

of her cousins came and put a letter into her hands: she allowed the instrument to escape from her grasp, and her fingers trembled so, that she could scarcely break the seal.

"Your heart's owre full for ought, my love," said her mother; "let me see this epistle;" and she snatched the letter from her daughter's hand, glanced on it, and exclaimed, "Heh, what a surpriso! Jenny Tamson, ye'll be a lady."

"Yes, madam," said Sir William Leslie, stepping forward; "but you will be surprised to find that I am the ill deeing geet, as fu' o' mischief as an egg is fu' o' meat; but yet to whom you gave more kisses than cuffs when he was an orphan child."

"Is the heaven aboon me and the earth below me?" cried the old lady, in vast surprise; "and are ye the wee wicked ne'er-do-weel that used to pull my goose-berries, steal my apples, and wad sooner hae put the kye into the corn, than turn them out?"

"But, madam, said Sir William, 'you have not bid me welcome yet; nor said that I am to be preferred as a son, to the drunkard, the bully, and the miser.'"

"Welcome, ay welcome," she said, "as the flower to May, as the sun to sinmer; and prefer ye as a son! I could never sander ye when ye were bairns, and needna' try, I see, to do't now. This day shall be one of rejoicing to me yearly as it comes round, and its name shall be Jenny Tamson's Surprise."

"The old good-wife kept her word, and the day is still one of gladness annually to the whole country side. And sae I have tauld the tale," concluded Elspith, "of Jenny Tamson's Surprise, and how the owre word rose in the land."

WHY WOMEN WERE MADE LOVELY.

I have often thought that the only form in which despotism is endurable is when it is exercised by a beautiful woman. There is such a dignity in the pretended unconsciousness with which she wears her authority, yet so evident a relish in the exercise of her power! With what a condescending swan-like ease does she look down upon us inferior water-fowl! How serenely happy is her existence! She has no need for circumspection. Customs are cobwebs to her; and all the ordinary restraints of society only foils wherewith to set off her celestial superiority. Nature has taken care of her motions. She has no need to observe how her arms are placed, or whether her body has the bend graceful, or whether her eyes express *nonchalance*, or whether her toes turn out, or whether others' glances are searching out her conscious defects. So far from it—she is not even aware of the existence of such sensations of doubt—the torment of all those whose are ill at ease on the score of their personal appearance. One can conceive an inexpressible felicity the portion of the possessor of such charms. I cannot think but that there must be a kind of instinctive pleasure in the use of those fine limbs—a consciousness of the fire or the soft languishment of those expressive eyes. Everything a really handsome woman does is so naturally graceful that one cannot help fancying there may be in them a capability for a kind of pleasure which ordinary mortals cannot enjoy, a pleasure arising from an intuitive harmony of motion. At all events we have imagined an ineffable spirituality of enjoyment in the existence of angels, intimately connected with their supposed perfection of form; and it will but be one step farther to suppose the same to belong to a lovely woman, who surely is in the next degree of being to the angels.

I have an hypothesis as to the motive which dictated the expenditure of so much of the divine art in fashioning the superlative loveliness of woman—in making her that pure typification she is, of all that is majestic, all that is soft and soothing, all that is bright, all that expresses the one universal voice of love, in the creation. To work out one's own hypothesis is, perhaps, one of the most agreeable offices in literature. The only thing in the actual world at all comparable to it in pleasant labour is the first fitting on a well made French glove. The gradual easing of the fit on the fingers—then the broad expanse of dazzling softness in the palm—and finally the full perfection of the delicate outline (especially if you have a hand to be proud of), all these typically express the progress of that labour of love—the working out your own hypothesis. Hypothesis is the first born of philosophy, and, like all first-born, is still her favorite child.

It seems to me highly probable that the beauty of woman, and her fascinations were ordained towards an end, compatible with our ideas of what will be the ultimate condition of man, but which is still very far from being attained. The province of woman in the human economy seems very analogous to that of the moon as contrasted with the sun—it is a regulating, refining power that she exercises, and, as the moonlight flings over the creation a hue of purity and spirituality, so does the influence of the peculiar mould in which the female mind is cast, bring out, in an atmosphere of heavenly benignity, all those finer emotions in the heart of man which are lost in the glare of the high noon-tide of his being. But that woman is really designed to play a much more important part in the world than she heretofore has, appears to me to be the natural conclusion to be drawn from her past history. I also hope to show satisfactorily that it is to her beauty we

are to look as the great feature which is to characterize her ultimate triumph. It is this that has been her power through all ages. Our religious records almost begin with a startling evidence of it, for all men seem to agree that, but for Eve's fascinations, Adam would never have been weak enough, or bold enough, (as the opinion may be) to commit that act which first sullied the purity of the human soul. The ancients paid ample tribute to the power of beauty. Its worship is the invigorating spirit of their mythology. The Venus of their creed—truly the only one of their pantheon to whom a consistent idolatry was paid—is the very ideal of beauty, and her irresistible power the typification of that which woman was to exercise on earth. Jupiter could not resist her—Mars was her slave—and even the wild deities of the woods and plains are reclaimed from the lustful savageness of their ideal nature by her, or by her fair shadows, the nymphs of the fountain or the groves. The middle ages, so barbarous in all things else, in the respect of women anticipated a far future time. When the ferocity of the feudal lord, or of the barbarian conqueror, could be restrained no other way, woman stood forth in all the winning dignity of her loveliness, and the victor became a slave. Thus was the consistency of nature preserved. While the man was in what may be called the preparatory state of his nature—while the thirst for glory, and the uncontrollable workings of manly strength, carried him on as by a flood, and left him no leisure nor any taste for the pursuits of the intellect—woman held her ascendancy by the power of her beauty, aided by the natural ingenuity which seems a happy device of nature for setting it off to the best advantage—a kaleidoscope kind of variability, presenting the same splendid materials in a thousand ever changing forms.

Thus it appears clear from the past, (and to this we may add the evidence of the present as regards many countries of the earth), that whatever may have been the state of man, whether he have been utterly brutish, or whether he have been martially disposed, or whether he have been as now, lost in voluptuous indulgence, the beauty and fascinations of woman have placed her in the ascendancy. Now, the deduction I am about to draw from these premises will startle my fair readers, and, I trust, provoke the indignation of the males. My hypothesis is, that the scheme of the creation has been misunderstood as regards the relative position of the two sexes, and that although the superior strength of man has enabled him hitherto to maintain his self-created dignity of "lord of the creation," yet that the intent of nature always was that, ultimately, the other should be the predominant sex. Every thing that passes before our eyes helps us towards this conclusion. The reign of brute force is now over; and that of intellect and feeling is at hand. Woman, hitherto driven by the necessities of her situation to preserve her ascendancy by the power of her beauty only, can now enter the bloodless lists of mental conflict on fair terms of equality. What is the evident result?

The present age has already afforded irresistible proofs that the female mind is of a texture far finer than that of man, and that it is capable of producing, with the additional charm of a spiritual refinement in all the higher branches of thought, specimens of art worthy to bear away the palm from any the male creation ever put forth. Very well. Then the conclusion is irresistible, that the time is not very far distant when male and female intellect will be generally on a par, and further, that in certain departments of mind the latter will shoot a-head. When, however, the omnipotent fascination of beauty is added to this intellectual equality, or superiority, what on earth is to prevent the fair from being the dominant sex? From that moment they must be. For the only ground of man's superiority heretofore—the rule of might as opposed to right—having been exploded by the improved sentiments arising out of intellectual cultivation, what has man left with which to compete with woman for the superiority? The result is as inevitable as the foundation is true. So, if there be any man on the face of the earth who would be disposed to murmur at such a rule, let him at once set himself to work to put a stop to that spirit of mental improvement which seems to actuate the age; for the necessary consequences of the subjection of that portion of man's nature in which he is allied to the brute—his physical strength—will be the immediate reversal of the position of the sexes, and the establishment of Woman on that throne which would seem to have been always her right, and to fit which she is so admirably fitted by the beauty with which nature has adorned her.

There are three celebrated coral fisheries in the Mediterranean, but corals are procured in many seas. The best is procured in submarine caverns. It is enlarged by the insects which generate it. It is ten years in attaining its full height of a foot. There are nine shades of red, and several of white coral. It grows in depths from 60 to 600 feet. In growing it preserves an exact perpendicular direction. In the South Seas the little animal raises the bases of islands of this hard material, carrying it nearly to the surface of the water, forming at first dangerous shoals, which ultimately become fertile islands.

ANCIENT, INTEMPERANCE.

BY THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

The effects of intemperance in the days of old were similar to those witnessed in our own days. It transformed the amiable, the honorable and the wise, into the silly, the sensual and the sanguinary. And did it not, in thousands of instances, (some of them very distinguished,) result in death? Look at Anacreon, the celebrated Ionic lyricist: his long life was disgraced by the most disgusting conduct: he was at last choked with a grape stone, and died. The memory of his vices was perpetuated by a statue in the citadel of Athens, "representing him as an old drunken man, singing, with every mark of dissipation and intemperance." Look at Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse. So overjoyed was he by learning that one of his tragedies had gained a prize, that he "offered a solemn sacrifice; feasted his subjects, and drunk to such excess as to cause his death." Look, also, at Alexander the Great. Peculiarly blessed in natural endowments—in educational advantages—and in all the facilities necessary to the attainment of unbounded power, he made himself master of the world:—then became the slave of his own passions; then murdered, in a drunken revel, the friend to whom he owed the preservation of his life; and then perished himself, leaving the corpse of a sot on the topmost throne of the earth. Hephæstian, another of his friends, had previously died from the same cause. Marius, the stern Roman Consul, is said to have hastened his death by intoxication; and Jovian, one of the last of the emperors, is thought to have fallen a victim to the same awful vice. Besides these individual instances, there might be others mentioned in which multitudes were involved in ruin. I will call up to your recollection one or two. The Scythians invaded the dominions of Cyaxares, king of Media, took possession of a part of them, and retained it for nearly thirty years. The Median monarch, still being unable to expel them by force of arms, resorted to stratagem. He invited the Scythians to a feast. They came—abandoned themselves to intoxication—proved an easy prey to their foe—and lost at once their conquest and their lives. Again, when the Fidenates marched against Rome, and threatened it with destruction, unless the citizens would comply with a condition which they would have scorned as long as they had life; Philotis, a maid servant, devised and accomplished a successful plan of deliverance. At the head of all the female slaves, in appropriate disguise, she presented herself and her associates to the enemy, as though the matrons and their daughters had indeed obeyed the bidding. A feast was prepared—the Fidenates were soon drunk and asleep; and then the lifted torch of Philotis called forth the Roman bands to certain triumph.

To what extent the excessive use of intoxicating liquors prevailed among the mass of the people in olden times, I am but partially prepared to say. There are no statistical records; or if there be any, I am ignorant of them. We have already seen that some of the most distinguished men in history owed their ruin to intemperance. Many other names might be added, such as Æschylus, among the poets; Trusias of Bythynia, among kings, and Tiberius, Trajan, and Verus, of the Roman Emperors. Of Tiberius, it was said by Seneca, "that he never was intoxicated but once all his life:" the explanation of which is, that from the time he took to drink to the time of his death, he was never sober. Mark Antony is reputed to have been the greatest drunkard in the Roman Empire; and to have written "a book in praise of drunkenness." Marcus, the son of Cicero, was such an abandoned inebriate, that according to Pliny, he appeared desirous of rivalling or excelling even Antony. From these conspicuous cases (and they might be multiplied almost indefinitely) we would be justified in the inference, that intemperance prevailed to an awful extent among the populace; for they generally follow patrician example. The same inference may be drawn from their mythology. Several of their gods and demi-gods, as Bacchus and Silenus, were nothing more than personifications of drunkenness. Indeed, we know that drunkenness was a part of their religion. The very name of their feasts was derived from the opinion that "they were obliged, in duty to the gods, to be drunk." And the manner in which they celebrated their almost innumerable festivals, particularly the Bacchanalia, affords the most mournful evidence that the vice was general, in its lowest degrees and most loathsome associations. Men and women, like bands of furies, "ran about the hills" with shameful gestures and frantic exclamations; and indulged, according to St. Peter's description of Gentile corruption, in every "excess of riot." Their entertainments were likewise disgraced. "Drink, or begone" were the alternatives of the guests. It was customary to drink to gods and friends; frequently a brimming cup for every letter in the name. *Drinking-matches* were common. In one instance, thirty persons died on the spot, striving for the prize; and soon after six more in their tents. These facts exhibit a most deplorable state of society; and this existed among many people. Not only the Greek and Romans, but the Egyptians, Scythians, Persians, Parthians and Germans, were all addicted to drunkenness. Of the inhabitants of a town in Sicily, it was said, "The people of Leontini are always at their cups;" and the Lesbians were sunk so low that their name became a proverb indicative of the vilest dissipation.