

restored him to health. As soon as he recovered sufficient strength, he determined, at whatever risk, to see this beloved maiden once again.

Circumstances delayed his arrival at Domaso until three hours after sunset. Finding it too late to go up to the village of Rosalie, he went to lodge at the house of a friend who was acquainted with the state of his heart, and not ignorant of the deplorable fate of the object of his affections. He was a man of prudence and discretion, and as such was held in great esteem by Vincenzo. Fearing that, if Vincenzo were at once informed of the sad occurrence, the blow would be heavier than he could bear, the kind host took an opportunity during supper, to mention, that Rosalie and her mother had gone to visit her father at Palermo, he having sent for her, he hearing that Vincenzo's father had refused his consent to the nuptials. Nor was this statement entirely without foundation; as the mother, unable to endure the sight of places and objects which constantly renewed her grief by reminding her of her beloved daughter, had removed to the residence of her husband in Sicily.

Vincenzo sighed deeply at this intelligence, but observed, that on the following day he would at least revisit the house where he had so often wooed her who was dearer to him than life. Meanwhile he began to meditate a voyage to Sicily, and, as is usual with lovers, indulged in a thousand dreams of happiness to come.

Early the next morning, Vincenzo, in company with his friend, proceeded to the deserted cottage of Rosalie. Upon coming in view of the well-remembered house, covered with the spreading branches of luxuriant vines, he was seized with an unusual tremor, and his eyes overflowed with tears. A little dog, which Rosalie had raised with great affection, and upon which she had bestowed the name of Fortunato, came out to meet him, wagging his tail in token of welcome recognition, but with pendent ears, and a melancholy whine, which seemed to say, 'Rosalie is no longer here.' The old servant of the house was seated upon the threshold. Her sorrow for the death of Rosalie was little less than that of the mother; for she had carried her in her arms when a child, loved her as a daughter, and was beloved with filial affection in return. At seeing Vincenzo, she gave a sudden cry and burst into tears. Vincenzo's companion motioned her to be silent, and, covering her face with her hands, she made way for them to enter the door.

Vincenzo desired first to visit the garden. It was then the beginning of March; a monthly rose was blooming there, in a vase which he had formerly presented to Rosalie. He plucked the rose, and bathing it with tears, exclaimed, 'How often has Rosalie presented me with roses from this vase! It was the object of her peculiar care. But how much more fragrant were the flowers gathered by her hand!' Then seating himself upon an angle of the wall extending along the eastern side of the garden, 'Here,' said he, 'was the dear girl accustomed to sit and watch the road by which I came every second day to make my protestations of eternal love.' He wept while examining these dear places and indulging these affecting recollections; but his sadness was tempered by that consoling confidence which hope inspires.

He also wished to see the little chamber where Rosalie passed her innocent nights. The diminutive room was stripped of all its furniture, nor did he see even the little couch where her placid sleep had been cheered by the golden dreams of love. Upon the naked walls on one side hung a wooden crucifix, and on the other a picture of the saint whose name she bore. The gloom of the little chamber, formerly adorned with simple furniture and flowers, the silence which pervaded it, the sense of solitude and desertion, disquieted the heart of Vincenzo, and vaguely suggested to him the idea of death. 'If my friend, with a merciful and considerate deception, has hidden the truth, from me! If Rosalie should be no more! Ah, dreadful thought!' His mind now reverted to the tears of the old servant, and he seemed to hear the voice of the departed maiden issuing from the depths of the tomb.

Vincenzo instantly fled from the house in which he had passed so many happy hours; nor had he even courage to turn and look upon it. He seized his friend's arm for support, but dared not interrogate him. The death of Rosalie had become for Vincenzo a dreadful truth of which he was conscious, but feared to have the certainty. Two months he remained in the house of his friend without ever uttering a word, and taking scarcely food enough to sustain life. At length, having one day wandered into the cemetery, he observed a grave covered with fresh violets. Poor Stefano had just scattered these flowers upon the last resting place of his good and beautiful neighbour, whose unhappy death it had been his lot to witness. Vincenzo questioned him, and the good man could conceal nothing from the despairing lover.

The next morning Vincenzo was missed by his sympathising friend, and for a long time no tidings of him could be obtained. After many months, however, it was ascertained that he had betaken himself to a deserted hut, upon the summit of the gigantic Legnone, where he spent his days in wandering about the rocks and snows of that black region, until mental and physical suffering had finally ended his miserable existence.

In his portfolio, which was afterwards found by some mountaineers, were carefully preserved the letters which it seems he

was in the habit of writing every evening to Rosalie, the same as if she had been yet living to receive them. Should those letters ever be published, they will at least serve to show, how different is the real language of an impassioned heart from the cold style invented by romancers.

#### THE BAR MAID.

I saw a lovely girl—it was at church—  
Who knelt before her Maker in the beauty  
Of maiden meekness. As she lifted up  
Her calm blue eyes in confidence to heaven,  
And her sweet lips were parted in low prayer,  
I thought that never had been seen on earth  
Such likeness unto angels. Presently  
She approached the supper of the Crucified,  
With diffidence, and in humility of step,  
Revealing lowliness of heart. And there,  
As she partook the symbols of his death,  
With trembling touched the blest memorials,  
Her eyelids swam with tears of penitence,  
And holy hope, and joy that passeth words.  
Woman, I said, though ever beautiful,  
And everywhere attractive unto me,  
Thou art doubly lovely when devotion lends  
Its halo to thy charms.

That Sabbath day

Again I saw her—'twas the same—she stood  
Beneath her father's roof. From the high altar  
She had hastened to her home, for other service.  
It was a room unseemly to the sight,  
Ranged round with cups and flasks, on which was seen  
The name of Alcohol. The place was filled  
With vulgar men. The thoughtless youth was there,  
Just learning his sad lesson. Aged heads  
Clustering and ripening for the grave were there,  
And there the filthy debauchee. Strange oaths  
And laughter rude I heard. The jest obscene  
Went round, and some were reeling in their drink,  
And she—yes she—that benighted one, that sweet  
Young blossom, stood amid that tainted crew,  
As 'twere a pure bright spirit, suddenly  
Brought in its skiey freshness to the damned.  
She stood behind the bar: her lily hand  
Poured out the napeous draught, and mixed, and gave  
The poison to those outcasts. With a leer  
That withered up, methought, her virgin charms,  
Those bad men gazed on her, and laughed, and drank;  
And still they drank, and still she filled the cup,  
And gave it them, and heard their brutal talk  
And songs of hell.

Her sire is counted one

O' th' pillars of the church; he daily prays,  
Gives alms, and deems himself a journeyer  
To heaven; and he his daughter places there,  
A daily sacrifice, acceptable  
Unto the Moloch Rum; and, unrebuked,  
For money offers up his innocent child,  
And she obedient is thus sacrificed.

#### SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

As to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.—*Addison*.

True philosophy, says Plato, consists more in fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity, and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity.

The most resplendent ornament of man is judgment: here is the perfection of his innate reason; here is the utmost power of reason joined with knowledge.—*Cicero*.

Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable, than fidelity; faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellences and endowments of the human mind.—*Plato*.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.—*Tillotson*.

Socrates was accustomed to declare, that "the sun might as easily be spared from the universe, as free speech from the liberal institutions of society."

It was a saying of Demosthenes, that "no greater calamity could come upon a people than the privation of free speech."

It was a sterling maxim of old Hesiod, digged from the mine of experimental wisdom, that "the man who devises mischief for another, devises it eventually for himself; and that evil counsel is ever the most pernicious to its author."

Which is the best government? That where those who are not personally injured resent and pursue the injury or violence done to another, as he would if done to himself.—*Solon's Answer*.

There is nothing, says Plato, so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason, there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Those persons arrive at the greatest height and perfection in particular attainments, who have given themselves wholly to some single pursuit, avoiding a multiplicity of business and of enquiry.—*Xenophon*.

He who instantly does the best that can be done, what few others could have done, and what all must acknowledge to be best, is a genius and a hero at once.—*Lavater*.

The science of jurisprudence, the pride of the human intellect, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages, combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns.—*Burke*.

Law is the science in which the greatest powers of understanding are applied to the greatest number of facts.—*Dr. Johnson*.

Liberty, is, in its most comprehensive sense, security against wrong.—*Id.*

Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should remember that nothing can atone for the want of prudence; that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.—*Id.*

The accomplishment of good breeding is, to learn whatever is decent in company, or beautiful in arts; and the sum of philosophy is, to learn what is just in society, and beautiful in nature and the order of the world.

Rectitude of will is a greater ornament and perfection than brightness of understanding; and to be divinely good, more valuable than any other wisdom and knowledge.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.—*Lavater*.

#### RATIONALE OF SICKNESS.

Sickness, in practical statistics, is employed in a general sense. If we consider man as a material body, acting intelligently, any thing in the condition of the body itself which interrupts or impedes that action is sickness. Any disturbance in the functions of the body, or alteration in the organs by which they are executed, from the skin to the brain and spinal marrow, from the time the food enters the mouth till it exhales from the skin and lungs in vapour and gas, is a disease; and the sum of sick-time, produced by all diseases, constitutes the sickness of which statisticians speak. It is of various kinds. In acute or severe diseases, such as fever, inflammation of an important part, or malignant ulcer, a man is often able to think and move, just as he can digest a small quantity of food; but not with any energy, or at least with the energy required by an ordinary occupation. Any attempt at exertion aggravates and prolongs the sickness. (This, we believe, is called *bedfast sickness* by the friendly societies. In other chronic diseases, slow inflammations or internal organs, reduced dislocations, rheumatism, ulcerations, the patient can attend partially to his business; he is in possession of half his faculties; whether he can make them in any way available, depends on circumstances. This is walking sickness. The infirm, the crippled, the maimed, may either be entirely helpless and bedridden, or capable of some of the duties of life: their sickness differs from the bedfast and from the walking, it being beyond the pale of recovery. The Highland Society calculated, that, of ten weeks' sickness, among persons of all ages under seventy, two may be assumed as bedfast sickness, five as walking, and three as permanent.

In the parish of Methven, Perthshire, it was ascertained that 35 out of 743, or 4.7 per cent. of the male population above 15, would, from bodily or mental infirmity, not have been admitted as members of the friendly societies. Medical men are all well aware that labourers often go about their work with diseases of the heart, tubercles in the lungs, and disorders of considerable severity. Dr. Forbes ascertained, by personal examination of 120 Cornish miners in actual employment, that only 63 had good health; of the remaining half, 26 had difficulty of breathing, 14 pain of the chest, 10 pain of stomach and bowels, 5 lumbago, pain of shoulder, palpitation, acrufula, or fits. Out of 115 children below 18 years of age, Dr. Blisset Hawkins states that 84 had good health, 25 middling health, 6 bad health. Of the miners at work, only 53, of the factory children only 73 per cent. enjoyed good health.

The sickness to which mankind is liable does not occur at any one time or age, but in an interspersed manner over the lifetime of each person. The constant quantity of sickness kept up by a succession of diseases attacking the body at intervals and in paroxysms; which, however irregular they appear in a limited sphere of observation, are really definite in number and separated by stated spaces. As a certain order is preserved in the performances of the healthy functions, so their derangements, in similar circumstances, also observe an order and regularity of succession. To accuse the human frame of perpetual malady, is ridiculous; but if every alteration of the multiplied parts of the human body, every transient trouble of its infinite movements, every indigestion in man, and every fit of hysteria in woman, were reckoned, few days of human life would remain entirely clear.—*M'Culloch's Statistical Account of the British Empire*.

CRITICISM OF OTHERS' FAULTS.—Some look only for faults in their neighbours—others for merits; the former shake the tree only to find insects; the latter, to gather fruit. We should do both, destroy the insects and save the fruit.