

knowing that you have become a teacher of the Sunday-school.

"But it is so very annoying, Mamma; the children are worse than brutes," replied my gentle Amelia.

"Never mind, my love, if it procures you a husband, and one so respectable."

"I think he is the most stupid young man I ever saw," remarked my affectionate Amelia.

"That is not of the slightest consequence, child—consider what an estate his father has."

"I wish I had Amy's chance," cried Miss Augusta,—"I would not care a fig if he was an idiot."

"Nor I," exclaimed Miss Rosa, emphatically.

"Nor I," repeated Miss Belinda, in a similar manner.

"Nor I," echoed the others.

"You are quite right, girls!" observed the matron; "and I am sorry to see your sister so little alive to her own interests; I am afraid she is still thinking of Mr. Bleedem's assistant."

"Frederick Aloe is very handsome," said my devoted Amelia.

"But Frederick Aloe is a beggar, you foolish girl," replied my mamma.

"And Mr. Bleedem told me that he only has twenty pounds a year, and finds his own tea and sugar," remarked Miss Augusta, disdainfully.

"Never your mind, Miss," cried my adored, with some asperity; "he is a gentleman, and that's more than Mr. Calico's shop man is, whom you are always running after."

"I run after the fellow!" exclaimed the other with more anger than surprise. "But you never could speak the truth, therefore—"

"Come—come, I mustn't have any quarrelling," here interposed mamma; "I hope you have both too much good sense to disgrace your family by forming alliances so much beneath you. Remember that your father's annuity dies with him, and, if you do not wish to be reduced to poverty, you will assist me in securing Amelia so excellent a husband; and I am sure our dear Amy, out of gratitude, will provide for us all as soon as she's married. I shall leave nothing untried to insure so desirable a match, and none of us must hesitate about trifles upon such an occasion. Didn't I tell the young squire that the Frontignac was made by Amelia, when you all know it was bought of old Dame Snivvie at a shilling a-bottle; and haven't I sewed some yellow cloth round the collar and cuffs of one of your father's old coats, and made John wear it, so that Mr. Wag should think we keep a footman in livery? But I expect him here every moment; so let us all go into the summer-house, or your skins will be freckled by the sun."

So saying, she pushed open the door, and the whole party instantly beheld me. The consternation of the Thompsons was beyond conception. Knowing I must have heard their conversation, and that their designs were now hopeless, they were too confounded to utter a word; so, having enjoyed the scene sufficiently, I very gravely made my bow, and never entered the house of the retired barrister again.

From Steedman's 'Wanderings and Adventures in the Interior of Southern Africa.'

CAFFRE RAIN-MAKERS.

Another melancholy effect of superstition among the Caffres is observable in the credence so implicitly given to the influence of persons denominated "Ingiaka-lamsulu," or Rain-makers. The country being subject to frequent droughts, and a consequent dearth of pasturage being severely felt by a people whose hopes of support and wealth depend chiefly on the cattle, rain is looked for at such times with the greatest anxiety; and a belief prevails amongst these infatuated tribes, that it can be withheld or granted at the will of certain wise men, who have obtained the distinction of rain-doctors, and are supported for their imaginary services by their respective Chiefs. On making application for the assistance of one of these necromancers much ceremony prevails: the Chief and his attendant warriors proceed in great state to his dwelling, with presents of cattle; and, after signifying their request in due form, they institute a grand feast on the occasion, which is often continued for several days, while the impostor pretends that he is using his magic charms. At their dismissal, various instructions are delivered, on their adherence to which the expected boon is described entirely to depend. Many of these instructions are simple in the extreme, consisting mostly of cautions to the parties—not to look behind them on their departure—on no account to address one another or any persons whom they may fall in with on their journey;—the necessity being also inculcated of compelling all whom they may meet to return with them and follow the same restrictions. If rain occurs, their belief in the supposed rain-maker's art is strengthened and confirmed; if disappointment ensues, their own involuntary departure from his instructions is blamed as the cause of it, and the same idle ceremony is repeated, the conjurer still retaining his wonted influence. Amidst a variety of circumstances which might be adduced in illustration of this strange delusion, the following particulars were related to me during my stay at Wesleyville:—Pato on one occasion came to Mr. Shaw, and remarked he had frequently heard him say, when preaching, that no man could make rain; that the God of the Bible could alone cause it to descend upon the earth. He complained that in consequence

the rain-maker's craft was much endangered, since the Caffres believed in his ability to produce rain on their solicitations. "Let us, therefore," said he, "have the question set at rest. We will have our rain-maker summoned to meet you in an open plain, when all the Caffres of the surrounding kraals shall be present, to judge between yourself and him." Mr. Shaw agreed to this proposition, and appointed a time and a place for the trial of their rain-maker's skill. The day arrived, and with it thousands of Caffres from the neighbouring country. The Chiefs all appeared in their war dresses, and everything was arranged for the event, in the full pomp of a Caffre show. Mr. Shaw being confronted with a celebrated rain-maker, declared openly, before them all, that God alone gave rain; and the more to convince them, he offered to present the rain-maker with a team of oxen, if he should succeed in causing any to descend within a certain specified time. The rain-maker commenced his ceremonies, which, according to Mr. Shaw's description, were highly calculated to impose on the ignorant minds of the Caffres; but the time expired, and no rain fell, nor was there the least appearance of its approach. He still continued his exertions, but without effect; till Pato, seeing how the matter was likely to terminate, began to inquire of the rain-maker, with evident dissatisfaction, why he had so long imposed on them? The defence was, that Pato had not treated him with the same liberality as his father, who had always paid handsomely when he wanted rain, and for whom rain had been always supplied, as they well knew, on proper remuneration. Mr. Shaw here took an opportunity of pointing to some half-finished cattle, belonging to the rain-maker himself, which were in view on an adjacent hill, and asked him how it occurred that his own oxen were starving for want of pasturage in the absence of rain; thus clearly representing to the people, that had he possessed the skill to which he pretended, it was not likely he would have neglected his own interests. The rain-maker replied, addressing the people,—"I have never found a difficulty in making rain, until he came among us (alluding to Mr. Shaw); but now no sooner do I collect the clouds, and the rain is about to fall in copious showers on the dry and parched soil, than there immediately begins a sound of *ting, ting, ting*, (alluding to the Chapel bell,) which puts the clouds to flight, and prevents the rain from descending on your land." Whether this plea obtained belief or not among the majority of the Caffres, Mr. Shaw could not decide; but this he knew, that Pato had never made the Ingiaka any more presents for rain.

W O M A N .

BY JOHN HOLLAND.

Nail, Woman! whose transcendent charms unfold
Celestial lineaments in earthly mould!
Shrined in the heart, affection bows to thee,
Fair object thou of Love's idolatry!
Man boasts his majesty, yet owns the while,
The conquering influence of thy frown or smile:
Thy frown can chase the haughtiest spirit's pride;
Creation's lord walks humbly at thy side.
Thy smile, since woman's empire first began,
Calls up the latent energies of man:
To high achievements tempts his soul to press,
Thyself his glorious guardian of success.

To cherish him, to watch his brief repose;
To him the elements of thought to teach,
Guard his first step, and prompt his earliest speech.
'Tis thine to wake the latent powers of youth
To generous manhood and ingenious truth;
O'er sinking age to smile in life's eclipse,
And pour the balm of comfort on his lips;
When o'er his sick-bed bends thy angel form
Love's bow of promise through afflictions storm.

Yet where—oh where, amidst created space,
Does woman's presence shed the sweetest grace?
Where Albion's land, a glorious spot is seen,
The world's just wonder, and the ocean's queen;
And, bound within the girdle of her smile,
Scotia's proud hills, and Erin's emerald Isle.
Hither, how'er th' unchanging Briton roam,
Hope flies for country, friendship, wife, and home.

How fair is home, in fancy's picturing theme,
In wedded life, in love's romantic dream!
Thence springs each hope; there every wish returns,
Pure as the flame, that upward, heavenward, burns;
There sits the wife, whose radiant smile is given,
The daily sun of the domestic heaven;
From morn to noon, dispensing bliss to all
Who may within her sphere of influence fall.
And when calm evening sheds a secret power,
Her looks of love emparadise the hour;
Her presence more entrancing to the view,
Than the bright moon in depths of stillest blue.
While children round, a beauteous train, appear—
Attendant stars revolving in her sphere;
In solid, social, unpoetic pride,
The sacred circle of our own fireside.

From *Hopes of Matrimony*.

BONAPARTE AND PHRENOLOGY.—I had received Dr. Gall on his arrival in France; for, as the wife of the governor of Paris, I thought it my duty to show attention to a man who was reputed to have made great and useful discoveries in science. One day, when he was dining at my house, I requested him to examine the head of my little son, who was then six weeks old. The child was brought in, his cap was taken off, and the doctor

after an attentive examination of his little head, said, in a solemn tone—"This child will be a great mathematician." This prediction has certainly not been verified. My eldest son, on the contrary, possesses a brilliant and poetic imagination. It is possible that he might have been a mathematician, had he been forced to that study; but certainly the natural bent of his mind would never have led him to calculations, and the solution of problems.

Monge and the cardinal, knowing my intimacy with Dr. Gall, asked me some questions respecting him. I was aware of the emperor's opinion of the doctor and his system, and therefore I was not surprised when, turning to me, he said in a tone of disapproval:—

"So, Madame Janot, you patronise Dr. Gall? Well, you are *gouvernante* of Paris, and I suppose you must show attention to men of science, even though they be fools. And what has the doctor told you?"

I knew, by experience, that the way to deal with the emperor was never to appear intimidated, but answer his questions with confidence and presence of mind. I told him the result of Dr. Gall's examination of my son's organs.

"Ah! he said that, did he? Then we will not make my godson a bishop, nor even a cardinal, (here he cast a glance at Cardinal Maury;) but he shall be a good artillery or engineer officer. A man like Dr. Gall is good for something at least. I think I shall establish for him a professor's chair, so that he may teach his system to all the *accoucheurs* and *sages femmes* of Paris. It may then be ascertained, as soon as a child comes into the world, what he is destined to be; and if he should have the organs of murder or theft very strongly marked, he may be immediately drowned, as the Greeks used to drown the crooked-legged, and hunch-backed."—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Ambrantes*.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.—Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Emperor of Russia, relates that "a young girl, in the service of the Princess of—, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length to all appearance was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were soon called in, and in the space of a few days her health was re-established. The account which she gave of her situation was extremely curious. She said that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible to every thing that was passing round her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act upon her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over its corporeal organisation, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."—*European Mag.*

THE PROFESSOR AND THE STUDENT.—A professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh, now no more, having desired the students to give in a list of their names in Latin, was greatly surprised at seeing written on a slip of paper the name "Joannes Ovum Novum."

After in vain seeking for a translation of this, he at last became convinced that it was either one of those dark Latin passages, to decipher which even the skull of a Bentley would have failed, or that it was a hoax.

He therefore next day, in the class, read out the three dark words, and desired the writer of them to stand.

One of his pupils immediately rose.

"What are you?" said the professor.

"A poor scholar, sir," was the answer.

"A very poor scholar indeed, sir, or you would never have written such stuff as 'Joannes Ovum Novum.' That can't be your name sir."

"I don't see," said the student, "where you could find better Latin; my name is John Agnew. 'Ovum,' for egg, (Ag.) 'Novum,' for new; Ovum Novum—Egg New."

The professor, seeing that he had rather the worst of it, immediately laid his finger upon his own forehead, and looking at his hopeful pupil, who was standing somewhat in the attitude of a drill sergeant, exclaimed, in a pitiful voice—

"Alas! alas! something wrong here, I doubt."

"May be so," shouted "Ovum Novum," "something may be wrong there; but," striking his hand upon his own forehead, "there is nothing wrong here!"—*Theodore Hook*.