

late-pencils, and the like, looked now really pretty. Her mother had tinged her cheeks with the slightest touch of rouge, (Miss Dunningan was a teacher in painting,) and the agitation natural to a young lady on entering a room filled with thirty or forty people, had sent an unusual color into her whole face, which had finally settled into a fine glow on her cheeks. There was no harmony, however, about her features; her nose was small and her mouth large, while bright blue eyes made rather a singular appearance, fringed with lashes and arched with brows of jetty black. If she had been dressed with taste, as were the Barker girls, who sat near, clad in robes of white muslin, with a little blue drapery about the neck, she would have been called, perhaps, handsome. Mrs. Biggs, who presided at her daughter's toilet, would have given, at least, a thousand dollars to have been able to put on her rich garments in a becoming manner. Taste, however, she was compelled to acknowledge to herself to be something innate; and, what was more, decidedly foreign to the Walker family.

The day was extremely warm, and Silvette wore a heavy, dark Tagliani, with tight sleeves, and a waist so numerically tight as to give at once, the idea of compression and discomfort. Mrs. Biggs did not admire the graceful outline of the female form in its natural state, but loved dearly to see a slender, a very slender waist, whether it corresponded with the general shape or not.—Silvette's glossy black hair was, part of it, arranged in pipe-stem curls on each side of her face, somewhat resembling the fly-whiskers sometimes attached to the ears of a horse, and the remainder braided in two divisions, fastened together by two or three yards of blue ribbon. A scarf of the same reticulate line was carelessly tied at the bootee, and partly secured in its place by a broad Mosaic pin. A circlet of pearls on her head, pendants of gold in her ears, silver and diamond rings, with a gold watch and chain, completed her dress. Notwithstanding this dazzling array of jewelry, the costly dress, the high birth, influential connections, genteel education, and anticipated fortune, the manners of the young lady were by no means prepossessing. The young men conversed with the Misses Barker—who, though they had never been within the walls of an academy, were well educated and well read—without, however, neglecting Miss Biggs, till she, finding that they knew nothing of the fashions and genteel people, moved her seat into another circle, and found accomplished and agreeable companions in Miss Arabella Howe, the sheriff's daughter, and Mr. Lile Perkins, a dashing young fellow, who knew the latest style, even down to the button of a glove. Mr. Hope, who might be supposed anxious to keep an eye upon his young intended—for so he determined to consider her, though no decided answer had been given to his request—itched his chair to a place about half way between the two groups, and alternately amused and instructed all within hearing, by his ludicrous expressions and sensible remarks. Mr. Hope was such an individual as is not met with five times in the course of a century. A Jeremias Munster-like being, always grumbling at the follies of human nature, this eccentric man concealed, under the appearance of sullenness, the greatest good humor. In good society, had he been a poor man, he would have been termed a brute, and not without reason. He never scrupled to tell any one whom he saw, whether a stranger or not, the faults that he saw in him, and talked so plainly as to give offense, yet with so ludicrous an air as to excite laughter. He was very influential. It

was said that the tap of Caesar's finger would awe a senate; the upsting of Mr. Hope's hand would sway the opinions of two-thirds of the voters in Mannville. Office-holders feared him; office-seekers respected him.—So Mr. Hope, with all his odd qualities and rude behavior, passed as a gentleman in the first society where he was known. This was the man to whom Mrs. Biggs wished to ally her daughter. The party around him sat chatting about the weather, the crops, the gardens, &c., with, now and then, a few literary remarks, while the other members of the company were divided into similar knots and seemed to be beginning to enjoy themselves, when the lower folding-doors were thrown open and dinner was announced.

"Faith," ejaculated Abijah Hope, "I am hungry as a hawk. I've an appetite like a horse. People, in this world, must eat. Four o'clock nearly, Mrs. Biggs. Is this the time for dinner? You wish to be above others, do you?"

#### To be Continued

*Recollections of my Military Life. By Col. Lundmann, 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett, Great Marlborough-street.*

The author of "Adventures and Recollections" has made another adventure in the field of literature; and in these stirring tunes of war, such stories as he is able to tell, will obtain listeners. A garrison officer's residence at Gibraltar is the subject of the first volume, varied by confinement on board a transport-ship during the blockade of Cadiz. The good nature of the author imparts pleasantness to his account of garrison parties, pic-nics, military or nautical stories, anecdotes of the day, and excursions on the main-land though we were then (1806-8) at war with Spain. The whole, however, was hardly worth publication either essentially or by the accident of circumstances. The second volume contains accounts of marching and fighting. Colonel Lundmann was associated with the army that first landed in Portugal, and which after fighting the battles of Roliça and Vimiera was stopped in full career by Sir Harry Burrard. As our author had little to do as an engineer-officer, he became a sort of extra man, now acting aide-de-camp now as volunteer, and anon as spectator; while his self-imposed professional duties, consisting of examining the country and mapping particular parts, took him over a wide extent of ground, and enabled him to see a great deal more than would fall to the lot of an officer on particular duty. His records of these few weeks' experience give a very full and striking idea of active war, the fullness of detail and the effect. Now and then we have a decisive charge, or some large operation conducing to a large result, but more generally it is a picture of individual discomfort, exposure, and privation, the ludicrous or sordid mixing largely with the terrible and pathetic. Men who have faced the enemy all day are "afraid" to go to sleep at night, lest they should be trampled on by horses who may have broken their pickets, and gladly take refuge under a waggon. Hunger, if it does not tame the British lion, seriously decomposes him, as well as cold and wet in a night bivouac. The road, the rear, and the ground after a battle, are painted with a painful minuteness; the wounded murdered for their property by camp followers or straggling soldiers; a priest administering the sacrament to all who have sense enough to intamate their willingness to receive it; Portuguese peasants following to give the coup de grace to

Frenchmen when their pastor had left the penitents, and the stripped dead placed by revolting levity in positions intended for burlesque or worse. Here are some of the various incidents our observor records.

#### A Lady under Fire.

"I soon overtook a lady, dressed in a nankeen riding-habit, parasol, and straw-bonnet, and carrying a rather large hand-basket. The unexpected sight of a respectably dressed woman in such a situation greatly perplexed me; for the musket-shot were showering about pretty thickly, and making the dust fly on most parts of the road. Moreover, at this place several men killed, and others mortally wounded, all perfectly stripped, were lying scattered across the road, so that in order to advance she was absolutely compelled to step over some of them. At first I thought the lady was unconscious of her danger, or was so bewildered at the surrounding confusion, in which she might have been accidentally involved, that she did not know she was then going towards the enemy. I therefore could not resist saying to her, en passant, that she had much better go back for a short time, as this was a very unfit place for a lady to be in, and was evidently a dangerous one. Upon this, she drew herself up, and with a very haughty air, and, seemingly, a perfect contempt of the danger of her situation, evidently proceeding from extreme agitation, she replied, 'Mind your own affairs, sir,—I have a husband before me.' I obeyed."

#### Putting out a Fire in a Powder Magazine

"I placed my hand on the key, which was still in the lock and very carefully drew open the door (of a powder magazine at Gibraltar.) Oh! it was truly appalling! The volume of thick smoke, slightly tinged with red, was awful in the extreme, almost deprived us of the power of respiration. In less than quarter of a minute the density of the smoke had sufficiently diminished to allow us to perceive the large red cinder of a slow match, the whole of which, including all the windings round the stick, had been burnt, and was reduced to a red cinder, still retaining its delicate hold of the stick, but ready to fall to pieces on the slightest agitation of the atmosphere. A portion also of the woodwork of the handle or stick was reduced to a red charcoal. Our fears of doing anything that might agitate the minutest portion of the surrounding atmosphere was, no doubt, similar to that related of travellers in the Alps, who, when in certain situations, dare not speak to each other in a louder voice than a whisper, lest it should cause the fall of an avalanche. Nothing could be more perplexing, yet, after a short reflection, I took off my hat, and having, with the greatest gentleness, put it under the burning cinder of the slow match; with equal care I took the match-stick near the bottom, and turned the whole upside down into the hat, covering up the same with my handkerchief, closed the sides of my folding cocked-hat as much together as I could, and thus completely confined the fire within the hat. Oh! no tongue can relate the degree of pride I felt, and the triumph with which I marched out to a large tub full of water, which Pownall pointed out, and into which I plunged the whole together."

A Lady, given to tattle, says she never tells anything except to two classes of people—those who ask her, and those who don't.

A Lady was at the representation of a deep tragedy, and did not shed a tear. Everybody was surprised, perceiving which the lady said, "I could indeed have wept, but I am engaged out to-night to supper."