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## NAPLES.

*Sunday*, 3*d*.—We left Gaeta early. If the scene was so beautiful in the evening—how bright, how lovely it was this morning! The sun had not long risen; and a soft purple mist hung over part of the sea; while to the north and west the land and water sparkled and glowed in the living light. Some little fishing-boats which had just put off, rocked upon the glassy sea, which lent them a gentle motion, though itself appeared all mirror-like and motionless. The orange and lemon trees in full foliage literally bent over the water; and it was so warm at half-past eight that I felt their shade a relief.

After leaving Gaeta, the first place of note is or *was* Minturnum, where Marius was taken, concealed in the marshes near it. The marshes remain, the city has disappeared. Capua is still a large town; but it certainly does not keep up its ancient fame for luxury and good cheer: for we found it extremely difficult to procure any thing to eat. The next town is Avversa, a name unknown, I believe, in the classical history of Italy: it was founded, if I remember rightly, by the Norman knights. Near this place is or was the convent where Queen Joanna strangled her husband Andrea, with a silken cord of her own weaviug. So says the story; *non lo credo io.*

From Avversa to Naples the country is not interesting; but fertile and rich beyond description: an endless succession of vineyards and orange groves. At length we reached Naples; all tired and in a particularly sober and serious mood: we remembered it was the Sabbath, and had forgotten that it was the first day of the Carnival; and great was our amazement at the scene which met us on our arrival—

> I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed: and all
> The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

The whole city seemed one vast puppet-show; and the noisy gayety of the crowded streets almost stunned me. One of the first objects we encountered was a barouche full of Turks and Sultanas, driven by an old woman in a tawdry court-dress as coachman; while a merry-andrew and a harlequin capered behind as footmen. Owing to the immense size of the city, and the difficulty of making our way through the motley throng of masks, beggars, lazzaroni, eating-stalls, carts and carriages, we were nearly three hours traversing the streets before we reached our inn on the Chiaja.

I feel tired and over-excited: I have been standing on my balcony looking out upon the moonlit bay, and listening to the mingled shouts, the laughter, the music all around me; and thinking—till I feel in no mood to write.

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7*th*.—Last night we visited the theatre of San Carlo. It did not strike me as equal to the Scala at Milan. The form is not so fine, the extent of the stage is, or appeared to be, less; but there is infinitely more gilding and ornament: the mirrors and lights, the sky-blue draperies produce a splendid effect, and the coup-d'œid is, on the whole, more gay, more theatre-like. It was crowded in every part, and many of the audience were in dominoes and fancy dresses: a few were masked. Rossini's Barbiere di Seviglia, which contains, I think, more *melody* than all his other operas put together, (the Tancredi perhaps excepted) was most enchantingly sung, and as admirably acted; and the beautiful classical ballad of "Niobe and her Children," would have appeared nothing short of perfection, had I not seen the Didone Abbandonata at Milan. But they have no actress here like the graceful, the expressive Pallerini; nor any actor equal to the Æneas of the Scala.

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The Austrians, who are paramount here, allow masks only twice a week, Sundays and Thursdays. The people seem determined to indemnify themselves for this restriction on their pleasures by every allowed excess during the two days of merriment which their despotic conquerors have spared them. I am told by M** and S**, our Italian friends, that the Carnival is now fallen off from its wild spirit of fanciful gayety, that it is stupid, dull, tasteless, in comparison to what it was formerly, owing to the severity of the Austrian police. I know nothing about the propriety of the measures which have been resorted to for curbing the excesses of the Carnival: I think if people *will* run away instead of fighting for their national rights, they must be content to suffer accordingly—but I meddle not with politics, and with all my heart abhor them. Whatever the gayeties of the Carnival may have been formerly, it is scarce possible to conceive a more fantastic, a more picturesque, a more laughable scene than the Strada di Toledo exhibited to-day; the whole city seemed to wear "one universal grin;" and such an incessant fire of sugar-plums (or what seemed such) was carried on, and with such eagerness and mimic fury, that when our carriage came out of the conflict, we all looked as if a sack of flour had been shaken over us. The implements used in this ridiculous warfare are, for common purposes, little balls of plaster of Paris and flour, made to resemble small comfits: friends and acquaintances pelted each other with real confetti, and those of the most delicious and expensive kinds. A double file of carriages moved in a contrary direction along the Corso; a space in the middle and on each side being left for horsemen and pedestrians, and the most exact order was maintained by the guards and police; so that if by chance a carriage lost its place in the line, it was impossible to recover it, and it was immediately obliged to leave the street, and re-enter by one of the extremities. Besides the warfare carried on below, the balconies on each side were crowded with people in gay or grotesque dresses, who had *sacks* of bon-bons before them, from which they showered volleys upon those beneath, or aimed across the street at each other: some of them filled their handkerchiefs, and then dexterously loosening the corners, and taking a certain aim, flung a volley at once. This was like a cannon loaded with grapeshot, and never failed to do the most terrific execution.

Among the splendid and fanciful equipage of the masqueraders, was one, containing the Duke of Monteleone's family, in the form of a ship, richly ornamented, and drawn by six horses mounted by masks for postillions. The forepart of the vessel contained the duke's party, dressed in various gay costumes, as Tartar warriors and Indian queens. In the stern were the servants and attendants, *travestied* in the most grotesque and ludicrous style. This magnificent and unwieldy car had by some chance lost its place in the procession, and vainly endeavoured to whip in; as it is a point of honour among the charioteers not to yield the *pas*. Our coachman, however, was ordered (though most unwilling) to draw up and make way for it; and this little civility was acknowledged, not only by a profusion of bows, but by such a shower of delicious sugar-plums, that the seats of our carriage were literally covered with them, and some of the gentlemen flung into our laps elegant little baskets, fastened with ribands, and filled with exquisite sweetmeats. I could not enter into all this with much spirit; "*non son io quel ch'un tempo fui:*" but I was an amused, though a quiet spectator; and sometimes saw much more than those who were actually engaged in the battle. I observed that to-day our carriage became an object of attention, and a favourite point of attack to several parties on foot and in carriages: and I was at no loss to discover the reason. I had with me a lovely girl, whose truly English style of beauty, her brilliant bloom heightened by her eager animation, her lips dimpled with a thousand smiles, and her whole countenance radiant with glee and mischievous archness, made her an object of admiration, which the English expressed by a fixed stare, and the Italians by sympathetic smiles, nods, and all the usual superlatives of delight. Among our most potent and malignant adversaries, was a troop of elegant masks in a long open carriage, the form of which was totally concealed by the boughs of laurel, and wreaths of artificial flowers with which it was covered. It was drawn by six fine horses, fancifully caparisoned, ornamented with plumes of feathers, and led by grotesque masks. In the carriage stood twelve persons in black silk dominoes, black hats, and black masks; with plumes of crimson feathers, and rich crimson sashes. They were armed with small painted targets and tin tubes, from which they shot volleys of confetti, in such quantities and with such dexterous aim, that we were almost overwhelmed whenever we passed them. It was in vain we returned the compliment; our small shot rattled on their masks, or bounded from their shields, producing only shouts of laughter at our expense.

A favourite style of mask here is the dress of an English sailor, straw hats, blue jackets, white trousers, and very white masks with pink cheeks: we saw hundreds in this whimsical costume.

*13th.*—On driving home rather late this evening, and leaving the noise, the crowds, the confusion and festive folly of the Strada di Toledo, we came suddenly upon a scene which, from its beauty, no less than by the force of contrast, strongly impressed my imagination. The shore was silent and almost solitary: the bay as smooth as a mirror, and as still as a frozen lake: the sky, the sea, the mountains round were all of the same hue, a soft gray, tinged with violet, except where the sunset had left a narrow crimson streak along the edge of the sea. There was not a breeze, not the slightest breath of air, and a single vessel, a frigate with all its white sails crowded, lay motionless as a monument on the bosom of the waters, in which it was reflected as in a mirror. I have seen the bay more splendidly beautiful: but I never saw so peculiar, so lovely a picture. It lasted but a short time: the transparent purple veil became a dusky pall, and night and shadow gradually enveloped the whole.

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How I love these resplendent skies and blue seas! Nature here seems to celebrate a continual Festa, and to be for ever deckod out in holyday costume! A drive along the "*sempre beata Mergellina*" to the extremity of the Promontory of Pausilippo is positive enchantment: thence we looked over a landscape of such splendid and unequalled interest! the shores of Baia, where Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Pliny, Mecænas, lived; the white towers of Puzzuoli and the Islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisida. There was the Sybil's Cave, Lake Acheron, and the fabled Lethe; there the sepulchre of Misenus, who defied the Triton; and the scene of the whole sixth book of the

Æneid, which I am now reading in Annibal Caro's translation; there Agrippina mourned Germanicus; and there her daughter fell a victim to her monster of a son. At our feet lay the lovely little Island of Nisida, the spot on which Brutus and Portia parted for the last time before the battle of Philippi.

To the south of the bay the scenery is not less magnificent, and scarcely less dear to memory: Naples, rising from the sea like an amphitheatre of white palaces, and towers, and glittering domes: beyond, Mount Vesuvius, with the smoke curling from its summit like a silver cloud, and forming the only speck upon the intense blue sky; along its base Portici, Annunziata, Torre del Greco, glitter in the sun; every white building—almost every window in every building—distinct to the eye at the distance of several miles: farther on, and perched like white nests on the mountainous promontory, lie Caltel a Mare, and Sorrento, the birthplace of Tasso, and his asylum when the injuries of his cold-hearted persecutors had stung him to madness, and drove him here for refuge to the arms of his sister. Yet, farther on, Capua rises from the sea, a beautiful object in itself, but from which the fancy gladly turns to dwell again upon the snowy buildings of Sorrento.

This is the last day of the Carnival, the last night of the opera: the people are permitted to go in masks, and after the performance will be a ball. To-day, when Baldi was describing the excesses which usually take place during the last few hours of the Carnival, he said, "the man who has but half a shirt will pawn it to-night to buy a good supper and an opera-ticket: to-morrow for fish and soup-maigre—fasting and repentance!"

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*Saturday, 23d.*—I have just seen a most magnificent sight; one which I have often dreamed of, often longed to behold, and having beheld, never shall forget. Mount Vesuvius is at this moment blazing like a huge furnace; throwing up every minute, or half minute, columns of fire and red hot stones, which fall in showers and bound down the side of the mountain. On the east, there are two distinct streams of lava descending, which glow with almost a white heat, and every burst of flame is accompanied by a sound resembling cannon at a distance.

I can hardly write, my mind is so overflowing with astonishment, admiration, and sublime pleasure: what a scene as I looked out on the bay from the Sante Lucia! On one side, the evening star and the thread-like crescent of the new moon were setting together over Pausilippo, reflected in lines of silver radiance on the blue sea; on the other the broad train of fierce red light glared upon the water with a fitful splendour, as the explosions were more or less violent: before me all was so soft, so lovely, so tranquil! while I had only to turn my head to be awe-struck by the convulsion of fighting elements.

I remember, that on our first arrival at Naples, I was disappointed because Vesuvius did not smoke so much as I had been led to expect from pictures and descriptions. The smoke then lay like a scarcely perceptible cloud on the highest point, or rose in a slender white columm; to-day and yesterday, it has rolled from the crater in black volumes, mixing with the clouds above, and darkening the sky.

*Half-past twelve.*—I have walked out again: the blaze from the crater is less vivid; but there are now four streams of lava issuing from it, which have united in two broad currents, one of which extends below the hermitage. It is probable that by to-morrow night it will have reached the lower part of the mountain.

*Sunday, 24th.*—Just returned from chapel at the English ambassador's, where the service was read by a dandy clergyman to a crowd of fine and superfine ladies and gentlemen, crushed together into a hot room. I never saw extravagance in dress carried to such a pitch as it is by my countrywomen here,—whether they dress at the men or against each other, it is equally bad taste. The sermon to-day was very appropriate, from the text, "Take ye no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or what ye shall put on," and, I dare say, it was listened to with singular edification.

*5 o'clock.*—We have been driving along the Strada Nuova, in L**'s britchka, whence we had a fine view of Vesuvius. There are tremendous bursts of smoke from the crater. At one time the whole mountain, down to the very base, was almost enveloped, and the atmosphere round it loaded with the vapour, which seemed to issue in volumes half as large as the mountain itself. If horses are to be had we go up to-night.

*Monday night.*—I am not in a humour to describe or give way to any poetical flights, but I must endeavour to give a faithful, sober, and circumstantial account of our last night's expedition, while the impression is yet fresh on my mind; though there is, I think, little danger of my forgetting. We procured horses, which, from the number of persons proceeding on the same errand with ourselves, was a matter of some difficulty. We set out at seven in the evening in an open carriage, and almost the whole way we had the mountain before us, spouting fire to a prodigious height. The road was crowded with groups of people, who had come out from the city and environs to take a nearer view of the magnificent spectacle, and numbers were hurrying to and fro in those little flying *corricoli* which are peculiar to Naples. As we approached, the explosions became more and more vivid, and at every tremendous burst of fire our friend L** jumped half off his seat, making most loud and characteristic exclamations,—"By Jove! a magnificent fellow! now for it, whizz! there he goes, sky high, by George!" The rest of the party were equally enthusiastic in a different style; and I sat silent and quiet from absolute inability to express what I felt. I was almost breathless with wonder, and excitement, and impatience to be nearer the scene of action. While my eyes were fixed on the mountain, my attention was, from time to time, excited by regular rows of small shining lights, six or eight in number, creeping, as it seemed, along the edge of the stream of lava; and, when contrasted with the red blaze which rose behind, and the gigantic black background, looking like a procession of glow-worms. These were the torches of travellers ascending the mountain, and I longed to be one of them.

We reached Resina a little before nine, and alighted from the carriage; the ascent being so rugged and dangerous, that only asses and mules accustomed to the road are used. Two only were in waiting at the moment we arrived, which L** immediately secured for me and himself; and though reluctant to proceed without the rest of the party, we were compelled to go on before, that we might not lose time, or hazard the loss of our *monture*. We set off then, each with two attendants, a man to lead our animals and a torch-bearer. The road, as we ascended, became more and more steep at every step, being over a stream of lava, intermixed with stones and ashes, and the darkness added to the difficulty. But how shall I describe the scene and the people who surrounded us; the landscape partially lighted by a fearful red glare, the precipitous and winding road bordered by wild looking gigantic aloes, projecting their huge spear-like leaves almost across our path, and our lazzaroni attendants with their shrill shouts, and strange dresses, and wild jargon, and striking features, and dark eyes flashing in the gleam of the torches, which they flung round their heads to prevent their being extinguished, formed a scene so new, so extraordinary, so like romance, that my attention was frequently drawn from the mountain, though blazing in all its tumultuous magnificence.

The explosions succeeded each other with terrific rapidity about two in every three minutes; and the noise I can only compare to the roaring and hissing of ten thousand imprisoned winds, mingled at times with a rumbling sound like artillery or distant thunder. It frequently happened that the guides, in dashing their torches against the ground, set fire to the dried thorns and withered grass, and the blaze ran along the earth like wildfire, to the great alarm of poor L**, who saw in every burning bush a stream of lava rushing to overwhelm us.

Before eleven o'clock we reached the Hermitage, situated between Vesuvius and the Somma, and the highest habitation on the mountain. A great number of men were assembled within, and guides, lazzaroni, servants, and soldiers, were lounging round. I alighted, for I was benumbed and tired, but did not like to venture among those people, and it was proposed that we should wait for the rest of our party a little farther on. We accordingly left our donkeys and walked forward upon a kind of high ridge which serves to fortify the Hermitage and its environs against the lava. From this path, as we slowly ascended, we had a glorious view of the eruption; and the whole scene around us, in its romantic interest and terrible magnificence, mocked all power of description. There were, at this time, five distinct torrents of lava rolling down like streams of molten lead; one of which extended above two miles below us, and was flowing towards Portici. The showers of red hot stones flew up like thousands of sky-rockets: many of them being shot up perpendicularly, fell back into the crater, others falling on the outside bounded down the side of the mountain with a velocity which would have distanced a horse at full speed: these stones were of every size, from two to ten or twelve feet in diameter.

My ears were by this time wearied and stunned by the unceasing roaring and hissing of the flames, while my eyes were dazzled by the glare of the red, fierce light: now and then I turned them for relief to other features of the picture, to the black shadowy masses of the landscape stretched beneath us, and speckled with shining lights, which showed how many were up and watching that night; and often to the calm vaulted sky above our heads, where thousands of stars (not twinkling as through our hazy or frosty atmosphere, but shining out of "heaven's profoundest azure," with that soft steady brilliancy peculiar to a highly rarified medium,) looked down upon this frightful turmoil in all their bright and placid loveliness. Nor should I forget one other feature of a scene on which I looked with a painter's eye. Great numbers of the Austrian forces, now occupying Naples, were on the mountains, assembled in groups, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the ground and wrapped in their cloaks, in various attitudes of amazement and admiration: and as the shadowy glare fell on their tall martial figures and glittering accoutrements, I thought I had never beheld anything so wildly picturesque.

The remainder of our party not yet appearing, we sent back for our asses and guides, and determined to proceed. About half a mile beyond our companions came up, and here a division took place; some agreeing to go forward, the rest turning back to wait at the Hermitage. I was of course one of those who advanced. My spirits were again raised, and the grand object of all this daring and anxiety was to approach near enough to a stream of lava to have some idea of its consistency, and the manner in which it flowed or trickled down. The difficulties of our road now increased, "if *road* that might be called which road was none," but black loose ashes, and masses of scoria and lava heaped in ridges, or broken into hollows in a manner not to be described. Even my animal, though used to the path, felt his footing at every step, and if the torch was by accident extinguished, he stopped, and nothing could make him move. My guide, Andrea, was very vigilant and attentive, and in the few words of Italian he knew, encouraged me, and assured me there was no danger. I had, however, no fear: in fact, I was infinitely too much interested to have been alive to danger, had it really existed. Salvador, well known to all who have visited Mount

Vesuvius, had been engaged by Mr. R. as his guide. He is the principal cicerone on the mountain. It is his business to despatch to the king every three hours a regular account of the height of the eruption, the progress, extent, and direction of the lava, and in short, the most minute particulars. He also corresponds, as he assured me, with Sir Humphrey Davy; and is employed to inform him of every interesting phenomenon which takes place on the mountain. This man has resided at the foot of it, and been principal guide for thirty-three years, and knows every inch of its territory.

As the lava had overflowed the usual footpath leading to that conical eminence which forms the summit of the mountain and the exterior of the crater, we were obliged to alight from our sagacious steeds; and, trusting to our feet, walk over the ashes for about a quarter of a mile. The path, or the ground rather, for there was no path, was now dangerous to the inexperienced foot; and Salvador gallantly took me under his peculiar care. He led me on before the rest, and I followed with confidence. Our object was to reach the edge of a stream of lava, formed of two currents united in a point. It was glowing with an intense heat: and flowing, not with such rapidity as to alarm us, but rather slowly, and by fits and starts. Trickling, in short, is the word which expresses its motion: if one can fancy it applied to any object on so large a scale.

At this time the eruption was at its extreme height. The column of fire was from a quarter to a third of a mile high; and the stones were thrown up to the height of a mile and a quarter. I passed close to a rock about four feet in diameter, which had rolled down some time before: it was still red hot, and I stopped to warm my hands at it. At a short distance from it lay another stone or rock, also red hot, but six times the size. I walked on first with Salvador till we were within a few yards of the lava: at this moment a prodigious stone, followed by two or three smaller ones, came rolling down upon us with terrific velocity. The gentlemen and guides all ran; my first impulse was to run too: but Salvador called me to stop and see what direction the stone would take. I saw the reason of this advice, and stopped. In less than a second he seized my arm and hurried me back five or six yards. I heard the whizzing sound of the stone as it rushed down behind me. A little farther on it met with an impediment, against which it bolted with such force that it flew up into the air to a great height, and fell in a shower of red hot fragments. All this passed in a moment: I have shuddered since when I have thought of that moment; but at the time, I saw the danger without the slightest sensation of terror. I remember the ridiculous figures of the men, as they scrambled over the ridges of scoria; and was struck by Salvador's exclamation, who shouted to them in a tone which would have become Cæsar himself,—"Che tema!—Sono Salvador!"

We did not attempt to turn back again; which I should have done without any hesitation if any one had proposed it. To have come thus far, and to be so near the object I had in view, and then to run away at the first alarm! it was a little provoking. The road was extremely dangerous in the descent. I was obliged to walk part of the way, as the guides advised, and but for Salvador, and the interesting information he gave me from time to time, I think I should have been overpowered. He amused and fixed my attention by his intelligent conversation, his assiduity, and solicitude for my comfort, and the *naivete* and self-complacency with which his information was conveyed. He told me he had visited Mount Etna (*en amateur*) during the last eruption of that mountain, and acknowledged, with laudable candour, that Vesuvius, in its grandest moments, was a mere bonfire in comparison: the whole cone of Vesuvius, he said, was not larger than some of the masses of rock he had seen whirled from the crater of Mount Etna, and rolling down its sides. He frequently made me stop and look back: and here I should observe that our guides seemed as proud of the performance of the mountain, and as anxious to show it off to the best advantage, as the keeper of a menagerie is of the tricks of his dancing bear, or the proprietor of "Solomon in all his glory" of his raree-show. Their enthusiastic shouts and exclamations would have kept up my interest, had it flagged. "O veda, Signora! O bella! O stupenda!" The last great burst of fire was accompanied by a fresh overflow of lava, which issued from the crater, on the west side, in two broad streams, and united a few hundred feet below, taking the direction of Torre and del Greco. After this explosion the eruption subsided, and the mountain seemed to repose: now and then showers of stones flew up, but to no great height, and unaccompanied by any vivid flames. There was a dull red light over the mouth of the crater, round which the smoke rolled in dense tumultuous volumes, and then blew off towards the south-west.

After a slow and difficult descent, we reached the Hermitage. I was so exhausted that I was glad to rest a few minutes. My good friend Salvador brought me a glass of *Lachryma Christi* and the leg of a chicken; and with recruited spirits we mounted our animals and again started.

The descent was infinitely more slow and difficult than the ascent, and much more trying to the nerves. I had not Salvador at my side, nor the mountain before me, to beguile me from my fears; at length I prevailed on one of our attendants, a fine tall figure of a man, to sing to me; and though he had been up the mountain *six* times in the course of the day, he sang delightfully, and with great spirit and expression, as he strided along with his hand upon my bridle, accompanied by a magnificent rumbling bass from the mountain, which every now and then drowned the melody of his voice and made me start. It was past three when we reached Resina, and nearly five when we got home; yet I rose this morning at my usual hour, and do not feel much fatigued. About twelve to-day I saw Mount Vesuvius, looking as quiet and placid as the first time I viewed it. There was little smoke, and neither the glowing lava nor the flames were visible in the glare of the sunshine. The atmosphere was perfectly clear, and as I gazed, almost misdoubting my senses, I could scarcely believe in the reality of the tremendous scene I had witnessed but a few hours before.

26*th*.—The eruption burst forth again to-day, and is exceedingly grand, though not equal to what it was on Sunday night. The smoke rises from the crater in dense black masses, and the wind having veered a few points to the southward, it is now driven in the direction of Naples. At the moment I write this, the skies are obscured by rolling vapours, and the sun, which is now setting just opposite to Vesuvius, shines, as I have seen him through a London mist, red, and shorn of his beams. The sea is angry and discoloured; the day most oppressively sultry, and the atmosphere thick, sulphurous, and loaded with an almost impalpable dust, which falls on the paper as I write.

*March* 4*th*.—We have had delicious weather almost ever since we arrived at Naples, but these last three days have been perfectly heavenly. I never saw or felt anything like the enchantment of the earth, air, and skies. The mountain has been perfectly still, the atmosphere without a single cloud, the fresh verdure bursting forth all around us, and every breeze visits the senses, as if laden with a renovating spirit of life, and wafted from Elysium. Whoever would truly enjoy nature, should see her in this delicious land: "Ou la plus douce nuit succede au plus beau jour;" for here she seems to keep holyday all the year round. To stand upon my balcony, looking out upon the sunshine, and the glorious bay; the blue sea, and the pure skies—and to feel that indefinite sensation of excitement, that *superflu de vie*, quickening every pulse and thrilling through every nerve—is a pleasure peculiar to this climate, where the mere consciousness of existence is happiness enough. Then evening comes on, lighted by a moon and starry heavens, whose softness, richness, and splendour are not to be conceived by those who have lived always in the vapoury atmosphere of England—dear England! I love, like an Englishwoman, its fireside enjoyments and home-felt delights: an English drawing-room with all its luxurious comforts—carpets and hearth-rugs, curtains let down, sofas wheeled round, and a group of family faces round a blazing fire—is a delightful picture; but for the languid frame, and the sick heart, give me this pure elastic air "redolent of spring;" this reviving sunshine and all the witchery of these deep blue skies! * * *

Numbers of people set off post-haste from Rome to see the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and arrived here Wednesday and Thursday; just time enough to be too late. Among them our Roman friend Frattino, who has afforded me more amusement than all our other acquaintances together, and deserves a niche in my gallery of characters.

Frattino is a young Englishman, who, if he were in England, would probably be pursuing his studies at Eton or Oxford, for he is scarce past the age of boyhood; but having been abroad since he was twelve years old, and early plunged into active and dissipated life, he is an accomplished man of fashion and of the world, with as many airs and caprices as a spoiled child. He is by far the most *beautiful* creature of his sex I ever saw; so like the Antinous, that at Rome he went by that name. The exquisite regularity of his features, the graceful air of his head, his *antique* curls, the faultless proportions of his elegant figure, make him a *thing* to be gazed on, as one looks at a statue. Then he possesses talents, wit, taste, and information: the most polished and captivating manners where he wishes to attract,—high honour and generosity where women are not concerned,—and all the advantages attending on rank and wealth: but under this fascinating exterior, I suspect our Frattino to be a very worthless, as well as a very unhappy being. While he pleases, he repels me. There is a want of heart about him, a want of fixed principles—a degree of profligacy, of selfishness, of fickleness, caprice, and ill-temper, and an excess of vanity—which all his courtly address and *savoir faire* cannot hide. What would be insufferable in another, is in him bearable, and even interesting and amusing: such is the charm of manner. But all this cannot last; and I should not be surprised to see Frattino, a few years hence, emerge from his foreign frippery, throw aside his libertine folly, assume his seat in the senate, and his rank in British society; and be the very character he now affects to despise and ridicule—"a true-bred Englishman, who rides a thorough-bred horse."

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Our excursion to Pompeii yesterday was "a pic-nic party of pleasure," *a l'Anglaise*. Now a party of pleasure is proverbially a *bore*: and our expedition was in the beginning so unpromising, so mismanaged—our party so numerous, and composed of such a heterogeneous mixture of opposite tempers, tastes, and characters, that I was in pain for the result. The day, however, turned out more pleasant than I expected: exterior polish supplied the want of something better, and our excursion had its pleasures, though they were not such as I should have sought at Pompeii. I felt myself a simple *unit* among so many, and found it easier to sympathize with others than to make a dozen others sympathize with me.

We were twelve in number, distributed in three light barouches, and reached Pompeii in about two hours and a half—passing by the foot of Vesuvius, through Portici, Torre del Greco, and l'Annonziata. The streams of lava which overwhelmed Torre del Greco, in 1794, are still black and barren; but the town itself is rising from its ruins; and the very lava which destroyed it serves as the material to rebuild it.

We entered Pompeii by the street of the tombs; near them are the semicircular seats, so admirably adapted for conversation, that I wonder we have not sofas on a similar plan and similar scale. I need not dwell on particulars, which are to be found in every book of travels: on the whole, my expectations were surpassed, though my curiosity was not half gratified.

The most interesting thing I saw—in fact the only thing, for which paintings and descriptions had not previously prepared me—was a building which has been excavated within the last fortnight: it is only partly laid open, and labourers are now at work upon it. Antiquarians have not yet pronounced on its name and design; but I should imagine it to be some public edifice, perhaps dedicated to religious purposes. The paintings on the walls are the finest which have yet been discovered: they are exquisitely and tastefully designed; and though executed merely for *effect*, that effect is beautiful. I remarked one female figure in the act of entering a half-open door; she is represented with pencils and a palette of colours in her hand, similar to those which artists now use: another very graceful female holds a lyre of peculiar construction. These, I presume, were two of the muses: the rest remained hidden. There were two small panels occupied by sea-pieces, with galleys; and two charming landscapes, so well coloured, and drawn with such knowledge of perspective and effect, that if we may form a comparative idea of the best pictures from these specimens of taste and skill in mere house-painting, the ancients must have excelled us as much in painting as in sculpture. I remarked on the wall of an entrance or corridor a dog starting at a wreathed and crested snake, vividly coloured, and full of spirit and expression. While I lingered here a little behind the rest, and most reluctant to depart, a ragged lazzarone boy came up to me, and seizing my dress, pointed to a corner, and made signs that he had something to show me. I followed him to a spot where a quantity of dust and ashes was piled against a wall. He began to scratch away this heap of dirt with hands and nails, much after the manner of an ape, every now and then looking up in my face and grinning. The impediment being cleared away, there appeared on the wall behind a most beautiful aerial figure, with floating drapery, representing either Fame or Victory: but before I had time to examine it, the little rogue flung the earth up again so as to conceal it completely, then pointing significantly at the other workmen, he nodded, shrugged, gesticulated, and held out both his paws for a recompense, which I gave him willingly; at the same time laughing and shaking my head to show I understood his knavery. I rewarded him apparently beyond his hopes, for he followed me down the street, bowing, grinning, and cutting capers like a young savage.

The streets of Pompeii are narrow, the houses are very small, and the rooms, though often decorated with exquisite taste, are constructed without any regard to what *we* should term comfort and convenience; they are dark, confined, and seldom communicate with each other, but have a general communication with a portico, running round a central court. This court is in general beautifully paved with mosaic, having a fountain or basin in the middle, and possibly answered the purpose of a drawing-room. It is evident that the ancient inhabitants of this lovely country lived like their descendants, mostly in the open air, and met together in their public walks, or in the forums and theatres. If they *saw company*, the guests probably assembled under the porticoes, or in the court round the fountain. The houses seem constructed on the same principle as birds construct their nests; as places of retreat and shelter, rather than of assemblage and recreation: the grand object was to exclude the sunbeams; and this, which gives such gloomy and chilling ideas in our northern climes, must here have been delicious.

Hurried on by a hungry, noisy, merry party, we at length reached the Caserna (the ancient barracks, or as Forsyth will have it, the prætorium). The central court of this building has been converted into a garden: and here, under a weeping willow, our dinner-table was spread. Where Englishmen are, there will be good cheer if possible; and our banquet was in truth most luxurious. Besides more substantial cates, we had oysters from Lake Lucrine, and classically excellent they were; London bottled porter, and half a dozen different kinds of wine. Our dinner went off most gayly, but no order was kept afterward: the purpose of our expedition seemed to be forgotten in general mirth: many witty things were said and done, and many merry ones, and not a few silly ones. We visited the beautiful public walk and the platform of the old temple of Hercules (I call it *old* because it was a ruin when Pompeii was entire): the Temple of Isis, the Theatres, the Forum, the Basilica, the Amphitheatre, which is in a perfect state of preservation, and more elliptical in form than any of those I have yet seen, and the School of Eloquence, where R** mounted the rostrum, and gave us an oration extempore, equally pithy, classical, and comical. About sunset we got into the carriages and returned to Naples.

Of all the heavenly days we have had since we came to Naples, this has been the most heavenly; and of all the lovely scenes I have beheld in Italy, what I saw to-day has most enchanted my senses and imagination. The view from the eminence on which the old temple stood, and which was anciently the public promenade, was splendidly beautiful: the whole landscape was at one time overflowed with light and sunshine, and appeared as if seen through an impalpable but dazzling veil. Towards evening the outlines became more distinct: the little white towns perched upon the hills, the gentle sea, the fairy Island of Rivegliano with its old tower, the smoking crater of Vesuvius, the bold forms of Mount Lactarius and Cape Minerva, stood out full and clear under the cloudless sky: as we returned, I saw the sun sink behind Capri, which appeared by some optical illusion like a glorious crimson transparency suspended above the horizon: the sky, the earth, the sea, were flushed with the richest rose colour, which gradually softened and darkened into purple: the short twilight faded away, and the full moon, rising over Vesuvius, lighted up the scenery with a softer radiance.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

## ON INCONSISTENCY IN OUR EXPECTATIONS.

As most of the unhappiness of the world arises rather from disappointed desires, than from positive evil, it is of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the laws and order of the universe, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The laws of natural philosophy, indeed, are tolerably understood and attended to; and though we may suffer inconveniences, we are seldom disappointed in consequence of them. No man expects to preserve orange-trees in the open air through an English winter; or when he has planted an acorn, to see it become a large oak in a few months. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity; and our wishes soon subside when we see the impossibility of their being gratified. Now, upon an accurate inspection, we shall find, in the moral government of the world, and the order of the intellectual system, laws are determinate, fixed and invariable as any in Newton's Principia. The progress of vegetation is not more certain than the growth of habit; nor is the power of attraction more clearly proved than the force of affection or the influence of example. The man therefore who has well studied the operations in mind as well as in matter, will acquire a certain moderation and equity in his claims upon Providence. He never will be disappointed either in himself or others. He will act with precision, and expect that effect and that alone from his efforts, which they are naturally adapted to produce. For want of this, men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence for suffering characters they despise to run away with advantages, which, they yet know, are purchased by such means as a high and noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, we expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquility, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labor our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject, but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so, from the lowest beginnings, by toil and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense, and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealousy and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and for the nice embarrassment of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain, household truths. In short you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside to the right hand or the left. "But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchased—by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these and you shall be wise. "But (says the man of letters) what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life!" Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? Have you then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry, what reward have I then for all my labors?" What reward. A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and a conscious dignity of superior intelligence. And what reward can you ask besides?

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence, that such a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that end. He has paid his health, his conscience and his liberty, for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot. I am content and satisfied.

You are a modest man—you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience, and strict regard to the rules of morality, make him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honor and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at every core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity;

Pure in the last recesses of the mind;

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a parasite, or—what you please;

If these be motives weak, break off betimes;

and as you have not the spirit to assert the dignity of virtue, be wise enough not to forego the emoluments of vice.

I much admire the spirit of the ancient philosophers, in that they never attempted, as our moralists often do, to lower the tone of philosophy, and make it consistent with the indulgences of indolence and sensuality. They never thought of having the bulk of mankind for their disciples, but kept themselves as distinct as possible from a worldly life. They plainly told men that sacrifices were required, and what advantages they were which might be expected. If you would be a philosopher, these are the terms. You must do thus and thus: there is no other way. If not, go and be one of the vulgar.

There is no one quality gives so much dignity to a character as consistency of conduct. The most characteristic mark of a great mind is to choose some one important object, and pursue it through life. It was this made Cæsar a great man. His object was ambition; he pursued it steadily, and was always ready to sacrifice to it every interfering passion and inclination.

There is a pretty passage in one of Lucian's dialogues, where Jupiter complains to Cupid, that though he has had so many intrigues, he was never sincerely beloved. In order to be loved, says Cupid, you must lay aside your ægis aud your thunder-bolts, and you must curl and perfume your hair, and place a garland on your head, and walk with a soft step, and assume a winning obsequious deportment. But, replied Jupiter, I am not willing to resign so much of my dignity. Then, returned Cupid, leave off desiring to be loved.—He wanted to be Jupiter and Adonis at the same time.

It must be confessed, that the men of genius are of all others most inclined to make these unreasonable claims. As their relish for enjoyment is strong, their views large and comprehensive, and they feel themselves lifted above the common bulk of mankind, they are apt to slight that natural reward of praise and admiration which is vary largely paid to distinguished abilities, and to expect to be called forth to public notice and favor: without considering that their talents are commonly unfit for active life; that their eccentricity and turn for speculation disqualifies them for the business of the world, which is best carried on by men of moderate genius; and that society is not bound to reward any one who is not useful to it. The poets have been a very unreasonable race, and have often complained loudly of the neglect of genius and the ingratitude of the age. The tender and pensive Cowley, and the elegant Shenstone, had their minds tinctured by this discontent; and even the sublime melancholy of Young was too much owing to the stings of disappointed ambition.

The moderation we have been endeavouring to inculcate will likewise prevent much mortification and disgust in our commerce with mankind. As we ought not to wish in ourselves, so neither should we expect in our friends, contrary qualifications. Young and sanguine, when we enter into the world, and feel our affections drawn forth by any particular excellence in a character, we immediately give it credit for all others, and are beyond measure disgusted when we come to discover, as we soon must discover, the defects in the other side of the balance. But nature is much more frugal than to heap together all manner of shining qualities in one glaring mass. Like a judicious painter, she endeavonrs to preserve a certain unity of style and coloring in her pieces. Models of absolute perfection are only to be met with in romance; where exquisite beauty and brilliant wit, and profound judgment, and immaculate virtue, are all blended together to adorn some favorite character. As an anatomist knows that the racer cannot have the strength of the draught-horse, and that winged men, griffins and mermaids, must be mere creatures of the imagination, so the philosopher is sensible that there are combinations of moral qualities, which never can take place but in idea. There is a different air and complexion in characters as well as in faces, though perhaps each equally beautiful; and the excellences of one cannot be transferred to another. Thus, if one man possess a stoical apathy of soul, acts independent of the opinion of the world, and fulfils every duty with mathematical exactness, you must not expect that man to be greatly influenced by the weakness of pity, or the partialities of friendship: you must not be offended that he does not fly to meet you after a short absence; or require from him the convivial spirit and honest effusions of a warm, open, susceptible heart. If another is remarkable for a lively active zeal, inflexible integrity, a strong indignation against vice, and freedom in reproving it, he will probably have some little bluntness in his address not altogether suitable to polished life; will want the winning arts of conversation; he will disgust by a kind of haughtiness and negligence in his manner, and often hurt the delicacy of his acquaintance with harsh and diagreeable truths.

There is a cast of manners peculiar and becoming to age, sex, and profession; one, therefore, should not throw out illiberal and commonplace censures against another. Each is perfect in its kind. A woman as a woman, a tradesman as a tradesman. We are often hurt by the brutality and sluggish conceptions of the vulgar; not considering that some there must be to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that cultivated genius, or even any great refinement and delicacy in their moral feelings, would be a real misfortune to them.

Let us then study the philosophy of the human mind. The man who is master of this science, will know what to expect from every one. From this man, wise advice; from that, cordial sympathy; from another, casual entertainment. The passions and inclinations of others are his tools, which he can use with as much precision as he would the mechanical powers; and he can as readily make allowance for the workings of vanity, or the bias of self-interest in his friends, as for the power of friction, or the irregularities of the needle.

*Mrs. Barbauld.*

[In the above admirable essay, which can never be sufficiently reprinted, the chief aim of the author was of course to show the folly of those who pine for external worldly advantages, while enjoying those purer and serener pleasures which must always be sacrificed when the other class of benefits are exclusively pursued. It is not worth while, nevertheless, to remark, that there is, or may be, a *modified* diligence in the ordinary pursuits of the world, which is not inconsistent with much delightful recreation in the flowery fields of literature, or the graver shades of science and philosophy. Even in the alteration of pursuits which such a course of life implies, there is a principle pregnant with much that is good. A change of occupation, whether from business to amusement, or from amusement to business, is in itself pleasant as well as salutary. The man of business may be elevated and refined by an acquaintance with letters and science; and the man of letters or of science may be preserved from too abstracted modes of thinking, as well as many odd habits of acting, by mixing a little in business. Upon the whole, we have not the least doubt that some certain union of the two classes of pursuits is the surest way of attaining happiness]

## A FRAGMENT.

The sentinel sleeps when off his post; the Moorfields barker enjoys some interval of repose; moonshine suffers a partial eclipse on Bank holidays among the *omnium gatherem* of Bulls and Bears; the doctor gives the undertaker a holiday; Argus sends his hundred eyes to the Land of Nod, and Briareus puts his century of hands in his pockets.—But the *matchmaker*, ante and post meridian, is *always* at her post!

"The News teems with candidates for the noose:—A spinster conjugally inclined; a bachelor devoted to Hymen; forlorn widowers; widows disconsolate; and why not '*A daughter to marry?*' Addresses paid per post, post paid! For an introduction to the belle, ring the bell! None but principals (with a principal!) need apply."

"Egad," continued Mr. Bosky, as we journeyed through the fields a few mornings after our *caravan* adventure, to pay Uncle Timothy a visit at his new *rus in urbe* near Hampstead Heath, "it will soon be dangerous to dine out, or to figure in; for a dinner may become an action for damages; and a dance, matrimony without benefit of clergy! But yesterday I pic-nic'd with the Muffs; buzzed with Brutus; endured *Ma*, was *just civil* to Miss; when early this morning comes a missive adopting me for a son-in-law!"

We congratulated Mr. Bosky on the prospect of his *speedily* becoming a Benedick.

"*Bien oblige!* What! ingraft myself on that family Upas tree of ignorance, selfishness, and conceit! Couple with triflers, who, having no mental resources or amusement within themselves, sigh 'O! *another* dull day!' and are happy only when some gad-about party drag them from a monotonous home, where nothing is talked of or read but petty scandal, fashions for the month, trashy novels, mantuamakers' and milliners' bills! I can laugh at affectation, but I loathe duplicity; I can pity a fool, but I scorn a flirt. This is a hackneyed *ruse* of *Ma's*. The last coasting season of the Muffs has been comparatively unprolific. From Margate to Brighton Miss Matilda counts but five proposals positive, and half a dozen presumptive; in the latter are included some broad stares at Broadstairs from the Holborn Hill Demosthenes! and even *these* have been furiously scrambled for by the delicate sisters for their marriageable Misses! 'Everybody,' says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, 'loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious do scarcely love one another.'"

An oddity crossed our path. "There waddles," said the Laureat, "*Mr. Onessimus Omnium*, who thrice on every Sabbath takes the round of the *Conventicles* with his pockets stuffed full of *bibles* and *psalm books*, every one of which (chapter and verse pointed out!) he passes into the hands of forgetful old ladies and gentlemen whom he opines '*Consols*, and not philosophy, console!' Pasted on the inside cover is his *card*, setting forth the *address* and *calling* of Onessimus! You may swear that somebody is *dead* in the neighbourhood, (the pious Lynx is hunting up the executors!) by seeing him out of '*the Alley*' at this early time of the day."

Farther a-field, rambling amidst the rural scenes he has so charmingly described, we shook hands with Uncle Timothy's dear friend, the *Author* of a work "*On the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature.* Happy old man! Who shall say that fortune deals harshly, if, in taking *much away*, she leaves us *virtue?*

Winding through a verdant copse, we suddenly came in sight of an elegant mansion. From a flower-woven arbour, sacred to retirement, proceeded the notes of a guitar.

"Hush!" said the Laureat, colouring deeply,—"breathe not! Stir not!" And a voice of surpassing sweetness sang

Farewell Autumn's shady bowers,
Purple fruits and fragrant flowers,
Golden fields and waving corn,
And merry lark that wakes the morn!
Earth a mournful silence keeps,
See, the dewy landscape weeps!
Hark! thro' yonder lonely dell
Gentle zephyrs sigh farewell!

Call'd ere long by vernal spring,
Trees shall blossom, birds shall sing;
The blushing rose, the lily fair,
Deck sweet summer's bright parterre;
Flocks and herds, the bounding steed,
Shall, sporting, crop the flowery mead,
And bounteous Nature yield again
Her ripen'd fruits and golden grain.

Ere the landscape fades from view,
As behind you mountains blue
Sets the sun in glory bright—
And the regent of the night,
Thron'd where shines the blood-red Mars,
With her coronet of stars,
Silvers woodland, hill and dell,
Lovely Autumn! fare thee well.

Was Mr. Bosky in love with the songstress or the song? Certes his manner seemed unusually hurried and flurried; and one or two of his forced *whistles* sounded like suppressed *sighs.* So absent was he, that, not regarding how far we had left him in the rear, he stood for a few minutes motionless, as if waiting for echo to repeat the sound!

We thought—it *might* be an illusion—that a fair hand waved him a graceful recognition. At all events the spell was soon broken, for he bounded along to us like the roe, with

"Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires at a mile-a."

The laughing Autolicus! It was *his* blithesome note that *first* made us acquainted with Uncle Timothy!

The remembrance of boyhood is ever pleasing to the reflective mind. The duties that await us in after-life; the cares and disappointments that obstruct our future progress cast a shade over those impressions that were once interwoven with our existence. But it is *only* a shade; recall but *one* image of the distant scene, and the *whole* rises in all its freshness and verdure; touch but *one* string of this forgotten harmony, and *every chord* shall vibrate!

"Arma, vi-*rump* que *cane*-o!" exclaimed the Laureat, pointing to his old schoolmaster, who was leaning over his rustic garden-gate, reading his favourite *Virgil.* And how cordial was their greeting! The scholar played his urchin pranks over again, and the master flourished a visionary birch. Mr. Bosky hurried us into the playground; (his little garden was still there, but it looked not so trim and gay as when *he* was its horticulturist!) led us into the schoolroom, pointed out his veritable desk, notched at all corners with his initials; identified the particular peg whereon, in days of yore, hung his (too often) crownless castor; and recapitulated his boyish sports, many of the sharers of which he happily recognised in the full tide of prosperity; and not a few sinking under adverse fortune, whose prospects were once bright and cheering, and whose bosoms bounded with youth, and innocence, and joy!.

"Let me die in autumn! that the withered blossoms of summer may bestrew my grave, and the mournful breeze that scatters them sigh forth my requiem!"—*George Daniel.*

## INCOMBUSTIBILITY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Both in ancient and modern times, numerous instances have been recorded of seeming insensibility on the part of individual human beings to the action of *fire* or intense heat. The Roman poet Virgil relates that the priests of the temple of Apollo, on mount Soracte, had the faculty of walking with naked feet over burning coals, and the priests of other temples in Rome used to attract great crowds by a similar peculiarity. In modern days, when the ordeal by fire was a common and approved mode of determining the truth or falsity of weighty accusations, many instances are related where persons lifted and also walked over red-hot iron bars, or put red-hot iron gauntlets on their hands, without suffering from such trials in the slightest degree. Admitting many of these stories to be fictitious, the weight of evidence is too strong for us to disbelieve all of them. Those cases seem most likely to be true where individuals *offered* of their own accord to undergo the fire-ordeal, in order to prove the justice of some charge or other. Thus, when the Empress Maria of Arragon had accused a young Italian count of endeavouring to tamper with her nuptial faith, and had so procured the death of the count, the widow of the deceased came forward and demanded to be admitted to the fiery ordeal, in order to prove his innocence. Her demand was acceded to, and on her holding in her hand a red-hot bar of iron for a considerable length of time without being burned, the empress was held to be guilty of a false charge, and was condemned to death in her turn.

Such cases were at that time deemed miraculous; but as the minds of men became more enlightened, there appeared grounds for believing that the power of resisting the action of fire was referrible to natural and intelligible causes. Within the last two hundred years, every half a century or so has been marked by the appearance of some itinerant exhibitor, whose person, in part or whole, evinced the power of enduring the action of fire or intense heat. Whether this property depended on some peculiarity in the individual's constitution, or was acquired art, is a question to which we shall refer afterwards, when we have described some of the feats of this remarkable class of persons.

In Paris, about the year 1677, an Englishman of the name of Richardson attracted great attention by his performances with fire. He professed himself able to execute the following feats. He chewed live coals, and showed them burning in his mouth; he melted sulphur, let it burn on his hand, put it while in flames, on his tongue, and finally swallowed it; he put a burning coal on his tongue, cooked there a piece of raw flesh, and allowed the fire to be kept up with a pair of bellows for a quarter of an hour; he held a red-hot iron bar in his hands, afterwards took it into his mouth, from which he threw it forcibly with his teeth; and, lastly, he swallowed melted glass and pitch, sulphur and wax melted together, and in flames, so that the flame came out of his mouth, and the mixture made as much noise in his throat as if a hot iron were plunged in water. Such, according to his own announcement, is a list of Richardson's performances; all of which he successfully executed, at least in seeming, since a French academician made an attempt to explain his feats on rational principles. The general opinion was, that the exhibitor was protected by a particular composition, which he rubbed over the parts exposed to the fire. Others thought that *habit* did a great deal in the matter, while the vulgar openly ascribed the whole to a compact with the devil.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, a Mr. Powell acquired great note on account of his fire-feats, and appears to have excited so much astonishment among the scientific men of London, as to be thought worthy of a medal from the Royal Society. Among his successors in the art was an individual named Lionetto, who exhibited in Paris and Naples. Since that time, feats with live coals, the ejection of flames and smoke from the mouth, &c. have become more and more common, and may be seen practised to a greater or less extent at almost every fair. But within the last half century two persons have appeared, who have excelled all their predecessors in performances of this kind. The first of these was a lady named Signora Girardelli, better known while she was in Britain (which was about the year 1818) by the title of the *Incombustible Lady*. The other personage was Monsieur Chauber, who delighted in the romantic title of the *Fire-King*. A most able article, to which we are largely indebted on the present occasion, appeared in one of the later volumes of the (Constable's) Edinburgh Magazine, descriptive of the performances of Signora Girardelli, and investigating thoroughly the means by which she accomplished them. We cannot better elucidate any mystery that may hang over this subject, than by an account of the conclusions to which the writer of the article in questiom came to respecting the feats of Signora Girardelli.

The Signora was a pleasant-looking lady, above forty years of age. She seemed most anxious to satisfy her visitors of her fair performance of every thing she undertook, and to eradicate all suspicion of juggling and mystery. Her feats were of five kinds; 1st, those of aqua fortis (nitric acid); 2nd, those of boiling oil and melted wax; 3rd, those with melted metal; 4th, those with hot metals; and 5th, those with lighted candles. Her experiments with aqua fortis were as follows: She took a little aqua fortis into her mouth, and, after holding it there a little spat it out on some iron filings, in order to exhibit its strength by the orange fumes that were raised. She put some aqua fortis on a plate, and put a halfpenny into it, on which it acted briskly; she then rubbed about the halfpenny till it was scoured bright. She put a halfpenny into the palm of her hand, and poured a little aqua fortis upon it, and allowed them to act upon each other there a considerable time. Her hand was not at all discolored by these experiements. When examined into these feats with aqua fortis do not appear very wonderful. The action of the acid on the copper was no proof of great strength, and it was the only proof given. When the writer of the account afterwards tried the same experiment, he found that diluted aqua fortis, which had more action on copper than in the Signora's experiments, could be taken into the hand without discoloring it, and into the mouth without any other effect than that of setting the teeth on edge, and causing a flow of saliva. The fumes and the causticity of the liquid, therefore, were deceptive, and the want of knowledge in the spectators was the true cause of their wonder. The experiments with boiling oil and melted wax were performed thus: "The Signora filled a small pan with Florence oil, boiled it, proved that it was boiling by coagulating the white of an egg in it, and then took a mouthful of the oil, which, after rinsing her mouth, she spat into the brazier, to show, by its blazing that it was really oil." As the boiling point of oil is 600 degrees Fahrenheit, this would certainly appear a remarkable experiment. But our analyst observes that the white of egg coagulates at 156 degrees, and that there was no proof that the oil was pure. A little water mixed with it would cause the appearance of ebullition at 212 degrees. The liquid, even in this case, would be very warm, but a great part of the wonder would be taken away. "The Signora applied melted sealing-wax to her tongue, and an impression of a seal was taken on it." The same experiment was afterwards ventured upon by the writer of the account, and he found that he could bear it without suffering more than a very transient impression of heat. The wax, it is to be observed, was not *dropt on* the Signora's tongue, but torn off from the stick with the seal. The saliva on the tongue, and the slow-conducting power of the wax, seem to preserve from injury in this case.

In none of these experiments, then, which are among the common ones performed by the fire-eaters, is there any great cause for wonder, when properly examined into. With regard to the feats with melted metal, they first were as follows: "The Signora dipped the point of her fingers repeatedly into melted lead, and at each time lifted a small portion to her mouth, spitting it out afterwards in thin chewed masses. Again, she poured a small quantity of melted lead into her mouth, and afterwards took from her mouth a chewed piece about the size of a drachm. Her last feat with melted lead was to strike repeatedly with the sole of her foot a considerable piece of the metal when it was barely congealed." As plumbers are quite accustomed to touch or draw the finger through melted lead without sustaining injury, there is a perfect possibility of explaining the Signora's power of touching the metal with her finger and foot upon the supposition that, like the plumbers, she was accustomed to it. But the introduction of melted lead into her mouth is certainly a feat of a more extraordinary kind. The writer of the account already mentioned could see no juggle on the part of the lady, and considers the experiment as the most striking of all she went through.

The next feats were with red-hot iron. "The edge of a shovel in that condition which set wood on fire, was drawn by the lady along the upper part of her foot, and front of her ancle, over her arms also, and hair, without making any mark, or raising any smell or smoke! The shovel was never allowed to rest any sensible time on one spot. Another red-hot shovel was laid on a board which it set fire to, and the Signora struck it repeatedly with the sole of her foot until it was a little bent. The contact here was momentary. She also licked the red-hot shovel with her tongue, and a hissing noise was heard, as the spectators were taught to expect." Of these experiments, certainly the most remarkable were those made on the hands and arms, where the surface is *dry*. As for the tongue, it is distinctly understood that the saliva prevents the iron, when rapidly passed over it, from touching the cuticle. It is a curious fact, that if the iron be a black heat, the tongue will be burnt in such experiments, though uninjured at a redheat. The insensibility of the dry arm and leg is, we have said, the most remarkable point in the Signora's feats with the heated iron. It was observed, however, that she used the edge of the shovel alone, and that this edge had previously been cooled in some degree by setting fire to the wood. "The remaining feats of the lady consisted of passing a bundle of eight light (moulded and wax) candles slowly and steadily beneath each forearm, and also moving her foot over the flame in such a way as to show the light rising between her toes. This process blackened the parts with smoke, but affected them in no other way." This feat indisputably showed great insensibility to the effect of heat. Much seemed to depend on the steady movement of the flame, an effect analogous to which is seen in the singeing of muslin, where the loose threads are burnt away by being passed over a red-hot cylinder.

These are the chief performances of one of the most dexterous and celebrated of the modern fire-eaters, as they are generally named. The conclusion to be drawn from the preceding analysis is, that, while every art was used by the Signora Girardelli to increase the ostensible magnitude and difficulty of the experiments, on the other hand, every art was put in force to diminish their real difficulty. But, upon the whole, a remarkable power of resisting heat was fairly shown to be possessed by the Signora. On being questioned, she declared hersef to be in possession of a secret composition on which the insensibility of her skin depended; but there is reason to think that she only found this a convenient way of answering such interrogatories. She asserted that she was able to remain in an oven while a leg of mutton was roasted. *This* feat could not depend on a *composition*, for it would be difficult, indeed, to apply anything of the sort to the membrane lining of the lungs. Besides, there was no melting or evaporation on the application of the hot iron to her skin, which would most probably have been the case had any composition been rubbed over it. Her tongue, also, was perfectly red and clean. In short, after the minutest examination, the writer we have quoted arrived at the conclusion, that the Signora derived her insensibility to heat of some peculiarity of constitution, increased by repetition and habit, and a great dexterity in making her experiments. That there are constitutional differences between human beings in this respect, must have been observed by every one. Some persons cannot lift off a kettle filled with boiling water from the fire, while others can lift out a piece of live coal with their fingers. The power which laundresses acquire of handling hot irons, is a sufficient example of the influence of habit in obviating the effects of heat.

It is due to candour, however, to say, that some of the fire-eaters do appear to use a composition for their skin. On observing a quantity of vapour to arise from Lionetto's skin, when touched by red-hot iron, Dr. Sementini of Naples became convinced that some application to the skin was the cause of its insensibility, and instituted a number of experiments to discover what the application was. He naturally resorted first to acids, and discovered, that, by washing repeatedly with diluted sulphuric, nitric, or muriatic acids, the skin became gradually less sensible to the action of heat, and he was enabled to pass a red-hot iron over it without injury. By accident he made the further discovery, that hard soap, rubbed over it, increased greatly the power of resistance in the skin. By washing the tongue with diluted sulphuric acid, and afterwards with soap, he found that he could pass a red-hot iron over it with impunity. In short, he acquired, by slow degrees, the power of repeating all Lionetto's experiments. Dr. Sementini, in this case, ascribes the whole effect to the applications made. We are inclined to attribute at least an equal share in it to habit or repetition.

Monsieur Chaubert, or the Fire-King, flourished only a few years ago. He distinguished himself by many feats resembling those of the Signora Girardelli with the melted lead and the red-hot metals. But the particular line in which Monsieur Chaubert shone most highly was in the endurance of heat in ovens, and such like places. What he could endure in this way was very wonderful, though much of the wonder has been removed by experiments of Dr. Blagden and others, who have proved that the human body retains an equability of temperature under any circumstances. Without previous trials of any kind, Dr. Blagden entered a room raised to a heat of 260 degrees, and remained in it, while eggs and beef-steak were roasted by the atmospheric heat. The steak was overdone in about thirty-three minutes. In such a position, the suffering is in the lungs. Experiments of this order were gone through by Chaubert with greater ease than others could do them, and this ease might partly arise from constitution, and partly from a repetition and habit. It was unfortunate that this person was not contented with the repute of being fire-king, but wished also to be thought poison-king. He gave out that he was proof against the whole generation of poisons, and made a show of taking the deadly one called prussic acid in public. He even went the length of announcing his readiness to permit any gentleman to bring his own prussic acid, just as jugglers, who allow themselves to be shot at, profess to let any gentleman bring his own gun. Unfortunately for Monsieur Chaubert, Mr. Wakely, editor of the Lancet, desirous either of exposing quackery, or of making curious philosophical experiments, issued a public advertisement, stating that he was about to come forward with a dose of *his own* prussic acid, in answer to Monsieur Chaubert's call, at the same time warning the fire-king of the consequences, and washing his own hands of all responsibility in the matter. The fire-king, in this instance, did not stand fire. The attention of the public being arrested to the subject, he found it convenient to take leave of London, and has never, to our knowledge, been heard of since. It is possible that he may at this moment be sitting in an oven in the New World, beside a leg of mutton. The worst wish we have to give him is, that he may have the foresight to take in a knife and fork with him.

From all that has been said here on this subject, the reader will observe it to be our opinion, that the majority of the feats of these fire-eaters (to use their common name) are the result in part of a natural insensibility to heat in the individual, strengthened by long habit, and rendered effective in display by all the little tricks and deceptions possible. A due degree of boldness and dexterity of hand would enable most people to go through a number of these feats at the *first* trial; and by practice, in many instances, the power of performing others might apparently be acquired.—

*Chambers' Journal.*

## OUR VILLAGE POST OFFICE.

The master of our village post office for many years past was an old man; but the real dispenser of its joys and sorrows was his son, a youth who performed its duties with intelligence, exactness, and delicacy. Some persons may not be aware how much the last quality is called into requisition in a village postmaster. Having the universal country acquaintance with his neighbours' affairs, he holds the key to all their correspondences. He knows, long before the news transpires, when the minister receives a call, when the speculator's affairs are vibrating; he can estimate the conjugal devotion of the absent husband; but most enviable is his knowledge of those delicate and uncertain affairs so provoking to village curiosity. Letters, directed in well-known characters, and written with beating hearts within locked apartments, pass through his hands. The blushing youth steals in at twilight to receive from him his doom; and to him is known first the results of a village belle's foray through a neighbouring district. Our young deputy postmaster rarely betrayed his involuntary acquaintance with the nature of the missives he dispersed; but whenever sympathy was permitted, his bright smile and radiating or tearful eye would show how earnest a part he took in all his neighbours suffered or enjoyed. Never was there a kinder heart than Loyd Barnard's—never a truer mirror than his face.

His father, Colonel Jesse Barnard, belonged to that defunct body, the aristocracy of our country. He served in the revolutionary war, he did good service to the state in the subsequent Shay's rebellion, and though he afterwards inexplicably fell into the ranks of the popular or democratic party, he retained the manners and insignia of his caste; the prescribed courtesies of the old regime with the neatly tied queue, and the garment that has given place to the levelling pantaloon. He even persevered in the use of powder till it ceased to be an article of merchandise; and to the very last he maintained those strict observances of politeness, that are becoming, among us, subjects of tradition and history. These, however, are merely accidents of education and usage. His moral constitution had nothing aristocratic or exclusive. On the contrary, his heart was animated with what we would fain believe to be the spirit of our democratic institutions, an universal good-will. The colonel was remarkably exempt (whether fortunately or unfortunately, each according to his taste must decide) from the virtue or mania of his age and country; and consequently, at threescore and ten, instead of being the proprietor of lands in the West, or ships on the sea, he possessed nothing but his small paternal estate in B——, a pretty, cottage-looking dwelling, with a garden and an acre of land. As far back as the administration of Jefferson, he had received the appointment of postmaster; and as the village grew with the prosperity of manufactures and agriculture, the income of the office has of late amounted to some five or six hundred dollars. This, with the addition of his pension as a revolutionary officer, made the colonel "passing rich;" for by this time his sons and daughters were married, and dispersed from Maine to Georgia, and the youngest only, our friend Loyd, remained at home. "Passing rich," we say, and repeat it, was the colonel. Those who have never seen an income of a few hundred dollars well administered in rural life, can have no conception of the comfort and independence, nay, luxury, it will procure. In the first place, the staples of life, space, pure air, sweet water, and a continual feast for the eye, are furnished in the country, in unmeasured quantity, by the bounty of providence. Then when, as with the colonel, there are no vices to be pampered, no vanities to be cherished, no artificial distinctions to be sustained, no conventional wants to be supplied, the few hundred dollars do all for happiness that money can do. The king who has to ask his Commons for supplies, and the Crœsuses of our land who still desire more than they have, might envy our contented colonel, or rather might have envied him, till, after a life of perfect exemption from worldly cares, he came, for the first time, to feel a chill from the shadows of the coming day—a distrustful fear that the morrow might not take care of itself.

Among other luxuries of a like nature, (the colonel was addicted to such indulgences) he had allowed himself to adopt a little destitute orphan girl, Paulina Morton. She came to the old people after all their own girls were married and gone, and proved so dutiful and so helpful, that she was scarcely less dear to them than their own flesh and blood. Paulina, or Lina—for by this endearing diminutive they familiarly called her—was a pretty, very pretty girl, in spite of red hair, which, since it has lost the favour some beauty, divine or mortal, of classic days, won for it, is considered, if not a blemish, certainly not an attribute of beauty. Paulina's friends and lovers maintained that hers was getting darker every day, and that even were it fire-red, her soft, blue eyes, spirited, sweet mouth, coral lips, and exquisitely tinted skin, would redeem it. Indeed, good old Mrs. Barnard insisted it was only red in certain lights, and those certain Ithuriel lights Loyd Barnard never saw it in; for he often expressed his surprise that any one could be so blind as to call auburn red! In these days of reason's supremacy, we have found out there are no such "dainty spirits" as Ariel, Puck, and Oberon. Still the lover is not disenchanted.

"Lina, my child," said the old lady, one evening just at twilight, while the burning brands sent a ruddy glow over the ceiling, and were reflected by the tea-things our "neat-handed lass" was arranging, "Lina, do you expect Mr. Lovejoy this evening?" "No, ma'am." "To-morrow evening, then?" "No, ma'am; I never expect him again." "You astonish me, Lina. You don't mean you have given him his answer?" Lina smiled, and Mrs. Barnard continued: "I fear you have not duly considered, Lina." "What is the use of considering, ma'am, when we know our feelings?" "We can't afford always, my child, to consult feelings. Nobody can say a word against Mr. Lovejoy; he made the best of husbands to his first wife." "That was a very good reason why *she* should love him, ma'am." Mrs. Barnard proceeded without heeding the emphasis on *she*. "He has but three children, and two of them are out of the way." "A poor reason, as I have always thought, ma'am, to give either to father or children for taking the place of mother to them." "But there are few that are calculated for the place; you are cut out for a stepmother, Lina—just the right disposition for stepmother, or stepdaughter."

Paulina's ideas were confused by the compliment, and she was on the point of asking whether stepdaughter and daughter-in-law expressed the same relation, but some feeling checked her, and instead of asking she blushed deeply. The good old lady continued her soundings. "I did not, Lina, expect you to marry Mr. Lovejoy for love." "For what then, ma'am, should I marry him?" asked Lina, suspending her housewife labours, and standing before the fire while she tied and untied the string of her little black silk apron. "Girls often do marry, my child, to get a good home." "*Marry* to get a home, Mrs. Barnard! I would wash, iron, sweep, scrub, beg, to get a home, sooner than marry to get one; —and, besides, have I not the pleasantest home in the world? thanks to your bounty and the colonel's."

Mrs. Barnard sighed, took Lina's fair chubby hand in hers, stroked and pressed it. At this moment, the colonel, who had, unperceived by either party, been taking his twilight nap on his close-curtained bed in the adjoining bedroom, rose, and drew up to the fire. He had overheard the conversation, and now, to poor Paulina's infinite embarrassment, joined in. "I am disappointed, Lina," he said; "it is strange it is so difficult to suit you with a husband—you are easily suited with everything else." "But I don't want a husband, sir." "There's no telling how soon you may, Lina: I feel myself to be failing daily; and when I am gone, my child, it will be all poor Loyd can do to take care of his mother." "Can I not help him? Am I not stronger than Loyd? Would it not be happiness enough to work for Loyd, and Loyd's mother?" thought Paulina; but she hemmed and coughed, and said nothing.

"It would be a comfort to me," continued the old man, "to see you settled in a home of your own before I die." He paused, but there was no reply. "I did not say a word when William Strong was after you—I did not like the stock; nor when the young lawyer sent his fine presents—as Loyd said, 'he had more gab than wit;' nor when poor Charles Mosely was, as it were, dying for you, for, though his prospects were fine in Ohio, I felt, and so did *Miss* Barnard, and so did Loyd, as if we could not have you go so far away from us; but now, my child, the case is different. Mr. Lovejoy has one of the best estates in the county; he is none of your flighty, here to-day and gone to-morrow folks, but a substantial, reliable person, and I think, and Loyd said—" Here the brands fell apart; and while Paulina was breathless to hear what Loyd said, the old colonel rose to adjust them. He had broken the thread, and did not take it up in the right place. "As I was saying, my child," he resumed, "my life is very uncertain, and I think, and Loyd thinks—"

What Loyd thought, Paulina did not learn, for at this moment the door opened, and Loyd entered.

Loyd Barnard was of the Edwin or Wilfred order, one of those humble and generous spirits that give all, neither asking nor expecting a return. He seemed born to steal quietly and alone through the shady paths of life. A cast from a carriage in his infancy had, without producing any mutilation or visible injury, given a fatal shock to his constitution. He had no disease within the reach of art, but a delicacy, a fragility, that rendered him incapable of continuous exertion or application of any sort. A merciful providence provides compensations, or, at least, alleviations, for all the ills that flesh is heir to; and Loyd Barnard, in abundant leisure for reading, which he passionately loved, in the tranquillity of a perfectly resigned temper, and in a universal sympathy with all that feel, enjoy, and suffer, had little reason to envy the active and prosperous, who are bustling and struggling through the chances and changes of this busy life. His wants were few, and easily supplied by the results of the desultory employments he found in the village, in the intervals of his attention to the post office. As much of what we call virtue is constitutional, so we suppose was Loyd's contentment; if it was not virtue, it was happiness; for, till of late, he had felt no more anxiety for the future than nature's commoners—the birds and flowers.

"Ah, my son," said the old gentleman, "you have come just in the right time—but where is Lina gone?" "She went out as I came in, sir, and I thought she looked as if she had been weeping." "Weeping!" echoed the colonel; and "Weeping!" re-echoed the old lady; and "Could we have hurt her feelings?" asked both in the same breath. "Why, what in the world have you been saying to her, mother?" "Nothing, Loyd—nothing, nothing—don't look so scared. We were only expostulating a little, as it were, and urging h^r to accept Mr. Lovejoy's offer." Loyd looked ten times paler than usual, and kept his eye rivetted on his mother, till she added, "But somehow it seems as if she could not any way feel to it."

"Thank God!" murmured Loyd, fetching a long breath. Both parents heard the unwonted exclamation, and to both it was a revelation. The colonel rose, walked to the window, and, though the blinds were closed, stood as if gazing out, and the old lady jerked her knitting-needle from the sheath, and rolled up the knitting-work, though she was not in the seam-needle.

It is difficult in any case for parents to realize how soon their children pass the bounds of childhood, and how soon, among other thoughts incident to maturity, love and marriage enter their heads. But there were good reasons why the colonel and his wife should have fancied the governing passions and objects of ordinary lives had never risen above their son's horizon. They considered him perfectly incompetent to provide for the wants of the most frugal family, and they had forgotten that love takes no council from prudence. It was too late now to remember it.

The colonel, after repeated clearings of his throat, taking off his spectacles, wiping and putting them on again, said, "Are you *attached* to Lina, my son?" (he used the word in its prescriptive rustic sense). "Yes, sir." "Strange I never mistrusted it!—how long have you been so, Loyd?" "Ever since I was old enough to understand my feelings; but I did not, till very lately, know that I could not bear the thoughts of her becoming attached to another." "Do you not know what Lina's feelings are?" "No, sir." "But surely you can *guess*, Loyd?" interrupted his mother. "I can *hope*, mother—and I do." "The sooner, my son, you both get over it, the better, for there is no kind of a prospect for you."

"My child," said the good old man, gently laying his hand on the shoulder of his companion of fifty years, "trust in Providence—our basket and store have been always full, and why should not our children's be? Loyd now does the business of the post office; while I live they can share with us, and when I am gone, it may so be, that the heart of the ruler will be so overruled, that the office will be continued to Loyd." Loyd, either anticipating his mother's opposing arguments, or himself impelled irresistibly to the argument of love, disappeared, and the old lady, who, it must be confessed, lived less by faith than her gentle spouse, replied, "The office continued to Loyd! Who ever heard of old Jackson's heart being overruled to do what he had not a mind to?" "My dear child!" "Well, my dear, do hear me out; don't the loaves and fishes *all* go one side of the table?" "Why, we have had our plates filled a pretty while, my dear." "Well, my dear, old Jackson could not take the bread and butter out of the mouth of a revolutionary officer." "I am sure he has proved that he *would* not." "No, my dear, *could* not. Why, even his own party—and we all know what his party are in old Massachusetts—" "About like the other party, my dear." "My dear! how can you say so! Why, his own party are the most violent, given-over, as it were, and low lived people; yet they would be ashamed to see you turned out of office." "They would be sorry, I know; for we have many good friends and kind neighbours among them; there's Mr. Loomis, Harry Bishop, and Mr. Barton."

"Mr. Barton! Lyman Barton! My dear, everybody knows, and everybody says, Lyman Barton has been waiting this last dozen years to step into your shoes. The post office is just what he wants. To be sure he is a snug man, and lives within his means; but then he has a large growing family, and they are obliged to be prudent, and there would be enough to say he *ought* to have the office. And, besides, is he not always working for the party? writing in the paper? and serving them every way? And who was ever a Jackson man, but for what he expected to get for it? No, no, my dear, mark my words! you won't be cold before Lyman Barton will be sending off a petition to Washington for the office, and signed by every Jackson man in town." "I don't believe it, my dear; I don't feel as if Lyman Barton would ask for the office." "Well, my dear, you'll see, after you are dead and gone, how it will be—you may laugh—I mean *I* shall see, if I am spared—you always have, colonel, just such a blind faith in every body." "My faith is founded on reason and experience, my dear. Through life I have found friends kind to me beyond my deservings, and far beyond my expectations. I have got pretty near the other shore, and I can't remember that I ever had an enemy."

While this conversation was in progress, there was a tete-a-tete, on which we dare not intrude, in another apartment of the house. The slight veil that had covered the hearts of our true lovers dropped at the first touch, and both, finding a mine of the only riches they coveted, "dared be poor" in this world's poor sense. Secured by the good colonel's indulgence, for the present they were too happy to look beyond the sunshine that played around them for any dark entanglements to which their path might conduct them. In any event they did not risk the miseries of dependence, nor the pains of starvation. Nature, in our land, spreads an abundant table; and there is always a cover awaiting the frugal and industrious labourer (or even gleaner) in her fruitful fields. Anything short of absolute want, perhaps even that, it seemed to our young friends happiness to encounter together.

Oh ye perjured traffickers in marriage vows! ye buyers and sellers of hearts—hearts! they are not articles of commerce—buyers and sellers of the bodies that might envelope and contain celestial spirits, eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die! To-morrow your home, that temple of the affections, which God himself has consecrated, shall be their tomb, within whose walls shall be endured the torpor of death with the acute consciousness of life!

Our simple friends wotted not of the miseries of artificial life. These had never even crossed the threshold of their imaginations. The colonel gave his hearty consent for the asking, and his prudent helpmate was too true-hearted a woman to withhold hers. There are those wise as serpents, if not harmless as doves, in village life; and such shook their heads, and wondered if the colonel calculated to live and be postmaster for ever! or if Loyd could be such a fool as to expect to succeed to the office, when everybody knew it was just as good as promised to Mr. Barton? Loyd Barnard, a steady, *consistent* (our own side is always consistent) whig, expect the tender mercies of the Jackson party! No; Loyd Barnard indulged no such extravagant expectation. He had stood by "old Massachusetts" through her obstinate or *consistent* opposition to the general government, and he expected to reap the customary reward of such firmness or—prejudice. To confess the trnth, he thought little about the future, and not at all of the Malthusian theories. His present happiness was enough, and it was brightened with the soft and equal light of the past. As to Paulina, it was her nature

> Ne'er to forgather wi' sorrow and care,
> But gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang.

The preliminaries being adjusted, it was agreed on all hands that the wedding should not be deferred. Quilts were quilted; the *publishment* pasted on the church door; and the wedding-cake made. Never had the colonel seemed better and brighter; his step was firmer, his person more erect than usual; and his face reflected the happiness of his children, as the leafless woods warm and kindle in a spring sunshine.

At this moment came one of those sudden changes that mock at human calculations. An epidemic influenza, fatal to the feeble and the old, was passing over the whole country. Col. Barnard was one of its first victims. He died after a week's illness; and though he was some years beyond the authorized period of mortality, his death at this moment occasioned a general shock, as if he had been cut off in the prime of life. All—even his enemies, we should have said, but enemies he had none—spoke of the event in a subdued voice, and with the sincerest expressions of regret. The grief of his own little family we have not space to describe; or, if we had, how could we describe the desolation of a home from which such a fountain of love and goodness was suddenly removed? Notwithstanding the day of the funeral was one of the coldest of a severe January, the mercury being some degrees below cipher, and the gusty cutting wind driving the snow into billows, numbers collected from the adjoining towns to pay the last tribute of respect to the good colonel.

There is a reality in the honour that is rendered at a rustic funeral to a poor, good man, a touching sincerity in sympathy where every follower is a mourner. The colonel's humble home was filled to overflowing, so that there were numbers who were obliged to await the moving of the procession in the intense cold on the outside of the house; and they did wait, patiently and reverently—no slight testimony of their respect.

The coffin was placed in the centre of the largest apartment, in the country phrase, the "dwelling-room." Within the little bedroom sat the "mourners;" but a stranger, who should have seen the crowd as they pressed forward one after another, for a last look at their departed friend, might have believed they were all mourning a father. They were remembering a parent's offices. There was the widow, whom he had visited in her affliction; there the orphans, now grown to be thriving men and women, fathers and mothers, whom he had succoured, counselled, and watched over; there were those whom he had visited in prison; there were sometime enemies converted to friends by his peace-making intervention; there was the young man reclaimed by his wise counsel and steady friendship, for the good colonel had a "skeptic smile" for what others deemed hopeless depravity, and believed

> "some pulse of good must live
> Within a human nature."

And there were children with wet eyes, for the rare old man who had always a smile for their joys, and a tear for their troubles; and one, I remember, as her mother lifted her up for the last look, whispered, "Oh, he is too good a man to bury up in the ground!"

And there, in the midst of all this sad company, and with a face quite as sad as his neighbours', stood *Lyman Barton*. A little urchin, a particular friend of the old colonel's, and of mine too, who stood beside me, pulled my ear down to his lips, and turning his flashing eye upon Barton, whispered, "Ought not he to be ashamed of himself?" "Why, Hal? why?" "He is making believe cry, just like a crocodile! *Everybody* says he has written to old Jackson already to be made postmaster. I wish he was in the colonel's place." "You could not wish him in a better, my dear." "Oh, I did not mean that! I did not mean that!" He would have proceeded; but I shook my head, and put an end to the explanation he was eager to make.

The funeral was over, the cold wind was howling without, the sigh of the mourners alone was heard, where a few days before all had been cheerfulness and preparation for the happiest event of human life. Paulina had lighted a single lamp and placed it in the farther part of the room, for there seemed something obtrusive even in the cheerfulness of light. She was seated on a low chair beside the old lady. The passiveness of grief was peculiarly unsuited to her active and happy nature; and, as she sat as if she were paralyzed, not even heeding the colonel's favourite cat, which jumped into her lap, and purred and looked up for its accustomed caress, one could hardly believe she was the same girl who was for ever on the wing, laughing and singing from morning till night. Poor Loyd too, who had so gently acquiesced in the evils of his lot, who had bent like the reed before the winds of adversity, suffered now as those only do who resist while they suffer. Perhaps it was not in human nature not to mingle the disappointment of the lover with the grief of the son, and, while he was weeping his loss, to ponder over some of his father's last words. "Of course, my children," he had said, "you will dismiss all thoughts of marriage—for the present I mean. It will be all, I am afraid more, than you can do, Loyd, when the post office and the pension are gone, to get bread for your mother. If you marry, you can't tell how many claims there may be upon you. But don't be discouraged, my children; cast your care upon the Lord—something may turn up —wait—blessed are they who wait in faith."

Both promised to wait, and both, as they now revolved their promise, religiously resolved to abide by it, cost what it might.

Their painful meditations were interrupted by a knock at the outer door, and Loyd admitted Major Perrit, one of his neighbours, and one of those everlasting meddlers in others' affairs, who, if a certain proverb were literal, must have had as many fingers as Argus had eyes.

"I am sorry for your affliction, ma'am," said he, shaking Mrs. Barnard's extended hand, while a sort of simpering smile played about his mouth in spite of the appropriate solemnity he had endeavoured to assume; "don't go out, Miss Paulina—what I have to communicate is interesting to you, as well as to the widow and son of the deceased."

"Some other time, sir," interposed Loyd, whose face did not conceal how much he was annoyed by the officiousness and bustling manner of his visitor.

"Excuse me, Loyd—I am older than you, and ought to be a little wiser—we must take time by the forelock; others are up and doing, why should we not be?"

Loyd now comprehended the major's business, and, pained and somewhat shocked, he turned away; but remembering the intention was kind, though the mode was coarse, he smothered his disgust, and forced himself to say, "We are obliged to you, Major Perrit; but I am not in a state of mind to attend to any business this evening."

"Oh, I know you have feelings, Loyd; but you must not be more nice than wise. They *must not* get the start of us. I always told my wife it would be so, and now she sees I was right. I tell you, Loyd, in confidence, your honoured father wss not cold before Lyman Barton was handing round his petition for the office." It was not in human nature for the old lady to suppress a hem, at this exact fulfilment of her prediction to the poor colonel. "Barton's petition," continued Perrit, "will go on to Washington in the mail to-morrow, and ours *must* go with it—here it is." He took the paper from his pocket, and, opening it, showed a long list of names. "A heavy list," he added, "but every one of them whigs; we did not ask a Jackson man—there would have been no use, you know; Lyman Barton leads them all by the nose."

Here Perrit was interrupted by a knock at the entry door. A packet addressed to Loyd was handed to him. Perrit glanced at the superscription, and exclaimed, "This is too much! he has had the impudence to send you the petition."

"I could not have believed this of him," thought Loyd, as he broke the seal; for he, like his father, reluctantly believed ill of any one. There were a few lines on the envelope; he read them to himself, and then, with that emotion which a good man feels at an unexpected good deed, he read them aloud.

"MY DEAR FRIEND LOYD,—Excuse me for intruding on you, at this early moment, a business matter that ought not to be deferred. You will see by the enclosed that my friends and myself have done what we could to testify our respect for the memory of your excellent father, and our esteem for you. Wishing you the success you deserve, I remain very truly yours, LYMAN BARTON."

The enclosed paper was a petition, headed by *Lyman Barton*, and signed by almost every Jackson partisan in the town, that the office of postmaster might be given to Loyd Barnard. A short prefix to the petition expressed the signers' respect for the colonel, and their unqualified confidence in his son. Perrit ran his eye over the list, and exclaiming, "This is the Lord's hand!" he seized his hat and departed, eager to have at least the consolation of first spreading the news through the village.

Few persons comprehend a degree of virtue beyond that of which they are themselves capable.

"It is, indeed, in one sense," said Loyd, as the door closed after Perrit, "the hand of the Lord; for He it is that makes his creatures capable of such disinterested goodness."

Those who heard the fervid language and tone in which Loyd expressed his gratitude, when he, that night, for the first time, took his father's place at the family altar, must have felt that this was one of the few cases where it was *equally* "blessed to give and to receive."

Loyd's appointment came by return of mail from Washington. In due time the wedding-cake was cut, and *our village postmaster* is as happy as love and fortune can make him.

It was a bright thought in a philanthropist of one of our cities, to note down the actual good deeds that passed under his observation. We have imitated his example in recording an act of rare disinterestedness and generosity. It certainly merits a more enduring memorial; but it has its fitting reward in the respect it inspires, and in its blessed tendency to vanquish the prejudices and soften the asperities of political parties.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

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### CAPTAIN JAMES COOK

Met his death in the Island of Owhyhee. Captain Cook was the son of a day labourer, and born at Marston, a village in Yorkshire, 3rd of November, 1728. He went to school till the age of 13, and was afterwards bound apprentice to a shopkeeper at Snaith, but subsequently articled himself to a ship owner at Whitby. He entered in 1755, on board the Eagle 60 gun ship, and in 1759, became master of the Mercury, in which ship he was present at the taking of Quebec. He was next appointed to the Northumberland, then employed in the recapture of Newfoundland. In 1763, he went to Newfoundland as surveyor with Capt. Graves, and afterwards acted in the same capacity under Sir Hugh Palliser; while thus employed he made an observation of an eclipse of the sun, which was communicated to the Royal Society. It being determined to send out astronomers to observe the transit of Venus in some part of the South sea, Mr. Cook was selected to command the Endeavour, a ship taken up for that service, and he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, May 25, 1768. The transit being observed to great advantage at Otaheite, Lieutenant Cook steered for New Zealand, which by circumnavigating, he ascertained that it was not a continent. He then sailed to New Holland, now called New South Wales, where he anchored in Botany Bay, April 28, 1770, an epoch of great importance in that part of the world. For his services on this occasion he was promoted to the rank of commander, and an account of his voyage was soon after published by Dr. Hawkesworth. The interest excited hereby induced government to send Captain Cook on another voyage of discovery to the southern hemisphere, and he accordingly sailed with two ships, the Resolution, commanded by himself, and the Adventure, by Captain Furneaux, April 9, 1772. The Resolution in this enterprize lost only one man out of her whole compliment, for which Captain Cook was elected a member of the Royal Society, and afterwards the gold medal was voted to him by the same learned body. He was also appointed a post captain, and promoted to a valuable situation in Greenwich Hospital. In July 1776, he sailed again to decide the long agitated question of a northern passage to the Pacific Ocean. In this voyage he had two ships, the Resolution and Discovery. He reached 70 deg. 44 min. N., when the object was considered impracticable, and on November 26, 1778, the ships arrived at the Sandwich Islands. Here at first they were well received, but at length the people of Owhyhee stole one of the boats; to recover which Captain Cook went on shore, with the intention of getting into his possession the person of the king, but in doing this a crowd assembled, and this brave and enterprising commander fell a sacrifice to their fury. He was struck by a club, after which he was despatched by a dagger, and his body carried off in triumph. Captain Cook left a widow and family; on the former a pension of £200 a-year was settled by the king, and £25 a-year on each of the children.

*Biographica Britannica.*

## O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

O say, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath past,
Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who lived to love thee,
And dying loved thee still?

If when that hour recalling
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows;
But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, "This heart, when living,
With all its faults, was mine."

*Moore.*

## THE INDIAN BOAT.

'Twas midnight dark,
The seaman's bark
Swift o'er the waters bore him,
When, through the night,
He spied a light
Shoot o'er the waves before him,
"A sail! a sail!" he cries;
"She comes from the Indian shore,
"And to-night shall be our prize,
"With her freight of golden ore:
"Sail on! sail on!"
"When morning shone
He saw the gold still clearer;
But though so fast
The waves he pass'd,
That boat seem'd never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
And still the same
Rich bark before him floated;
While on the prize
His wishful eyes
Like any young lover's doated:
"More sail! more sail!" he cries,
While the waves o'ertop the mast
And his bounding galley flies
Like an arrow before the blast.
Thus on, and on,
Till day was gone,
And the moon through heaven did hie her,
He swept the main,
But all in vain—
The boat seem'd never the nigher.

And many a day
To night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded:
While still his flight,
Through many a night
That restless mariner speeded,
Who knows—who knows what seas
He is now careering o'er?
Behind, the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark before!
For, oh! till sky
And earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it
That boat must flee
O'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

*Moore.*

## THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

Oh leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush or yellow hue,
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive:
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree.

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground:
By all that love has whispered here,
Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honor me,
Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree.

*Campbell.*

## TOASTED CHEESE.

Taffy ap-Tudor he couldn't be worse—
The Leech having bled him in person and purse,
His cane at his nose, and his fee in his fob,
Bow'd off, winking *crape*, to look out for a job.

"Hur Taffy will never awake from his nap!
Ap-Tudor! ap-Jones! oh!" cried nurse Jenny-ap-
Shenkin ap-Jenkin ap-Morgan ap-Rice—
But Taffy turn'd round, and call'd out in a trice,

"Jenny ap-Rice, hur could eat something nice,
A dainty Welch rabbit—go toast hur a slice
Of cheese, if you please, which better agrees
With the tooth of poor Taffy than physic and fees."

A pound Jenny got, and brought to his cot
The prime double Gloster, all hot! piping hot!
Which being a bunny without any bones,
Was custard with mustard to Taffy ap-Jones.

"Buy some leeks, Jenny, and brew hur some caudle—
No more black doses from Doctor McDawdle!"
Jenny stew'd down a bunch into porridge, (Welch punch.)
And Taffy, Cot pless him! he washed down his lunch.

On the back of his hack next morn Doctor Mac
Came to see Jenny preparing her black!
Ap answer'd his rap in a white cotton cap,
With *another* Welch rabbit just caught in his trap!

"A gobbling, you ghost!" the Leech bellow'd loud,
"Does your mother know, Taffy, you're out of your
shroud?"
"Hur physic'd a week—at hur very last squeak,
Hur try'd toasted cheese and decoction of leak."

"I'm pocketting fees for the self-same disease
From the dustman next door—I'll prescribe toasted cheese
And leek punch for lunch!" But the remedy fails—
What *kills* Pat from *Kilmore*, *cures* Taffy from *Wales*.

*G. Daniel.*

## ANECDOTES OF WOLVES.

The wolf resembles the dog in shape, but is generally larger and more muscular, as well as more savage in appearance. The leading peculiarity of the wolf, wherever it may be found, is ferocity of disposition, accompanied with a certain degree of meanness or cowardliness, which is foreign to the character of the dog in all its varieties. It has been usual with all naturalists to represent the wolf as untractable, or at least unsusceptible of attachment to man. But this is now discovered to be incorrect. The wild ferocious character of the wolf, it appears, is very much the result of the circumstances in which it is placed.—Cuvier mentions the case of a young wolf which was brought up like a dog by a gentleman in France, and became familiar with every person it was in the habit of seeing; learned to follow like a dog, was obedient, and attached to his master in an extreme degree. This remarkable case of the taming the wolf is given as an instance of how much may be accomplished by early culture and kindness on even the wildest and most rapacious of animals.

Wolves were at one time plentiful in Britain and Ireland, but it is long since they were extirpated. They still abound in the northern parts of Europe, particularly in Russia, and are numerous in some parts of France, where they commit dreadful devastations.—They are likewise common in North America, where they are black in color, and in some instances white. In the year 1764, a wolf committed the most dreadful devastations in some particular districts of Languedoc, in the south of France, and soon became the terror of the whole country. According to the accounts given in the Paris Gazette, it was known to have killed twenty persons, chiefly women and children; and public prayers are said to have been offered up for its destruction. It seems rather strange that even at the present day, wolves are not banished from the thickly inhabited parts of France. This is apparent from the following anecdote, which we quote from a late London Newspaper:—

"The winter before last, Monsieur De B., an advocate of Dijon, was returning rather late from shooting near that town, when his dog, a small pointer, who was a few paces in advance, ran suddenly back in evident alarm. The spot was a long hollow, formed by two sandbanks; and as far as his eye could reach, he could discover no cause for the animal's terror, which sent him crouching to his feet. He proceeded cautiously, however, cocking both barrels of his gun; but for upwards of two hundred yards, no cause of alarm presented itself. Indeed, he had forgotten the circumstance, and rested his gun across his shoulder, when suddenly the dog sprang behind him with an affrighted yell. A wolf stood on the sandbank, about thirty yards before him. Armed only with patridge shot, Monsieur de B. considered it most prudent to retreat, and gain a cross road in the rear. He had not returned many yards, when to his horror and astonishment, he beheld another wolf barring his path on that side. Neither as yet ventured to attack him, and as he advanced, each retired; but the other would draw closer to his heels. His situation became critical, for night was approaching, and he feared that with it more assailants would be down upon him; and to this they both howled as as if to call a reinforcement, and the sportsman at length felt certain that they were answered from the hills. No time was to be lost; he rapidly advanced on one, and within twenty paces fired both barrels at him. The wolf fell wounded, and the other cleared the bank, evidently scared. Monsieur de B., following his example, took to his heels, and never drew breath till he had entered Dijon. On examining the snow next morning, it was ascertained that he was hotly pursued to the very gates. As for the wounded wolf, a few bones were all that his comrades had left of him."

The following account of the rapacity of wolves in Russia, is given by a recent traveller, but of whose name we are ignorant, from the manner it has come under our notice:—

"A peasant, when one day in his sledge, was pursued by eleven of those ferocious animals; at this time he was only about two miles from home, towards which he urged his horse at the very top of his speed. At the entrance to his residence was a gate, which happened to be closed at the time; but the horse dashed this open, and thus himself and his master found refuge within the courtyard. They were followed, however, by nine out of the eleven wolves; but, very fortunately, at the instant these had entered the enclosure, the gate swung back on its hinges, and thus they were caught as in a trap. From being the most ferocious of animals, the nature of these beasts, now that they found escape impossible, became completely changed: so far, indeed, from offering molestation to any one, they slunk into holes and corners, and allowed themselves to be slaughtered almost without making resistance."

The following singular adventure of General Putnam with a wolf in the state of Connecticut in North America, has been already made known in works of natural history, but may here appropriately be repeated:—

"Some time after Mr. Putnam had removed to Connecticut, the wolves, which were then very numerous, broke into his sheep-fold, and killed seventy fine sheep and goats, besides worrying several lambs and kids. This dreadful havock was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the neighbourhood. The whelps were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun-shot; and upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This animal at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam, and five of his neighbours agreed to hunt alternately, until they could destroy her, and two of them in rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot, by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognised, in a little snow, the route of the wolf. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back to Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a cave about three miles from Mr. Putnam's house. The people soon assembled with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack their common enemy, and several attempts were made to dislodge her from her den; but the hounds came back wounded and intimidated, and neither the smoke of blazing straw, nor the fumes of brimstone, could compel her to quit her retirement.

Wearied with these fruitless attempts, which had continued nearly twelve hours, Mr. Putnam proposed to his negro servant to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf; and on his declining the hazardous service, the general resolved himself to destroy the ferocious animal, least he should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. Accordingly, having provided himself with several strips of birch bark. to light him in this darksome cave, he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his body, by which he might be drawn back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the cave, on the east side of a high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square: from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, and then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this cavity consist of smooth solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by an earthquake. The top and bottom are also composed of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is extremely slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet broad.

Mr. Putnam having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the cavern, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch, and all was silent as the house of death. Cautiously proceeding onward, he came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, till he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the den. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth and gave a sullen growl, upon which the general kicked the rope, as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the cave hearing the growling of the wolf, an dimagining their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him out with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. However, he boldly persisted in his resolution, and having adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with buck-shot, he descended a second time. On his second approach, the wolf assumed a very fierce and terrible countenance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs; but when she was on the very point of springing on him, Mr. Putnam fired at her head, and was immediately drawn out of the cave. After refreshing himself, and permitting the smoke to dissipate, he went down again, and on applying the torch to the animal's nose, found her dead; and then taking hold of her ears, and kicking the rope, he drew her forth, to the astonishment of all the spectators."

*Chambers' Journal.*

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ONE WAY TO NULLIFY A BAD LEASE.

There is a shrewd and wealthy old Yankee landlord away down in Maine, who is noted for driving his "sharp bargains"—by which he has amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a large number of dwelling houses, and it is said of him, that he is not over scrupulous of his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be *responsible.* His object is always to lease his house for a term of years to the *best* tenants, and get the utmost farthing in the shape of rent.

A diminutive Frenchman called on him last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the Yankee landlord ascertaining that the tenant was a man "after his own heart" for a tenant, immediately commenced to "jew" him. He found that the tenement appeared to suit the little Frenchman, and he placed an exhorbitant price upon it; but the lease was drawn and duly executed, and the tenant removed into his new quarters.

Upon the kindling of fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't "draw," and the building was filled with smoke. The window sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed in through a hundred crevices about the house until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from leakage. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural" bath room upon the cellar floor—but the lease was signed, and the landlord chuckled.

"I have been vat you sal call 'suck in,' vis zis dam *maison*," muttered our victim to himself, a week afterwards—but *n'importe*—ve sal see vot ve *sal* see."

Next morning, he arose bright and early, and passing down town, he encountered the landlord. "A-ha!—*Bon jour, monsieur*," said he in his happiest manner.

"Good day sir. How do you like your house?"—"Ah! monsieur—elegant, *beautiful*—magnificent. *Eh bien, monsieur*, I have but ze one regret."

"Ah! What is that?"—"Monsieur, I sal live in zat house but tree little year."—"How so?"

"I have find by vot you sal call ze lease, zat you hav give me ze house but for tree year, and I ver mooch sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer if you wish——"

—"Ah, monsieur, I sal be ver mooch glad, if I can hav zat house *so long as I please*—eh, monsieur."

"O certainly, certainly, sir."—*Tres bien, monsieur!* I sal valk rite to your offees,—an you sal give me vat you sal call the lease for zat *maison*, jes *so long as I sal vant ze house.* Eh, monsieur."

"Certainly, sir. You can stay there your lifetime, if you like."—" Ah, monsieur—I hav ver mooch tanks for zis accommodation."

The old leases were destroyed and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for "*such period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent thereof promptly, &c.*"

The next morning our crafty landlord was passing the house just as the Frenchman's last load of furniture was being started from the door; and, an hour afterwards, a messenger called on him with a "legal tender," for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows:

"*Monsieur*,—I have bin shmoke—I have bin drowned—I have been frees to death, in ze house vat I av hire of you for ze period as I may desire. I hav stay in ze dam house '*jes so long as I please*,' and ze bearer of zis will give you ze key! *Bon jour, monsieur.*"

It is needless to add that our Yankee landlord has never since been known to give up "a bird in the hand for one in the bush."—*Boston Times.*

LEWIS GALVANI.

An Italian physiologist, celebrated as the discoverer of animal electricity, or galvanism. He was born in 1737, at Bologna, where in early life he became reader in anatomy to the Institute in that city. Accident led him to the discovery which has perpetuated his name.

His wife labouring under constitutional debility, some frogs had been skinned to compose a restorative soup for her use; they happened to be placed in the laboratory of the professor, on the same table with an electrical machine, when one of the assistants by chance touching with a scalpel the nerves of the leg of a frog lying not far from the conductor, the muscles of the limb were observed to be immediately agitated with strong convulsions. Madame Galvani, who was present, went and informed her husband of this singular phenomenon. He repeated the experiment, and ascertained that the convulsion occurred only when a spark was drawn from the conductor while the scalpel touched the nerve. His subsequent inquiries induced him to ascribe the convulsive motion to the influence of a peculiar fluid or principal, which he supposes to be secreted by the brain, and distributed by the nerves through different parts of the body. To this principle he gave the appellation of animal electricity, and considered it as the cause of muscular motion.

Subsequent researches have led to conclusions inconsistent with the hypothesis of Galvani; and animal electricity or galvanism (as it has been denominated in honour of the discoverer) is now considered as depending on the operation of the same cause which produces other electric phenomena. Galvani continued his inquiries, and made experiments on the electricity of the torpedo, and on the electric-motive effects of the contact of different metals; but he did not materially extend the limits of his original discovery.—*Aikin's Gen. Biog.*

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Sir James was subject to certain Parson-Adams-like habits of forgetfulness of common things and lesser proprieties, and this brought down upon him no slight share of taunt and ridicule. It happened on his arrival at Bombay, that there was no house ready for his reception, and it would be a fortnight before a residence in the fort could be prepared for him. Mr. Jonathan Duncan, the governor of the presidency, therefore; with great kindness, offered his garden-house, called Sans Pareil, for the *temporary* accommodation of Sir James and his family. But months and months elapsed, till a twelvemonth had actually revolved: Mackintosh and his wife during all this time found themselves so comfortable in their quarters, that they forgot completely the limited tenure on which they held them; appearing, by a singular illusion, not to have the slightest suspicion of Mr. Duncan's proprietorship, notwithstanding some pretty intelligible hints on the subject from that gentleman, but communicated with his usual delicacy and politeness. At last politeness and delicacy were out of the question, and the poor governor was driven to the necessity of taking forcible possession of his own property. This was partly indolence, partly absence of mind on the part of Sir James. He was constitutionally averse to every sort of exertion, and especially that of quitting any place where he found himself comfortable. Before he went out to India, he made a trip to Scotland with his lady; and having taken up his abode for the night at an inn in Perthshire, not far from the beautiful park of the late Lord Melville, then Mr. Dundas, sent a request to Lady Jane Dundas (Mr. Dundas being absent) for permission to see the house and grounds, which was most civilly granted. Mr. Dundas being expected in the evening, her ladyship politely pressed them to stay to dinner, and pass the night, their accommodations at the inn not being of the first description. Mr. Dundas returned the same day; and though their politics were as adverse as possible, was so charmed with the variety of Mackintosh's conversation, that he requested his guests to prolong their visit for two or three days. So liberal, however, was the interpretation they put upon the invitation, that the two or three days were protracted into as many months; during which every species of hint was most ineffectually given, till their hosts told them, with many polite apologies, that they expected visitors with a numerous retinue, and could therefore no longer accommodate Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh.

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