

Between these two lie the whole range of female character in form. And in proportion as the figure approaches the one extreme or the other, we call it grave or gay, majestic or graceful. Not but that the same person may, by a happy combination of charms, unite these qualities in different degrees, as we sometimes see graceful majesty and majestic grace. And, certainly, without the commanding figure softens the amplitude of its contour with a gentle elegance, it may possess a sort of regal consequence, but it will be that of a heavy and harsh importance. But unless the slight and airy form, full of youth and animal spirits, superadds to these attractions the grace of a restraining dignity, her vivacity will be deemed levity, and her activity the romping of a wild hoyden.

Young women must, therefore, when they present themselves to the world, not implicitly fashion their demeanours according to the levelling rules of the generality of school-governesses; but, considering the character of their figures, allow their deportment, and select their dress, to follow the bias of nature.

#### SECRET OF PRESERVING BEAUTY.

It has been observed that, during the period of youth, different women wear a variety of characters, such as the gay, the grave, etc. When it is found that even this loveliest season of life places its objects in varying lights, how necessary does it seem that woman should carry this idea yet farther by analogy, and recollect she has a summer as well as a spring; an autumn, and a winter! As the aspect of the earth alters with the changes of the year, so does the appearance of a woman adapt itself to the time which passes over her. Like a rose in the garden, she buds, she blows, she fades, she dies.

When the freshness of virgin youth vanishes; when Delia passes her teens, and fastly approaches her thirtieth year, she may then consider herself in the noon of her day; but the sun which shines so brightly on her beauties, declines while he displays them, and a few short years, and the jocund step, the airy habit, the sportive manner, all must pass away with the flight of time. Before this happens, it would be well for her to remember that it is wiser to throw a shadow over her yet unimpaired charms, than to hold them in the light till they are seen to decay.

From this, my fair friends will easily apprehend that the most beautiful woman is not at forty what she was at twenty, nor at sixty what she was at forty. Each age has an appropriate style of figure and of pleasing; and it is the business of discernment and taste to discover and maintain those advantages in their due seasons.

The general characteristics of youth are, meek dignity, chastened sportiveness, and gentle seriousness. Middle age has the privilege of preserving, unaltered, the graceful majesty and tender gravity which have marked its earlier years. But the gay manners of the comic muse must, in the advance of life, be discreetly softened down to little more than cheerful amenity. Time marches on, and another change takes place. Amiable as the former characteristics may be, they must give way to the sober, the venerable aspect with which age, experience, and "a soul commercing with the skies," ought to adorn the silver hairs of the Christian matron.

Nature having maintained a harmony between the figure of woman and her years, it is decorous that the consistency should extend to the materials and fashion of her apparel. For youth to dress like age, is an instance of bad taste seldom seen. But age affecting the airy garments of youth, the transparent *Draperies* of *Cos*, and the sportiveness of a girl, is an anachronism as frequent as it is ridiculous.

Virgin, bridal beauty, when she arrays herself with taste, obeys an end of her creation—that of increasing her charms in the eyes of some virtuous lover, or the husband of her bosom. She is approved. But, when the wrinkled fair, the hoary-headed matron, attempts to equip herself for conquest, to awaken sentiments which, the bloom on her cheek gone, her rouge can never arouse; then, we cannot but deride her folly, or, in pity, counsel her rather to seek for charms, the mental graces of Madame de Sevigne, than the meretricious arts of Ninon de l'Enclos.

The secret of preserving beauty lies in three things—Temperance, Exercise, Cleanliness. Under these few heads we shall find much good instruction. Temperance includes moderation at table, and in the enjoyment of what the world calls pleasure. A young beauty, were she fair as Hebe, and elegant as the Goddess of Love herself, would soon lose these charms by a course of inordinate eating, drinking, and late hours.

#### A BURIAL AT SEA.

What I am going to relate may be deemed a wild fiction. I cannot help it. I wish that it were so. To me it was a dreadful truth, and taught me an awful lesson of mistrust in our weak natures, and the necessity of guarding against presumption, that nursing mother of superstition; but I will hurry over this part of my biography as rapidly as I can. It was just eight bells, ten o'clock, when James Gavel again came on deck. His features were rigid and stern, yet there was a wild excitement in his eye that was painful to look upon, and which appeared the more startling, from the concentrated light of the lantern that he held. He first

of all, with studious phrase, thanked me for the diligent watch that I had kept. Indeed, latterly, I had perceived a refinement in his language much at variance with his former nautical phraseology. He then requested me to turn up the hands for the burial of the dead. The wind was mournfully singing among the rigging, and hurrying along the decks, whilst the doleful cry of the boatswain, "All hands to burial," sounded strangely sad. The men did not hurry up quickly, as usual. They came up like so many shadows in the partial darkness, stealing quietly and reverently aft. By the directions of Gavel, who superintended the preparations, instead of placing the grating on the gang-way, as is usual, he ordered it to be placed on the taffrail, that, as we were running before the wind, when the body was thrown overboard, it might the sooner be clear of the vessel. The line was made ready, another lantern was lighted, and Jugurtha, the dumb black, with the boatswain and Gavel, went below, and shortly afterwards the corpse was handed up, covered with the ship's colours for a pall. It was then put upon the grating, in order to be launched overboard. The manner of burial at sea is this. The body is sewn up in the hammock of the dead, and if he had died of any disease considered epidemical, the bed-clothes are also contained in this canvass shroud. Two or three heavy shot are also sewn up at the feet, to ensure a rapid sinking. The grating is used as a kind of bier, on which this mummy-like receptacle for mortality is placed, and that, with the body, is launched generally, over the ship's side. The grating is afterwards, when the funeral service has been completed, hauled again on board by means of the rope attached to it. The body on the grating, covered with the ensign, was, at the direction of the mate, made ready for launching overboard; the whole of the ship's company clustering round, and one of the seamen holding the lantern, Gavel prepared to read the funeral service. Hats were taken off. "Axing your pardon, Mr. Gavel," began one of the men, "but it seems to me as if you had sewed up all poor Wilson's bed-clothes, it is so bulky like. Now, as he didn't die of no fever—and my whole kit was washed overboard last gale, I'm willing to pay a fair price for his'n, and you can stop it out of my wages." Jugurtha grinned, and the mate merely said, "Silence, do not disturb the service." "Had you not better, Mr. Gavel," remarked the boatswain, "send for the Captain? Searve him right, I think, to be made stand by the man he murdered." "He is near enough," said Gavel, hurriedly and with a slight shudder. "Let me have no more interruption. You man at the wheel, there, John Cousins, mind the ship's head, and keep your ears open." Three times did Gavel begin, and at each attempt, his voice was, as if in wrath, blown back upon his lips, and, at last, he was obliged to turn his face from the corpse, and standing thus to proceed. This omen, this apparent anger of Him to whom the hurricane is but a servant, appalled not Gavel. Verily was he a man of strong nerve, or he was more than an enthusiast. In a loud, clear, and sonorous voice, that the winds could not overcome, he began, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord," etc., etc., still keeping with the left hand a firm hold of the bier, whilst, with his right, he held the prayer-book. There was a savage solemnity about the scene, that did not elevate, but made the heart tremble. The officiating priest, for so, for the moment, must we call this untainted seaman, seemed to be actuated by a spirit of defiance, as much as by a feeling of piety; and there was a scowl of gratified revenge, or of some passion as evil, upon his countenance. That it was dangerous even then and there to cross him, was made manifest by an interruption, that, on any other occasion, would have appeared ludicrous. The disappointed sailor, who had wished to inherit the bedding that he supposed was tacked up with the body of the steward, cried out in a reproachful manner, when Gavel read aloud, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out." "Then why does Wilson walk off with his blankets and bed?" The hand that held on the bier was dashed, in an instant, by this man of fierce passions into the face of the interrupter, whilst he exclaimed, "Silence, reprobate scoffer!" As the seaman fell to the deck with the blow, he muttered a dreadful imprecation, and a strange and stifled groan was heard, but no one knew from whence it proceeded. After this, Gavel resumed the book, and read on. The gale was increasing momentarily, but it seemed to make no impression upon the stern officiator. He read more loudly and more sternly. A horror began to creep over us all. Methought, at times, that the corpse under the union jack had a motion not produced by the plunging and rolling of the vessel. I endeavoured to repel the horrible idea that seized me. It was in vain. My suspicions increased every moment. I knew not how to act. Gavel read on. It was now a perfect storm, yet he seemed to be trying his strength against it. His voice became shrill, and still mastered the rushing of the mighty winds. Twice had I laid my hand upon his arm, and besought him to forbear. I might as well have addressed the tempest that was hurrying us to destruction. He was labouring—labouring did I say? revelling under the influence of a superstitious excitement. Nothing but sudden death could have stopped him. He read on. Another hand had quietly stepped to the wheel to assist the man at the helm—for the brig was bounding, plunging, and reeling—but to

all this Gavel seemed impassable, imperturbable. The service drew to conclusion—I was in a perfect agony of dread. The cold perspiration stood upon my brow. I felt, I knew not why, that I was assisting at some horrible, some unnatural sacrifice. Several times was I upon the point of laying my hands, upon the swaddled corpse to relieve the crushing burthen of my suspicions; but when the cruel mate came to that part which finishes the ceremony, and read, "We therefore commit *their bodies* to the deep," the truth, in all its horror, flashed upon me, and I caught at Gavel's throat, and exclaimed, "Atrocious murderer! Men, haul the bodies on board." But Gavel was too quick for me. He thrust the grating over the stern, and the splash of the descending bodies to their cold deep grave was hardly heard amidst the lashings of the water that boiled under the counter of the vessel.—*Outward Bound.*

For the Pearl.

#### SCOTTISH SCENERY.

No. I.

##### LOCH KATRINE.

Who has not read "The Lady of the Lake?"  
The hallowing of each locality,  
In these entrancing bursts of scenery;  
Whose mingled wildness and rude grandeur wake  
The most sublime conceptions of the mind.  
Loch Katrine sleeps unruffled—the last ray  
Is lingering still upon the verge of day;  
And fancy here unfettered—unconfined—  
Would people with its shining imagery  
"That little isle" on which the sea gulls rest,  
And shudder at yon "goblin cavern," lest  
It should unfold some spell of witchery,  
Recalling back the thoughts of olden time,  
And scenes immortalized in much loved rhyme.

SIN OF RETALIATION.—"Right and justice do not consist in retaliation; and if what we have before said may have appeared to justify it, it was only with the view, by further exposition, of setting the matter in a right light. For we are far from possessing the right of retaliation—least of all, that of retaliating evil for evil. For as evil is always wrong, we can never be justified in doing wrong. Therefore, however hard the refraining from retaliation may be to human nature—in so far as it is merely nature, and like the animal, exercises self-protection—still there proceeds from this duty of man, as a spiritual, or rational being, and from the truly divine principle of justice itself, the command of our Saviour,—Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; 'pray for them that despitefully use and persecute you;' a command, which we know He himself to have executed in the fullest and most extended signification; and by which, in his teaching and conduct, He gave proofs to all ages that God was with him, and spoke and acted in him. We, rooted and grounded on self, recoil from this command, and believe ourselves justified in considering it inconsistent with the principle of justice. The feeling of self, and the impulse of self-preservation and self-defence rebel against it. We hold that nothing can be more just than this maintenance of self; and we are right, so far as our personality is united to our individuality. But our personality extends far beyond our individuality. It unites us with the kingdom of spiritual beings, where the highest unity, and the unchangeably existing—the eternally living Spirit dwells. If we would maintain our place in the kingdom of spirit, we must set limits to—or, as scripture says, 'deny—ourselves;' by doing which, we gain as spiritual beings what we lose as individual. We do not, however, lose our individual being, because this, as we have said, is united to our general being, or personality. We merely lose our partial, limited, finite claims, and receive in their stead, universal, unlimited, infinite ones, whereby the promise is fulfilled,—'He who loses his life for my sake, shall gain it everlastingly.' Which may be interpreted,—he who renounces selfish gratifications with the view of promoting his spiritual concerns, shall enjoy a far higher satisfaction,—that which lies in the feeling and consciousness of a pure, spiritual existence and action, and which is no other than that of eternal happiness, or bliss. We have only to make the trial in any one case, in order to find this confirmed. If we, for example,—having conquered self, and suppressed the impulse to retaliate—truly, and from our hearts forgive any one who has injured us, this victory over, or denial of self, will be immediately rewarded by the blessed feeling of having performed a pure, spiritual act; and so in all instances of self-denial. We stand, therefore, as spiritual beings, or persons, much higher than as mere individuals, or creatures of self, and we reap the greatest advantage, if we, as spiritual beings, give up the right which we claim as natural ones. Justice and its claims are not destroyed by doing this; for the highest, truest justice is 'the equalisation of equals.' Herein lies the secret of divine love. We love ourselves: the love of self is born in us. Now if we place others—according to the principle of pure and perfect justice—on an equality with ourselves, this equalisation must consist in loving them as ourselves, which is incompatible with all revengeful retaliation, all aversion, all enmity, all hatred. True love and true justice form one in spiritual beings; they cannot hate."—*On Education and Self-Formation by Professor Heinroth of Leipsic.*