

any of whom were admitted into the palace. These were all in dress of ceremony for the occasion, and accommodated under temporary sheds thrown up for their reception.—Some of the gentlemen who stayed longer than myself saw a number of the ladies themselves coming out in their court dresses, the most remarkable part of which is a coronet of gold and black velvet. In all this every thing was public and open. The ladies wore no veils, and in short no attempt was made at concealment in any way, a circumstance in the manners of the Burmans which distinguishes them in a remarkable manner from the natives of the Western India, but in which they agree with the Siamese, and in a good measure with the Cochín Chinese also. I am not sure after all that the Burmese ladies gain much by this freedom, for I strongly suspect that the sex is upon the whole treated with less delicacy and consideration than in Mahommedan and Hindoo countries, where the most absolute seclusion is insisted upon.—*Crawford's Embassy to Ava.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCENES IN GREECE.

NO. I.

The Lord giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night." Jer. xxxi, 35.

I had occasion to visit the islands of Corfu and Cefalonia; and at the latter place was detained for some days, waiting for an opportunity to return to Zante.

As the vacation of my schools was expired, I was anxious to arrive there, and took a passage on board a small boat, rowed by four men. We left Argostoli in the afternoon, and rowed for two hours, when we hoisted sail, and stretched across the channel. The distance from Argostoli, to the town of Zante, is about forty miles. In the course of this voyage I was reminded of similar passages of Scripture to that which is placed at the head of this article. The evening approached; the sun went down, in all its splendour; not, as in the northern climes, with a long twilight; but darkness quickly followed the light. The scene reminded me of Cowper's words:—

*"Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection;
And when again he rising shines,
The day of resurrection."*

The full moon rose in all glory; the stars shone forth in all their beauty; the breeze was gentle, yet fair; the bark was wafted forward; the mountains of Cefalonia receded gradually; and the hills of Zante we as gradually approached. We doubled the Skinari point; after which the mariners think all safe. We saw, from far, the light-house, erected on the spot pointed out by Sir Edward Codrington. We passed the small

island called Trentanona, or Thirty-nine; taking its name from the circumstance, that thirty-nine persons were put to death there, in the time of the Venetians.

We approached the town of Zante at the midnight hour; and passing by the dwellings of the living, and *the dead*, I thought of one spot, and said, "There lie the ashes of one who was very dear to me. Thou art sleeping, like Lazarus, under the Saviour's care, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest.'"

The quarantine laws prevented our landing in the night; and as we arrived when it had passed the midnight hour, wrapping myself up in my cloak, I lay down in the open boat, and slept until morning; when I was roused by the song of some Cornish sailors heaving the anchor of a ship, on going to sea. I arose, passed the office of examination, and proceeded to my dwelling; but very reluctantly. I again thought of my late wife. "Hersun had gone down while it was yet day." I walked slowly up the street, and knocked at my door; but no feet ran, as usual; to meet me: they were still in yonder grave. No eyes beamed with joy, as formerly, at my return: they were closed in yonder cell. No arms were stretched out to receive me: they were mouldering in yonder coffin. My pupils came around me, to cheer my mind; and knowing that every thing is permitted by the great disposer of events for good, I said, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

*The vineyard of the Lord,
Before his labourers lies;
And, lo, we see the vast reward,
Which waits us in the skies.*

NANCY BERE.

The Rev. Dr. Warner, in his Literary recollections, relates a pleasing story respecting Miss Nancy Bere. This young lady was at an early age adopted by Mr. Hackman and his lady under the following circumstances:—Mrs. Hackman's garden in which alone she found particular pleasure, stood in need, as is usual in the spring season, of an active weeder; and John, the footman, was dispatched to the poor-house to select a little pauper girl qualified for the performance of this necessary labour. He executed her commission in a trice, brought back a diminutive female of eight or nine years of age, pointed out the humble task in which she was to employ herself, and left her to her work. The child, alone amid the flowers, began to "warble her native wood-notes wild" in tones of more than common sweetness. Mrs. Hackman's window happened to be thrown up. She heard the little weeder, was struck with the rich melody of her voice, and inquired from whom it proceeded. "Nancy Bere, from the poor house," was the answer. By Mrs. Hackman's order the little singer was immediate-

ly brought to the lady's apartment, who became so pleased at the first interview with her intelligence, and apparently amiable disposition, that she determined to remove the warbling Nancy from the work-house, and attach her to her own kitchen establishment. The little maiden, however, was too good and attentive to be permitted to remain long in the subordinate condition of a scullion's deputy. Mrs. Hackman soon preferred her to the office of lady's maid; and, to qualify her the better for this attendance on her person, had her carefully instructed in all the elementary branches of education. The intimate intercourse that now subsisted between the patroness and her protegee quickly ripened into the warmest affection on the one part, and the most grateful attachment on the other. Nancy Bere was attractively lovely, and still more irresistible from an uncommon sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and feminine softness of character; and Mrs. Hackman, whose regard for her daily increased, proposed at length to her complying husband that they should adopt the pauper orphan as their daughter. From the moment of the execution of this plan every possible attention was paid to the education of Miss Bere; and I presume with the best success, as I always understood that she became a highly accomplished young lady. Her humility and modesty, however, never forsook her, and her exaltation in Mr. Hackman's family seemed only to strengthen her gratitude to her partial and generous benefactress. It could not be thought that such "a flower" as the adopted beauty

*"was born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;"* or that, however retired her life might be, Miss Bere would remain long a beloved protegee of Mr. and Mrs. Hackman, without being remarked, admired, and solicited to change her name. Very shortly, indeed, after assuming this character, such an event occurred, though without, at that time, producing any propitious result. A clergyman of respectable appearance had taken lodgings in Lymington for the purpose of autumnal bathing. The hospitable Mr. Hackman called upon the stranger, and invited him to his house. The invitations were repeated, and accepted. Nor had many taken place ere their natural effect on a young unmarried clerk was produced. He became deeply enamoured of Miss Bere, and offered her his hand. She, for aught I know, might have been "nothing loath" to change the condition of a recluse for the more active character of a clergyman's wife; but as the gentleman had no possession save his living, and as Mr. Hackman could not, out of a life estate, supply Miss Bere with a fortune, it was judged prudent under these pecuniary disabilities, that she should decline the honour of the alliance. A year elapsed with-