

bread-tax, in the unassuming character of a "Common-law Rhymer," prepared the way for the League, and were sustained until a Prime Minister pronounced the doom of monopolist legislation. His health had been giving way for many months before death removed him from this world, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Besides a widow and two daughters, he has left five sons, of whom two conduct the iron and steel business, and two are clergymen of the Church of England.

STRANGE INCIDENTS ATTENDING A DEATH.

Under this head the *Christian Register* relates the following remarkable incident. We do not think it improper to state that the individual referred to is the late Mr. Greigg, who was lost at Gloucester, Friday, Aug. 16th, 1850, by the capsizing of a boat in a squall. It was at Gloucester also, on the day previous to this casualty that his adventure with the robin occurred; and it was at Brighton, in our neighbourhood, that his family met with a similar encounter.

The following is a statement of facts as they occurred,—as simple and short as we can make it. It would be easy to give wide play to sentiment and fancy, in connection with so striking and unusual an occurrence. Superstition might attach to it irrational fears, or hopes as groundless. We confess we hardly know what to do with events like these ourselves—breaking in, as they do, upon the settled order of our experience, and startling us with some new exception to the common course of our observations. They evidently belong to no system of distinct and intelligible communication from the other world to this. It is not easy to imagine a satisfactory plan of spiritual disclosures on which they would be harmoniously adjusted. In that sense they teach nothing; and yet to us they appear capable of all inexplicable and exceptional as they clearly are, and though we cannot take the first step towards interpreting them—they appear capable of leaving us more pure, more reverential, and more believing than they find us. We rejoice in a religion which does not exclude from its subordinate confirmations the vaguest and most unintelligible mysteries, nor forbid even creatures less than human to be the humble and dumb witness to its spiritual promises.

A gentleman with some friends, was lately rambling over the rocks near the water, in one of our sea-shore towns. His attention was presently attracted by a robin, full grown, and apparently quite unhurt, running on his path, fitting about his feet and contrary to the proverbially shy instinct of that bird, keeping very near him. He took it up in his hand, fondled it, patted its feathers, and after showing it to the party, and remarking on its tameness, tossed it into the air. The next day this gentleman, having put out from the adjacent beach in a boat, with four others for a sail—on his return and within sight of land, by the capsizing of the boat, or a sudden leak sprung in her, was drowned with all his companions. His body was recovered, and a few days afterwards was buried in a cemetery some twenty or thirty miles distant from the scene of the disaster.

The day after the burial, the grave was visited by his wife and daughter. As they approached the spot they were in hesitation for a moment,—not being familiar with the place,—which, of several new made graves, was the one they were seeking. At this moment a tame but sprightly robin ran on the ground before them, and stood by them before the grave of the husband and father. One of them took it up and caressed it, and after some remark about the singularity of its conduct, let it go—when it flew down, alighted on the raised mould over the grave, and laid itself close to the earth. The daughter immediately took it up again, and it was dead.

OUR FASHIONABLE GIRLS.

Mrs. Swisshelm, of the Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor gives the following matter-of-fact information in one of her admirable "letters to country girls."

"There are hundreds of girls in every large city who parade the streets, in feathers, flowers, silks and aces, whose hands are soft and white as uselessness can make them, whose mothers keep boarders to get a living for their daughters. These mothers will cook,

sweep, wait at table, carry loads of marketing, do the most menial drudgery toil late and early with very little more clothing than would be allowed to a southern slave, while their hopeful daughters spend their mornings lounging in bed, reading some silly book, taking lessons in music and French, fixinginery, and the like.

"The evenings are devoted to dressing, displaying their charms and accomplishments to the best advantage, for the wonderment and admiration of the knights of the yard-stick and young aspirants for professional honours—doctors without patients, lawyers without clients—who are as brainless and soulless as themselves. After a while the piano sounding simpleton captivates a tape-measuring, law-expounding, or pill making simpleton. The two nannies spend every cent that can be raised by hook or crook—get all that can be got on credit in broadcloth, satin, flowers, lace, carriage, attendance, &c.—hang their empty pockets on somebody's chair, lay their empty heads on somebody's pillows, and commence their empty life with no other prospect than living at somebody's expense—with no higher purpose than living genteelly and spiting their neighbors. This is a synopsis of the lives of thousands of street and ball-room belles, perhaps of some whose shining costume you have envied from a passing glance.

"Thousands of women in cities dress elegantly on the streets, who have not had a sufficiency of wholesome food, a comfortable bed, or fire enough to warm their rooms. I once boarded in a "genteel boarding house" in Louisville. There were two young ladies and a piano in the house; halls and parlors handsomely furnished. The eldest young lady, the belle, wore a summer bonnet at ten dollars, a silk and blonde concern that could not last more than two or three months; silk and satin dresses at two, three or four dollars per yard, and ten dollars a piece for making them, and the entire family, women, boys and babbies, nine in all, slept in one room, with two dirty bags of pine shavings two straw bolsters, and three dirty quilts for bedding; no sheets, no slips, and there on the wall hung the pea green and white satin, the rich silk and lawn dresses.

"These ladies did not work, but played the piano, accordeon and cards; and nearly broke their hearts the week before we were there because another, who I presumed lived just as they did, called on them with a great, clumsy gold chain on her neck. None of them had one, and Miss Labalinda, the belle, could eat no supper, and had a bad fit of sulks to console her for want of a chain. But, dear me, I had no notion of running away off here. I was just thinking how busy you country girls are apt to be in the fall, and this led me to think what a blessing it is that you have something to do and that you think it a disgrace to live idly. It is a greater blessing to live in the country where it is a credit to work, for idleness is the parent of vice and misery. So do not get weary or think your lot a hard one when putting up pickles or preserves, apples, butter, sausages and sauces for future use.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.—If any young woman waste in trivial amusements the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they hereafter bitterly regret the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and, above all if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they find ignorance a severe mortification and a real evil. Let this animate their industry, and let a modest opinion of their capacities be an encouragement to them in their endeavours after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go much further than a more lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling insipid companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is often from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a habit of intellectual improvement; by this neglect they lose the sincerest pleasures, which would remain when almost every other forsakes them, of which neither fortune nor age can deprive them, and would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation of life.—Mrs. Chapone.

WHO WILL MAKE A GOOD WIFE.—When you see a young woman who rises early, sets the table and prepares her father's breakfast cheerfully—depend upon it she will make a good wife. You may rely upon it that she possesses a good disposition and a kind heart.

When you see a young woman just out of bed at nine o'clock, leaning with her elbow upon the table, gaping and sighing, "Oh dear, how dreadfully I feel,"—rely upon it she will not make a good wife. She must be lazy and mopeish.

When you see a girl with a broom in her hand, sweeping the floor, or with a rubbing board or a clothes line in her hand, you may put it down that she is industrious, and will make a good wife for somebody.

When you see a girl with a novel in her left hand, and a fan in her right, shedding tears, you may be assured she is not fit for a wife.

Happiness and misery are before you—which will you choose?

LONGFELLOW.

The muse of Mr. Longfellow owes little or none of her success to those great national sources of inspiration which are most likely to influence an ardent and poetic temperament. The grand old woods—the magnificent mountain and forest scenery—the mighty rivers—the trackless savannahs—all those stupendous and varied features of that great country, with which from his boyhood, he must have been familiar, it might be thought would have stamped some of these characteristics upon this poetry. Such, however, has not been the case. Of lofty images and grand conceptions we meet with few, if any traces. But brimful of life, of love, and of truth, the stream of his song flows on with a tender and touching simplicity, and a gentle music, which we have not met with since the days of our own Moore. Like him, too, the genius of Mr. Longfellow is essentially lyric; and if he has failed to derive inspiration from the grand features of his own country, he has been no unsuccessful student of the great works of the German masters of song.—We could almost fancy, while reading his exquisite ballad of the "Beleaguered City," that Goethe, Schiller, or Uhland was before us; and yet, we must by no means be understood to insinuate that he is a mere copyist—quite the contrary. He has become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of these exquisite models, that he has contrived to produce pieces marked with an individuality of their own, and no ways behind them in poetical merit. In this regard he affords another illustration of the truth of the proposition, that the legendary lore and traditions of other countries have been very serviceable toward the formation of American literature.

About the year 1837, Longfellow, being engaged in making the tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness, which ultimately proved fatal. It so happened, that some time afterward there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet's heart was touched—he became attached to her; but the beauty of sixteen did not sympathize with the poet of six-and-thirty, and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady also an American, returned home shortly afterward.—Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time with no better success than at first. Thus foiled he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book; a book which will achieve the double object of her affections, and of establishing his own fame. "Hyperion" was the result. His labor and his constancy were not thrown away: they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart; and they now reside together at Cambridge in the same house which Washington made his headquarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American armies. These interesting facts were communicated to us by a very intelligent American gentleman whom we had the pleasure of meeting in the same place which was the scene of the poet's early disappointment and sorrow.—*Dublin University Magazine.*