

COUNTRY LODGINGS.

(Concluded from page 109.)

Every thought of the Count Choynowski was engrossed by the fair Helen; and we saw with some anxiety that she in her turn was but too sensible of his attentions, and that every thing belonging to his country assumed in her eyes an absorbing importance. She sent to London for all the books that could be obtained respecting Poland; ordered all the journals that interested themselves in that interesting, though apparently hopeless cause.

It was clear that the peace of both was endangered, perhaps gone; and that it had become the painful duty of friendship to awaken them from their too bewitching dream.

We had made an excursion on one sunny summer's day, as far as the Everley Hills. Helen, always impassioned, had been wrought into a passionate recollection of her own native country, by the sight of the heather just bursting into its purple bloom; and M. Choynowski, usually so self-possessed, had been betrayed into the expression of a kindred feeling by the delicious odour of the fir plantations, which served to transport him in imagination to the balm breathing forests of the North. This sympathy was a new, and a strong bond of union between two spirits but too congenial; and I determined no longer to defer informing the gentleman, in whose honour I placed the most implicit reliance, of the peculiar position of our fair friend.

Detaining him, therefore to coffee, (we had taken an early dinner in the fir grove,) and suffering Helen to go home to her little boy, I contrived by leading the conversation to capricious wills, to communicate to him, as if accidentally, the fact of her forfeiting her whole income in the event of a second marriage. He listened with grave attention.

"Is she also deprived," inquired he, "of the guardianship of her child?"

"No. But as the sum allowed for his maintenance is also to cease from the day of her nuptials, and the money to accumulate until he is of age, she would, by marrying a poor man, do irreparable injury to her son, by cramping his education. It is a grievous restraint."

He made no answer. After two or three attempts at conversation, which his mind was too completely pre-occupied to sustain, he bade us good night, and returned to the Court.

The next morning we heard that he had left Upton, and gone, they said, to Oxford. And I could not help hoping that he had seen his danger, and would not return until the peril was past.

I was mistaken. In two or three days he returned, exhibiting less self-command than I had been led to anticipate. The fair lady, too, I took occasion to remind of this terrible will, in hopes, since he would not go, that she would have had the wisdom to have taken her departure. No such thing; neither party would move a jot. I might as well have bestowed my counsel upon the two stone figures on the great gateway. And heartily sorry, and a little angry, I resolved to let matters take their own course.

Several weeks passed on, when one morning she came to me in the sweetest confusion, the loveliest mixture of bashfulness and joy.

"He loves me!" she said; he has told me that he loves me!"

"Well?"

"And I have referred him to you. That clause——"

"He already knows it." And then I told her, word for word, what had passed.

"He knows of that clause, and he still wishes to marry me! He loves me for myself! Loves me, knowing me to be a beggar! It is true, pure, disinterested affection!"

"Beyond all doubt it is. And if you could live upon true love——"

"Oh, but where *that* exists, and youth, and health, and strength, and education, may we not be well content to try to earn a living *together*?—think of the happiness comprised in that word! I could give lessons;—I am

sure that I could. I would teach music, and drawing and dancing—anything for him! or we could keep a school here at Upton—anywhere with him!"

"And I am to tell him this?"

"Not the words!" replied she, blushing like a rose at her own earnestness; "not those words!"

Of course, it was not very long before M. le Comte made his appearance.

"God bless her, noble, generous creature!" cried he, when I had fulfilled my commission. "God for ever bless her!"

"And you intend, then, to take her at her word, and set up school together?" exclaimed I, a little provoked at his unscrupulous acceptance of her proffered sacrifice. "You really intend to keep a lady's boarding-school here at the Court?"

"I intend to take her at her word, most certainly," replied he, very composedly; "but I should like to know, my good friend, what has put it into her head, and into yours, that if Helen marries me she must needs earn her own living? Suppose I should tell you," continued he smiling, "that my father, one of the richest of the Polish nobility, was a favorite friend of the Emperor Alexander; that the Emperor Nicholas continued to me the kindness which his brother had shown to my father, and that I thought, as he had done, (gratitude and personal attachment apart,) that I could better serve my country, and more effectually ameliorate the condition of my tenants and vassals, by submitting to the Russian government, than by a hopeless struggle for national independence? Suppose that I were to confess, that chancing in the course of a three year's travel to walk through this pretty village of yours, I saw Helen, and could not rest until I had seen more of her—supposing all this, would you pardon the deception, or rather the allowing you to deceive yourselves? Oh, if you could but imagine how delightful it is to a man, upon whom the humbling conviction has been forced, that his society is courted and his alliance sought for the accidents of rank and fortune, to feel that he is, for once in his life, honestly liked, fervently loved for himself, such as he is, his own very self,—if you could but fancy how proud he is of such friendship, how happy in such love, you would pardon him, I am sure you would; you would never have the heart to be angry. And now that the Imperial consent to a foreign union—the gracious consent for which I so anxiously waited to authorize my proposals—has at length arrived, do you think," added the count, with some seriousness, "that there is any chance of reconciling this dear Helen to my august master? or will she continue a rebel?"

At this question, so gravely put, I laughed outright. "Why, really, my dear count, I cannot pretend to answer decidedly for the turn that the affair might take; but my impression—to speak in that idiomatic English, more racy than elegant, which you pique yourself upon understanding—my full impression is, that Helen having for no reason upon earth but her interest in you, rattled from Conservatism to Radicalism, she will, for the same cause, lose no time in rattling back again. A woman's politics especially if she be a young woman, are generally the result of feeling rather than of opinion, and our fair friend strikes me as a most unlikely subject to form an exception to the rule. However, if you doubt my authority in this matter, you have nothing to do but to inquire at the fountain-head. There she sits in the arbour. Go and ask."

And before the words were well spoken, the lover, radiant with happiness, was at the side of the beloved.

LIGHTNING AND CHAIN CONDUCTORS.—The Melville monument at Edinburgh was struck by lightning on Friday morning. The conductor was a chain, the greater part of which was found at the bottom of the monument after the accident, quite hot, and having a calcined appearance. The chain in its fall had forced open an iron door leading to the outer plinth at the top of the monument, and just below the statue; it had also dislodged some stones at the top of the monument; but it was clear that the conductor had saved the monument, for no mark of the lightning was found on the stone or iron other than itself.

CURIOUS ASTRONOMY.

The Greenlanders believe that the sun and moon are sister and brother. They, with other children, were once playing together in the dark, when *Aninga* behaving rudely to his sister *Malina*, she rubbed her hands in the soot about the extinguished lamp, and smeared his face, that she might discover by day-light who was her tormentor; and thus the dusky spots on the moon had their origin; for she, struggling to escape, slipped out of his arms, soared aloft, and became the sun. He followed up into the firmament, and was transformed into the moon; but as he has never been able to rise so high as she, he continues running after her, with the vain hope of overtaking her. When he is tired and hungry, in his last quarter, he sets out from his house a seal-hunting, on a sledge drawn by four great dogs, and stays several days abroad to recruit and fatten; and this produces the full moon. He rejoices when the women die, and *Malina*, in revenge, rejoices when the men die: therefore the men keep at home during the eclipse of the sun, and the women during an eclipse of the moon. When he is in eclipse, *Aninga* prowls about the dwellings of the Greenlanders, to plague the females, and steal provisions and skins, nay even to kill those persons who have not duly observed the laws of temperance. At these times they hide their most precious goods; and the men carry kettles and chests to the top of their houses, and rattle upon them with cudgels to frighten away the moon, and make him return to his place in the sky. During an eclipse of the sun, the men skulk in terror into the darkest corners, while the women pinch the ears of their dogs; and if these cry out, it is a sure omen that the end of the world is not yet come; for as dogs existed before men, according to Greenland logic, they must have a quicker foresight into futurity. Should the dogs be mute, (which of course they never are, under such ill treatment,) then the dissolution of all things must be at hand.

From the Saturday Courier.

ECCENTRICITY OF DR. BEECHER.

Genius often appears to be accompanied with an unusual share of eccentricity. Nature, perhaps, in order in some degree to counterbalance the value of this gift, while she gives it the brilliancy, also attaches to it a portion of the erratic properties of the comet. It may indeed usually be the fact that those who are most highly endowed in intellectual powers, actually possess more of the elements of singularity than belong to others; or it may be that their elevation brings forth their peculiarities to public notice, and exposes them more to the gaze of the world, thus inculcating the idea that eccentricities which belong to every station of life, and grade of mind, are the common concomitant of genius alone.

Speaking of eccentricity reminds me of Dr. Beecher, the eminent orthodox divine, who some years since emigrated from the Athens of the east to the metropolis of the west. He is a man of undoubted and commanding abilities with an intellect vigorous, original, and ever brilliant, and a fund of rare and extensive attainments. Yet never was there a more eccentric being. From the anecdotes in circulation respecting him, we should be inclined to believe, that if ever a man needed a *flapper* it is he. For in absence of mind, he is unparalleled, and his abstraction often gives rise to ludicrous occurrences. It is said that it is not unusual for him to ride down from his seminary to the city, and walk back leaving his horse and carriage standing in the streets, through sheer forgetfulness. The citizens, indeed, are so much accustomed to his odd ways, that as a matter of course they take upon them the care of his deserted beast and vehicle, when left in this situation.

In the earlier part of his ministerial career, when settled in a country town in Connecticut, though he had not attained his present celebrity, he exhibited many of his singularities. Returning one day from fishing, (an amusement of which he was very fond) his ears were saluted with the sound of his own church bell. On enquiring with some surprise of one of the congregation whom he