

the Assyrian monarch, into green fields, 'a wondrous wretch and weedless,' to eat green herbs, and be wakened and chastised by the rain-shower and winter's bitter weather. Moreover, in cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation. There have been souls dedicated to heaven from childhood, and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes; wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become soiled and sinful. They resemble those convents on the river Rhine, which have been changed to taverns; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and in whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have effaced the images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and the names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices."

"Both town and country have their dangers," said the Baron; and therefore, wherever the scholar lives, he must never forget his high vocation. Other artists give themselves up wholly to the study of their art. It becomes with them almost religion. For the most part, and in their youth, at least, they dwell in lands where the whole atmosphere of the soul is beauty; laden with it as the air may be with vapour, till their very nature is saturated with the genius of their art. Such, for example, is the artist's life in Italy."

"I agree with you," exclaimed Flemming; "and such should be the poet's everywhere; for he has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy, within the four walls of his library. He has in his books the ruins of an antique world,—and the glories of a modern one,—his Apollo and Transfiguration. He must neither forget nor undervalue his vocation; but thank God that he is a poet; and everywhere be true to himself, and to the 'vision and the faculty divine' he feels within him."

SUMMER.

"They were right,—those old German Minnesingers,—to sing the pleasant summer-time! What a time it is! How June stands illuminated in the Calendar! The windows are all wide open; only the Venetian blinds are closed. Here and there a long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice. We hear the low sound of the wind among the trees; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant doors clap to, with a sudden sound. The trees are heavy with leaves; and the gardens full of blossoms, red and white. The whole atmosphere is laden with perfumes and sunshine. The birds sing. The cock struts about, and crows loftily. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow butter-cups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies. The elm-trees reach their long, pendulous branches almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft; and vapours fret the blue sky with silver threads. The white village gleams afar against the dark hills. Through the meadow winds the river,—careless, indolent. It seems to love the country, and is in no haste to reach the sea. The bee only is at work."

People drive out from town to breathe, and to be happy. Most of them have flowers in their hands; bunches of flower-blossoms and still oftener lilacs. Ye denizens of the crowded city, how pleasant to you is the change from the sultry street to the open fields, fragrant with clover-blossoms! how pleasant the fresh, breezy country air, dashed with brine from the meadows! how pleasant, above all, the flowers, the manifold, beautiful flowers!

It is no longer day. Through the trees rises the red moon, and the stars are scarcely seen. In the vast shadow of night, the coolness and the dews descend. I sit at the open window to enjoy them, and hear only the voice of the summer wind. Like black hulks, the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass. I cannot see the red and blue flowers, but I know that they are there. Far away in the meadow gleams the silver Charles. The tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the wooden bridge. Then all is still, save the continuous wind of the summer night. Sometimes I know not if it be the wind or the sound of the neighbouring sea. The village clock strikes; and I feel that I am not alone.

How different is it in the city! It is late, and the crowd is gone. You step out upon the balcony, and lie in the very bosom of the cool, dewy night, as if you folded her garments about you. The whole starry heaven is spread out overhead. Beneath lies the public walk with trees, like a fathomless, black gulf, into whose silent darkness the spirit plunges and floats away, with some beloved spirit clasped in its embrace. The lamps are still burning up and down the lone street. People go by, with grotesque shadows, now fore-shortened and now lengthening away into the darkness and vanishing, while a new one springs up behind the walker, and seems to pass him on the side-walk. The iron gates of the park shut with a jangling clang. There are footsteps, and loud voices;—a tumult, —a drunken brawl,—an alarm of fire;—then silence again. And now at length the city is asleep, and we can see the night. The belated moon looks over the roofs, and finds no one to welcome her. The moonlight is broken. It lies here and there in the squares, and the opening of streets,—angular, like blocks of white marble.

THE MUTINEER'S WIDOW.

We have been thinking a good deal lately about those "wooden walls," which for so many centuries "kept the foreigners from fooling us." We have heard of Russian fleets, and of the power and magnificent proportions of a Russian Steam Ship, built in the docks

of "Old Father Thames;" a proceeding, we will venture to assert, that did not altogether meet the approbation of the "most loved of all the Ocean's sons;" and turning over a petty miltum in parvo edition of "Willis's Pencilings by the Way," where three volumes are put into one, we fell upon a passage strongly characteristic of American self-importance, where the author declares, with as much decision as if he were an Admiral of the Red, that from the comparisons he has made between his own and the ships of war of another nation, "America may be well proud of her navy!" We believe she may, for a young country, be very proud of her navy, and of many other things; but we trust, for her own sake, that Mr. Willis did not mean to induce a comparison between the war vessels of England and those of America. If he did, he is more conceited than we deemed it possible for an American to be.

We thought thus, as we closed somewhat hastily Mr. Willis's Pencilings; and having nothing else within reach, but the pages of Chambers' last Journal, our eye rested upon an article headed "Richard Parker the Mutineer," the name brought to our remembrance the famous mutiny of the *Nore*. There was something so unlike mutiny in the fact of the guns of the rebellious ship marking their respect for the king, whose commands they refused to obey, by firing salutes on his birth-day morning—something so chivalric in abstaining from plunder, where the wealth of our wealthy nation was at their mercy—something so frank and manly in the bearing of poor Parker himself, that we read the article with sailor interest, until we came to a most touching account of the heroic conduct of the widow of the chief of the mutineers; then indeed our interest became painful, and the fact of this extraordinary woman being now alive, and in extreme want, awoke sympathies which we hope the affluent will share in. Mrs. Parker and her husband were of superior rank in life, but difficulties came upon him, and he sought refuge and distinction beneath the British flag. Induced by the discontented, he first joined and then directed their movements; nor did his wife know of his perilous situation until his sentence of death struck upon her ear. She flew to the palace, but received as an answer to her supplication, that "to all but R. Parker mercy would be extended." After many difficulties she arrived opposite the Sandwich, on board which Parker was to die. The faint gray of morning crept along the horizon, and she prevailed on the boat people of a Sheerness market boat to take her alongside—but the sentinel threatened to fire on them. As the hour drew nigh, the wife saw her husband on the deck between two clergymen. In her agony she called on him, and he heard and knew her voice. In a few minutes it was all over; happily, she was insensible; but when her senses returned, she sought the key of the churchyard where he had been interred—it was refused her. Excited almost to madness by the information, that the surgeon would disinter the body that night, she waited until that night came—got over the wall—found her husband's grave—scraped away the clay—removed the lid—and at last clasped the cold hand of her husband in her own.

So much for the daring of woman's love, but woman's determination, urged by the same cause, aroused her, the young and lonely widow, from the enjoyment of this melancholy pleasure. She again scaled the wall, told her story to two women, who called forth a kindly spirit in several men, and undertook to rescue the body from its ignominious grave, and place it at the widow's disposal; she succeeded in conveying it to London, but the news of the exhumation had anticipated her arrival. She wished to convey it to Exeter or Scotland, but the Lord Mayor prevailed on her to permit it to be decently interred in Whitechapel churchyard. In that churchyard now lie the remains of Richard Parker—a man who might have deserved a better fate.

There is something peculiarly beautiful in the earnest and devoted affection of this faithful-hearted woman; and the late King William, hearing she had become blind, graciously sent her at one time ten, at another twenty pounds. An appeal has lately been made in her favour, and our motive in detailing in so few words, what might be enlarged into a romance, is simply for the purpose of drawing public attention to the situation of Mrs. Parker, as the sure herald of that relief which the public are ready to bestow when they know it is needed and where it is deserved. This extraordinary woman has completed her sixty-ninth year, and is in a state of utter destitution, we will not say without friends—for we hope this appeal will raise up many.—*Britannia*.

SHAKESPEARE'S COTEMPORARIES.

"It is not so much," says Hazlitt, "in one faculty that Shakspeare excelled his fellows, as in that wondrous combination of talent which made him beyond controversy eminent above all." The fruits of their genius are neither so fair, so rich, nor so abundant as those of his; but yet they are good fruits—sound, pleasant, and wholesome. If a masculine and vigorous tone of thought is to be inspired—if profound lessons of human nature are to be learned—if the best and noblest sympathies and feelings are to be roused, by the scenes of Shakspeare, so are they also by those of his contemporaries. It is a fastidiousness which objects to their general perusal on the score of the coarseness and indelicacy which prevails too much in their language. This is a fault, incidental to the comparative rudeness of the age, and neither flowing from depravity of thought nor tending to engender it. Grossness of expression is revolting, not seducing, to the modern reader; and those who seek

to inflame the imagination by licentious scenes and descriptions, carefully avoid infusing in their poison any thing offensive to the taste. There is more mischief in a page of Balzac, or George Sand, or Victor Hugo, than in all the volumes of the Elizabethan dramatists. In their moral works the tone is stern and lofty. Vice is painted in all its varieties, and in all its blackness. It is never hid under a mask of sentimental delicacy and refinement. Its features are always hideous, its acts revolting, and its consequences terrible; nor is there to be found a scene of vicious indulgence unattended with circumstances so dismal as to excite any emotion but fear and horror. Virtue, on the other hand, appears in all her sublimity and beauty. That such pictures should be stained with deformities—and those of Shakspeare himself are not free from them is no sufficient reason against their exhibition.

The same immaturity of taste which led to coarseness of language in the old dramatists, led also to many of the other faults which lie open to the censure of modern criticism, and render most of their works unfit for the modern stage. But there was little criticism in England in those days. The English drama did not grow by slight degrees, but sprang at once into the greatest strength and vigour which it has ever reached. Sir Walter Scott observes, that between Gorboduc, the oldest English tragedy, and the plays of Shakspeare, the interval did not exceed twenty years; and Shakspeare appeared in the midst of a host of others, almost any one of whom would have conferred lustre on a less illustrious age.—*London Spectator*.

A TRAVELLER.

As we were about leaving the hotel at Philadelphia this morning, there seemed some delay from a passenger in the third story. Pretty soon, we heard a sharp altercation up stairs, followed by the appearance of a short fat man with a red face, who preceded a negro with an arm full of boots. The short fat man hobbled to the bar, and in a sort of ominous whisper, as though he took some credit for not being in a towering passion, said,

"Landlord, where are my boots?"

"Why, really, sir, I—what number were they?"

"What has that to do with it," said the fat man, beginning to get excited. "I don't know the number; I believe they were 8, with low heels and pegged."

"Ah, you mistake, what is the number of your room?"

"Forty-five."

"And did you put the number on your boots, when you took them off?"

"What have I to do with marking boots? Do you think I carry a bottle of ink in my pocket to prevent my boots being stolen?"

"But there was a piece of chalk on the stand where you took them off?"

"A piece of thunder and lightning," said the other. "I'll tell you what Landlord, this won't do. The simple question is, Where are my boots? I took them off in this house, and you are responsible for them. That's law all over the world."

"Carriage waiting," said the driver.

"Let it wait," said the fat man. "Suppose I can go without my boots?"

"Here be one pair that weren't marked," said the black, "are them um?"

"Them um, you rascal, why they are an inch too short, and the heels are two inches high."

"Carriage waiting, and the boat will leave if I wait any longer," shouted the driver, while we were all in the carriage and urging him to start.

The fat man gasped for breath. "Landlord, I again ask, WHERE ARE MY BOOTS?"

"Why, really, sir, I—"

"Go or not," said the driver.

The short man seized the unmarked boots, and strained and pulled till he got them on, and groaning as though his feet were in a vice.

"I'll tell you what it is, Landlord, I call all these people to witness—"

"Carriage starting," said the bystanders.

The fat man started to, and was just getting into the coach, when the black touched his coat tail, saying, "Remember the servant, sir?"

"Yes," said the other, turning round and laying his cane over the waiter's head, "take that, and that, and try and see if you can remember me, and my boots, too."

After we reached the boat, and for a long time, the fat man seemed lost in a reverie, looking at his new boots. I once heard him mutter, "After all, if I get the heels cut off, they won't be so very uncomfortable, and mine did leak a little."

Thus may we draw comfort from the worst of ills, for what is worse than losing one's boots when the carriage is waiting, and the boat about to start?

FIRE FROM THE RAYS OF THE SUN.—The boarding house of Mrs. Broome, in Hartford, was set on fire recently by the sun, and several articles of clothing, a chair, &c. consumed. The fire was communicated to a portion of the attic, by a pane of glass in the fan light, which formed a convex lens, and brought such a focus to bear on some clothing, hanging on the partition, as to set them on fire.