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FANNY LINCOLN.

OR THE VILLAGE AMANUENSIS.

Indeed Frank, it is time to end this nonsense. Ever since you have taken that foolish crotchet into your head, the house has been over-run. I wonder you can find nothing better to do than writing letters for lovesick clodhoppers, or silly house maids.

Quite a flourish of trumpets, sister mine, Frank Beverley replied, laughing.

No, but Frank, I am in earnest. The fact is, people are beginning to talk about you!

And what do they say?

Why, they say—they say—

What do they say, Isabella?

Why they say that you must have but little to do!

The allegation I confess to be true, sister, Frank said assuming a mock serious countenance. But who, pray, are so much interested in me? Really I ought to feel flattered.

It is nothing to jest about, Frank. Every body is beginning to wonder about you.—Lucy Milton told me this morning that you were the talk of the whole village.

Indeed!

Yes she did. And she says many strange things are said about you.

Did you ask her what those strange things were, Isabella?

Yes, but then she hesitated, and declined telling me. You don't know how it worries me brother. I do wish you would act a little more sensible, and visit oftener in respectable families in the village. You are enquired after wherever I go. Indeed there is not a family within twenty miles around, with which you might not form a connection if you would. I know a half a dozen ladies, handsome, rich, accomplished, the pick of the country, who would jump at the offer of your hand.

I am perfectly aware of that, sister.

Then Mr. Vanity why are you not up and doing, instead of making yourself a subject of ridicule. Surely you do not think so highly of yourself as to decline the first connexion for wealth and beauty in Greenlawn village.

And why not?

Really brother, I am afraid you are demented.

As people say that I am.

Do they say that, then? the sister asked, while a cloud fell upon her face.

O yes, but what of it? it does not make me crazy Now the fact is, sister, that I have become so tired of the shallow-mindedness and insincerity of the elite of Greenlawn, that I have cut off the whole tribe; at least for a time. For the past two months as you know, I have almost daily held intercourse with the lower order of society in the village, and in that time I have seen more integrity of purpose, more deep feeling, more tenderness of sentiment, than I have ever witnessed in my life. Truly it is refreshing to hear nature speaking out in its own impressive language, full of energy and truth! It may be rough at times, for want of convenient polish, but it is honest, for it comes from the heart.

Really Frank, I do not know what to think of you.

You don't think me crazy, at least?

I do not know what to think. A man of your position in society, it seems to me, acts very strangely, when he lets himself down and consorts with plebianism.

That is not a good word to use, Isabella. Patrician and plebian distinctions must not be drawn by wealth. In all classes, truth, integrity and virtue, should make honour and the want of these dishonour.

How strangely you talk, Frank! but hark! there is the bell again! Another of your elegant visitors I suppose. Ah me! I wish I could see the end of all this.

Fanny Lincoln wishes to see Mr. Francis, said the old servant, opening the door of the room in which sat Frank Beverley and his sister

Tell Fanny to walk up in my study, and I will be there in a few moments.

The servant withdrew, and Frank said, as he rose from the sofa on which he had been sitting,

Who is Fanny Lincoln, I wonder?

Why she is the girl that old Mrs. Grand, the dairyman's wife raised. I wonder what in the world she wants?

A letter written to her sweetheart, I suppose, Frank said, laughing. I learn some strange things, sister, that you would like to know very much, for all your light estimation of the plebians, as you call them. But good morning; I must see what Fanny Lincoln wants.

When Frank Beverly entered the room he called his study, he found there an apparition he little expected. In the centre of the room he saw a girl just blushing into gentle womanhood; and she glanced up to him with a modest, yet not bashful mein, as he entered, that had in it so much of innocence and truth, that the young man was instantly interested, and that not lightly in his new visitor.

'Fanny Lincoln, I believe?' Frank said bowing with his best grace, and smiling at the same time encouragingly.

'Yes Sir, that is my name,' replied the maiden, while the color deepened on her cheek. 'I have made bold,' she continued, 'to come and ask you to write a letter for me, if it would not be too much trouble. They tell me in the village that you will write for any one who will ask you.'

'Certainly, I will, Fanny and always with the greatest pleasure. But what do you wish me to write for you! To some sweetheart, of course,' he added smiling.

'O no,' replied Fanny, blushing, 'I have no sweetheart: but I have a brother,' and her manner changed, 'from whom I was parted when but a child. We were orphans, and were separated early. He was carried away many hundred miles and I have never seen him since. Of late I have thought of him much, and so constantly within a few days, that I have made bold to come and ask you to write a letter to him for me. I cannot write myself.'

'Do you know where your brother is Fanny?' Frank Beverly asked, looking on his visitor with a feeling of lively interest.

'I know the name of the place to which he was taken, and I suppose he is there still, if alive.'

'What shall I say to him?'

'O you know best. I want to let him know that I still remember him, and love him, and that I want him to write to me.'

On this hint, Frank Beverly wrote the letter in a neat and delicate hand, imitating, as far as he could, that of a woman. After he had finished it, he read it to her, and asked her if it would answer.

'O yes, she said, it is just as I thought myself. You are very kind and good sir,' and courtesying as she took the letter which he had folded and directed, she moved towards the door, still keeping her eyes on the young man with a look of gratitude.

You must let me see the answer when it comes, Fanny, said Frank.

I will bring it to you as soon as I get it, if it comes at all, she replied, and dropping another courtesy, glided quickly from the room.

Two weeks passed without Frank Beverly again seeing Fanny; but every day he thought of her, and wondered if she would come again.—He did not attempt to account for the interest which he felt for the fair but humble stranger, contenting himself with feeling the interest, as he had a perfect right to do. He was sitting before his table engaged in writing one day, about the end of the period just named, when a gentle tap at his door was followed by the entrance of Fanny. She held in her hand a letter which she extended, while a glad smile lit up the new beauty of her sweet expressive countenance.

He is alive and well, and here is his answer, she said,—Read it.

Frank took the letter and read it through with emotions of lively interest.

Words are too inexpressive, my dear sister, he said to convey to you any idea of the delight your letter gave me. In our separation so young, all recollection of the place to which you was taken was lost by me. In vain have I sought to find you out. But now you suddenly reveal yourself, and with every evidence that you are an elegant and accomplished woman. How this evidence gladdens my heart! You have not been left to neglect and ignorance, I know, although you say nothing of your exact situation. The style, the characters, the language of your letter tell me all this.

When shall we see each other? Will you come to me or must I come to you? Circumstances which I cannot control will prevent the latter for many months. Say then you will come to me, dear sister! How my heart yearns toward you!

* * * * *

After Frank Beverly had read the whole letter, which was a long one, and had handed it back to the maiden who still stood near, he looked up in her face and said,

Do you wish an answer written to this?

For a moment or two Fanny paused, thoughtfully, and then replied,

I do, but—— and then hesitated, and looked perplexed, even distressed.

But what, Fanny? asked Frank, kindly.

My brother, replied the maiden, has been deceived by the letter which you wrote for me, into the belief that I could write, he, therefore, imagines that I am different from what I really am. I must not continue this false idea of myself; and it troubles me to have to tell him the truth.

But why need any thing be said of the subject? I can write your letter for you, and he need know nothing of it.

The calm, thoughtful expression of Fanny's countenance instantly changed, and looking Frank steadily in the face, with something like offended dignity in her manner, she answered

I never wilfully deceived any one, sir; much less would I deceive my brother.

Admirable girl! Frank mentally ejaculated, as he gazed upon her innocent face, now lit up with the impulse of truth roused in opposition to a false principle that had been presented as a rule of action. How far superior art thou to the courtly dames who dispise such truth of character as thine, as much as they despise thy humble birth and lowly condition.

There was now a pause of many moments, during which Fanny stood near to the young man, her eyes cast on the floor. At length, he said, looking up into her face:

Fanny, a thought occurs to me, which may relieve you from your present embarrassment.—Say nothing to your brother now, of your deficiency, but learn to write, and when you can write well, then tell him the whole story frankly.

There is no one to teach me, and how can I learn?

Do you wish to learn?

O, yes! I have long wished to learn.

Are you willing to try?

Yes.

Then, if you will accept my services, I will be your teacher.

Fanny looked at him with a bewildered air, not apprehending on the instant his whole meaning.

Will you not let me teach you to write Fanny? he said after the pause of a few moments.

I wish to learn very much. But cannot come here often, and besides it would be giving you too much trouble.

O, the trouble will be nothing. To me it will only be pleasant recreation, and besides, I shall have the delight springing from a good action.

It would take me a long time to learn, urged the maiden, and before my task was half accomplished, my brother would probably be here, and then he would be sadly disappointed in me, and, I fear cease to love me as much as he would were he to find me in all my ignorance and deficiency.

When the affection is in anything we soon come to perform it well. Your eager desire to learn to write will do more for you than you dream. Come let me give you your first lesson.

Fanny besitated a moment, and then as directed seated herself in Frank's chair at the table, while he stood, writing-master like, and commenced instructing his fair pupil.—He found that she already knew how to make all the letters rudely enough it is true. And as she could read manuscript as well as letter press, there was nothing to do but to teach her to form the letters after correct models, and then to unite them skilfully. The first lesson occupied an hour, at the end of which time, even Fanny was surprised and delighted at her own improvement. Her heart was in it and where that is the case there is little difficulty in learning to do anything.

Well, what do you think of that? asked her teacher, as he held up her last trial at writing a whole sentence.

I can hardly believe it, she replied.

You will learn fast enough, and in six weeks will be able to write to your brother anything you please.

Do you think so? Fanny said, looking the young man earnestly in the face.

Do I think so Fanny? Yes I know so.

(*Conclusion in our next.*)

RIGHT OF SEARCH.

TO LORD ASHBURTON.

LETTER III,

My Lord,—It will be my duty to maintain in the present letter that the right and dominion of the sea "has always been, not in common to all men but capable of private dominion or proprietie as well as the land." A writer in the *The Times* has insinuated, rather than asserted, that the word sea must be taken here to mean the narrow sea; but the great John Selden supplies the answer to any such argument. "By the sea," says he, "we understand the whole sea, as well the main ocean or outland seas, as those which are withinland, such as the Mediterranean, Adriatick, Ægean, or Levant, British and Baltic Seas, or any other of that kind which differ no otherwise from the main than as homogenous or similarly parts of the same bodie do from the whole."

The legal definition of the sea is very vast: "The sea is where the water flows and reflows and is so spacious that a man cannot see land from one shore to the other;" "And the jurisdiction of the king," says Leonard, "extends over the whole sea between Britain and Spain; "and Rolle, in his *Abridgement* says, "The dominion of the whole sea which surrounds England belongs to the king, and this dominion extends to both shores, and the ligeance or dominion of the sea belongs to the king as to his crown of England."

Foreign jurists have attempted to quibble away and fritter down the meaning of the words "private dominion," but the great text-writer of the *Mare Clausum* has deprived them of all such attempts at argument by defining what he means by these words, "Private dominion," says he, "is peculiar only to some: that is to say, distributed and set apart by any particular states, princes, or persons whatever, in such a manner that others are excluded, or, at least, in some sort barred from a libertie of use and enjoiement."

I will pass over the testimony adduced by Selden from Scripture as to private dominion of the sea, nor dwell here on the examples which he cites of sea-dominion by Minos over the Egyptian, Pamphylian, Lydian, and Ægean Seas; of the Spinetans, Tuscans, Carthaginians, and other lords of the sea in the west; of the sea-dominion of the people of Rome, and such as followed their customs in the Eastern empire. In more modern times, however, the Portuguese, having claimed a private dominion over the sea, even over the Atlantic Ocean itself, there, arose in consequence a hot dispute between Queen Elizabeth and Sebastian, king of Portugal, in which our great queen asserted and maintained that supremacy which I have no doubt will be as boldly asserted and as vigorously maintained by her present most gracious majesty.—That supremacy, as is plainly proved by Selden, was possessed by the ancient Britons, who were lords of the Northern Sea before they were subdued by the Romans. It was a dominion which followed the conquest under the Emperors Claudian and Dominitan, and was perpetuated by the Saxons, "who flourished not a little in shipping for the maintaining of the *sovereigntie of the sea.*" After Alfred was invested, says Selden, in the kingdom, "The defence of the sea was restored and its dominion established, so that there is no doubt but the business of shipping was mightily advanced in his reign among the English-Saxons, *in order to the defence and maintenance of their dominion by sea.*" It is mentioned by Ordericus Vitalis that Harold "guarded the sea with a force of soldiery and shipping that none of his enemies could, without a sore conflict, invade the kingdom." "So that," says Selden, "wee cannot otherwise conceive but that these naval forces were at that time disposed and tne sea-fights undertaken, *for the defence and guard of the sea, as an appendant of the English Saxon dominion in this Island.*" If any doubt could, however, exist as to the sea-dominion of the English Saxons, it is set at rest by the tributes and duties which they levied from their fiduciaries, such as dauegeld and the like, for the support and maintenance of their navy. Full accounts of these tributes may be found in the MS. of Marianus, Scotus, Hoveden, and Florentius. But additional proof is afforded by the title of our kings. The title of Edgar ran as follows:—"I, Edgar, sovereign lord of all Albion, *and of the maritime or insular kings inhabiting round about.*" "So that it hath been," says Selden, "the manner of those that at any time have made themselves masters of the kingdom of Britain to extend their dominion *in the circumambient sea to the largest circuit, scouring the seas about, and keeping other nations at a distance.*" Though there are passages in the histories of France of this epoch, which speak of the naval power of that country, yet there is nothing to be gathered from them—not even from Popelinerius in his *L' Admiral de France*—which sets forth the least sign or shadow of a sovereignty or dominion over the sea. It was well remarked, in recent debate on the navy estimates, by Sir Charles Napier, that our navy never was in a more palmy state than in the days when there was a guardian, or lord high admiral. This was to the letter true, for in the earliest times the "guard or government of the sea, as of a province, or territory, was intrusted to governors, or commanders, who had the charge of guarding the sea, and were the guardians, or governors, therefore *in the same manner as if it had been some province or land.*" The principal end of calling a parliament in the 14 Edward III. was, "*de treter sur la gard de la pees de la terre, de la marched' Escoe, et de la meer;*" giving us to understand, says Selden. "*that the land and sea together made one entire bodie of the kingdom of England.* In the Acts of 20 Henry VI. mention is made of the safe-guarding of the sea, or *de la safe-guard de la mier*, as of a thing commonly known, and for which it was the custom of the English to make as diligent provision as for the government of any province or country, In the 32d year of Henry VI, a demand was made in parliament of £40,000 "for the defence and safe-guard of the sea; and in the preamble to the law imposing tonnage and poundage, the words "for the keeping and sure defending OF THE SEAS against all persons," are introduced, "So that," says Selden, "the king of England hath ever been so accounted the arbitrator and lord of Commerce throughout these seas, and the defence of the realm and *of the sea*, as of those things which are held and possessed by one and the same right, is joined together." In the commission of the lord high admiral, too, Cailas and the marshes thereof Normandy, Gascony, and Aquitaine, are mentioned, and the admiral is governor-general over the fleets and *seas* aforesaid; so that in the most received form of this commission, after the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, we have a continual possession, or dominion of the king of England by sea pointed at in express words. Continual possession and perpetual enjoyment of the sea as an apendant of the kingdom have, therefore, to use the words of Selden, "rendered the sea itself a province under the tuition or protection of the admiral of England as part of the kingdom." And according our Henry IV. granted leave to Ferrando Urtis de Sarachione to sail from London to Rochelle, addressing his letters to his sea-commanders throughout the whole sea as lord of the same "And," says the author of the *Mare Clausum*, "the northern coasts of Britain, having no countries lying against them, are washed by the main and open sea; and the southern coasts of Ireland are bounded upon Spain, the western upon the Indian countries under the dominion, and *so the jurisdiction of our king by sea is of a mighty vast extent.*" King Edward III entitles himself and his predecessors lords of the sea; and in his commission to Geoffry de Say, says, "Our progenitors have been lords of the sea on every side, yea, and defenders thereof;" and he then commands this Geoffry "*arrest* twenty-six galleys newly come to the coasts of Brittany and Normandy, and *with all diligence* to *make search after them* and *other ships of war*, and *stoutly* and *manfully set upon them;* and *if they steal away without delay* to *follow* and *courageously to destroy them.*" In a bill brought into parliament in the forty sixth year of this king's reign, he is styled sovereign of the sea by all nations:—"En touz portz et bones villes sur mier et sur rivieres, si noble et si plentinous que touz les pais tenoient et appelloyent notre seignieur le Roy de la Mier." It is, therefore, clear that the estates of the realm did, with one consent, affirm as a thing unquestionable that the King of England is lord of the sea. So that Bracton, when he speaks of the customs of England, acknowledged that the dominion of the sea belonging to his king. Robert Belknap, an eminent judge in the time of Richard II., also says the sea is subject to the king as part of the patrimony of his crown:—"La mere est del ligeans del roy come de son corone d'Angleterre." And a writer in Henry VIIIth's time says. "It hath been received by ancient custom that it is a dutie lying upon the King of England to scour the sea of pirates and to render the use thereof as of a public road or thoroughfare." In certain articles of 12 Edw. III "*adretinendum et conservandum antiquam superioritatem maris Angliæ,*" are the following words, as appears by Lord Coke's commentary on the *Articuli Admiralitatis*:—"*Justitiam inter omnes gentes nationis cujuscunque per mare Angliæ transeuntes, et ad cognoscendum super omnibus in contrarium attemptatis in eodem, et ad puniendum delinquentes, et damna passis satisfaciendum.*" "And long before this," says Lord Coke, 4 inst., 145, "King Edgar saith in his chapter thus:—'*Mihi concessit propitia divinitas cum Anglorum imperio omnia regna insularum oceani cum cuis ferocissimis regibus usque Norwegiam*'"

I remain, my lord,

A SAILOR AND SELDENITE.

Sixpenny worth of Character.

A plaintiff and defendant were seated in court *vis a vis*, pending the trial of an action for defamation. A justification had been pleaded, with which the jury were so well satisfied that they returned a verdict for the plaintiff:—sixpence damages. When the verdict was announced, the defendant threw a shilling to the plaintiff, saying aloud, 'Take the price of your reputation out of that, and return me my change, and I'll thank you.'

A pointed Joke.—A sportsman, by touching his horse near the withers with his whip, taught him to kneel immediately when shooting, and a dog came to a point, he made the horse kneel, and persuaded those present that the horse was an excellent pointer. A gentleman having purchased the gelding, was fording a river with him, when, having touched his withers, he was true to the touch, down he dropped in the stream, and soused his new master in the water. The latter, in a great passion, asked his former owner what he meant by selling him a horse that played him such a trick in the water? 'Oh!' said the other, 'you bought him as a pointer, and, at the time he went on his knees, he was pointing a salmon!'

A Relic.—The packet ship New York, from Liverpool, arrived at New York, has *Benjamin Franklin's Printing Press* on board, consigned to J. B. Murry.

It was getting sickly at New Orleans at the last dates. The deaths averaged about 12 per day.

Striking Anecdote—During the action against the Algerines, as Lord Exmouth and captain Brisbane were conversing together, by a spent ball, or some other cause, the latter was struck flat on the ground. Lord Exmouth immediately called the first Lieutenant, and exclaimed, 'Poor Brisbane! he's gone! take the command.' The captain raising himself in a sitting posture, coolly said, 'Not yet, my lord,' and, in a moment after, resumed his share in the business of the day

Naval Wit.—An officer of the navy being asked what Mr. Burke meant by the 'cheap defence of nations!' repiled that many persons in his line understood him to mean a midshipman's half pay. 'Nothing a day, and to find himself.'

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