

situation, Mr. Holmes had, to her utter astonishment and horror, declared, that he had hitherto considered her only as his servant, and instead of sharing his profits with her, had presented her with a pitiful salary, unequal to providing for herself and children. That she found herself unequal to form a partnership, or in fact to *possess properly*, and that as her husband was going down in the world, it was probable that even if her unjust brother-in-law had conceded that share, to which by agreement she was entitled, and which she *alone* had earned, the husband would have seized it.

"Thus," said she, "it is evident that for my exertions there is no reward, for the property I gain no security—my feelings as a mother, of course, prevent me from sending my children to the house rendered infamous by my husband's conduct, and I have had no alternative but that of continuing a servant to the man who deceived me, or to those friends who originally trusted him for my sake, and have supported me through all my troubles; you cannot be surprised that I prefer them, though my heart aches at the loss of my sister this division has occasioned."

"'Foolish man,' said I, 'his shop is deserted.'

"'True,' said she, 'yet I am not, therefore, the gainer; my friends finding that the law forbids my personal benefit, no longer, as heretofore, come from afar to countenance and help me, but I must now gain anew the aid which by knowledge and unremitting diligence may ensure success, even in these narrow premises and unpromising circumstances. Do not cry for me my dear friend. With all my sorrows, I have some comforts; my servants are those who lived with me on Ludgate Hill, and have followed me from the kindest motives,—my children love me, and if I can save them from bad example, even poverty is better (ah! how much better) than vice!'

"This was the last time I saw her, for it was soon afterwards my lot to go to France, and you know how many sorrows and how long a captivity followed. By an extraordinary chance I was, about eight or nine years since, in company with some English persons who knew something of this Elliott, and told me that he gave, in some fit of fondness, a bond to his mistress for a large sum—that for this she sued him, hung him into Newgate, where he became sick, and was nourished by his wife to the utmost of her ability, but that *there* he died—whether she still lives, still suffers, I know not, but my first visit to London shall be to enquire; since of all whom I left, and lost, this excellent and unfortunate woman dwells most strongly on my memory."

The reader will, perhaps, unite with the writer of this recollected conversation in desiring to know whether the *old lady* visited town, which, at this period she intended, having only arrived at Twickenham when the reminiscences in question were given.

She set out with a proviso that her stay was not to be limited to a day, for she had much to see and much to say; three days had passed when I was informed by her daughter (my friend and neighbour) that she had returned, and was desirous of seeing me.

A thousand questions naturally present themselves to a person of sense and sensibility so situated; the "what did you think? and who did you see?" arise in all directions, but my questions were confined to—"did you reach Newgate street? did you find that long tried and excellent Mrs. Elliott?"

"So soon as it was possible to despatch my west end friends, I took a coach to the top of the street where I had left her. I then walked slowly forward, to the right and left, but on the spot where I had last seen her in the low, dark shop, I first found the name—the place now was totally different, for it was light, large, and handsome—my hopes expanded as I beheld it.

"Well, ma'am, I entered the shop—a middle aged man stepped forward, (for the young ones were all busy)—to my enquiry 'for Mrs. Elliott,' he replied—'Mr. and Mrs. Elliott are out returning their bride's visits, ma'am.'

"Never had the flight of time struck me so forcibly—the son married! yet he was the youngest child. I now asked in an anxious tone 'if his mother were living?' observing, that I had been abroad many years, and was ignorant of her situation?"

"Mrs. Elliott gave up the business two years ago to her son, as her daughter, who was well married down at Hackney, greatly desired her company, and there was a house then on sale which would suit her, and with this wish she complied. She had been a widow many years, and worked very hard, it was time she should retire—this is her card."

"I took it gladly, but not without assuring the giver that I recollected him a boy, and honoured the attachment to his mistress, which was evinced by his long residence. I then hurried to the Bank, entered a coach, and in a short time found myself in the handsome, well-appointed house of my countrywoman.

"I was received as one risen from the dead, and treated with kindness far beyond my claims: such, indeed, was her warm welcome, and so deeply was I interested by her details of the past, her sweet daughter, her lovely grand-children, and their excellent father, that I could scarcely tear myself from them, and I have promised to return next week."

"But how does your poor friend look," said I, "after the blight of spring, and the toils of summer, how fares the autumn of her days?"

"She is a little fuller in form, and a little fuller in the face, of course; has a rheumatic affection from standing so much in the cold, but otherwise seems well, and her countenance still exhibits the goodness of her heart, the simple rectitude of her mind; the unremitting submission once so strongly depicted there, is exchanged for quiet happiness and gratitude to heaven."

"I rejoice to hear this—you see she has done well at last, notwithstanding the law."

"True: but no thanks to the law, which, by its refusal of assistance to such a wife, mother, and citizen, as this virtuous and industrious subject, proves that there are cases in which we may say with almost forgotten Sterne, 'they manage these things better in France, nay, they manage them better even in Turkey.'" London, 1837.

CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

As one who at broad noonday should close the windows and doors of his house, and stop every crevice to keep out the light, that it may dim the shining of his candles, and should then strike a spark in this corner and that, and rejoice in seeing here a match and there a taper, and think how much nobler it is to enjoy this illumination of his own than to owe aught to the sun—so is he who shuts himself in the chambers of his self-will, and darkens himself against the radiance of truth.—Poor man! he knows not in the pride of independence that even his weak and meagre glimmer is a witness to some higher source of light than himself, whose affluence he did not create, but only appropriate and obscure.

The moral satirist declaims against the cruelty and covetousness, the madnesses and follies of men, and thinks how wise he is to see through the aimlessness and vanity of these; too apt to believe that because he sees through others, he himself is exempt from their frailties. Yet there are few human follies worse than the merely striving to see through those of all around us.

The unflinching and unlimited self-will of Bonaparte, together with his sense of numerical order and combination, acted on and revolutionized revolutionary France as an arctic winter on the storm-tossed waters. By the freezing of the waves the worn-out and perishing crew of a crazy vessel may be preserved from drowning. But they can never hope to return to port, or be finally rescued, except by the passing away of the tyrannous congealation which has enclosed the ship and all the world around it in a cake of smooth ice.

A man with knowledge, but without energy, is a house furnished, but not inhabited; a man with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in, but unfurnished.

Self-consciousness in most men flashes across the field of life as lightning over a benighted plain. The sage has the art to compel it into his lamp and detain it there, and is thus enabled to explore the region that we are born into and dwell in, and which is nevertheless, so unknown to most of us.

The greatest intellectual difference among men, is not that of having thought on any given subject, or any number of subjects; but of having or not having thought at all. He who has known the dignity, the strength, the sense of liberation, in the attainment of an independent personal conviction, has taken probably the greatest leap possible for the mere intellect. But such convictions are less common than they may seem. Bank notes are not forged or stolen once for ten thousand times, that the same felonies are committed as to thoughts.

Will is the root; knowledge the stem and leaves; feeling the flower.

The man who can only scoff in his heart, at the recollection of his first love, however extravagant and ill-directed it may have been, is not to be trusted with another's life. He seems his own.

If you want to understand a subject, hear a man speak of it whose business it is. If you want to understand the man, hear him speak of something else.

A beautiful plant is to a solitary man a sort of vegetable mistress.

THE MIND BEYOND THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

We cannot but feel that we are beings of a two-fold nature—that our journey to the tomb is short and the existence beyond it immortal. Is there any entertainment that we may reserve when we lay down the body? We know that of the gold that perisheth we may take none with us when dust returneth to dust. Of the treasures which the mind accumulates may we carry aught with us to that bourne whence no traveller returns?

We may have been delighted with the studies of Nature, and penetrated into those caverns where she perfects her chemistry in secret. Composing and decomposing—changing matter into nameless forms—pursuing the subtlest essences through the air, and resolving even that air into its original elements—what will be the gain when we pass from material to the immaterial, and this great museum and laboratory, the time worn earth, shall dissolve in its own central fires?

We may have become adepts in the physiology of man, scanning the mechanism of the eye, till light itself unfolded its invisible laws—of the ear, till its most hidden reticulations confessed their mysterious agency with some sound of the heart, till the citadel of life revealed its hermitage policy—but will these researches be available in a state of being which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived?"

Will he who fathoms the water and computes its pressure and power, have need of his skill "where there is no more sea?" Will the mathematician exercise the lore by which he measured the heavens—or the astronomer the science by which he discovered the stars, when called to go beyond their light?

Those who have penetrated most deeply into the intellectual structure of man, lifted the curtain from the birth-place of thought; traced the springs of action to their fountain, and throwing the vain shrinking motive into the crucible, perceive the object of their study taking a new form, entering disembodied an unknown state of existence, and receiving powers adapted to its laws and modes of intercourse.

We have no proof that the sciences, to which years of labor have been devoted, will survive the tomb. But the impressions they have made—the dispositions they have nurtured—the good or evil they have helped to stamp upon the soul—will go with it into eternity. The adoring awe, the deep humility, inspired by the study of the planets and their laws—the love of truth which he cherished who pursued the science that demonstrates, will find a response among archangels. The praise that was learned amid the melodies of nature—or from the lyre of consecrated genius—may pour its perfected tones from a seraph's harp. The goodness taught in the whole frame of creation, by the flower lifting its honey cup to the insect, and the leaf drawing its green curtain around the nursing chamber of the smallest bird—by the pure stream refreshing both the grass and the flocks that feed on it—the tree and the master of its fruits—the tender charity caught from the happiness of the humblest creature—will be at home in his presence who hath pronounced himself the "God of Love."

The studies, therefore, which we pursue as the means of intellectual delight, or the instruments of acquiring wealth and honor among men, are valuable at the close of life only as they have prompted those dispositions which constitute the bliss of an unending existence. Tested by its tendencies beyond the grave, Religion, in its bearings and results, transcends all other sciences. The knowledge which it imparts does not perish with the stroke which disunites the body from its ethereal companion. Whilst its precepts lead to the highest improvement of this state of probation, the spirit is congenial with that ineffable reward to which we aspire. It is the preparation for immortality, which should be daily and hourly wrought out, amid all the mutations of time.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Deep is the fountain of a mother's love. Its purity is like the purity of the "sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets." The tear-drop speaks not half its tenderness. There is language in a mother's smile, but it betrays not all her nature. I have sometimes thought, while gazing on her countenance—its dignity slightly changed by the inelegant accents of her young child, as it repeated in obedience, some endearing word—that the sanctuary of a mother's heart is fraught with untold virtues. So fondly—so devotedly she listens to its accents, it would seem she catches from them a spirit that strengthens the bonds of her affection. I have seen the mother in almost every condition of life. But her love seems every where the same. I have heard her bid, from her bed of straw, her darling child come and receive the impress of her lips, and her mingled strains mingled in the air, I have thought there was loneliness in them not unlike the loneliness of an angel's melody. And I have seen the mother at her fireside deal out her last morsel to her little ones so pleasantly, that her own cravings seemed appeased by the pleasure she enjoyed. But who that is not a mother can feel as she feels? We may gaze upon her as she sings the lullaby to her infant, and in her eye read the index of her heart's affections—we may study the demure cast of her countenance, and mark the tenderness with which she presses her darling to her bosom, but we cannot feel the many influences that operate upon her nature. Did you ever mark the care with which she watches the cradle where sleeps her infant? How quick she catches the low sound of an approaching footstep!—With fearful earnestness she gazes at her little charge as the sound intrudes! Does it move? Does it slumber break? How sweet the voice that quiets it! Surely, it seems that the blood of but one heart sustains the existence of both mother and child. And did you ever behold the mother as she watched the receding light of her young babe's existence? It is a scene for the pencil. Words cannot portray the tenderness that lingers upon her countenance. When the last spark has gone out, what emotions agitate her! When hope has expired, what unspeakable grief overwhelms her!

I remember to have seen a sweet boy borne to his mother with an eye closed for ever. He had strayed silently away at noon-day, and ere night-fall death had clasped him in his embrace,