

looked into the room, when the ladies called to him that they had kept a place for him. He joined them, passing so close to where I sat, that I rose and put my chair under the table to let him pass, for which he thanked me. When he had taken his seat, I could not help remarking—for such things had then a strange interest—that, over his head, by mere accident, was a bust of Napoleon. The *trio* were presently joined by Sir Walter Scott, of whom I had for some time lost sight, and the *four* formed a very merry supper party. I could not help hearing their conversation, for it was rather loud, but there were no state secrets in it. What became of the crowned heads and their supper I never heard or enquired. About four in the morning I again came in contact with Sir Walter, who said he was quite worn out with excitement, and, presuming I was in no better condition, proposed that we should go home together. I at once complied, and left the extraordinary scene as one awakens from a splendid dream—a dream never to be forgotten.

Next day, when I called to thank my friend Malcolm, I naturally asked him how he had got me an invitation after all.—He said he had made one more attack upon the duke, who answered, "If you will show me how my rooms can be made to hold more people than they will hold, you shall have tickets for the surplus." My friend replied, with that readiness for which he stood unrivalled, "I will tell you how your rooms will hold more, than they will hold: light up your gardens as we used to do in India, and put a juggler or two and a punchinello into them, to draw out the crowd." "It shall be done," rejoined the duke, and the result was a hundred or two additional tickets. The effect was as anticipated. One third of the company was always in the gardens, and a large portion of them supped there. I observed a grumaciér or maker of faces performing to a crowd, in which stood the young princes of Prussia, who were in ecstasies of delight, especially with his wig, which seemed to have been transferred, without any preparatory manufacture, from a sheep's back to the head. When speaking, perhaps lightly, of this worthy, my friend said, "It would become you in gratitude to allude to the gentleman in the wig a little more respectfully, seeing that you owe your admission mainly to him." "How, in the name of the succession invariable of cause and effect, could that have been?" "Oh, most logically thus:—but for him the gardens would not have attracted out a large part of the company; without the certainty of that result, the gardens would not have been lighted up, and you would not have been present, at what will most certainly stand on record the most memorable ball which ever was given."

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LOVE.

By Miss Mary Magdalen.

"I differ in opinion from ye, as regards the passions. Pertinax supposes that fear and anger are both more powerful passions than love, and that they do more harm than love. I contend, that love is more powerful than either, or both of them. I know, too, by experience, that it does more harm. Neither fear nor anger ever mastered me but love often has. I can maintain my position by argument: thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, said one of old, and this shall be my text: now for the argument to prove that love is greater than fear or anger, and that it does more harm than either of them. What then is love? It is the strongest and deepest rooted passion in the human breast. It is the common parent of all other passions. It is the first cause of every good and evil. Why does the drunkard destroy his soul and body by his vice? is it not pure, genuine love of rum that urges him to do it. Love, then, is the cause of drunkenness. Why does the midnight assassin enter the chambers of an old man who has never done him any harm, and plunge a dagger to his heart? Because he loves money! Why does a newspaper Editor publish flaming philippics against his brother editor? Because he loves to have all the patronage himself. Why do we have so many political parties, so many religious parties, so many calumniators of people's characters, so much ill-will, between man and man? Why does the great monster or orthodoxy, persecute the Roman Catholics? Because people love quarrelling. What has been the cause of so many revolutions, so much bloodshed in Europe? The love of liberty, and the love of power, acting in opposition to each other. The people love to be free, but the nobles love to tyrannize. Why did John Calvin string up Michael Servetus, and let him roast by a slow fire? Because he loved to see all opposition to his doctrines crushed, and may be too, he loved to see him writhe.

"I doubt not that you perceive the relation that love sustains to all these evils, and if you will but search to the bottom of the truth, you will find love to be the basis of every thing. If a soldier runs away from the enemy, instead of meeting him in battle you say fear prompts him to do so. But would it not be more correct to say that the love of being free from pain, wounds and danger, prompts him. This effect of love is generally denominated fear. A good man fears to commit sin, lest he should endanger the welfare of his soul. It is the love of the welfare of his soul that produces this fear. Love produces anger and jealousy too.

Suppose you chanced to see her upon whom you have placed all your affections and hopes of happiness in this life, who is as essential to your existence, as the very air you breathe, and without whose presence, the earth would be to you a void, and your life a curse, suppose I say, you happen to see her listening with evident pleasure to the attentions of another, while for your devoted and constant love, your unwearied and never tiring attentions, you can get nothing but cold looks, haughty reserve and neglect, what a pang is inflicted on your breast? Such a pang you would call jealousy. But would not the same passion which made her so dear to you, make you the pang too? Thus love is the author of jealousy. It would produce jealousy towards the fair, and anger towards her favorite.

"Love is the primary passion, all others are secondary. Love is the first cause of all existence. God is love. And now I shall attempt to describe that kind of love most thought of, most talked of, and when once excited most powerful in its effects, that love which emanating from youth and beauty enchains the heart of the captivated beholder alas! it is indescribable; language cannot give it utterance; those only, who have been held its captives, can conceive the least idea of it; truly may it be said of disappointed love, it is like the remembrance of past joys, sweet, but mournful to the soul. Often has it spread aloud over youth and beauty, and nerved the arm and sharpened the blade to put an end to the miseries of its victim by death, often has it forced its captives to leap from frightful precipices and throw themselves into foaming cataracts to give release from its continued torments, which clearly shows how little power frail mortals have to resist its influence. Alas! its power can be resisted by none.

The strongest heart in sorrow bleeds,
From every clime its prisoners leads,
From the wild savage of the wood,
To eastern youths of pale blood.

"It has compelled the forsaken bride of the Indian Sachem with her children in a canoe, to float calmly over the great cataract of the Niagara, singing her wild death song, and chiding herself that she still loved her unfaithful husband. It has furnished victims for the lover leap. Alas! it requires more than the poet's muse to describe it, or the most vivid imagination to give it vent. It is adapted to excite emotions of pity and compassion in the beholder; but those only, who have been under its influence, can feel that it is like the remembrance of past joys, sweet but mournful to the soul. It tears the heart to rags.

"But why should we dwell upon the miseries of disappointed love. Let us raise our thoughts above these: let us view its ennobling influences.

Come now kind muse our soul's inspire,
Celestial music, tune my Lyre
Raise up our souls to world's above;
To view our great creator's love.

"May we never forget that heavenly, that divine, that paternal love, that prompted the great Creator to send his only begotten son to reconcile men to him, to redeem and save a guilty world. May we ever adore that Saviour's love, who took upon himself our nature, endured the agonies of death upon the cross, to save us from our sins. May we remember that greater love than this hath no man that he should lay down his life for his friend. May we cherish filial love towards God and his son, our saviour; may we without running into any excess, cherish love towards God and man, and, in obedience to his command, love our neighbour as ourself."—From the *Chronicles of Mount Benedict*.

MARTYRDOM OF IGNATIUS.

By R. W. Evans.

"He was now fast approaching the end which he had been so long and fervently desiring. A short delay was occasioned by their being baffled by the wind in an attempt to land at Puteoli, and considerable disappointment to Ignatius, who wished much to enter Italy at the same point as St. Paul, and pursue the track of his journey to Rome. They made land, however, at the port which was at the mouth of the Tiber. The soldiers hurried him hence, since they feared that the festival was fast running to its close, and the bishop was eagerly accompanied them. On reaching Rome, he was immediately surrounded by the brethren, who received him with a strange mixture of joy and sorrow—with joy at the sight of so holy and celebrated a man, who had been, like their lately lost Clement, a disciple of the Apostles; with sorrow that such a man would be so shortly lost to them and to the Church. Some of them, in despite of the charge in his letter, eagerly demanded to interpose for his life. But he as eagerly repelled the proposal, repeating probably the several expressions of his letter: 'Let me be food for beasts, through whom I may attain unto God. I am God's wheat, and shall be ground by the teeth of beasts, so that I may be found pure bread of Christ.' . . . 'May I have the benefit of the beasts which have been prepared for me, and I pray that they be found prepared for me. I will provoke them quickly to devour me, and not (as they have sometimes done) to cower and leave me alone. And if they be

unwilling I will force them. Pardon me, I know what is good for me. Now do I begin to be a disciple. Let nothing of things visible or invisible grudge me the attainment of Christ. Fire and the cross, and throngs of beasts, cutting, tearing asunder, wrenching of bones apart, chopping of limbs, the grinding of my whole body,—let all these evil inflictions of the devil come against me, provided only I win Christ.' Such were the strong expressions of this honest and ardent martyr, who inherited much of the fire of St. Peter, by whom some say he was ordained bishop. After having embraced them all, and asked from them that which was true charity, (namely, to let him die) and extended the exhortation which he had already given them by letter, they all knelt down, and he in the midst of them besought the Son of God in behalf of the Churches, for the ceasing of the persecution, and for the mutual love of the brethren. He was then hurried off to the amphitheatre.

"There, insolent with revelling, and maddened to cruelty by the sight of the blood of dying gladiators, the people of Rome were expecting the appearance of the old man, and raised, no doubt, a shout when he was produced before them. For the first time in his life he beheld the interior of an amphitheatre—a sight forbidden to the eyes of the Christian. He beheld the assembled majesty of the lords of this world, their senate, their magistrates, and, O strange and impious spectacle! their women and consecrated virgins, looking upon death's shocking and varied agonies with composed countenances, and almost drinking in the streams of blood with their eyes, amid savage delight. It was truly the temple of the Prince of this world. Can we wonder that, in such a place, generally began the first cry for persecution; that there resided his peculiar inspiration; that there the sight of a helpless and venerable old man, of blameless life, and yet brought to suffer the death of the worst malefactors, moved no pity, but rather provoked rage? How little did the mighty ones of that day imagine that the obscure sufferer, who stood before them, would leave behind him an everlasting name, to their shame and to his Master's glory; and that the blood of the saints, with which they were now drunken, should be the means of making many like him, until their whole empire should be full of them! Some few hearts, perhaps, at that moment, were pricked with the first entrance of God's grace. They pitied, they admired, they loved, and they believed. They who began with the Amphitheatre ended with the Church. But the vast multitude, with shouts, beheld the preacher of love and peace placed upon the spot which was assigned to assassins and murderers, and cheered the beasts as they were loosed upon him. The agony of the blessed Martyr was short. The beasts quickly dispatched him, and so ravenously, that only the harder and more rugged bones were left. Thus was fulfilled his desire, that the beasts may be his tomb, and leave nothing of his body. So should he give trouble to none in collecting his remains." This was in the year 115.—*Biography of the Early Church*.

AN INGENUOUS MODE OF MAKING PAPER CASTS OF SCULPTURE:—My servants made me casts in paper of the sculpture on the walls of these two rooms, that is, of all the sculpture in the three large plates, which I now publish. This method of obtaining fac-similes of sculpture in basso-relievo, is very successful, and so easy that I had no difficulty in teaching it to my Arabs. I found stiff, unsized, common white paper to be best adapted for the purpose. It should be well damped; and, when applied to sculpture still retaining its colour, not to injure the latter, care should be taken that the side of the paper placed on the figures be dry—that it be not the side which has been sponged. The paper, when applied to the sculpture, should be evenly patted with a napkin folded rather stiffly; and, if any part of the figures of hieroglyphics be in intaglio or elaborately worked, it is better to press the paper over that part with the fingers. Five minutes is quite sufficient time to make a cast of this description: when taken off the wall, it should be laid on the ground or sand to dry. I possess many hundred casts, which my Arabs made for me at Thebes and in the Oasis. Indeed, I very rarely made any drawings of sculpture, without having a cast of the same: and as the latter are now quite as fresh as on the day they were taken, the engraver having not only my drawing, but also these indubitable fac-similes, is enabled to make my plates exactly like, and quite equal to the original."—*Hoskin's Visit to the Oasis*.

MISTAKES OF FRIENDSHIP.—I think it is Gallagher who said that 'the grape must be crushed before the wine will flow,' and we must have felt adversity before we can rightly estimate friendship.

They who will abandon a friend for one error know little of human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

We should tolerate much and forgive much in those we love, but we can never be justified in forming an intimate connexion with a person who violates the laws of morality; in that case we partake in his debasement.