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Weekly Almanack.

AUGUST.	D.	SUN. R.	SUN. S.	MOON. R.	MOON. S.
3 Saturday,	-	4 49	7 22	11 31	5 22
4 Sunday,	-	4 50	7 22	morn.	6 52
5 Monday,	-	4 51	7 21	0 22	8 21
6 Tuesday,	-	4 52	7 20	1 22	9 30
7 Wednesday,	-	4 53	7 18	2 32	10 26
8 Thursday,	-	4 54	7 17	3 46	11 11
9 Friday,	-	4 55	7 15	Sets.	11 48

New Moon, 9th. 4h. 33m. morn.

Public Institutions.

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Miscellany.

THE PIRATE.

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

(Continued.)

Three days had now elapsed since the fierce and fatal conflict between the Kentuckian and the Gascon. The latter, though already greatly relieved from the tortures of his cruel wound, by the skill of the pirate-doctor, Mathorez, who was not a little delighted with the luck of having so important a case—the unfortunate Gascon, disfigured for life, and deprived of an eye, spent the greater part of his time in bestowing every imaginable curse of his native country upon pirates in general, and Kentuckian pirates in particular.

"What will my wife say—for I have a wife, doctor—when she sees that her dear Brissac is one-eyed? unless, indeed, I could make a fortune on board of this accursed ship."

"Upon that point," rejoined the doctor, in his gravest and most sententious manner, "you may set your mind at rest. Serving with our brave and worthy captain, you will speedily get gold enough not only to fill the orifice of your eye, but the entire cavity of your capacious skull, if you think fit! *Au reste*, you may think yourself extremely fortunate that your case has come under my care. Already you may perceive that you are in a fair way of being cured. I have completely—I may venture to add skillfully—extirpated the interior ligaments, which, if neglected, might have been productive of inflammation, and eventually of death. You will shortly be quite free from pain, and by wearing a glass eye you will prevent your misfortune from being detected by any but your most intimate acquaintance."

"Many thanks to you, doctor," sighed the unhappy Gascon; "I am far enough from being ungrateful for your cure; but nevertheless, I much fear that my wife will die outright with vexation!"

"Moreover," continued the doctor, pursuing his own idea, and utterly disregarding the gereminds of the unfortunate Gascon, "you are quite sure to concentrate in the one eye that is left to you all the visual forces that properly appertained to both. You will see, in fact, just as well with one eye as ever you did with two."

"*Dieu vivant!*" said the Gascon; "it is all very possible; nevertheless, I should greatly have preferred the preservation of both the eyes which nature bestowed upon me."

While the doctor was thus complacently lavishing complements upon himself and consolation upon the monoptic Gascon, we found ourselves in sight of the Isle of Cuba, and fast making the entrance of the old canal. In the east rose the black points of innumerable rocks, on which broke furious waves, dashed against them by the impetuous current.

Stamar, coming upon deck with Lorenzo, swept the horizon with his telescope. After keeping it fixed for some time upon one point, he suddenly passed it to Lorenzo, exclaiming, in tones of vexation and rage, "May the devil die to-morrow if there are not those two infernal cruisers, which are everlastingly hovering about here to cause annoyance to honest gentlemen of our stamp. What say you? am I right or wrong?"

Lorenzo just glanced in the direction indicated by Stamar, and then replied, "It is only too true."

"And that blind mole at the mast-head never to see them! Cardic, sing out for the animal to come down, and give him something to freshen his way and brighten his look-out."

Cardic applied his lips to his shrill whistle, and in a few seconds the negligent look-out stood before him. The instant he did so, Cardic, without a word on either side, beat him with a severity which left nothing for even the ferocity of Stamar to complain of.

The two vessels which he, poor devil! had been unlucky enough not to discern, or careless enough not to announce, now bore down upon us under all sail, and were speedily near enough to hail us.

Stamar paced the gangway, now whistling for a wind and anon abusing the helmsman with great facility and action; but beyond this, not showing the slightest symptom of either fear or emotion. Probably his apparent carelessness arose from his feeling confident in his means of avoiding hostilities; for I had already been informed by Peters that fierce as our captain was when he met with merchantmen, he was exceedingly happy at avoiding battle when there was any chance of his meeting with more than his match. Lorenzo and the rest of the pirates stood in silence, awaiting whatever orders their chief might chose to give, and endeavouring, but vainly, to read his intentions in the strongly marked lines of his sombre and impassible countenance.

At length Stamar broke silence in giving an order unexpected by all on board, and by none more so than by me.—"Lorenzo," said he, "let the red flag be displayed! Peters, is Dumby well loaded? To your post, and prepare to fire."

This order given, Stamar seated himself on a gun-carriage, and smoked his cigarita as coolly as though he had been a hundred leagues from danger. The two hostile ships were now far within cannon shot; a lurid column of flame leaped from one of their guns, and the shot struck us within six paces of the gun on which sat Stamar, who, however, continued to smoke on with the most entire indifference. The two strangers now hoisted the American flag astern, and Stamar shouted, "Peters, take good aim; we must wing that fellow: let them have it!—fire!"

A tremendous detonation was the instant reply to this order, and we saw the enemy's long-boat cut from its slings, and dashed into a thousand pieces.

"Not so badly aimed, Peters! Helm a-weather, there, and let all go aloft."

The Shark obeyed her rudder to admiration, and dashed rapidly through the narrow passages formed by the rocks: in ten minutes we were beyond the reach of the enemy, whose greater draught forbade them to endeavour to pursue us.

"Poor Yankees! I knew very well they would not attempt to follow us into the canal! But these devilish cruisers quite spoil our game here; we must try for better luck off the coast of Saint Thomas."

Five days after this narrow escape, the negroes who lead their savage lives in the woods of Porto Rico, saw a tiny brig, completely black, and slenderly and rakishly masted, making her way, under close-reefed sails, to the shelter of their shore. This brig was the Shark, which, in the whole of her cruise hitherward, had not fallen in with a single prize.

Stamar, more sombre and ill-tempered than ever, vainly swept the horizon with his eagle and eagar glances; and the pirates already began to assemble in little groups, and murmur at what they termed their ill luck. Even Brissac did not quite approve of being a pirate, and yet getting nothing by it. "If this continues, Daumont," said he to me, "we shall all have time to get hanged before we see the colour of any one's money. And yet I ought to get a good sum to pay me for the loss of my eye, and enable me to console my wife."

Scarcely had the Gascon given utterance to his discontent when the man at the mast-head sang out, "Deck a-hoy!—a sail to windward!"

Stamar went aloft with his glass, and in a few seconds returned, and said—"Every one to his post. We're in luck at last!"

Cardic's whistle responded to this order. Every man took his arms, and we bore up towards the stranger under all the sail we could carry. It is a truly horrible thing to observe the sinister expression worn by all the hideous countenances of our lawless crew. Dirty, bearded, and already scenting blood, their eyes flashing with the fires of cupidity and cruelty, the wretches all gazed in the direction of their prey, as though they wished to annihilate the distance which separated them from it. In a very brief space we neared our victim, a large merchantman, whose appearance promised at once an easy conquest and a rich booty. At a signal from Stamar, a shot was fired across her bows to bring her to. She immediately hoisted a white flag, and began to take in her sails; but this obviously pacific inclination was quite thrown away upon the commander of the Shark.—"Give that fellow a shot between wind and water," it will perhaps teach him to be quicker in his manœuvres, and not keep worthy fellows so long waiting."

We were now within pistol-shot of the stranger, and Peters bringing his musket to bear upon one of her crew, fired, and knocked the man's straw-hat from off his head, frightening the poor devil a good deal, no doubt, but doing no further injury.

"Pretty fair, that!" said Stamar; but another time level lower. Halloa, you sugar hogshead! send a boat aboard us."

The order was obeyed on the instant, and the boat coming along side us, a young and handsome man leaped upon our deck, without the slightest appearance of fear or suspicion.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Stamar, "lubberliboy of you craft, or cook's swab's second mate."

"I am neither one nor the other, sir," replied the young man, firmly. "I am her lieutenant."

"Oh, well, Mr. *Lieutenant*, you see my flag? it's red, as perhaps you can perceive. Go you back, and send your captain hither; I am not in the habit of treating with swabs of lower rank."

Pale with anger, and knitting his brows, the young man preserved, however, sufficient mastery over his temper to depart without reply; and in a few minutes the boat returned, bringing the captain.

"Where are you bound from?" demanded Stamar.

"From Martinique."

"What's your lading?"

"As usual from that port—sugar and coffee."

"But how about specie? None of that, eh?

The French captain made no reply. The sound of his voice when he first spoke, had struck me as being very familiar to me; and the more I pondered, the more certain I became that this captain, who had so unhappily fallen into our power, was well known to me. Stamar, guessing the truth from the captain's silence, resumed—"I see how it is—you *have* specie on board! Well; your boat will just do to bring us so much of your freight as we may find it convenient to accept of."

"There is no help for it," replied the unfortunate captain, "and falsehood would be disgraceful without being of any service. I frankly confess, then, that I *have* specie on board. To it, and to everything else we have, you are welcome; but, I trust that, in return for my giving you no trouble, you will allow me and my crew to depart without experiencing any personal ill treatment."

"For whom do you take us, messmate? Fie upon your suspicions! you may go as soon as our visit is paid. My lieutenant will accompany you."

The captain of the merchantman bowed, and returned to go to his boat accompanied by Lorenzo.

As the captain turned to depart, I was enabled more closely to examine his features, and I at once recognised him as one of the oldest captains in the employment of my father, to whom, no doubt, the ill-fated vessel belonged. I endeavoured to go forward without being recognised by the unfortunate captain; but before I could do so, he had caught sight of my countenance, and rushed towards me, exclaiming, "Good God! Mr. Eugene, do I see you here?"

These words turned all eyes upon me; and Lorenzo said, with his usual sneer, "Ah! what the Signor Daumont is an old acquaintance of yours, is he, captain? That's lucky; for he is a friend of ours also! But let us make haste, for time is precious to men of business, you know!"

And pointing to the ladder with an air of authority, which seemed literally to freeze the poor captain's blood, Lorenzo put a stop to all further communication by showing him into the boat, into which he himself immediately followed.

"Is that some old friend of yours?" said Brissac.

"If you wish to accompany him in his journey," said Cardic, 'you have some distance to travel."

'What does he mean?' said I, in a low whisper to Brissac.

'Hush!' said he; 'we are observed; the less you say now, the greater your chance to be alive to-morrow morning.'

In about a quarter of an hour the boat returned from the merchantman, laden with bags of money, and with a variety of merchandise, the whole of which was brought on board of us, and carried aft. Lorenzo, who also came in the boat, went up to Stamar, and whispered some few words to him.

'Well!' replied Stamar, in a far louder tone, 'bring her along, and we shall see.'

Five or six times the merchantman's boat went and came, bringing off to us all that the pirates judged to be worth taking; and Lorenzo, taking with him half a dozen men armed to the very teeth, then returned to the plundered vessel, and in a few minutes we saw the pirates under Lorenzo's orders thrust a lady, and her mulatto female servant, into the boat.

Lorenzo then saluted the officers of the merchantmen with an affectation of politeness, and descended into the boat, from which the unfortunate prisoners sent forth their pitiable but most unavailing shrieks.

'Thieves! villains!' said the young lieutenant, of whom I have already had occasion to make mention; 'infamous rascals! you are even more cowardly than you are cruel!'

On hearing these words, Lorenzo turned coolly round, drew a pistol from his belt, and laid the young lieutenant dead upon the deck, saying, as he fired, 'You would have done well to be more polite, my young friend. As for you others, a good voyage to you! You will find it a long one, I fancy, and your last.'

The boat was soon alongside us, and the young lady, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes red and swollen with weeping, was led, or rather dragged aft. Her singular beauty had led the vile Lorenzo to suppose that she would be a prize by no means the less welcome to his still more brutal captain; and yet, with a strange inconsistency, the same beauty that led him to doom her to a fate so unspeakably terrible as that which he believed to await her, so far softened him, that he did not forbid her being accompanied into her horrible captivity by her faithful and attached Creole attendant.

The sight of the lovely young female in a situation so appalling filled my heart with a sentiment of mingled admiration and grief; and yielding to an impulse as powerful as it was undefinable, I hastily advanced towards her.

"Oh, no!" said Lorenzo, with an ironical glance at me; "you appear to be extremely attentive, my young gentleman."

Recalled to all the terrible realities of my situation, by the sinister tone in which these words were spoken, I retired, blushing and confused, to my former position; and the beautiful captive was dragged to the feet of the ruthless Captain Stamar. Looking coldly and yet attentively upon her features, the savage said, "Tolerably pretty! take her below." His order was obeyed, and we could hear at times the low moanings of the young captive and her faithful Creole, who were kept closely confined in the cabin.

All this time the captain of the luckless merchantman had been standing in silent expectation of the final orders of Stamar, who now said to him, "You can go on your way now, my friend; and of a surety you cannot say that we are so very wicked —we others!"

The captain thus addressed bowed in silence, hauled up his boat, and commenced veering to proceed on his route. The Shark then gently laid herself broadside to; Stamar gave a signal to the infamous Lorenzo, and exclaimed at the same time to the merchantman's captain, "Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you!"

Scarcely were the hypocrite's words uttered when a fearful explosion of our whole range of guns shook every plank of the Shark, and for a few minutes both vessels were completely hidden in the thick black clouds of smoke. Stamar now gave the word, the shark darted forward under all sail; and when the smoke had somewhat dispersed, we could see the unfortunate merchantman dreadfully torn by our shot—her deck covered with wounded men, whose cries and groans were truly dreadful.

On perceiving that our broadside had merely crippled the merchantman, instead of sinking her, Stamar flew into one of his fiercest paroxysms of rage.

"Fools! brute beasts!" he exclaimed, stamping on the deck; "why did they not give it her between wind and water? It's a mere waste of powder and shot! Master! start me all those novices, put the very best men on board at the guns; above all, see that they ram home well, and level low!"

Scarcely two minutes elapsed from the giving of the ferocious order, when the new broadside of the Shark vomited death and destruction upon the crippled and helpless merchantman. Again for a few minutes the horizon was obscured by dark and heavy clouds of smoke; and some minutes elapsed before they cleared away sufficiently to enable us to see the effect produced by our volley. Frightful but impotent imprecations reached us through the livid atmosphere; and, at length we distinguished the aged and unfortunate captain mounted on the bulwarks of his shattered vessel, now tearing his hair, anon extending his clenched fist towards us in vain menacing and detestation. Traversed as his ship had been in every direction by our balls, she was rapidly sinking; and just as she was finally settling down, some of her crew sought shelter in her tops, while others plunged into the sea, and swam towards us. Alas! the case of those who still clung to the masts of their sinking ship was not a jot more hopeless than that of the unhappy men who looked for safety in the mercy of Stamar. Seeing that they swam vigorously and perseveringly towards us, he shouted, "Shoot me off a few of these jolly fellows. *Mort Dieu!* they seem marvellously well inclined to aid in the consumption of our grog and biscuit. Take good aim, I say, there, some of you, and shoot me them off!"

His orders were obeyed to the very letter. Shot followed shot in quick succession, and man after man fell beneath the murderous aim of the ferocious pirates. Now and then a cap or straw hat rose to the surface, and floated round the shattered vessel which the foaming waves were now fast engulphing.

Suddenly, with a sound like the rushing of a huge water-spout, an immense chasm opened in the waves, the merchantman balanced herself for a moment or two, and then, with one lightning like bound, descended; the tops of her masts were for an instant seen lashing the waters, and then she, and the unhappy wretches, who were still clinging to her, disappeared for ever. To the tumult of the horrible scene that had been enacted there succeeded for a few moments a frightfully expressive silence, which was broken by the voice of Stamar, who in tones of infernal irony exclaimed, "Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you!"

To describe the horror I experienced at witnessing this scene of cowardly and useless murder is absolutely beyond my power. Pale and almost insensible, I seemed to be writhing under the pressure of some infernal nightmare; and it needed some stern external reality to restore my bewildered senses. The voice of the Gascon aroused me from this most painful state.

"Upon my honour," said he in a low tone, "I did not think that even a pirate could be so downright diabolical. I very believe that I would rather lose my other eye, than witness such another brutal butchery!"

Nor was this feeling confined to me and the Gascon. Even the crew, ruffianly brigands as they undoubtedly were, had hitherto maintained a profound, and, as it seemed, a painful silence. It was solely the voice of their ferocious leader that could arouse them from this reflecting mood: once aroused from it, however, they speedily resumed their habitual ferocity, songs and shouts rang as loudly as ever through the ship, and at the suggestion of Stamar, preparations were made for the division of their booty.

"Faith," said Brissac to me, "as those poor devils have taken their leave of all sublunary affairs, these bags of piastres can be of no use to them, so I shall take my share of them with a good conscience. Will you come, too, Daumont?"

I turned from him with disgust, and remained on the forecastle, while every one else was busy sharing in the ill-gotten booty. Our fair captive naturally formed the chief and most painful subject of my thoughts. How beautiful was her countenance even amidst all her grief, and despite the disorder of her attire; and to what horrible treatment was she not liable, thrown as she was into the power of the ferocious Stamar! The mere thought of so beautiful and young a creature being in the power of such a monster, filled me with rage, and that rage was increased by an interest, a prepossession on behalf of the victim, which I was in no state of mind to be able to analyse or to define. I longed to learn who she was, and to what Stamar designed to doom her, and to make here aware who I was, and how ardently I desired to deliver her from her horrible position; and I fully made up my mind to seize every possible opportunity to communicate with her, even though my endeavours to serve her should cost me my life.

The Board of Excise have come to the determination to discharge all officers who may, in future, be arrested for debt.

Two brothers named Elm, were once subpœned on a trial. The first of them having been examined, the late Mr. Justice Park, from his venerable appearance was induced to ask him his age, and received in reply, eighty years of age, my lord. And how do you live? Very *regular*. And pray what do you make use of as your beverage? Tea, and milk and water. His Lordship, in reply, addressed himself to the counsellors thus—"There, gentlemen, there's a specimen for you of regularity." The other brother was called, and, from his appearance, the counsellors in the case were induced to ask him his age, and were told that he was eighty-three. And pray, Mr. Elm, how do you live? Very *regular*, your honour. I go to bed drunk every night of my life. "There, there, my lord, there's a specimen of regularity; what do you think of that, my lord—eighty-three." "Ah! gentlemen, Elm, wet or dry, lasts a long time,' said his lordship, gravely.

O'KEEFE.—We have since had, it is true, and still have, a number of humorous dramatic writers, some of them with talents of what is called a "higher order,' and many very amusing; but none with his pockets so full of the requisite small coin from Nature's mint. None of them, in any sense of the word, have appeared to us so *happy* as he; none so child-like, so truly joyous, so full of faith in good and loving as well as laughable things, and therefore so enabled to enjoy; with such an absence of malice in his satire, so crowning the efflorescence of his wit and animal spirits with the fragrance of good nature. The managers were first astonished at what he set before them, doubted its success horribly, then laughed immoderately, then ventured it, still doubting, before the public, who laughed till they cried again, and *truth* was recognized, as it always is—if gallantly ventured and well supported. And O'Keefe was very lucky in these respects: he had Edwins and Johnstones for his actors, Martyrs for his actresses, and Shield and his own native airs for his music; and Shield was of a nature congenial with his own, as far as a relishing simplicity went.—There was the same difference between this well assorted pair and other writers of the day (Burns excepted) as between nature and art, or faith in something and in nothing, or a sophisticated fine lady and a blooming, good-natured country girl. But Shield's muse was the country girl without the excessive vivacity of O'Keefe, at least she was never so lively when out of the other's company.—*Leigh Hunt in the Musical World.*

THE MAGDALENE.—You cannot understand me, madam: and it is well you cannot. Blest with a fond husband, surrounded by every comfort, you have never been assailed by the horrible temptations to which misery has exposed *me*. You have never known what it is to want food, raiment, shelter. You have never seen the child within your arms perishing from hunger, and no relief to be obtained. You have never felt the hearts of all hardened against you; have never heard the jeer or curse from every lip; nor endured the insult and the blow from every hand. I *have* suffered all this. I could resist the tempter *now*. I am strong in health,—in mind. But *then* ——. Oh! madam, there are moments—moments of darkness, which overshadow a whole existence—in the lives of the poor houseless wretches who traverse the streets, when reason is well nigh benighted; when the horrible promptings of despair can, alone, be listened to? and when vice itself assumes the aspect of virtue. Pardon what I have said, madam. I do not desire to extenuate my guilt—far less to defend it; but I would show you, and such as you—who, happily, are exempted from trials like mine—how much misery has to do with crime. And I affirm to you, on my own conviction, that she who falls because she has not strength granted her to struggle with affliction, *may* be reclaimed—may repent, and be forgiven—even as she, whose sins, 'though many, were forgiven her.'"—*Mr. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard."*

GOD.

The following sublime ode to the supreme being is translated from the Russian. It was written by one of their distinguished poets, Derzhasin. This ode is said to have been translated into the Tartar and Chinese languages, written on silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin. The Emperor of Japan had it translated into Japanese, embroidered in gold, and hung up in the temple of Jeddo. It is gratifying to learn that these nations have bestowed these honours on this noble composition. We believe no man, however powerful his intellect and sublime his imagination, acquainted with Holy Writ, ever did or ever will compose so exalted a poem. It abounds in Scriptural allusions. The finest parts of the ode were written when the soul of the author, perhaps unconsciously was wrapt in contemplation of passages in the Bible. One of the most exquisite verses in the poem is that when the poet, fleeing from the nothingness of humanity, takes shelter in the gloriously consoling idea that the Divine Spirit shines in his spirit as shines the sunbeam in the drop of dew. Immediately after follow the words "In thee I live, and breathe, and dwell. Is it not manifest that the whole of this sublimely beautiful passage is borrowed from Acts xvii. 28.?

O, Thou eternal One! whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy—all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all everlasting flight,
Thou only God: there is no God beside:
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er:—
Being, whom we call God—I know no more!

In its sublime research philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like last moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence,—Lord on Thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
Spring forth from Thee; all light, joy, harmony,
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty, Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art, and wert, and shall be! glorious great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy claims the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath;
Thou the beginning and the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee.
And as the spangles in the sunny rays,
Shine round the silver morn, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander, unwearied, through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lightening systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the moon to night;—

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heav'n's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity. What am I then? nought—

Nought, but the effulgence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too!
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought—but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence—for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; I lift my eye
Even to the throne of Thy divinity:
I am. O God, *and surely thou must be!*

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee:
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand.
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where Angels have their birth!
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave: a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown? this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes—Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord:
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of Death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere:
Even to its source—to Thee—its author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar.
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore!
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

MODERN REFINEMENT.—The grand error of the day seems to be, that of calling themselves *ladies*, when it ought to be their ambition to be *women*,—women who fill a place, and occupy a post—members of the commonwealth—supporters of the fabric of society,—the minor wheels and secret springs of the great machine of human life and action, which cannot move harmoniously, nor with full effect to the accomplishment of any great or noble purpose, while clogged with the lovely burdens, and impeded by the still-life attitudes of those useless members of the community, who cast themselves about on every hand, in the vain hope of being valued and admired for doing nothing. Amongst the changes introduced by modern taste, it is not the least striking, that all the daughters of trades-people, when sent to school, are no longer girls, but young ladies. The linen-draper, whose worthy consort occupies her daily post behind the counter, receives her child from Mrs. Montague's establishment—a young lady. At the same elegant and expensive seminary, music and Italian are taught to Hannah Smith, whose father deals in Yarmouth Herrings; and there is the butcher's daughter, too, perhaps the most ladylike of them all. The manners of these young ladies naturally take their tone and character from the ridiculous assumptions of modern refinement. The butcher's daughter is seized with nausea at the spectacle of raw meat,—Hannah Smith is incapable of existing within the atmosphere of her father's home—and the child of the linen draper elopes with a merchant's clerk, to avoid the dire necessity of assisting in her father's shop. What a catalogue of miseries might be made out, as the consequence of this mistaken ambition of the women of England to be ladies! Gentlewomen they may be, and refined women too; for when did either gentleness or true refinement disqualify a woman from her proper duties? But that assumption of delicacy which unfits them for the real business of life, is more to be dreaded in its fatal influence upon their happiness, than the most agonizing disease with which they could be afflicted. It is needless to say, that women of this morbid, imbecile character have no influence. They are so occupied with the minutiæ of their own personal miseries, that they have no time to think of the sin and the sorrow existing in the world around them. Whatever is proposed to them in the way of doing good, is sure to meet with a listless, weary, murmuring denial: for if the hundred-and-one objections, arising out of other fancied causes, should be obviated, there are their endless and inexhaustible nerves. Alas! alas! that English women should ever have found themselves out to be possessed of nerves! Not the most exquisite creation of the poet's fancy was ever supposed to be more susceptible of pain, than is now the highly-educated young lady, who reclines upon a couch in an apartment slightly separated from that in which her father sells his goods, and but one remove from the sphere of her mother's culinary toil.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

COMING FROM SCHOOL.—When we meet in society with that speechless, inanimate, ignorant, and useless being called "a young lady just come from school," it is thought a sufficient apology for all her deficiencies, that she has, poor thing! but just come from school. Thus implying that nothing in the way of domestic usefulness, social intercourse, or adaptation to circumstances, can be expected from her until she has had time to learn it. If, during the four or five years spent at school, she had been establishing herself upon the foundation of her future character, and learning to practise what would afterwards be the business of her life, she would, when her education was considered as complete, be in the highest possible state of perfection which her nature, at that season of life, would admit of. This is what she ought to be. I need not advert to what she is. The case is too pitiful to justify any farther description. The popular and familiar remark, "Poor thing! she has just come home from school; what can you expect?" is the best commentary I can offer.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

Lady Flora Hastings continues in an extremely dangerous state of health. The considerate kindness and attention shown by the Queen to Lady Flora must be appreciated by the Hastings family, and must tend to alleviate, as far as is possible, the painful distress occasioned by her ladyship's severe illness. Nothing has been omitted which could contribut to the quiet or comfort of the invalid. Her Majesty has not only put off the grand dinner which she proposed to give to the Queen Dowager, for fear that the carriages might disturb Lady Flora, but she has also of late commanded both the military and the private bands of music to be discontinued for the same reason. Apartments have been prepared for such members of her ladyship's family as might wish to attend upon her by night or by day, and orders given that they might command refreshments at any hour. Her Majesty's kind foresight has even led her to desire the Princess of Leiningen to change her apartment, in order that her highness's children might not, when visiting her, disturb Lady Flora's repose. We are happy to be able to state, upon authority, that these attentions are most gratefully felt and acknowledged by the lady whose sufferings they are intended to alleviate.—*London Morning Chronicle.*

Death of Runjeet Singh.—We learn that intelligence reached the East India House of the death of Runjeet Singh. If this information prove to be correct the event will effect a considerable change in the aspect of Indian affairs.—*Liverpool Standard*