

still wearing the dress of a royal widow, entered, with a fluttering heart, the presence of her long wedded, but as yet unknown lord, leading, in either hand, the princely heir of France and his brother, who, but for her gentle, but powerful mediation, would in all probability have been doomed to life-long captivity in a Spanish fortress.

Francis rose from his chair of state, and advanced to pay his first compliments to his Spanish bride rather with the formal courtesy of a royal act of ceremony, than the alacrity of a lover.

"I bring your majesty a dowry more precious than both the Indies," said Donna Eleanora, presenting his two sons to Francis; "and all I ask of you in return for the three years of maternal care which I have bestowed upon them, is, that you should regard me, not as the sister of your foe, but as the happy instrument of restoring your children to your arms."

"If that sweet voice deceive not my ear, I have long regarded you with tenderer feelings still," exclaimed Francis, with sudden animation.

"Come, my fair sister, it is time to elucidate the mystery," said the Duchess of Alencon, removing the veil which had hitherto enveloped the person of the royal bride, and revealing to the eager gaze of her king and brother the well-remembered features of the lady who had visited him in the Alcazar; and Francis, bending his knee before his blushing consort, exclaimed: "My wife, and my queen, behold how faithfully I have worn thy chains!" He opened his embroidered pourpoint as he spoke, and pointed to the glittering links that she had thrown about his neck on the eventful evening when she availed herself of the Duchess of Alencon's pass to obtain an interview with the captive monarch, who had been a suitor to her brother for her hand.

The scheme had been devised between Donna Eleanora, and Marguerite of Valois, but the circumstance having been betrayed by Alarcon to the Emperor Charles, had exposed the fair Dowager of Portugal to a severe reproof, and to the sentence of a pilgrimage to Gaudaloupe, as a punishment for the bold step she had ventured, and also as a prevention to any future meetings between her and her affianced lord. On the following day, the marriage of Francis and Eleanora was celebrated at Bourdeaux with great pomp, and was hailed by the war-worn people of France as the last auspicious seal of "THE LADIES' PEACE."

THE PARTICULAR MAN.

Our esteemed acquaintance, Mr. B. is a worthy person; we have every reason to believe he is an honest and upright character, but alas for his friends and intimates, he is a *particular man*. There are, doubtless, many methodical persons in the world, and everybody knows that method is the soul of business, but there are some original dashes in my friend's character, which, in the limited intercourse, as a solitary fisherman, I have had with mankind, I have never seen equalled.

Mr. B. is scrupulously attentive to the attiring of the outward man; not that he is in the least foppish in his apparel, by no means, but a crease in his vest or a spot upon his pantaloons, would be the subject of serious annoyance to the particular man; and the same attention to minutiae is observable throughout all his actions.

There is one thing in which my worthy acquaintance is not at all particular; I believe it is the only point on which he can be accused of departing from his acting principle, and that is of making use of his friends. In this respect his foible is most inordinately conspicuous. I shall suppose, for example, that he has requested me to perform some little commission for him; and after repeating his instructions till I have every word, nay every syllable, as firmly fixed in my memory as my own christian and surname, I turn for relief to another topic—in the very midst of a sentence he will interrupt me with, "You'll have the goodness, Mr. Sniggle, not to forget that little matter for me—I shall feel extremely obliged to you if you will call," etc. etc. Of course, I assure him that I will attend to his wishes, and again take up the subject on which we were conversing, if I happen to remember it—but in less than five minutes he will exclaim—"I believe I mentioned Mr. Tenpenny's number, did I not? it is three hundred and seventy-nine and a half; and if you'll tell him to send me those articles at three minutes past nine o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall be very much obliged to you." "Oh dear," I inwardly ejaculate, in weariness of spirit, "I will remove myself from this nuisance as fast as possible," and accordingly take a hurried leave of my entertaining companion—"Good-by, my dear Sniggle, good-by, glad to see you well—I say, Tenpenny knows what I ordered, an extra large dust shovel, as ours is quite worn out—two pennyworth of beads, four curtain pins, and—" "Yes, yes, yes, you told me that five or six times over," I reply, out of all patience—"Well, my good friend, but you know I am such a *particular fellow*!"

The particular man is a great querist, and if you are relating any circumstance to him, will interrupt you every instant to ask some trifling question, that is either totally unimportant, or which perhaps if he would only allow you to proceed with your narrative, would appear in the right place. I was exceedingly amused on one occasion with a little scene which occurred between him and a legal friend—who, as well as most of that respectable body to which he belonged, was not sorry to have an opportunity of relating the particulars of a tough cause which he had gained, who thought he had

got an excellent listener in Mr. B.—as the latter, declaring his eagerness to hear the account, planted himself before the narrator, putting on a scrutinizing and sagacious look, that would have done credit to a Thurlow or an Eldon—thus ran the conversation:

"Well, sir, and how did you get over the opposite parties? do tell us all about it."

"Why, sir, my client the plaintiff brought this action to recover the amount."

"What court did you bring your action in, sir, King's Bench—Common Pleas—or Exchequer?"

"Common Pleas, to recover the amount."

"Where was the cause tried, sir—London or Westminster?"

"In London, I generally lay the venue in London; as I live in the city it saves the drag to Westminster."

"Very good, sir proceed if you please."

"Well, sir—I was observing that my client brought his action to recover the amount of—"

"I beg your pardon—but was it a special or common jury?"

"A common jury," replies the attorney, somewhat shortly, who began to get rather tired of the repeated interruptions of his cross-examiner—"a common jury," he repeated, endeavouring to bring to his recollection whereabouts he had left off.

"Yes a common jury," reiterates Mr. B.; "but you have not yet told me the cause of action."

"Oh, it was to recover seven hundred and forty-four pounds, five shillings, and—"

"Tried before the chief-justice, Sir Nicholas Conyngham Tindal, I suppose?"

"Yes—and in summing up he said—"

"Who were your counsel?"

I did not stop to hear the reply; unable to stand any longer I rushed out of the room, and whether the story was ever finished I am unable to say.

I very much fear Mr. B.'s malady, for such it appears to me, is incurable; reason him out of it you cannot, ridicule has little or no effect upon him. I have seen him laughed at repeatedly, without manifesting the least consciousness that he was the subject of the joke. How true is the oft-repeated maxim, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

From the Southern Rose.

PIETY AT HOME.

That home is, in every sense, the most *pious* home, where there is peace, good will, contentment, and innocent joy; where there are bright faces, and kind words, and where the house is not divided against itself! In that home circle, where there is no bitterness of feeling cherished; where no harsh words are uttered of recrimination, unjust anger, or intemperate reproof; where purity is cultivated in thought, word, and deed—where there is the sympathy which rejoices with them that do rejoice and weeps with them that weep; and where all in the true spirit of love exhort each other daily, no less by example than by kind speech—there may we behold the true and perfect *PIETY AT HOME*.

The benefit, arising from the observance of this duty, is of great and peculiar importance.

There is no foundation for religious feeling and action, more firm and sure than this. It is *at home* that the *heart* is formed; for the inward feelings depend most on thoughts and actions which are unrestrained; and is it not the heart which religion chiefly and always asks? It is *at home*, too, that we may best cultivate *consciousness*,—in performing duties, the neglect of which we have no reason to dread will be publicly exposed, but which if heeded, must be so at the simple dictates of one's conscience.

Here, also, may the *affections* be best cherished, for if they exist at all, here they will be disinterested. And Home is the place to form one's *principles*. It is easy to act on feigned motives, in the sight of others; but the difficult and necessary thing for a good man, is to act on *principle* invariably, and in private, as well as in public. It is something more than good nature, or kindness simply, to overcome the daily trials upon one's temper, to submit with willingness to the many little self-sacrifices, so needful to the comfort of social life, and to profit by the thousand opportunities there of being considerate and useful. This is no more the triumph of affection than it is of principle.

Piety at home is, indeed, then, the ground-work of all religious duty; for it is this which may plant deeply the seeds of wider feelings and more extended action. The love and gratitude we feel towards an earthly parent are helps to the great duty of love and gratitude to the Almighty Father of all. Our good will and kindness towards our kindred, is the best and sincerest beginning to a sympathy with the whole human race. And this is the true and just sense of the saying, that '*Charity*' (that is, *the true benevolent feeling*.) '*begins at home.*'

Again: When holy habits of heart and life have grown up in private, they have *moral associations* connected with them which almost ensure their preservation for the future. When we consider the images of purity, and love, and truth, and content, which cluster around the pious household, can it be wondered at that we should recur to duties which rendered it so happy! It is the want

of the calm happiness of a cheerful fireside which has left many hearts to be swallowed up in vain amusements and dangerous excitements. And when there is no thought of a sympathising and happy home to win one from temptations, his heart and principles are at the mercy of every vain show, and of every artful adviser and of every bad companion, and of every false friend. But it is not so with him, who has learned to show and has found piety at home. He may go into a strange city and meet with its allurements, but the love of his own hearth saves him from giving his affections elsewhere. The words of the profane and scornful and profligate sound upon his ears, but the voice of holy purity is heard by him the louder and sweeter from his own distant dwelling. He meets in the broad world with vice and deceit at every corner, and at first he may distrust and weep for human nature, and may be tempted to fall in with the evil of the mass. But he soon is taught that it is man's own doing which has so debased him, and so shrouded the brightness of his nature, when he reflects on the unperverted hearts he has left behind, and from the contrast, he loves purity and virtue all the more. His soul may sink within him at seeing the vain chases of mankind after happiness, and he would say, *all is vanity*, did not his memory picture forth the happy contentment of his own home. Elsewhere, he may be the victim of injury, and the dupe of insincerity, and the object of unjust suspicion—but there, at least, he is sure of willing kindness, of finding truth and of being beloved.

The remembrance, therefore, of a home of piety is a no slight defence for our virtue,—no surer a refuge in the season of darkness and the storm, than the shelter of affection, and the strong hold of principle. It will save one from that thirst for excitement, which so often takes the unreflecting from the common duties and innocent happiness of life, and leads them into temptation, and from that restless spirit which, wishing it knows not what, hurries so many into reckless courses—and it can give a peace, which as long as a worldly spirit is excluded from the heart, the broad world with all its attractions of pleasure can never take away.

LATE FASHIONABLE DINNER HOURS.—Even in fashionable life the superiority of Nature's arrangements, over those of man is so far acknowledged, that it is an almost universal rule for children to dine in the middle of the day; and there cannot be a doubt that the practice is attended with manifold advantages to the young, although, as regards their moral training, these would be greatly increased were they to associate at meals with their parents, instead of being left entirely to the company and management of servants.

Supposing it to be made an imperative condition of our social existence that we shall rise after mid-day, and not go to bed till a late hour in the morning, the present fashion of dining at seven or eight o'clock, becomes much more rational than is commonly imagined by those who declaim against it without regard to the concomitant circumstances. It is, no doubt, most absurd and hurtful for a man who rises at seven or eight o'clock, breakfasts at nine, and goes to bed at eleven, to delay dining till seven in the evening; but it by no means follows that seven is a *bad dinner-hour* for a person who rises at twelve or one o'clock, breakfasts at two, and goes to bed at three in the morning. The interval between the breakfast at one and dinner at seven o'clock, is the same as between breakfast at nine and dinner at three, namely, six hours—which is little more than enough. The error lies, not in the hours chosen for meals, but in the utter perversion of the whole system of living, by which night is converted into day, and the business of life is postponed five or six hours beyond the time appointed by the Creator for its performances. So far from the late dinner being hurtful in such circumstance, it is only the stimulus and support which it affords that enables the victims to withstand the fatigue even for a single week.—*Combe on Digestion.*

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Controversy.—A man who is fond of disputing, will, in time, have few friends to dispute with.

Speech.—This is clothed in white. But a lie comes forth with all the colours of the rainbow.

Adversity, a good Teacher.—Those bear disappointments the best, who have been most used to them.

Example.—When a misfortune happens to a friend, look forward and endeavour to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.

Standard of Value.—The worth of everything is determined by the demand for it. In the deserts of Arabia, a pitcher of cold water is of more value than a mountain of gold.

Luck and Labour.—A guinea found in the street, will not do a poor man so much good as half a guinea earned by industry.

Earning the Least Getting.—Give a man work, and he will get money.

Early Hours.—Since the introduction of candles, luxury has increased. Our forefathers rose with the lark, and went to bed with the sun.