

cunning, spun its web about us and within its meshes we find, when too late, the mischief lay not in the mighty wave, but in the almost imperceptible mist ;—not in the issue of loudly heralded alternatives,—not in the violent rush of rude contending bodies,—but in the fragrant exhalation of kissing rose-leaves, or in the dreamy incense of sleeping lilies !

Thus, we observe, the danger most to be dreaded is masked, and one special peculiarity about this fatal to the victim, is, it seldom if ever appears in exactly the same disguise ;—indeed, its wardrobe is so multifarious we may not exaggerate in saying no human eye ever beheld it twice in the same garb.—It is not uniformed like soldiers, and never appears when we are in line of battle, ready to receive it ; or if it does, it comes in a deceitful, phantom form and insinuating itself like a pestilence, creeps in through the joints and crevices of the most invulnerable armor. We cannot photograph it,—we cannot point it out and spot it, any more than we can the bee that stung us. No ;—it always appears in some novel form, and while it does not answer the hackneyed description of what is bad, neither does it suit the indictment appended to the reward which all mankind has set upon its head. On the contrary, there is too apt to be a plausibility about it, that to properly understand, calls for all our sobriety and vigilance, and even then are we all too frequently misled.

#### XLVI.

We are reminded in the above connection of the grand old Frigates that lay in such imposing security in Hampton