

one of the guests, what was his astonishment to behold his INCON-
NUE of the theatre! Conjointly with all around, her admiration of
his dauntlessness was unbounded; and there appeared a singular
deference to her opinion (a deference which she sought not), only
explained by the discovery that she was the Princess Mary of Wur-
temberg!

At that time she was staying *incognita* (or so at least it was *censed*)
in the suburbs of Vienna, in order to complete her musical educa-
tion. Here was an opportunity for a lover! for one not unknown
to the sympathies of the exquisitely lovely being whom he address-
ed,—sympathies now so singularly augmented!

But then, the difference of rank appeared to interpose a barrier
not to be overcome by any common effort; nay, one which could
so easily be rendered insurmountable to both! The marriage of
the Grand Duchess Mary to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, offered,
after a time, a means by which this attachment could be broken to
the King, her father; but there are so many *contre-temps* in a Court,
however liberal-minded a monarch may be, that much hesitation
arose, and much anxious fear of discomfiture to the lovers. At
last, however, the intervention of a ruling power, that shall be
nameless, but on which the Count had many claims for his known
loyalty and devotedness, decided the affair *beyond even the chance*
of further dissent. No father ever exhibited an attachment more
tender, more free from interested motive, than does the King of
Wurtemberg for his daughter; and well has the Princess Mary
earned this sentiment; for one more amiable, in the enlarged sense
of the word, it is scarcely possible to conjecture, combining, as
she does, the highest accomplishments, with that "benevolence of
heart," of which chance and change, or mere pomp and circum-
stance, have no influence whatever.

The King of Wurtemberg, in a letter to the Emperor of Russia,
says—"I shall soon lose my beloved daughter, Mary; but I con-
sult her happiness, and have every reason to approve her selection
of the young and handsome Neipperg, who is as good as he is
brave."

The Emperor in return, observes—"I gave my own dear child
to a Duke of Leuchtenberg; do not, therefore, demur in bestow-
ing your charming Mary on the Count de Niepperg."—*Court*
Journal.

From Chevillier's Notes on America.

CHARACTER OF THE YANKEE.

But it is particularly as the colonist of the wilderness, that the
Yankee is admirable; fatigue has no hold on him. He has not,
like the Spaniard, the capacity to bear hunger and thirst, but
the much superior faculty of finding, at all times, and in all places,
something to eat and to drink, and of being always able to contrive
a shelter from the cold, first for his wife and children, and after-
wards for himself. He grapples with nature in close fight, and
more unyielding than she, subdues her at last, obliging her to sur-
render at discretion, to yield whatever he wills, and to take the
shape he chooses. Like Hercules, he conquers the hydra of the
pestilential morass, and chains the rivers: more daring than Her-
cules, he extends his dominion not only over the land, but over the
sea; he is the best sailor in the world, the ocean is his tributary,
and enriches him with the oil of her whales, and with all her lesser
fry. More wise than the hero of the twelve labours, he knows no
Omphale that is able to seduce, no Dejanira, whose poisoned gifts
can balk his searching glance. In this respect he is rather a Ulysses
who has his Penelope, counts upon her faith, and remains
steadfastly true to her. He does not even need to stop his ears,
when he passes near the Syrens, for in him the tenderest passions
are deadened by religious austerity and devotion to his business.
Like Ulysses in another point, he has a bag full of shifts; overtaken
at night by a storm in the woods, in a half hour, with no other re-
source than his knife, he will have made a shelter for himself and
his horse. In winter, he is caught in one of those snow storms,
which are unknown among us, he will construct a sled in the
twinkling of an eye, and keep on his way, like an Indian, by watch-
ing the bark of the trees. Thus to the genius of business, by means
of which he turns to profit whatever the earth yields him, he joins
the genius of industry, which makes her prolific, and that of mecha-
nical skill, which fashions her produce to his wants. He is incom-
parable as a pioneer, unequalled as a settler of the wilderness.

The Yankee has set his mark on the United States during the
last half century. He has been eclipsed by Virginia in the counsels
of the nation; but he has in turn had the upper hand throughout
the country, and eclipsed her on her own soil; for in order to
arouse the Virginian from the southern indolence, it has been neces-
sary that the Yankee should come to set him an example of activi-
ty and enterprise at his own door. But for the Yankee, the vast
cotton plantations of the South would still be an uncultivated
waste. It was a Yankee, Ely Whitney, who, toward the end of
the last century, invented the cotton-gin, which has made the for-
tune of the South. To give a speculation success in the South,
some Yankees must have come a thousand miles to suggest the
idea to the natives, and carry off the profit before their eyes. New
England has given only two Presidents to the Union, both popu-
lar on the eve of their election, both unpopular on the morrow,
both rejected at the end of their first term, while all the others have
been natives of Virginia or South Carolina, and have been re-chosen
for a second term. But then what a revenge has she taken in bu-

business matters, at the North and the South, in the East as well as
the West! Here the Yankee is a true Marquis of Carabas.

At Baltimore as well as at Boston, in New Orleans as well as at
Salem, in New York as well as at Portland, if a merchant is men-
tioned who has made and kept a large fortune by sagacity and fore-
cast, you will find that he is a Yankee. If you pass a plantation
in the South, in better order than the others, with finer avenues,
with the negroes' cabins better arranged and more comfortable,
you will be told, "Oh! that is a Yankee's, he is a smart man!"
In a village in Missouri, by the side of a house with broken win-
dows, dirty in its outward appearance, around the door of which
a parcel of ragged children are quarrelling and fighting, you may
see another, freshly painted, surrounded by a simple, but neat and
nicely white-washed fence, with a dozen of carefully trimmed trees
about it, and through the windows in a small room, shining with
cleanliness, you may spy some nicely combed little boys, and
some young girls, dressed in almost the Paris fashion.—Both
houses belong to farmers, but one of them is from New England.
On the western rivers, you will hear a boat mentioned which never
meets with an accident, and in which all travellers and merchants
are eager to take their passage; the master is a Yankee. Along
side of the levee at New Orleans, you may be struck with the fine
appearance of a ship, which all the passers by stop to admire; the
master is also a Yankee.

For the Pearl.

TO ELLEN.

O give me music! touch that harp again;
My soul is sad, my weary heart is breaking.
Dear Lady! breathe a yet more thrilling strain,
Soft, sweet, unearthly—meet to solace pain,
To calm the soul, and ease the bosom's aching.

O give me music! let me feel the power—
The hallowed power of Song divinely swelling,
Chasing the clouds that all too darkly lower,
Filling with ecstasy the parting hour—
Inspiring Hope, of coming gladness telling.

O give me music! let my spirit soar
Above this weary scene of pain and sorrow:
Ay, touch that harp, and o'er my spirit pour
A strain from which my soul may ever more
A balm for pain, for grief a solace borrow!

EDWIN.

Liverpool, January, 1839.

THE YOUNG FATHER.

POWER OF AN INFANT.

* * * "In my constant visits among the neighbours, both
those who have long lived together in connubial bliss, and those
who, having just bought their tickets in the grand lottery, are anx-
iously scanning whether it be blank or prize; I often notice, with
the curious eye of a bachelor, those slight tokens which tell the
wise that a new guest is expected. In the new families, especially,
the signs are not to be mistaken. Occasional glimpses of very
small shirts and caps, and several otherwise unintelligible articles
of clothing, convey an information more certain than words. A
mysterious cradle, perhaps, may meet my eye in some out-of-the-
way corner of the house—there begins to be a strange seriousness
in the looks of the young husband; and altogether an atmosphere
of mystery pervades the establishment, and gives to every familiar
face and object a hue which, as the murky stillness of a sultry day,
is the forerunner of a storm.

But what a joyous-melancholy day is that which ushers a new
soul into the world! The blinds of the house are all closed; the
doors fast shut; and all is silent, till a low voice of wailing may be
heard through the muffled chambers, like the sigh of a dying gale.
What an expression, too, may be seen on the young husband's face!
His brow is cloudy—his eye distracted. Uncertain how to act, he
peers anxiously around, and hopes and fears, and fears and hopes,
until at last his suspense is changed into joy, and he clasps his wail-
ing image in his arms. Interesting little stranger! thou little
knowest what anxious hearts have beat for thy safety! Cast, as an
ancient said, like a shipwrecked mariner, naked and destitute, up-
on this dreary strand, to those standing upon the beach, and look-
ing into the mist for some glimmering of the coming sail, thou
puling babe as thou art, hast been of far more interest than the
highest of those who sit upon thrones, and build their towers upon
the shattered landmarks of their neighbours. And what a nest of
love, too, is prepared for thy reception, in the hearts of father and
mother! From the savage hovel, where

"The dusky mother pressed
Her new-born infant with a rapturous thrill
Of unimagined love,"

to the glittering palace of luxury, where an excessive polish has
lessened the radiating powers of the heart, and substituted smooth-
ness for warmth, nature still asserts her prerogative, in this, at
least, and binds the mother to the babe with "cords of perdurable
toughness." Whatever may be its destiny afterwards, the child
has little cause to complain of its first reception on earth.

It has been my favourite employment for thirty years, to watch
these fair buds, as they gradually expand, and merge into the
green fruit of boyhood, or ripen to the maturity of man. The very
appearance of infancy has something in unison with the nobler
feelings of the human heart. Its helplessness, its tender outlines,
its pure and healthy complexion, like snow unsullied by the earth,
convey an idea of love and innocence, that wakes the airy harp of
the soul, and draws a strange wild music from its strings. It is
the magic influence of this little charmer which binds the domestic
circle. Even its tricks and petty passions, proceeding from selfish-
ness, have something eloquent in them. What a transforming
power must a babe possess, when, as I have often observed, its ten-
der arms can stay the wild young rake in his course, and bind him
down to the sameness of the fireside circle. Yet such is often the
moral power of infants. From the first morning of joy, when the
pale young mother presents her jewel to the arms of the blushing
father, a new spring of feeling has gushed forth in his heart, and is
there working in deep, but silent streams. He feels he is another
man. He looks down upon earth, and sees a bright hue of sun-
shine mellowing the roughness of its path; he looks up towards
heaven, and finds no difficulty in conceiving a bliss, of which he
has had a foretaste on earth."—*Kuickerbocker*.

A FRENCH DILIGENCE.

But my hour had come for leaving Paris, and I accordingly
sought the "bureau" of the diligence which was to leave the fol-
lowing morning. Having paid the fees, I entered my name on
the way book, and returned to the hotel. Next morning, with a
porter carrying my "plunder," set out again for the "bureau,"
and found the diligence ready before the gate of the courtyard.
"Le conducteur," a short dried up man, was full of business, bust-
ling about now inside and now outside of his huge vehicle, attend-
ing to the arrangement of the passengers' baggage, and ever and
anon raising a loud halloo for the postillion, who was within the
bar-room, preparing doubtless for his journey by fortifying his sto-
mach against the heat. The diligence was a huge lumbering con-
veyance, divided into three parts, and capable of accommodating
forty passengers—we had thirty-five in all. To this castle were
attached six horses, in tolerable condition. At every spot of the
traces, and all other long straps, were huge bunches of pack thread,
ribands and ropes, plainly showing where the treacherous leather
had given way, and had been repaired by the postillion.

Having seen my baggage attached to the rear of the diligence, I
took my seat and waited patiently for the onset. Suddenly I heard
a great scuffling, and looking from the window, saw the long-ex-
pected postillion, who was plunged into a pair of boots which would
have scared Goliath of Gath, though the present wearer was not
above five feet in height. Added to the clumsy boots, the postil-
lion had imbibed too freely of the liquor afforded by the bar-keep-
er, and was somewhat "disguised," so that, in coming down the
stone walk, he made a very "uncertain warbling," and could only
progress by taking regular tacks across the yard, like a ship with
a head wind. However, he at last arrived at his port, and the
landlord and conductor bestowing upon him the epithets of "Co-
qum," "bete," and other hard names, seized him by the waist and
threw him in a trice upon his horse, then scrambling for the reins,
he preserved a kind of drunken gravity, until the conductor had
mounted to his perch and thundered forth "Allons," then he ap-
plied his whip to the "cattle," and away we went. After posting
along three or four miles, some part of the harness gave way, and
with a short address to the father of lies, the postillion essayed to
descend, but from the whirling of his brains, or the weight of his
boots, his descent was greatly accelerated, and he alighted on his
nose in the middle of the road. However, he seemed to be accus-
tomed to these little adventures, for he gathered himself up, and
pulling some twine from his poche, he applied himself to the frac-
ture. The broken strap was bandaged, and the postillion ascended
his perch again, and set the team in motion. All this time "le
conducteur" sat in silence on his pinnacle, not deigning to open his
mouth, except when the postillion made his unlucky tumble into
the road, when he said in a very grave tone, "bon"—and then
screwing up his mouth, preserved an indomitable silence.—*Port-
land Transcript*.

It appears from statistical information in the French Agricul-
tural journals, that the land cultivated around Paris, as kitchen gar-
dens, yields an amount of nearly eight millions of dollars, annually,
and maintains half a million of persons. The flowers and fruit
produced there, yield also several millions of francs. About two
hundred flower gardeners reside at Paris and in the neighbourhood,
and supply the markets of the capital. There are days, especially
the eves of grand fetes, when the sale is very large. H. Hericart
de Thury affirms that on the 14th of August last, 10,000 dollars
worth of flowers were sold in Paris, and that, in the depths of win-
ter, certain grand *soirees* give rise to sales amounting to between
1,000 and 4,000 dollars. In the same season, bouquets of natural
flowers are dispatched, in tin boxes, not only to the remotest towns
of France, but even to Munich, Vienna, and other distant foreign
ports.—*Newberryport Herald*.

Americans are known in the Turkish language by the name of
Yanki Doodiah, which means "the new world." This certainly
is as near to Yankee Doodle as could be expected.