

In the wrath of a spoiler yet mightier than thou:
Who spares not the ransomed from Ocean's
deep ire,

For strong to destroy is the angel of fire.—

His past, and thy harvests of earth's battle
plains,

Are gone, but, O England! the anchor remains,
Like Hope mid the ashes of Fame's funeral pile,
And long rest upon it the hope of the isle.

WOMAN, AND HER INFLUENCE.

THE elegant and brightly-lighted apartments of Mrs. Dashkoff were echoing to the clear, soft notes of the piano, which, obedient to the graceful touch of Miss Sydney, gave forth the most refined and classic tones that music ever spoke in. The snow-white walls, encircled at the top with a gilded rod; the expansive mirrors reflecting to one another the mild lustre of numerous *or-molu* chandeliers and branches, which hung from the ceilings, or were fastened upon the walls; the courtly and high-bred company that were assembled there: all these, and the delicate melody, and the odours of choice flowers, made an atmosphere of fine and high enjoyment, to whose elegant impression the spirit was not slow to equal its own more thoughtful sympathies. I thought that the rich influence of the hour seemed to be felt by all who were present; for though there was music, they were silent. A certain meditative sentiment seemed to rest upon every person's countenance; as if each paused in his own thoughts, to note the completeness of the scene, and calmly to breathe the enjoyment. Private concerns I do not greatly affect; they are generally, to me, like Milton's Nightingale, "most musical, most melancholy." But when, at an evening party, music comes in unexpectedly, just at the right moment to relieve the excitement of conversation, or to refresh its fatigue; soothing and restoring virtue is diffused, lending grace to thought and interest to vacancy. I am naturally modest, and am content with what is perfect. I reclined upon an ottoman near the wall, and gave myself to the pleasure; earnest to express the finer essence of delight, and taste the subtlest influence at the moment. This and such are the scenes in which wholly pass my days; from which I draw an exquisite comfort, and a large improvement. In my youth I was a reader of books; and neither a narrow nor a superficial one. I made them the temple of my studies; I found them the best place and ornament of leisure. Now, I pre-

fer the great volumes of nature and of man. I once was content with fancy and its bright airy forms, with brilliant speculations, and ingenious turns of thought; I now seek truth, and the precision of truth. I find in printed volumes nothing but vagueness, tenuity and repetition; and in none, except a few, such as Tacitus and Milton, do I meet with that powerful action in the author's mind which stirs a corresponding re-action of the whole mind of the reader; the greater part of one's faculties doze over the page. But the passages of life enclose a boundless meaning; ever significant in proportion to the observer's capacities.—They are like the writing on the magical scimitar of Vathek; to the uninstructed gaze, a confused and idle glitter; but to the learned eye, a sentence of wisdom, with a new meaning every day.

Hither I come also to enjoy; feeding my spirit with gentle sentiment and genial thought: the mild flashes of refined wit, the elegances of manner, and the charms of art. The drawing-room is my easy chair, my home. I live in society. I associate with none but the refined and thorough-bred. Vulgar people give me pain. Unrefined company sullies my mind, and depraves that delicate taste which I labour to keep unperverted. I hate people whose minds are spotted with six per cents and par. Like the brokers' sales, they are flat, or without interest. The instructed, travelled, practised and highly-polished man in the world, whose mind is redolent of the choicest essences of learning, and whose taste is refined even to sensitiveness, who discards all commonplace extraneous matter, and gets at once at the truth of thing, who understands me at half a glance, and with whom I can converse in short-hand,—I revel in the conversation of such. With the pure grace of the artless maiden, unsoiled, unsullied, unsophisticate, I can hold communion that knows not to be fatigued; and from her crystal tones that tell of natural feelings, or the simple thoughts of an untempted innocence, draw the inspiration of an exalting wisdom; or sit in silence by her beauty, and inhale the enchanting excellence of her presence. In this Babylon of bricks and business, of the brokers and the broken, we form a separate circle, which stands like St. Petersburg, surrounded by a morass. My effort is to live amused; and I believe that on the gaieties of the world there floats a more delicate, yet deeper wisdom, than that which is extracted from its business; a graceful wisdom that is not poisoned by that dark infusion of passion