

to Mustapha, but in order to avert suspicion, went with his fair one to the rendezvous. The wily Mustapha collected his troops, surrounded the assembled freebooters, and as they refused to surrender, attacked them with all his forces. The greatest number of the brigands fell on the spot—preferring death on the field to capture and ignominious execution. A few escaped for a moment, but they were afterwards taken, and are now waiting their sentence in the citadel of Thessalonica. Among the dead were found the chief Gherundazi, whose head was cloven by a blow of a sabre, and the young lieutenant Ismael, whose breast had been penetrated by a musket-ball. Mustapha cut off the heads of all the killed, and has paraded them in triumph through the town. The wretched Eudoxia, on discovering the treachery of her lover, has fallen into a state of complete abandonment, and is believed to have entirely lost her senses. Mustapha has taken her into his own palace, and ordered that every care her deplorable condition requires shall be lavished upon her.”

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES.

TO A WITHERED LEAF.

Poor shrivell'd spectre of the joyous thing
That erst in summer air was wont to wave!
How soon alas thy little race is run!
For thee nor breeze shall blow, nor shower lave,
Nor the full splendour of the glorious sun
Rejoicing to thy blighted bosom bring!

And who can see thee thus, and not recall
All that thou wast a few short hours ago;
For thy mute voice too plainly speaks of all
That blesses or embitters life below;—
The few bright moments of the young—the flow
Of joy so soon to cease—the deep delight
That grief can quench forever at a blow—
The sun of hope so soon to set in night—
Nor e'er again o'er life to fling one gleam of light!

Thy form is faded now, though still I trace
A vestige of the hues that once were there,—
So droops the heart, when joy's last resting place
Is blasted by the night-wind of despair,
Though haply still some record hath it kept
Of days long lost where mem'ry loves to rove,
When hope exulting, like an eagle swept
A cloudless sky of happiness and love!

And other leaves shall spring where thou hast grown,
So to renew the mimic game of life,
And smile as gayly though thy form hath flown,
As if among their bow'rs 't were never known;—
But life at best is but a sick'ning strife
'Twixt sin and righteousness,—nor ever long
The fray, for good is weak, and sin is always strong.

F. G. J.

THE AGE OF PINCHBECK.

Nothing is beautiful but what is true; the truth only is lovely.

If this axiom be correct, then, most assuredly, there is nothing less beautiful and lovely than the age we live in. In the infancy of the world there were the golden, silver, brazen, and iron ages. The present age may be aptly denominated the age of pinchbeck. In very truth, there is nothing so spurious as this generation, in which every thing is counterfeit, and where nothing but humbug prospers. The progress of civilization and industry has been so extensive, that nature has been pushed from her throne on all sides, and we have lost our relish for the purity and severity of truth in all matters, things, and circumstances. Go into the world, and move in those circles where the *élite* of society congregates—select the most brilliant ball for an example, and it will be full of counterfeits of all kinds, both materials and feelings. The richest and most distinguished ladies will make no scruple of wearing false jewellery, for the art of the lapidary has made such exquisite advances, that Golconda is but an empty name, and the most productive diamond mines are in the Palais Royal or Regent-street. Unless you have a special revelation of the subject, and have verified all that is found in holy writ, which, in this respect, may most certainly be called the “Book of Gems,” you would find it an impossibility to distinguish the true from the false in a modern collection of jewellery. Let us proceed a little lower in the walks of life, and get among the middle classes. Here you will not find false diamonds, but imitation gold and imitation laces. The beaux and elegantes among merchants and lawyers' clerks descend a degree lower in the scale of deception; and among these gentlemen the system of false collars, half-boots, and shirt-fronts which only cover the bosom, is extensively patronized. All the most *recherché* and costly productions of nature have been counterfeited. Precious stones, gold, and laces, are but mere trifles in the scale of artificial imitation; it is in the physical beauties of the male and female form that the prevalence and refinement of the art are most conspicuous, not only in improving nature, but in furnishing what she has denied. For instance, walk along one of our most frequented promenades; out of a hundred females that you may meet, you will not find ten genuine. You may see exquisite shapes, rounded contours, complexion, rivalling the lily and the rose, exquisite hair, perfect teeth, and vermilion lips. Alas! alas! how much of all this is real and genuine? There are females who are made, built up, and altogether counterfeit, from the very top of their false hair down to the heels of their shoes, which they wear high in order that they may look the taller. And such is the perversion and exaggeration of this imitative pre-