

he might not be met taking his after dinner walk on the walls round the city, either arm-in-arm with the empress or accompanied by an aide-de-camp; and in neither case with any other attendant. He was adopting, also, his father's habit of devoting a part of two days in every week to general receptions, in which the poorest of his subjects might approach him, and personally state their wishes and complaints. Neither his mind nor his body, however, was yet capable of any great fatigue; and on all points of public business he relied mainly on the counsels of his uncle, the Archduke Louis, and of the Prince de Metternich."

From Vienna our travellers proceeded to the south; passing through Baden, Neustadt, Schottwein, Peggau, and Feistritz, to the ancient capital of Styria, the city of Grätz. This place is admirably described, and we were much interested with the notice of the Johanneum, a great national scientific and literary institution of that place, which puts to the blush far greater and civilised cities. Still the "paternal government" is visible.

"On the outside of a large folio Wendish translation of the Bible, with good wood-cuts, printed at Wittemberg in 1554, and which is a great local authority, I observed inscribed, in German, the following words:—Not permitted to read this book, save to those who have obtained license from the spiritual authorities."

Mr. Turnbull and his companion subsequently passed through Laybach, Istria, Adelsberg, the caverns of St. Catherine and Magdalena, and other interesting spots among the mountains of Carniola, until they arrived at Trieste, whence they made an excursion into Istria, with an account of which they close their narrative of travels.

The second volume is an elaborate disquisition on the social and political condition of Austria, distinguished by much good sense and good feeling, evidently careful and well-informed, but dashed by a strong political bias, which, though conveyed in a moderate, good-humoured, and gentlemanly tone, detracts not a little from the higher merits of the work. Mr. Turnbull thinks Austria quite safe, even on the frontiers of Italy and of Hungary. We shall have a different and we believe a more correct account to give, in noticing Mr. Paget's Hungarian experiences, but meanwhile we take leave of the author of the agreeable book before us with a grateful sense of the pleasure and information we have derived from his labours.—*London Examiner.*

From the Ladies' Companion.

HARD TIMES.

FLORETTA'S SECOND LETTER TO HER COUSIN.

DEAR COUSIN—And now that I have made all due enquiries about the good people at home, I will, since you request it, continue my adventures in this city. You may remember Mrs. Manly, whom I met at Cousin Sophia Cotton's. She has called upon me, accompanied by her daughter Cornelia, and we were so well pleased with each other, that we have become quite intimate since. They are a charming family—quite a contrast to the worldly people among whom I dwell. He is a merchant of great probity, and is reputed wealthy. His wife and daughters are well-educated women, possessing refined manners, and are, withal, very pious. They live in a handsome house, richly furnished, and move in what is called 'good society.' All this is, however, in moderation, for among their furniture, one never sees useless, expensive articles, nor do they devote much time to company, as this would be incompatible with their religious duties. They are beloved and respected by all, even by persons who have no religion, and who imagine those professing it, to be either fools, or pretending to be better than their neighbours. Yesterday, Uncle and Aunt Bankly, Helen and myself, dined *en famille*, with Cousin Sophia Cotton and her husband. After dinner we repaired to the drawing room, where we seated ourselves around the fire, uncle standing in front, with his back to the fireplace.

'I have some news for you,' he said, 'which I would not communicate before dinner lest it should spoil your appetites.' We expressed our curiosity. 'Charles Manly is declared a bankrupt.'

I uttered an exclamation of dismay. 'Poor girls! what will become of them?'

'Oh, he will go on again,' said aunt.

'Not he; *falling* is not with him as with some others; he is an honourable man who will surrender all to his creditors.' Mr. Cotton winced. 'He will beggar himself rather than retain a cent which he thinks their due.'

'What a silly man!' said Sophia. 'With a family to support he ought to have struggled a little longer.'

'Do you know, Sophia, I admire his conduct,' said uncle. 'He has determined to sell every thing, however, which I think rather severe.'

'Stupid man!' exclaimed aunt.

'I talked to him in the same way—mentioned his family, and asked him if he had not better re-consider the matter. 'Bankly,' he said, 'since you are not willing to allow the honour and piety of my proceeding, I will give you another motive. You will own man seeks first his happiness, and in this matter mine is deeply engaged. I might perhaps have struggled longer, and kept up appearances, but I should have been most wretched while knowing I was diminishing my creditor's property. When heavy losses began to come over me, I feared the event, although still hoping to swim above

the waves; but, when all those houses failed, which owed me so much, I knew, if I continued, it must be by borrowing, and as the result was uncertain, I stopped. I shall sell my houses, reduce my debts all in my power, and trust Providence will show me some means of paying all, in future!'

'What are they to do? Must they starve?' asked Sophia.

'I made the same enquiry,' said uncle. 'We have health and strength,' said Manly, 'and must labour with our hands.'

'How vulgar!' said aunt. 'Pray how are those delicate girls to work for their living?'

'I asked Manly this,' replied uncle. 'Better people than we are, have lived by daily labour,' he said. 'Paul made tents—Lydia kept a shop, and Joseph was a carpenter.'

'Paul, and Lydia!' ejaculated aunt, with contempt. 'Are we to take them as patterns of living? He reminds me of the man who carried Robinson Crusoe about in his pocket, and upon every emergency, resorted to his book to see what Crusoe did before he acted. Really, if the Manlys behave so oddly, I must strike them off my visiting list!'

Mr. Cotton sat, during this conversation, leaning on his hand, looking gloomily in the fire. While her mother was talking to Sophia, Helen whispered to me, 'I think Mr. Manly behaves perfectly right. It is a much more honourable course, than to live in luxury after one has failed, while one's creditors are suffering.'

'I have heard your whisper, Helen,' said Mr. Cotton, raising his head, while Helen coloured scarlet, 'and it has decided me. I have shrunk from such measures, in pity to my Sophia, but surely, she would rather see her husband act the part of an honest man, than that of a mean-spirited creature, who shrinks from his duty. This house and furniture are too costly for the dwelling of a bankrupt.'

'What! you would sell all, and retire to some obscure hole,' I suppose!' said Sophia, aghast!

'We shall be together, dear, and shall have the consolation of knowing we have acted right,' Sophia burst into tears.

'How can you talk thus, Mr. Cotton?' said aunt.

'He speaks like a man!' said uncle. 'If he follow my advice, he will surrender all he possesses to his creditors. I intend to reduce my establishment, and live in a plain, quiet manner until times are better.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed aunt Bankly.

'I mean what I say, dear, and what I have intended to say for some time past. I shall sell off carriages and horses; discharge some dozens of useless servants, give no entertainments, and reduce my expenses as much as in me lies. Business is at a *stand-still*—I make no money, and spend thousands. Is that a judicious proceeding, while I have a large family, and young children? If I always *take out* and never *put in*, will there not be an end soon, think you?'

'Nonsense, James! there is no need of retrenchment. If business is low now, it will soon revive again.'

'So you ladies imagine, who stay at home and enjoy what we acquire with so much anxiety. We merchants have exhausted every means of increasing business, and I do not really see what I can do—do you, Cotton? Credit system—banking system—every system tried, and still 'hard times'—'money scarce,' is all the cry. The best thing we can do, will be to go and plough.'

After much conversation upon the same subject, our assembly broke up in 'admirable disorder,' and we returned home. A few days of stormy weather kept us all in the house. The sky, however, cleared at last, and a bright sun soon dried the streets. Sophia called upon us to invite us to join her in a shopping expedition; Helen declined, but I, thirsting for fresh air, accompanied her. Broadway looked very brilliant. Its shops were filled with rich goods of all descriptions, and its side-walks crowded with ladies, clad in robes of costly silks, furs, and feathers, looking as if the words retrenchment and hard times were never uttered by their pretty Grecian mouths—and if they ever entered their little classic heads, were soon dislodged by a scornful toss, and sent down the wind for the use of more vulgar people.

I soon saw they had been scouted by Sophia. After sundry visits, and much shopping in various parts of the city, our sleigh drew up before a fashionable confectioner's. We entered, and, to my surprise, Sophia ordered confectionary to a great amount. When we had re-entered the sleigh, I said—

'What are you going to do with such a quantity of dulces?'

'I dare say you are surprised,' she replied, 'after all the nonsense Edward said, the other evening, about economy, and such vulgar things. I soon talked him out of it, and gained his consent to give a large party; for I can do any thing with the dear good soul.'

I was so struck with Sophia's weakness, that I could not speak cordially to her for some time. How could she thus abuse the power she possessed, and make use of the very love her husband bears her, to influence him to conduct which her judgment condemns? She saw I disapproved of her proceedings, and we rode on in silence.

'One more shop, Cousin Floretta,' she said, 'and then I will drive you home, as you seem so fatigued.' I declined entering, as I did not wish to countenance her extravagance; but she said she should be very long, as she wished to select an evening dress, and my seat being rather conspicuous, I entered the shop. I stationed myself near the store, while Sophia advanced to a counter, where

she was soon surrounded by a host of clerks. One of them came to the stove, and stood mending a pen. I was unobserved. A second ran up to him, whispering—

'That is the rich Mrs. Cotton; be sure you put an extra shilling on every yard; she will buy it the sooner, as she detests cheap things.'

'But do you know her husband has failed! Beware how you trust her.'

'Oh, that makes little difference—the ladies seem to spend the same as ever.'

Sophia flew like a butterfly from flower to flower, as they lay spread over the counters. 'Look at this magnificent silk, Mrs. Cotton,' said one clerk, holding it up in every imaginable light—'look at the lovely shade!—it would make a splendid evening dress! After looking at all the silks and velvets, Sophia bought a rich silk, rivalling the brocades of old, and passed on to the laces. Here, after long hesitation between silver and gold, she at last purchased lace sufficient for flounces, and trimming for her dress—broad blonde embroidered with golden flowers—a French pelerine for fifty dollars, seemed to complete her purchases. She was not, however, let off thus. Sundry other articles, highly recommended by the gentlemen of the shop, were bought 'just to be in the fashion.'

A sun screen, however, she purchased from necessity, as the small bonnet which she wore could not defend her eyes from the brilliant sun, which, even in winter, is very annoying to the face. I at length prevailed upon her to leave the shop, and we drove to Mr. Manly's, where I had been long anxious to call. We opened the parlour-door, and, to our surprise, perceived a long range of tables placed across both rooms, passing through the folding doors, loaded with glass, silver and china.

'Hey dey!' exclaimed Sophia; are you going to have a dinner party?'

'Oh no!' said Cornelia, advancing smilingly towards us, 'we are to have an auction.' Surprise and concern kept us silent. 'I suppose you have heard of the unfortunate termination of my father's business,' she continued, 'and we are now selling off every thing in order to pay his debts, and live in a manner more befitting our circumstances!'

Sophia gazed gloomily around, and I saw the idea cross her, that such might soon be her fate. Mrs. Manly, who had been engaged with the auctioneer, now joined us; at her invitation, we followed her across the hall to a small library. Here we were welcomed by Ella, Mrs. Manly's youngest daughter, who was busily engaged cleaning plate.

'Now do tell me what this is all about!' said Sophia, throwing herself, with an air of vexation, into a chair, near the fire, around which we had all seated ourselves. 'Surely, you have heard my husband has become a bankrupt,' said Mrs. Manly, in a gentle, resigned manner.

'Yes, and that you were to sell your house and lot—but why the furniture?'

'Simply because Mr. Manly is in debt, and we hope, by the sale of house, plate, horses, carriages and furniture, he will be enabled to pay all he owes.'

'What are you to do when you have sold all?' asked Sophia, in a querulous tone; 'beg, I suppose.'

'Oh, no, indeed,' said Ella, 'we have charming prospects for the future.'

'Dear girls!' said their mother, wiping a tear from her eye, 'they have acted nobly, and have extracted almost all the bitterness from their father's troubles. We have had our gloomy hours, and the trial was more severe to poor Manly, when he thought of his delicately-nurtured girls; we have, however, left it all to the will of God, who has promised never to leave or forsake those who rely upon him for support. Our friends have all been very kind,' she continued, cheerfully; 'they have offered us houses and money in abundance. We have, however, only accepted the loan of a small but convenient house, belonging to my brother, to which we shall remove soon, and, until Mr. Manly shall again obtain some business, we shall support ourselves by keeping school.'

'Keeping school! what, you, Cornelia, and you, Ella, so delicately reared, to be school-mistresses?' Sophia burst into tears at the idea.

'Why should we be exempted from life's cares,' said Cornelia, when so many are suffering for bread, and for a roof to cover them? 'That we have hitherto lived a life of luxury and idleness, is rather an argument for resigning them. We have had our share of the sweet, and now must shrink from the bitter.'

'I think you might have reserved something to live on,' said Sophia. 'Your father's creditors are very grasping.'

'You do them injustice, Sophia; they have expressed themselves so well pleased by father's endeavours to pay them, that they have offered him longer time, and insisted upon his keeping the furniture. We shall not need such elegant articles, but father has consented to retain enough of the proceeds of the sale, to furnish our new house decently. Until we obtain scholars, or father something to do, we shall maintain ourselves by needle work. Will you patronise us, ladies?' added Cornelia, smiling.

'How can you talk so, Cornelia?' exclaimed Sophia, petulantly. 'You cannot mean it?'

'Certainly, we do, dear Sophia, and we are thankful we have the health and strength to second our father's efforts. Sewing is not