

some years, her mother and her younger sister. She looks almost better in private than on the stage; the frank blue eye, the strong, clever forehead, and the honest, sensible expression of her whole demeanor and conversation make one like to be with her."

WHITTIER.

"I had almost forgotten—and that I ought not to do—to tell you of a visit I have had this evening from the Quaker and poet Whittier, one of the purest and most gifted of the poetical minds of the Northern States, glowing for freedom, truth, and justice, combating for them in his songs, and against their enemies in the social life of the New World—one of those Puritans who will not bend to, or endure injustice in any form. He has a good exterior, in figure is slender and tall, a beautiful head with refined features, black eyes full of fire, dark complexion, a fine smile, and lively, but very nervous manner. Both soul and spirit have overstrained the nervous chords and wasted the body. He belongs to those natures who would advance with firmness and joy to martyrdom in a good cause, and yet who are never comfortable in society, and who look as if they would run out of the door every moment. He lives with his mother and sister in a country-house, to which I have promised to go. I feel that I should enjoy myself with Whittier, and could make him feel at ease with me. I know from my own experience what this nervous bashfulness, caused by the over-exertion of the brain, requires, and how persons who suffer therefrom ought to be met and treated."

LAIRD.—Hech! sirs, but the lassie Bremer speaks highly of the Quaker poet.

YANKEE FINISHING SCHOOLS.

"These finishing schools for young girls give unquestionably a deal of finish, various kinds of knowledge, demeanor in society, self-possession, &c. But are they calculated to develop that which is best in woman? I doubt it; and I have heard sensible women in this country, even among the young, doubt also, or rather deny that they are. They may be good as a temporary means of leading women into those spheres of knowledge from which they have hitherto been excluded. Thus these young ladies are universally commended for the progress which they make, and for their skill in mathematical studies, in algebra, and physics. But it is clear to me that the pursuit of these scholastic studies must involve the neglect of much domestic virtue and pleasure. The young girl, in her zeal to prepare her lessons, snubs her mother, and looks cross at her father, if they venture to interrupt her. They call forth her ambition at the expense of her heart. They lay too much stress upon school learning. The highest object of schools should be to prepare people to do without them. At all events, the life of the young girl ought to be divided between the school and home, so that the school may have but a small part of it. The good home is the true high school."

SOUTH CAROLINA.

"I see a feeble Southern beauty reposing upon a luxuriant bed of flowers in a nectarine grove,

surrounded by willing slaves, who at her nod bring to her the most precious fruits and ornaments in the world. But all her beauty, the splendor of her eye, the delicate crimson of her cheek, the pomp which surrounds her couch, cannot conceal the want of health and vigor, the worm which devours her vitals. This, weak luxurious beauty is—*South Carolina*."

LAIRD.—I see a novel at your outer, Major, entitled "*Clouded Happiness*," and purporting to be translated from the French of the Countess D'Orsay. Is it worth anything?

MAJOR.—There is no lack of ability in the work, but its morality is more than questionable. The authoress *may* be a virtuous woman, and boast of a pure mind, but if so, her novel is a strange anomaly.

DOCTOR.—How so?

MAJOR.—Why in almost every chapter you stumble upon the most revolting exhibitions of human depravity, which it is possible to conceive, and treated in a wondrously off-hand, matter-of-fact manner. The noble widow (for the Countess, you are aware, wears the insignia of bereavement,) deals with seduction and adultery as coolly as she would deal with lace and gimp.

LAIRD.—Wha publishes sic unwholesome trash?

MAJOR.—The Harpers.

LAIRD.—I opined that the Harpers had mair sence o' morality and decency than to trade in wares o' that description.

MAJOR.—It would be too much to say that this novel we are discussing is absolutely indecent. A Frenchman would deem it, perchance, to be a fraction overly precise. It presents no *warm colouring*, and, in the upshot, vice is punished, and virtue rewarded, according to the morality of melo-dramas. What I would mean to infer is that the unhesitating glibness with which widow D'Orsay refers to the doings of rakes and demi-reps, makes me suspicious that *experience* has something to do with the matter. At all events, Laird, put not this book into the fair hands of the virtuous Girzy. With my concurrence no female should ever peruse it.

LAIRD.—Thanks for your caution Crabtree. Though Girzy *has* seen the sunset o' her forty-second birth-day, and is garnished about the mou' wi' a wheen black hairs, there is nae need putting harm in her road. I mind o' seeing a spinster upon the cutty stool in Carmunnock wha for fifty years preceding, had born an unexceptionable character; but, Doctor, I'm sick o' books—gie's a sang, or tell us hoo you liket Ole Bull's concert.

DOCTOR.—I am sorry to say that I have not had