

pale. At length he said, "Take her away, constable! Away with her!"

"Hold!" said she to the officer. "First let me tell your judge my other name. A moment ago he was anxious to hear it. Now let him have it. My true name is Clarissa Huntingdon."

The judge sprang upon his feet, as if he had been shot by a musket ball. In a voice almost choked with rage and agitation, he stammered and roared, "Do your duty, officers. Away! Away! I tell ye, with that woman."

"Nay, then," cried she, flinging off her tattered cloak, and holding the wasted form of her purple-faced child on high—"Look! look! Charles, look upon your child! See, her little fleshless arms are stretched to you for protection. Her shivering limbs need clothing. She is hungry, very hungry! Look, Amelia, look upon your father! See how well dressed he is! See how plump his cheeks are! He does not live on offals. He can get bread to eat. He did not sleep on straw last night. Ha! ha! ha! He owns his child. He looks at us. Speak to him. It is your father!"

For a moment the eyes of the judge glared wildly upon his child and the woman whom he had ruined. His countenance became still more flushed. He made a frightful gesture with his arm. That member fell lifeless to his side. His eyes rolled up in his head. His head sunk upon his shoulder, and he fell back upon his seat. In another moment a loud noise announced that the heavy form of the judge had fallen from his seat to the floor. Assistance was rendered in vain. His guilty agitation had caused an attack of apoplexy, to which he was subject, and his spirit had flown to the bar of that God whom he had so much offended.

The wretched Clarissa and her daughter were taken charge of by a brother of the deceased judge—a pious and benevolent man, who had frequently exerted himself, without much effect, for the reform of his heartless brother.

The child was so well attended to, that she not only lived, but became a healthy and interesting child. Let no one despair of reforming his abandoned fellow, when I state that even the debased Clarissa became a decent and orderly woman, and died in the hope of hymning the praises of Christ at the resurrection of the just.

A DISPUTE BETWEEN MEN OF HONOUR.

The pleasant satirical "Pickwick papers" furnish the following amusing description of a dispute between two young gentlemen of honour, which seems to have been conducted with much spirit on both sides.

The belligerents vented their feelings of mutual contempt for some time in a variety of frownings and sneerings, until at last the scorbatick youth felt it necessary to come to a more explicit understanding on the matter, when the following clear understanding took place.

"Sawyer," said the scorbatick youth in a loud voice.

"Well, Noddy," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"I should be very sorry, Sawyer," said Mr. Noddy, "to create any unpleasantness at my friend's table, and much less at yours, Sawyer—very; but I must take this opportunity of informing Mr. Gunter that he is no gentleman."

"And I should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street in which you reside," said Mr. Gunter, "but I'm afraid I shall be under the necessity of alarming the neighbours by throwing the person who has just spoken out the window."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"What I say," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I should like to see you do it, sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"You shall feel me do it in half a minute, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I request that you'll favour me with your card, sir," said Mr. Noddy:

"I'll do nothing of the kind, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Why not, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"Because you'll stick it up over your chimney-piece, and delude your visitors into the false belief that a gentleman has been to see you, sir," replied Gunter.

"Sir, a friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning," said Mr. Noddy.

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servant to lock up the spoons," replied Mr. Gunter.

At this point the remainder of the guests interposed, and remonstrated with both parties on the impropriety of their conduct, on which Mr. Noddy begged to state that his father was quite as respectable as Mr. Gunter's father, and that his father's son was as good a man as Mr. Noddy, any day in the week.

As this announcement seemed to prelude to a commencement of the dispute, there was another interference on the part of the company: and a vast quantity of talking and clamouring ensued, in the course of which Mr. Noddy gradually allowed his feelings to overpower him, and professed that he had ever entertained a devoted personal attachment towards Mr. Gunter. To this Mr. Gunter replied, that, upon the whole, he rather preferred Mr. Noddy to his own brother. On hearing which admission, Mr. Noddy magnanimously rose from his seat, and proffered his hand to Mr. Gunter. Mr. Gunter grasped it with affecting fervour; and everybody said that the dispute had been conducted in a manner which was highly honourable to both parties concerned.

TO A CHILD TWO YEARS OF AGE.

By N. P. Willis.

BRIGHT be the skies that cover thee,

Child of the sunny brow—

Bright as the dream flung over thee

By all that meets thee now.

Thy heart is beating joyously,

Thy voice is like a bird's,

And sweetly breaks the melody

Of thy imperfect words.

I know no fount that gushes out

As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou mightest ever be

As beautiful as now—

That Time might ever leave as free

Thy yet unwritten brow—

I would life were "all poetry,"

To gentle measure set,

That nought but chastened melody

Might stain thine eye of jet—

Nor one discordant note be spoken,

Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these

With woman's lot are wove,

Wrought of intenser sympathies,

And nerved by purer love.

By the strong spirit's discipline,

By the fierce wrong forgiven,

By all that wrings the heart of sin,

Is woman won to heaven.

"Her lot is on thee," lovely child—

God keep thy spirit undefiled!

I fear thy gentle loveliness,

Thy witching tone and air;

Thine eyes beseeching earnestness

May be to thee a snare.

The silver stars may purely shine,

The waters taintless flow—

But they who kneel at woman's shrine

Breathe on it as they bow—

Ye may fling back the gift again,

But the crushed flower will leave a stain.

What shall preserve thee, lovely child!

Keep thee as thou art now?

Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,

At God's pure throne to bow?

The world is but a broken reed,

And life grows early dim:

Who shall be near thee in thy need,

To lead thee up—to Him?

He, who himself was "undefiled:"

With Him we trust thee, lovely child!

SCIENCE RIVALLING FICTION.

By James Montgomery, Esq.

The marvels of romance are daily exceeded in the proportion as fact frequently transcends fiction in its strange and infinitely diversified developements. Was the lamp of Aladdin, in the Arabian Nights, with all its mysterious virtue, to be compared with the lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy, by which the miner is enabled to pursue his perilous researches in the bowels of the earth, and dig out its hidden treasures in the presence of one of the most tremendous powers of nature, which, like the hundred-sighted dragon of the Hesperides, watching the golden apples, seems placed there to interdict the approach of man. He, nevertheless, by means of no magic circle, but a slight inclosure of wire-gauze, guarding the incendiary light from the attack of the fire-damp spirit, labours unharmed, and breathes under an atmosphere of death, which (should the enemy, in some neglected moment, break through the slender fence) would explode, and involve himself and his companions in instantaneous destruction.

Again, what has classic mythology or legendary fable conceived more marvellous to the ignorant beholder, or more admirable to the instructed mind, than the prodigies of mechanical invention held in motion by the power of steam, which man can now compel to do his pleasure both on land and at sea; while by it he exhausts submarine rivers, traverses metallic roads, and transports innumerable burdens with incredible speed over the surface of the earth, or moves in like manner upon the world of waters, without dependence on wind or tide? Or when, as the cotton-manufacture, he compels its service in the most multiform, powerful, complex, and delicate machinery ever invented, at once exercising the force of Briareus, with his hundred arms, and with

"The spider's touch (so) exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

Here innumerable wheels, on their axles, seem themselves to be instinct with spirit, and their work carried on by an impulse as hidden as that which rolls the stars through the firmament;—like the stars, too, in their revolutions, presenting to the uninitiated eye

"Mazes intricate,
Eccentric, interwolved; yet regular
Then most when most irregular they seem."

Meanwhile the mechanism like that of the heavens, all perfect in its parts, from the largest to the most minute, and all depending on the rest—so combines every movement, that as with one accord they perform a common purpose by the aggregation of individual efforts. What strikes the eye and affects the mind of a stranger (judging by my own experience some years ago) is, that the living agents appear to have little more to do than to superintend the unintelligent apparatus, to minister to its wants, as a bird feeds her young, and to furnish materials for the transforming process, by which the prompt machine receives the flake from the cotton-plant, and separating the gross from the fine, twists the subtle filaments for the warp or the woof. These, again, being transferred to the power-loom are as rapidly converted into the web for use, as the fibres themselves,

"That turn the adamantine spindle round,
And wield the abhorred shears,"

can spin, weave, and cut off as they are completed, the threads and webs of mortal lives; millions new coming, millions running on, and millions just ending, without ever one being forgotten in its turn.

THE DEATH-BED OF AN EMPRESS.—The death-bed of the Empress Maria-Louisa of Austria, was a very remarkable one. When she was near her dissolution one of the ladies in waiting said she was sleeping. "No," said she, "I could not sleep, if I would indulge repose, but I am conscious of the near reproach of death, and I will not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep; I wish to meet my dissolution awake." She died shortly after.