

Scipio did not again go on the needless errand of seeking letters of marque, but formed many bitter resolutions of exposing him. At the same time, Scipio prayed most earnestly for the speedy return of Augustus. The old man was gratified in his wish. Scarcely had night closed in, when the frigate to which Augustus belonged entered the harbour with a rich prize—two English East-Indians. The young officer landed immediately, and went to visit Cecile. The daughter of the commissary listened with an obvious mixture of fear and delight to her lover's narrative of the capture of the two vessels. She separated his long light tresses to see if he spoke true—if the bullets which had passed over his head had not wounded him. She pressed his hands in hers; she was so happy! But Augustus was abruptly called away from this interview. It was Scipio who sought him. What was the result of their interview, will be immediately seen. Suffice it to say, that the frigate had not been many hours in the harbour ere she again stood to sea.

On the ensuing morning, the people of the town beheld a stirring sight. At a short distance along the coast, the frigate was seen hemming the well-known smuggler close into the land. After an attempt to escape on several tacks, the smuggler ran almost upon the rocks. The frigate could not follow it without danger, but a boat full of armed men soon left the frigate to board the contraband vessel. There was yet one chance of escape for the smuggler. To seaward was the frigate, and on one side was the fort of the town, shutting out all chance on these quarters; but on the other side was a narrow passage between a large sunken rock and the shore, which might yet permit an escape, for through that passage the frigate could not have attempted to follow. But the question was, whether or not the smuggler knew of this passage? Apparently it did not; for it seemed to await the approach of the boarding-party, at the head of whom was Augustus, with his trumpet in his hand. Scipio, too, was in that boat, for the veteran had pressed to be taken on the service. The boat was nearing the smuggler, and it was the hope of all that the contrabandists were ignorant of the passage, when suddenly a girl, dressed in blue, appeared on the rocks, and gave a signal to the smuggler to throw himself into the pass! The signal was noticed by those in the boat, and indeed by all. The trumpet fell from the hand of Augustus as he beheld that girl's figure. But some of the men, in the irritation of the moment, raised their guns to their shoulders. "Fire!" cried Scipio. "No, no! it is in sport," cried Augustus. But his words came too late. One of the men fired, and the upraised hand of the girl fell to her side. In a moment after, her body was seen to fall prostrate behind the rock where she had appeared. The signal was not in time to save the smuggler, if indeed it was fully understood. There is no necessity for detailing the particulars of the capture which followed. It is enough to say that the smuggler was taken, brought into the harbour, and its whole cargo publicly burnt on the streets of the town, amid the acclamations of the multitude. The commissary of marine officiated as the regulator of the burning, and threw the first article into the fire with his own hands. The commissary was somewhat pale at the moment, but by his side stood a young officer, whose colour was that of a corpse.

Some weeks after this affair, a letter reached Augustus. It was written from a convent. Part of it ran thus:—"Ere I knew what purposes I was furthering in so doing, I was ordered often, often, by my cruel father, whose strongest passion was avarice, to appear on these unhappy rocks; and when I did become aware of all that lay under the proceeding, I sought to free myself from the task, but could not. Suspicion was more unlikely to fall on me than others. My stern parent's influence over me was beyond my power to escape from; and at the very last, on the day of the smuggler's capture, he compelled me to make an attempt to save the vessel. I longed for our union, Augustus, because I loved you; but I also longed for it to rid me of this most unnatural servitude. * * * I know you will pardon me, beloved, and the thought will sustain me under our endless separation. Earlier would I have written, but for my wounded hand; it is now almost well. Adieu."

Some years after this period, Augustus de Bussy was a married man. His wife was a beautiful woman, but it used to be remarked by all her friends as a very odd circumstance, that she always wore a glove on one of her hands. The reader, however, will not wonder much at this circumstance, for he will conjecture, and rightly, that Cecile the person in question. As long as the commissary lived, Augustus, though he kept the strange old man's secret, never could bring his mind to think of connecting himself with such a being; but when the commissary died, which took place within two years of the affairs related, the young officer took Cecile from the convent where she had found a refuge (although she had not become a member of its sisterhood), and made her the mistress of his home. Old Scipio, notwithstanding the thoughts he had once entertained of her, was happy in being allowed to teach the mysteries of ship-building and ship-sailing to the little ones who had her blood in their veins.

Thus closes our episode of the Continental Blockade.

CHILDREN.

Harmless, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust, and mirth,
Richest wealth, and purest treasures,
In this mean and guilty earth.

How I love you, pretty creatures,
Lamb-like flock of little things,
Where the love that lights your features
From the heart in beauty springs:

On these laughing rosy faces
There are no deep lines of sin,
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within;

But yours is the sunny dimple,
Radiant with untutored smiles,
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles:

Yours the natural curling tresses,
Prattling tongues, and shyness coy,
Tottering steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health, and warm with joy.

The dull slaves of gain, or passion,
Cannot love you as they should,
The poor worldly fools of fashion
Would not love you if they could:

Write them childless, those cold-hearted,
Who can scorn Thy generous boon,
And whose souls with fear have smarted,
Lest—Thy blessings come too soon.

While he hath a child to love him,
No man can be poor indeed;
While he trusts a friend above him,
None can sorrow, fear, or need.

But for thee, whose hearth is lonely,
And unwarm'd by children's mirth,
Spite of riches, thou art only
Desolate and poor on earth:

All unloved by innocent beauty,
All unloved by guiltless heart,
All unloved by sweetest duty,
Childless man, how poor thou art!

MORAL GREATNESS.

BY DR. E. CHANNING.

"In the humblest conditions, a power goes forth from a devout and disinterested spirit, calling forth, silently, moral and religious sentiment, and teaching, without the aid of words, the loveliness and peace of sincere and single-hearted virtue. In the more enlightened classes, individuals now and then rise up, who, through a singular force and elevation of soul, obtain a sway over men's minds, to which no limit can be prescribed. They speak with a voice which is heard by distant nations, and which goes down to future ages. Their names are repeated with veneration by millions, and millions read in their lives and writings a quickening testimony to the greatness of the mind, to its moral strength, to the reality of disinterested virtue. These are the true sovereigns of the earth. They have a greatness which will be more and more felt. The time is coming—its signs are visible—when this long-mistaken attribute of greatness will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, writings, leave imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind. Among these legitimate sovereigns of the world, will be ranked the philosopher who penetrates the secrets of the universe, and of the soul; who opens new fields to the intellect, who gives it a new consciousness of its powers, rights, and divine original; who spreads enlarged and liberal habits of thought, and who helps men to understand that an ever-growing knowledge is the patrimony destined for them by the 'Father of Spirits.' Among them, will be ranked the statesman who, escaping a vulgar policy, rises to the discovery of the true interest of a state; who seeks, without fear or favour, the common good; who understands that a nation's mind is more valuable than its soil; who inspires a people's intercourse, without making them the slaves of wealth; who is mainly anxious to originate or give stability to institutions, by which society may be carried forward; who combats, with a sublime constancy, in justice and virtue, as the only foundation of a wise policy, and of public prosperity; and above all, who has so drunk in the spirit of Christ, as never to forget that his particular country is a member of the great human family, bound to all nations by a common nature, by a common interest, and by indissoluble laws of equity and charity. Among these will be ranked, perhaps on the highest throne, the moral and religious Reformer, who truly merits that name; who rises above his times; who is moved by a holy impulse to assail vicious establishments, sustained by fierce passions and inveterate prejudices; who rescues great truths from the corruptions of ages; who, joining calm and deep thought to profound feeling, secures to religion, at once, enlightened and earnest conviction; who unfolds to men higher forms of virtue than they have yet attained or conceived; who gives brighter and more thrilling views of the perfection for which they were framed, and inspires a victorious faith in the perpetual progress of our nature."

CHINESE MARKETING.—It is very revolting, says the author of the *Fan Qui* in China, to the feelings of the European, upon his first visit to China, to observe the natives preparing to make their meals upon those domestic animals which he has always been accustomed to look upon with a degree of fondness and affection. The dog, especially, has always been considered the friend and companion of man; the only friend, sometimes, that is left him, after he has been deserted by the rest of the world. But the craving appetite and calls of hunger will generally overthrow the strongest ties of affection and gratitude. It was thus at the siege of Jerusalem, when the starving mother fed upon the flesh of her own murdered child; and a still more appropriate illustration is given, in the true and faithful sketch from nature Lord Byron has drawn of the shipwreck of Don Juan, and which is founded on an actual occurrence. The Chinese of the upper ranks are as fastidious and expensive in their food as any other people, while the lower orders are altogether as filthy. This evidently arises from the great scarcity of provisions among so many millions of people, and the necessity, therefore, of sustaining nature by whatever can possibly afford any nourishment. This naturally leads, in time, to a total loss of discrimination as to the quality of food eaten; and an animal in the market would, therefore, be valued only in proportion to the quantity of flesh upon the bones, without any reference to its flavour or state of preservation. A gentleman walking through the market one day, at Canton, observed that a pheasant and a cat were put up for sale at the same price; and you will frequently observe, at the same place, dogs, cats, and rats sold indiscriminately, according to their weight.

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF QUACK DOCTORING.—An empiric of the first water, not many years ago, had made himself famous for the cure of all human maladies, by the administration of peculiarly large pills of his own invention. What contributed not a little to the increase and spread of his reputation was the fact, that he used frequently to tell his patients, that, from their symptoms, he was confident some particular substances were lodged in a portion of the alimentary canal. At one time he would tell a patient that he had apple seeds retained in his bowels; and again he would tell another, that he had kernels of different fruits, and grains in his stomach; and if by questioning gentlemen he could ascertain they were fond of shooting, it was not seldom that he attributed their complaints to having accidentally swallowed a few shot. As nothing could so conclusively prove his prognostics correct, as the simple fact of finding the articles named, so the old gentleman's character for wisdom and skill became more and more firmly established; for the identical causes of mischief were invariably discovered after taking a dose of the "big pills." At length, a lady of the first respectability, having suffered a long time from deranged digestion, applied to the celebrated doctor for assistance. After a few questions, he told her very promptly that he understood her complaint, that he knew what ailed her, and more than all that, her doctor was a fool, and assured her that his big pills would effect a cure. Neither of these assertions she exactly credited, but nevertheless, concluded to try his remedy if he would make known to her the complaint. "Why," says he, "you have got lemon seeds in you—you must take some of my big pills and get rid of them, and you'll be perfectly well again." "Why, doctor," said the lady in amazement, "I have not eaten a lemon for six years; and what you say is altogether impossible." "No matter, madam, if you have not eaten a lemon for twenty years, the fact is just as I tell you, and if you will take the pills you can be satisfied of it." The pills were taken, and to the utter astonishment of the patient, the lemon seeds were found; a second dose was taken, and still more seeds made their appearance. A thought now flashed upon the lady's mind. One pill was yet left, which she examined, and behold! a lemon seed in its centre—the secret, truly, of the doctor's astonishing wisdom, and successful practice.—*Tichnor's Medical Philosophy.*

EARLY EDUCATION.—As general conclusions from the views we have put forward, we would say, that during childhood (i. e. until the eighth year), education should have for its main object the cultivation of the moral qualities; and that, during the same period, the intellect will be pretty fully occupied in obtaining such most necessary information as can be acquired by the uses of the senses without much formal assistance; and therefore that schooling, properly so called, should not be commenced, at the very earliest, before the termination of the sixth year. Until then, the confinement of a school is injurious to the bodily health, and not required for the mental improvement of the child. In coming to these conclusions, we may appear to under-value those useful inventions of late years—infant schools. We conceive, however, that they have a specific purpose, and that, when well regulated, they effect that purpose usefully—viz. to take charge of the children of the poor in large cities, when their parents are engaged in their daily labour, and unable to attend to their wants. In this view, their value is inestimable; but still they are but the substitution of a lesser for a greater evil: all the ties of social