

I presented it at once, when she gaily and impudently held out her hand for me to kiss. This I did, my blood rushing to my face and temples the while, and almost depriving me of consciousness.

"Well, Clara, I am surprised at you," said Mortimer. "How can you treat the poor boy so?"

I grew deadly pale at these words, and, turning round, looked the speaker full in the face. Poor fellow, thought I, he is jealous, and I am really grieved for him; and turned again to Clara.

"Here it is—oh! how handsome, papa," said one of the younger children, running eagerly to the window, as a very pretty open carriage with four horses drew up before the house.

"The bishop has taste," I murmured to myself, scarcely deigning to give a second look at the equipage.

Clara now left the room, but speedily returned—her dress changed, and shawled as if for a walk. What could all this mean?—and the whispering, too, what is all that?—and why are they all so sad?—Clara has been weeping.

"God bless you, my child—good by," said my aunt, as she folded her in her arms for the third time.

"Good by, good by," I heard on every side. At length, approaching me, Clara took my hand and said—

"My poor Harry, so we are going to part. I am going to Italy."

"To Italy, Clara, Oh! no—say no. Italy! I shall never see you again."

"Won't you wear this ring for me, Harry? It is an old favourite of yours—and when we meet again."

"Oh! dearest Clara," I said, "do not speak thus."

"Good by, my poor boy, good by," said Clara, hurriedly; and, rushing out of the room, she was lifted by Mortimer into the carriage, who, immediately jumping in after her, the whip cracked, the horses clattered, and all was out of sight in a second.

"Why is she gone with him?" said I, respectfully turning towards my aunt.

"Why, my dear, a very sufficient reason. She was married this morning!" This was my first love.—*Dublin Univers. Mag.*

GENIUS.

There is no one possession or quality, so highly estimated, or so valuable, as this; other qualities, a cultivated mind, a moral tone of character, etc. are justly prized, and the possessor of any of them, is respected, and exercises a commensurate influence. But, even these qualities are shadowed, as by a dark cloud, in comparison with Genius. No simile can correctly describe Genius. The reverence one has for it, is not unlike the sensation experienced, when, in solitude, we gaze on the waters of the Niagara falling into its dread abyss, and hearken to the voice of the terror-stricken river, awful as the roar of a multitude of lions. The awe one feels, may be likened to that which creeps o'er the mind of the intellectual traveller, as, in the valley of Chamouai, he turns his gaze to the snowy dome of that monarch of the Alps, Mont Blanc. Far, towering beyond the summits of the lofty range, rises that giant form. But seldom has human foot trod on the holy spot; there, too often, has Death joined the adventurous band, that has attempted it,—so high, so vast, so unapproachable, seems it fit for the throne of the Eternal. The deep breathing of nature,—the sounds of muttering thunder, heard with fearful distinctness, in that still moment which immediately precedes the storm, convey to the mind, sensations not unlike those awakened by the sight of Genius.

And yet the possessor of it, this priceless, this inestimable, gift, passes among his fellows, and none touch the bonnet;—the man who has stirred the spirit of a nation, whose words have been inscribed, in the monuments of national fame and greatness, moves among his kind, scarce noticed; the vulgar, the rough, the unclean rub against him: it is, as if the fish-slag should jostle the graceful person of some creature of light and beauty. Otway died of want;—his tomb of him, that, pressed by hunger, he actually broke into a coffee-room in London, and seized a loaf of bread on a table! The divine Milton was poor: And Shakspeare, the incomparable, he was talked of, in his day, by some dogmatic magistrate, as "one William Shakspeare." A baronet, one Lucy, caused him to be apprehended as a deer-stalker. \* \* \*

Into what utter, entire, unspeakable, insignificance, sink wealth, and rank, and title, when compared to Genius, as is here exemplified in the appreciation of the two individuals, now referred to,—Lucy the great man of his country, the Baronet or Lord; and Shakspeare! Hyperion to the Satyr, indeed. We think of one, as a leaden vessel, an earthen porringer—of the other, as a jewelled cup. Genius is sure to be appreciated by posterity; but then, posterity does not minister to the comfort of the physical man. It is a rare treat to see a man of genius, petitioning the rich man, or soliciting the influence of an official. It is, as if the monarch of the woods should entreat the wiselooking Jacko! And yet, how often is the sight seen. 'Tis pitiful, 'tis laughable,—'tis painful: Merriment and indignation, will hand in hand together, as we contemplate such a scene.

Pilgrims visit Mecca's shrine,—the sepulchre; Religion beckons them to the Holy spots. So do Fame and Honour beckon to

the tombs of the sons of Genius, generation after generation of men. The soil around them, is sacred; one treads softly, as if he was intruding: he scrapes together some of the earth, and bears it away to his distant land. A century or two hence, pilgrims from the Great Lakes, or remote Missoari, will visit the shores of Britain, to tread by the graves of Shakspeare and Milton. What attraction has the grave of the man of wealth! none;—'tis like the hole of the worm:—but the grave of genius! the gorgeous magnificence of oriental mausolea dwindles into nothing in comparison.—*Montreal Courier.*

EMIGRATION.

SCENES ON LAKE ERIE.—AUGUST 2ND, 1839

The scenes that daily occur here are of a character little conceived of, or known, in a city like that of New York. After leaving Buffalo, arranging my baggage and sleeping apartment, I busied myself in mingling with many of my fellow passengers, a large portion of whom were "deck passengers," emigrating to the great West. Hardly about leaves Buffalo with a less number of souls on board than from one to five hundred—most of which are bound to a new world to them. Some on board of our boat had traversed the world in search of a favorite climate, and were now wending their way to the prairies of Illinois, or to the oak openings on the heavy timbered lands of Michigan.

Among the deck passengers, I found a very intelligent Englishman, with his sister, from New Holland. He was a man about forty, his sister some few years less, both well dressed, healthy and active. On hearing their story, I learned that they had been induced by ship brokers, to embark for New Holland. They were told that there the climate was most healthy, the soil most luxuriant, the land to be had for a mere trifle.—Thither they were induced to go, and after a perilous and tedious passage, they arrived safe, and purchased a large spot of ground in a distant settlement. There they toiled seven long years, on a soil fit only for the raising of sheep, and so poor as to require three acres for one sheep. The climate was so hot, that for several months in the year, man could not expose himself to a vertical sun,—added to this, savages surrounded him on every side. Thus situated, he with his sister had left their inhospitable abode, in a whale ship, which touched off the coast, and reached what he believed to be the promised land, "America." He was now, after losing seven years of his life and after sailing round the globe, heading for some fertile spot in Ohio or Michigan, where he could spend the remainder of his days in comfort and peace.

The next group that engaged my attention was a hale hearty man, with a delicate young wife and child, who were going to the most distant section of Michigan. The wife was apparently about twenty, young and handsome. She, however, had been a cripple from her youth, and supported herself on crutches, with singular dexterity. The child, a daughter about three years old, lively and prattling by her mother's side, was innocence itself, happy and unconscious of the toil and suffering that the parents were to endure, in felling the sturdy forest, and the privations of a log cabin. The wife appeared to have all the affection and confidence that a wife ought to have in a husband—she was cheerful and apparently happy in the society of him she most loved—although in conversation she said she had left a fond and affectionate father, mother, sisters and brothers, to seek a home in a new country. The husband was just such a one as was entitled to her confidence and affection. He was a sturdy, and intelligent, active, healthy man, who, it was evident, had been used to hard work. He said he was "formerly from Vermont, had been at work for some time past on one of the large canals in Canada—had acquired by his industry about a thousand dollars—had made up his mind that his best course to become independent, was to purchase a farm in Michigan—he had been out last year, and purchased 168 acres—had built a log cabin, and was now on his way to the spot where he intended to spend his days, and to support his helpless wife and tender offspring."

The next was a brother who was accompanying his brother's wife and children, from a small town in Onondaga, to a farm which he had purchased in Michigan. The wife was a delicate woman, with a flock of four children—the youngest at the breast. Although she slept on the deck, with her little ones around her, under the sky for a canopy, and a damp, cold and piercing wind, yet she appeared cheerful and even happy, at the prospect of meeting the partner of her bosom, who she said was toiling hard to reap a small field of wheat, which he had put in the ground last year, when he selected his farm, and turned up the sod for the first time. She said it was hard to leave the "old folks" in Onondaga, who had little to bestow upon her and her children but a parent's blessing; still she felt as if it was her duty to follow her husband, and she was persuaded it was for "the best."

The next was a Scotchman, an uncommonly intelligent man, who had resided many years in the neighborhood of Upper Canada, and was perfectly familiar with all the difficulties that distracted the province. He had been several years a member of Parliament in Upper Canada. He spoke in the severest terms of Mackenzie and his party. He had very recently returned from a

visit to Scotland, where he had married a young and handsome lass, who with her little infant was with him, to settle on the distant shores of Lake St. Clair. The wife, a most intelligent and pious woman, seemed to be perfectly happy with her husband, and was willing and delighted to go with him any where. I asked her if she did not feel regret at leaving old Scotland and the Kirk. Her countenance fell, and I could see a tear trickle down her cheek, but it was soon checked; she leaned on her husband, and appeared to be perfectly content and happy so long as he was with her.

The next group was a number of Germans, men, women and children. The former smoking their pipes and drinking their beer. The children gnawing a bit of dark brown bread.—As I could not understand a word of their language, I could not, of course, take much interest in them.—They appeared happy.

The next group was, in some respects, a sorry contrivance. It consisted of a gentleman, his wife, and daughter, from New York—the latter attired in their rich silks, with their gold watches and chains dangling at their waists. Nothing on board seemed good enough for their delicate forms, and the humble passengers on deck, who from necessity and motives of economy were journeying West in search of a new home, appeared to their unworthy of their notice and sympathy. I watched the course of this mushroom group of aristocracy; they evidently felt superior to their fellow beings. On inquiry I found that the gentleman had recently failed for a very large sum.—*Correspondence of New York Express.*

THE VAMPIRE.—A great deal of curiosity was excited recently among the loungers in St. Katherine's docks by a report of the arrival of a real live vampire. So many horrible associations of blood and terror are connected with the popular ideas of this extraordinary animal, that when it was known that one had actually arrived, a most intense desire was manifested to obtain a peep at it, and accordingly the vessel was crowded during the day by hosts of curious visitors, until its removal to the Burry Gardens, to which establishment it was consigned. It was the Sematan species, and the first living specimen ever seen in England. It was one of the most horrible aspects and well deserves the name of *Vespertilio Spectrum*, given to it by Linnæus, remaining constantly suspended to the roof of his cage by the immense hooks at the edges of the wings, his head hanging downwards, and his eyes glistening with most vivid brilliancy. Dr. Azara, the celebrated naturalist, states that the Vampire will attack horses, mules, asses, horned cattle, and the great of Iowa, who generally die in consequence, as a gangrene is engendered in the wounds. Even man himself is not secure from these ferocious assaults, as Dr. Azara says he can bear very little testimony, having had the ends of his toes four times phlebotomized gratis, by this nocturnal surgeon, while sleeping in the cottages in the open country. The wound is not felt at the time of its infliction, as the blood is withdrawn by the most gentle suction, entirely from the capillary vessel of the skin, and not from any of the veins or arteries, and the victim is besides lulled into a deep slumber by the flapping of his destroyer's wings, who thus enjoys his banquet undisturbed.—*London papers.*

THE PITCHER PLANT.—This plant abounds in the rocky and arid parts of the island of Java, from which, were it not for this vegetable wonder, small birds and quadrupeds would be forced to migrate in quest of water. At the foot stalk of each leaf is a small bag shaped exactly like a pitcher, furnished with a lid, and having a kind of hinge that passes over the handle of the pitcher, and connects with the leaf. This hinge is a strong fibre, which contracts in showery weather and when the dew falls. Numerous little goblets, filled with sweet fresh water, are thus held forth, and afford a delicious draught to the tiny animals that climb their branches, and to a great variety of winged visitors. But no sooner has the cloud passed by, and the warm sun shines forth, than the heated fibre begins to expand and closes the goblet so firmly as to prevent evaporation, providing a further supply till called for by the wants of another day. The beautiful and perfect provision of nature would afford a fine theme for a Thomson or Wordsworth, and would afford an illustration of the designs of Providence, such as Paley would have delighted to press into his service.

A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT.—The tailor who was commissioned to clothe the troops of the Carlist Chief, (Count d'Espagne) not being able to find at Berga any women who would work for him, went and complained to the Count. The Count did not give him any answer, but immediately ordered the alcade to cause public notice to be given throughout the town that there would be a grand ball. On the day fixed, all the women of Berga crowded to the ballroom. All on a sudden the Count d'Espagne, who had caused the house to be reserved, entered the ballroom, and having turned out all the men, ordered the women immediately to begin sewing the cloth which the tailor had brought. In five minutes the fair dancers were at work. For three days not one of them was permitted to leave the house.