

that now was not the moment, nor himself the fittest person for expostulation.

Edmund effected his purpose. He entered the house with his master-key, and without disturbing the slumbers of any, he penetrated to his own apartment and stood by the couch of the only being for whom he had felt a true and deep affection, since in early childhood he had followed his mother to her grave.

Eliodore was asleep, and the traces of tears were on her cheek; she had been weeping for his absence, and in her hand, held fast even in slumber, a bunch of withered myrtle flowers,—his last gift to her,—and he, who had parted from her but a few hours before so buoyant with hope and happiness, stood now above her with agony in his soul, and a death-weight at his heart, and yet she did not waken. He stood above her, and there was but one step, but one hope between his life and eternity, and yet she did not waken—nay, once she even smiled, or perhaps it was the moonlight playing on her cheek that made her seem to smile. That he could not bear; one light kiss he pressed upon her forehead, and then left her in her unconsciousness.

The antagonists came almost at the same moment to the meeting spot. It was not a place in which a man would choose to say farewell to this beautiful and breathing world, for scarcely could Fancy herself imagine a more lovely spot. On the little plain there was scarcely a tree, no building excepting a small ruined and roofless church; rude masses of red rock stood around, through which, as at intervals the sea might be seen almost on every side. The opening that faced the city was skirted to the right by a sloping hill covered with dark fir-trees; to the left, by a gentle declivity, gay with broom and heather, now just lighted up by the morning sun; and far down in the depth between these two slopes, spread out like a sleeping picture, were olive-grove and vineyard, and cultivated plain, white convent and smiling village. Yet farther in the distance might be seen, the fair city running out like a silvery line into the sea; the fortress island of Vido and the Lazaretto, lying like white winged birds at rest upon the waters,—the blue, sparkling and foaming waters shut in as by a barrier, by the violet-tinged and snow-crowned hills of Epirus. And yet it was in such a spot as this, that these two hot-headed and foolish young men came to mar the fair impress of the Divine image stamped upon mortality; to send one, perhaps two, immortal spirits into the unknown, unfeared, unthought-of future. Mordaunt fired first, as being the receiver of the challenge, but his ball whizzed harmlessly by. Edmund Gray raised his arm; he intended to fire in the air, but his piece went off he scarcely knew how, and his victim fell,—Mordaunt was not that victim. Eliodore had watched nearly all through the long night, in the ruined church for their coming. At their first appearance on the plain, she left her shelter but her foot would not speed fast enough. Her wild scream was unheard amidst the fierce conflict of contending passions that swayed them both. Her movements were rapid; the light too in the enclosed spot was but dim and uncertain; so she hastened forward, still faster, still silently; she was in time to receive the death-blow from the hand of him who would freely have laid down his life for her.

#### ORIGIN OF FEMALE NAMES.

*Arabella*, the first in alphabetical order of the female names, derived from the Latin, means a *fair altar*. Whether this word was originally suggested by the conceit that woman is a shrine at which many vows are offered up, we cannot say; but certainly we have seen many fair ones whose attractions rendered them worthy of this pretty name. *Barbara* is from the same source as our word *barbarous*, but has properly the softer meaning of *strange* or *foreign*. *Beatrice* signifies making happy. Few names have been so sweetened and hallowed by poetry as this. The pure and stately love of the Italian poet Dante—the arch and sprightly, yet strong-minded and deeply-feeling heroine of Shakespeare's finest comedy—and the high-souled but ill-fated daughter of the unnatural Cenci, whom Shelley's powerful pencil has given to tragic immortality—all bore this name, and have associated it in our minds with thoughts at once of the lovely and terrible. *Cecilia*, (and the less common male name *Cecil*.) have, in the Latin, the signification of *gray-eyed*, or perhaps rather *dim-sighted*. This is not a good etymology, for *Cecilias* there assuredly are over whose visual orbs, so darkly bright, no vestige of film or dimness interposes a shield to save the heart of susceptible man. This complimentary sentence, we trust, will make up to all our readers of the name under consideration, for the slight which etymology casts on their eyes. *Cicely* is a pretty familiarization of the name, giving it quite a rural character, and bringing before our minds a rosy damsel, tossing the hay-ricks in the sun, or pressing with embrowned hand the udder of the patient cow. *Cicely* is intrinsically and everywhere a maid of the dairy. *Clara* is one of the very finest of our female names. It has the meaning of *clear* or *bright*. A strange illustration it is of the power of men of genius, that they can bind up their own memories in lasting association in our minds, with whatever they have chanced or chosen to touch or record. Thus it is with the word or name of *Beatrice*, as we have seen, and thus also it is with the name of

Clara; for who can pronounce it without having Scott brought to mind, and the sad heroine of what will yet, we think, rank with the finest of his tragedies? The world has as yet been inclined to underrate the story of *St. Roman's Well*, but they will not do so always, if we have the slightest skill in critical prophecy.

*Constance* bears a similar meaning to that of *Constantine*—namely, *resolute*. *Grace*, one of the sweetest of all the names given to Christian women, signifies simply *favour*, or grace is the sense of *favour*. *Felicia*, the feminine form of *Felix*, has the same signification of *happy*. Sad to say, the name was not at all times etymologically applicable to one who recently honoured it, *Felici Hemans*. *Julia* is a name rather in an awkward etymological predicament, if Leigh Hunt be correct in his translation of the term *Julius*, of which *Julia* is the feminized form. *Julius*, he says, means *soft-haired* or *mossy-bearded*—evidently thinking the last phrase, at the same time, the most literally and radically correct. Now, what in the name of horror are we to do with a mossy-chinned *Julia*, or, still worse, a *Juliet*, for they are all of a kin? As the appellation, however, of *Julia*, is too fine a one to be given up, every lover must resolve to think of the name he sighs over, only in the sense of *soft-haired* or *sicken-tressed*. *Letitia*, usually shortened into *Letice*, denotes *joy*. No sense could be better than this, whether the word is thought of as falling from parent's or from lover's lips. A sweet living poetess of England graces this name—*Letitia Eliza Landon*; though a fortunate gentleman has lately contrived to hide it under that of Mrs. George Maclean.

*Lucy* is a favourite name with almost all. It is derived from the same Latin word as the adjective *lucid*, and has much the same meaning. Never was the image which one instinctively associates with the name of *Lucy* better painted than in the lines which Wordsworth puts into the mouth of Nature, when he paints that power as proposing to mould a maiden to her own tastes—

She shall be sportive as the fawn,  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm,  
Of mute insensate things.

The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place,  
When rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell!  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell.

*Ma bel* is one of the good old names once borne by ancient spectated dames who lived in the castles of mighty barons, and told all sorts of traditional stories to the young ladies o' nights, and were by them much beloved and revered withal. Such, at least, is the idea attached to the name in our mind, derived possibly from old silly novels rather from reality. *Mabel* is either from *mabella*, signifying *my fair*, or contracted from *amibalis* *lovely* or *amiable*. In sound and sense, whichever way is right, *Mabel* is well worthy of being perpetuated. *Olivia* is a good name, derived, like *Oliver*, from the symbol of peace, the olive. *Patience* means what, in common speech, the word implies. There is an over-homeliness in this name, which certainly constitutes an objection to its general use. Never, perhaps, was there an appellation so consistent in its meaning with the impression we have of those who bear it, as *Priscilla*. A *Priscilla* is an antiquated, starched demoiselle, in nine cases out of ten, and the word, with a touch almost of irony or satire in it, signifies a *little ancient*. Avoid *Priscilla*, ye matrons of Britain, for, in spite of the old interrogatory saying, there is something in a name. To *Prudence*, which denotes what it professes to do, we have the same objection as to *Patience*. *Rosa*, of which *Rose* is the prettier form, denotes simply a *rose*. The name is redolent of all that is sweet and fragrant; and if we had fifty sweethearts, wives, or daughters—to the conversion of which *if* into certainty, the law of the land, happily it may be for ourself, would in some respects object—we should not care if they were all *Roses*.

To close this catalogue of baptismal names from the Latin, we have but one other to allude to, namely, *Ursula*; and how this appellation came to be given to any mortal woman, we cannot guess. One unconsciously thinks of an aged woman, stooping, withered, and wrinkled, at mention of the name of *Ursula*; but the etymology justifies even worse thoughts, for the word signifies a *female bear*!

TIME.—Time is a ceaseless dropping away of moments, which fall and disappear; while the future hangs unchanged on high, and the past is ever growing below, and increases the more, the farther it recedes. What, then, remains to us? I answer, the present: fast is time may fly by, the present is our eternity, and never deserts us.

#### EGYPTIAN DANCING MADNESS, AND FIRE-EATING.

Professor Hecker has written a valuable and elaborate history of the dancing madness that seized multitudes of religious fanatics in the middle ages, and of which the name is still preserved in our nosology, under the title of *St. Vitus's dance*. The effects of the various positions and motions of the limbs and body on the mind have not yet been studied by physiologists with all the attention the subject deserves and requires. That attitudes and gestures exert a very important influence on the mind, may be proved by the effects of the manipulations used by the practitioners of animal magnetism, and by the testimony of actors who acknowledge that it is difficult to assume the posture indicating any passion, without feeling, more or less of that particular emotion. We cannot throw ourselves into the attitude of the striking combatant, without feeling somewhat of the ardor which would give strength to his blow; neither can we imitate the shrinking posture of the terrified, or the head-long flight of the pursued without partaking more or less of their fears. To a certain extent this circumstance, combined with the contagious nature of fears, may explain the difficulty of rallying troops if once they have turned their backs to the enemy; and even the bravest and best disciplined soldiers, in retreating leisurely before an advancing foe, find it a task to proceed in good order. The attitudes of the female dancers at Gades, described by Martial and Juvenal, and those of the Egyptian public singing girls called *Ghawazee*, exert an influence over the passions, not only of the spectators but of themselves. Some dances consist of motions, calculated to excite an amorous, some a martial spirit. The latter are the chief favorites of barbarous, the former of the more polished nations; and without fear of giving offence, we may be permitted to rank the waltz among the physiologically erotic species of dancing, although we do not quite agree with Byron in unconditionally reprobating its introduction among the English. Again, among the ancients the value of forms in encouraging feelings of devotion or respect, seems to have been fully understood, and certain postures were accordingly scrupulously enforced in the ceremonies of religious worship, or in the respects paid to kings and princes. Hence the different values attached in different parts of the world to prostrations and genuflexions, when a subject approaches his sovereign; matters which the unthinking regard as mere idle ceremonies, but which the physiologist must consider as founded on the fact, that these positions do actually increase the awe felt on the occasions. The priest and priestesses most celebrated among the ancients, never thought themselves inspired, never ventured to utter oracles, even at Delphi, until they had worked themselves into a frenzy, by a quick succession of forced attitudes and grimaces. In Grand Cairo, at the public festival of the *Mon-haaram*, and others, kept periodically, the whole population of Cairo, says Mr. Lane, is on the move, when the crowding, jostling, and pushing in the narrow streets and in the mosques is quite intolerable. "At these times the convolving and dancing dervises are performing tricks in every part of the town, blasphemously bawling out the name of God, and asking charity in the terms of the Koran." Mr. Lane says that "each seemed to be performing the antics of a madman; now moving his body up and down, the next moment turning round; then using odd gesticulations with his arms, next jumping, and sometimes screaming; in short, if a stranger observing them were not told that they were performing a religious exercise, supposed to be the involuntary effect of enthusiastic excitement, he would certainly think that these dancing dervises were merely striving to excel each other in playing the buffoon." We cannot agree with Mr. Lane in this opinion, and have no doubt that the motions of the frantic dervises, properly analysed, would be found essentially different from those of the buffoon. Thus, says the writer of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, they dance and whirl till they become as crazy as our own Irvingites with their gibberish howling in an unknown tongue; but the feat performed by one of these enthusiasts is so surprising that we must transcribe it. "In the middle of the ring was placed a small chafing dish of tinned copper, full of red hot charcoal; from this the dervise just spoken of seized a piece of live charcoal, which he put in his mouth; then did the same with another and another, until his mouth was full, when he deliberately chewed these live coals, opening his mouth wide every moment to shew the contents, which after a few minutes he swallowed; and all this he did without evincing the slightest pain; appearing during the operation and after it to be even more lively than ever. The other dervise before alluded to as half naked, displayed a remarkably fine and vigorous form, and seemed to be in the prime of his age. After having danced not much longer than the former, his actions became so violent that one of his brethren held him; but he released himself from the grasp, and rushing toward the chafing dish, took out of it the largest live coals, and put them into his mouth. He kept his mouth open for about two minutes, and during this period, each time he inhaled, the large coal appeared to be almost of a white heat; and when he exhaled, numerous sparks were blown out of his mouth. After this he chewed and swallowed the coal, and then resumed his dancing."

FLOWERS.—Flowers are the arabesques round the throne of God.