

ledge they must be filled as best they can from fountains of ignorance, vileness, and superstition; for she who gave them birth knows not, nor cares to know ought of such vulgar matters.

The magnificent entertainment and the nursery chamber are veiled in oblivion.

What feeble and emaciated form thus in silent sadness watches out the weary hours alone, or attended only by some menial? It is she, the pining student, the gladsome bride, the proud matron. Promaturo infirmities have brought her low, and where are they who flattered her, who bowed around her path? These moths have found another luminary about which they dance and flutter, gay and thoughtless as before; while she, who a short time since, seemed a part of their existence, the radius of their lives, is neglected and forgotten; or, at most, the recipient of a few ceremonious calls of pity and condolence.

But where is the partner of her life—her adoring husband? Why, in this hour of loneliness and pain, is he not there to chase those burning temples, and with sweet converse while away the tedious time? Alas, she hath no inward beauty to allure; and now that disease hath bowed her form and blanched her cheek, no blessed intellectual ray beams from within to light up those wan features, or soften down the asperities of an uncultivated temper, left to the control of torturing impatience; and he who wooed and won the attractive butterfly finds nothing here to court his stay, or win him from the pursuit of that pleasure which hath been the object of his life. And those sweet babes! Ah, still they are sweet to behold, but trained only by indulgence, force, or deceit, they have learned thus in the dawn of guileless, loving youth, to know no filial ties; to seek in wild discordant brawls to maintain each its own imperious will.

Weep on, thou sad and lonely one—wring out the last bitter drops of thine existence in unheeded and unmitigated anguish. The fountains through which consolation might have poured into thy stricken soul were never yet unsealed. Thou, in the days of thy youth and gladness, didst wantonly refuse to let thy deathless spirit taste of the banquet spread even before its eyes; and now, when earthly vanities can no longer cheat its vision or delude its panting appetites, it must wither, it must groan, it must die.

IDA.

#### Principal Manufactures of England.

The staple manufacture of this country is woollen cloth. England abounds in fine pastures and extensive downs, which feed great numbers of sheep; hence our wool has ever been a valuable article of trade; but we did not always know how to work it. We used to sell it to the Flemish or Lombards, who wrought it into cloth: till in the year 1326, Edward III. invited some Flemish weavers over to teach us the art; but there was not much made in England till the reign of Henry VII.

Manchester and Birmingham are towns which have arisen to great consequence from small beginnings, almost within the memory of man; the first for cotton and muslin goods, the second for cutlery and hardware, in which England excels all Europe.

Of late years, too, fine and beautiful carpets have been fabricated in this country. Our clocks and watches are also greatly esteemed.

The earthenware plates and dishes in general use, with the more elegant and ornamental sets for the dinner and tea-tables of the wealthy, come from a very extensive manufactory, the seat of which is at Burslem, in Staffordshire. The principal potteries there, were established by Wedgwood, who has made our clay more valuable than the finest porcelain of China; he has moulded it into all the forms of grace and beauty that are to be met with in the precious remains of the Greek artists. In the more common articles he has penciled it with the most elegant designs, shaped it into shells and leaves, twisted it into wicker-work, and trailed the ductile foliage round the light basket; he has filled our cabinets and chimney-pieces with urns, lamps, and vases, on which are traced the fine forms and floating draperies of antiquity. There is a great demand abroad for this elegant manufacture.

A. KIN.

There is no subject which affords a greater contrast when considered abstractly and when in detail, than war. There is none in which the means are more wholly forgotten in the end; none in which the moral sentiments are more entirely surrendered to the animal feelings. How often on the historic page we read the account of a great victory, perhaps the hinge of a nation's destiny! We rejoice at the triumph secured for liberty; we exult in a tyrant's downfall; but little do we think of the individual misery involved in the attainment of that victory! We forget the blood, the wounds, the anguish of the battle-field. We may truly be astonished at ourselves when we remember how coolly we have read the histories of wars, where hundreds, thousands and even millions have died a death of agony; leaving wretched families in want and tears, to gratify, nine times in ten, the passions—avarice and ambition.

But I did not take my pen to moralize upon the horrors of war either generally or minutely. The foregoing ideas were suggested by the recollection of an incident related to me by a quondam soldier, which was part of his experience of one campaign in the late war with Great Britain.

Said he, I ever had a desire to be a soldier. The reading of wars and battles was my most agreeable amusement. I burned over the accounts of combats; and the more sanguinary, the more interesting were they. I inwardly determined that if an occasion should offer, I would indulge myself with at least one campaign. With the same feelings I arrived at manhood, and was teaching a country school, when the last war with England was declared. I left my employment and joined the army. I was possessed of considerable skill as a musician—was, in consequence, promoted to the office of Drum Major, and the regiment to which I was attached was soon called into actual service.

It happened in the course of the campaign, that a soldier was detected in the act of desertion, and although the poor fellow plead the excuse (which was a true one), of leaving the ranks only to visit transiently a dear young wife to whom he was greatly attached; yet, as it was his second offence, and as desertion had become rather frequent, it was thought needful to make an example of the unfortunate man, *in terrorem*, to others.

In vain he plead what he considered the best apology for a temporary absence from the ranks, and his intention of a speedy return. Nothing could prevent the enforcement of the stern rules of iron war. Die he must, that his companions might be warned against similar transactions.

The appointed day arrived. I was informed that I must be present, and must hold a loaded pistol in my hand, with which, in case of a failure of the executioners' muskets to kill, I must finish the victim by blowing out his brains. The idea of the possibility of such an event haunted me like a spectre. I was in perfect misery concerning it, and could I have done so, and not have jeopardized my own life, I should have decamped myself, in broad day-light, to escape the realization of my fears. The idea was the more terrible to me from the fact that the destined victim was a personal acquaintance of mine, with whom I had spun many a 'tale of blood' upon the 'tented field.'

The hour of execution came. The troops were paraded, and with a solid step after the muffled drum, the deserter was escorted to the ground where he was to suffer. Never did I perform duty so unwillingly as on that day. I held the dreadful weapon in my hand, and after expostulating with the commanding officer until he was angry, and peremptorily ordered me to my duty, I found myself where it might be necessary to do it, with a cold sweat out at every pore, and limbs trembling with dreadful emotion. The victim, calm, but pale and haggard, was made to kneel upon his coffin, beside an opened grave. The bandage was applied to his eyes, and the guard of seven stepped forth to discharge the war-imposed duty of putting him to death. They appeared extremely unwilling to do it; and when the fatal word was pronounced, so awkwardly did they perform, that, O horror! what were my feelings to observe when the smoke of their muskets had risen, the object of their aim, extended on the brink of his grave groaning under his