

Another curious circumstance is worthy of note, as connected with Hodnet Church. The sum of £2, 15s. 2d. is paid yearly, according to some old agreement, by the Rector of Hodnet, to the Pendrills of Boscobel, the family in whose house Charles the Second was concealed. Perhaps the patron in those days, as well as the rector, Dr. Arway, was devotedly attached to the Royal Fugitive, and consented to pay off part of the King's debt of gratitude by allowing such a tax to be laid on the income of the living of Hodnet.

THE LONDON PAWNBROKER.

Men are prone to vaunt the rectitude, the talents of their tradesmen. "My wine-merchant," "My bootmaker," even "My attorney," but whoever yet startled the delicacy of a company, with "My pawnbroker?"

To the pawnbroker the civility almost essential to the other tradesmen is wholly superfluous. He places no quick-eyed shopman at the door, no tenacious solicitor of the lingering customer to enter and trade. Not he: he stands in his shop, the deputy of Mammon; his customers are not to be wheedled, coaxed, grinned at, protested to; he need not bow his back, or crush his face up into smiling wrinkles, at the hesitating purchaser. No; his customers—the people who contribute to him thirty per cent.—for the most part address him with a respectful weakness; many with a shame-faced hesitation, as though they begged his aid; the free offering of his money, no pledge, no profitable hostage left. Other tradesmen make it a part of their craft to presume the possession of wealth in their customers; to the pawnbroker, they come, the best of them, for the time, branded with the mark of necessity. How different that face—there, that one in the third box from the door—how different that sweet, meek countenance, from the face of five years since! It is a lady, a young creature, with cankerous sorrow at her heart; a fair thing, with that suffering, yet resigned look of grief, more profoundly touching than the wildest anguish. With the gentle, yet hesitating grace of the lady, and a faint smile at her lip, she presents a small trinket to the pawnbroker: how different the money-lender's manner from the oppressive obsequiousness of the jeweller, who, five years since, sold the locket to her! The tradesman, with a cold eye, turns over the trinket; whilst the woman—it is almost the last of her ornaments, and there is poverty, and hungry babes at home—finds herself waiting, with stunted breath, the sentence of the pawnbroker. At length he condescends to ask, "What do you want on this?" and—heaven help her!—her heart is eased at the condescension.

The pawnbroker may, from the independence of his calling, by his exemption from the idle courtesies assiduously cultivated by other tradesmen, be as jocular as his native wit will allow him with many of his well-known customers. Again and again he may crack his joke upon the coat withdrawn on the Saturday, for the Sabbath wear, and duly returned to his safe guardianship on the Monday. Coats will wear out, the nap will lose its gloss, and the pawnbroker will have his joke upon the frailty of broadcloth, and joking, offer less and less upon the fading raiment. As for the wife, who for the twentieth time hath left the coat in pledge, she must good-humouredly fence with the wit of the pawnbroker, who carries the pleasantry just as far as suits his humour, ending the parley with an emphatic avowal, not to lend a farthing more, gruffly bidding the woman "take the rag away." He knows she cannot take it away; and, therefore, she resignedly receives both the impertinence of the shopkeeper and the money he vouchsafes her. Strange, that tradesmen should so differ in manners! How very civil was Lubin Goslin, the tailor who made that coat!

The pawnbroker is a sort of King Midas in a squalid neighbourhood; he is a potentate sought by the poor, who bear with his jests, his insolence, his brutality: who, in tatters bow down to him: and with want in their limbs, with empty stomachs and despairing hearts, make court to him that he will be pleased to let them eat. What offerings are made to him! How he is prayed, implored, to see some value in that which he inexorably deems worthless; to coin, for a time, a shilling out of some miserable vestment—its owner stands shivering in the box for the want of it; to advance sixpence on some household necessary. How can the pawnbroker deal in the courtesies of trade? His daily petitioner is want, with tiger appetite,—reckless, abandoned, self-doomed vice, and moody despair. Life to him is so often "turned the seamy side without," that he must needs be made callous by the hard nature of his calling. How is it possible to deal, to chaffer with hungry misery, beseeching for bread as though it were immortal manna, yet keep alive the natural sensibilities of the human heart? How can we drive a bargain with despair, turning the penny with the complacency of a stockbroker? How bate down wretchedness, how huckster with famine?—yet this is the daily business of the pawnbroker!

NEW VEGETABLE.—Amongst the numerous newly-introduced vegetables, none has been found so highly and generally useful for almost every culinary purpose where fruit is required, as the Toboisk rhubarb. The cultivation and general management is the most simple; the most inexperienced may obtain a supply of early stalks without possessing an inch of land; every family, from the nobleman to the cottager, would do well to possess it, the quality and flavour being superior to all other varieties.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

'Tis June, 'tis merry smiling June,  
'Tis blushing summer now;  
The rose is red—the blossom fled—  
The fruit is on the bough.

Flora, with Ceres, hand in hand,  
Bring all their smiling train:  
The yellow corn is waving high,  
To gild the earth again.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,  
Amid the clustering vine;  
The rustic seat is in the porch,  
Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy ragged urchins play  
Beneath the glowing sky;  
They scoop the sand, or gaily chase  
The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length  
Along the stone-paved hall;  
The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot  
Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among  
The bean-flowers' fragrant maze;  
Or, basking, throws her dappled form  
To court the warmest rays.

The open'd casement, flinging wide,  
Geraniums give to view;  
With choicest posies rang'd between,  
Still wet with morning dew.

'Tis June, 'tis merry laughing June,  
There's not a cloud above;  
The air is still, o'er heath and hill,  
The bulrush does not move.

The pensive willow bends to kiss  
The stream so deep and clear;  
While dabbling ripples gliding on,  
Bring music to mine ear.

The mower whistles o'er his toil,  
The emerald grass must yield;  
The scythe is cut the swarth is down,  
There's incense in the field.

Oh! how I love to calmly muse  
In such an hour as this;  
To nurse the joy creation gives,  
In purity and bliss.

There is devotion in my soul  
My lip can ne'er impart;  
But thou, oh God! will deign to read  
The tablet of my heart.

A FETE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Under Louis XIV. the wealth and magnificence of the farmers-general went almost beyond belief. One of them, happily named Bullion, used to have deep bowls of bright pistoles brought in every night, for the card-players. Fouquet invited Louis to a hunt by torch-light, and had every tree in the forest lighted up with coloured lamps. Under Louis XV. Beaujon was famous for his beds of rose-leaves; but all were outshone by Bourett. His income, in 1760, was twelve hundred thousand livres—a sum which, when we take into account the worth of money at that time, goes far beyond the fortunes of the Rothschilds. Louis had heard so much of the splendour of his entertainments, that he hinted his desire to be present at one. The wish of the monarch was of course law, and Bourett asked a delay of only fifteen days. When the appointed time had come, the king arrived at Bourett's country-seat at night-fall. The spectacle before him struck him with astonishment—a marshy lake, shaded by dark cypresses, and an old sailor, with the face and garb of Charon, whose skiff seemed to be waiting for the monarch and his train. When all were on board, the skiff put off, and the company soon reached the landing-place—a naked beach, surrounded by frowning rocks. Groans and shrieks, the crack of whips, and the rattling of chains are heard on every side, and the courtiers began to feel something like fear. Louis alone preserved his courage, and as he moves forward with a firm and stately mien, the dragons, chimeras, serpents, and monsters of every kind, which threatened to bar the passage, disappear as if by enchantment; it grows lighter, and rocks and woods give place by degrees to a rich and pleasing prospect. From the obstacles he had encountered, and from the profusion of tropical fruits, flowers, and sweet odours that intoxicate him, the king almost fancied himself in the garden of Armida; and he can doubt no longer when he

sees advancing towards him Armida herself, attended by her nymphs. To please his majesty, she has put on the features of Madame de Pompadour; and this was by no means the least welcome of the many pleasant surprises of the evening. Soon commences the very festival given by Armida to Rinaldo: it is Tasso's poem in action. For two hours the king moved about in the midst of this brilliant entertainment; when Armida rose, and touched with her wand the front of her palace, which opened, and displayed the pavilion destined for the feast, in the middle of a lake blazing with light. Bourett appeared to do the honours, and this pageant proved by no means unsubstantial: the choicest fruits of Asia and Africa, luxuries brought from both poles, tempted the appetite; and youthful Hebes flit across the lake in shells of pearl, to pour out hippocras and nectar. Who could count the hours passed in such delights! Daylight shone upon the guests, and gave the signal for departure. Madame de Pompadour laid aside Armida's wand with regret, for she felt that she had acted the enchantress to perfection. "My dear Bourett," said she, as she took her leave, "I always had a great deal of curiosity: pray, tell me, in confidence, how much this magnificent entertainment cost you?"—"Three millions, (francs) madam," replied the delighted financier; "a small price to pay for the honour of entertaining you."

A TRAGIC STORY.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, writing from Mississippi, details a tragic story as recently having occurred in that State. Happening some two weeks ago to be in the town of Canton, and sitting with a gentleman in his office, I heard the report of a gun, and simultaneously a yell of savage delight. I rushed to the spot, (some hundred yards off,) and there I beheld a well made young man stretched in the open street, with his face turned towards heaven, groaning and writhing in the agonies of death. The slugs with which the gun was loaded had penetrated his side between the ribs and the hip. Oh! it was a shocking sight to see. I saw him take his last gasp, and make his last struggle. For a short time after the young man fell, near his victim and gazing upon him, stood his murderer, boasting of the horrid deed. He was large, reddish haired, red-faced man—the impersonation of strength and brutality. And as if man had suited the word to the action of nature, his name was Pigg—James Pigg. As far as I could learn the circumstances, they were as follows:—Norment (the name of the murdered, was a deputy marshal. Cook, another deputy marshal, had levied two days before on Pigg's last property of every description, and had taken off all the negroes and such other property as he could remove. Pigg was absent from home; he returned at night, and found his wife and some six or eight children in tears. His fencing, as he says, was thrown down, and cattle were eating up his corn. The contemplation of this scene of wretchedness and ruin wrought him to madness. He was an old frontiersman, and entirely uneducated. He had been engaged in many a deadly strife with the Indians. He found his home as he had found it in days of yore, desolate. He thought not of the law—he reflected not that he was living with civilized men, and that he who had taken from him his all was a sworn officer, and acting in the discharge of his duty. He thought only of his desolate condition, and determined to take vengeance on him who had made it so. He loaded his gun and went in pursuit of Cook—he could not find him—on the second day, still on the pursuit of Cook, he met with Norment, who expostulated with him, and justified Cook as acting in the discharge of his duty. Maddened by arguments he could not answer, and goaded by fury at not finding Cook, he wreaked his vengeance on Norment, against whom he had no cause of quarrel whatever, and who was in fact (I have heard) one of the most amiable young men in the country. Had not the more discreet citizens restrained the mob, Pigg would have been hung instantly: Discretion and law prevailed, and Pigg was ironed and lodged in jail to await his trial.

Fox used to try to goad Lord North unmercifully. But North was impenetrable, and never lost his temper. Fox once stigmatized him as "that thing, called a minister." North, with great good humour, replied:—

"The honourable gentleman calls me a thing, and (patting his ample stomach) an unshapely thing I am; but when he adds that thing termed a minister, he calls me that which he himself is anxious to become, and therefore I take it is a compliment."

When Marshal Villers was past fourscore, he gave a signal instance of courage and vivacity, in attacking some squadrons of imperial horse with the king of Sardinia's troop. That monarch telling him that he lost the experienced general in the ardour of a young officer, the marshal answered, "Lamps are apt to sparkle when they are expiring."

COMPLIMENT.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose-bush which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman, in Covent Garden market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said—"I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it's pleasing to ye, I'd thank ye to keep yer cheek away from that rose—ye'll put the lady out of consate with the color of the flower."

GOOD AND ILL FORTUNE.—Good fortune is the ordeal by fire, misfortune the ordeal by water.