the Editor, "in a stage coach, it had become nearly night, and our day's ride was nearly at an end, when suddenly a fellow passenger roused himself. 'There,' said he, 'I have rode all day without seeing any thing to put me in mind of an anecdote I once heard,'—and then followed an old affair which we had heard an hundred times, and which he, no doubt, had repeated as many thousand."

Religion is Life.—Religion in the Bible is frequently called *life*! There is appropriateness in the term. For as natural life is the source of all bodily sensation and activity, so religion is a principal in the heart, which is the source of all spiritual activity and holiness. It is life, *par excellence*; without it, morality is but a dead principle, and our best actions but specious sins. It is a quickening power, planted amid the sensualities of our nature by the Holy Spirit. It is the divine nature within us; and makes us one with God and Christ. It gives meaning to certain passages of scripture, not before understood. It is the root of holiness in our inmost souls; and the tree sprouting from it, will blossom and bear fruit forever.

A husband complained of his wife before a magistrate for assault and battery, and it appeared on evidence that he had pushed the door against her and she in turn had pushed it against him, whereupon the counsel for the defendant said that he could see no impropriety in a husband and wife *a-doring* each other.



OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Death levels all things in his march,
Nought can resist his mighty strength;
The palace proud,—triumphal arch,
Shall mete their shadow's length;
The rich, the poor, one common bed
Shall find in the unhonoured grave,
Where weeds shall crown alike the head
Of tyrant and of slave.

No. 12. PHILADELPHIA.—DECEMBER. [1836.]

For description of Plate, see page 637. D

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.
REAL CHARMS.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

'Tis not alone the charms we prize
Of elegance and grace,
'Tis not the beams of beauty's eyes
Or fascinations of her face,
Age or disease may dim the eye,
And bid the featured graces fly.

'Tis not a cheek of Tyrean red
Or coral lip of love,
'Tis not a Medicean head,
Or form as bright as those above,
That captivate with lasting power,
For these are creatures of an hour.

The cultured mind, the virtuous heart,
Have pow'r to charm alone,
When featured charms must fade, and art
Is hurl'd from Beauty's dazzling throne,
When eyes must fade, and forms decay
The mind still holds its sovereign sway.

The Heavenly smile, the glance of love
May touch the heart refined,
But when they most their influence prove,
They are reflected from the mind,
They are the sunlight of the soul,
And o'er man's heart must hold control.

Thus intellectual beauty wields
A sceptre all her own,
The mightiest monarch bows and yields
Himself a slave before her throne,
Her sceptre is the might of mind,
Her willing subjects all mankind.
51, 1836.

Not all the emperors of earth
Have such unbounded sway,
She moulds the infant mind from birth,
And bids that infant mind obey
A tyrant unopposed she reigns,
Yet all delight to wear her chains.

MILFORD BARD.

PORTRAIT DELISE.

TRANSLATED FROM ROUSSEAU.

Shall I paint the sparkling lustre,
That her radiant eyes illumine,
Or the raven locks that cluster,
Round her cheek of varying bloom,
Or the dark and glossy tinge,
Of the eye brows arching fringe—
Or the deep carvation tist,
On her rosy lips remaining,
Where the evanescent print,
Of her own sweet smile is waning?

Where shall I the colours find,
For her pure and spotless mind—
In the deep transparent hue
Of the skies ethereal blue?
In the pearls unclouded white?
In the diamonds sunny light?
No—their colours fade and die
In the vain attempt to vie—
Vainly strives thine artist's hand
Let his work unfinished stand. H. D. — F.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

He who owes and runs away,
May live to pay another day;
But he who is in jail confined,
Can pay no debt of any kind.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

Passages from the Diary of a late London Physician.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.)

Sunday came, and, true enough, with it Lord Scamp—a handsome, heartless coxcomb, whose cool, easy assurance, and *business-like* attentions to Miss Hillary, excited in her a disgust she could scarcely conceal. In vain was her father's eager and anxious eyes fixed upon her; she maintained an air of uniform indifference; listened almost in silence—the silence of contempt—to all the hissing twaddle uttered by her would-be lover, and so well acted, in short, the part she had determined upon, that his lordship, as he drove home, felt somewhat disconcerted at being thus foiled for—as he imagined—the first time in his life; and her father, after obsequiously attending his lordship to his cab, summoned his trembling daughter back from her mother's apartment into the drawing room, and assailed her with a fury she had never known him exhibit—at least towards any member of the family. From that day might be dated the commencement of a kind of domestic reign of terror, at the hitherto quiet and happy Bullion House. The one great aim of her father concerning his daughter and his fortune had been—or rather seemed on the point of being—frustrated by that daughter. But he was not lightly to be turned from his purpose. He redoubled his civilities to Lord Scamp, who kept up his visits with a systematic punctuality, despite the contemptuous and disgustful air with which the young lady constantly received him. The right honourable rone was playing, indeed, for too deep a stake—an accomplished and elegant girl, with a hundred thousand pounds down, and nearly double that sum, he understood at her father's death—to admit of his throwing up the game, while the possibility of a chance remained. Half the poor girl's fortune was already transferred, in Lord Scamp's mind, to the pockets of half a dozen harpies of the turf and the table; so he was, as before observed, very punctual in his engagements at Bullion House, with patient politeness continuing to pay the most flattering attentions to Miss Hillary and her father. The latter was kept in a state of constant fever. Conscious of the transparent contempt exhibited by his daughter towards her noble suitor, he could at length hardly look his lordship in the face, as, day after day, he obsequiously assured him that 'there wasn't any thing in it,' and that for all his daughter's nonsense, he already 'felt himself a lord's father-in-law!' Miss Hillary's life was becoming intolerable, subjected as she was to such systematic persecution, from which, at length, the sick chamber of her mother scarce afforded her a momentary sanctuary. A thousand times she formed the desperate determination to confess all to her father, and risk the fearful consequences: for such she dreaded they would be, knowing well her father's disposition, and the terrible frustration of his favourite schemes which was taking place. Such constant anxiety and agitation, added to confinement in her mother's bed chamber, sensibly affected her health; and at the suggestion of

Elliott, with whom she contrived to keep up a frequent correspondence, she had at length determined upon opening the fearful communication to her father, and so being at all events delivered from the intolerable presence and attentions of Lord Scamp.

By what means it came to pass, neither she nor Elliott were ever able to discover; but on the morning of the day, she had fixed for her desperate *dénouement*, Mr. Hillary, during the temporary absence of his daughter, returned from the city about two o'clock, most unexpectedly; his manner disturbed, and his countenance pale and distorted. Accompanied by his solicitor, he made his way at once to his daughter's apartment, with his own hand seized her desk and carried it down to the drawing room, and forced it open. Frantic with fury, he was listening to one of Elliott's fandest letters to his daughter being read by his solicitor as she unconsciously entered the drawing room, in walking attire. It would be in vain to attempt describing the scene that immediately ensued. Old Hillary's lips moved, but his utterance was choked by the tremendous rage which possessed him, and forced him almost to madness. Trembling from head to foot, and his straining eyes apparently starting from their sockets, he pointed in silence to a little heap of opened letters lying on the table, on which stood also her desk. She perceived that all was discovered,—and with a smothered scream fell senseless upon the floor. There, as far as her father was concerned, she might have continued; but his companion sprang to the bell, lifted her inanimate form from the floor, and gave her to the entering servants, who instantly bore her to her own room. Mr. Jeffreys, the solicitor, a highly respectable man, to whom Mr. Hillary had hurried the instant that he recovered from the first shock occasioned by discovering his daughter's secret—vehemently expostulated with his client on hearing the violent and vindictive measures he threatened to adopt towards his daughter and Elliott; for the tone of the correspondence which then lay before him had satisfied him of the fatal extent to which his daughter's affections were engaged.

Now her treatment to Lord Scamp was accounted for! Her dreadful agitation on first hearing his intentions concerning that young nobleman, and herself was explained! So here was his fondest hope blighted—the sole ambition of his life defeated,—and by one of his own—his inferior servants—an outer clerk in his establishment at Mincing Lane! Confounded by a retrospect into the last few months, 'Where have been my eyes—my common sense?' he groaned; 'the devil himself has done it all, and made me assist in it! Oh, I see! I remember! Those cursed days when he came up from the city to me, and when I must always have her with me! There the mischief was begun; oh, it's clear as the daylight! I've done it! I've done it all! And now, by—! I'll undo it all!' Mr. Jeffreys at length succeeded in subduing the excitement of his client, and bringing him to converse calmly on the painful and embarrassing discovery that had been made. Innumerable were his conjectures as to the means by

which this secret acquaintance and correspondence had been carried on. Every servant in the house was examined, but in vain. Even Jolliffe, his daughter's maid, came at length, however strongly suspected, still undiscovered, out of the fierce and searching scrutiny. Poor Mrs. Hillary's precarious situation did not exempt her from the long and angry inquiries of her exasperated husband. She had really, however, been entirely unacquainted with the affair.

The next morning, Elliott was summoned from the city to Bullion House, whither he repaired accordingly about twelve o'clock, little imagining the occasion of his summons; for Miss Hillary had not communicated to him the intention she had formed of breaking the matter to her father, nor had she any opportunity of telling him of the alarming discovery that had taken place. He perceived, nevertheless, certain symptoms of disturbance in the ominous looks of the porter who opened the hall-door and the servant who conducted him to the drawing-room, where he found Mr. Hillary and another gentleman—Mr. Jeffreys—seated together at a table covered with papers—both of them obviously agitated.

'So, sir,' commenced Mr. Hillary, fixing his furious eye upon Elliott as he entered, 'your villainy's found out—deep as you are!'

'Villany, sir?' echoed Elliott indignantly, but turning very pale.

'Yes, sir—villany! villany! d—ble villany! ah—it's all found out! Ah—ah—you cursed scoundrel!' exclaimed Mr. Hillary, with quivering lips, and shaking his fist at Elliott.

'For God's sake, Mr. Hillary, be calm! whispered Mr. Jeffreys, and then addressed Elliott with a quiet severity—'Of course, Mr. Elliott, you are aware of the occasion of this dreadful agitation on the part of Mr. Hillary?' Elliott bowed, with a stern, inquisitive air, but did not open his lips.

'You beggarly brute—you filthy d—d upstart—you—you'—stammered Mr. Hillary, with uncontrollable fury, 'your father was a scoundrel before you, sir—he cut his throat, sir!'

Elliott's face whitened in an instant, his expanding eye settled upon Mr. Hillary, and his chest heaved with mighty emotion. It was happy for the old man that Elliott at length recollected in him the father of Mary Hillary. He turned his eye for an instant towards Mr. Jeffreys who was looking at him with an imploring, compassionate expression; Elliott saw and felt that he was thunder-struck at the barbarity of his client. Elliott's eye remained fixed upon Mr. Jeffreys for nearly a minute, and then filled with tears. Mr. Jeffreys muttered a few words earnestly in the ear of Mr. Hillary, who seemed also a little staggered at the extent of his last rally.

'Will you take a seat, Mr. Elliott?' said Mr. Jeffreys, mildly. Elliott bowed, but remained standing, his hat grasped in his left hand with convulsive force. 'You will make allowance, sir,' continued Mr. Jeffreys, 'for the dreadful agitation of Mr. Hillary, and reflect that your own conduct has occasioned it.'

'So you dare think of marrying my daughter, eh?' thundered Mr. Hillary, as if about to rise

from his chair. 'By—, but I'll spoil your sport though—I'll be even with you, gasped the old man, and sunk back panting in his seat.

'You cannot really be in earnest, sir,' resumed Mr. Jeffreys, in the same calm and severe tone and manner in which he had spoken from the first—in thinking yourself entitled to form an attachment and alliance to Miss Hillary?'

'Why am I asked these questions, sir, and in this most extraordinary manner?' inquired Elliott firmly; 'Have I ever said one single syllable?'

'Oh, spare your denials, Mr. Elliott,' said Jeffreys, pointing with a bitter smile to the letters lying on the table at which he sat, 'these letters of your's express your feelings and intentions pretty plainly. Believe me, sir, every thing is known!'

'Well, sir, and what then?' inquired Elliott, haughtily; 'those letters, I presume, are mine, addressed to Miss Hillary?' Jeffreys bowed. 'Well then, sir, I now avow the feelings those letters express. I have formed, however unworthy myself, a fervent attachment to Miss Hillary, and I will die before I disavow it.'

'There! hear him! hark to the fellow! I shall go mad—I shall! almost roared Mr. Hillary, springing out of his chair, and walking to and fro, between it and that occupied by Mr. Jeffreys, with hurried steps and vehement gesticulations. 'He owns it! He does! The—' and he uttered a perfect volley of execrations. Elliott submitted to them in silence. Mr. Jeffreys again whispered energetically into the ear of his client, who resumed his seat, but with his eyes fixed on Elliott, and muttering vehemently to himself.

'You see, sir, the wretchedness that your most unwarrantable—your artful—nay, your wicked and presumptuous conduct has brought upon this family—I earnestly hope that it is not too late for you to listen to reason—to abandon your insane projects.' He paused, and Elliott bowed. 'It is in vain,' continued Mr. Jeffreys, pointing to the letters, 'to conceal our fears that your attentions have proved acceptable to Miss Hillary—but we give you credit for more honour, more good sense, than will admit of your carrying further this unfortunate affair, of your persisting in such a wild—I must speak plainly—such an audacious attachment, one that is utterly unsuitable to your means, your prospects, your station, your birth, your education!'

'You will be pleased, sir, to drop the two last words,' interrupted Elliott, sternly.

'Why, you fellow! why, you're my clerk! I pay you wages!—You're a hired servant of mine!' exclaimed Hillary, with infinite contempt.

'Well, sir,' continued Jeffreys, 'this affair is too important to allow of our quarrelling about words. Common sense must tell you that under no possible view of the case can you be a suitable match for Miss Hillary; and, therefore, common honesty enjoins the course you ought to pursue. However, sir,' he added, in a sharper tone, evidently piqued at the composure and firmness maintained by Elliott, 'the long and short of it is, that this affair will not be allowed to go further. Mr. Hillary is resolved to it—come what will.'

'Ay so help me God!' ejaculated Mr. Hillary, casting a ferocious glance at Elliott.

'Well, sir,' said Elliott, with a sigh, 'what would you have me do?—Pray, proceed, sir.'

'Immediately renounce all pretensions,' replied Mr. Jeffreys, eagerly, 'to Miss Hillary—return her letters—pledge yourself to discontinue your attempts to gain her affections, and I am authorized to offer a foreign situation connected with the house you at present serve, and to guarantee you a fixed income of 500*l* a year.'

'Ay!—Hark'ee, Elliott, I'll do all this, so help me God!' suddenly interrupted Mr. Hillary, casting a look of imploring agony at Elliott, who bowed respectfully, but made no reply.

'Suppose, sir,' continued Mr. Jeffreys, with an anxious and disappointed air, 'suppose, sir, for a moment, that Miss Hillary were to entertain equally ardent feelings towards you, with those which, in these letters, you have expressed towards her—can you, as a man of honour—of delicacy—of spirit—persevere with your addresses where the inevitable consequence of success on your part must be her degradation from the sphere in which she has hitherto moved—her condemnation to straightened circumstances—perhaps to absolute want—for life!—For believe me, sir, if you suppose that Mr. Hillary's fortune is to supply you both with the means of defying him, to support you in a life, on her part, of frightful ingratitude and disobedience, and on your's of presumption and selfishness—you will find yourself awfully mistaken!'

'He's speaking the truth—by — he is!' said Mr. Hillary, striving to assume a calm manner. 'If you do come together after all this, d—n me if I don't leave every penny I have in the world, to an hospital—or to a jail—in which one of you may perhaps end your days, after all!'

'Perhaps, Mr. Elliott,' resumed Jeffreys, 'I am to infer from your silence that you doubt—that you disbelieve these threats. If so, I assure you, you are grievously and fatally mistaken; you do not, believe me, know Mr. Hillary as I know him, and have known him this twenty years and upwards. I solemnly and truly assure you that he will as certainly do what he says, and forever forsake you both, as you are standing now before us!'—He paused. 'Again, sir, you may imagine that Miss Hillary has property of her own—at her own disposal. Do not so sadly deceive yourself on that score! Miss Hillary has, at this moment, exactly 600*l*, at her own disposal!'

'Ay—only 600*l*—that's the uttermost penny! And how long is that to last?—come, sir—allow me to ask you what you have to say to all this?' inquired Mr. Jeffreys, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair, with an air of mingled chagrin and exhaustion. Elliott drew a long breath.

'I have but little to say, Mr. Jeffreys, in answer to what you have been stating,' he commenced, with a melancholy but determined air. 'However you may suspect me, and misconstrue, and misrepresent my character and motives, I never in my life meditated a dishonourable action.'—He paused, thinking Mr. Hillary was about to interrupt him, but he was mistaken. Mr. Hillary was silently devouring every word

that fell from Elliott, as also was Mr. Jeffreys. 'I am here as a *hired servant*, indeed,' resumed Elliott, with a sigh, 'and I am the son of one who—who—was an unfortunate'—his eyes filled, and his voice faltered. For some seconds there was a dead silence. The perspiration stood on every feature of Mr. Hillary's agitated countenance. 'But of course all this is as nothing here.' He gathered courage, and proceeded with a calm and resolute air. 'I know how hateful I must now appear to you. I do deserve bitter reproof—and surely I have had it, for my presumption in aspiring to the hand of Miss Hillary. I tried long to resist the passion that devoured me, but in vain. Miss Hillary knew my destitute situation; she had many opportunities of ascertaining my character—she conceived a noble affection for me—I returned her love; I was obliged to do it secretly—and as far as that goes, I submit to any censure—I feel—I know that I have done wrong!—If Miss Hillary chooses to withdraw her affection from me, I will submit, though my heart break. If, on the contrary, she continue to love me, his eye brightened—I am not cowardly or base enough to undervalue her love.'—Here Mr. Hillary struggled with Mr. Jeffreys, who, however succeeded in restraining his client. 'If Miss Hillary condescends to become my wife!'

'Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Oh Lord!' groaned Mr. Hillary, clasping his hands upon his forehead—'open the windows, Mr. Jeffreys—or I shall be smothered—I am dying—I shall go mad.'—

'I will retire, sir,' said Elliott, addressing Mr. Jeffreys, who was opening the nearest window. 'No, but you shan't, though'—gasped Mr. Hillary—'you shall stop here!'—he panted for breath—'Hark'ee, sir—dye hear, Elliott—listen!—he could not recover his breath. Mr. Jeffreys implored him to take time—to be cool—'Yes—now I'm cool enough—I've—taken time—to consider—I have! Hark'ee, sir—if you dare to think—of having—my daughter—and if she—is such a cursed fool—as to think of having—you—he stopped for a few seconds for want of breath—'why—look'ee, sir—so help me God—you may both—both of you—and your children—if you have any—die in the streets—like dogs—I've done with you—both of you—not a farthing—not a morsel of bread—me if I do! Here he breathed like a hard run horse. 'Now, sir—like a thief as you are!—go on courting—my daughter—marry her! ruin her! go, and believe that all I am saying is—a lie! go, and hope—that, by and by, I'll forgive you—and all that, try it, sir! Marry, and see whether I give in! I'll teach you—to rob an old man—of his child!—The instant you leave this house sir—this gentleman—makes my will—he does!—and when I'm dead—you may both of you—go to Doctor's Commons—borrow a shilling, if you can—and see if your names—or your children's—are in it, ha, ha, ha!' he concluded with a bitter and ghastly laugh, snapping his shaking fingers at Elliott. 'Get away, sir—marry, after this, if you dare!'

Elliott almost reeled out of the room, and did not fully recollect himself till the groom of his aristocratic competitor, Lord Scamp, whose cab

was dashing up to the gates of Bullion House, shouted to him to get out of the way, or be driven over!

Elliott returned to his desk, at Mincing Lane, too much agitated and confused, however, to be able to attend to business. He therefore obtained a reluctant permission to absent himself till the morrow.—Even the interval thus afforded, however, he was quite incapable of spending in the reflection required by the very serious situation in which he had been so suddenly placed. He could not bring his mind to bear distinctly upon any point of his interview with Mr. Hillary and Mr. Jeffreys; and at length, lost and bewildered in a maze of infinite conjecture—of painful hopes and fears, he retired early to bed. There, after tossing about for several hours, he at length dropped asleep—and awoke at an early hour considerably refreshed and calmed. Well, then, what was to be done?

He felt that Mr. Hillary would be an uncompromising—an inexorable opponent of their marriage, however long they might postpone it with the hope of wearing out or softening away his repugnance to it; and that if they married in defiance of him, he would fulfil every threat he had uttered. Of these two points he felt as certain as of his existence.

He felt satisfied that Miss Hillary's attachment to him was ardent and unalterable, and that nothing short of main force would prevent her from adopting any suggestion he might offer. As for himself, he was passionately—and his heart loudly told him *disinterestedly* attached to her; he could, therefore—as far as he himself was concerned—cheerfully bid adieu to all hopes of enjoying a shilling of her father's wealth, and be joyfully content to labour for their daily bread. But—a fearful array of contingencies here presented themselves before him. Suppose they married, they would certainly have 600*l*. to commence with; but suppose his health failed him—or from any other cause he should become unable to support himself, a wife, and—it might be—a large family; now how soon would 600*l*. disappear? And what would then be before them?—His heart shrunk from exposing the generous and confiding creature whose love he had gained, to such terrible dangers. He could—he *would*—write to her, and entreat her to forget him—to obey the reasonable wishes of her father. He felt that Mr. Hillary had great and grievous cause for complaint against him; could make every allowance for his feelings, and yet, when he reflected upon some expressions he had let fall—upon the intense and withering scorn and contempt with which he had been treated—the more he looked at this view of the case, the more he felt the spirit of a man swelling within him. He never trod so firmly, nor carried himself so erectly, as he did on his way down to the city that morning.

But then again—what misery was poor Miss Hillary enduring! What cruel and incessant persecution was being inflicted upon her; but she, too, had a high and bold spirit—he kindled as he pursued his meditations—he felt that the consciousness of kindred qualities endeared her to him tenfold more even than before.

Thus he communed with himself, but at length

he determined on writing the letter he had proposed, and did so that night.

He was not dismissed, as he had expected, from the service of Mr. Hillary, who retained him, at the suggestion of Mr. Jeffreys—that shrewd person feeling that he could then keep Elliott's movements more distinctly under his own eye, and have more frequent opportunities of negotiating with him on behalf of Mr. Hillary. Elliott's position in the establishment was such as never brought him into personal contact with Mr. Hillary; and apparently no one but himself and Mr. Hillary were acquainted with the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. As before hinted, Mr. Jeffreys was incessant in his effort, both personally and by letter, to induce Elliott to break off the disastrous connexion; and, from an occasional note which Miss Hillary contrived—despite all the *espionage* to which she was subjected—to smuggle to him, he learnt, with poignant sorrow, that his apprehensions of the treatment she would receive at the hands of her father, were but too well founded. She repelled with an affectionate and indignant energy, his offers and proposals to break off the affair. She told him that her spirit rose with the cruelty she suffered, and declared herself ready, if he thought fit, to fly from the scene of trouble, and be united to him forever.—Many and many a sleepless night did such communications as these ensure to Elliott. He saw infinite danger in attempting a clandestine marriage with Miss Hillary, even should she be a readily consenting party. His upright and manly disposition revolted from a measure so unworthy; and yet what other course lay open to them? His own position at the counting-house was becoming very trying and painful. It soon became apparent that, on some account or another, he was an object of almost loathing and disregard to the august personage at the head of the establishment; and the consequence was, an increasing infliction of petty annoyances and hardships by those connected with him in daily business. He was required to do more than he had ever before been called upon to do, and felt himself the subject of frequent and offensive remarks, as well as suspicion. The ill-treatment of his superiors, however, and the impertinencies of his equals and inferiors, he treated with the same patient and resolute contempt, conducting himself with the utmost vigilance and circumspection, and applying to business—however unjustly accumulated upon him—with an energy, perseverance, and good-humour, that only the more mortified his unworthy enemies. Poor Elliott! why did he continue in the service of Hillary, Hungate & Company? How utterly chimerical was the hope he sometimes entertained of its being possible that his exemplary conduct could ever make any impression upon the hard heart of Mr. Hillary!

Miss Hillary did really, as has just been stated, suffer a martyrdom at Bullion-house, at the hands of her father. Every day caresses and curses were alternated, and she felt that she was in fact a *prisoner*—her every movement watched, her every look scrutinized. Mr. Hillary frequently caused to be conveyed to her reports the most false and degrading concerning Elliott;

but they were such transparent fabrications, as of course to defeat the ends proposed. She found some comfort in the society of her mother, who, though for a long time feeling and expressing strong disapprobation of her daughter's attachment to Elliott, at length relented, and even endeavoured to influence Mr. Hillary on their daughter's behalf. Her kind offices were, however, suddenly interrupted by a second attack of paralysis, which deprived her of the power of speech and motion. This dreadful shock, occurring at such a moment, was too much for Miss Hillary, who was removed from attending affectionately at the bedside of her unhappy mother, to her own room, where she lay for nearly a fortnight in a violent fever. So far from these domestic trials tending, however, to soften the heart of Mr. Hillary, they apparently contributed to harden it—to aggravate his hatred of Elliott—of him who had done so much to disturb, to destroy his domestic peace, his fondest wishes and expectations.

Lord Scamp continued his interested and flattering attentions to Mr. Hillary, with whom he was continually dining, and at length—a proof of the prodigious ascendancy he had acquired over Mr. Hillary—succeeded in borrowing from him a very considerable sum of money. Hillary soon apprized his lordship of the real nature of the hindrance to his marriage with Miss Hillary; and his lordship of course felt it his duty, not to speak of his interest, to foster and inflame the fury of his wished for father-in-law, against his obscure and presumptuous rival. Several schemes were proposed by this worthy couple for the purpose of putting an end to the pretensions and prospects of this “insolent parvenu of the outer counting-house.” An incidental circumstance at length suggested to them a plot so artful and atrocious, that poor Elliott fell a victim to it.

On returning to the counting-house, one day, from the little chop-house at which he had been swallowing a hasty and frugal dinner, he observed indications of some unusual occurrence. No one spoke to him; all seemed to look at him as with suspicion and alarm. He had hardly hung up his hat, and re-seated himself at his desk, when a message was brought to him from Mr. Hillary, who required his immediate attendance in his private room. Thither, therefore, he repaired, with some surprise—and with more surprise beheld all the partners assembled, together with the head clerk, the solicitor of the firm, and one or two strangers. He had hardly closed the door after himself, when Mr. Hillary pointed to him, saying, ‘This is your prisoner—take him into custody.’

‘Surrender, sir—you’re our prisoner,’ said one of the two strangers, both of whom now advanced to him, one laying hold of his collar, the other fumbling in his pocket, and taking out a pair of handcuffs. Elliott staggered several paces from them on hearing the astounding language of Mr. Hillary, and but that he was held by the officer who had grasped his collar, seemed likely to have fallen. He turned deadly pale. For a second or two he spoke not.

‘Fetch a glass of water,’ said Mr. Fleming, one of the partners, observing Elliott’s lips losing

their color, and moving without uttering any sound. But he recovered himself from the momentary shock, without the aid of the water, which seemed to have been placed in readiness beforehand, so soon was it produced. Pushing aside the officer’s hand that raised the glass to his lips, he exclaimed, ‘What is the meaning of this, sir? How dare you deprive me of my liberty, sir?’—addressing Mr. Hillary—‘What am I charged with?’

‘Embezzling the money of your employers,’ interposed the solicitor. As he spoke, poor Elliott fixed upon him a stare of horror, and after standing and gazing in silence for several moments, attempted to speak, but in vain; and fell in a kind of fit into the arms of the officers. When he recovered, he was conducted to a hackney coach which had been some time in readiness, and conveyed to the police office; where, an hour or two afterwards, Mr. Hillary, accompanied by Mr. Fleming, the solicitor, and two of Elliott’s fellow-clerks, attended to prefer the charge. Elliott was immediately brought to the bar, where he stood very pale, but calm and self-possessed, his eyes fixed upon Mr. Hillary with a steadfast searching look that nothing could have sustained but indignant consciousness of innocence. He heard the charge preferred against him without uttering a word. The firm had had reason for some time, it was said, to suspect that they were robbed by some member of their establishment, that suspicion fell at length upon the prisoner; that he was purposely directed that day to go unexpectedly to dinner, having been watched during the early part of the morning; that his desk was immediately opened and searched, and three five-pound notes, previously marked (and these produced so marked), found in his pocket book, carefully hid under a heap of papers; that he had been several times lately seen with bank-notes in his hand which he seemed desirous of concealing; that he had been very intimate with one of his fellow-clerks, who was now in Newgate, on a charge similar to the present; that the firm had been robbed to a considerable amount; that Elliott had only that morning been asked by one of the clerks then present to lend him some money, when the prisoner replied that he had not got 5*l.* in the world—All this, and more, Elliott listened to without uttering a syllable.

‘Well, sir,’ said one of the magistrates, ‘what have you to say to this very serious charge?’

‘Say!—Why can you believe it, sir?’ replied Elliott, with a frank air of unaffected credulity.

‘Do you deny it, sir?’ inquired the magistrate coolly.

‘Yes, I do! Peremptorily, indignantly? It is absurd! I rob my employers? They know better—that it is impossible.’

‘Can you prove that this charge is false?’ said the magistrate with a matter-of-fact-sir. ‘Can you explain, or deny the facts that have been just sworn to?’ Elliott looked at him as if lost in thought. ‘Do you hear me, sir?’ replied the magistrate, sternly; ‘you are not bound to say any thing to criminate yourself.’ Still Elliott paused.

‘If you are not prepared, I will remand you for a week, before committing you to prison.’

‘Commit me to prison, sir?’ repeated Elliott,

with at once a perplexed and indignant air,—‘Why I am as innocent as yourself!’

‘Then, sir, you will be able easily to account for the 15*l.* found in your desk this morning?’

‘Ah, yes—I had forgotten that—I deny the fact. They could not have been found in my desk—for I have not more than 4*l.* and a few shillings in the world, till the next quarter’s salary becomes due—’

‘But it is sworn to here—you heard that as well as I did—that the money was found there. Here are the witnesses—you may ask them any questions you think proper—but they swore to the fact most distinctly!’

‘Then, sir,’ said Elliott, with a start, as if electrified with some sudden thought—‘I see it all! Oh God, I now see it all! It was placed there on purpose! It is a plot laid to ruin me!’ He turned round abruptly towards Mr. Hillary, and fixing a piercing look upon him, he exclaimed, in a low voice, ‘Oh, monster!’ He was on the eve of explaining Mr. Hillary’s probable motives—but the thought of his daughter suddenly sealed his lips. ‘Sir,’ said he, presently, addressing the magistrate, ‘I take God to witness that I am innocent of this atrocious charge. I am the victim of a conspiracy—commit me, sir,—commit me at once. I put my trust in God—the father of the fatherless!’

The magistrate seemed struck with what he had said, and much more with his manner of saying it. They leaned back, and conferred together for a few minutes. ‘Our minds are not quite satisfied,’ said the one who had already spoken, ‘as to the propriety of immediately committing the prisoner to Newgate. Perhaps stronger evidence may be brought forward in a few days. Prisoner, you are remanded for one week.’

‘I hope, sir,’ said Mr. Hillary, ‘that he will by that time be able to clear his character—nothing I wish more. It’s a painful thing to me and my partners to have to press such a charge as this—but we must protect ourselves from the robbery of servants!’ This was said by the speaker to the magistrates; but he did not dare to look at the prisoner; whose piercing, indignant eye he felt to be fixed upon him, and to follow his every motion.

That day week Elliott was fully committed to Newgate: and on the next morning, the following paragraph appeared in the newspapers—

—street. Henry Elliott, a clerk in the house of Hillary, Hungate & Company, Mincing Lane, (who was brought to this office a week ago, charged with embezzling the sum of 15*l.* the money of his employers, and suspected of being an accomplice of the young man who was recently committed to Newgate from this office on a similar charge,) was yesterday fully committed for trial. He is, we understand, a young man of respectable connexions, and excellent education. From his appearance and demeanor he would have seemed incapable of committing the very serious offence with which he stands charged. He seemed horror-struck on the charge being first preferred, and asseverated his innocence firmly, and in a very impressive manner, declaring that he was the victim of a conspiracy. In answer to a question of the magis-

trate, one of his employers stated, that up to the time of preferring the charge, the prisoner had borne an excellent character in the house.

The newspaper containing this paragraph found its way, on the evening of the day on which it appeared, into Miss Hillary’s room, through her maid, as she was preparing to undress, and conveyed to her the first intimation of poor Elliott’s dreadful situation. The moment that she had read it, she sprung to her feet, pushed aside her maid, who attempted to prevent her quitting her apartment, and with the newspaper in her hand, flew wildly down the stairs, and burst into the dining-room, where her father was sitting alone, in his easy chair, drawn close to the fire. ‘Father!’ she almost shrieked, springing to within a yard or two of where he was sitting—‘Henry Elliott robbed you! Henry Elliott in prison! A common thief!’ pointing to the newspaper, with frantic vehemence. ‘Is it so? And you his accuser? Oh, no! no! Never!’ she exclaimed, a wild smile gleaming on her pallid countenance, at the same time sweeping to and fro before her astounded father with swift but stately steps, continuing, as she passed and re-passed him—‘No, sir! no! no!—Oh, for shame! for shame, father! Shame on you! shame! His father dead! His mother dead! No one to feel for him! No one to protect him! No one to love him—but—me!’—and accompanying the last few words with a loud and thrilling laugh, she fell at full length insensible upon the floor.

Her father sat cowering in his chair, with his hands partially elevated—feeling as though an angry angel had suddenly flashed upon his guilty privacy? and when his daughter fell, he had not the power to quit his chair and go to her relief for several seconds. A horrible suspicion crossed his mind, that she had lost her reason; and he spent the next hour and a half in a perfect ecstasy of terror. As soon, however, as the apothecary summoned to her assistance had assured him that there were, happily, no grounds for his fears—that she had had a very violent fit of hysterics, but was now recovered, and fallen asleep—he ordered the horses to his carriage, and drove off at top of speed to the chamber of his city solicitor, Mr. Newington, to instruct him to procure Elliott’s instant discharge. That, of course, was utterly impossible; and Mr. Hillary, almost stupified with terror, heard Mr. Newington assure him that the King of England himself could not accomplish such an object! That Elliott must now remain in prison till the day of trial—about a month or six weeks hence—and then be brought to the bar as a felon, that there were but two courses to be pursued on that day, either not to appear against the prisoner, and forfeit all the recognizances, or to appear in open court, and state that the charge was withdrawn, and that it had been founded entirely on a mistake. That even then, in either case, Elliott, if really innocent (Mr. Newington was no party whatever to the fraudulent concoction of the charge, which was confined to Mr. Hillary and Lord Scamp) would bring an action at law against Mr. Hillary, and obtain, doubtless, very large damages for the disgrace, and danger, and injury which Mr. Hillary’s unfounded charge had occasioned him; or—more serious

still—he might perhaps *indict* all the parties concerned for a conspiracy.

‘But,’ said Mr. Hillary, almost sick with fright at this alarming statement of the liabilities he had incurred, ‘I would not wait for an action to be brought against me—I would pay him any sum you might recommend, and that, too, instantly on his quitting the prison walls.’

‘But pardon me, sir, Mr. Hillary—why all this?’

‘Oh—something of very great importance has just happened at my house, which—which—gives me quite a different opinion. But I was saying I would pay instantly.’

‘But if the young man be spirited, and conscious of his innocence, and choose to set a high value upon his character, he will insist on clearing it in open court, and dare you to the proof of your charges before the whole world—at least I should do so in such a case.’

‘You would, would you, sir?’ exclaimed Mr. Hillary eagerly, the big drops of perspiration standing on his forehead.

‘Certainly—certainly—I should, indeed; but let that pass. I really don’t see’—continued Mr. Newington, anxiously.

‘D—n him, then!’ cried Mr. Hillary desperately, after a pause, snapping his fingers; ‘let him do his worst! He can never find me out.’

‘Eh? what?’ interrupted Newington briskly, ‘find you out! What can you mean, Mr. Hillary?’

‘Why—a—’ stammered Mr. Hillary, colouring violently, adding something that neither he himself nor Mr. Newington could understand. The latter had his own surmises—somewhat vague, it is true—as to the meaning of Mr. Hillary’s words—especially coupling them, as he did instantly, with certain expressions he had heard poor Elliott utter at the police office. He was a prudent man, however, and seeing no particular necessity for pushing his inquiries further, he thought it best to let matters remain as Mr. Hillary chose to represent them.

Six weeks did poor Elliott lie immured in the dungeons of Newgate, awaiting his trial—as a felon. What pen shall describe his mental sufferings during that period? Conscious of the most exalted and scrupulous integrity—he who had never designedly wronged a human being, even in thought—whom dire necessity only had placed in circumstances which exposed him to the devilish malice of such a man as Hillary—who stood alone, and with the exception of one fond heart, friendless in the world—whose livelihood depended on his daily labour, and who had hitherto supported himself with decency, not to say dignity, amidst many grievous discouragements and hardships—this was the man pining amid the guilty gloom of the cells of Newgate, and looking forward to the hour when he was to be dragged with indignity to the bar, and perhaps found guilty, on perjured evidence, of the shocking offence with which he was charged! And all this was the wicked contrivance of Mr. Hillary—the father of his Mary! And was he liable to be transported—to quit his country ignominiously and for ever—to be banished with disgust and horror from the memory of her who had once so passionately loved him

—as an impostor—a villain—a felon! He resolved not to attempt any communication with Miss Hillary, if indeed it were practicable; but to await, with stern resolution, the arrival of the hour that was either to crush him with unmerited, but inevitable infamy and ruin, or expose and signally punish those whose malice and wickedness had sought to effect his destruction. What steps could be taken to defend himself? Where were his witnesses? Who would detect and expose the perjury of those who would enter the witness-box on behalf of his wealthy prosecutors? Poor soul! Heaven support thee against thy hour of trouble, and then deliver thee!

Miss Hillary’s fearful excitement, on the evening when she discovered Elliott’s situation, led to a slow fever, which confined her to her bed for nearly a fortnight; and when, at the end of that period, she again appeared in her father’s presence, it was only to encounter—despite her wan looks—a repetition of the harsh, and cruel treatment she had experienced ever since the day on which he had discovered her reluctance to receive the addresses of Lord Scamp. Day after day did her father bait her on behalf of his lordship, with alternate coaxing and cursing; all was in vain; for when Lord Scamp at length made her a formal offer of his precious hand and heart, she rejected him with a quiet contempt which sent him, full of the irritation of wounded conceit, to pour his sorrows into the inflamed ear of her father.

The name that was written on her heart—that was constantly in her sleeping and waking thoughts, Elliott—she never suffered to escape her lips. Her father frequently mentioned it to her, but she listened in melancholy, oftener indignant silence. She felt convinced that there was some foul play on the part of her father, connected with Elliott’s incarceration in Newgate, and could sometimes scarcely conceal, when in his presence, a shudder of apprehension. And was it likely—was it possible—that such a measure towards the unhappy, persecuted Elliott, could have any other effect on the daughter, believing him as she did, to be pure and unspotted, than to increase and deepen her affection for him—to present his image before her mind’s eye, as that of one enduring martyrdom on her account, and for her sake!

At length came on the day appointed for Elliott’s trial, and it was with no little trepidation that Mr. Hillary, accompanied by Lord Scamp, stepped into his carriage, and drove down to the Old Bailey—where they sat together on the bench till nearly seven o’clock, till which time the court was engaged upon the trial of a man for forgery. Amid the bustle consequent upon the close of this long trial, Hillary, after introducing his noble friend to one of the aldermen, happened to cast his eyes to the bar which had been just quitted by the death-doomed convict he had heard tried, when they fell upon the figure of Elliott, who seemed to have been placed there for some minutes, and was standing with a mournful expression of countenance, apparently lost in thought. Even Mr. Hillary’s hard heart was almost touched by the altered appearance of his victim, who was greatly emaciated, and

seemed scarce able to stand erect in his most humiliating position.

Mr. Hillary knew the perfect innocence of Elliott; and his own guilty soul thrilled within him, as his eye encountered for an instant the steadfast, but sorrowful eye of the prisoner. In vain did he attempt to appear conversing carelessly with Lord Scamp, who was himself too much agitated to attend to him! The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty. No counsel had been retained for the prosecution, nor did any appear for the defence. The court, therefore, had to examine the witnesses; and, suffice it to say, that after about half an hour’s trial, in the course of which Hillary was called a witness, and trembled so excessively as to call forth some encouraging expressions from the bench, the judge who tried the case decided that there was no evidence worth a straw against the prisoner, and consequently directed the jury to acquit him, which they did instantly, adding their unanimous opinion, that the charge against him appeared both frivolous and malicious.

‘Am I to understand, my lord, that I leave the court freed from all taint, from all dishonour?’ inquired Elliott, after the foreman had expressed the opinion of the jury.

‘Certainly—most undoubtedly you do,’ replied the judge.

‘And, am I at liberty hereafter to expose and punish those who have wickedly conspired to place me here on a false charge?’

‘Of course, you have your remedy against any one,’ replied the cautious judge, ‘whom you can prove to have acted illegally.’

Elliott darted a glance at Mr. Hillary, which made his blood rush tumultuously towards his guilty heart, and bowing respectfully to the court, withdrew from the ignominious spot which he had been so infamously compelled to occupy. He left the prison a little after eight o’clock; and wretched indeed were his feelings as the turnkey, opening the outermost of the iron-bound and spiked doors, bade him farewell, gruffly adding—‘Hope we mayn’t meet again, my hearty!’

‘I hope not, indeed!’ replied Elliott, with a sigh; and descending the steps, found himself in the street. He scarce knew, for a moment, whither to direct his steps, staggering, overpowered with the strange feeling of suddenly recovered liberty. The sad reality, however, soon forced itself upon him. What was to become of him? He felt wearied and faint, and almost wished he had begged the favour of sleeping, for the night, even in the dreary dungeons from which he had been but that moment released. Thus were his thoughts occupied, as he moved slowly towards Fleet street, when a female figure approached him, muffled in a large shawl.

‘Henry—dearest Henry!’ murmured the half-stifled voice of Miss Hillary, stretching towards him both her hands; ‘so, you are free! You have escaped from the snare of the wicked? Thank God—thank God! Oh, what have we passed through since we last met! Why, Henry, you will not speak to me! Do you forsake the daughter, for the sin of her father?’

Elliott stood staring at her as if stupified.

‘Miss Hillary!’ he murmured, incredulously.

‘Yes—yes! I am Mary Hillary; I am your own Mary. But, oh Henry, how altered you are! How thin! How pale and ill you look! I cannot bear to see you!’ And covering her face with her hands she burst into a flood of tears.

‘I can hardly believe—that it is Miss Hillary,’ muttered Elliott. ‘But your father!—Mr. Hillary! What will he say if he sees you? Are you not ashamed of being seen talking to a wretch like me, just slipped out of Newgate?’

‘Ashamed? My Henry—do not torture me! I am heart-broken for your sake! It is my own flesh and blood that I am ashamed of. That it could ever be so base!’

Elliott suddenly snatched her into his arms, and folded her to his breast with convulsive energy.

If the malignant eye of her father had seen them at that moment?

She had obtained information that her father was gone to the Old Bailey with Lord Scamp, and soon contrived to follow them, unnoticed by the domestics. She could not get into the court, as the gallery was already filled; and had been lingering about the door for upwards of four hours, making eager inquiries from those who left the court, as to the name of the prisoner who was being tried. She vehemently urged him to accompany her direct to Bullion House, confront her father, and demand reparation for the wrongs he had inflicted. ‘I will stand beside you—I will never leave you—let him turn us both out of his house together!’—continued the excited girl, ‘I begin to loathe it—to feel indifferent about every thing it contains, except my poor unoffending, dying mother! Come, come, Henry, and play the man!’ But Elliott’s good sense led him to expostulate with her, and he did so successfully, representing to her the useless peril attending such a proceeding. He forced her into the coach that was waiting for her, refused the purse which she had tried nearly fifty times to thrust into his hand, promised to make a point of writing to her the next day in such a manner as should be sure of reaching her, and after mutually affectionate adieus, he ordered the coachman to drive off as quickly as possible towards Highbury. She found Bullion House in a tumult on account of her absence.

‘So—your intended victim has escaped!’ exclaimed Miss Hillary, suddenly presenting herself before her father, whom Lord Scamp had just left.

‘Ah, Polly—my own Poll—and is it you indeed?’ said her father, evidently the worse of wine, approaching her unsteadily, ‘Come, kiss me, love?—where have you been, you little puss—puss—puss—’

‘To Newgate, sir!’ replied his daughter in a quick, stern tone, and retreated a step or two from her advancing father.

‘N-n-e-w gate—New-new-gate!’ he echoed, as if the word had suddenly sobered him. ‘Well, Mary, and what of that!’ he added, drawing his breath heavily.

‘To think that your blood flows in these veins of mine!’ continued Miss Hillary, with extraordinary energy, extending her arms towards him. ‘I call you father, and yet!’—she shuddered—‘you are a guilty man; you have laid a

snare for the innocent: Tremble, sir! tremble! Do you love your daughter? I tell you, father, that if your design had succeeded, she would have lain dead in your house within an hour after it was told me! Oh, what—what am I saying?—where have I been? She pressed her hand to her forehead; her high excitement had passed away. Her father had recovered from the shock occasioned by her abrupt reappearance. She walked to the door and shut it.

'Sit down, Mary,' said he, sternly, pointing to the sofa. She obeyed him in silence.

'Now, girl, tell me, are you drunk or sober?—Where have you been? What have you been doing?' he enquired with a furious air. She hid her face in her hands and wept.

'You are driving me mad, father!' she murmured.

'Come, come!—What!—you're playing the coward now, Miss! Where's all your bold spirit gone! What! can't you bully me any more?—Snivel on then, and beg my forgiveness! What do you mean, Miss,' said he, extending towards her his clenched fist, 'by talking about this fellow Elliott being—my victim? Eh! Tell me, you audacious hussy! you ungrateful vixen! what d'ye mean? Say, what the—! I have come to you?' She made no answer, but continued with her face concealed in her hands. 'Oh, I'm up to all this! I see what you're after! I know you, young dare devil! You think you can bully me into letting you marry this brute, this beggar, this swindler! Ah, ha! you don't know me though! B—, but I believe you and he are in league to take my life! He paused, gasping with rage. His daughter remained silent. 'What has turned you so against me?' he continued in the same violent tone and manner.

'Haven't I been a kind father to you all my'—

'Oh yes, yes, yes! dear father, I know you have!' sobbed Miss Hillary, rising and throwing herself at his feet.

'Then why are you behaving in this strange way to me?' he enquired, somewhat softening his tone. 'Mary, isn't your poor mother up stairs dying; and if I lose her and you too, what's to become of me?' Miss Hillary wept bitterly. 'You'd better kill your old father outright at once than kill me in this slow way! or send him to a mad-house, as you surely will. Come, Molly—my own little Molly—promise me to think no more of this wretched fellow! Depend on't he'll be revenged on me yet, and do me an injury if he can! Surely the devil himself sent the man across our family peace! I don't want you to marry Lord Scamp since you don't like him; not I! It's true I have longed this many a year to marry you to some nobleman—to see you great and happy; but—if you can't fancy my Lord Scamp, why, I give him up! And if I give him up, won't you repeat me half way; and make us all happy again by giving up this fellow so unworthy of you? He comes from a d—d bad stock, believe me! Remember, his father gambled, and—cut his throat,' added Hillary in a low tone, instinctively trembling as he recollected the effect produced upon Elliott by his utterance of these words on a former occasion. 'Only think, Molly! My daughter, with a vast fortune, scraped together during a long life by her

father's hard labour, Molly, the only thing her father loves, excepting always your poor mother—to fling herself into the arms of a common thief, a—a gaol-bird, a felon, a fellow on his way to the gallows,—

'Father!' said Miss Hillary solemnly, suddenly looking up into her father's face, 'You know that is false! You know that he was acquitted; that he is innocent; you knew it from the first, that the charge was false!'

Mr. Hillary, who had imagined he was succeeding in changing his daughter's determination, was immeasurably disappointed and shocked at this evidence of his failure. He bit his lips violently and looked at her fiercely, his countenance darkening upon his sensibility. Scarce suppressing a horrible execration, turning a deaf ear to all her passionate entreaties on behalf of Elliott, he rose, forcibly detached her arms, which were clinging to his knees, and rung the bell.

'Send Miss Hillary's maid here,' said he hoarsely. The woman with a frightened air soon made her appearance.

'Attend Miss Hillary to her room immediately,' said he sternly, and his disconsolate daughter was led out of his presence to spend a night of sleepless agony.

—'On bed

Delirious flung, sleep from her pillow flies;
All night she tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch
Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colors paint the mimic scene!'

Many more such scenes as the one above described followed between Mr. Hillary and his daughter. He never left her from the moment he entered till he quitted his house on his return to the city. Threats, entreaties, promises—magnificent promises—all the artillery of persuasion or coercion that he knew how to use, he brought to bear upon his wearied and harassed daughter, but in vain. He suddenly took her with him into Scotland; and after spending there a wretched week or two, returned more dispirited than he had left her. He hurried her to every place of amusement he could think of. Now he would give party after party, forgetful of his poor wife's situation; then let a week or longer elapse in dull and morose seclusion.—Once he was carried by his passion to such a pitch of frenzy, that he struck her on the side of her head, and severely! nor manifested any signs of remorse when he beheld her staggering under the blow. But why stay to particularize these painful scenes! Was *this* the way to put an end to the obstinate infatuation of his daughter? No—but to increase and strengthen it—to add fuel to the fire. Her womanly pride—her sense of justice—came—powerful auxiliaries—to support her love of the injured Elliott. She bore his ill-treatment at length with a kind of apathy. She had long lost all *respect* for her father, conscious as she was that he had acted most atrociously towards Elliott; and presently after 'some natural tears' for her poor mother,

she became wearied of the monotonous misery she endured at Bullion House, and ready to fly from it.

Passing over an interval of a month or two, during which she continued to keep up some correspondence with Elliott, who never told her the extreme misery—the absolute *want* he was suffering, since her father refused to give him a character as would procure his admission to another situation, and he was reduced to the most precarious means possible of procuring a livelihood. Miss Hillary overhearing her father make arrangements for taking her on a long visit to the continent,—where he might, for all she knew, leave her to end her days in some convent—fled that night in desperation from Bullion House, and sought refuge in the humble residence of an old servant of her father's.—Here she lived, for a few days, in terrified seclusion—but she might have spared her alarms, for her father received the news of her flight with sullen apathy—merely exclaimed "Well—as she has made her bed she must lie upon it." He made no inquiries after her, nor attempted to induce her to return. When at length apprized of her residence, he did not go near the house. He had evidently given up the struggle in despair, and felt indifferent to any fate that might befall his daughter. He heard that the banns of marriage between her and Elliott were published in the parish church where her new residence was situated—but offered no opposition whatever. He affixed his signature when required to the document necessary to transfer to her the sum of money—£600, standing in her name in the funds, in sullen silence.

So this ill-fated couple were married, no one attending at the brief, and cheerless ceremony, but a friend of Elliott's, and the humble couple from whose house she had been married.

Elliott had commenced legal proceedings against Mr. Hillary, on account of his malicious prosecution. He was certain of success, and of thereby wringing from his reluctant and wicked father-in-law, a very considerable sum of money—a little fortune in his present circumstances. With a noble forbearance, however, and yielding to the entreaties of his wife, who had not lost, in her marriage, the feelings of a daughter towards her erring parent, he abandoned them; his solicitor writing, at his desire, to inform Mr. Hillary of the fact that his client had determined to discontinue proceedings, though he had had the certainty of success, before him—and that, for his wife's sake, he freely forgave Mr. Hillary.

This letter was returned with an insolent message from Mr. Hillary—and there the affair ended.

A few days after her marriage, Mrs. Elliott received the following communication from Mr. Jeffreys.

"MADAM:

"Mr. Hillary has instructed me to apprise you, as I now do with great pain, of his unalterable determination never again to recognize you as his daughter, or receive any communication, of any description, from either your husband or yourself, addressed either to Mr. or Mrs. Hillary; whom your undutiful and ungrate-

ful conduct, he says, has separated from you forever.

"He will allow to be forwarded to any place you may direct, whatever articles belonging to you may yet remain at Bullion House, on your sending a list of them to my office.

"Spare me the pain of a personal interview on the matter: and believe me when I unfeignedly lament being the medium of communicating the intelligence contained in this letter.

"I am, Madam, your humble servant,
"JONATHAN JEFFREYS."

"To Mrs. Elliott.

With a trembling hand, assisted by her husband, she set down, after much hesitation, a few articles—books, dresses, one or two jewels, and her little dog, Cato. Him, however, Mr. Hillary had caused to be destroyed the day after he discovered her flight. The other articles were sent to her immediately; and with a bitter fit of weeping did she receive them, and read the fate of her merry little favourite, who had frisked about her to the last with sportive affection, when almost every body else scowled at and forsook her! Thus closed for ever, as she too surely felt, all connection and communication with her father and mother.

Elliott regarded his noble spirited wife, as well he might, with a fondness bordering on idolatry. The vast sacrifice she had made for him overpowered him whenever he adverted to it, and inspired him, not only with the most tender and enthusiastic affection and gratitude, but with the eager anxiety to secure her by his own efforts at least a comfortable home. He engaged small but respectable lodgings in the Borough, to which they removed the day after marriage, and after making desperate exertions, he had the gratification of procuring a situation as clerk in a respectable mercantile house in the city, and which he had obtained through the friendly, but secret, services of one of the members of the firm he had last served. His superior qualifications secured him a salary of £90 a year, with the promise of its increase, if he continued to give satisfaction. Thus creditably settled, the troubled couple began to breathe a little more freely; and in the course of a twelve-month, Mrs. Elliott's poignant grief first declined into melancholy, which was at length mitigated into a pensive if not cheerful resignation. She moved in her little circumscribed sphere as if she had never occupied one of splendour and affluence. How happily passed the hours they spent together in the evening, after he had quitted the scene of his daily labours—he reading, or playing on his flute, which he did very beautifully—and she busily employed with her needle! How they loved their neat little parlour, as they sometimes involuntarily compared it,—*she*, with the spacious and splendid apartments which had witnessed so much of her suffering at Bullion House—*he*, with the dreadful cells at Newgate! And their Sundays! what sweet and calm repose they brought! How she loved to walk with him after church hours in the fresh and breezy places—the Parks—though a pang occasionally shot through her heart when she observed her father's carriage—he the solitary occupant—rolling leisurely past them!—

The very carriage in which she and her little Cato had so often driven! But thoughts such as these seldom intruded; and when they did, only drove her closer to her husband---a pearl to her, indeed---if it may not be irreverently spoken---of great price---a price she never once regretted to have paid.

Ye fond unfortunate souls! what days of darkness were in store for you! About eighteen months after their marriage, Mrs. Elliott, after a lingering and dangerous *accouchement*, gave birth to a son---the little creature I had seen. How they consulted together about the means of apprising Mr. Hillary of the birth of his grandson, and fondly suggested to each other the possibility of its melting the stern stubborn resolution he had formed concerning them! He heard of it, however, manifesting about as much emotion as he would on being informed of the kitting of his kitchen cat! The long fond letter she had made such an effort to write to him, and which poor Elliott had trudged all the way to Highbury to deliver, with tremulous hand, and a beating heart, to the porter at the lodge of Bullion House, was returned to them the next morning by the two-penny post, unopened! What a delirious agony was it to them to look at to hug to their bosoms---the little creature that had no friend---no relatives on earth but them! How often did his eye open surprisedly upon her, when her scorching tear dropped upon his tiny face!

She had just weaned her child, and was still suffering from the effects of nursing, when there happened the first misfortune that had befallen them since their marriage. Mr. Elliott was one night behind his usual hour of returning from the city---and his anxious wife's suspense was terminated by the appearance at their door of a hackney-coach, from which there stepped a strange gentleman, who hastily knocked at the door, and returned to assist another gentleman, in lifting out the apparently inanimate figure of her husband! Pale as death she rushed down stairs, her child in her arms, and was saved from fainting only by hearing her husband's voice, in a low tone, assuring her that he was "not much hurt"---that he had "a slight accident." The fact was, that in attempting most imprudently to shoot across the street between two approaching vehicles, he was knocked down by the pole of one of them---a post chaise; and when down, before the post boy could stop, one of his horses had kicked the prostrate passenger upon the right side. The two humane gentlemen who had accompanied him home, did all in their power to assuage the terrors of Mrs. Elliott. One of them ran for the medical man who fortunately lived close at hand; and he pronounced the case to be, though a serious one, and requiring great care, not attended with dangerous symptoms---at least *at present*. His patient never quitted his bed for three months; at the end of which period, his employers sent a very kind message, regretting the accident that had happened, and still more, that they felt compelled to fill up his situation in their house, as he had been now so long absent, and was likely to continue absent for a much longer time, and they at the same time paid him all the salary

that was due in respect of the period during which he had been absent, and a quarter's salary beyond it. Poor Elliott was thrown by this intelligence into a state of deep despondency, which was increased by the surgeon's continuing to use the language of caution, and assuring him---disheartening words!--that he must not think of engaging in active business for some time yet to come. It was after a sleepless night that he and his wife stepped into a hackney coach and drove to the Bank to sell out £50 of their precious store, in order to liquidate some of the heavy expenses attendant on his long illness. Alas! what prospect was there, either of replacing what they now took, or of preserving the remainder from similar diminutions? It was now that his admirable wife acted indeed the part of a guardian angel; soothing by her fond attentions his querulous and alarmed spirit---and, that she might do so, struggling hourly to conceal her own grievous apprehensions---her hopeless despondency. As may be supposed, it had now become necessary to practice the closest economy in order to keep themselves out of debt, and to avoid the necessity of constantly drawing upon the very moderate sum which yet stood in his name in the funds. How often nevertheless, did the fond creature risk a chiding---and a severe one---from her husband---by secretly procuring for him some of the little delicacies recommended by their medical attendant, and of which no entreaties could prevail upon her to partake!

Some time after her husband recovered sufficiently to be able to walk out; but being pre-emptorily prohibited from engaging for some time to come in his old situation, or any other requiring similar efforts, he put an advertisement in the newspapers, offering to arrange the most involved merchant's accounts, &c. "with accuracy and expedition,"---at his own residence, and on such very moderate terms as soon brought him several offers of employment. He addressed himself with a natural but most imprudent eagerness to the troublesome and exhausting task he had undertaken: and the consequence was, that he purchased the opportunity of a month's labor, by twelve-month's incapacitation for *all* labor! A dreadful blow this was, and borne by neither of them with their former equanimity. Mrs. Elliott renewed her hopeless attempt to soften the obduracy of her father's heart. She waited for him repeatedly in the street at the hours of his quitting and returning to the city, and attempted to speak to him, but he hurried from her as from a common street beggar. She wrote letter after letter, carrying some herself, and sending others, by the post, by which latter medium all were invariably returned to her! She began to think with horror of her father's inexorable disposition---and her prayers to heaven for its interference on her behalf---or at least the faith that inspired them, became fainter and fainter.

Mr. Hillary's temper had become ten times worse than before, since his daughter's departure, owing to that as well as sundry other causes. Several of his speculations in business proved to be very unfortunate, and to entail harassing consequences, which kept him constant-

ly in a state of feverish irritability. Poor Mrs. Hillary continued still a hopeless paralytic, deprived of the powers both of speech and motion: all chance, therefore, of her precious intercession was too probably for ever at an end. In vain did Mrs. Elliott strive to interest several of her relatives in her behalf: they *professed* too great a dread of Mr. Hillary to attempt interfering in such a delicate and dangerous matter; and *really* had a very obvious interest in continuing, if not increasing, the grievous and unnatural estrangement existing between him and his daughter. There was one of them---a Miss Gubbley, a maiden aunt, or cousin of Mrs. Elliott, that had wormed herself completely into Mr. Hillary's confidence, and having been once a kind of housekeeper in the establishment, now reigned supreme at Bullion Lodge; an artful, selfish, vulgar person, an object to Mrs. Elliott of mingled terror and disgust. This was the being that,

"toad-like, sat squatting at the ear!"

of her father, probably daily suggesting every hateful consideration that could tend to widen the breach already existing between him and his daughter. This creature, too, had poor Mrs. Elliott besieged with passionate and humiliating entreaties, till they were suddenly and finally checked by a display of such intolerable insolence and heartlessness as determined Mrs. Elliott, come what would, to make no further efforts in that quarter. She returned home, on the occasion just alluded to, worn out in body and mind. A copious flood of tears accompanying her narration to her husband of what had happened relieved her excitement; she took her child into her arms, and his playful little fingers unconsciously touching the deep responsive chords of a mother's heart, she forgot, in the ecstasy of the moment, as she folded him to her bosom, all that had occurred to make her unhappy and add to the gloom of their darkening prospects!

Closer and closer now became their retrenchments; every source of expenditure being cut off that was not absolutely indispensable. None, she told me, occasioned them a greater pang than giving up their little pew in---church, and betaking themselves, Sunday after Sunday, to the humbler and more appropriate sittings provided in the aisle. But was this their communion and contact with poverty unfavourable to devotion? No. The serpent pride was crushed, and dared not lift his bruised head to disturb or alarm! God then drew near to the deserted couple, "weary, and heavy laden," and "cast out" by their *earthly* father! Yes---there she experienced a holy calm---a resignation---a reality in the services and duty of religion---which she had never known when sitting amid the trappings of ostentatious wealth, in the gorgeous pew of her father!

They were obliged to seek cheaper lodgings---moderate as was the rent required for those they had so long occupied---where they might practise a severer economy than they chose to exhibit in the presence of those who had known them when such sacrifices were not necessary---and which had also the advantage of being in the

neighbourhood of a person who had promised Elliott occasional employment as a collector of rents, &c. as well as the balancing of his books every month. Long before his health warranted, did he undertake these severe labours, driven to desperation by a heavy and not over-reasonable bill delivered him by his medical attendant, and of which he pressed for the payment. With an aching heart poor Elliott sold out sufficient to discharge it, and resolved at all hazards to recommence his labours; for there was left only 70 or £80 in the bank---and he shuddered when he thought of it!--They had quitted these their second lodgings for those in which I found them about three months before her first visit to me, in order to be near another individual---himself an accountant, who had promised to employ Elliott frequently as a kind of deputy, or *fag*. His were the books piled before poor Elliott when first I saw him! Thus had he been engaged, to the great injury of his health, for many weeks---his own mental energy and determination flattering him with a delusive confidence in his physical vigour! Poor Mrs. Elliott also had contrived, being not unacquainted with ornamental needle-work, to obtain some employment of that description. Heavy was her heart as she sat toiling beside her husband---who was busily engaged in such a manner as would not admit of their conversing together---when her thoughts wandered over the scenes of their past history, and anticipated their gloomy prospects. Was she now paying the fearful penalty of disobedience? But where was the sin she had committed in forming an honest and ardent attachment to one whom she was satisfied was every way her equal, save in wealth? How could he have a right to dictate to her heart who should be an object of its affections? To dispose of it as of an article of merchandise---Had he any right thus to consign her to perpetual misery? To unite her to a titled villain merely to gratify his weak pride and ambition---Had she not a right to resist such an attempt?---The same Scripture that has said, *children, obey your parents*, has also said, *fathers, provoke not your children to wrath*. But had she not been too precipitate---or unduly obstinate in adhering to the man her father abhorred?---Ought anything---alas!--to have caused her to fly from her suffering mother? O, what might have been her sufferings! But surely nothing could justify or extenuate the unrelenting spirit which actuated her father! And that father she knew to have acted basely---to have played the part of a devil towards the man he hated---perhaps, nay too probably, he was meditating some equally base and desperate scheme concerning herself! She silently appealed to God from amidst this conflict of her thoughts and feelings, and implored His forgiveness of her rash conduct. Her agonies were heightened by the consciousness that there existed reasons for self condemnation. But she thought of---she looked at---her husband; and her heart told her, that she should act similarly were the past again to happen.

So, then, here was this virtuous couple---he declining in health just when that health was most precious, she, too, worn out with labour and anxiety, and likely---alas!--to bring another

heir to wretchedness into the world, for she was considerably advanced in pregnancy—both becoming less capable of the labour which was growing, alas! daily more essential—with scarcely 140 to fall back upon in the most desperate emergency:—Such was the dreadful situation of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott soon after the period of my first introduction to them. It was after listening to one of the most interesting and melancholy narratives that the annals of human suffering could supply, that I scarcely resolved to take upon myself the responsibility of appealing to Mr. Hillary in their behalf, hoping that for the honour of humanity my efforts would not be entirely unavailing.

He had quitted Bullion House within a twelvemonth after his daughter's flight and removed to a spacious and splendid mansion in—Square, in the neighbourhood of my residence; and where—strange coincidence!—I was requested to attend Mrs. Hillary, who at length seemed approaching the close of her long-protracted sufferings. Mr. Hillary had become quite an altered man since the defection of his daughter. Lord Scamp had introduced him freely into the society of persons of rank and station, who welcomed into their circles the possessor of so splendid a fortune; and he found, in the incessant excitement and amusement of fashionable society, a refuge from reflection, from those 'compunctious visitings of remorse' which made his solitude dreadful and insupportable. I found him just such a man as I have already had occasion to describe him; a vain, vulgar, selfish, testy, overbearing old man, one of the most difficult and dangerous persons on earth to deal with in such a negotiation as that I had so rashly, but Heaven knows with the best intentions, undertaken.

'Well, Mr. Hillary,' said I, entering the drawing-room, where he was standing alone, with his hands in his pockets at the windows watching some disturbance in the square—'I am afraid I can't bring you any better news about Mrs. Hillary. She weakens hourly!'

'Ah, poor creature, I see she does—indeed!' he replied sighing, quitting the window, and offering me one of the many beautiful chairs that stood in the splendid apartment. 'Well, she's been a good wife to me, I must say—a very good wife, and I've always thought and said so.' Thrusting his hands into the pockets of his ample white waistcoat, he walked up and down the room. 'Well, poor soul! she's had all that money could get her, doctor, however, and she knows it—that's a comfort—but it ain't money can keep death off, is it!'

'No, indeed, Mr. Hillary; but it can mitigate some of its terrors. What a consolation will it be for you hereafter, to reflect that Mrs. Hillary has had every thing your noble fortune could procure for her!'

'Ay, and no grudging neither! I'd do ten times what I've done—what's money to me? Poor Poll, and she's going! We never had a real quarrel in our lives!' he continued, in a somewhat subdued tone. 'I shall miss her when she is gone!—I shall indeed! I could find many to fill her place, if I had a mind, I'll warrant me—but—1—poor Poll!'

* * * 'Yes,' I said presently, in answer to some general remark he had made, 'we medical men do certainly see the worst side of human life. Pain—illness—death—are bad enough of themselves—but when poverty steps in too—'

'Ay, I dare say—bad enough as you say—bad enough—ahem!'

'I have this very day seen a most mournful instance of accumulated human misery; poverty, approaching starvation, illness, distress of mind. Ah, Mr. Hillary, what a scene I witnessed yesterday!' I continued, with emotion, 'a man who is well-born, who has seen better—'

'Better days—aye, exactly. Double-refined misery, as they would say in the city. By the way, what a valuable charity that is—I'm a subscriber to it—for the relief of decayed tradesmen! One feels such a pleasure in it! I dare say now—I do believe—let me see—200*l.* would not cover what I get rid of one way or another in this kind of way every year—by the way, doctor, I'll ring for tea: you'll take a cup?' I nodded; and in a few minutes a splendid tea-service made its appearance.

'Do you know, doctor, I've some notion of being remembered after I'm gone, and it has often struck me that if I were to leave what I have to build an hospital, or something of that sort in this part of the town, it wouldn't be amiss—'

'A noble ambition, sir indeed. But as I was observing, the poor people I saw yesterday—such misery! such fortitude!'

'Ah, yes! Proper sort of people, just the right sort, to put into—ahem!—Hillary's Hospital. It don't sound badly, does it?'

'Excellently well. But the fact is—I observed that he was becoming rather fidgetty, but I was resolved not to be beaten from my point—'

'I'm going, in short, Mr. Hillary, to take a liberty which nothing could warrant but—'

'You're going to beg, doctor, now an't you?' he interrupted briskly; 'but the fact is, my maxim has long been never to give a farthing in charity that any one shall know of but two people: I, and the people I give to. That's my *my* notion of true charity; and besides, it saves one a vast deal of trouble. But if you really think—if it really is a deserving case—why—a hem! I might perhaps—Dr. — is so well known for his charitable turn—Now an't this the way you begin upon *all* your great patients?' he continued, with an air of supreme complacency. I bowed, and smiled, humouring his vanity. 'Well, in such a case—hem! hem!—I might, once in a way, break upon my rule,' and he transferred his left hand from his waistcoat to his breeches pocket, 'so there's a guinea for you. But don't on any account name it to any one. Don't doctor, I don't want to be talked about; and we people that are known do get so many—'

'But, Mr. Hillary, surely I may tell my poor friends to whom your bounty is destined, the name of the generous—'

'Oh, ah! Do as you please for the matter of that. Who are they? What are they? Where do they live? I am a governor of—'

'They live at present in—street; but I doubt poor things, whether they can stay much

longer, for their landlady is becoming very clamorous—'

'Yes, too frequently such is the case! But I was going to tell you of these poor people.—They have not been married many years, and they married, very unfortunately,—Mr. Hillary, who had for some time been sitting down on the sofa, here rose and walked rather more quickly than he had been walking before—'contrary to the wishes of their family, who have forsaken them, and don't know what their sufferings now are—how virtuous—how patient they are! And they have got a child too, that will soon, I fear, be crying for the bread it may not get.' Mr. Hillary was evidently becoming disturbed. I saw that a little of the colour had fled from about his upper lip, but he said nothing, nor did he seem disposed to interrupt me. 'I'm sure, by the way,' I continued as calmly as I could, 'that if I could only prevail upon their family to see them, before it is too late, that explanations might—'

'What's the name of your friends, sir?' said Mr. Hillary, suddenly stopping, and standing opposite to me, with his arms almost a-kimbo and his eyes looking keenly into mine.

'Elliott, sir—'

'I—I thought as much sir!' he replied, dashing the perspiration from his forehead; 'I knew what you were driving at! D—n it sir—I see it all! You came here to insult me,—you did sir!' His agitation increased.

'Forgive me, Mr. Hillary; I assure you—'

'No, sir! I won't hear you, sir! I've heard enough, sir! Too much, sir! You've said enough, sir to see what sort of a man you are sir! D—n it sir—it's too bad!'

'You mistake me, Mr. Hillary,' said I calmly.

'No I don't, sir, but you've cursedly mistaken me sir. If you know those people, and choose to take up their—to—to—patronise, do, sir, d—n it! if you like, and haven't any thing better to do—'

'Forgive me, sir, if I have hurt your feelings—'

'Hurt my feelings, sir? What d'ye mean, sir? Every man hurts my feelings that insults me, sir, and you have insulted me!'

'How, sir?' I enquired, sternly, in my turn.

'Oblige me, sir, by explaining these extraordinary expressions!'

'You know well enough! I see through it. But if you—really, sir—you've got a guinea of mine, sir, in your pocket. Consider it your fee for this visit; the last I'll trouble you to pay, sir?' he stuttered, almost unintelligible with fury.

I threw his guinea upon the floor, as if its touch were pollution. 'Farewell, Mr. Hillary,' said I, deliberately, drawing on my gloves.—'May your death bed be as calm and happy as that I have this day attended up stairs for the last time.'

He looked at me earnestly, as if staggered by the reflections that I had suggested and turned very pale. I bowed haughtily, and retired. As I drove home, my heated fancy struck out a scheme for shaming or terrifying the old monster I had quitted into something like pity or repentance, by attacking and exposing him in some newspaper; but by the next morning I perceiv-

ed the many objections there were to such a course. I need hardly say that I did not communicate to the Elliotts the facts of my attempted intercession with Mr. Hillary.

It was grievous to see this desperate but unavailing struggle made by both of them to retrieve their circumstances and provide against the expensive and trying time that was approaching. He was slaving at his account books from morning to midnight, scarce allowing himself a minute for his meals; and she had become a mere fag to a fashionable milliner, undertaking all such work as could be done at her own residence, often sitting up half the night, and yet earning the merest trifle. Then she had also to look after her husband and child, for they could not afford to keep a regular attendant. Several articles of her husband's dress and her own, and almost all that belonged to the child, she often washed at night with her own hands!

As if these unfortunate people were not sufficiently afflicted already—as if any additional ingredient in their cup of sorrow were requisite—symptoms of a more grievous calamity than had yet befallen poor Elliott, began to exhibit themselves to him. His severe and incessant application, by day and night, coupled with the perpetual agitation and excitement of his nervous system, began to fall upon his eyesight. I found him, on one of my morning visits, laboring under great excitement; and on questioning him, I feared he had but too good reason for his alarm; as he described, with fearful distinctness, certain sensations and appearances which infallibly betokened, in my opinion, after examining his eyes, the presence of incipient amaurosis in both eyes. He spoke of deep seated pains in the orbits—perpetual sparks and flashes of light—peculiar haloes seen around the candle—dimness of sight—and several other symptoms, which I found, on enquiry, had been for some time in existence, but he had never thought of noticing them till they forced themselves upon his startled attention.

'Oh, my God!' he exclaimed, clasping his hands, and looking upwards, 'spare my sight! O, spare my sight—or what will become of me! Beggary seems to be my lot—but blindness to be added!' He paused, and looked the image of despair.

'Undoubtedly I should deceive you, Mr. Elliott,' said I, after making several further inquiries, 'if I were to say that there was no danger in your case. Unfortunately, there does exist ground for apprehending that, unless you abstain, and in a great measure, from so severely taxing your eyesight as you have of late, you will run the risk of permanently injuring it.'

'Oh, doctor! it is easy to talk,' he exclaimed, with involuntary bitterness, 'of my ceasing to use and try my sight; but how am I to do it? How am I to live?—Tell me that? Will money drop from the skies into my lap, or bread into the mouths of my wife and child? What is to become of us? Merciful God! and just at this time too! My wife pregnant—I thanked God she was not present!—our last penny almost slipped from our hands—and I, who should be the stay and support of my family, becoming BLIND. Oh, God—oh, God, what frightful

crimes have I committed, to be punished thus! Would I had been transported or hanged,' he added suddenly, 'when the old ruffian threw me into Newgate! But—he turned ghastly, he promised to obey my instruction. Mrs. Elliott sat beside me with a sad exhausted air, which touched me almost to tears. What a situation—what a prospect was here? How was she to prepare for her coming confinement? How procure the most ordinary comforts—the necessary attendance. Deprived as her husband and child must be for a time of her affectionate and vigilant attentions, what was to become of them? Who supply her place? Her countenance too plainly showed that all these topics constantly agitated her mind.

A day or two after this interview, I brought them the intelligence I had seen in the newspapers, of Mrs. Hillary's death, which I communicated to them very carefully, fearful of the effect it might produce upon Mrs. Elliott in her critical situation. She wept bitterly, but the event had been too long expected by her to occasion any violent exhibition of grief. As they lay awake that night in melancholy converse, it suddenly occurred to Mrs. Elliott that the event which had just happened might afford them a last chance of regaining her father's affections, and they determined to seize the opportunity of appealing to his feelings when they were softened by his recent bereavement. The next morning the wretched couple set out on their dreary pilgrimage to — Square—it being agreed that Elliott should accompany her to within a door or two of her father's house, and there await the issue of her visit. With slow and trembling steps, having relinquished his arm, she approached the dreadful house, whose large windows were closed from the top to the bottom. The sight of them overcame her; and she paused for a moment, holding by the area railings.

What dark and bitter thoughts and recollections crowded in a few seconds through her mind! Here, in this great mansion, was her living—her tyrannical—her mortally offended father; here lay the remains of her poor good mother—whom she had fled from—whose last thoughts might perhaps have been about her persecuted daughter—and that daughter was now trembling like a guilty thing before the frowning portals of her widowed, and, it might be, inexorable father. She felt very faint, and beckoning hastily to her husband, he stepped forward to support her; and led her from the door. After slowly walking round the square, she returned, as before, to the gloomy mansion of her father, ascending the steps, and, with a shaking hand, pulled the bell.

'What do you want, young woman?' enquired a servant from the area.

'I wish to see Joseph—is he at home?'—she replied, in so faint a voice, that the only word audible in the area was that of Joseph—the porter—who had entered into her father's service in that capacity two or three years before her marriage. In a few minutes Joseph made his appearance at the hall door, which he softly opened.

'Joseph!—Joseph! I'm very ill,' she murmured,

ed, leaning against the door post—'let me sit in your chair for a moment.'

'Lord have mercy on me—my young mistress!' exclaimed Joseph, casting a hurried look behind him, as if terrified at being seen in conversation with her—and then hastily stepping forward he caught her in his arms, for she had fainted. He placed her in his great covered chair, and called one of the female servants, who brought up with her, at his request, a glass of water—taking the stranger to be some relative or friend of the porter's. He forced a little into her mouth—the maid loosened her bonnet string, and after a few minutes she uttered a deep sigh, and her consciousness returned.

'Don't hurry yourself, Miss—Ma'am I mean,' stammered the porter, in a low tone,—'you can stay here a little—I don't think any one's stirring but us servants—you see, ma'am, though I suppose you know—my poor mistress—' She shook her head and sobbed.

'Yes, Joseph, I know it!—Did she—did she—die easily?' inquired Mrs. Elliott, in a faint whisper, grasping his hand.

'Yes, ma'am,' he answered in a low tone, poor lady, she'd been so long ailing, that no doubt death wasn't any thing particular to her, like—and so she went out at last like the snuff of a candle, as one might say—poor old soul—we'd none of us—not my master even—heard the sound of her voice for months, not to say even years!'

'And my—my father—how does he—' but, you see, he's been so long expecting of it! 'Do you think, Joseph,' said Mrs. Elliott, hardly able to make herself heard, 'that—my father would be very—very angry—if he knew I was here—would he—seem me?'

'Lord, ma'am!' exclaimed the porter, alarm overspreading his features—'It's not possible! you can't think how stern he is! You should have heard what orders he gave us all about keeping you out of the house! I know 'tis a dreadful hard case, ma'am,' he continued, wiping a tear from his eye, 'and many, and many's the time we've all cried in the kitchen about—hush! he stooped, and looked towards the stairs apprehensively—'never mind, ma'am—it's nobody! But wont you come down and sit in the house-keeper's room? I'm sure the good old soul will rather like to see you—and then, you know, you can slip out of the area gate and be gone in no time!'

'No, Joseph,' replied Mrs. Elliott, with as much energy as her weakness would admit of, 'I will wait outside the street door, if you think there is any danger—while you go and get this letter taken up stairs, and say I am waiting for an answer!' He took the letter, held it in his hand hesitatingly—and shook his head.

'Oh, take it, good Joseph!' said Mrs. Elliott, with a look that would have softened a heart of stone—'It is only to ask for mourning for my mother! I have no money to purchase any!'

His eyes filled with tears. 'My poor dear young mistress!' he faltered; his lip quivered, and he paused—'Its more than my place is worth—but—I'll take it, nevertheless—that I will, come what will, ma'am! See

if I don't! You see, ma'am,' dropping his voice, and looking towards the staircase—'it isn't so much the old gentleman, after all, neither—but it's—it's—Miss Gubbley that I'm afraid of! It is she, in my mind, that keeps him so cruel hard against you! She has it all her own way here! You should see how she orders us servants about, ma'am—and has her eyes into every thing that's going on. But—I'll go and take the letter any how—and don't you go out of doors, unless you hear the cry—'Hem!'—on the stairs!' She promised to attend to his hint, as did also the female servant he left with her, and Joseph disappeared. The mention of Miss Gubbley excited the most painful and disheartening thoughts in the mind of Mrs. Elliott. Possibly it was now the design of this woman to strike a grand blow—and force herself into the place recently vacated by poor Mrs. Hillary! Mrs. Elliott's heart beat fast, after she had waited for some minutes in agonizing anxiety and suspense, as she heard the footsteps of Joseph hastily descending the stairs.

'Well, Joseph,' she whispered, looking eagerly at him.

'I can't get to see master, ma'am, though I've tried—I have indeed, ma'am! I thought it would be so! Miss Gubbley has been giving it me, ma'am—she says it will cost me my place to dare to do such an audacious thing again—and I told her you was below here ma'am, and she might see you—but she tossed her head, and said it was of a piece with all your other shameful behaviour to your poor, broken hearted father—she did, ma'am!—Mrs. Elliott began to sob bitterly—and she wouldn't on any account whatsoever have him shocked at such a sad time as this—and that she knows it would be no use your coming!—his voice quivered—and she says, as how—he could hardly go on—you should have thought of all this long ago—and that only a month ago she heard master say it was all your own fault if you come to ruin—and as you'd made your bed you must lie on it—her very words, ma'am—but she sent you a couple of guineas, ma'am, on condition that you don't on no account trouble master again—and—and,' he continued, his tears overflowing, 'I've been so bold as to make it three, ma'am—and I hope it's no offence, ma'am, me being but a servant, trying to force something wrapped up in paper into the hand of Mrs. Elliott, who had listened motionless and in dead silence to all he had been saying.

'Joseph!'—at length she exclaimed, in a very low but distinct and solemn tone, stretching out her hands—'if you do not wish to see me die—help me, help me—to my knees!' And with his assistance, and that of the female servant, she sunk gently down upon her knees upon the floor, where he partly supported her. She slowly clasped her hands together upon her bosom, and looked upwards—her eye was tearless, and an awful expression settled upon her motionless features. Joseph involuntarily fell upon his knees beside her, shaking like an aspen leaf—his eyes fixed instinctively upon hers—and the sobs of several of the servants, who had stolen silently to the top of the kitchen stairs, to gaze at this strange scene, were the only sounds that

were audible. After having remained in this position for several minutes, she rose from her knees slowly and in silence.

'When will my mother be buried!' she presently inquired.

'Next Sunday,' whispered Joseph, 'at two o'clock.'

'Where?'

'At St. —'s ma'am.'

'Farewell, Joseph! You have been very kind,' said she, rising, and moving slowly to the door.

'Won't you let me get you a little of something warm, ma'am? You do look so bad, ma'am—so pale—and I'll fetch it from down stairs in half a minute.'

'No, Joseph—I am better!—and Mr. Elliott is waiting for me at the outside.'

'Poor gentleman,' sobbed Joseph, turning his head aside, that he might dash a tear from his eye. He strove again to force into her hand the paper containing the three guineas, but she refused.

'No, Joseph—I am very destitute, but yet—Providence will not let me starve. I cannot take it from you; her's I will not!'

With this the door was opened; and with a firmer step than she had entered the house, she quitted it. Her husband, who was standing anxiously at one or two door's distance, rushed up to her, and with a tremulous and agitated tone and gestures inquired the result of her application, and placing his arm around her—for he felt how heavily she leaned against him—gently led her towards home. He listened with the calmness of despair to her narrative of what had taken place. 'Then there is no hope for us THERE,' he muttered through his half-closed lips.

'But there is hope, dearest with Him who invites the weary and heavy laden—who seems to have withdrawn from us, but has not forsaken us,' replied his wife tenderly, and with unwonted cheerfulness in her manner—'I feel—I know—he tells me that he will not suffer us to sink in the deep waters! He heard my prayers, Henry, and he will answer it, wisely and well! Let us hasten home dearest. Our little Henry will be uneasy, and trouble Mrs.—' Elliott listened to her in moody silence. His darkening features told not of the peace and resignation Heaven had shed into the troubled bosom of his wife, but too truly betokened the despair within. He suspected that his wife's reason was yielding to the long-continued assaults of sorrow; and thought of her approaching sufferings with an involuntary shudder, and sickened as he entered the scene of them—his wretched lodgings. She clasped their smiling child with cheerful affection to her bosom; he kissed him, but coolly—as it were mechanically. Placing upon his forehead the silk shade which my wife had sent to him, at my request, the day before, as well to relieve his eyes, as to conceal their troubled expression, he leaned against the table at which he took his seat, and thought with perfect horror upon their circumstances.

Scarce 20*l.* now remained of the 600*l.* with which they were married; his wife's little earnings were to be of course for a while suspended: he was prohibited at the peril of blindness,

from the only species of employment he could obtain; the last ray of hope concerning Hillary's reconciliation was exhausted; and all this when their expenses were on the eve of being doubled or tripled—when illness—or death—

It was well for Mrs. Elliott that her husband had placed that shade upon his forehead!

During his absence the next morning at the Ophthalmic Infirmary, whither at my desire he went twice a week, to receive the advice of Mr. —, the eminent oculist, I called and seized the opportunity of placing in Mrs. Elliott's hands, with unspeakable satisfaction, the sum of 40*l.* which my good wife had chiefly collected among her friends; and as Mrs. Elliott read, or rather attempted to read, for her eyes were filled with tears, the affectionate note written to her by my wife, who begged that she would send her little boy to our house till she should have recovered from her confinement, she clasped her hands together, and exclaimed—'Has not God heard my prayers!—Dearest doctor! Heaven will reward you! What news for my poor heart-broken husband when he returns home from the Infirmary—weak and disheartened! * *

'And now, doctor, shall I confide to you a plan I have formed?' said Mrs. Elliott looking earnestly at me—'Don't try to persuade me against putting it into practice; for my mind is made up, and nothing can turn me from my purpose.' I looked at her with surprise. 'You know we have but this one room and the little closet—for what else is it?—where we sleep; and where must my husband and child be when I am confined? Besides, we cannot, even with all your noble kindness to us, afford to have proper—the most ordinary attendance.' She paused—'I listened anxiously.

'So—I've been thinking—could you not?—she hesitated, struggling with violent emotion—'could not you get me admitted—her voice trembled—'into the Lying-in Hospital?'—I shook my head, unable at the moment to find utterance.

'It has cost me a struggle—Providence seems, however, to have led me to the thought! I shall there be no expense to my husband; and shall have, I understand excellent attendance.'

'My poor dear madam,' I faltered, 'you must forgive me—but I cannot bear to think of it.' In spite of my struggles, the swelling tears at length burst from my laden eyes. She buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept bitterly, 'My husband can hear of me every day, and, with God's blessing upon us, perhaps in a month's time we may both meet in better health and spirits. And if—if—if it would not inconvenience Mrs. — or yourself, to let my little Henry—she could get no further, and burst again into a fit of passionate weeping. I promised her, in answer to her reiterated entreaties, after many remonstrances, that I would immediately take steps to ensure her an admission into the Lying-in Hospital at any moment she might require it.

'But my dear madam—your husband—Mr. Elliott—depend upon it he will never hear of all this—he will never permit it—I feel perfectly certain.'

'Ah doctor—I know he would not; but he shall not know any thing about my attentions

till I am safely lodged in the—hospital. I intend to leave without his knowing where I am gone, some day this week—for I feel satisfied—she paused and trembled—'when he returns from the Infirmary on Friday he will find a letter from me, telling him all my little scheme, and may God incline him to forgive me for what I am doing. I know he loves me, however, too fondly to make me unhappy!'

The next morning, my wife accompanied me to their lodgings, for the purpose of taking home with her little Elliott. A sad scene it was—but Elliott, whom his wife had easily satisfied of the prudence of thus disposing of the child during the period of her confinement, bore it manfully. He carried the child down to my carriage, and resigned him into the hands of my wife and a servant, after many fond caresses, with an air of melancholy resolution; promising to call daily and see him while on my visit to my house. I strove to console him under this temporary separation from his child, and to impress upon him the necessity of absolute quiet and repose, in order to give due effect to the very active treatment under which he had been placed for the complaint in his eyes; this I did in order to prepare him for the second stroke, meditated to be inflicted upon him on the ensuing Friday by his wife, and to reconcile him, by anticipation, as it were, to their brief separation. When once the decisive step had been taken, I felt satisfied he would see the propriety of it.

It was wonderful to see how Mrs. Elliott, during the interval between this day and Friday appointed for her entrance into the Lying-in Hospital, sustained her spirits. Her manner increased in tenderness towards her husband, who evinced a corresponding energy of sympathy and affection towards her. His anxieties had been to a considerable extent allayed by the seasonable addition to his funds already spoken of; but he expressed an occasional surprise at the absence of any preparations for the event which both of them believed to be so near at hand.

On the Friday morning, about half an hour after her husband had set out for the Ophthalmic Infirmary as usual, a hackney-coach drew up at the door of his lodgings, with a female attendant, sent by my directions from the Lying-in Hospital. I also made my appearance within a few minutes of the arrival of the coach; and poor Mrs. Elliott, after having carefully arranged and disposed of the few articles of her own apparel which she intended to leave behind her, and given the most anxious and repeated instructions to the woman of the house to be attentive to Mr. Elliott in her absence—sat down and shed many tears, as she laid upon the table a letter, carefully sealed, and addressed to her husband, containing the information of her departure and destination. When her agitation had somewhat subsided, she left the room—perhaps, she felt, for ever—entered the coach, and was soon safely lodged in the Lying-in Hospital.

The letter to her husband was as follows—for the melancholy events which will presently be narrated, brought this with other documents into my possession.

MY SWEET LOVE:

The hour of my agony is approaching; and Providence has pointed out to me a place of refuge. I cannot, dearest Henry, I cannot think of adding to your sufferings by the sight of mine! When all is over—as I trust it will be soon, and happily—then we shall be re-united, and God grant to us happier days! Oh, do not be grieved or angry, Henry, at the step I am taking. I have done it for the best—it will be for the best, depend upon it. Dr. — will tell you how skillfully and kindly they treat their patients at the Lying-in Hospital, to which I am going. Oh! Henry! you are the delight of my soul! The more grief and bitterness we have seen together, surely the more we love one another. *Oh how I love you!* How I prayed in the night, while you, dearest were sleeping—that the Almighty would bless you and our little Henry, be merciful to me, for your sakes, and bring us all together again! I shall pray for you, my love—my own love! every hour that we are away! Bear up a little longer, Harry! God has not deserted us—he will not—he cannot, if we do not desert him. I leave, you, dearest, my Bible and prayer book—*oh, do read them!* Kiss my little Harry, in my name, every day. How kind are Dr. — and Mrs. —! Go out and enjoy the fresh air, and do not sit fretting at home, love, nor try your eyes with reading or writing till I come back. I can hardly lay by my pen, but the coach is come for me, and I must tear myself away. Farewell, then, my dear, dear, darling Henry; but only for a little while. Your doating wife Mary.

'P. S.—The socks I have been knitting for Harry are in the drawer near the window. You had better take them to Dr. —'s to-morrow, and I forgot to send them with Harry in the bustle of his going, and he will want them. Dr. — says you can come and see me every day before I am taken ill. Do come.'

I called in the evening—according to the promise I had made to Mrs. Elliott—on her husband, to see how he bore the discovery of his wife's sudden departure.

'How is Mr. Elliott?' I inquired of the woman of the house, who opened the door. 'Is he at home?'

'Why, yes—but he's in a sad way, sir, indeed, about Mrs. Elliott's going. He's eaten nothing all day.'

He was sitting at a table when I entered, with a solitary candle, and Mrs. Elliott's letter lying open before him.

'Oh! doctor, is not this worse than death?' he exclaimed. 'Am I not left alone to be the prey of Satan?'

'Come, come, Mr. Elliott, moderate your feelings! Learn the lesson your incomparable wife has taught you—patience and resignation.'

'It is a heavenly lesson. But can a fiend learn it?' he replied vehemently, in a tone and with an air that quite startled me. 'Here I am left alone by God and man to be the sport of devils, and I AM!—What curse is there that has not fallen, or is falling upon me? I feel assured,' he continued, gloomily, 'that my Mary is taken from me for ever. Oh, do not tell me otherwise. I feel—I know it! I have brought

ruin upon her! I have brought her to beggary by an insane, a wicked attachment! The curses of disobedience to parents are upon both of us! Yet our misery might have touched any heart except that of her fiendish father. Ah! he buries her mother to-morrow! To-morrow, then, I will be there! The earth shall not fall upon her before he looks upon me! How I will make the old man shake beside the grave he must soon drop into!"—He drew a long breath—"Let him curse me!—Curse her—Curse us both!—Curse our child! Then and there!"

"The curse causeless shall not come," I interrupted.

'Ay, causeless! That's the thing! Causeless!" He paused. "Forgive me," he added, after a heavy sigh, resuming his usual manner; "doctor, I've been raving, and can you wonder at it? Poor Mary's letter (here it is) has almost killed me? I have been to the place where she is, but I dared not go in to see her. Oh! doctor, will she be taken care of?" suddenly seizing my hand with convulsive energy.

"The very greatest care will be taken of her—the greatest skill in London will be instantly at her command in case of the slightest necessity for it—as well as every possible comfort and convenience that her situation can require. If it will be any consolation to you, I assure you I intend visiting her myself every day."—And by these means I at length succeeded in restoring something like calmness to him. The excitement occasioned by his unexpected discovery of his wife's absence, and its touching reason, had been aggravated by the unfavourable opinion concerning his sight which had been that morning expressed—alas, I feared but too justly—by the able and experienced oculist under whose care he was placed. He had in much alarm heard Mr. — ask him several questions respecting peculiar and secret symptoms and sensations about his eyes, which he was forced to answer in the affirmative; and the alarming effect of these inquiries was not dissipated by the cautious replies of Mr. — to his questions as to the chances of ultimate recovery. I assured him that nothing on earth could so effectually serve him as the cultivation of calm and composed habits of mind; for that the affection of his eyes depended almost entirely upon the condition of his nervous system. I got him to promise me that he would abandon his wild and useless promise of attending the funeral of Mrs. Hillary—said I would call upon him, accompanied by his little son, about noon the next day, and also bring him tidings concerning Mrs. Elliott.

I was as good as my words; but not he. The woman of the house told me that he had left home about twelve o'clock, and did not say when he would return. He had gone to St. —'s church, as I afterwards learnt from him. He watched the funeral procession into the church, and placed himself in a pew which commanded a near view of that occupied by the chief mourner, Mr. Hillary, who, however, never once raised his head from the handkerchief in which his countenance was buried.—When the body was borne to the grave, Elliott followed, and took his place beside the grave as

near Mr. Hillary as the attendants and the crowd would admit of. He several times formed the determination to interrupt the service by a solemn and public appeal to Hillary on the subject of his deserted daughter—but his tongue failed him, his feelings overpowered him; and he staggered from where he stood to an adjoining tombstone, which he leaned against till the brief and solemn scene was concluded, and the mourners began to return. Once more, with desperate purpose, he approached the procession, and came up to Mr. Hillary just as he was being assisted into the coach.

"Look at me, sir," said he, suddenly tapping Mr. Hillary upon the shoulder. The old man seemed paralyzed for a moment, and stared at him as if he did not know the strange intruder.

"My name is Elliott, sir—your forsaken daughter is my heart-broken—starving wife! do you relent, sir?"

"Elliott!—Keep him away—keep him away, for God's sake!" exclaimed Mr. Hillary, his face full of disgust and horror; and the attendants violently dragged the intruder from the spot where he was standing, and kept him at a distance till the coach containing Mr. Hillary had driven off. Elliott then returned home, which he reached about an hour after I had called. He paid me a visit in the evening, and I was glad to see him so much calmer than I had expected. He apologized with much earnestness for his breach of faith. He said he had found it impossible to resist the impulse which led him, in spite of all he had said over night, to attend the funeral; for he had persuaded himself of the more than possibility that his sudden and startling appearance at so solemn a moment might effect an alteration in Mr. Hillary's feelings toward him. He gave me a full account of what had happened, and assured me with a melancholy air that he had now satisfied himself—that he had nothing to hope for further—nothing to disturb him—and he would attend to my injunctions and those of his surgical adviser at the Infirmary. He told me that he had seen Mrs. Elliott about an hour before, and had left her in comparatively good spirits—but the people of the hospital had told him that her confinement was hourly expected.

"I wonder," said he, and sighed profoundly—"what effect her death would have upon Mr. Hillary? Would he cast off her children—as he has cast her off? Would his hatred follow her into the grave!—Now what should you say doctor?"

The matter-of-fact, not to say indifferent air, with which this very grave question was put, not a little surprised me. "Why, he must be obdurate indeed if such were to be the case,"—I answered. "I am in hopes, however, that in spite of all that has happened he will ere long be brought to a sense of his guilt and cruelty in so long defying the dictates of conscience—the voice of nature. When he finds himself alone!"

Elliott shook his head.

"It must be a thundering blow, doctor, that would make his iron heart feel—and—that blow"—he sighed—"may come much sooner, it

may be"—he shuddered, and looked at me with a wild air of apprehension.

"Let us hope for the best, however, Mr. Elliott! Rely upon it, the present calmness of your inestimable wife affords grounds for the happiest expectations concerning the approaching!"

"Ah! I hope you may not be mistaken. Her former accouchement was a long and dangerous one."

"Perhaps the very reason why her present may be an easy one!" He looked at me mournfully.

"And suppose it be so—what a home has the poor creature to return to after her suffering! Is not that a dreary prospect?"

It was growing late, however, and presently taking an affectionate leave of his son, who had been sitting all the while on his knee, overpowered with drowsiness, he left.

Mrs. Elliott was taken ill on Sunday about midnight; and after a somewhat severe and protracted labor was delivered on Monday evening of a child that died a few minutes after its birth. Having directed the people of the hospital to summon me directly Mrs. Elliott was taken ill, I was in attendance upon her within an hour after her illness had commenced. I sent a messenger on Monday morning to Mr. Elliott, according to the promise I had given him immediately to send him the earliest information, with an entreaty that he would remain at home all day to be in readiness to receive a visit from me. He came down, however, to the hospital almost immediately after receiving my message; and walked to and fro before the institution, making anxious inquiries every ten minutes or quarter of an hour how his wife went on, and received ready and often encouraging answers. When I quitted her for the night, about an hour after her delivery, leaving her much exhausted, but, as I too confidently supposed, out of danger, I earnestly entreated Mr. Elliott, who continued before the gates of the hospital in a state of the highest excitement, to return home—but in vain, and I left him with expression of severe displeasure, assuring him that his conduct was absurd and useless—nay, criminally dangerous to himself. "What will become of your sight, Mr. Elliott—pray think of that!—if you will persist in working yourself up to this dreadful pitch of nervous excitement? I do assure you that you are doing yourself every hour mischief which—which it may require months, if not years, to remedy—and is it kind to her you love—to those whom you ought to consult—whose interests are dependant upon yourself—thus to throw away the chances of recovery? Pray, Mr. Elliott, listen, listen to reason, and return home!" He made no reply, but wept, and I left, hoping that what I had said would soon produce the desired effect.

About four o'clock in the morning, I was awoke by a violent ringing of the bell and knocking at the door; and on hastily looking out of the bedroom window, beheld Mr. Elliott.

"What is the matter there?" I inquired. "Is it you, Mr. Elliott?"

"Oh doctor, doctor—for God's sake come!—My wife, my wife! She's dying. They have

told me so! Come, doctor, oh come!" Though I had been exceedingly fatigued with the labours of the preceding day, this startling summons soon dissipated my drowsiness, and in less than five minutes I was by his side. We ran almost all the way to the nearest coach-stand; and on reaching the hospital, found that there existed but too much ground for apprehension; for about two o'clock very alarming symptoms of profuse hæmorrhage made their appearance; and when I reached the bed-side, a little after four o'clock, I saw, in common, with the experienced resident accoucheur, who was also present, that her life was indeed trembling in the balance. While I sat watching, with feelings of melancholy interest and alarm, her snowy inanimate countenance, a tap on the shoulder from one of the female attendants attracted my eye to the door, where the chief matron of the establishment was standing. She beckoned me out of the room; and I noiselessly stepped out after her.

"The husband of this poor lady," said Mrs. —, "is in a dreadful state, doctor, in the street. The porter has sent up word that he fears the gentleman is going mad, and will be attempting to break open the gates—that he insists upon being shown at once into his wife's room, or at least within the house! Pray oblige me, doctor, by going down and trying to pacify him! This will never do, you know—the other patients"—I hastened down stairs, and stepped quickly across the yard. My heart yearned towards the poor distracted being who stood outside the iron gates, with his arms stretched towards me through the bars.

"Oh say, is she alive? Is she alive?" he cried with a lamentable voice.

"She is, Mr. Elliott—but really!"

"Oh, is she alive? Are you telling me truly? Is she indeed alive?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Elliott—but if you don't cease to make such a dreadful disturbance, your voice may reach her ear—and that would be instant death—indeed it would."

"I will! I will—but is she indeed alive? Don't deceive me!"

"This is the way he's been going on all night," whispered the watchman, who had just stepped up.

"Mr. Elliott, I tell you, truly, in the name of God, your wife is living—and I have not given up hope of recovery."

"Oh Mary! Mary! Mary! Oh come to me, my Mary! You said that you would come to me!"

"Haden't I better take him away, sir," said the watchman. "The porter says he'll be wakening all the women in the hospital—shall I!"

"Let me stay—let me stay! I'll give you all I have in the world! I'll give you forty pounds—I will, I will,"—cried the unfortunate husband, clinging to the bars, and looking imploringly at me.

"Do not interfere—do not touch him, sir," said I to the watchman.

"Thank you! God bless you!"—gasped the wretched sufferer, extending his hands towards mine, and wringing them convulsively; then turning to the watchman, he added, in a lower tone, the most piteous I ever heard—"Don't

take me away! My wife is here; she is dying—I can't go away—but I'll not make any more noise!—Hush! hush! there is some one coming!" A person approached from within the building, and whispering a few hurried words in my ear, retired. "Mr. Elliott, shake hands with me," said I; "Mrs. Elliott is reviving! I told you I had hope!—The accoucheur has this instant sent me word that he thinks the case is taking a favourable turn." He sunk down suddenly on his knees in silence; then grasped my hand through the bars, and shook them convulsively. In the fervour of his frantic feeling, he turned to the watchman, grasped his hands, and shook them.

"Hush! hush!"—he gasped—"Don't speak! It will disturb her! A single sound may—kill. Ah!"—he looked with agonising apprehension at the mailcoach which that moment rattled rapidly and loudly by. At length he became so much calmer, that after pledging myself to return shortly, especially if any unfavourable change should take place, I withdrew, and repaired to the chamber where lay the poor unconscious creature—the subject of her husband's wild and dreadful anxieties. I found that I had not been misinformed; and though Mrs. Elliott lay in the most precarious situation possible—with no sign of life in her placid countenance, and no pulse discernible at her wrist, we had reason for believing that a favourable change had taken place. After remaining in silence by her side for about a quarter of an hour, during which she seemed asleep, I took my departure, and conveyed the delightful intelligence to the poor sufferer without, that his hopes were justified by the situation in which I had left my sweet patient. I succeeded in persuading him to accompany me home, and restoring him to a little composure; but the instant that he had swallowed a hasty cup of coffee, without waiting even to see his little boy, who was being dressed to come down as usual to breakfast, he left the house and returned to the hospital, where I found him, as before on driving up about twelve o'clock, but walking calmly to and fro before the gates. What anguish was written in his features! But a smile passed over them—a joyful air, as he told me, before I could quit my carriage, that all was still going on well. It was so, I ascertained; and on returning from the hospital, I almost forced him into my carriage, and drove off to his lodgings, where I stayed till he had got into bed, and had solemnly promised me to remain there till I called in the evening.

For three days Mrs. Elliott continued in the most critical circumstances; during which her husband was almost every other hour at the hospital, and at length so wearied every one with his anxious and incessant inquiries, that they would hardly give him civil answers any longer. Had I not twice bled him with my own hand, and myself administered to him soothing and lowering medicines, he would certainly, I think, have gone raving mad. On the fifth day Mrs. Elliott was pronounced out of danger, but continued, of course, in a very exhausted state.—Her first inquiries were about her husband, then her little Henry: and on receiving a satisfactory answer, a sweet and sad smile stole over

her features, and her feeble fingers gently compressed mine. Before I quitted her, she asked whether her husband might be permitted to see her—I of course answered in the negative. A tear stole down her cheek, but she did not attempt to utter a syllable.

The presence of professional engagements did not admit of my seeing Mr. Elliott more than once or twice during the next week. I frequently heard of him, however, at the hospital, where he called constantly three times a day, but had not yet been permitted to see Mrs. Elliott, who was considered, and in my opinion justly, unequal to the excitement of such an interview.

The dreadful mental agony in which he had spent the last fortnight, was calculated to produce the most fatal effects upon his eyesight—of which, indeed, he seemed himself but too conscious, for every symptom of which he had complained was most fearfully aggravated.—Nevertheless, I could not prevail upon him—at least, he said, for the present—to continue his visits to the Eye Infirmary. He said, with a melancholy air, that he had too many, and very different matters to attend to—and he must postpone, for the present, all attention to his own complaints. Alas! he had many other subjects of anxiety than his own ailments? Supposing his wife to be restored to him, even in a moderate degree of strength and convalescence—what prospect was before them? What means of obtaining a livelihood? What chance was there of her inexorable old father changing his fell purposes?—Was his wife then to quit the scene of her almost mortal sufferings, only to perish before his eyes—of want—and her father wallowing in wealth!—the thought was horrible!—Elliott sat at home, alone, thinking of these things, and shuddered; he quitted his home and wandered through the streets with vacant eye and blighted heart.—He wandereth abroad for bread, saying, where is it? He knoweth that the day of darkness is ready at his hand.*

Friday. This morning my wife called, at my suggestion, to see Mrs. Elliott, accompanied by her little boy, whom I had perceived she was pining to see. I thought they might meet without affording ground for uneasiness as to the result.

'My little Henry!' exclaimed a low soft voice as my wife and child were silently ushered into the room where lay Mrs. Elliott, wasted almost to a shadow, her face and hands,—said my wife—white as the lily. 'Come, love—kiss me!' she faintly murmured; and my wife brought the child to the bed-side, and lifting him upon her knee, inclined his face towards his mother. She feebly placed her arm around his neck, and pressed him to her bosom.

'Let me see his face!' she whispered, removing her arm.

She gazed tenderly at him for some minutes; the child looking first at her and then at my wife with mingled fear and surprise.

'How like his father!' she murmured—kiss me again, love!—Don't be afraid of your poor mother, Harry! Her eyes filled with tears.

* Job, xv. 23.

'Am I so altered?' said she to my wife, who stammered yes and no in one breath.

'Has he been a good boy?'
'Very—very'—replied my wife, turning aside her head, unable for a moment to look either mother or son in the face. Mrs. Elliott perceived my wife's emotion, and her chill fingers gently grasped her hand.

'Does he say his prayers?—you've not forgotten that, Harry!'

'The child, whose little breast was beginning to heave, shook his head, and lisped a faint—'No, mamma!'

'God bless thee, my darling!' exclaimed his mother, in a low tone, closing her eyes.—'He will not desert thee—nor thy parents!—He feeds the young ravens when they cry!' She paused, and the tears trembled through her almost transparent eyelids. My wife, who had with the utmost difficulty restrained her feelings, leaned over the poor sufferer, pressed her lips to her forehead, and gently taking the child with her, stepped hastily from the room. As soon as they had got into the matron's parlour, where my wife sat down for a few moments, her little companion burst into tears, and cried as if his heart would break. The matron tried to pacify him, but in vain. 'I hope, ma'am,' said she, to my wife, 'he did not cry in this way before his mother?—Dr. ——— and Mr. ——— both say that she must not be agitated in any way, or they will not answer for the consequence.'—At this moment I made my appearance, having called, in passing, to pay a visit to Mrs. Elliott; but hearing how much her late interview had overcome her, I left, taking my wife and little Elliott—still sobbing—with me, and promised to look in, if possible, in the evening. I did so, accordingly; and found her happily none the worse for the emotion occasioned by her first interview with her child, since her illness. She expressed herself very grateful to me for the care which she said we had evidently taken of him—'and how like he grows to his poor father!'—she added. 'Oh! Doctor—when may I see him?—Do—dear doctor, let us meet, if it be but for a moment! Oh, how I long to see him! I will not be agitated! It will do me more good than all the medicine in this building!'

'In a few days time, my dear madam, I assure you!—'

'Why not to-morrow?—oh, if you knew the good that one look of his would do me—he does not look ill?' she inquired suddenly.

'He—he looks certainly rather harassed on your account; but in other respects he is!—'

'Promise me—let me see for myself; oh bring him with you!—I—I—own I could not bear to see him alone, but in your presence—do, dear doctor! promise!—I shall sleep so sweetly to-night if you will!'

Her looks—her tender murmuring voice, overcame me; and I promised to bring Mr. Elliott with me some time on the morrow. I bade her good-night.

'Remember, doctor!' she whispered as I rose to go.

'I will!'—said I, and quitted the room, already almost repenting of the rash promise I had made. But who could have resisted her?

Sweet soul! what was to become of thee! Bred up in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to have every wish gratified—every want anticipated—what kind of scene awaited thee of returning to thy humble lodgings—

'Where hopeless! Anguish pours her groan,
And lonely Want retired to die!'

For was it not so. What miracle was to save them from starvation? Full of such melancholy reflections, I walked home, resolved to leave no stone unturned on their behalf, and pledged myself and wife that the forty pounds we had already collected for the Elliotts from among our benevolent friends, should be raised to a hundred, however great might be the deficiency we made up ourselves.

Saturday. I was preparing to pay some early visits to distant patients, and arranging so as to take Mr. Elliott with me on my return, which I calculated would be about two o'clock, to pay the promised visit to Mrs. Elliott—when my servant brought me a handful of letters which had that moment been left by the twopenny postman. I was going to cram them all into my pocket, and read them in the carriage, when my eye was attracted by one of them much larger than the rest, sealed with a black seal, and the address in Elliott's hand-writing. I instantly resumed my seat; and placing the other letters in my pocket, proceeded to break the seal with some trepidation,—which increased to a sickening degree when four letters fell out—all of them sealed with black, and in Elliott's hand-writing, and addressed respectively to—'Jacob Hillary, Esq.'—'Mrs. Elliott,'—'Henry Elliott,'—and 'Dr. ———' (myself.) I sat for a minute or two, with this terrible array before me, scarce daring to breathe, or to trust myself with my thoughts—when my wife entered, leading in her constant companion, little Elliott, to take their leave, as usual, before I set out for the day. The sight of 'Henry Elliott,' to whom one of these portentous letters was addressed, overpowered me. My wife, seeing me discomposed, was beginning to inquire the reason, when I rose, and with gentle force put her out of the room and bolted the door, hurriedly telling her that I had just received unpleasant accounts concerning one or two of my patients. With trembling hands I opened the letter which was addressed to me, and read with infinite consternation as follows:—

'When you are reading these lines, kind doctor! I shall be sweetly sleeping the sleep of death. All will be over; there will be one wretch the less upon the earth.'

'God, before whom I shall be standing face to face, while you read this letter, will, I hope, have mercy upon me, and forgive me for appearing before Him uncalled. Amen!'

'But I could not live. I felt blindness—the last curse—descending upon me—blindness and beggary. I saw my wife broken-hearted. Nothing but misery and starvation before her and her child.'

'Oh, has she not loved me with a noble love? And yet it is thus I leave her? But she knows how through life I have returned her love, and she will hereafter find that love alone led me to take this dreadful step.'

'Grievous has been the misery she has bore for my sake. I thought, in marrying her, that I might have overcome the difficulties which threatened us—that I might have struggled at least for our bread; but he ordered otherwise, and it has been in vain for me to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow.'

'Why did I leave life? Because I know, as if a voice from Heaven had told me, that my death will reconcile Mary and her father. It is me alone whom he hates, and her only on my account. When I shall be gone, he will receive her to his arms, and she and my son shall be happy.'

'Oh, my God! that I shall never see the face of Mary again, or ——— But presently she will look at our son, and she will revive.'

'I entreat you, as in the name of the dead—it is a voice from the grave—to be yourself the bearer of this news to Mary, when, and as you may think fit. Give her this letter, and also give, yourself, to Mr. Hillary the letter which bears his dreadful name upon it. I know, I feel, that it will open his heart, and he will receive them to his arms.'

'I have written also a few lines to my son. Ah, my boy, your father will be mouldered into dust before you will understand what I have written. Grieve for your unfortunate father, but do not—disown him!'

'As for you, best of men, my only friend, farewell! Forgive all the trouble I have given. God reward you. You will be in my latest thoughts. I have written to you last.'

'Now I have done. I am calm; the bitterness of death is past. Farewell! The grave—the darkness of death is upon my soul—but I have no fear. To-night, before this candle shall have burnt out—at midnight—Oh, Mary! Henry!—Shall we ever meet again? 'H. E.'

I read this letter over half a dozen times, for every paragraph pushed the preceding one out of my memory. Then I took up mechanically and opened the letter addressed to his son. It contained a large lock of his father's hair, and the following verses,* written in a great straggling hand.

'I have wished for death; wherefore do I not call for my son?'

'My son, when I am dead, bury me; and despise not thy mother, but honour her all the days of thy life, and do that which shall please her, and grieve her not.'

'Remember, my son, that she saw many dangers for thee, when thou wast in her womb, and when she is dead, bury her by me in one grave.'

'Thus, on the point of death, writes thy father to his beloved son. Remember! HENRY ELLIOTT.'

As soon as I had somewhat recovered the shock occasioned by the perusal of these letters, I folded them all up, stepped hastily into my carriage, and postponing all my other visits, drove off direct to the lodgings of Mr. Elliott. The woman of the house was standing at the door talking earnestly with one or two persons.

* From the Apocrypha. Tobit. ch. iv. 2, 3, 4.

'Where is Mr. Elliott?' I inquired, leaping out of the carriage.

'That's what we want to know, sir,' replied the woman, very pale. 'He must have gone out very late last night, sir, and hasn't been back since; for when I looked into his room this morning to ask about breakfast, it was empty.'

'Did you observe any thing particular in his appearance last night?' I inquired, preparing to ascend the little staircase.

'Yes, sir, very wild-like! And about eight or nine o'clock, he comes to the top of the stairs, and calls out, "Mrs. —, did you hear that noise? Didn't you see something?" "Lord, sir," said I, in a taking, he spoke so sudden, "no; there wasn't any sound whatsoever!"—so he went into his room, and shut the door, and I have never seen him since.'

I hastened to his room. A candlestick, its candle burnt down to the socket, stood on the little table at which he generally sat, together with a pen or two, an inkstand, black wax, a sheet of paper, and a Bible opened at the place from which he had copied the words addressed to his son. The room was apparently just as its unfortunate and frantic occupant had quitted it. I opened the table-drawer; it was full of paper which had been covered with writing, and was now torn into small fragments. One half sheet was left, full of strange incoherent expressions, apparently forming part of a prayer, and evincing, alas! how fearfully the writer's reason was disturbed! But where was poor Elliott? What mode of death had he selected?

At first I thought of instantly advertising and describing his person and issuing hand-bills about the neighbourhood; but at length determined to wait till the Monday's newspapers made their appearance—some one of which might contain intelligence concerning him which might direct my movements. And in the meantime—how was I to appear before Mrs. Elliott, and account for my not bringing her husband?—I determined to send her a written excuse, on the score of pressing and unexpected engagements, but promising to call upon her either on Sunday or Monday. I resolved to do nothing rashly; for it glanced across my mind, as possible, that Elliott had not really carried into execution the dreadful intentions expressed in his letter to me, but had resorted to a stratagem only in order to terrify Mr. Hillary into a reconciliation. This notion took such full possession of my heated imagination, that I at length lost sight of all the glaring improbabilities attending it. Alas, however, almost the first paragraph that fell under my hurried eye, in scanning over the papers of Monday, was the following:—

'On Saturday, about 8 o'clock in the morning, some labourers discovered the body of a man of respectable appearance, apparently about thirty years old, floating, without a hat, in the New River. It was immediately taken out of the water, but life seemed to have been for some hours extinct. One or two letters were found upon his person, but the MS. too much spread and blotted with the water to afford any clue to the identity of the unfortunate person. The body lies at the Red Boar public house, where a

coroner's inquest is summoned for to-day at 12 o'clock.'

I drove off to the place mentioned in the paragraph, and arrived there just as the jury was assembling. There was a considerable crowd about the doors. I sent in my card; and stating that I believed I could identify the body for which the inquest was summoned, I was allowed to view the corpse, and ushered at once into the room where it lay.

I wish Mr. Hillary could have entered that room with me, and have stood beside me, as I stepped shuddering forward, and perceived that I was looking upon—his victim! The body lay with its wet clothes undisturbed, just as it had been taken out of the water. The damp hair—the eyes wide open—the hands clenched as if in the agonies of death.

Here lay the husband of Mrs. Elliott—the fond object of her unconquerable love! This was he to whom she had written so tenderly on quitting him! Here lay he whom she had so sweetly consoled by almost daily messages through me! This was he to whom, with a pious confidence, she had predicted her speedy and happy return! This was the father of her sweet boy who sate pratingly at my table only that moment! This—wretch! monster! fiend! this is the body of him you flung, on an infamous charge, into the dungeons of Newgate! This is the figure of him that shall hereafter—

I could bear it no longer, and rushed from the room in an agony! After drinking a glass of water, I recovered my self-possession sufficiently to make my appearance in the jury room; where I deposed such facts—carefully concealing only, for Mrs. Elliott and her son's sake, the causes which led to the commission of the fatal act—as satisfied the jury that the deceased had destroyed himself while in a state of mental derangement; and they returned their verdict accordingly.

After directing the immediate removal of the body to the house where Mr. Elliott had lodged—the scene of so many agonies—of such intense and undeserved misery—I drove off; and though quite unequal to the task, hurried through my round of patients, anxious to be at leisure in the evening for the performance of the solemn—the terrible duty—imposed upon me by poor Elliott—the conveying his letter to Mr. Hillary, and communicating at the same time, with all the energy in my power, the awful results of his cruel, his tyrannical, his unnatural conduct. How I prayed that God would give me power to shake that old man's guilty soul!

Our dinner was sent away that day almost untouched. My wife and I interchanged but few and melancholy words; our noisy, lively, little guest was not present to disturb, by his innocent sallies, the mournful silence; for, unable to bear his presence, I had directed that he should not be brought down that day. I had written to Mrs. Elliott a brief and hasty line, saying—that I had just seen Mr. Elliott! but that it would be impossible for either of us to call upon her that day! adding that I would certainly call upon her the day after—and—Heaven pardon the equivocation!—bring Mr. Elliott, if possible, which I

feared might be doubtful as his eyes were under very active treatment.

I have had to encounter in my time many, very many trying and terrible scenes, but I never approached any with so much apprehension and anxiety as the one now cast upon me. Fortifying myself with a few glasses of wine, I put poor Elliott's letter to Mr. Hillary in my pocket-book, and drove off for—Square. I reached the house about eight o'clock. My servant, by my direction, thundered impetuously at the door—a startling summons I intended it to be! The porter threw open the door almost before my servant had removed his hand from the knocker.

'Is Mr. Hillary at home?' I inquired, stepping hurriedly from my carriage, with the fearful letter in my hand. 'He is, sir,' said the man, with a hurried air—'But—he—does not receive company, sir, since my mistress's death.'

'Take my card to him, sir. My name is Dr. —. I must see Mr. Hillary instantly.'

I waited in the hall for a few moments, and then received a message, requesting me to walk into the back drawing-room. There I saw Miss Gubbley, as the servant told me—alone, and dressed in deep mourning. What I had heard of this woman inspired me with the utmost contempt and hatred for her. What a countenance! Meanness, malice, cunning, and sycophancy seemed struggling for the ascendant in its expression.

'Pardon me, madam—my business,' said I, peremptorily, 'is not with you, but with Mr. Hillary. Him I must see, and immediately.'

'Dr. —, what is the matter?' she inquired with mingled anger and anxiety in her countenance.

'I have a communication, madam, for Mr. Hillary's private ear—and must see him; I insist upon seeing him immediately.'

'This is strange conduct, sir—really,' said Miss Gubbley, in an impudent manner, but her features becoming every moment paler and paler. 'Have you not already?'

I unceremoniously pushed the malignant little parasite aside, opened the folding doors, and stepped instantly into the presence of the man I at once desired and dreaded to see. He sat on the sofa, in the attitude and with the expression of a man who had been suddenly aroused from sleep.

'Dr. —!' he exclaimed, with an astonished and angry air—'Your servant doctor!—What's the meaning of all this?'

'I am sorry to intrude upon you, Mr. Hillary—especially after the unpleasant manner in which our acquaintance was terminated—but—I have a dreadful duty to perform—pointing to the letter I held, and turning towards him its black seal. He saw it. He seemed rather startled or alarmed: motioned me, with a quick anxious bow, to take a seat, and resumed his own. 'Excuse me, Mr. Hillary—but we must be alone,' said I, pointing to Miss Gubbley, who had followed me with a suspicious and insolent air, exclaiming, as she stepped hastily towards Mr. Hillary—'Don't suffer this conduct, sir! It's very incorrect—very, sir.'

'We must be alone, sir,' I repeated, calmly.

and peremptorily, 'or I shall retire at once. You would never cease to repent that, sir,' and Mr. Hillary, as if he had suddenly discovered some strange meaning in my eye, motioned the pertinacious intruder to the door, and she reluctantly obeyed. I drew my chair near Mr. Hillary, who seemed, by this time, thoroughly alarmed.

'Will you read this letter, sir?' said I, handing it to him. He took it into his hand; looked first at the direction; then at the seal, and lastly at me in silence.

'Do you know that hand writing, sir?' I inquired.

He stammered in answer in the negative.

'Look at it, sir, again. You ought to know it; you must know it well.' He laid down the letter; fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket for his glasses; placed them with infinite trepidation upon his forehead, and again took the letter into his hands, which shook violently; and his sight was so confused with agitation, that I saw he could make nothing of it.

'It seems—it appears to be—a man's hand, sir. Whose is it? What is it about? What's the matter?' he exclaimed, looking at me over his glasses with a frightened stare.

'I have attended, sir, a coroner's inquest this morning—The letter dropped instantly from Mr. Hillary's shaking hand upon the floor: his lips slowly opened.

'The writer of that letter, sir, was found drowned on Saturday last.' I continued slowly, looking steadfastly at him, and feeling myself grow paler every moment—'This day I saw the body—stretched upon the shutter of an inn. Oh, those awful eyes! The hair matted and muddy! Those clenched hands—Horror filled my soul as I looked at all this, and thought of you!'

His lips moved, he uttered a few unintelligible sounds, and his face, suddenly bedewed with perspiration, assumed one of the most ghastly expressions that a human countenance could exhibit. I remained silent, nor did he speak; but the big drops rolled from his forehead and fell upon the floor. In the pierglass opposite, to which my eye was attracted by seeing some moving figure reflected in it I beheld the figure of Miss Gubbley: who having been no doubt listening at the door, could no longer subdue her terrified curiosity, and stole into the room on tip-toe, and stood terror-stricken behind my chair. Her presence seemed to restore Mr. Hillary to consciousness.

'Take her away—go away—go—go!' he murmured, and I led her, unresisting, from the room, and, to be secured from her further intrusion, bolted both the doors.

'You had better read the letter, sir,' said I with a deep sigh, resuming my seat; his eyes remained rivetted on me.

'I—I—I—cannot, sir!' he stammered. A long pause ensued. 'If—she—had but called'—he gasped, 'but once—or sent—after her—her mother's death'—and with a long groan he leaned forward, and fell against me.

'She did call, sir. She came the day after her mother's death,' said I, shaking my head sorrowfully.

"No, she didn't," he replied, suddenly looking at me with a stupefied air.

"Then her visit was cruelly concealed from you, sir. Poor creature, I know she called."

He rose slowly from the posture in which he had remained for the last few moments, clenched his trembling fists, and shook them with impotent anger. "Who--who," he muttered, "who dared---I---I---I'll ring the bell. I'll have all the--"

"Would you have really received her, then, sir, if you had known of her calling?"

His lips moved, he attempted in vain to utter an answer, and sobbed violently, covering his face with his hands.

"Come, Mr. Hillary, I see," said I, in a somewhat milder manner, "that the feelings of a father are not utterly extinguished---he burst into vehement weeping---and I hope that---that---you may live to repent what you have done; to redress the wrongs you have committed! Your poor persecuted daughter, Mr. Hillary, is not dead." He uttered a sudden sharp cry that alarmed me; grasped my hands, and carrying them to his lips, kissed them in a kind of ecstasy.

"Tell me---say plainly---only say---that Mary is alive!"

"Well, then, sir, your daughter is alive, but"

"He fell upon his knees, and groaned, 'Oh God, I thank thee! I thank thee! How I thank thee!'"

I waited till he had in some measure recovered from the ecstasy of emotion into which my words had thrown him, and assisted in loosening his shirt-collar, and neck-handkerchief, which seemed to oppress him.

"Who---then---he stammered---'who was---found drowned---the coroner's inquest!'"

"Her poor broken-hearted husband, sir, who will be buried at my expense in a day or two."

He covered his face with his hands, and cried bitterly.

"This letter was written by him to you, sir; and he sent it to me only a few hours, it seems, before he destroyed himself, and commissioned me to deliver it to you. Is not his blood, sir, lying at your door?"

"Oh Lord, have mercy on me! Lord---Christ---forgive me! Lord, forgive a guilty old sinner," he groaned, sinking again upon his knees, and wringing his hands. "I---I am his murderer! I feel---I know it!"

"Shall I read to you, sir, his last words?" said I.

"Yes, but---they'll choke me. I can't bear them. He sank back exhausted upon the sofa. I took up the letter, which had remained till then upon the floor since he had dropped it from his palsied grasp, and opened it, read with faltering accents the following:--

"For your poor dear daughter's sake, sir,---who is now a widow and a beggar, abandon your fierce and cruel resentment. I know that I am the guilty cause of all her misery. I have suffered, and paid the full penalty of my sin! And I am, when you read this, amongst the dead.

"Forgive me, father of my beloved and suffering wife! Forgive me, as I forgive you, in this solemn moment, from my heart, whatever wrongs you have done me!"

"Let my death knock loudly at your heart's door, so that it may open and take in my suffering---perishing Mary---your Mary, and our unoffending little one! I know it will! Heaven tells me that my sacrifice is accepted! I die full of grief, but contented, in the belief that all will be well with the dear ones I leave behind me. God incline your heart to mercy! Farewell! So prays your unhappy---guilty son-in-law,---HENRY ELLIOTT."

It was a long while before my emotion, almost blinding my eyes and choking my utterance, permitted me to conclude this melancholy letter. Mr. Hillary sat all the while aghast.

"The gallows is too good for me!" he gasped: "oh, what a monster! what a wretch have I been! Ay, I'll surrender! I know I'm guilty! It's all my doing! I confess all! It was I---it was I put him in prison." I looked darkly at him as he uttered these last words, and shook my head in silence.

"Ah! I see---I see you know it all! Come then! Take me away! Away with me to Newgate. Any how you like. I'll plead guilty." He attempted to rise, but sank back again into his seat.

"But---where's Mary?" he gasped.

"Alas," I replied, "she does not yet know that she is a widow! that her child is an orphan! She has herself, poor meek soul, been lying for many days at the gates of death, and even yet, her fate is more than doubtful!"

"Where is she? Let me know---tell me or I shall die. Let me know where I may go and drop down at her feet, and ask her forgiveness!"

"She is in a common hospital, a lying-in hospital, sir, where she, a few days ago only, gave birth to a dead child, after enduring, for the whole time of her pregnancy, the greatest want and misery! She has worked her poor fingers to the bone, Mr. Hillary,---she has slaved like a common servant for her child, her husband, and yet she has hardly found bread for them."

"Oh! stay, stay, doctor. A common hospital! My daughter---a common hospital!" repeated Mr. Hillary, pressing his hand to his forehead, and starting vacantly at me.

"Yes, sir---a common hospital!---Where else could she go to? God be thanked, sir, for finding such resources, such places of refuge, for the poor and forsaken! She fled thither to escape starvation, and to avoid eating the bread scarce sufficient for her husband and her child! I have seen her enduring such misery as would have softened the heart of a fiend!---And, good God! how am I to tell her what has happened? How I shudder at the task that her dead husband has imposed upon me!---What am I to say to her? Tell me, Mr. Hillary, for I am confounded---I am in despair! How shall I break to her this frightful event?"---Mr. Hillary groaned---"Pray, tell me, sir," I continued, with real sternness, "what am I to do? How am I to face your wretched daughter in the morning! She has been unable even to see her husband for a moment since her illness. How will she bear being told that she will never see him again? I shall be almost guilty of her murder!"

I paused, greatly agitated.

"Tell her---tell her---conceal the death," he

gasped, "and tell her first that all's forgiven, if she'll accept my forgiveness, and forgive me! Tell her---be sure to tell her---that my whole fortune is her's---and her child's---surely that---I will make my will afresh. Every half-penny shall go to her and her child. It shall, so help me God!"

"Poor creature!" I exclaimed bitterly, "can money heal thy broken heart?" I paused. "You may relent, Mr. Hillary, and receive your unhappy daughter into your house again, but, believe me her heart will lie in her husband's grave?"

"Doctor, doctor! You are killing me!" he exclaimed, every feature writhing under the scourings of remorse. "Tell me! only tell me what can I do more? This house---all I have is her's, for the rest of her life. She may turn me into the streets. I'll live on bread and water, they shall roll in gold. But, oh, where is she! where is she? I'll send the carriage instantly." He rose, as if intending to ring the bell.

"No, no, Mr. Hillary; she must not be disturbed! She must remain at her present abode under the roof of charity, where she lies---sweet being! humble and grateful among her sisters in suffering!"

"I---I'll give a thousand pounds to the charity---I will. I'll give a couple of thousands---so help me God, I will. And I'll give it in the name of a Repentant Old Sinner. Oh, I'll do every thing that a guilty wretch can do. But I must see my daughter! I must hear her blessed innocent lips say that she forgives me."

"Pause, sir," said I solemnly---"you know not that she will live to leave the hospital, or receive your penitent acknowledgements---that she will not die while I am telling her the horrid!"

"What has she yet to hear of it?" he exclaimed, looking aghast.

"I told you so, sir, some time ago."

"Oh, yes you did---you did---but I forgot.---Lord, Lord, I feel I'm going!" He rose feebly from the sofa, and staggered for a moment to and fro, but his knees refused their support, and he sank down again upon his seat, where he sat staring at me with a full glassy eye, while I proceeded.

"Another melancholy duty remains to be performed. I think, sir, you should see his remains."

"I see the body!" Fright flitted over his face. "Do you wish to see me drop down before it, sir? I see the body? It would burst out a bleeding directly I got into the room---for I murdered him! Oh God, forgive me! Oh spare me such a sight!"

"Well sir since your alarm is so great, that sad sight is spared; but there is one thing you must do"---I paused; he looked at me apprehensively---"testify your repentance, sir, by following his poor remains to the grave."

"I---I could not! It's no use frightening me thus, doctor. I---I tell you I should die---I should never return home alive. But if you'll allow it, my carriage shall follow. I'll give orders this very night for a proper, a splendid funeral, such as is fit for my---my---son-in-law! He shall be buried in my vault. No, no, that cannot be for then,"---he shuddered; "I must lie beside him!"

But, I cannot go to the funeral! Lord, Lord, how the crowd would stare at me! how they would hoot me! They would tear me out of the coach. No," he trembled, "spare me that also! kind sir, spare me attending the funeral! I'll remain home in my room in the dark all that day upon my knees, but I cannot, nay, I will not follow him to the grave. The tolling of that bell," his voice died away; "would kill me."

"There is yet another thing sir. His little boy," my voice faltered, "is living at my house perhaps you would refuse to see him, for he is very much like his wretched father."

"Oh bring him! bring him!" he murmured. "How I will worship him! what I will do for him! But how his murdered father will always look out his eyes at me! Oh my God! whither shall I go, what must I do to escape? Oh that I had died and been buried with my poor wife, the other day before I had heard of all this!"

"You would have heard of it hereafter, sir."

"Ah, that's it! I know it, I know what you mean, and I feel it's true. Yes, I shall be damned for what I have done. Such a wretch; how can I expect forgiveness? Oh, will you read a prayer with me? No, I'll pray myself; no."

"Pray, sir; and may your prayers be heard! And also pray that I may be able to tell safely my awful message to your daughter, that the blow may not smite her into the grave! And lastly, sir," I added, rising and addressing him with all the emphasis and solemnity I could, "I charge you, in the name of God, to make no attempt to see your daughter; or send to her, till you see or hear from me again."

He promised to obey my injunctions, imploring me to call upon her the next day, and, grasping my hand between his own with a convulsive energy, so that I could not extricate it but with some little force. As I had never once offered a syllable of sympathy throughout our interview, so I quitted his presence coldly and sternly, while he threw himself down at full length upon the sofa, and I heard his half-choked exclamation, "Lord, Lord what is to become of me!"

On reaching the back drawing-room, I encountered Miss Gubbley walking to and fro, excessively pale and agitated. I had uncoiled that little viper, I had plucked it from the heart into which it had crept, and so far I felt that I had not failed in that night's errand! I foresaw her speedy dismissal; and it took place within a day or two of that on which I had visited Mr. Hillary.

The next day about noon, I called at the lodgings where Elliott's remains were lying, in order that I might make a few simple arrangements for a speedy funeral.

"Oh, here's Dr. ---!" exclaimed the woman of the house, to a gentleman dressed in black, who, with two others in similar habiliments, were just quitting. "These here gentlemen, sir, are come about the funeral, sir, of poor dear Mr. Elliott." I begged them to return into the house. "I presume, sir," said I, "you have been sent here by Mr. Hillary's orders?"

"A Mr. Hillary did me the honour, sir, to request me to call, sir," replied the polite man of death with a low bow, "and am favoured with

the expression of his wishes, sir, to spare no expense in showing his respect for the deceased. So my men have just measured the body, sir, the shell will be here to-night, sir, the leaden coffin the day after, and two other coffins!"

"Stop, sir, Mr. Hillary is premature. He has quite mistaken my wishes, sir. I act as the executor of Mr. Elliott, and Mr. Hillary has no concern whatever with the burial of these remains."

He bowed with an air of mingled astonishment and mortification.

"It is my wish, and intention, sir, said I, that this unfortunate gentleman be buried in the simplest and most private manner possible!"

"Oh, sir! but Mr. Hillary's orders to me were, pardon me, sir, so very liberal, to do the thing in a gentlemanlike way!"

"I tell you again, that Mr. Hillary has nothing whatever to do with the matter; nor shall I admit of his interference. If you choose to obey my orders, you will procure a plain deal coffin, a hearse and pair, and one mourning coach, and provide a grave in—churchyard, nay, open Mr. Hillary's vault and bury there, if he will permit."

"I really think, sir, you'd better employ a person in a small way," said he, casting a grum look at his two attendants. "I'm not accustomed!"

"You may retire then, sir at once," said I; and with a lofty bow the great undertaker withdrew. No! despised, persecuted, and forsaken had poor Elliott been in his life; there should be, I resolved, no splendid mockery, no fashionable foolery about his burial! I chose for him not the vault of Mr. Hillary, but a grave in the humble churchyard of —, where the poor suicide might slumber in "penitential loneliness!"

He was buried as I wished, no one attending the funeral but myself, the proprietor of the house in which he had lived at the period of his death, and one of his early and humble acquaintances, who had been present at his marriage. I had wished to carry with us, as chief mourner, little Elliott, by way of fulfilling, as far as possible, the touching injunctions left by his father; but my wife dissuaded me from it. "Well, poor Elliott," said I, as I took my last look into his grave,

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well!"

Heaven forgive the rash act which brought his days to an untimely close, and him whose cruelty and wickedness occasioned it!"

I shall not bring the reader again into the guilty and gloomy presence of Mr. Hillary. His hard heart was indeed broken by the blow that poor Elliott had so recklessly struck, and whose mournful prophecy was in this respect fulfilled. Providence decreed that the declining days of the inexorable and unnatural parent should be clouded with a wretchedness that admitted of neither intermission nor alleviation, equally destitute as he was of consolation from the past and hope from the future.

And his daughter! O disturb not the veil that has fallen over the broken-hearted!

Never again did the high and noble spirit of

Mary Elliott lift itself up; for her heart lay buried in her young husband's grave, the grave dug for him by the eager and cruel hands of her father. In vain did those hands lavishly scatter about her all the splendours and luxuries of unbounded wealth; they could never divert her cold undazzled eye from the mournful image of him whose death had purchased them; and what could she see ever beside her, in her too late repentant father, but his murderer!—*Finis.*

THE GOSPEL.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Night wraps the realm where Jesus woke—

No guiding star the Magi see,

And heavy hangs Oppression's yoke,

Where first the Gospel said 'be free.'

And where the harps of angels bore

High message to the shepherd throng,

'Good will and peace' are heard no more

To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

Swarth India, with her idol-train,

Bends low, by Ganges' worshipped tide,

Or drowns the Suttie's shriek of pain,

With thundering song and pagan pride.

On Persia's hills the Sophis grope,

Dark Burma greets Salvation's ray,

E'en jealous China's door of hope

Unbars to give the gospel way.

Old Ocean, with his isles, awakes,—

Cold Greenland feels mysterious flame,

And humble Afric wondering takes

On her sad lips a Saviour's name.

Their steps the forest children stay,

Bound in Oblivion's voiceless shore,

And lift their red brows to the day,

Which from the opening skies doth pour.

Oh aid with prayer that holy light

Which from eternal death can save,

And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,

Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

Still in the forming hour of youth,

Combine with Education's sway

Those seeds of heaven implanted truth,

Whose fruit can never know decay.

Kneel while unsullied joy doth glow

Resplendent on the blooming cheek,

And for the climes of heathen wo,

A blest Redeemer's pity seek.

Blest sweetly with the classic page

The love of Heaven, sublime and fair

So beauty's brow when dimmed with age,

The lustre of the soul shall wear.

The adjutant of a volunteer corps, doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out, 'all you that are without arms will please to hold up your hands?'

BROOKS' LETTERS.

No. LXXX. Things in Naples. Nov. 1835.

Our breakfast and our walks finished at Terracina,—walks not only over the hills, but among the fishermen on the sands of the shore,—and our passports signed, the most important act for the traveller of all, we bade adieu to that once famous city, and very soon entered the very passes of classic brigandage, if I may apply the phrase to places, where it is probable more robberies have been committed than in all the other places of the world. I venture to say, that no traveller for fifty years ever passed these passes with an easy heart, for here have flourished the most famous brigands of the earth, from Mastrillo, whose head long decorated the gates of Terracina, down to *Ira Diavolo*, the bandit of Itri. These bandits once descended in masses from the mountains whose sides overhang this road upon the sea, and then when they had plundered and murdered to their heart's content, they fled to their mountain caves, and defied pursuit. Soldiers are now stationed thickly upon this road, but notwithstanding even the presence of their arms, a robbery is now and then committed, even to this day. The people all about have the air of bandits. The cloaks that they suspend over their shoulders, and their slouching hats, give them a sinister aspect that no man wishes to trust. The narrow pass immediately beyond Terracina, was anciently called *Lantula*, and the classical reader will recognize it as the spot which was occupied by Fabius Maximus in the second Punic war, to prevent Hannibal's advance by the Apian Way. It is bordered upon one side by steep rocks and mountains, covered with an endless variety of beautiful flowers and shrubs, and on the other side it is washed by the sea. We journeyed along, as usual in such cases, talking earnestly of robbers and each deciding what we should do, if they came, which was to give up our money, and thanks be to the system of letters of credit, this was not much, when we came safely enough, of course, to the end of the Pope's dominions, where our passports were again signed, and entered those of his Neapolitan Majesty, where successive scenes occurred.

In Europe here, particularly in Italy, I have a horror upon entering a new sovereign's dominions; and which is most to be feared, the bandits of the mountains, or the bandits of the custom house, is a question I have not decided yet. Since the police on the confines of the Po sent my companion and myself over this stream to be quarantined in a vile village upon its banks, I approach a man of authority with an instinctive dread. Judge then, how we must have let, as a Neapolitan sallied from the gate of the barrier, with a pair of tongs in his hand, and demanding our passports, took them in these tongs, and then shrunk from us as if we were the plague. Two soldiers with fixed bayonets, prevented our further progress, which my new friend, (who, as I have said in a former letter, had tumbled from the Alps by the laws of gravitation, into Rome) attempting, in unconscious innocence to make, came back to us with his hair erect, at the bayonets bristling in his eyes, demanding what on earth this meant. Not knowing ourselves, of course, we could not answer; but after waiting a long time, the police officer came out, seeking an explanation of the German passport which my new friend had innocently got, he knew not how. The German, however, was a step beyond the Neapolitan's ken, and his Neapolitan Italian, particularly when he belated it, to make us hear, twenty feet off, or more, was many steps beyond us; but at last we explained, as we could, the German metamorphosis our American friend had gone through, as he had come

into Italy through the German dominions, whom he permitted to pass—our quarantine in Rome it appears having been fully out, and the police and all its minions hovered around us for a tea. We led them of course,—there is no other way, and passing but a short distance further, we went through another mill which took toll again, when arriving at Fondi, four miles further, we found that the Custom House Mill was yet to be passed, the worst mill of all. The custom house officers have the power to ransack a man's baggage as they please; and in Italy, generally speaking, they exercise this power less or more, according to the proportion that they think a man will pay to be free from them. At Fondi, the chief of the Custom House was one of the best built and as to personal beauty, the noblest man I ever saw. His head, his whole figure, seemed to be shaped in Nature's best mould. Under our system of government, I am certain, if there is any thing of intellect to be judged of by the face or head, that such a man must have been one of the very first men of his age. I looked upon his commanding figure with the same interest with which I would study the Belvedere Apollo;—and yet for a Neapolitan dollar, that man let all our baggage pass unexamined! And we gave him this dollar in public, and he turned to his companions laughingly and said, "Now we will have some wine and a dinner!" Such are the debasing influences of that order of society, which in some degree forces all to be knaves, and thus not only degrades the character, but even the intellect of mankind. The King rules by force, and taxes unwilling subjects by force. The people in revenge turn knaves, and cheat and rob when they think it can be done with impunity. A government sustained wholly by force over an unwilling people, must never expect to have subjects that are honest. The reward of such a state of society is for the knaves, not the virtuous.

Our second night's tarry was at Mola di Creta.—We had passed Itri, which is one of the most miserable bandit looking like villages in one of the prettiest countries on earth,—a country abounding with vines, figs, and the like good things of this world. The Cenotaph of Cicero is shown upon this road, erected to mark the spot where this, the greatest and "the last of the old Romans," was slain. Even the little pathway mentioned by Plutarch, as turning from the Apian Way down to the coast, when he was hastening to embark, is shown by the people. The road is lined with antiquities, and in walls and vineyards, they are to be seen. Hereabout, but antiquaries dispute upon these spots, was the famous villa of Cicero, his *Formianum*, as it is called, which once was so splendid a place that Cicero boasts of it and says—"BASILICAN habeo, non villam." A hotel called *Villa di Cicerone* now stands upon a villa which they suppose to be his, and in its garden are yet seen ruins of the *Formianum*. This, however, was not one of Cicero's villas, splendid as it was, for it appears that this great man not only knew how, but had the means to enjoy all the comforts, and the physical, as well as the intellectual luxuries of this life. On an eminence above Mola, is the tomb of Munatius Plancus, the disciple of Cicero, which is of a circular and magnificent form, like the mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, near Rome. At a short distance across the Bay, is the ancient city of Greta, which derives its name from Caieta, the faithful nurse of Æneas, whom he buried here. This ancient city rises on a little tongue of land out of the ocean as it were, and makes a beautiful appearance in the distance. It was near the harbor of Caieta that Ulysses landed on his return from Troy, and having sent some of his men to examine the coast, Antiphates, King of the Laestrygones, a giant, and a cannibal, seized them, devoured one, and by hurling rocks, sunk the whole fleet of Ulysses, save the war-

rior's own vessel. A fleet of fishing boats now occupy this sea. The race of men upon the shore, seem to be stricken by poverty, and all its attendant miseries. Beggars are thick, and importunate. All is but the saddened relics of a once famous bay where Romans loved to live, and whose praises the Roman poets sang.

The third morning we were up at early dawn, and off as usual on our journey. The ancient Liris was passed this day, now called the Garioglian. Near this river was the ancient Minturnæ, but above all that is to be seen of it now are the remains of an aqueduct, a theatre, and an amphitheatre. A marsh in this neighborhood was the spot to which Marius fled, when he fell into the power of the magistrates of Minturnæ. The reader will recollect that this Marius was the proud victor of Carthage, who disputed with Sylla the empire of Rome, but who, obliged at last to fly from Rome, was treacherously landed in these marshes at the mouth of the Liris, by the sailors to whom he had entrusted his life. At length the magistrates of Minturnæ found him here, concealed by a cottager, and dragging him quite naked from the fens, condemned him to death; but as no citizen could be found to undertake this office, a Gaul or Cimbrian was hired. The Gaul proceeded to his dungeon with his sword in hand to destroy him, but a glance from the eye of Marius, and the question "Dost thou dare to kill Marius?" unnerved his arm, that he threw down the sword and fled, crying, "I cannot kill Marius." The people of Minturnæ struck with astonishment, remorse ensued, and pity also, and Marius was let loose, and a vessel was given him to seek exile in another land. Carthage, the scene of his former glory, was the exile to which the winds drove him at last, but as soon as he landed there a Roman officer warned him off. Struck dumb with grief and surprise, he uttered not a word, and the officer demanding "what answer he should carry back to the Prætor," "tell him," he replied with a deep sigh, "that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting upon the ruins of Carthage," and then in the happiest manner proposing the late of that city and his own as warnings to the Prætor. Such circumstances as these, and those alone as they are recalled in journeying by the very spots, give interest to a road which otherwise would have no charms.

We coasted along during this day's journey the hills that produced the old Falernian wine, which Horace and other Roman Poets quaffed, and boasted of so much, and which in their day was more famous than are now the renowned vineyards upon the Rhine.—The *mons Mossicus* was in full sight, but not with its groves of old, nor its branches shining in the sun.—The modern Capua was the next place that attracted our attention, but this Capua is nearly three miles from that other Capua, that *altera Roma* too, as it was called, where the invading armies of Hannibal reposed after the fatal battle of Cumæ, and whose soft and subduing climate enervated him and his troops, and thus saved Rome itself. Modern Capua is but a dirty place, and but little is left even of the ruins of the ancient, but are what remain strewn over fields and vineyards as if to impress the traveller with the most melancholy ideas of fallen greatness, when he recalls to his mind the fact that this city once vied in splendor even with Rome itself. Aversa was our resting place for the third night, for we chose to enter Naples by day, and not in the darkness of night, which began to cover us by the time we were there. Early on the morning of the fourth day, we entered the beautiful and lively city with happy hearts, wearied with our journey, and rejoicing in seeing life and soul once more in the people among whom we were.—Rome was so sombre that there we always felt as if

we were in a tomb, but here all is action and vivacity and it is the first city I have seen, since I left London, that reminds me of any thing like what is daily visible in the busy cities of our own land. Never was there a city that made a more charming impression upon me as I entered it. The happy contrast it has with Rome is perhaps charm enough, but the novelties here are of commanding interest—the curious costume of men and horses—the strange exhibitions of character in the streets, where all the people seem to live—the squadrons of the Lazzaroni, &c.—in short, such things as might be expected to be seen where all houses are turned inside out, as it were, and thus all is made visible that only the household gods witnessed elsewhere. B.

Things in Naples.

No. LXXXI.

Nov. 1835.

Luckily is it that Naples is about the end of things to be seen in Italy, and that much of that which is to be seen here is unlike what is to be seen any where else. I have seen so many churches splendid in outward architecture, and princely in the decorations within, that I enter one now a task. I have seen so much of palaces, that even a woodman's hut would be a better treat. Paintings begin to lose their charm, and even Sculpture ceases to have that divinity which in my eyes it once had. A man's eyes become fatigued with splendor, as his appetite with sweets. Travelling and sight-seeing in Italy, at last begin to be as labor, a duty painful to be done, and one longs for repose, as if one was exhausted by study. I am quite weary myself, and I am quite sure too, that you must be weary of me, wandering, as I have been for a long time, among scenes which can little interest you in a land so utterly variant from this that I see here.

Thus lucky is it that Naples is at least the beginning of an end of the glories of Italy, and that this end is so diversified as to sharpen the eyes even of the dullest and saturated traveller. The smoke, the fire, the flames, and the earthquake of Vesuvius are here. That unearthed city of the dead, Pompeii, is also hereabout. This is the land of the Cæmæan Sibyl, and the Tartarus and the Elysian fields of the poets are here. If an American were to make Naples his first landing ground, as he put foot in this old world, his senses would be stupified by the strangeness of all things about him, but the constant novelties met with in months of travelling, have taken away from me almost all of that thrilling sensation that novelty first seen, inspires; and I have even crept up the sands of Vesuvius and walked down its awful crater, over fire and sulphur, with but common emotion. I will not keep you long in Naples then, though there are sights enough to be seen to make a book of letters out of.—I am anxious to get to Paris, and I shall travel there now, as fast as the mails will carry me, for Sicily is inaccessible under the present quarantine regulations of Naples, and if I go to Greece, I can see no prospect of getting back in this fever-fear that now rages in Italy, as to block up almost all the means of communication. Every day I have reason to say, and to believe that quarantines are worse than the plague or the cholera, for they shut me up, on whatever side I turn.

I ascended Vesuvius in company with my companions, among the first things I did in the vicinity of Naples. A tempting morning allured us from our homes on this mountain excursion; but no sooner were we on the sides of Vesuvius, than the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew the smoky sulphury vapor so in our faces, that, choked as we were, every step cost us infinite pain. Two of my companions mounted on donkeys, and ascended on them till we came to the ashes that no donkey can over-

come with a man upon his back, while two others of the party, one of whom was myself, trusted to our well tried legs, and commenced the ascent on foot. Two boys followed us with wine, and grapes, and bread, and eggs, which they well knew they could find a market for on high, as fatigue and exhaustion made us hungry or thirsty. Our route at first was among the vineyards that skirt the base and sides of Vesuvius, lands devastated, yet enriched and made luxuriant by the lava, and producing one of the most precious wines of Italy, the value of which may be known from its name of *Lacryma Christi*, or tears of Christ! We toiled up over the various strata of earth, the lava, &c. on our way,—now marching between what was once a boiling stream of lava,—now among pulverised ashes and cinders, and now over huge masses of stones, minerals and metals, all partly and irregularly fused and melted together, yet afterwards congealed in the oddest and most singular forms—with rocks, caves, and fissures rolled together like the waves of the sea, or some torrent blackened over, as it is tumbling down the cliffs. Our eyes marked out the course of the several streams that various eruptions had taken. We enjoyed what is said to be one of the most delightful views in the world, as well as we could, drenched in rain as we were. Naples and its bay were within this view, with the islands upon it, and so were the plains of *La Campagna Felice*, the happy country, as it is called. The ascent was not exceedingly difficult till we were within a mile of the highest summit, when it became one of the most painful I ever made, for it was not only steep, but our foothold was in the ashes which slid from under us, every step we took; and in addition to this, the sulphureous air that the wind drove in our faces, almost stopped respiration, as we would puff and puff to mount an inch higher. Many a time I thought I must give up, as I sank down in the ashes, unable to breathe the dreadful air, but when the vapors would clear away, I would mount again, and thus with resolution I puffed onward and upward, till at last my heart beat with joy, as I found myself on something that resembled level ground. But even here I could not see where I was, the vapor was so thick, blown as it yet was directly in our faces, and our guide, I am sure, might have conducted us all to the chasm of the crater, and then have tumbled us in with impunity, blinded as we were. At last, he put us in, and under the shelter of a little crater, where on one side we were protected from the storm and the vapor, having by our feet spouting flames, and in every cavity beside us, the intensity of the heat of an oven. In this magnificent fire-place, we devoured the bread, the wine and the grapes, and there roasting our eggs, made as excellent a repast as we could desire. The rain fell upon us, it is true, but the heat dried us as fast as we were wet. I turned to my right, and found an over coat of mine, with which I had made so many campaigns, that the worse it looked the more I valued it, burnt through and through on the lava rock where I hung it to dry. My shoes were finished too;—and my companions upon examination found themselves well scorched while they were laughing at me. Our little crater chasm became too hot for us in fact, and we sallied out in the storm again, over the lava billows now congealed, to see the grandest of all the craters, whence came all the smoke, the rocks and the flames. Along we went feeling our way as it were, blinded by the vapor or the smoke, and coughing and suffocating almost, as the sulphur rushed in upon our lungs. Certain I am, that if I could only have seen Satan here, I never should have had doubt that this was his home, for never did description or fancy put him in so awful a place. At last I came upon his very throne, as it were, for I presume it is settled that his throne sinks as deep in the earth as the thrones of

other princes rise above it. This throne, I fancied, might be the very crater of the volcano, and horrid and direful enough was the pit, even to be the throne of Satan himself! I looked into this awful hole of fire, and attempted to descend, and did descend some distance down its sides, but the smoke, the pitchy vapors, and sulphureous streams soon drove me back. I gladly regained the upper regions again, and all the ambition I ever felt to have a peep into the regions below, was suffocated at once. Our guide told us there were days,—if Vesuvius was quiet,—when we could descend to the bottom of the crater, but surely this was not one. Thus amply satisfied with the drenching, steaming, smoking and suffocating we had undergone, we bade adieu to the summit, and began to tumble down the ashes on the side of the mountain which we had ascended with so much pain. Our descent downward was rapid enough, and as we leaped from spot to spot, we would at times sink in the ashes almost up to our knees. Soon we were at the Hermitage, where visitors tarry all night when they wish to see the rising of the sun from Vesuvius's summit, or to see the flames amid the darkness. Anon we were among the vineyards below, and at the town of Portico, where our carriage awaited to take us to Naples. A few minerals purchased—our guide paid: and we were off—and thus ended our visit to Vesuvius.

One of our next visits out of Naples was to the far-famed Pompeii—distance about 12 miles. We hired a carriage in Naples, and at early morn were upon our way. By ten o'clock we were in the street of the tombs, and upon the gate of that city, which from the year 79 was lost, till accident discovered the place where it was, in 1750. If I were to undertake to tell all that is now to be seen in this city, I should but make a catalogue, and interest no one, and therefore I will limit myself in as brief a description as possible. Unearthed as Pompeii now is, with its roofless houses that the superincumbent weight has tumbled in, the first impression is not that this is the mansion of the dead of so many centuries, and this impression is strengthened by the fresh and almost new appearance that all the buildings exhibit, but when one sees so many tombs lining a single street, and when one sees streets so narrow, houses so small, and so strangely built, that first impression soon yields to another which shows that this city is not of this century, nor even of many of the past that have gone by. Modern you see it is not, for there is nothing modern in all its arrangements. The middle ages, you also see, have left no stamp upon it, for there is nothing of a gothic, or Saracen, or Arabic look. Thus the mind wanders backwards, till it fixes itself upon a period, when it finds as it were an illustration in a city rescued from the dead, and yet preserved in all its freshness, of the books and of the classics of other days, with which his reading has made him familiar.—Pompeii now exposed as it is to the light of the sun, is a city of a Magna Græcia bequeathed to us, as it were. We have in it one of the very best histories of the Past, and such a history as no book can tell.—Before I had seen this city, I had no idea of the intimate links that were between our times and the times of old. The barbarian invaders of Italy never finding Pompeii, buried in ashes as it was, of course, could never disturb or overthrow aught that was in it, and even Time and age were defied, for what these ashes had hidden, ceased to grow old any longer, and thus Pompeii has come down to us, just as it was when its inhabitants fled from its walls in terror of the eruptions of Vesuvius. Thus we stepped into a city nearly eighteen hundred years old, but old age has not touched it, and we see the habitations of the men of that day, which they seemed but a moment before to have left for us to visit. How many things we see

all like the present day, and how little time has changed us in much of life. In the pavements of the streets can be seen the very holes that the wheels of the carriages had worn which was to me one of the freshest relics of old antiquity. Thimbles, needles, perfumes, false hair, eyebrows, cosmetics, flesh-scrappers, paint and rouge were found in some of the boudoirs of some of the women. Vanity you see, was the same then, eighteen hundred years ago, as it is now. The horror of the affright of that awful day when Pompeii was overwhelmed, is best seen in the villa of Diomed, which is but a little way out of the city. Two skeletons were found in his garden, (who had been probably flying towards the sea,) that nearest to the door had keys in one hand, and a gold ring, ornamented with two separate heads, in the other, and not far from these skeletons were found fragments of silver vases, and a linen wrapper, containing eighty-eight pieces of silver money, ten of gold, and nine of bronze. In this garden is seen what was a reservoir for fish, and a *Jet d'eau*, ancient wine jars are still resting in the cellar, against the walls, to which they are glued by dust and ashes: and here the skeletons of eighteen grown persons, and two children (one quite a baby,) were discovered. Perfect impressions of each corpse were distinguishable in the dust and ashes, which probably drifted through the loopholes into this cellar.—Several necklaces, with other gold ornaments, silver and bronze, a piece of coral, a comb, &c. were among the valuables which in the fright, a young woman, who was one of the skeletons, had grasped in her hands, when she with the family, fled to this cellar for a retreat. Copies of these necklaces, as well as of many other curious things in Pompeii, are now manufactured and sold in Naples, and it is becoming quite fashionable to wear them at the present day.

As we went into the city by the *Via Domitiana*, as it was called, the road upon which were the tombs, as upon the Appian Way out of Rome, not only tombs are seen among which the Pompeians seemed to have their seats of pleasure, without that fear of the presence of the death that now besets all of us of this day,—but an inn is seen, where strangers were lodged, when strangers were not permitted to sleep within the walls of the city. This inn appears to have been capacious, and to have been provided with horses and carriages, as remains of a cart, the tire of wheels with six spokes, the skeleton of a donkey, and a piece of bronze resembling a horse's bit, were found there. The excavation of the portico of this inn brought to light five human skeletons, four of which (locked in each other's arms) are supposed to be those of a mother and her children, who on reaching the portico, were suffocated by showers of ashes. Close to the city gate is seen the sentry box, which was also occupied by a soldier who died at his post, as a skeleton, a lance, and the crest of a helmet were found within it. On entering the city, another inn is seen, with all the appendages of a *Traiteur's* kitchen, &c. A building called a Coffee House, is also here, but thus called without much reason, as coffee was a drink that the Greeks and Romans were ignorant of. Probably it answered the purpose of the Restaurants of the present day. It may have been the place where the ancients bought their vomits which they were accustomed to take—the wretches—when they wanted to do justice to a good dinner! The House of the Vestals with the word *salve* (welcome,) wrought in mosaic, was also shown. The Anatomical Theatre is not far off, where were found above forty surgical instruments, some resembling those of modern times, and others of which the use is unknown. The Custom House, and a soap manufactory, and a public Banking House, are here pointed out. The house of Caius Sallust is among the remarkable houses shown. A Fountain of peculiar beauty adorned the Quad-

rangle, and opposite to the door of entrance was a small flower garden, in which the *Triclinium* for summer dinners still remains. In the rooms appropriated to the females of this house, are tolerably well preserved paintings in fresco, such as Diana and Acteon, Europa, Phryxus and Helle, Mars, Venus and Cupid. The room which contains the last mentioned picture is beautifully paved with African marbles, and paintings. In a neighboring lane was discovered the skeleton of a woman supposed to be the mistress of the mansion, with three of her servants. A small quantity of money, a silver mirror, which Grecian ladies carried about them, *Intagli* set in gold rings, a pair of ear rings, a necklace composed of gold chains, and five gold bracelets were found among these skeletons.

As we went on yet further, our conductor, who is an officer appointed by the government, and who watched us narrowly lest we should plunder a relic, pointed out a farrier's shop, then the abode of a Ballet Master, decorated with frescoes representing musical instruments, theatrical scenery, &c.—a chymist's and druggist's shop,—and a Restaurant, among other buildings. A house called "the House of a Dramatic Poet," was one of the most expensive and elegantly adorned private dwellings that we saw. Beautiful frescoes were found in this house, which artists class with the best productions of Raphael. Thus you see, that even in the art of Painting, if their judgment be true, we are not ahead of the ancients. What most struck me, as I looked upon this House, was the classical and rich manner of decoration, and though we of the present day, I soon learnt, may boast of our superior comforts, yet we are far from being able to boast of superior elegance. For example, the walls of their apartments were painted all over, with many subjects, of which the following is a specimen:—*Dedalus* flying to *Magna Græcia*, *Icarus* submerged into the *Cretan* sea, although a *Marine* deity attempts to save him—*Combats of Warriors* on foot, and *Amazons* in cars,—and the parting interview between *Achilles* and *Briseis*. The most beautiful ancient Mosaic hitherto discovered was found in the quadrangle of this house. It is now removed to Naples. It appears to represent the rehearsal of a Drama, and is composed of several figures, among whom sits an old man, encircled by six persons, one being completely masked; another on the point of being masked; a third in the act of taking off her mask, perhaps to ask the old man for another, and a fourth though apparently disposed to put on a mask, listening to what passes.

But I must hurry on to "the Public Baths," but yet I cannot stop here further than to say, that as a commentary upon ancient authors, from Homer down, it is one of the best in the world, for the traveller even to this day sees the manner in which these establishments were regulated, when bathing was almost as much the business of life as eating is now. After viewing these, we passed to many others, with open courts that had been richly decorated, from whence not only frescoes had been taken, but statues in marble and in bronze, and mosaics too. When these buildings were first disinterred, all was found as it must have been on the very day of that dread calamity, when the inhabitants were destroyed. Their kitchen utensils even as well as the ornaments of their persons, were as they left them, and when tripods are found in one room, pots may be found in another.—The Temple of Fortune when first discovered was full of marbles. The apartments appropriated to the sacerdotal ministers of the goddess are seen on the right of this Temple, where was discovered a slab of marble recording their names. We learn from an inscription, that "Marcus Tullius Cicero, son of Marcus, erected at his own private expense, this Temple

to Portima Augusta," and thus it seems that in the old as in our times, rich individuals erected their temples to their gods, as we do to ours. The *Forum Civile* is one of the most interesting spots in Pompeii. At the northern end of this once splendid Forum, are the remains of a stately Temple supposed to have been consecrated to Jupiter. Here, in this Forum, now so desolated; the people once assembled to learn the news, and to discuss important subjects, and here the national festivals and religious ceremonies were celebrated. On the right of the Temple of Jupiter stands a splendid and spacious edifice which was consecrated to Venus. The Basilica, or principal Court of Justice is not far off. Elsewhere is seen the temple of Romulus, and the Pantheon. Near the Pantheon are ranges of shops, and in those shops were found scales and hooks, inkstands, lamps, measures for liquids, &c. Even in the fish shops, were frescoes representing fishes. The Triangular Forum interested us much, and so did the Tragic Theatre, but the Temple of Isis interested us more. Bulwer in his Pompeii has given an interest to this spot, and indeed to all Pompeii, for taking the liberty of the romancer, he has put men in the streets, and Priests at the altar, and thus we think we see Pompeii as it was. One of the unfortunate Priests of Isis, or his skeleton rather, was found with a sacrificial axe in his hand, seeming as it were, to be making an effort to escape the dreadful consequences of the eruption, by hewing his way out of the kitchen door. Another seems to have loaded himself with the treasures of the Temple, and fled, but was overtaken by death in the vicinity of the Tragic Theatre, where his skeleton was discovered, with 360 coins of silver, 42 of bronze, and 8 of gold, wrapped up in cloth so strong as to have sustained no injury by the lapse of seventeen centuries. Others of the Priests are supposed to have caught up the sacred hatchets, and attempted to cut themselves a passage through the walls of their Temple, while some are supposed to have been suffocated when sleeping, and others had no time to escape, or felt it a direktion from duty to abandon their goddess. The Comic Theatre and the colossal Amphitheatre, with its thirty row of seats, are also among the things that must be seen. Only three hundred skeletons have as yet been disinterred at Pompeii, from which it appears that the inhabitants, generally speaking, made their escape. What may be called the moveables of Pompeii, have been chiefly removed to the Museum in Naples for the purpose of preserving them, but nevertheless, Pompeii as it is, is one of the great curious sights of this great world.

We spent about eight hours in this city in which there dwells not now a soul, and we could with pleasure, if time had permitted, have staid there for days. I parted from its walls through a gate opposite that which we entered, and as my eye saw in the distance other cities that had grown up around the base of this fearful Vesuvius, that had thus buried such a city here, I could not but feel that there was a temerity in the conduct of the inhabitants. There stood the awful mountain even now, and if not muttering and thundering in all its ancient terror, yet strong in its capacity to act again, as the clouds of smoke that rolled from its crater, taught us. Pompeii, whose streets teemed with inhabitants, whose ports were crowded with vessels, whose people were the gayest and the liveliest of the sunny clime,—buried in ashes, and lava,—lost under ground for centuries even from the knowledge of man. There it stands now almost in its ancient glory, as an awful history of what a land this is, and yet the people build, and live, and sing, and dance here, even when Vesuvius is rolling his stream of fire down his sides. Herculaneum is sunk under ground. The sun never enters it, but over it

another city has grown up, and the carriage rolls now almost where were the clouds before. I left Pompeii with an impression that I had been paying a visit to the dead seventeen centuries old, and I felt for the day that I had been living with the ancients in their own homes. But as I moved towards Naples, and on Sunday, as it was, saw the crowded throng that filled the streets of every town, the vision was dissipated at once. From death, I had stepped to the busiest life as it were. Antiquity was in a moment forgotten when in the crowd of Naples, for with such a people all one can think of is, of them. The pitchy smoke, and the lurid flames of Vesuvius have no terrors for them. The present is all they think of, and the past is with them but a song. B.

OUR HOME.

Our Home! Oh! how that word can cheer

Our wand'ring, lonely way,
Recall the scenes so lov'd and dear,
The friendships of our vernal year,
The morning of our day;
The hopes that brightly did appear—
Of bright, but transient ray.

Our home! it brings our childhood's hours,

The thoughts so "fancy free,"
The joys, that bloom'd like summer flowers
Amid the sweet sequestered bowers
Of Love and Poesy—
The tears, that like Spring's earliest showers,
Gave rainbow hopes of glee!

Our home! there lives in memory

The one we loved so well,
Our meetings 'neath the evening sky,
The eloquently breathing sigh,
The weeping, sad farewell;
The vows we pledged when none were nigh,
The thoughts unspeakable.

Our home! ah! where are those that shed

A halo round the spot?
Some are far hence o'er ocean's bed,
Some numbered with the early dead
Now share the common lot;
For us, how'er Fate's shaft be sped,
They cannot be forgot!

Our home! until life's closing day

That word our hearts shall cheer,
When brightest feelings shall decay,
Withering like autumn flowers away,
That still shall linger here,
And with hope's pure enlivening ray
Shall dry the parting tear.

REMEDIES.

For sea-sickness, stay at home.
For drunkenness, drink cold water.
For gout, board with the printer.
To keep out of jail, keep out of debt.
To please every body, mind your own business.

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.
DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS,
*On the Sensibilities and Eccentricities of Men of
 Genius: with Remarks on Poets.*

The herd of servile imitators bring every thing into disgrace by affectation and excess. In those departments of literature which require genius, this is more particularly the case. For a little while the tinsel copier becomes the rage of the public, till the glare of his colours satiates; and then, as the tide suddenly turns, the just fame of the original is drawn back into the vortex, and is sunk in one common ruin. On these occasions, every yelping cur joins in echoing the cry of contempt, and some new whim engages the temporary curiosity of the mob.

There was a time when Rousseau was the idol of the admirers of genius, and all his weaknesses and extravagances were respected as the necessary concomitants of his extraordinary powers. Immediately there arose multitudes of absurd followers, who having at length corrupted the judgments of their indiscriminate readers, brought neglect and condemnation upon their original. For some years, therefore, we have heard the mob, the learned as well as the unlearned mob, talk in terms of uniform contempt and anger, of what they are pleased to call "the morbid sensibilities of sickly genius." Were this disapprobation confined to pretended feelings, of which the discovery requires a very small share of sagaciousness, it would be just; but it seems as if they meant to put their mark of scorn on every eccentricity of him who lives in that high temperament, in which alone works of genius can be produced.

"Can we believe that Burns would have possessed the powers to produce his exquisite poem of 'Tam O'Shanter,' without having often trembled at some of those images, which the expansive blaze of his genius has there painted?" Without a continued familiarity with all those hurried and impetuous feelings, which brought him to a premature grave, could he have written those enchanting songs, which breathe so high a tone of fancy and passion? In the cold regions of worldly prudence, in the selfish habitations of dull propriety, may be found riches and health, and long life, and an insipid respect: but if he who is born with the higher talents, long accustoms himself to the discipline of such habits, the splendour of his imagination will become impenetrably huddled up in the fogs of this heavy atmosphere, and he will scarce be adequate to higher efforts of intellect than one of "Nature's fools."

When Beattie gave up his ambition to metaphysical philosophy, he ceased to be a poet. The lyre of Edwin, which had breathed all the soul of poetry in his first canto, began to flag and grow dull in the second; and then lost its tones, and never vibrated for the last thirty years of the owner's life. I certainly am too prejudiced to give a candid opinion; but I would have preferred a few more stanzas, in the style of the first, from the minstrel's harp, to all the bulky volumes of prose that Beattie wrote.

How delightful to have left a perpetual memorial of those "ten thousand glorious visions," which are always floating across the brain of the highly endowed! But for those, who possess the ability, to go to the grave without having preserved a relic of them; to have suffered them to have passed, "like fleeting clouds," without one attempt to leave a memorial of the aspirations of a more exalted nature, is a mortifying reflection, which must depress true genius even to despondence. He, in whom nature has sowed the seeds of vigorous intellect, may be thrown into stations where there is nothing to fan the flames within him; in that case it is probable he may never discover any qualities above the herd of mankind; but an internal restlessness and discontent will prey upon his spirits and embitter his life.

There are no writer's criticisms so calculated to stifle the habits and the efforts of genius as those of Johnson. The cause of this is to be sought partly in the truly "morbid" propensities of his temper, and partly in the history of his life. I suspect that in the early resolution

"Nullius in verba magistri,"

he soon sought originality at the expense of truth. His love of contradiction, therefore, became a disgrace, and, finding, in preceding biographers, too much inclination to panegyricize the subject of their memoirs, and to contemplate them with a blind admiration, he determined to show the powers of his anatomising pen, and to tear off the veil of respect that covered them. Thus he was pleased to seize every opportunity of exhibiting their personal frailties, and mental defects; and of treating them sometimes with anger, and sometimes with haughtiness. But there was another circumstance which had a tendency to warp the justice of his sincere opinions. Early in life, he had probably discovered the inclination of his own imagination to predominate dangerously over his reason. On this account he used every exertion to subdue it; to reduce it to the severest trammels of argumentation, and the most sober paths of mental employment. Hence he acquired a habit of preferring the lower departments of the muse; he best liked reasoning in verse; dry ethical couplets; and practical observations upon daily life. His private feelings hesitated between Dryden and Pope; and all the praise he has given to Milton, or Cowley, or Akenside, or Collins, or Gray, is extorted, penurious, and mixed with every degrading touch that the ingenuity of his acute mind, and force of his energetic language could introduce.

The public received these disingenuous lives with ill-tempered avidity. They who had never known what it was to be warmed by the flights of fancy, in whose torpid heads the descriptions of Eden, the wailings over Lycidas, and all the imagery of *Comus* never raised one corresponding idea, but who concealed their lamentable deficiencies of mind before the awful name of Milton; now that they were sanctioned by Johnson, boldly gloried in their want of taste. All the gall which they had been so long nourishing in their hearts, was now vomit-

ed forth without restraint, and the cry, which dullness had always secretly disseminated against the aberrators of genius, was avowed as the dictate of sense and truth.

Johnson is a proof, among a thousand glaring proofs, how little the wisest men "know themselves;" and how often they pride themselves on points in which they are strikingly deficient. His great boast seems to have been his attention to

"That which before us lies in daily life."

Yet did ever any man more offend the proprieties of daily life than Johnson? His unhappy and neglected person, his uncouth dress, his rude manners, and his irregular habits, required the full eminence of his fame, and force of his talents, to counterbalance his offensiveness. Yet probably he would have exclaimed

"Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis!"

He seems to have thought that he himself required no such set-offs. And, if we judge him by the rules by which he judged others, such set-offs ought not to have availed.

But I trust that I shall never judge by rules so harsh, and, in my opinion, so unwise. I regret the depravity of Johnson's taste, and I lament that excess of envy and pride, the unconquerable disease of his disposition, which, in spite of all his efforts, too frequently overpowered his reason. But I venerate his vast abilities, the strong and original operations of his mind, his force of ratiocination, and his luminous and impressive language. I venerate also the mingled goodness of his heart, his melting charity, his exalted principles, his enlarged moral notions, and the many sublime virtues of his mixed and unhappy life. But this is not all: according to the sentiments I have expressed, I necessarily go even farther. To me it appears that some of his most offensive eccentricities were strongly connected with his most prominent excellencies.

To the constant abstraction of his mind, to the perpetual operation of thinking, we must surely attribute much of the neglect of his person, much of his inattention to polished manners and the etiquette of the world, and much of his irregular mode of life. But to this also is certainly attributable the clearness and arrangement of his ideas, the readiness of his thoughts upon every subject that was presented to him, and the perspicuity and happiness of his style.

Let us hear no more reflections, then, on the "morbid" sensibility of the votaries of fancy. He whose feelings are not acute, sometimes even to disease, can never touch the true chords of the lyre. To be in constant terror of exceeding the cold bounds of propriety, to be perpetually on the watch against any transient extravagance of mind, is not to be a poet. It is not true that eccentricity alone does not constitute genius; and he who is known only by his foibles, unaccompanied by its advantages, deserves little mercy. And little can he expect to meet with it, if he recollects that, in the censorious eye of the world, even the happiest attainments of mental excellence, will make but little

amends for the smallest deviations from prudence of conduct.

That chilling philosophy which demands the reconciliation of qualities nearly incompatible, has always appeared to me far from true wisdom. We may lament, but we should attempt to soothe and treat leniently, the little ebullitions of that fire, which at other times is exerted to enlighten and charm us. We should pity rather than despise the pangs that springs from that thorn, which is too often at the breast of those who delight us by their songs.

In thus venturing opinions so uncongenial with those of the great as well as little vulgar, I am aware of the extent to which I expose myself. The selfish worldling, the interested parent, the struggler in the paths of ordinary ambition, the stupid, the cold hearted, the sensual, all will exclaim, "If such be the effects of poetry, heaven defend me and all my connections from being poets!" Poor things! they need not fear; poets, they may rest assured, are not made out of such materials! B.

STANZAS.

Oh! steal not thou 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,
 Quenched 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 stings,
 Exists but in a shadowy sphere
 Of fancy's weak imaginings;
 If hopes, tho' cherished long and deep,
 Be cold and baseless mockeries,
 Then welcome the eternal sleep,
 Which knoweth not of dreams like these.

Yet hush! thou troubled one! be still;
 Renounce thy vain philosophy:
 Like morning on the misty hill,
 The light of truth will break on thee.
 Go—search the prophets deathless page—
 Go—question thou the radiant sky,
 And learn from them, mistaken sage!
 The glorious word—"Thou shalt not die!"

ANON.

JUDGMENT.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works." Rev. xx. 12, 13.

Various portions of Scripture assure us of a day of account; of a day in which God will "judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." Acts xvii. 31.

Let me not meditate on the day of judgment to propose questions which no ingenuity can solve, but to strengthen my faith, and to urge me to live more and more in the agreement with the gospel.—The day of judgment is the day of universal assembly; of examination; of discovery; of final decision; of everlasting separation. To what serious and awful considerations am I led by each of the expressions which I have here used!

Alas! comparatively few seem properly to meditate on this eventful day. How does the rich man use his wealth; the great man his influence; and the scholar his learning! How do men in general use their time and talents in their several stations? Do not most men live as if there were no day of account; as if they might live with impunity according to their own will?

But do not serious Christians remember the day of judgment as they ought? They know that the Lord Jesus will come on the throne of His glory, that all men will be assembled before Him, and that he will give to every man according to what he has done in the body. With this knowledge and admission, do they duly remember that emphatical question? "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God?" We speak of the day of judgment; and yet we live too much as if we would never be judged.

Let me bring the subject home to my own soul. "Every man shall give account of himself to God." I shall see that solemn day; I shall behold the Judge; I shall give an account of myself to Him; I shall stand on his right hand, or on his left; I shall hear the summons to glory, or the sentence to banishment and woe.

Surely I ought to think often of these things, and to allow them to sink into my heart, and to influence my conduct and conversation in the world. Can I possibly employ my time and talents vainly and foolishly, when I remember the day of account? My inquiry, in the anticipation of that day, always ought to be, What does the gospel require me to be and to do? Am I acting in such a manner as to be approved at last?

If I look on my former days, I see abundant

cause of repentance. Tell me not of my virtues, or of my good actions. My sins, imperfections, omissions, and unprofitableness, are ever before me. Where is my refuge? Where is my hope? If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."

I look on the present, and then forward to the future. Thou knowest, O Lord, my weakness and corruption. In vain, while thinking on the solemnities of the last day, do I make resolves, unless Thou art pleased to give me power to act in agreement with them. It is only through thy mercy and grace, O Lord, that I can live wisely and faithfully, superior to my spiritual adversaries, and diligent in the improvement of my talents, so that I may finally give account of myself before Thy tribunal, with joy and honor.

Ye careless Christians! think of the future judgment, and begin to be earnest about your salvation. Here you may shine in splendor, or riot in pleasure, or waste your time in idleness and vanity: but what will your condition be in that day, if your life be spent in mere worldliness, and if the momentous concerns of the soul and eternity be now treated with careless and cold indifference?

Ye faithful followers of Christ! think of the future judgment, and be not "weary in well doing." Improve your talents, as responsible beings. Let your faith be productive of good works. Strive to do good in your day and generation. Be diligent and persevering. Thus your honour will be great before an assembled world. It is not thus written: "Who will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life."

O my Soul! think thou of the future judgment, and remember that no sin will then escape detection, and no good thing then will go unrewarded. Let all thou art, and all thou hast, be employed to the glory of God. While thou confidest in redeeming mercy, let the consideration of the last day urge thee to be watchful and diligent in working out thy salvation with fear and trembling.

Holy and merciful God, thy word assures me of a judgment to come; may I duly consider that awful day, and be enabled through thy grace so to believe, and to order my conversation in all things, that I may be found to have been a good and faithful servant. Grant this I beseech Thee, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Redeemer and Advocate, Amen. JONES.

Suiting the action to the word.—A colored gemman well stiffened, stocked, and collared, strutted into Fulton market a few days ago, and with all the dignity of a Bashaw, toed a couple of fowls, for he could not stoop to handle them.—He toed them with his polished boot and demanded the price of them. "Six shillings," said the white vender of chickens. "Pshaw," said the great man of ebony, pulling out of his fob a glittering brass watch.—"I will give you four shillings for them, and only ten minutes to consider."

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

The admiration which this painting has excited in the mind of every spectator, is chiefly attributed to the complete personification of those striking passages in the *Revelations*, which had previously been faintly traced in the mind as mere idealizations of the inspired writer. But those dim and half formed associations of horror, which had been felt in reading the vivid and terrible description in the new testament, are on viewing the pictures, changed into almost the tangible reality of terror. In the former case, the image existed in the mind only; in the latter, the impression is formed by the more forcible evidence of the senses, and is proportionably stronger.

Mr. West has depicted the King of Terrors with the physiognomy of the dead in a charnel-house, but animated almost to ignition with inextinguishable rage—placed on his head the kingly crown, and clothed the length of his limbs with a spacious robe of funeral sable. His uplifted right hand is entwined with the serpent who first brought Death into the world, and he launches his darts from both hands in all directions with a merciless impartiality. In the foreground his horse rushes forward with the wildness of a tempestuous element, breathing livid pestilence, and rearing and trampling with the vehemence of unbridled fury.—Behind him is seen a demon bearing the torch of Discord, with a monstrous progeny of the reptile world—

"All prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet half feign'd or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire."

The masterly delineation of the PALE HORSE, strikes the attention immediately. The expression which the painter has succeeded in giving to the head of the animal, is absolutely appalling.—THE RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE, is supposed to represent the King of kings going forth "conquering and to conquer," to bruise the head of the serpent, and finally to put all things under his feet.—He is therefore painted with a solemn countenance, expressive of a mind filled with the thoughts of a great enterprise; and he advances onward in his sublime career with that serene majesty in which Divine Providence continues, through the storms and commotions of the temporal world, to execute its eternal purposes.

The sensation of pity is strongly awakened by the group, in the foreground. It represents a family belonging to that class of society who are supposed to be safe beyond the reach of the ordinary casualties of life, but who are still not further remote from the darts of death. It is here that the painter has attempted to excite the strongest degree of pity which his subject admitted, and to contrast the surrounding horrors with images of tenderness and beauty. The mother, in the prime of life, is represented as having expired in the act of embracing her children, and the wo of sudden death is still more emphatically expressed in the lovely infant

that has fallen from her breast. The husband deprecates the wrath of the spectre that advances over them all, while the surviving daughter catches hold of her mother, sensible only to the loss which she has sustained by the death of a parent.

In the right hand division in the picture, the artist has shown the anarchy of the combats of men with the beasts of the earth. The chief of the human figures in this division, is one in the act of launching his javelin at a lion, which has seized and brought down a man and his horse. In the character with the javelin, Mr. West has endeavoured to delineate that species of strength, which enables some men to face, with an undaunted countenance, the rage of the most ferocious animals. His look affords a fine contrast to the alarm and terror of the man who is seized by the enraged lion, which he had wounded with his spear. Below them is a youth who has broken his lance in the combat, and received a fatal blow on the head; behind them a horseman comes forward with an uplifted sword, in the act of striking at a lioness that is springing upon him and his horse. But the story of this group would have been incomplete, had the lions not been shown conquerors, to a certain extent, by the two wounded men who are thrown down as overcome beneath the hoofs of the horse of Death. The one with his back towards the spectator seems to regain his strength, and, by still holding his dagger, indicates a wish to renew the fight; the other, irrecoverably dashed out of the combat, and, having lost his weapon, grasps at the head of his horse with a useless exertion of bewildered sense. The pyramidal form of this large division is perfected by a furious bull torn by dogs as he tosses on his horns the body of a youth.

We shall conclude this notice with an extract from a letter of Mr. Leslie, to the present proprietor of the painting:—

"At the time Mr. West made his noble present to the Pennsylvania Hospital, his pecuniary affairs were by no means in a prosperous condition. He was blamed by those who did not know this, for selling the first picture he painted for them; but he redeemed his pledge to them, and I can bear witness of his great satisfaction, when he heard that the exhibition of it had so much benefitted the institution.

"He had begun his own portrait to present to the hospital. It was a whole length on a mahogany panel; he employed me to dead colour it for him.—He had also made a small sketch of a picture of Dr. Franklin, to present with it. The doctor was seated on the clouds, surrounded by naked boys, and the experiment of proving lightning and electricity to be the same was alluded to."

"The success of the Healing in the Temple, encouraged the painter, and he produced in rapid succession, 'The Descent of the Holy Ghost on Christ at the Jordan,' ten feet by fourteen—'The Crucifixion,' sixteen feet by twenty-eight—'The Ascension,' twelve feet by eighteen—and 'The Inspiration of St. Peter,' of corresponding extent. The great painting of 'Christ Rejected,' and

the still more sublime 'Death on the Pale Horse,' enlarged and altered from the picture, which he had carried to Paris in 1802."

This great work was executed when the artist was nearly 80 years of age. Soon after, "he began to sink, and although still to be found at his easel, his hand had lost its early alacrity. It was evident that all this was to cease soon; that he was suffering a slow, and easy decay. The venerable old man sat in his study among his favourite pictures, a breathing image of piety and contentment, awaiting calmly the hour of his dissolution. Without any fixed complaint, his mental faculties unimpaired, his cheerfulness unclouded, and with looks serene and benevolent, he expired 11th March, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was buried beside Reynolds, Opie, and Barry, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The pall was borne by noblemen, ambassadors, and academicians; his two sons and grandson were chief mourners; and sixty coaches brought up the splendid procession of the illustrious dead."

TO MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

My Mother! weary years have pass'd since last
I met thy gentle smile; and sadly then
It fell upon my young and joyous heart,
There was a morbid paleness on thy cheek,
And well I knew, they bore thee far away
With a vain hope to mend the broken springs—
The springs of life. And bitter tears I shed
In childhood's short-lived agony of grief
When soothing voices said that thou wert gone,
And that I must not weep, for thou wert blest!
Full many a flower has bloom'd upon thy grave
And many a winter's snow has melted there;
Childhood has pass'd and youth is passing now,
And scatters paler roses on thy path;
Dim and more dim my fancy paints thy form,
Thy mild blue eye, thy cheek so thin and fair,
Touch'd when I saw thee last, with hectic flush,
Telling, in solemn beauty, of the grave.
Mine ear hath lost the accents of thy voice,
And faintly o'er my memory comes at times
A glimpse of joys that had their source in thee.
Like one brief strain of some forgotten song.
And then at times a blessed dream comes down,
Mission'd, perhaps, by thee from brighter realms;
And wearing all the semblance of thy form,
Gives to my heart the joy of days gone by.
With gushing tears I wake; O, art thou not
Unseen and bodiless around my path,
Watching with brooding love about thy child?
Is it not so, my mother? I will not
Think it a fancy, wild, and vain and false,
That spirits good and pure as thine, descend
Like guardian angels round the few they loved,
Of intercepting coming woes, and still
Joying on every beam that gilds our paths;
And waving snowy pinions o'er our heads
When midnight slumbers close our aching eyes.

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS. THE TWO STUDENTS,

OR LOVE AND CRIME.

By Mitford Bard.

"Non amo te, Zabidi nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc solum scio, non amo te, Zabidi."—MART.
—I do not love you, I cannot assign a reason,
But this I know, that I do not love you.

'The proper study for mankind is man,' says the great Pope, and certainly there is no study more deep, more extensive, more abstract, and yet apparent. Human nature is a paradox from beginning to end, and there is nothing in which extremes more frequently meet than in man. There is not more difference and change in the fashions than in the passions, the feelings, the fancies, and follies of mankind, and those passions, feelings, fancies and follies, are often as lasting as life. With the same intensity that he hates he will love, and love will oft times in the same heart through jealousy or slighted affection, turn to hatred, bitter as gall, and unrelenting as death. There is but one step from love to revenge, and that step is jealousy. The same arrow with which Cupid wounds the heart, is often caught by revenge, and tipped with a dart, poisoned with Upas. We often conceive a love or hatred for the individual at the first sight, and ever after, perhaps hate him because we are not acquainted with him, and will not be acquainted because we hate him; thus forever throwing from us one who possesses, it may be, all the requisites of lasting friendship or love.

Henry Scarborough, was a young man of good natural endowments, but of violent, and at times of uncontrollable passions; his father residing near Boston, possessed a competency. He resolved on giving his son a liberal education, that he might be fitted for the higher walks of life, he having felt the want of it in himself. The father, however, was fearful of the result, knowing the headstrong will and impetuous disposition of his son.—He had often been heard to express fear that Henry would contract wild and pernicious habits, and blight the hopes he had long cherished for the success of his only son. Mr. Scarborough had one son and daughter. He was a high minded honorable man, and but for the deficiency, nay, entire want of education, might have filled some of the highest political seats in the country, so great was his popularity. But his popularity, as in most other instances, was in a great measure owing to his wealth, for it is an undeniable fact that the world is more prone to bow down at the footstool of wealth than at the shrine of virtue, or before the temple of genius. Too often is this the case when the possessor has not a single redeeming virtue, not even charity, for his worshippers are generally disappointed in their hopes of gain. It is this adoration which is paid to wealth that makes our countrymen so greedy of gain, and so loth to part with a single dollar.

Henry Scarborough, was well known by the inhabitants of New Haven, during the period of his collegiate studies. His purse was always full, though he was ever scattering it to the winds, for such was his influence over his father, that he dared not deny his demands for money. With most of the students of Yale College he was on familiar terms, and particularly with those who were wild and dashing blades. As I said before, he possessed good, or ordinary natural endowments, but not brilliant talents; for he was an extremely handsome young man, both in features and form, and it is remarkable that the portraits of all persons of great genius, I have seen, are the reverse of beautiful. Mirabeau, was the ugliest man in France, and then Pope, was an uncouth creature, as well as Dr. Johnson, the leviathan of literature. Witness also, the Miss Porter's and a hundred others. Henry Scarborough, was celebrated for beauty among all the young ladies of New Haven, and he was toasted to intoxication by them. Henry had now completed his twentieth year, and could read the classics tolerably.

'Is not that Dick Brinsley,' enquired Henry one day as he stood on the opposite side of the street.—'I hate that fellow mortally; he always appears like a serpent in my path.'

'You surprise me,' returned Frank Ingham—'why, sir, he is famed, and justly too, for being one of the most interesting, amiable and inoffensive young men in College. Besides he possesses splendid talents, and bore away the laurel at the last examination, as you very well know.'

This was a damper to Henry, especially the latter part, as Henry very well knew to his own mortification, that Richard Brinsley had on that occasion, completely thrown him in the shade, though it was done without any notice of it on the part of Richard. It was noticed, however, by the audience, and the very thought of his rival and classmate's great superiority stung him to the soul.

'I hated him,' said Henry, 'the very first time I gazed upon his monkey face and uncouth form, for I saw something in him that I did not like, and that feeling of repugnance is not diminished.'

'But you certainly have some cause for hating him,' returned the warm hearted Frank.

'He is so infernally proud in the first place,' said Henry, 'and secondly—'

'Nay,' interrupted Frank, 'there never was a man more devoted of that anti-republican—'

'Then I am a liar,' retorted Henry, his face flushing with anger. 'You shall not call me so with impunity.'

'Tis folly to be angry at what was not intended,' coolly replied Frank. 'But another reason.'

'Well, in the second place, he is so—so so mean hearted, so niggardly and penurious.'

'Without meaning any disrespect, that is not the case. He is retired and studious in his habits, and seldom or never found out with the wilder class of students, but that he is penurious or mean, I never can agree. Why, sir, he has given more in charity to the poor than any other student of Yale.'

'But sir, give us an instance of his liberality,' exclaimed Henry, his eyes flashing fire.

'I can do that readily,' returned Frank. 'It was but a week ago that a particular crony of yours got himself into difficulty, and not having the ready money, would certainly have been under the necessity of looking through iron windows, had not Richard Brinsley stepped forward, advanced the money, and set him at liberty. The best of the matter is, that Richard was a stranger to him.'

'I will engage,' said Henry, 'that Brinsley owed him, or had the payment secured.'

'Neither, upon my honor,' returned Frank, 'for the fellow left College, without paying him a cent.'

'Well, sir, if you take sides with him, I shall take the liberty of entertaining the same opinion of you.'

'You can do as you like sir, in that respect,' sneered Frank, 'but you cannot find a lady in all New Haven, that will not vindicate his character as I have done, for he is an especial favorite with the fair sex. Further, sir, I never can entertain any other opinion.'

'You then espouse his cause,' demanded Henry, trembling with suppressed passion.

'I hope I never shall hear innocence vilified, without stretching the arm of protection.'

'Mark well your words, sir, for you must answer for them,' exclaimed Henry, haughtily.

'It is not my desire,' returned Frank, coolly, 'to create disturbances, but if you feel that I have injured you, I stand ready at any time to render you any satisfaction you may desire.'

Henry did not expect such firmness in his adversary, and cooling away with the promise that he should see him again, departed to his lodgings. Upon enquiry, he found that Frank had been at West Point, that he was a dead shot, and he therefore prudently declined sending a challenge. But his hatred of Richard Brinsley, increased in a tenfold degree, and hearing some ladies casually speaking in high terms of Richard—he knew no bounds to his vengeance. He sought every opportunity in conversation to traduce his character, and invented stories, but to little effect. It happened one evening at a party, that he was in the act of telling a dark story, which had for its object the injury of Brinsley, when luckily he stepped in at the very moment his name was falling from the lips of Henry. Confusion ensued, he endeavored to elude the inquiry of Brinsley, but he was resolute in exposing to the company the motives of Henry; and that the story was a tissue of falsehoods, from beginning to end. Exposure was the consequence, and Henry sneaked away a bitterer foe to Richard Brinsley than ever. Henry, however, mistaking the forbearance and contempt of Richard for cowardice, determined on punishing him openly or covertly for the mortifying exposure. He now saw himself the shunned of the ladies, and the contempt of his comrades, with the exception of a few.

It was a cool, dark and gloomy evening in November, that Richard Brinsley was walking in the

suburbs of New Haven, with a lady upon his arm, whom he was escorting home. At an unexpected moment his head rung as though a thousand canons had been discharged. He had received a blow from behind, which not being sufficient to bring him to the earth, he wheeled and beheld a man disguised, holding in his hand a dagger, which he had just drawn from his bosom as he saw Brinsley wheel to attack him. Richard raised his cane and rushed at him. Henry made several ineffectual attempts to reach his body, but without effect, till at length with a bold effort Richard struck a heavy blow upon the arm of Scarborough, and the dagger fell from his hand. It had no sooner fallen than he drew from his pocket a pistol, which a descending blow also severed from his grasp. They were both now in the hands of Richard, and fear came upon the soul of Scarborough. The rising moon behind a dense and dark mass of clouds, shed only sufficient light upon the scene for the combatants to see each other. Henry Scarborough seeing Richard Brinsley in the act of raising the pistol to fire it in the air, supposed that he was about to strike a deadly blow with the dagger, and fell prostrate on the ground in an agony of despair.

'Spare me for the grey hairs of my father,' he exclaimed, 'if not for my own sake.'

'You have basely attempted to assassinate me, and your life is in my power,' said Richard, 'but take it at my hands, I have never injured you and wish not now to harm to you. If your soul is susceptible of any of the finer feelings of our nature, you will never attack again the man who has generously given you the life which you have forfeited by your conduct.'

Richard now turned away on his heel, and he thought him of the lady, but she had fled and given the alarm. Several persons at this moment came up and took Henry into custody. Richard in the pure generosity of his heart plead for him in the name of his father's respectability, and begged that he might be released, inasmuch as he was an infatuated young man led away by passion. By and through his earnest appeals, Henry was spared the mortification that would have ensued.

When Richard returned home to the house of his aunt, he found that he was bleeding profusely from the back part of his head, where he had received the blow. No evil consequences however ensued from it, and he thought no more of the circumstance, not even speaking of it to any one, or if he did allude to it or heard it spoken of by the few that knew it, he always palliated the offence by saying that Henry was a misguided young man, possessing by nature an impetuous disposition.

Richard Brinsley, was the son of respectable, but poor parents of the society of Friends, who both died when Richard was in his sixteenth year, leaving him to struggle for his own subsistence, and to take charge of an orphan sister, only eight or nine years of age. Possessing talents of the first order, the parents strained every nerve to give their son a good English education. By means of this he supported his young sister for two years, when a dis-

tant relative died and left him a small fortune, sufficient to send his sister to a female seminary, and himself to Yale College. Here he had made rapid progress, and expected to graduate with all the honors at the next commencement. He resided with his aunt, Mrs. Brummel, who kept a boarding house, in New Haven. Richard was distinguished for the great excellence of his moral character, for his forgiving disposition, and for his high sense of true honor, unpolluted by the false sense of the world.—He was considered in point of talent the flower of the institution; being distinguished alike for his sober and studious habits, and for his brilliant and rapid acquirement. He appeared to possess an aptness for any thing. He acquired a language or a science apparently without effort, and entered into the conceptions of the author without the least difficulty. His mechanical genius was of the first order, for during his leisure hours, he had constructed scientific instruments and machines, which excited the curiosity and admiration of many distinguished gentlemen.

The soul that is not distinguished for great gratitude, for a generous and noble action, is always characterized by great meanness. It was thus with Scarborough, in the latter case. He now hated Richard Brinsley, with a fixed and unrelenting animosity. The very fact, that he was indebted for his life to the forbearance and generosity of the man he hated, rendered his hatred a thousand times more bitter. But he could not openly avow it or openly attack the object of his animosity, for he knew that public indignation would visit him; and that the feelings of the community would rise up against him. But he sought every clandestine opportunity that offered to injure one whose soul was all melting kindness, and who knew not the feeling of envy or revenge. Henry despised him for his superiority in talents, virtue and noble conduct, and the very act of forbearance which saved his life, degenerated in his view into villainy. The generous reader may be startled with unbelief at conduct so gross and inhuman; yet, nevertheless, such instances are too common, and to be met with almost every day, where men conceive a bitterness towards each other without any apparent or just cause. Look around you my dear reader, and see if you cannot mark the individual who hates his neighbor, because he is more virtuous, more wealthy, or more talented. Mark the expressions of the envious when they cry out—'I do not like that man, he is too proud, too penurious, or too godly given.' You will hear these expressions every day, and see their attempts to injure those, who, if they were better acquainted with, would prove noble and generous souls.

Richard Brinsley, had been sometime paying his vows at the shrine of Miss Caroline Bower's beauty, and the fact that she gave a more willing ear to the protestations of Richard, than to those of Henry, made the latter more acrimonious in his resentments. The fact was Caroline was a beautiful and intelligent girl, in the very bud and bloom of young existence, having only just reached her seventeenth

year, with all the freshness and feeling that characterize the heart at that period of life; for it is a well known truth that the heart is then more pure and free from the art and dissimulation which creep into it in after years, when long communion with the world has corrupted the unpractised affections. Caroline Bower's was no coquette, but on the contrary, she was pure as an angel, simple in her manners as a child, and full of feeling and generous kindness. She was more distinguished for the intelligent expression, than for the regularity of the features of her face. Her light form was faultless, and full of that grace which the immortal Milton gives to Eve. She was an only child, and the decease of her parents had left her in possession of a fortune, which, though not large, was equal to her wants. Every body admired, every body spoke in praise of her kind disposition, and unassuming manners, and hence it is no wonder that she should be a belle among the beaux of New Haven.

Henry Scarborough had tried every means to win the smiles of the fair Caroline, but without effect, and he used the same exertions, though secretly, to blast the kindness which she extended to Richard Brinsley. She discovered his motives, however, as a lady in love will always do, and the shaft which he intended should blast his rival, was feathered and sent back by the God of love (Cupid) to the heart of Caroline, thus increasing the flame which Henry would fain have extinguished. Thus does the envious often increase their own misery.—Henry knew not human nature, and especially woman's nature, or he would have discovered that persecution only has a tendency to elevate the object of it higher in the affections of her whose heart it is intended to imbitter.

The next commencement came on, and Richard Brinsley graduated with great eclat, receiving as was expected, the highest honors of the institution. All rejoiced in this result, save one, and that was Henry Scarborough. Party after party was given to Richard in honor of the event, and compliments were showered upon him from fair lips, and from those of the lovely Caroline, his lady love. But Henry's success was not so apparent, and he retired full of mortification and anger at his defeat.—He retired from College, disgusted with study and Collegiate honors; and he who had boasted that he would be in Congress in less than six years, settled down into mercantile business with a grudge against the world, and an eternal enmity to Richard Brinsley. A year passed away, and Richard was at the same time a student of law, and the husband of the fair, the lovely, and the charmingly happy Caroline Bowers. But scarcely had this happy event taken place when he was aroused one night in January, by the cry fire, and discovered that the block of wooden buildings, which he had obtained with Caroline, were in flames. The wind was high, and the night intensely cold, so that very little could be done, and he saw more than half of all he possessed laid in ruins. How the fire originated none knew, nor could even conjecture.—A general sympathy was felt, and an offer was

made to restore the loss by subscription, but he declined the honor intended, believing that he had a sufficiency left to supply his wants. Time passed smoothly on, and Richard was happy in the society of his wife and child; but difficulties were in store for him, which in the generosity of his heart he had not foreseen. Through kindness alone, he had endorsed for two of his friends who had now become insolvent, and he saw that it would nearly strip him of all he possessed to pay the amounts.—Having just been admitted to the bar he paid the debts of his friends; and prepared to support his family by the exertions of those talents which God had given him. The very first case he had to manage in court, was between Thomas Lawrence, plaintiff, and Henry Scarborough, defendant. It was a case of *crim con*, and Richard Brinsley was engaged on the side opposed to Henry Scarborough; the man who had blasted the happiness of his friend, by seducing his wife from the paths of virtue. So great was Richard's sense of honor that he had determined never to be engaged on the side of a man, who he believed had outraged the laws and proven himself an enemy to virtue. The case came on, and the eloquence of Brinsley gained him golden opinions from all sorts of people. He portrayed the heinous crime of seduction in all its glaring deformity. He described the happiness of the married pair; he portrayed in glowing colors the eden of their young affections, and portrayed to the jury the beauty, the accomplishments, and amiability of the young wife, whose character had been destroyed, and whose happiness had been blasted.

'Yes, gentlemen,' said the eloquent advocate—'he crawled like a serpent into the Eden bowers of love, and stung the bosom of unsuspecting and slumbering innocence. The poison rankled in his veins, and froze the genial current in his heart. In one dark hour his home was made desolate, his children motherless, and all his bright hopes of future happiness blighted in the bud by a man who though a savage, professed to be a christian; by a man, who though a demon, pretended to be his friend. Mark that blighted husband now. He goes not to a home made happy by the smiles of a beautiful and virtuous wife; his children climb not his knees to share his kiss—no, they are all in tears at the loss of their mother, and he the unhappy father, abstracted and forlorn, roves the streets at midnight upbraiding the man who in the garb of a friend had plundered the jewel of his joy from the temple of innocence and virtue, and thrust a dagger to the heart that trusted to his benevolence and confided in his mercy. But talk not of his mercy for it is a profanation—it is with such mercy that the tiger tears the lamb from the fold and reeks his fangs in its innocent blood. It is with such mercy that the cruel Condor bears in its clutches the innocent and unoffending kid. Talk of violated faith and friendship; talk of a broken and bleeding heart; talk of a beautiful and lovely woman prostituted to licentious and hellish desires; but, Oh! God, never mention the mercy of a voluptuous and

abandoned libertine. The man who would thus blast the hopes and happiness of a friend, and plunder from the altar of wedded love, the diadem of innocence, would not hesitate to commit any act in the path of his hellish career.

Thus did the orator proceed till his whole audience were in tears, and even the defendant hung his head, as if touched with a pang of repentance, and the stings of scorpion remorse. Damages to the amount of several thousand dollars were obtained from a unanimous jury; and the fame of the attorney forever established. Henry Scarborough left New Haven, and retired to the town of R—, cherishing, if possible, a hatred towards Richard Brinsley, tenfold more bitter than before, and avowing that he would be revenged if an opportunity offered during life. Whether through design or accident, is not known, but he retired to the same town in which Julia Brinsley the sister of Richard resided.

Julia Brinsley, now sixteen years of age, had grown up a lovely girl; had left the boarding school in Boston, and had come to the house of a widowed aunt, in the town of R—. Henry Scarborough was acquainted with a young lady by the name of Browne, who introduced him into the family of Julia's aunt, Mrs. Southby. Here he soon ingratiated himself by pretending to great purity of morals, and veneration of religion; Mrs. Southby and Julia both being pious. Henry Scarborough, had studied the arts of dissimulation, and might be said at this time, to be an accomplished and splendid villain, for by speculation he had made considerable sums of money, independently of what his father had given him. He attended church regularly, affected to feel great pleasure in the society of religious persons, and even said grace at the table of Mrs. Southby; thus making himself at once the favorite of the two ladies, and so dexterously did he manage his deceit that they did not at all see through his disguise or mark his moral deformity. Julia often wrote to her brother, and mentioned the agreeable guest so frequently at the house of her aunt, but omitting in playfulness to mention his name. Richard did not once dream that it was his bitter enemy, who was winding himself into the affections of his dear and only sister. From her high wrought description of his wealth, of his moral and religious character and amiability of manners, he imagined the prospect a good one, and recommended his sister to give him her affections, if the gentleman offered to address her. The fascinating Julia was delighted with his letter, and shewed it to her aunt with evident satisfaction. The fact was, Julia's young and susceptible heart was already smitten with the piety and great personal beauty of the stranger, and as it ever is the case at sixteen, she did not require a great deal of persuasion to love.

'But you should beware, my dear,' said the good hearted Mrs. Southby—'men are not always what they appear to be. At your age, when the heart is pure and unpractised, it is easy to be deceived by the blandishments of a polished gentleman. He is

a gentleman—but it is well enough to be on your guard.'

'You have certainly, my dear aunt, never supposed for a moment, that he is any thing else,' exclaimed the fair Julia; her dark languishing eyes laughing, and her cheeks reddening as she spoke.

'No, my dear, I have never supposed any thing else,' returned Mrs. Southby—'but still human nature is imperfect, and liable to err at the best, and therefore it becomes us to be on our guard.'

'If ever you should have cause, to even think, that he is any thing but a gentleman,' said Julia, after a pause—'I would forbid him the house, and never suffer myself to see him again.'

'You shall never have cause to think so,' said Henry Scarborough to himself, as he stood outside listening at the window; for I will manage my card better than all that, for your good brother's sake.'

'I am sure it would be the death of me, if any harm should come to you,' continued Mrs. Southby.

At this moment the door opened, and Henry Scarborough entered, bowing, with a book in his hand. Julia's eyes sparkled with evident delight as she looked up into his handsome face, and bade him be seated.

'I have brought you a book, Miss Julia,' said the wily hypocrite—'which I wish you to read.'

'I will do so with pleasure, if it is a good one,' returned the modest girl, with a blush.

'I would not desire you to read any other, my dear Julia,' returned Henry—'It is the Evidences of Christianity, which I think you will agree is a good subject. I think you will thank me when you have read it for the opportunity; for it indeed inculcates the best of moral and religious principles. I am fully persuaded that if the greatest skeptic in the world would calmly study that work, he would at once confess that all the doctrines of infidelity are futile, and that the truth of christianity is beyond contradiction. Simply as a system of ethics, there is nothing equal to the Gospel.'

'You are then a friend to, and a firm believer in the truths of the Gospel,' enquired Julia.

'I am a decided advocate,' returned Scarborough, thoughtfully and solemnly—'and even admitting as the infidel asserts, that there is no hereafter; and that man perishes in death like the ox, yet I would say give us christianity, for it makes better citizens, better society, and fits man for the true enjoyments of life.'

'Ay, what would be the consequence,' exclaimed Julia—'if the Gospel were banished from our bosoms?'

'For an example,' answered Scarborough—'you need but turn to the page of French history, which records the deeds of the latter part of the last century, horrible deeds, too dark to be contemplated. No sooner was christianity abolished than the 'Reign of Terror' commenced; the bloody tyrant Robespierre, swayed the reeking sceptre of France, and the lives and property of men hung upon the will of one licentious and abandoned man. Every tie which connected and bound society was dis-

solved, and virtue, talent, beauty and wealth, and innocence, were alike made victims, at the shrine of Robespierre's hellish ambition. The heads of the highest, the noblest, and most distinguished, fell from the guillotine with a rapidity unparalleled in the annals of any nation; and may God grant that such scenes may never again disgrace the earth. France, was truly at that moment—'

'My heart sickens at the very thought of the evils of infidelity,' exclaimed Julia—unthoughtedly interrupting him; 'and I am glad you have brought me this book, which will strengthen my belief in the great truths of christianity.'

Mrs. Southby left the room at this moment, and the eyes of Julia and Henry met, interchanging mutual though silent vows. A crimson glow came and went on the cheeks of Julia, and Henry read in the language of her dark and heavenly eyes, the characters of generous and genuine passion. Though they had been acquainted but two or three months; yet Julia hesitated not to confess to herself, that she loved with all the ardour and constancy of sixteen. Henry gazed upon her charms of form and face, with a voluptuous ecstasy; but his was a feeling altogether unallied to that which dwelt in her own young and unpolluted bosom. Brilliant were the dreams of Julia, when Scarborough had retired; and she sat at the window, gazing upon the bright moon that threw her silver mantle over creation. In her romantic visions, she pictured the happy future, and gave to it a coloring too bright for the dull realities of life.—Thus, however, the young heart is ever sanguine, and if there was ever one superlatively happy it was Julia, for she had never before loved, and had never yet been disappointed.

Henry Scarborough saw Julia every day, he bowed down at the shrine of her beauty, and poured into her ear the warm, and she believed sincere and pure protestations of his heart. He vowed unalterable attachment, and at length at his earnest request, she vowed eternal constancy.

It was a beautiful afternoon in July, when Henry and Julia came in from a stroll in the fields and woodlands, and seated themselves in the little parlor fronting the main street of the town, though there was a long green yard and avenue of trees before the house. They had been enjoying a long walk, and Henry had been expatiating on the benevolence of the Creator, displayed in the creation. The book was now produced, and led to another conversation on the subject of the evidences of pure religion.

'I believe,' said Henry—'that the evidence in the heart of the pardoning love of God, is as plain as the evidence now is in my heart, that I love you. The change in the heart is as plain in the one case as in the other; and what man is there that ever loved woman, and was not conscious in the change of his heart?'

'Oh! aunt, dear aunt, what carriage is that which has just stopped at our gate?' exclaimed the gay little Julia, as she sprang from her seat, and ran to the window.

'Indeed my dear, I do not know, but go you into the yard and see,' said the good hearted aunt.

In a moment Julia was gone, leaving her aunt and Henry still engaged in conversation.

'My own dear brother, Richard,' exclaimed Julia, gasping for breath—'I am extremely happy to see you.'

'My charming sister, that happiness is reciprocated,' said Richard, grasping her tiny hand.—'What company have you, for I am unfit to appear before company, with my muddy boots and soiled clothes?'

'None at all, but the handsome gentleman, I mentioned to you in my letters, and he will be glad to see you'—returned Julia, and her cheek crimsoned with the warm glow of modesty—'you will be pleased with him.'

Richard stepped into the parlor first, shook hands with his aunt, and then turned—the eyes of Richard Brinsley and Henry Scarborough met, and a withering look from the latter, and a cold nod of recognition from the former followed. Mrs. Southby and Julia, both noticed what passed, and were thunder struck. It was a powerful shock to Richard, and he stood for a moment completely bewildered and amazed.

'Do you come here to seek another victim to your hellish lust,' asked Richard, turning his gaze full upon the face of Scarborough. 'Not satisfied with the revenge you have gratified upon me without a cause; do you come here under the sacred garb of religion, to betray a young and innocent girl, who never injured you—and whose affections you have won, but to trample in the dust? Go, and beware, least the avenging arm of an injured brother, should smote you to the earth. I can bear your injuries myself—but I cannot endure a wrong done or offered to that helpless and harmless girl.'

Henry, whose plans had been deeply laid, submitted in silence—took his hat, and left the house. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold when Julia, to whom the foregoing scene was inexplicable, looked up into the eyes of her brother; covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.—Her feelings had been violated—for she looked upon Henry as immaculate in virtue; and did not understand the meaning of the words which had fallen with so much acrimony from the lips of her brother. Richard spared the feelings of his gentle sister for the present; and she soothed her sorrow with the hope that her brother acted only in revenge for some trifling injury, or supposed breach of faith, which she should be able to heal. The next morning Richard, Mrs. Southby and Julia, were seated in the same little parlor.

'Was that the man whose virtue and other noble qualities, you extolled so highly Julia, in your letters to me,' said Richard, gazing in his sister's face—'Is he the gentleman who conversed so fluently on religion?'

'My dear brother, you are mistaken in his character, I am sure'—said Julia, her eyes filling with tears.

'You certainly must be,' added Mrs. Southby—'or he is the greatest hypocrite in the world.'

'That he certainly is,' returned Richard—'and I am not unacquainted with his true character, though I never speak ill of a man when I can avoid it.—It is however, absolutely necessary now, and I shall give you his dark history. Henry Scarborough conceived a mortal aversion to me some years ago at College, though I gave him no cause, and he sought every opportunity to injure my character and person. He waylaid and attacked me, but I proved too much for him, and he then endeavored to ruin me by slanderous reports among the ladies of New Haven. He failed—and then attempted to break off my marriage with Caroline Bowers.—In this, he also failed—but I had scarcely been married, ere my property was burnt to the ground—though I had no proof by which I could convict any person.'

'Oh! my brother, you are too severe,' sobbed Julia, throwing herself in the arms of her aunt.

'Nay, I am not—it is my desire to save you from the hands of a merciless libertine, and—'

'And break my heart, and blast my happiness'—screamed Julia, weeping in the bitterness of grief.

'Say not so, my dear girl, but be thankful that you will escape from a man who has no mercy for your sex, and no veneration for your virtue. If modesty would permit, I could relate an instance of cold blooded villainy seldom surpassed, but take my word for it, you have escaped a fate worse than death.'

'And fallen into one that death only can relieve me from,' said Julia, wiping her bright eyes.

'Are you then bound to him by ties stronger than those which would admonish you to fly from danger?'

'I am bound,' continued Julia—'by ties that are sacred, by vows that have been heard in Heaven!'

Richard was thunder struck—and persuaded her to accompany him to New Haven, as the only plan by which to keep her from the presence of Henry Scarborough, in which he succeeded, and set off the next day. There was still an indistinct notion in the mind of Julia, that her brother had magnified the faults of Henry through some private pique of his own, judged from the forbearance and seeming virtue of her lover, that he was indeed worthy still of her regard.

Henry Scarborough was mortally disappointed, but he resolved to have revenge for the past.

'Well, Tom, the bird has flown,' exclaimed he to his comrade, at the tavern; 'and I shall soon follow.'

And sure enough, Henry Scarborough was seen soon after, walking the streets of New Haven, arm in arm with Tom Jones; but he did not visit the beautiful Julia Brinsley.

'Well, Tom,' said the heartless Henry, 'I have a scheme in my head, which if you will aid me to accomplish, I will reward you handsomely, and furnish you the money to carry on the business.'

'If it is honorable, I will do it with pleasure,' exclaimed Tom, whose mouth watered at the name

of money; for he was needy—too proud to work, had no one to depend on, and moreover, delighted to play the gentleman, dress finely, gamble, and make a show. But for Tom to talk of honor, was really laughable.

'Oh! there is nothing dishonorable in it, sir,' continued Henry, 'but you shall know I have a stratagem in view to get the lovely Julia into my arms, who loves me to distraction, and whose brother, through hatred to me will not suffer me to see her. Now I will furnish you with money to buy up all Richard Brinsley's paper you can find, giving the full amount for it, if you cannot get it for less; and then I desire you to push him immediately, and if he cannot pay throw him into jail. He has been an enemy to me, and I am the same to him.'

'Oh! I see nothing dishonorable in that,' exclaimed Tom, who was impatient for the money; 'for my precept has ever been to do unto others as they do to me. So let's to the business as soon as possible.'

Tom was directed to go round and discover who had paper on Richard Brinsley, and then secretly come to him for the money. This was done, and Tom Jones made a call upon Richard Brinsley for the money to his utter astonishment and dismay; yet the business had been managed so adroitly that he did not suspect, or even dream that Henry Scarborough was at the bottom of it. Tom Jones was an utter stranger to Richard, and hence he concluded that he lived by shaving other people's notes. In attempting to rebuild the property burnt, Richard had become involved, yet had time been allowed him, he could easily have paid the amounts by his continually increasing practice at the Bar. But Henry Scarborough's revenge was not satiated, and he caused a report to be circulated that he was about to break, and that his effects would not pay half the amount of the claims. This report alarmed the creditors, and a general push was made, and sure enough the property sold in an unfinished state, did not pay much more than half the debts against him. The oldest claims were satisfied first, and with the exception of a small part, the claim in the hands of Tom Jones remained unpaid. A gloomy dungeon was now before his eyes, and he begged to be favored, as he could pay the money within a certain time. But he was informed that a few hours were all that he would be favored with. Richard then applied to certain persons whom he had favored in one way or another, but none of them had the money, though they all were sorry for his inability, and would fain assist him if it were in their power. One firm to whom he had applied had been in flourishing business, established on his credit; for another, he had gained a large amount in a law suit, which had been considered as next to good for nothing; and for a third, he had endorsed to the injury of his own credit, though it proved to the benefit of his friend. Thus it ever is, when we can help ourselves, and need not the aid of others, we can have friends by the score, but so soon as necessity bids us call for

their aid they are gone like bees, that suck sweets from the flower, and have exhausted its store.

The next morning, as Richard was sitting at the table with his wife, sister and little daughter, the knocker was struck with violence, and all started as if it had been the summons of death. Caroline turned pale and trembled, while the terrified Julia went through the passage, and opened the front door. The next moment the kind hearted sheriff, Mr. Benson, entered the room, and bowed to all present.

'I am very sorry, Mr. Brinsley,' said he, 'but I am under the painful necessity of taking you to prison.'

A loud shrill scream pierced the ears of all present, and the unhappy wife fell fainting in the arms of Julia. Tears stood in the eyes of Richard, as he bent over the insensible Caroline for a moment, till she began to revive; then left the room with Mr. Benson, to be conveyed to that prison, where the most honorable are often punished for their misfortunes. Upon an old bench, in a miserably dark and filthy room in the prison, the wretched Richard who had been endeavoring all his life to do good to his fellow men, sat down to meditate on the hollow heartedness of a cold unfeeling world, and on the transitory nature of all human possessions.

'But yesterday, as it were,' he mentally exclaimed—'I considered myself rich in the world's goods, and the world's best affections—but to-day, to-day, what am I! Stripped of all I possessed, and thrown into a dungeon without a friend to sympathize; I have the mortification to behold my beloved wife, my sister, and my child, turn beggars upon that world, which but yesterday, worshipped us in the career of prosperity. Alas! how changeable are human affections! How vain the name of a friend, which we so highly appreciate.'

Caroline recovered from her fainting fit, but to be seized by a violent fever, so stubborn in its character, as to alarm even the physician, who attended her. The news of Richard's incarceration spread over the city, and the ladies feeling the utmost indignation at the result, flocked to the house of Richard, and ministered like angels to the wants of the suffering and devoted wife. Richard was informed by Tom Jones, of the dangerous illness of his wife; and distraction seized his mind to a degree almost bordering on madness. His fancy pictured to him his dying wife, yet he could not fly to her side, to embrace her, and receive her last blessing.

It was in such a frame of feeling that Richard sat brooding over his many misfortunes, when the door of the prison opened, and Henry Scarborough entered. Surprise sat upon the features of Richard.

'You no doubt wonder, at seeing me here,' said Henry—but I, who was once your enemy, am now your friend. Your wife lies dangerously ill, and you are here confined without the power to see her. Sympathy for your situation, seeing that your friends have deserted you, has changed the feelings of your enemy, and I come to offer you

liberty. You here feel what I have felt in being debarred from the society of Julia, the only woman I ever admired, and it lies mutually in our power now to give liberty—'

'Do you come here to insult me,' exclaimed Richard, 'by offering me liberty at the expense of my sister's prostitution? Leave me, and triumph not over a man already crushed by misfortune.'

'Nay, you do not understand me. I have long since repented of my errors, and reformed my ways. I desire nothing that is not honorable; I wish to atone for the wrongs I have done you by becoming your friend, and by setting you at liberty. Jones will take me as your security, and you can pay me at your leisure. I again assure you that I desire nothing but what is purely and strictly honorable.'

Struck with the sincerity of his manner, and the assurance that he had reformed, which seemed to be corroborated by the opinions expressed before by Julia and her aunt, Richard hesitated. The desire to see his wife, believing that his liberty would favor her recovery, and anxious to make a friend of an ancient and bitter enemy, he after many assurances consented; and they both left the prison to the great joy of Caroline and Julia. The body is often resuscitated through the mind, and it was thus with Caroline. The joy she felt at her husband's release, caused a sudden change in her disease, and she rapidly recovered.

Julia, the fascinating Julia, was now as happy as she could live. She had never believed that Henry Scarborough was any thing else than a moral, intelligent and well bred gentleman; and indeed, he had always appeared before her in that character. She never had cause to believe any thing else, and like all mankind, she believed the evidence of her own senses in preference to the evidence or assertions of any one else. We never readily recognise that which we believe to be impossible, and hence Julia did not see through the disguise of Henry. Dazzled by his brightness, she looked not through a glass to discover his spots.

Henry became an every day visitor at the house of Richard, whose extensive business kept him away the greater part of the day. The moral and religious conversation of Henry, and his upright conduct lulled every suspicion of the watchful brother, and threw him off his guard.

'I have gained the heart and hand of the fair Julia,' said Henry, one day as Richard was counting down to him the last of the money he owed him; 'and we now only wait your sanction to be united in the bonds of matrimony.'

'You have my consent,' returned Richard, with a good natured smile, 'and may all happiness attend you.'

It was the desire of Julia, with the approbation of Henry, that they should be married at the house of her aunt, where she had in courtship passed some of the happiest days of her life. It was agreed that after they were united they should return, and reside in New Haven. Accordingly they set off the next day, and expected to return in a week.—

They had travelled but a few miles, and were approaching a road that turned off to the left and led to Saratoga, when the idea apparently just struck Henry of going to the Springs.

'Nay, not till we are married,' said Julia, 'and then all anxiety, and—'

'But'—said Henry, 'it will then be many miles out of our way, and I have near relatives there.'

There was no time to deliberate as they had come to the road, and in the gentleness of her heart, Julia consented. After a few days loitering they arrived at Saratoga, and took lodgings. The great beauty of the two strangers made a great stir among the visitors; and among others introduced to Julia, was the Reverend Dr. Spangloss, who she thought favored some one she had seen. Henry became very desirous that Dr. Spangloss should marry them on the spot, as he was a worthy man and a celebrated divine. Julia reminded him of their promise to her brother and aunt, but had finally to yield to the earnest desire of Henry. Matters were accordingly arranged and they were united at the hotel that night, by Dr. Spangloss. The reader must be informed that this celebrated Dr. Spangloss, was no other than the notorious Tom Jones, who stood so much upon his honor in sending Richard Brinsley to prison. He had been ordered to be at Saratoga to perform the outrageous imposition, which was to doom an innocent woman to prostitution without her knowledge. A large fee was the reward of Tom Jones's villainy—and the fear of punishment in his own person urged him to keep the secret. Poor Julia was extremely happy, and seemed almost to idolize the man who was dooming her to lasting misery, and had already made her what she would sooner have died than acknowledged. A week or two of unalloyed happiness was passed by Julia at Saratoga; when she received the astounding intelligence from the man she supposed to be her husband, that she must prepare for a journey to New York, as he had determined on making that his future place of residence. Vague and undefined fears now harassed the soul of Julia, and she begged, remonstrated, and reminded him of the promise made to her brother. An angry and positive refusal on the part of Henry, sealed with an oath, satisfied her at the same time, that she must submit, and that he was not the moral and religious character she had fancied. Yet, notwithstanding her vague fears, she ascribed his conduct to peevishness, and with the sanguine hope of woman, she looked forward to better and happier days. She therefore submitted in silence, and prepared for the journey.

In the mean time, the unhappy brother doomed to constant disappointment and misfortune, finding that the time had long expired, and they did not return became alarmed, and immediately repaired to the house of his aunt, in the town of R—, who informed him to his dismay that they had not been there; though she had made every preparation for their marriage. Distraction seized upon the soul of Richard, and he determined upon pursuit, but whither should he go! He knew not the

course they had taken. The next day, however, a gentleman from Saratoga, informed him that they were there, in the character of man and wife. The conviction now flashed upon the mind of Richard, that the unfortunate Julia had fallen a victim to the infernal arts of Scarborough; and he immediately set off with all speed for Saratoga. Upon the road his mind was harassed with a thousand fears, and yet the hope buoyed him up that he would not be too late to save her from pollution.—In a state of mind too terrible long to endure, he arrived at Saratoga, and enquired for his ill-fated sister. The keeper of a hotel recollected that a Mr. Scarborough and his lady had been there, but whither they had gone no one knew. Dazzled for a moment with the hope that they might have been married, and again cast down by the conviction that she was the dupe of an accomplished and designing villain. Richard was prostrated upon a bed of sickness, and continued for some days to get worse and worse. A letter from the landlord bore the melancholy intelligence to his alarmed wife, Caroline—and she immediately started post haste towards Saratoga. When she arrived she found her husband raving in a paroxysm of delirium, and the gentle Caroline, like an angel, administered to his wants through the long tedious hours of the night. Six long weeks slowly passed away, ere Richard recovered sufficiently to move on his feet. Dispirited and heartbroken, he turned his weary steps toward home, his only consolation the soothing accents of the fond and devoted Caroline.

To return to Henry. He had arrived in New York, and had taken lodgings for Julia at an obscure boarding house in a retired part of the city; and for himself, at one of the fashionable hotels, where he only however, took his meals. When Julia enquired of him the cause of this strange demeanor, he excused himself by saying that certain private business rendered it necessary. A few months passed in this way, and Julia could not divine the reason that her brother had never answered her letters, for she had written repeatedly. The truth was, she had given the letters to Henry and he had destroyed them, without her ever having entertained the least suspicion of the fact.—There was another source of unhappiness to Julia, which was that Henry began to relax in his attentions to her comfort and convenience, and frequently remained from her some days. She kindly remonstrated with him in tears on his conduct and neglect, and he returned it by a gruff answer that he was his own man, and had a right to spend his time in the company that was most agreeable to him, and that if she would be treated well she must be silent.

'Oh! Henry,' exclaimed Julia, throwing her arms round his neck, which he repulsed, 'there was a time when you loved me, and when you would not have used such language for the world. But ah! how must the unhappy Julia be changed, since she can no longer claim the smiles of her husband, who declares while her heart is beating

only for him, that there is company and smiles more agreeable than her's.'

'This mawkish sensibility Julia, ill becomes you,' said Henry, putting away the hand that had clasped his own. 'I am tired of so much complaining and upbraiding, it becomes you to submit in silence.'

Julia said not another word, but after gazing for a moment in Henry's face, she covered her own with her hands and burst into a flood of tears, sobbing bitterly as with a broken heart.

'Will you never be done with this nonsense,' said Henry, starting upon his feet, 'I am sick of it to death.'

'And of me too, I fear,' said the heart broken Julia.

'Ay, if you will have it so,' returned Henry, 'but you should recollect that you have no right to demand extraordinary attention from me, as you are but the—'

'In the name of all that is sacred Henry, what do you mean?' asked Julia, starting from the sofa.

'I mean simply that you are a pensioner on my bounty, and that you are—'

'Oh! my husband,' exclaimed Julia, bursting into tears again, and not comprehending his full meaning. 'It is unkind, it is cruel, thus to taunt me with my poverty, as if it were a crime. I have loved you with all my heart, and your happiness has ever been the object of my greatest solicitude. In the sight of Heaven you are my husband, and you will not, you cannot doom me to neglect and misery, whom you have sworn to cherish and protect. Oh! no; and though I have been told that you have sought the smiles of a worthless woman in the city, I have never believed that my Henry would be guilty of such conduct. No, no; I cannot bear the thought that the heart which you have so often vowed should be mine alone, should ever be possessed or even shared by another.'

Henry now coolly took up his hat, and as he left the room muttered to himself something which she did not hear. The lady of the house, however, overheard the following, as she stood behind a door.

'You need not taunt me with a mistress, for though you do not know it you are only one yourself.'

The listener who had overheard this, and indeed the whole conversation, was thunder struck. She had always given full credence to the tale of their marriage, and had become attached to Julia, believing her to be an amiable and upright wife, who was soon to become a mother. She now became alarmed as Julia would soon be confined, and Henry might leave her helpless and unprovided for. Mrs. Bradley had seen a good deal of the world in New York, and she feared that Julia in her critical condition, might be left a pensioner on her bounty. She therefore determined to call upon Mr. Scarborough for the money he owed her—and then inform them that she could no longer accommodate them. This was sad intelligence to Julia, for she had learned to love Mrs. Bradley as a mother, and

whose valuable services in the hour of need, she calculated would be greatly to her advantage. Mrs. Bradley rendered several excuses for thus doing, but none of them was the right one. She had promised Julia she would be a mother to her in confinement, and now she was ordered to leave the house. It was a mystery which Julia could not unravel, and she therefore made preparation for her departure, with a sad and sorrowful heart. With all the eloquence she was mistress of, she urged Henry to return to the residence of her aunt, or that of her brother, but without effect. He rented a small house in a cheerless part of the suburbs of the city; far removed from the gay and lively world. The contrast between this and even her former residence was striking—and Julia wept as she sat alone in one of its dreary apartments. Every thing reminded her of the increasing carelessness of her almost worshipped Henry, and that too, at a period when she was in need of every kindness and assistance. One domestic only attended her, and ministered to her wants. Days elapsed without her seeing him, who would willingly have shaken her off, if his conscience would have suffered him to do so at such a period. The small degree of affection which had crept into his heart in spite of him still burnt upon its altar, and he could not violate it by an act of outrageous desertion, that a beast would not be guilty of. He therefore merely kept up the show of kindness and protection.

Day after day did Julia sit at the window, and watch for the approach of him who possessed all her young affections—yet deserved them not.—Tears were seen stealing from her still beautiful dark eyes as she thought of the past, when she was idolized by a fond aunt and brother, who had used every means to accomplish and render her worthy the affections of the happy man of her choice. She contrasted the happy days of the past with the present, and at the thought of her neglect and lonely situation, she wept bitterly. Her friends too must in anger have cast her off, as they had never answered one of the many letters she had written to them. Late one afternoon, her heart was lit up with a momentary glow of gladness, as she saw Henry approaching her lonely habitation; but her happiness was of short duration, for he had been at the wine table, and was moreover in a morose mood and ill humour.

'I am glad to see you, my dear Henry, once more,' said the half smiling, half tearful Julia, taking his hand.

'Here is a letter, I desire you to take to the post-office; it is to my dear brother.'

'Your dear brother cares little for you,' sneered the intoxicated Henry, 'but if you are so desirous of the protection of your brother, you may go; and I will take a journey with one who will give up all for me.'

'Oh! for Heaven's sake, Henry, my husband—you will not leave me in my forlorn situation,' screamed Julia, as she clung to him with a convulsive grasp. 'You cannot, you will not leave your devoted wife.'

'It is necessary for you to know,' returned Henry, 'that you are not my wife, but my mistress, and—'

A wild scream rung in his ears, the hand that had grasped his relaxed its hold, and Julia, the wretched Julia, lay stretched, and fainting by his side. The moon was just sinking below the western horizon, when Julia awoke to her situation between midnight and day. The room was dark, and when her recollection of the past returned to her mind she felt for Henry, and found that he was gone. The reader may imagine, but it is entirely beyond my power to picture or portray her despair. She at the same moment awoke to the consciousness that she had been made the innocent victim of a villain's arts; that she was in a large city without money and without friends—and that she was in a helpless and forlorn condition. How could she thus polluted, ever dare to return to the home of her brother; who had so often warned her to beware of a man who would trample in the dust the most sacred ties, and triumph over the heart that loved to madness. But how could she remain in New York, when demands were continually made for rent, for services, and the numerous necessities of life. Thus Julia mused and mourned till the morning light gilded the lofty spires of the city. Julia arose from the bed on which she had thrown herself the evening before, knelt down on the floor, and prayed fervently for assistance in the hour of need. She had scarcely risen upon her feet, when her eyes fell upon a purse of gold, which Henry, she supposed had left upon the bed, either designedly or through mistake. She felt thankful, and opened a written note which read as follows.

'Infatuated man that I am! Scarcely have I become enamoured of one woman, ere my affections are stolen by another, and now instead of the once fascinating Julia, I am the slave of the beautiful French girl, Adelaide de Longueville; whom I am about to fly with from the home of her father. In playing you a trick to revenge an injury I received from your brother—I fear I have heaped too much injury upon you; and I sincerely ask your pardon, wishing you every possible happiness.

Yours, truly, H. SCARBOROUGH.'

Julia read this cold blooded mockery of feeling and repentance, and so gentle, and forgiving was she in her disposition that she pitied his errors, and plead with her own neglected, forsaken, and bleeding heart, in extenuation of his outrageous conduct. In this uncomplaining and submissive spirit, she was confined without a kind hand to minister to her wants, save that of the domestic who lived with her; and she was threatening to leave her on account of the fear that she would not be remunerated for her services. This threat she put in execution a few days after taking with her the remainder of Julia's money, and leaving her penniless in her helpless condition. All one day and night was Julia left alone, without a living soul to assist her or her infant. Many and multiplied were the sufferings of that innocent woman.

In the morning she was aroused from a feverish sleep, by the entrance of a man who was standing

at the bedside gazing upon her; his countenance working with emotion, and tears gushing from his eyes. She at once recognized in him her brother Richard, and mistook his look of horror and pity, for one of upbraiding and scorn, owing to her feverish state and the flightiness of her mind.

"Do not upbraid your poor heartbroken and forlorn sister," she exclaimed, while her bosom heaved with emotion, and the tears streamed down her pale face; "for I have suffered more than enough to cancel in the sight of Heaven all my crimes. But say you will forgive me, and though blasted in the sight of the world, I shall be happy. Say you will forgive me, and though I roam the world neglected, I shall be happy."

Richard choked with emotion, whispered forgiveness, then sat down on the bedside and wept some time. He remained with his sister a week or two longer, till she could be removed, and then set off to New Haven; the scene of many a happy hour to Julia, but the sight of which now for the first time, gave her pain. A general sympathy was felt for her—yet notwithstanding the kindness shown, she appeared every day to fade away, till all her friends supposed her to be in a decline.—She lingered on two or three years the victim of consumption, brought on by grief and suffering, and then gradually sunk into an untimely grave, admired and mourned by her friends, and the object of universal regret. The name of the unworthy Henry lingered on her lips to the latest breath; and she frequently expressed her forgiveness for all the wrongs and injuries offered her by the man whom she had so faithfully and so fondly loved.—Thus did this once beautiful and gentle creature, still keep alive on the altar of her heart, the flame of love for one who better deserved a hatred, than the undying regard of a lovely woman. Her daughter grew up, and ran a career fortunate beyond the most sanguine anticipations of her wretched and amiable mother. Her history may perhaps be given in a future story.

'It is with aversion that I turn from the death bed and the grave of the young, the beautiful, and accomplished Julia; to pursue the career of the guilty and heartless libertine, Henry Scarborough. He fled from New York, as the reader has been informed, with a young French girl, the idol of her father's heart. He was pursued, but for a long time eluded the pursuit, until at length he was taken, and carried back to New York, there to be tried for abduction and seduction. On the first count, he was convicted and sent to prison, for a length of time not recollected. There was some other crime, however, for which he was also committed. He served out the time, came forth, and went no one knew whither.

Years passed away, and Richard Brinsley had become rich, and had received many high honors, among which was that he had been several times elected to Congress, and the State Legislature, and was now Chief Justice. Of late he had travelled much. It was in the spring of 18—, that he was travelling with his family through the State of



Benares, India.



Venice.

New York, and stopped to examine the new prison at Sing Sing. He had examined many of the cells, when his attention was directed to one from which proceeded heart rending groans, and the rattling of heavy irons.

'That cell contains a wretched man,' said the keeper, 'who has run a career of villainy, according to his own account, the bare recital of which would make you shudder. He has once been a man of wealth and respectability, and it makes my heart bleed when I view his condition, and think of the unbridled passions which have brought him to his present miserable fate.'

'For what crime has he been brought here?' inquired the judge, 'and what is his name?'

'He has spent a number of years in different prisons,' resumed the keeper, 'but the one which last brought him here was forgery, committed on a gentleman of Albany. In endeavoring to escape he killed the keeper, my predecessor; and is now under sentence of death! He has assumed so many names that it is difficult to discover the real one, though he generally goes by that of Tom Jones.'

The judge started with surprise, as the keeper threw open the massive door, and discovered the unhappy man. In a moment he recognized the wretched Henry Scarborough, who had been his deadly enemy; and whose conduct had brought his respectable and grey haired father to the grave. The guilty culprit cowered beneath the gaze of the man he had injured; and the judge gazed with emotion at the lovely young girl at his side, the daughter of the criminal before him. When he was informed that the young lady, who had just been taken away to spare her the mortification, was his daughter; the intelligence was more than he could bear, though scathed by crime, and he covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly. He then earnestly begged that he might see her again, and speak to her, which was refused through regard to her feelings. He desired that the remains of his property might be secured to his daughter; and that the property which had fallen to him by his father's recent death, might be divided between Richard and the young Julia. After the necessary arrangements were made they left the prison, resigning to his fate a man who had brought upon himself the vengeance of violated law. In passing along the gloomy passage a man was seen in another cell, who was recognized as the real Tom Jones, who had lately been committed for life for the commission of a dreadful crime. Tom was a fellow on whom repentance worked no miracles, being of a reckless, devilish, and fearless character.

'I say my old boy,' cried Tom, as the judge halted to look at him, 'I'm now in the same predicament that I once placed your honor, though I'm not quite so certain I shall stay here.'

'I presume you will stay till you get tired,' said the keeper, smiling at the fellow's pertness.

'I guess I can come out feet foremost, if no other way,' returned Tom, with a hearty laugh.

Shocked at his levity, the judge proceeded onward towards the door, sick of such a scene.

'I say friend,' bawled Tom, 'I should like to buy some more of your paper.'

Upon returning home, and searching into the business, Henry's father had bequeathed the whole of his large estate to his grand daughter Julia, with the exception of a large legacy to Richard.

The night before the day on which Henry was to have been executed, he hung himself with a silk handkerchief; and thus ended the career of a man, who, had he curbed his passions, might have been an honor to the community in which he lived, and an ornament to the nation.

Judge Brinsley still lives with a smiling family around him, and with all that can render life agreeable, and old age honorable. The younger Julia is still in the pride of beauty and grace.

BENARES.

This town stands on the northern side of the Ganges, in the form of an amphitheatre. The houses are very high, and the streets narrow. It contains 600,000 inhabitants. It has a number of pious institutions and temples. The number of merchants and bankers (all wealthy) are numerous. Benares has long been the great mart for diamonds and other precious gems; and it is in this town that the great Hindoo festivals are celebrated. To die at Benares is the greatest happiness of the Hindoo, because he is then sure of immediate admission into Heaven.

For an interesting account of Benares the reader may be referred to Bishop Heber's narrative of a journey through the upper Provinces of India, in 1824-6.

VENICE.

The objects which first arrest the attention of the traveller, on entering Venice, are the Rialto, or great bridge St. Marks, with its brazen steeds, and the Bridge of Sighs. Byron has perhaps described the "Eternal City" in four lines.—

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand,
And saw from out the waves her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.

The Piazza di San Marco, embraces within its limits the most magnificent edifices in Venice. It is in form an oblong rectangle, surrounded on three sides, by buildings exhibiting every variety of architectural style.

The next most remarkable object is the Church of St. Mark, erected in the 9th century and exhibiting a singular mixture of classical and oriental architecture. This church was long celebrated as being the depository of the Evangelists body (St. Mark.) In the treasury of the church there is a very ancient copy of the gospels in Latin.

The general reader does not require to be told that Venice is built entirely on small islands, with canals for streets, boats for cars and gondolas for coaches. The number of islands is estimated at 90; separated from the continent by the Lagoons (a wide and shallow arm of the sea,) and connected by 450 bridges, among

which the Rialto is most conspicuous. Their bridge consists of a single arch 187 feet long, and 43 wide.

Social life in Venice is almost extinct—the city being now but the ghost of its former self—enlivened only by the Carnival.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY.

'I am your superior officer, Mr. Easy,' replied the boatswain.

'Yes, by the rules of the service; but you just now asserted that you would waive your rank—indeed, I dispute it on this occasion; I am on the quarter-deck, and you are not.'

'This is the gentleman whom you have insulted, Mr. Easy,' replied the boatswain, pointing to the purser's steward.

'Yes, Mr. Heasy, quite as good a gentleman as yourself; although I have had misfortunes—I have as hold a family as many in the country,' replied Mr. Easthupp, now backed by the boatswain; 'many the year did I walk Bond street, and I have as good blood in my veins as you, Mr. Heasy; although I have been unfortunate—I have had hadmirals in my family.'

'You have grossly insulted this gentleman,' said Mr. Biggs, in continuation; 'and notwithstanding all your talk of equality, you are afraid to give him satisfaction—you shelter yourself under the quarter-deck.'

'Mr. Biggs,' replied our hero, who was now very wroth, 'I shall go on shore directly we arrive at Malta. Let you and this fellow, put on plain clothes, and I will meet you both—and then I'll show you whether I am afraid to give satisfaction.'

'One at a time,' said the boatswain.

'No, sir, not one at a time, but both at the same time—I will fight both or none. If you are my superior officer, you must descend,' replied Jack, with an ironical sneer, 'to meet me, or I will not descend to meet that fellow, whom I believe to have been little better than a pick-pocket.'

This accidental hit of Jack's made the purser's steward turn as pale as a sheet, and then equally red. He raved and foamed amazingly, although he could not meet Jack's indignant look; who then turned round again.

'Now, Mr. Biggs, is this to be understood, or do you shelter yourself under your FORECASTLE?'

'I'm no dodger,' replied the boatswain, 'and we will settle the affair at Malta.'

At which reply Jack returned to Mesty.

'Massa Easy, I look at um face, dat fello, Eastop, he not like it. I go shore wid you, see fair play, any how—suppose I can?'

Mr. Biggs having declared that he would fight, of course had to look out for a second, and he fixed upon Mr. Tallboys, the gunner, and requested him to be his friend. Mr. Tallboys, who had been lately very much annoyed by Jack's victories over him in the science of navigation, and therefore, felt ill-will towards him, consented; but was very much puzzled how to arrange that THREE were to fight at the same time, for he had no idea of their being two duels, so he went to his cabin and commenced reading,—

Jack, on the other hand, dare not say a word to Jolliffe on the subject; indeed, there was no one in the ship to whom he could confide but Gascoigne; he therefore went to him, and although it was excessively INFRA DIG of Jack to meet even the boatswain, as the challenge had been given, there was no retracting. He therefore consented, like all midshipmen, anticipating fun, and quite thoughtless of the consequences.

The second day after they had been anchored in Vallette harbor, the boatswain and gunner, Jack and Gascoigne, obtained permission to go on shore. Mr. Easthupp, the purser's steward, dressed in his best blue coat with brass buttons and velvet collar, the very one in which he had been taken up in when he had been vowing and protesting that he was a gentleman, at the very time that his hand was abstracting a pocketbook, went up on the quarter-deck, and requested the same indulgence, but Mr. Sawbridge refused, as he required him to return staves and hoops at the coopeage. Mesty also, much to his mortification, was not to be spared.

This was awkward, but it was got over by proposing that the meeting should take place behind the coopeage at a certain hour, on which Mr. Easthupp might slip out and borrow a portion of the time appropriated to his duty, to heal the breach in his wounded honor. So the parties all went on shore, and put up at one of the small inns to make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Tallboys then addressed Mr. Gascoigne, taking him apart while the boatswain amused himself with a glass of grog, and our hero sat outside, teasing a monkey.

'Mr. Gascoigne,' said the gunner, 'I have been very much puzzled how this duel should be fought, but I have at last found it out. You see that there are three parties to fight; had there been two or four, there would have been no difficulty, as the right line or square might guide us in that instance; but we must arrange it upon the TRIANGLE in this.'

Gascoigne stared; he could not imagine what was coming.

'Are you aware, Mr. Gascoigne, of the properties of an equilateral triangle?'

'Yes,' replied the midshipman, 'it has three equal sides—but what the devil has that to do with the duel?'

'Everything, Mr. Gascoigne,' replied the gunner; 'it has resolved the great difficulty: indeed a duel between three can only be fought on that principle. You observe,' said the gunner, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and making a triangle on the table, 'in this figure we have three points, each equidistant from each other; and we have three combatants—so that placing one at each point, it is all fair play for the three: Mr. Easy, for instance, stands here, the boatswain here, and the purser's steward at the third corner. Now, if the distance is fairly measured, it will be all right.'

'But then,' replied Gascoigne, delighted at the idea, 'how are they to fire?'

'It certainly is not of much consequence,' replied the gunner, 'but still, as sailors, it appears to me that they should fire with the sun; that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs

fires at Mr. Easthupp, and Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy; so that you perceive that each party has his shot at one, and at the same time receives the fire of another.'

Gascoigne was in ecstasies at the novelty of the proceeding, the more so as he perceived that Easy obtained every advantage by the arrangement.

'Upon my word, Mr. Tallboys, I give you great credit; you have a profound mathematical head, and I am delighted with your arrangement. Of course, in these affairs, the principals are bound to comply with the arrangements of the seconds, and I shall insist upon Mr. Easy consenting to your excellent and scientific proposal.'

Gascoigne went out, and pulled Jack away from the monkey, told him what the gunner had proposed at which Jack laughed heartily.

The gunner also explained it to the boatswain, who did not very well comprehend, but replied 'I dare say it's all right—shot for shot, and d—n all favors.'

The parties then repaired to the spot with two pairs of ship's pistols, which Mr. Tallboys had smuggled on shore; and, as soon as they were on the ground, the gunner called Mr. Easthupp out of the coopeage. In the mean time, Gascoigne had been measuring an equilateral triangle of twelve paces—and marked it out.—Mr. Tallboys, on his return with the purser's steward, went over the ground, and finding that it was 'equal angles subtended by equal sides,' declared that it was all right. Easy took his station, the boatswain was put in his, and Mr. Easthupp, who was quite in a mystery, was led by the gunner to the third position.

'But, Mr. Tallboys,' said the purser's steward, 'I don't understand this—Mr. Easy will first fight Mr. Biggs, will he not?'

'No,' replied the gunner, 'this is a duel of three. You will fire at Mr. Easy, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs will fire at you. It is all arranged Mr. Easthupp.'

'But,' said Mr. Easthupp, 'I do not understand it. Why is Mr. Biggs to fire at me? I have had no quarrel with Mr. Biggs.'

'Because Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs must have his shot as well.'

'If you have ever been in the company of gentlemen, Mr. Easthupp,' observed Gascoigne, 'you must know something about duelling.'

'Yes, yes, I've kept the best company, Mr. Gascoigne, and I can give a gentleman satisfaction: but—'

'Then, sir, if that is the case, you must know that your honor is in the hands of your second, and that no gentleman appeals.'

'Yes, yes, I know that, Mr. Gascoigne; but still I've no quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and therefore, Mr. Biggs, of course you will not aim at me.'

'Why, you don't think that I'm going to be fired at for nothing,' replied the boatswain; 'no, no, I'll have my shot any how.'

'But at your friend, Mr. Biggs?'

'All the same, I shall fire at somebody; shot for shot, and hit the luckiest.'

'Vel, gentlemen, I purtest against these proceedings,' replied Mr. Easthupp; 'I came here

to have satisfaction from Mr. Easy, and not to be fired at by Mr. Biggs.'

'Don't you have satisfaction when you fire at Easy?' replied the gunner; 'what more would you have?'

'I purtest against Mr. Biggs firing at me.'

'So you would have a shot without receiving one,' cried Gascoigne; 'the fact is, that this fellow's a confounded coward, and ought to be kicked into the coopeage again.'

At this affront Mr. Easthupp rallied, and accepted the pistol offered by the gunner.

'You ear those words, Mr. Biggs; pretty language to use to a gentleman. You shall ear from me, sir, as soon as the ship is paid off. I purtest no longer, Mr. Tallboys; death before dishonor—I'm a gentleman, damme!'

At all events, the swell was not a very courageous gentleman, for he trembled most exceedingly as he pointed his pistol.

The gunner gave the word, as if he were exercising the great guns on board ship.

'Cock your locks!—Take good aim at the object!—Fire!—Stop your vents!'

The only one of the combatants who appeared to comply with the latter supplementary order was Mr. Easthupp, who clapped his hand to his trousers behind, gave a loud yell, and then dropped down; the bullet having passed clean through his seat of honor, from his having presented his broadside as a target to the boatswain as he faced towards our hero. Jack's shot had also taken effect, having passed through both the boatswain's cheeks, without further mischief than extracting two of his best upper double teeth, and forcing through the hole of the farther cheek the boatswain's own quid of tobacco. As for Mr. Easthupp's ball, as he was very unsettled, and shut his eyes before he fired, it had gone, Lord knows where.

The purser's steward lay on the ground and screamed—the boatswain spit his double teeth and two or three mouthfuls of blood out, and then threw down his pistols in a rage.

'A pretty business, by God,' sputtered he; 'he's put my pipe out. How the devil am I to pipe to dinner when I'm ordered, all my wind escaping through the cheeks?'

In the mean time, the others had gone to the assistance of the purser's steward, who continued his vociferations. They examined him, and considered a wound in that part to be dangerous.

'Hold your confounded bawling,' cried the gunner, 'or you'll have the guard down here: you're not hurt.'

'Han't hi?' roared the steward; 'oh let me die, let me die, don't move me!'

'Nonsense,' cried the gunner, 'you must get up and walk down to the boat; if you don't we'll leave you—hold your tongue, confound you.—You won't? then I'll give you something to hallo for.'

Whereupon Mr. Tallboys commenced cuffing the poor wretch right and left, who received so many swinging boxes of the ear, that he was soon reduced to merely pitiful plaints of 'Oh, dear!—such inhumanity—I purtest—oh, dear! must I get up? I can't indeed.'

'I do not think he can move, Mr. Tallboys,' said Gascoigne; 'I should think the best plan

would be to call up two of the men from the cooperage, and let them take him at once to the hospital.

The gunner went down to the cooperage to call the men. Mr. Biggs, who had bound up his face as if he had a toothache, for the bleeding had been very slight, came up to the purser's steward.

'What the devil are you making such a howling about? Look at me, with two shot-holes through my figure-head, while you have only got one in your stern: I wish I could change with you, by heavens, for I could use my whistle then—now if I attempt to pipe, there will be such a wasteful expenditure of his majesty's stores of wind, that I never shall get out a note. A wicked shot of yours, Mr. Easy.'

'I really am very sorry,' replied Jack, with a polite bow, 'and I beg to offer my best apology.'

During this conversation, the purser's steward felt very faint, and thought he was going to die.

'Oh dear! oh dear! what a fool I was; I never was a gentleman—only a swell; I shall die; I never will pick a pocket again—never—never—God forgive me!'

'Why, confound the fellow,' cried Gascoigne, 'so you were a pickpocket, were you?'

'I never will again,' replied the fellow in a faint voice; 'hi'll hamend and lead a good life—a drop of water—oh! lagged at last!'

Then the poor wretch fainted away; and Mr. Tallboys coming up with the men, he was taken on their shoulders and walked off to the hospital, attended by the gunner and also the boatswain, who thought he might as well have a little medical advice before he went on board.

'Well, Easy,' said Gascoigne, collecting the pistols and tying them up in his handkerchief, 'I'll be shot, but we're in a pretty scrape; there's no hushing this up. I'll be hanged if I care; it's the best piece of fun I ever met with.' And at the remembrance of it Gascoigne laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. Jack's mirth was not quite so excessive, as he was afraid that the purser's steward was severely hurt, and expressed his fears.

'At all events, you did not hit him,' replied Gascoigne; 'all you have to answer for, is the boatswain's mug. I think you've stopped his jaw for the future.'

'I'm afraid that our leave will be stopped for the future,' replied Jack.

'That we may take our oaths of,' replied Gascoigne.

'Then look you, Ned,' said Easy, 'I've lots of dollars; we may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, as the saying is; I vote that we do not go on board.'

'Sawbridge will send and fetch us,' replied Ned; 'but he must first find us.'

'That won't take long, for the soldiers will soon have our description and route us out—we shall be pinned in a couple of days.'

'Confound it, and they say that the ship is to be hove down, and that we shall be here six weeks at least, cooped up on board in a broiling sun, and nothing to do but to watch the pilot-fish playing round the rudder, and munch bad

apricots. I won't go on board look ye, Jack, said Gascoigne, 'have you plenty of money?'

'I have twenty doubloons, besides dollars,' replied Jack.

'Well then, we will pretend to be so much alarmed at the result of this duel, that we dare not show ourselves, lest we should be hung. I will write a note and send it to Jolliffe, to say that we have did ourselves until the affair is blown over, and beg him to intercede with the captain and first lieutenant. I will tell him all the particulars, and refer to the gunner for the truth of it; and then I know that although we should be punished, they will only laugh; I will pretend that Easthupp is killed, and we are frightened out of our lives. That will be it, and then let's get on board one of the speronares which come with fruit from Sicily, sail in the night for Palermo, and then we'll have a cruise for a fortnight, and when the money is all gone we'll come back.'

'That's a capital idea, Ned, and the sooner we do it the better. I will write to the captain, begging him to get me from being hung, and telling him where we have fled to, and that letter shall be given after we have sailed.'

They were two very nice lads—our hero and Gascoigne.

FUNERAL HYMN.

He has gone to his God; he has gone to his home
No more amid peril and error to roam;
His eyes are no longer dim;
His feet will no longer falter;
No grief can follow him;
No pang his cheek can alter.

There are paleness, and weeping, and sighs below;
For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow;
But the harps of heaven are ringing,
Glad angels come to greet him;
And hymns of joy are singing,
While old friends press to meet him.

O honoured, beloved, to earth unconfined,
Thou hast soared on high; thou hast left us behind
But our parting is not for ever;
We will follow thee by heaven's light,
Where the grave cannot dis sever
The souls whom God will unite.

Yes, visions of his future rest
To man, the pilgrim, here are shown:
Deep love, pure friendship, thrill his breast,
And hopes rush in of joys unknown.

Released from earth's dull round of cares,
The aspiring soul her vigour tries;
Plumes her soiled pinions, and prepares
To soar amid ethereal skies.

Around us float, in changing light,
The dazzling forms of distant years;
And earth becomes a glorious sight,
Beyond which opening heaven appears.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE AS DEWY TWILIGHT LINGERS.

Composed by B. Hime.

Where as dew-y twilight lingers O'er the balmy air, love, Harps seem touch'd by
fai-ry fingers, Wilt thou meet me there, love? Where as dew-y twi-light lin-gers
O'er the balm-y air, love, Harps seem touch'd by fai-ry fin-gers, Wilt thou meet me
there, love? While the rapid swallows fly--ing, And each distant murmur dy-ing,
Leaves a lone a-round us sighing, Wilt thou meet me
there love? Where as dew-y twilight lingers O'er the balm-y air, love.
Harps seem touch'd by fai-ry fingers, Wilt thou meet me there, love? Wilt thou meet me there, love?
Wilt thou meet me there, love?

2 Where soft gales from beds of flowers,
Fragrant incense bear, love,
Sweet as eastern maiden's bowers,
Wilt thou meet me there, love?
While the bird of love is singing,
Liquid notes around us flinging,

Rapture to the full heart bringing,
Wilt thou meet me there, love?
Where as dewy twilight lingers,
O'er the balmy air, love,
Harps seem touch'd by fairy fingers,
Wilt thou meet me there, love?

THE LAST HERRING.

"Hoot away despair!
Never yield to sorrow—
The blackest sky may wear
A sunny lace to-morrow."

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine cottage sat by her blazing fagots with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter; she had no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways is above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amidst the bending pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed; and no wonder her forlorn desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow, and to the orphan, cannot forget his word. Providence had many years before taken from her, her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the seas, since which she had heard no note or tidings of him; and in later times had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her worldly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband.—Yet to this hour she had been upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost one opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children—far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of the Pine cottage; but as she bent over the fire and took up the scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the

table when a gentle rap at the door and loud barking of the dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it and a weary traveller, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health entered and begged a lodging, and a mouthful of food; "for," said he, "it is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew, as under fresh distresses; for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

The traveller drew near the board—but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes towards heaven in astonishment—"and is this all your store?" said he, "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not! then never saw I charity before! but, madam," said he continuing, "do you not wrong your children by giving part of their last mouthful to a stranger?" "Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I can only act towards you as I would that others should act towards him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as she did for Israel—and how should I, this night, offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home even poor as this—were I to turn you unrelied away."

The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms—"God has indeed provided just such a home for your wandering son—and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress—my mother! oh my mother!"

It was her long lost son; returned to her bosom from the Indies; abounding in riches. He had chosen that disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one, comfortable, and indeed, beautiful in the valley, and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employment of virtue; and at this day the passer-by is often pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad and green above her grave, while he listens to the recital of this simple and homely, but not altogether worthless tale.

A Noble Animal.—In England lately, a horse being in danger of drowning from being exhausted and in deep water, was rescued by another horse standing on the beach, with harness on, who had been attentively surveying the scene, plunged into the water, and made after his friend in distress, whom he soon overtook, and applied his mouth to the affrighted animal's ear, apparently attempting to push his head round towards the shore; he then turned about, neighing loudly to encourage his companion, when the latter also turned and followed his gallant leader to the beach, where they both arrived in safety.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A Vignette in Bell's Life, in London, representing a half starved hawker of songs, importuning a lot of beggars for customers, is accompanied with the subjoined stanzas, in which the subject is capially hit off.

Here's a rare lot of songs for a small sum of money,
A hundred and upwards! now aint that a heap?

Bang-up, sentimental, pathetic and funny,
And all for von penny!—unkimmially cheap!

"Hallice Gray," "Paddy Carey," "The Last Rose of Summer,"

"The Man of Dogs' Meat," "The Bould Smugler, Vil Vatch;"

And here's the "The Cork Leg"—and there can't be a rummer—

Vich you either may chant as a ballad or catch.

Buy a yard and a half of most capital worses,
By Burns, and Lord Byron, and Hudson, and Moore;

Come Masters and Misses, then open your purses,
Such a chance in your life you ne'er met with before.

Here's "God Save the King," and "The Exile of Erin,"

"Tom Bowling," "The Nightingale Club," and "Poor Jack;"

"Sally Brown," "Nelly Gray," "While our Bark was a Steering,"

"The Rose Vich I Gathered," "John Trot," "Paddy Vack."

In the whole of the lot there's not one vot's umproper

But I varrant 'em all to be vastly admired;

Come, never be stingy, but fork out a copper

And then you may sing till you're all on you tired.

Here's "Welcome me Home," and here's "Farewell Forever,"

Here's "Hush Little Bow-wow"—do make haste and buy 'em;

There ne'er was in print a collection so clever,

Here's "All Round my Hat," and here's "Taste 'em and Try 'em."

Here's "The Jackets of Blue," and here's "Hush thy Suspicion."

Here's "The Heart that is Proof to Young Cupid's Attacks;"

Here's Fogo's new Ballad—a rare composition—
In praise of the pleasures of milling and max.

Come, purchase away, 'tis no trash vot I sell ye;
Vy am I obliged for custom to bawl?

I see how it is, and I'm sorry to tell ye,
You han't got no relish for music at all!

"You don't love me, I know you don't," said a young married lady to her husband. "I give you credit, my dear, for keen penetration," was the consoling reply.

A celebrated, preacher, well known as an eccentric character, stopped short in the pulpit: it was vain that he scratched his head; nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit stairs, "My friends, I pity you, for you have lost a fine discourse."

Filial Affection.—"John," said a little urchin to his brother, "you must come home." "What for?" "Daddy's dead." "Oh, is that all?"

Sons of Song.—The wife of Mr. Jabez H. Song, of Louisiana, lately presented him with three infant sons, "on one occasion." Mr. Song is represented in the article mentioning this circumstance, as "an industrious husbandman."

A witty lady was, the other day, remarking on the lower order of petty clerks, milliners' and drapers' shopmen, &c. (not to mention buss cads and cad drivers,) who ape dandyism in their appearance, wear bits of, or prodigious mustachios, as if they were engaged in horrible warfare, and infest the streets with their smoke and filth. "Poor creatures," she said, "I am always sorry for them; they spend all their earnings on tobacco, and cannot afford to keep themselves clean shaved."

A PROFESSED COOK.—She "soon convinced her mistress of her capabilities, by asking one day, about half an hour before the usual dinner time, 'Missus, the carrots be done, shall I put in the beef?'"—*Benson Hill's Recollections.*

Technical Toast.—Benjamin Franklin, the * of his profession—the type of honesty—the * of all—and although the * of death has put a . to his existence, every * of his life is without a fl.

A Remarkable Bolster.—An American writer, in describing the last scene of "Othello," has this exquisite passage:—"Upon which the Moor, seizing a bolster, full of rage and jealousy, smothered her."

A sporting gentleman, passing by a house he observed on the door, the separate names of a physician and surgeon, and facetiously remarked that the circumstance put him in mind of a double barrelled gun, for if one missed, the other was sure to kill.

When a tradesman in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks him is,—"Are you able to pay the charges?" That is to say in English are you able to keep a wife when you have got her? What a world of misery it would prevent if the young women in all countries would stick to that question.

A merchant a few miles from Petersburg, Va. on opening a hogshead of hardware, and comparing its contents with the invoice of it, found a hammer less than was charged therein. This he mentioned to a young Irishman, his assistant, who immediately exclaimed, "och, my honey, don't be after bothering your head about that, did'nt the nager take it out of the hogshead to open it with?"

The following *unutterably* curious sentence is frequently used in schools to correct stammering:

Theopolis Thistle the thistle sifter sifted a sieve full of unsifted thistles, and if Theopolis Thistle the thistle sifter sifted a sieve full of unsifted thistles, where's the sieve full of sifted thistles that Theopolis Thistle the thistle sifter sifted!!!

Which side of St. Paul's Cathedral do you approach first? *The outside.*

[From the New York Mirror.]
CUTTING.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

The world is not a perfect one,
All women are not wise or pretty,
All that are willing are not won—
More's the pity—more's the pity!
"Playing wall-flower's rather flat,"
L'Allegro or Penseroso—
Not that women care for that—
But oh! they hate the slighting beau so!
Delia says my dancing's bad—
She's found it out since I have cut her;
She says wit I never had—
I said she "smelt of bread and butter."
Mrs. Milton coldly bows—
I did not think her baby "cunning;"
Gertude says I've little "nous"
I'm tired of her atrocious punning.
Tom's wife says my taste is vile—
I condemned her macaroni.
Miss Mc Lush my flirt awhile,
Hates me—I preferred her crony;
Isabella, Sarah Anne,
Fat Estella, and one other,
Call me an immoral man—
I have cut their drinking brother.
Thus it is—be only civil—
Dance with stupid, short and tall—
Know no line 'twixt saint and devil—
Spend your wit on fools and all—
Simper with the milk and water—
Suffer bores, and talk of caps—
Trot out people's awkward daughters—
You may scandal 'scape—perhaps!
But prefer the wise and pretty—
Pass Reserve to dance with Wit—
Let the slight be e're so pretty,
Pride will never pardon it.
Woman never yet refused
Virtue to a seeming wooer—
Woman never yet abused
Him who had been civil to her.

How to meet a Creditor.—If you see your creditor at a distance, walk boldly up to him, and as you go by, hope his rheumatism is better, if he be about to stop you, seem to stop him,

and, before he can remind you that you faithfully promised to pay him three weeks ago, hint him that he has neglected sending in your account, and that you *must* have it by the twenty-fifth of next month. Tell him to call for the amount on that day. You need not be at home, for he won't come.

Irish Negro.—An Irishman with his family landing at Philadelphia, was assisted on shore by a negro, who spoke to Patrick in Irish. The latter taking the black fellow for one of his own countrymen, asked how long he had been in America? About four months was the reply. The chop-fallen Irishman turned to his wife and exclaimed—"But four months in this country and almost as black as jet."

Why should all girls, a wit exclaimed,
Surprising *farmers* be?
Because they're always studying
The art of *husband-ry*.

ON AN ALBUM.

An Album!—prythee what is it?
A book I always shun;
Kept to be filled with others' wit,
By people who have none.

John Wesley.—In disposition, John Wesley was kind, placable, and affectionate. He practised a strict economy, not with any sordid motives, but for the purpose of administering extensively to the wants of the poor. His integrity was unimpeachable; and money would have been of no value in his estimation but that it afforded him the means of increasing his utility. He passed six months in Georgia without possessing a single shilling; and it has been surmised from his own account when a young man at Oxford, his income was 30 pounds per annum, he gave two away. Next year receiving sixty, he still lived on twenty-eight and gave away thirty-two; the third year he received ninety, and gave away sixty-two; the fourth year he received a hundred and twenty; still he lived on as before, on twenty-eight, and gave away ninety-two. In the plenitude of his power, the commissioners of the excise, supposing that he had plate, which, in order to avoid the duty, he had not returned, wrote to him on the subject. Wesley replied, "I have two silver spoons in London, and one in Bristol—this is all the plate that I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread."

Sturdy Beggary. There is a story related in an English paper of a gentleman in the vicinity of Derby who directed about two years since that to every able-bodied man soliciting alms at the gate before his mansion, employment should be offered at two shillings a day and a pint of ale. For two years this offer has been made to 150 beggars of this description; out of that number only one accepted it, and he was employed in the garden; he did not stay above three days. One of them, on being expostulated with, said he had rather beg than work—It was a better trade; that it was a poor street in which he could not get 3d., and he could go through twenty in a day.

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