

moved for ever," I read. As I looked around, I reflected, "What or whom else can I trust? These winds? Treacherous as the serpent, they may rise in their wrath and dash us to atoms, as you speck of foam rises and disappears. These black waters? They roll as angrily as if whetting their jaws for our destruction. This ship? Tight, trim and joyous as she bounds over the billows, she only lives, like a child playing with the lion's mane, on the forbearance of the monster. No. We will trust in the Lord: Him who rules these winds and waves—for they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved.

Dec. 25th.—The invalids on board are wonderfully benefited by the air. It is so mild, pure and balmy, that every inspiration carries a healing and exhilarating influence to every vein and muscle of the system. Most affectionately has God meted out the winds to this cargo of invalids, sending them so sweetly and cautiously that the tenderest of our passengers cannot be visited too roughly. He seems like a tender parent, spreading out bright skies over us—drying up all the moisture which might injure us—and tempering the air with just that amount of wind which gives it the most perfect and delightful adaptation to our bodies.

It being Christmas, our Captain invited us all to a Christmas dinner, and charged his cook to do his best. All the invalids and ladies made their appearance at table; the board was spread with more even than its ordinary luxuriousness; the demon sea-sickness had left us to fine appetites and good spirits. Probably there were few pleasanter Christmas parties in the wide bounds of Christendom than in this fine ship, in the midst of the ocean-wilderness. There was wit enough, and laughter in abundance, and those who refused wine gave sufficient evidence that alcohol was not necessary to happiness.

After dinner we adjourned to the quarter-deck, where tea and coffee were served. What an evening! The air blew upon us as mildly and as daintily as the sweetest morning breeze; the brilliant moon lighted up the waves far and near; the waters, as participating in the kindness of the occasion, rolled on their huge and powerful swells as gently as a summer's ripple, and softly raised and let down our ship like some great monster, in pleasant mood, tossing his giant babe.

On the main deck, the sailors, waiters and steerage passengers were engaged in sport, and their laugh rang and echoed over the waters. On the quarter deck, we were grouped together as chance or humour led;—chatted of politics, or home,—or listened to tales of voyages and wonders. What a wonderful amount of convenience and luxury has the art of man enabled him to concentrate and carry about with him! Within this little speck, tossed like a cockleshell, we have the elegancies of the parlour; the fashion and luxury of the drawing room; the rich stores of the pantry, the kitchen and the cellar.

TOILET OF MR. TITMOUSE.

(From an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

Shaving over, he took out of his trunk an old dirty-looking pomatum pot. A little of its contents, extracted on the tips of his two fore-fingers, he stroked carefully into his eye-brows; then spreading some on the palms of his hands, he rubbed it vigorously into his stubborn hair and whiskers for some quarter of an hour; and then combed and brushed his hair into half a dozen different dispositions—so fastidious in that matter was Mr. Titmouse. Then he dipped the end of a towel into a little water, and twisting it round his right fore-finger, passed it gently over his face, carefully avoiding his eye-brows and the hair at the top, sides, and bottom of his face, which he then wiped with a dry corner of the towel; and no further did Mr. Titmouse think it necessary to carry his ablutions. Had he been able to "see himself as others saw him," in respect of those neglected regions which lay somewhere behind and beneath his ears, he might not possibly have thought superfluous to irrigate them with a little soap and water; but, after all, he knew best; it might have given him cold; and besides, his hair was very thick and long behind, and might perhaps conceal any thing that was unsightly. Then Mr. Titmouse drew from underneath the bed a bottle of Warren's "incomparable blacking," and a couple of brushes, with great labor and skill polishing his boots up to a wonderful point of brilliancy. Having washed his hands, and replaced his blacking implements under his bed, he devoted a few moments to boiling about three tea-spoonfuls of coffee, (as it was styled on the paper from which he took, and in which he had bought it—whereas it was, in fact, chicory.) Then he drew forth from his trunk a calico shirt, with linen wristbands and collars, which had been worn only twice since its last washing—i. e. on the preceding two Sundays, and put it on, taking great care not to rumple a very showy front, containing three little rows of frills; in the middle one of which he stuck three "studs," connected together with two little gilt chains, looking exceedingly stylish, especially coupled with a span new satin stock which he next buckled round his neck. Having put on his bright boots, (without, I am sorry to say, any stockings,) he carefully insinuated his legs into a pair of white trowsers, for the first time since their last washing; and what with his short straps and high braces, they were so tight

that you would have feared their bursting, if he should have sat down hastily. I am almost afraid that I shall hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that the next thing he did was to attach a pair of spurs to his boots:—but, to be sure, it was not impossible that he might intend to ride during the day.

Then he put on a queer kind of under waistcoat, which in fact was only a roll-collar of rather faded pea-green silk, and to designed to set off a very fine flowered damson-colored silk waistcoat; over which he drew a massive mosaic-gold chain, (to purchase which he had sold a serviceable silver watch) which had been carefully wrapped up in cotton wool; from which soft depository, also, he drew his ring, (those must have been sharp eyes that could tell, at a distance, and in a hurry, that it was not diamond,) which he placed on the stumpy little finger of his red and thick right hand—and contemplated its sparkle with exquisite satisfaction. Having proceeded thus far in his toilet, he sat down to his breakfast, spreading the shirt he had taken off upon his lap, to preserve his white trowsers from spot or stain—his thoughts alternating between his late walking vision and his purposes for the day. He had no butter, having used the last on the preceding morning; so he was fain to put up with dry bread—and very dry and teeth-trying it was, poor fellow—but his eye lit on his ring! Having swallowed two cups of his quasi-coffee, he resumed his toilet, by drawing out of his other trunk his blue surtout, with embossed silk buttons and velvet collar, and an outside pocket in the left breast. Having smoothed down a few creases, he put it on:—then, before the little vulgar fraction of a glass, he stood twitching about the collar and sleeves and front, so as to make them sit well; concluding with a careful elongation of the wristbands of his shirt, so as to show their whiteness gracefully beyond the cuff of his coat-sleeve—and he succeeded in producing a sort of white boundary line between the blue of his coat-sleeve and the red of his hand. A pair of sky-colored kid gloves next made their appearance; which, however showed such bare-faced marks of former service as rendered indispensable a ten minutes' rubbing with bread crumbs. His Sunday hat, carefully covered with silver-paper, was next gently removed from its well-worn box—ah, how lightly and delicately did he pass his smoothing hand round its glossy surface! Lastly, he took down a thin black cane, with a gilt head, and full brow tassel, from a peg behind the door—and his toilet was complete. Laying down his cane for a moment, he passed his hands again through his hair, arranging it so as to fall nicely on each side beneath his hat, which he then placed upon his head, with an elegant inclination towards the left side. He was really not bad-looking, in spite of his sandy-colored hair with a little tendency to round shoulders:—but his limbs were pliant, and his motions nimble.

Here you have, then, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse to the life. Well—he put his hat on, as I have said; buttoned the lowest two buttons of his surtout, and stuck his white pocket handkerchief into the outside pocket in front, as already mentioned, disposing it so as to let a little of it appear above the edge of the pocket, with a sort of careful carelessness—a graceful contrast to the blue; drew on his gloves; took his cane in his hand; drained the last sad remnant in his coffee-cup; and, the sun shining in the full splendor of a July moon, and promising a glorious day, forth sallied this poor fellow, an Oxford-street Adonis, going forth conquering and to conquer! Pretty finery without, a pinched and stunted stomach within; a case of *Back versus Belly*. Forth sallied, I say, Mr. Titmouse, down the narrow, creaking, close staircase, which he had not quitted before he heard exclaimed from an opposite window, "My eyes! an't that a swell!" He felt how true the observation was, and that at that moment he was somewhat out of his element; so he hurried on, and soon reached the great broad street, apostrophized by the celebrated Opium-Eater, with bitter feeling, as—"Oxford-street!—stony-hearted step-mother! Thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children." Here, though his spirits were not just then very buoyant, the poor dandy breathed more freely than when he was passing through the nasty crowded Court which he had just quitted. He passed and met hundreds who, like himself, seemed released for a precious day's interval from intense toil and miserable confinement during the week; but there were not many of them who had any pretensions to vie with him in elegance of appearance—and that was a luxury! Who could do justice to the air with which he strutted along!

He walked along with leisurely step; for haste and perspiration were vulgar, and he had the day before him. Observe the careless glance of self-satisfaction with which he occasionally regarded his bright boots, with their martial aspendage, giving out a faint tingling sound as he heavily trod the broad flags; his spotless trowsers, his tight surtout, and the tip of white handkerchief peeping accidentally out in front! A pleasant sight it was to behold him in a chance rencontre with some one genteel enough to be recognised—as he stood, resting on his left leg; his left arm stuck upon his hip; his right leg easily bent outwards; his right hand lightly holding his ebon cane, with the gilt-head of which he occasionally tapped his teeth; and his eyes half closed, scrutinizing the face and figure of each "pretty gal" as she passed! This was happiness, as far as his forlorn condition could admit of his

enjoying it. He had no particular object in view. A tiff over-night with two of his shopmates had broken off a party which they had agreed the Sunday preceding in forming, to go to Greenwich on the ensuing Sunday; and this little circumstance a little soured his temper, depressed as were his spirits before. He resolved today to walk straight on, and dine somewhere a little way out of town, by way of passing the time till four o'clock, at which hour he intended to make his appearance in Hyde Park, "to see the fashions," which was his favourite Sunday occupation.

TITMOUSE IN HYDE PARK.

Fashionable life.—By the great folk, who were passing him on all sides, he felt, well-dressed as he believed himself to be, that he was no more noticed than as if he had been a piastre, a blue-bottle fly, or a black beetle! He looked, and sighed—sighed, and looked—looked and sighed again, in a kind of agony of vain longing. While his only day in the week for breathing fresh air, and appearing like a gentleman in the world, was rapidly drawing to a close, and he was beginning to think of returning to the dog-hole he had crawled out of in the morning, and the shop for the rest of the week: the great, and gay, and happy folk he was looking at, were thinking of driving home to dress for their grand dinners, and to lay out every kind of fine amusement for the ensuing week, and that was the sort of life they led every day in the week. He heaved a profound sigh. At the moment a superb cab, with a gentleman in it dressed in great elegance, and with a very keen and striking countenance, came up with a cab of still more exquisite structure and appointments, in which state a young man, evidently of consequence; very handsome, with splendid mustachios; perfectly well-dressed; holding the reins and whip gracefully in hands glistening in straw-colored kid gloves—and between the two gentleman ensued the following low-toned colloquy, which it were to be wished that every such sighing simpleton (as Titmouse) could have overheard.

"Ah, Fitz!" said the former-mentioned gentleman to the latter, who blushed scarlet when he perceived who had addressed him—"When did you return to town?"

"Last night only."

"Enjoyed yourself, I hope?"

"Pretty well—but—I suppose—"

"Sorry for it," interrupted the first speaker in a lower tone, perceiving the vexation of his companion; "but can't help it, you know."

"When?"

"To-morrow at nine. Monstrous sorry for it—Fitz, you really must look sharp, or the thing won't go much longer."

"Must it be, really?" enquired the other, biting his lips—at that moment kissing his hand to a very beautiful girl, who slowly passed him in a coroneted chariot—"must it really be, Joe?" he repeated, turning towards his companion a pale and bitterly-chagrined countenance.

"Poz, 'pon my life. Cage clean, however, and not very full—"

"Would not *Wednesday*?—" enquired the other, leaning forwards towards the former speaker's cab, and whispering with an air of intense earnestness. "The fact is I've engagements a C—'s on Monday and Tuesday nights with one or two country cousins, and I may be in a condition—oh? you understand!"

His companion shook his head distrustfully.

"Upon my word and honor as a gentleman, it's the fact!" said the other, in a low vehement tone.

"Then—say *Wednesday*, nine o'clock, A. M. You understand? No mistake, Fitz?" replied his companion, looking him steadily in the face as he spoke.

"None—honor!"—After a pause—"Who is it?"

His companion took a slip of paper out of his pocket, and in a whisper read from it—"Cabs, harness, etc., £197 10s."

"A villain! It's been of only eighteen months' standing," interrupted the other, in an indignant mutter.

"Between ourselves, he is rather a sharp hand. Then, I'm sorry to say there's a detainer or two I have had a hint of—"

"Confusion!" exclaimed the other, with an expression of mingled disgust, vexation, and hatred; and adding, "*Wednesday*—nine"—drove off, a picture of tranquil enjoyment.

I need hardly say that he was a fashionable young spendthrift and the other a sheriff's officer of the first water—the genteel *beak* that ever was known or heard of—who had been on the look-out for him several days, and with whom the happy youngster was doomed to spend some considerable time at a cheerful residence in Chancery Lane, bleeding gold at every pore that while; his only chance of avoiding which was, as he had truly hinted, an honourable attempt on the purses of two hospitable country cousins, in the meanwhile, at C—'s!

EXTENSIVE COCOONERY.—Mr. Phyc of Germantown, Pa., has fed this season 1,000,000 of worms, and has 400,000 mulberry trees growing. He is about planting sixty acres more; and the year after he calculates on feeding fifty millions of worms.