

the brother again rendered her insensible to all other sensations, and she yielded to the sway of her fatal passion.

"There they lived, secluded from the world, and supported, even through evil, by the intensity of their passion for each other. The turbulent spirit of the brother was at rest; he had found a being endowed with virtues like his own, and, as he thought, destitute of all his vices. The day-dreams of his fancy had been realised, and all that he had imagined of beauty or affection was embodied in that form which he could call his own.

"On the morning of her departure the dreadful truth burst upon the mind of her wretched husband. From the first arrival of the dark-eyed stranger, a gloomy vision of future sorrow had haunted him by day and by night. Despair and misery now made him their victim, and that awful malady which he inherited from his ancestors was the immediate consequence. He was seen, for the last time, among some stupendous cliffs which overhung the river, and his hat and cloak were found by the chamois hunters at the foot of an ancient pine.

"Soon, too, was the guilty joy of the survivors to terminate. The gentle lady, even in felicity, felt a load upon her heart; her spirit had burned too ardently, and she knew it must, ere long, be extinguished. Day after day the lily of her cheek encroached upon the rose, till at last she assumed a monumental paleness, unrelieved save by a transient and hectic glow; her angelic form wasted away, and soon the flower of the valley was no more.

"The soul of the brother was dark, dreadfully dark, but his body wasted not, and his spirit caroused with more fearful strength. 'The sounding cataract haunted him like a passion.' He was again alone in the world, and his mind endowed with more dreadful energies; his wild eye sparkled with unnatural light, and his raven hair hung heavy on his burning temples. He wandered among the forests and the mountains, and rarely entered his once-beloved dwelling, from the windows of which he had so often beheld the sun sinking in a sea of crimson glory.

"He was found dead in that same pass in which he had met his sister among the mountains; his body bore no marks of external violence, but his countenance was convulsed by bitter insanity."

From the Cottage Magazine.

EXTRAORDINARY PROVIDENCE.

Thomas Hownham, the subject of the following providence, was a very poor man, who lived in a lone house or hut upon a moor, called Barmour Moor, about a mile from Lowick, and two miles from Doddington, in the county of Northumberland. He had no means to support a wife and two young children, save the scanty earnings obtained by keeping an ass, on which he used to carry coals from Barmour coal-hill to Doddington and Wooler; or by making brooms of the heath, and selling them round the country. Yet, poor and despised as he was in consequence of his poverty, in my forty years' acquaintance with the professing world, I have scarce met with his equal, as a man that lived near to God, or one who was favoured with more evident answers to prayer. My parents then living at a village called Hanging Hall, about one mile and a half from his hut, I had frequent interviews with him, in one of which he was very solicitous to know whether my father or mother had sent him any unexpected relief the night before. I answered him in the negative, so far as I knew; at which he seemed to be uneasy. I then pressed to know what relief he had met with, and how? After requesting secrecy, unless I should hear of it from some other quarter (and if so, he begged I would acquaint him,) he proceeded to inform me, that being disappointed of receiving money for his coals the day before, he returned home in the evening, and, to his pain and distress, found that there was neither bread nor meal, nor any thing to supply their place, in his house; that his wife wept sore for the poor children, who were both crying for hunger; that they continued crying until they both fell asleep; that he got them to bed, and their mother with them, who likewise soon went to sleep, being worn out

with the sufferings of the children and her own tender feelings.

Being a fine moonlight night, he went out of the house to a retired spot, at a little distance, to meditate on those remarkable expressions in Hab. iii. 17, 18: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation." Here he continued, as he thought, about an hour and a half; and in a sweet, serene, and composed frame of mind, he returned into his house; when, by the light of the moon through the window, he perceived something upon a stool or form (for chairs they had none) before the bed; and after viewing it with astonishment, and feeling it, he found it to be a joint of meat roasted, and a loaf of bread, about the size of our half-peck loaves. He then went to the door to look if he could see any body; and after using his voice as well as his eyes, and neither perceiving nor hearing any one, he returned in, awoke his wife, who was still asleep, asked a blessing, and then awoke the children, and gave them a comfortable repast. Such was his story; but he could give me no further account.

I related this extraordinary affair to my father and mother, who both heard it with astonishment; but ordered me to keep it a secret as requested; and such it would have ever remained, but for the following reason. A short time after this event, I left that country; but on a visit about twelve years after, at a friend's, the conversation, one evening, took a turn about one Mr. Strangeways, commonly called Strangunge, a farmer, who lived at Lowick-Highsteed, which the people named Pinch-me-near, on account of this miserly wretch that dwelt there. I asked what had become of his property, as I apprehended he had never done one generous action in his lifetime. An elderly woman in the company said I was mistaken; for she could relate one which was somewhat curious. She said that she had lived with him as a servant or housekeeper; that about twelve or thirteen years ago, one Thursday morning he ordered her to have a whole joint of meat roasted, having given her directions a day or two before to bake two large loaves of white bread. He then went to Wooler market, and took a bit of bread and cheese in his pocket as usual. He came home in the evening in a very bad humour, and went soon to bed. In about two hours after, he called up his man-servant, and ordered him to take one of the loaves, and the joint of meat, and carry them down the moor to Thomas Hownham's, and leave them there. The man did so; and finding the family asleep, he set them at their bed-side, and came away.

The next morning her master called her and the man-servant in, and seemed in great agitation of mind. He told them that he intended to have invited a Mr. John Mool, with two or three more neighbouring farmers (who were always teasing him for his nearness), to sup with him the night before; that he would not invite them in the market-place, as he purposed to have taken them by surprise near home, as two or three of them passed his house; but a smart shower of rain coming on, they rode off, and left him before he could get an opportunity; that going soon to bed, he did not rest well, fell a dreaming, and thought he saw Hownham's wife and children dying of hunger; and he awoke and put off the impression; that he dreamed the second time, and endeavoured again to shake it off; but that he was altogether overcome with the nonsense the third time; that he believed the devil was in him; but that since he was so foolish as to send the meat and bread, he could not now help it, and charged her and the man never to speak of it, or he would turn them away directly. She added, that since he was dead long ago, she thought she might relate it, as a proof that he had done one generous action, though he was grieved for it afterwards. Surely this was a wonderful instance of God's special interposition in behalf of his own children, plainly shewing us that when he becomes the God of grace, he also becomes, in a peculiar manner, the God of providence to his people. The infidel or sceptic may sneer

at the above account as incredible; and denounce it as a fiction got up by some fanatic or enthusiast; and, alas! the worldly-minded and formal professor of Christianity will be apt to join both the former in his ridicule, or, at any rate, may say, this is carrying the doctrine of God's particular providence rather too far: but the sincere and genuine Christian will be prompted by this affecting story to a higher and holier admiration of that gracious God and Father who "feedeth the young ravens when they call upon him," and therefore can "give bread to his people," and supply their temporal wants in a way which shall call forth their deepest gratitude, and add to his own glory. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other things (needful) shall be added unto you;" and "they that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing."

LITERARY REMUNERATION.

"As a proof of the uncertainty of literary remuneration," says the London correspondent of the Evening Star, "I would instance the example of 'Boz.' When he commenced the Pickwick papers, he was almost unknown, and was living on five guineas per week, as reporter on the Morning Chronicle. Chapman and Hale having, with some difficulty, been persuaded to become the Pickwick publishers, agreed to give him ten pounds a month for each number, or one hundred and twenty pounds for the whole work. After the second number, the sale became so immense as to induce the publishers to give him seventy pounds a month; and, since number ten, he has had one half of the profits, including those of the first numbers. By the Pickwick papers alone, he will net between two and three thousand pounds. Nor is this all: he was paid two guineas a column for Watkins Tottle and other 'Sketches by Boz,' which appeared in the Morning Chronicle. For a column of such sketches now, he would have ten guineas from any magazine. He has, of course, cut reporting, and instead of some three hundred pounds a-year which he made eighteen months ago, is in receipt of at least three thousand pounds. To ensure him exclusively for himself, Mr. Richard Bentley, the publisher, allows him the sum of one thousand pounds a year as editor of Bentley's Miscellany, and twenty guineas per sheet also, for whatever he writes in it. If this is not turning a very popular name to good account I know not what is. Of Bentley's Miscellany the good luck has been astonishing; in fact, without precedent. It has almost shelved the New Monthly out of market. It is a shilling cheaper, which is one cause; the New Monthly being three shillings and sixpence per number, while Bentley's Miscellany is only two shillings and sixpence; and it has more illustrations, which is another. The New Monthly has merely a portrait of some author, while Bentley's has either two or three illustrations by Cruikshank, which, being engraved on copper by himself, are of as much value as original sketches. At this day, each of Hogarth's plates as he engraved himself, fetch twice or thrice what impressions from the other plates bring. I know not how popular the Pickwick papers may be in America, but in England they are all the rage. The quaint similes of Samuel Veller are in every one's mouth, and half a dozen dramas have already been founded on the work. A new one, by the way, is coming out at the New Strand Theatre, in which J. W. Hammond will appear as Sam Veller. He is pronounced by 'Boz' to be the only man for the character. You lose one half the fun by not having the laughable illustrations which accompany the letter press in the original edition. The first number was illustrated by Seymour, a man who was fast rivalling the fame of Cruikshank. Some mess or other about a protested bill annoyed him so much that he cut his throat. Since then, the illustrations have been furnished by R. W. Buss, a clever artist. There are some two score of Pickwick clubs in London, all founded, of course, since these admirable papers commenced. In Liverpool there are five, one of which is on a very extended plan. Each member bears the name of one of the characters in the Pickwick papers, and is habited exactly according to the description therein contained. Fines are leviable if a mem-