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ORIGINAL TALE.

Ambrase Mandeville.

BY M. E. H.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from page 229.)

One morning I knocked at his sitting-room door, but, obtaining no answer, I concluded he was in his chamber, which communicated with the apartment, and had not heard me; and, privileged by friendship, entered the room. It was unoccupied, and throwing myself into an easy chair by the window, which commanded a fine view of the adjacent country, lost in the contemplation of the beauties of the landscape, I had almost forgotten the object of my visit, which was to request the loan of a book on whose merits Mr. Worthington had been expatiating the night before. The shutting of a door below aroused me from a reverie into which I had fallen, where Italian skies and English scenery, my present abode and the dear old family mansion, strange and familiar faces, seemed blended together in a kind of waking dream; half pleasing, half mournful,—one in which Fancy is allowed to dispute the throne with reason. Turning from the window, I was about to leave the apartment, in search of my friend, when my attention was arrested by a slight view of a painting on card board,

partially hidden by larger ones, that lay on the table,—and, supposing it some fancy sketch, I drew it forth. My surprise was almost equal to my admiration, when I beheld an exquisite painting of a beautiful female.

“Is this a portrait of some real or ideal fair one, I wonder?” said I, musingly. “If the former, whose can it be? Not his sister’s, for I have seen her portrait before,—but this, I suppose, is too sacred for the public gaze; it is, no doubt, the *belle ideal* of all his burning thoughts.”

It seemed to me that I could never weary in looking at it, yet it was not merely physical beauty, the beauty of features or complexion, that attracted me. No; it was the spiritual halo which seemed to encircle the countenance, for

“Surely the painter’s hues have caught
The spirit from within.”

The lady was represented as seated in an arm-chair; one white hand supporting her head, while the other held a half-closed book which, apparently, she had endeavoured in vain to peruse. That mournful thoughts occupied her mind, was evident from the expression of her large dark eyes, expressively soft, from which you could almost behold the starting tears, and the slight compression of the crimson lips seemed to betoken the inward struggle to repress the outward manifestation of sorrow. While absorbed in contemplation of the beautiful portrait, Frederick had entered unobserved, and a deep,

heavy sigh was the first intimation of his presence. Starting, for the sound proceeded from some one close to me, and, looking up, I met his mournful glance. Placing the picture on the table, I apologized, as well as I could, for the liberty I had taken in examining that which was evidently not intended for a stranger's gaze. My curiosity was roused, and inquiries came "tripping to my tongue," seeking egress,—but a glance at Mr. Worthington's countenance was sufficient to deter me from remarks which might be the occasion of pain, and, as he made no allusion to it, the subject was not referred to. I now, for the first time, saw that Frederick was strangely altered, and his appearance indicated a rapid decline. A bright spot of crimson on his cheeks, which were becoming hollow and sunken,—an unnatural clearness in the eyes, and an occasional cough, slight but painfully ominous, warned of the insidious approach of a fatal disease. I could see that some inward grief, repressed outwardly, but struggling fiercely within, controlled by a master hand, but nevertheless taking sad vengeance by preying on the vitals, draining the strength, robbing food of its relish, and sleep of its enjoyment, was fanning into fierce flame the latent spark of consumption in a slight frame and delicate constitution. Impatience and irritability there was none; a delight at sacrificing his own pleasure to promote that of others—a continued effort to remain calm and composed, to enjoy the present, characterized him, but an effort it evidently was. From his lips no past incident of his life escaped, and the future seemed to occupy but little of his thoughts. What cloud of misfortune could have cast so sombre a gloom over a life scarcely arrived at maturity I knew not—but certain it was that beneath some crushing weight of grief earthly hope appeared to be buried, and when I have observed his evident attempts to rouse himself—to shake off the incubus—to speak cheerfully, lightly, gaily, my heart has ached at the failure which I well knew must follow, and I have turned away to conceal emotion which I dared not display.

A fortnight elapsed, and my fellow traveller having become convalescent, I was seated with him one lovely afternoon, enjoying the balmy breeze, which, laden with the odour of fragrant flowers, came gently through the open casement, when a servant

entered with a message from Frederick, whom a slight indisposition had detained as prisoner in his room for a few days, earnestly requesting to speak to me if I was at leisure. I immediately obeyed the summons, and directed my steps to the room. The contrast between the lighted hall and the darkened apartment—for the glare of sunshine was not congenial to the invalid's spirits—prevented me, at first, from distinctly discerning him, but as I became accustomed to the darkness, I beheld him reclining on a couch with clasped hands, closed eyes and face, so marble, so death-like in its repose, that a cold shudder ran through my frame. "Surely the spirit has not fled," was my inward ejaculation, but the sound of his voice reassured me, as, in a tone of peculiar pathos, he bade me welcome. "Will you not sit down," he said, pointing to a chair that stood by the bedside. "I have much to say to you, but I fear exhausting your patience."

Eagerly I assured him of my willingness to listen—of my ardent desire to do anything in my power to contribute to his comfort. Thanking me, he referred to the circumstances which led to our acquaintance, and subsequent friendship, and then added, "The kindness which you have shown towards a total stranger, and the interest you have manifested in my welfare, prompts me to a narrative of the incidents of my life; they may, perhaps, be interesting to you,—and, far from home and friends, I would fain awaken a chord of sympathy in one human heart, before earthly ties are dissolved by the hand of death!"

"Death!" said I, starting abruptly at the word. "Do not mention it, I beseech you. You are very young, and your constitution will soon triumph over this slight disease, and, indeed, the physician informed me this morning that there was not the slightest symptom of danger."

A mournful smile passed over his countenance, as in a tone that went to my heart, so touching was its cadence, he exclaimed:

"Say, can he minister to a mind diseased;
Or pluck, from memory's roots, a barbed sorrow?"

"Yes, my friend," he continued, after a pause, for my heart was too full to permit me to answer, "I feel that I must die: I have struggled long against my feelings, I have borne up till now,—but I can bear up no longer. My native hill shall again be

green, but on their summits, I shall no more tread: the flowers shall adorn the valleys, but my hand shall never pluck them again. Well it is better so," he murmured, "better to be at rest."

It would weary you to minutely relate the conversation that passed between us,—but a brief outline of his history may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to you, though I shall not be able to give it in his own words.

"Frederick Worthington's father was a private gentleman, who resided in a small estate in one of the northern counties of England. Possessing affluence, and of a retiring disposition, he lived secluded from the gay world,—and occupied in superintending the education of his son and daughter, who had lost their mother at an early age, found a happiness, far superior to that which could have been acquired by mingling with the gay and thoughtless votaries of pleasure. Calmly glided away the early years of Frederick, with little to ruffle the surface of domestic peace, when, at the age of twenty-one, he received an invitation from a friend, who lived at some distance, earnestly requesting from him a visit. His father gladly consenting, he set out on his journey, and soon arrived at the place which was to prove so fatal to his future happiness. Among the many ladies to whom he was there introduced, one especially attracted his attention. She was the daughter of highly aristocratic parents, but

"As meek as Poverty doth make
Her children."

His pointed attention to her soon became the subject of remark in their circle of acquaintance,—and, for some time, her parents not only tacitly permitted, but even encouraged them, until the arrival of a wealthy Baronet, and his subsequent introduction to their daughter, seemed entirely to change the current of their thoughts. From that period Frederick was treated with the utmost coldness, but, blest in the consciousness of being loved, with the consent of Marion, he applied to her parents for her hand, believing, no doubt, that

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,—
Who fears to put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

The sequel may be easily imagined. His offer was considered presumptuous in the

highest degree, and Marion was peremptorily forbidden to hold any more intercourse with him. Overwhelmed with the blow, he was seated, a few hours after, in his chamber, alternately lamenting his sad fate, and wondering if by any means it could be averted, when the servant, knocking at the door, handed him a letter. With a presentiment of some fresh misfortune, he broke the seal, and opening it, found it was from his sister, containing intelligence of his father's sudden and dangerous illness,—and imploring him to return home with all speed. With filial affection he hurriedly made preparations for his journey, but he could not leave without bidding Marion adieu. By some means or other, he contrived to obtain an interview with her, and found her in the attitude represented in the picture, namely, that of deep sorrow. Her mother had a little while before informed her of the result of Frederick's application,—and when he was announced, she felt that he had come to bid her a final adieu. Short was that meeting, sad but not despairing. They were both young,—and what change might time not effect in their fortunes? At all events, it might soften her parent's hearts, and thus they reasoned with each other,—and parted with vows of eternal affection.

A few months elapsed, and in the interim Frederick wept bitterly over the grave of his beloved parents,—and had resigned to another's keeping, his only, his darling sister, thus fulfilling the last wish of his father, that her marriage should be celebrated a short time after his death. Frederick had written several times to Marion, but, receiving no answer, he concluded his letters had been intercepted by her parents, and he determined, as soon as his affairs were arranged to return to the place where she resided.—Carelessly taking up a paper one day, he casually glanced over the contents, when his eye rested on a familiar name. "Did his sight deceive him?" He looked again. Yes, it was the marriage of Marion with the wealthy Baronet. Terrible was the blow, that one he believed so constant could so easily have forgotten him. "But no," he corrected himself, "it must have been the work of her parents. Marion, my own tender, faithful Marion was never led to the altar a willing bride."

He had been fondly cherishing the hope

that one day or other, her parents would have relented; that, witnessing their mutual constancy, they would, at last, consent to their union; but now, his hopes were blasted, and life seemed suddenly to become a blank, Whither should he go? To remain at home was impossible. He could no longer endure the loneliness of the family mansion, from which the beloved had had departed, and the absence of his sister, who was journeying far away, confirmed him in a resolution which he had often made in boyhood, namely, to visit "the classic land of Italy," and thither he directed his steps. The natural wish of the human heart to fly from the scene of its sorrows, and to seek solace in change, was well exemplified in his case, but it produced, as it not unfrequently does, a contrary result, and to him might have been appropriately addressed the answer of Solitude, to one in similar circumstances,

"Youth, you're mistaken if you think to find,
In shades a medicine for a troubled mind,
Wan grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlets flow."

But I must hasten to a conclusion. He had been there but a few months when he received intelligence of the death of Marion. The friend who communicated it added, "that a broken heart had brought her to a premature grave." A short time subsequent to her death, we became acquainted with him: and this was the grief which had been secretly undermining his health.

We buried him at the close of a lovely summer's day, in a sequestered but beautiful spot. We planted the cypress at his head, strewed roses, watered with tears, over his grave, and left him to repose "in sure and certain hope of a blissful resurrection."

There was a pause of some moments after the conclusion of Mr. Clifton's narrative, broken by one of the company, with an allusion to the picture.

"I had forgotten to tell you," was Mr. Clifton's reply, "that Frederick had taken a sketch of the place in which we encountered the brigands,—and intended to add some finishing touches to it, when his health failing, he never completed it,—but enclosed it to his sister, just as it was, knowing well that any of his productions, however poor, would be highly valued by her. A little before his death, he placed in my hand a letter, and entreated me, on my return to Eng-

land, to call and see her, requesting me also to take charge of a few valuables, which he had brought with him to Italy, until I could restore them to her.

"The promise was made, but, unfortunately, I have never been able to fulfill it. On my return home, I repaired, almost immediately, to the place to which I had been directed by Frederick,—but could gain no intelligence of his sister, except that she had removed, with her husband, from the city, some time before. I advertised in many of the newspapers, and made all the inquiry I could, but it was of no avail. Subsequently, I learned that they had removed to Canada,—and, after leaving England myself, to settle here, I again prosecuted my search, but without any success. Some time after, I heard from a person who had met them travelling, that her husband had become very much dissipated, and that they were in destitute circumstances.

"This picture," continued Mr. Clifton, again examining it, "is not the same, but evidently a copy of the sketch. That it is far superior to the original, I do not hesitate to say—but the artist must have obtained the latter by some means, or he could not have taken it so exactly,—and this, perhaps, may serve as a clue to ascertain whether Frederick's sister still survives—and, if so, her residence."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Mocking-Bird.

The plumage of the Mocking-Bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice, but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the Wood Thrush, to the savage scream of the Bald Eagle. In the measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals.

In force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor.—The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour, or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bart-ram has beautifully expressed it, “He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recal his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.” While exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mate; or dive, with precipitation, into the depth of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the Sparrow Hawk.

The Mocking Bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen runs about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking

of the dog, the mewings of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully.—He runs over the Canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia Nightingale, or Redbird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the Brown Thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the Bluebird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screamings of swallows, or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the Robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the Whip-poor-will; while the notes of the Killdeer, Blue Jay, Martin, and twenty others, succeed with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird now before us.—During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable medley.—*Wilson's American Ornithology.*

Study to make the whole of your carriage and discourse among men so engaging, as may invite even strangers to love you, and allure them to love religion for your sake.

By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.

Truth and holiness are, in the Christian system, so intimately allied, that the warm and faithful inculcation of the one, lays the only foundation for the other.

[ORIGINAL.]

Lines,

SUGGESTED BY THE EXCLAMATION, "I CANNOT HEAR."

I move amid those busy streets,
Teeming with life and varied sound,
Yet not the dwellings of the dead
To me bear stillness more profound;
No voice, no tone, salutes mine ear,
Alas for me, I cannot hear!

I enter halls, where Eloquence,
In breathless stillness chains the throng,—
And, oft, each flashing eye reveals
What powerful thoughts are borne along;
But Eloquence may never cheer
My longing heart, I cannot hear.

When shadows of the evening fall,
I sit beside the quiet hearth,—
Yet, though I know the loved are near,
To me how vain their tones of mirth;
Affection's language, fond and dear,
Oh, could I for a moment hear!

The zephyr hath no voice for me,
The howling storm may wildly rave
I heed it not,—and on the sea,
I calmly mark each giant wave;
No terror mixt me they bear,
Their solemn sounds I may not hear.

Yet, to my Father's will I bow,
Adoringly his hand I see,
Who not amid the tempest speaks,
But in the "still, small voice" to me.
My throbbing heart, my inward ear,
Those gracious tones rejoice to hear.

And oh, I trust, when life has fled,
To join the happy choir above,
Who still in hymns unceasing sing
The praises of Almighty love;
Each sound shall thrill my wakened ear,
For oh, in Heaven, I too shall hear.

M. E. II.

Female Education.

There is much truth and good sense in the following remarks of a late English moralist, upon the manner in which female education is conducted, under the popular notions of the day; and although they have more immediate reference to the prevailing mode of education in his own country, they are not so inapplicable as we wish they were, to our own. The mirror he holds up to mother England may show to her transatlantic daughter in the image reflected, a strong and not very flattering family picture.

"There does not appear any reason why the education of woman should differ in its essentials, from that of men. The education which is good for human nature is good for them. They are a part—and they ought to

be, in a much greater degree than they are, a part—of the effective contributors to the welfare and intelligence of the human family, In intellectual as well as in other affairs, they ought to be fit helps to man. The preposterous absurdities of chivalrous times still exert a wretched influence over the character and the allotment of women.—Men are not polite but gallant; they do not act towards women as to beings of kindred habits and character as to beings who, like the other portion of mankind, reason and reflect and judge but as to beings who please, and whom men are bound to please, Essentially there is no kindness, no politeness in this; but selfishness and insolence. He is the man of politeness who evinces his respect for the female mind. He is the man of insolence who tacitly says, when he enters into the society of woman, that he needs not to bring his intellects with him. I do not mean to affirm that these persons intend insolence, or are conscious always of the real character of their habits; they think they are attentive and polite; and habit has become so inveterate, that they really are not pleased if a woman, by the vigour of her conversation, interrupts the pleasant trifling to which they are accustomed. Unhappily, a number of women think themselves more fascinating than respectable. They will not see, and very often they do not see, the practical insolence with which they are treated; yet what insolence is so great as that of half a dozen men, who having been engaged in an intelligent conversation, suddenly exchange it for frivolity if ladies enter.

"For this unhappy state of intercourse, female education is in too great a degree adapted. A large class are taught less to think than to shine. If they glitter, it matters little whether it be the glitter of gilding or of the gold. To be accomplished is of greater interest than to be sensible. It is of more consequence to this class to charm by the tones of a piano than to delight and invigorate by intellectual conversation—The effect is reciprocally bad. An absurd education disqualifies them for intellectual exertion, and that every disqualification perpetuates the degradation.

"If then we were wise enough to regard women, and women were wise enough to regard themselves, with that real practical respect to which they are entitled, and if the

education they receive was such as that respect would dictate, we might hereafter have occasion to say, not as it is now said, that "in England women are queens" but something higher and greater; we might say that in every thing, social, intellectual, and religious, they were fit to co-operate with man, and to cheer and assist him in his endeavours to promote his own happiness and the happiness of his family, his country and the world."

How Great Men Rise.

Few things that happen in the world are the result of accident. Law governs all; there is even a law of Chances and Probabilities, which has been elaborated by Laplace, Quetelet, and others, and applied by practical men to such purposes as life insurance, insurances against fire, shipwreck and so on. Many things which happen daily, and which are usually attributed to chance, occur with such regularity that, where the field of observation is large, they can almost be calculated upon as certainties.

But we do not propose now to follow out this idea, interesting though it would be; we would deal with the matter of "accident" in another light—that of self-culture. When a man has risen from an humble to a lofty position in life, carved his name deep into the core of the world, or fallen upon some sudden discovery with which his name is identified in all time coming, his rise, his work, his discovery, is very often attributed to "accident." The fall of the apple is often quoted as the accident by which Newton discovered the law of gravitation; and the convulsed frog's legs, first observed by Galvani, are, in like manner, quoted as an instance of accidental discovery. But nothing can be more unfounded; Newton had been studying in retirement the laws of matter and motion, and his head was full, and his brain beating with the toil of thinking on the subject, when the apple fell. The train was already laid long before, and the significance of the apple's fall was suddenly apprehended as only genius could apprehend it; and the discovery, which had long before been elaborating, suddenly burst on the philosopher's sight. So with Galvani, Jenner,

Franklin, Watt, Davy, and all other philosophers; their discoveries were invariably the result of patient labour; of long study, and of earnest investigation. They worked their way by steps, feeling for the right road like the blind man, and always trying carefully the firmness of the new ground before venturing upon it.

Genius of the very highest kind never trusts to accident, but is indefatigable in labour: Buffon has said of genius, "It is patience." Some one else has called it "intense purpose;" and another, "hard work."—Newton himself used to declare, that whatever service he had done to the public was not owing to extraordinary sagacity, but solely to industry and patient thought. Genius, however, turns to account all accidents—calls them rather by their right name, opportunities. The history of successful men proves that it was the habit of cultivating opportunities—of taking advantage of opportunities—which helped them to success—which, indeed, secured success. Take the Crystal Palace as an instance; was it a sudden idea—an inspiration of genius—flashing upon one who, though no architect, must at least have been something of a poet? Not at all; its contriver was simply a man who cultivates opportunities—a laborious, pains-taking man, whose life has been a career of labour, of diligent self-improvement, of assiduous cultivation of knowledge. The idea of the Crystal Palace, as Mr. Paxton himself has shown, in a lecture before the Society of arts, was slowly and patiently elaborated by experiments extending over many years; and the Exhibition of 1851 merely afforded him the opportunity of putting forward his idea—the right thing at the right time—and the result is what we have seen.

If opportunities do not fortuitously occur, then the man of earnest purpose proceeds to make them for himself. He looks for help everywhere; there are many roads into Nature; and if determined to find a path, a man need not have to wait long.—He turns all accidents to account, and makes them promote his purpose. Dr. Lee, Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, pursued his trade of a bricklayer up to twenty-eight years of age, and was first led to study Hebrew by becoming interested in a Hebrew Bible, which fell in his way when engaged

in the repairs of a synagogue; but before this time he had been engaged in the culture of his intellect, devoting all his spare hours, and much of his nights, to the study of Latin and Greek. Ferguson, the astronomer, cultivated the opportunity afforded him by the nights occupied by him in watching the flocks on the Highland hills, of studying astronomy in the heavens; and the sheepskin in which he wrapped himself, became him as well as the gown of the Oxford Professor. Osgood, the American painter, when a boy, was deprived by an austere relative of the use of pencils and paper; but he set to work and practised drawing on the sand of the river side. Gifford, late editor of the *Quarterly Review*, worked his first problems in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose.—Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Boy," wrote his first poems on the same material with an awl. Bewick first practised his genius on the cottage-walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk. Rittenhouse, the astronomer, calculated eclipses on the plow-handle. Benjamin West, the painter, made his first brushes out of the cat's tail.

It is not accident, then, that helps a man on in the world, but purpose and persistent industry. These make a man sharp to discern opportunities, and to use them. To the sluggish and the purposeless, the happiest opportunities avail nothing—they pass them by with indifference, seeing no meaning in them. Successful men achieve and perform because they have the purpose to do so.—They "scorn delights, and live laborious days." They labour with hand and heart. Difficulties serve only to draw forth the energies of their character, and often their highest pleasure is in grappling and overcoming them.

Doubtless Professor Faraday had difficulties to encounter, in working his way up from the carpenter's bench to the highest rank as a scientific chemist and philosopher. And Dr. Kitto had his difficulties to overcome, in reaching his present lofty position as one of the best of our Biblical critics; deaf from a very early age, he was for some indebted to the poor-rates for his subsistence, having composed his first essays "in a workhouse." And Hugh Miller, the author of "The Old

Red Sandstone," had difficulties to grapple with in the stone-quarry at Cromarty, out of which he raised himself to a position of eminent honour and usefulness. And George Stephenson, too, who was a trapper-boy in a coal-pit, had difficulties to encounter, perhaps greater than them all; but, like a true and strong man, bravely surmounted and triumphed over them. "What!" said John Hunter, the first of English surgeons, originally a carpenter, "Is there a man whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? That kind of man *never* fails."

Man must be his own helper. He must cultivate his own nature. No man can do this for him. No institution can do it. Possibly a man may get another to do his *work* for him, but not to do his *thinking* for him. A man's best help is in himself—in his own heart, his own soul, his own resolute purpose. The battle cannot be fought by proxy. A man's mind may be roused by another, and his desire to improve and advance himself excited by another; but he must mould his own stuff, quarry his own nature, make his own character. What if a man fails in one effort? Let him try again! Let him try hard; try often, and he cannot fail ultimately to succeed. No man can tell what he can do until he tries, and tries with resolution. Difficulties often fall away of themselves, before a determination to overcome them. "There is something in resolution," says Walker, in the *Original*, "which has an influence beyond itself, and it marches on like a mighty lord among its slaves. All is prostration where it appears. When bent on good, it is almost the noblest attribute of man, when on evil, the most dangerous. It is only by *habitual* resolution, that men succeed to any great extent—mere impulses are not sufficient."

Some are scared from the diligent practice of self-culture and self-help, because they find their progress to be slow. They are in despair, because, having planted their acorn, they do not see it grow up into an oak at once. These must cultivate the virtue of patience—one of the quietest but most valuable of human virtues. They must be satisfied to do their true work, and wait the issues thereof.

Alice and the Angel.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

One morning, about a week afterwards, I rose early, and took my way to the park.—All the week I had been watching for Alice across the wall, and had not seen her. I passed through the gate, and looked up at the lodge windows, but the blinds were down, and below the screens were closed outside. I thought “they have not risen yet.” I had not proposed to knock there, but simply to walk in the park. However, I waited a while, and listened for some one moving. I even went round the palings and looked up at the windows at the back. One was open, and the long blind was swelling outward, like a sail, and dropping in the current of air. I drew back immediately, afraid of being seen, and walked down the avenue. I saw some one coming towards me from the further end, looking like Alice, although the distance was too great for me to be sure. As we drew nearer, however, I saw that it was she. She had a basket on her arm, and was walking quickly. She saw me, and came running up to me, saying, “I have a sad piece of news to relate to you. I am afraid you will think me very ungrateful when I tell you what has happened. I have hardly the courage to confess. I know you will never forgive me, unless I get a promise from you first of all. Tell me, then, am I forgiven?”

“Yes!” I answered; “fully absolved, as far as I have power.”

“Listen, then,” she continued, “without being angry, if you can. The greyhound that you gave me—the beautiful slender dog is broken into twenty fragments! Oh, you are not more vexed than I am,” she added, seeing me look serious. “I would not have exchanged it for its weight in silver. And to have done it myself, to have no one to blame but my own careless self. I will tell you exactly how it happened. It was standing yesterday on the side-table where you left it. I intended to set it in my room, but I had forgotten it for a while. I threw on my shawl suddenly to go out—the fringe caught in something behind me: I did not look back, but pulled it impatiently; the little table overturned with a crash, and my

poor carving lay broken in pieces and scattered about the floor.”

Although she professed to regret the accident, I could not help thinking that there was an air of malice in her manner of relating it. But I endeavoured to conceal my vexation, and answered cheerfully, “I cannot blame you for doing by accident what I should have done perhaps on purpose.—I have destroyed every image I have made, excepting this.”

“And why? Your conscience troubled you for having broken the second commandment?”

“A whim—nothing more,” I answered; “I shall earn the nickname of Iconoclast, if I deserve nothing else of Fame.”

“What does that mean?”

“‘Image-breaker.’ An honourable title at the time when the Puritans emptied every niche in our cathedral. But let us say no more about this.” Then changing the subject, I asked her where she had been?

“I have been down to Holy Well Point, to get some groundsel for the birds. What a lovely morning! so still; the whole world seems to be our own, and we the only living creatures in it. Down yonder there is a hollow, where the mist lies and creeps along the grass, as if the turf were a-fire and smoking. Lower down there is a fir plantation, which I came through on my way back. I like that walk better than any in the park. The earth smells so fresh there, as you walk in the twilight, ankle-deep in withered leaves and fir-apples. They say there are snakes there; but I know better. There are rabbits there, out of number, and the birds sing all about, although I never could see one of them. One at a time they break out from every side. I think they hold a conversation.”

I listened to her with delight, and said nothing. Her tone was so earnest, that I felt she loved the places that she spoke of. Her manner, too, was so natural and graceful, so unconscious did she seem of having charmed me with her words, that I knew that she assumed no character, but spoke without reserve from the feeling of the moment and the impulse of her nature. I thought of her words long after I had left her, with a better hope than I had felt before of bringing her to love me, after all. What might I not hope from that gentleness

which showed itself at times, in spite of her mocking tongue? This, I thought, will unfold as she grows to fuller womanhood, and all her lightness will be softened down by time. After all, it was better that she should be thus; with that strong consciousness of being and quick perception of what life is, than stung with finer notions that are quickly jarred and broken by experience.

This new hope in my life had already wrought some changes in my character. I was no longer locked up in one purpose—a mischief to the spirit, though that purpose were the purest and the best. I looked up, and saw that there were others in the world, besides myself, hoping, toiling, and enduring. I made good resolutions for the future, to bar out selfishness as far as in my power; and, conscious of change for the better in my nature, I felt, as it were, new life within me. What wonder, then, that I came to love her, more and more, and blessed her secretly.

Yet my pride remained. I saw her many times and walked with her; and, finding her still changeable—shifting from mockery to seriousness—from irony to tenderness, a hundred times, I kept my love still shut up in my heart. I dreaded the moment when I should open my lips and tell her, as the ending of our friendship; and I waited, waited for a change that did not come.

In the winter of that year my father died suddenly. It was a little before Christmas, and the snow was on the ground. I sat and watched, all night, and heard the carol-singers in the street, and wept. For days I walked about the darkened rooms and thought of my past life, and grieved for many things that could not then be changed. Some days after the funeral I was sitting in the shop alone, when I heard a tapping at the door, and looking up, saw Alice through the glass. I rose and opened the door, and she came in. There was a change in her manner. She shook my hand when I offered it, and sat looking at me in silence for some moments.

"I have passed here many times this week," she said; "but I did not like to knock before."

She sat and talked with me for some time, without mentioning my father; but, by her tone and manner, soothing me. She came again, some days after, and this time I did

not hear her knock, or open the door, but, looking up, I saw her standing in the doorway. It was getting dusk, and she was so still that I rose in wonder, half thinking that I saw a vision, such as sometimes had been seen of friends who in that moment died elsewhere. I took her hand, and led her through the shop to see my aunt. She took her bonnet off and sat with us that evening. The mystery that was about her when she entered lingered in my mind. As after earthquakes, for a while men lose their old conviction of the firmness of the earth, so when, for the first time, Death steals into a peaceful household and strikes mute one dear companion of our lives, our faith in the security of life and other habits of the mind are weakened, and give place to mysteries. I looked at her as she sat talking with my aunt, by firelight. Her face was paler than usual, and her long hair, turned back behind the ears, flowed down on either side. Never, in pictures or carved images of angels, or of women meant for types of Truth, or Charity, or Mercy, had I seen a head and face more perfect. It was then that I first thought to carve an angel with a face like hers.

When I saw Alice again she sat before me while I drew the outline of her face in chalk, and shortly after I began my task.—The figure was almost the size of life. The feet were bare. The robe was girdled at the waist, and behind the hair hung down between half-folded wings. I cut the features from the drawing—something like her, but not wholly she, until I fetched her and begged her to stand before me while I carved from life. I covered up the wings so that she did not know that my figure was an angel. I told her that it was my whim to give to it her features. For several months I worked upon it afterwards. The folds of the full robe grew perfect to my eye—the curves and feathered plaits of the long wings—the flowing lengths of hair. Lastly, I retouched the face, and came again each day and touched it, till it brought her fully to my mind.

The summer had come round again, but I had begun my work in the house, and it remained there. One evening I put my tools aside and sat down to look at it. I rose and walked about it—brushed the dust and chips from round the feet and pedestal,

and sat down again. My task was finished. I saw its perfect symmetry and beauty with a feeling of delight that almost stayed the beating of my heart. I remembered no more the long years in which my soul had often become sick and weary, struggling with imperfect utterance. My thought stood out before me fully manifested; the crown and recompense of all my toil. I sat and looked upon it till the twilight gathered in the room. The pedestal, the feet and robe grew shadowy; but the head was level with the window, and the light lingered about it like a glory, and the features shone. Then the dusk increased until I saw only the outline; and that mingled with the darkness where I sat alone. Yet not alone; but with a mute companion, in whose presence I had laid aside my sorrow—a remembrancer of Alice, as she was, while pity made her worthy of those wings. I had not seen her for some days, and the last time she had hurt me with her failery and made me angry; though I had said nothing, and perhaps she did not know it.

My purpose was, now that I had finished my statue, to get it set up somewhere in the cathedral, where I had first dreamed of meeting her. I went the next day to one of the vergers, an old man who lived inside the gateway close to the cloisters. He knew me well, for I had been a customer of his for prints of monuments and inscriptions which he sold in a little shop. He promised to speak to the Dean about it, and I pointed out an empty niche just through the entrance to the choir, which I had measured and found to be of the dimensions of my work. A day or two afterwards the Dean himself called at our house and saw the statue. He praised it highly, and asked my reason for wishing it to be placed there; but I told him I had none beyond a wish to see it in a fitting place. He was satisfied, and afterwards sent some masons who were at work in the cathedral to remove it in the evening. I stood by and assisted them, anxious lest accident should happen to my work, I went with them and saw it finally set up in its place. Afterwards people talked of it in the city, but few persons knew whose work it was. On the Sunday following, I stood in a little group of people looking at it, and heard their various comments.

After that the cathedral was my favourite

haunt. I went to service there in the afternoon, and lingered sometimes afterwards for hours, until I knew every monument, and learned almost every inscription by heart. Sometimes coming there after the doors were closed, I talked with the masons working at a side window. At length, as I became more familiar, I climbed their scaffolding, got through the window, and descended by another scaffolding inside. At such times I walked about the cathedral till dusk, when they called to me and said they were about to leave their work, and I returned by the window.

Alice came once to see it. I was with her. When she saw the wings she laughed and said, "Her own mother would not take it for her had she lived to see it. Not only for the wings," said she, "but for the flattery of the artist; for, mark you," she added, "I look into my glass half a dozen times a day, and am not to be deceived."

We went out together afterwards, and I walked home with her. It was a cold day towards the end of autumn, with a strong wind blowing, and a cloudy sky. As we drew near the lodge there fell some drops of rain. I entered, and while we sat there it began to beat hard upon the windows. I rose several times to go, but the storm had not abated, and I returned and sat down again. Her sister-in-law was in the next room, making bread, and we were alone. We sat beside the fire and talked. She was, as usual, in a merry mood; but that day my passion had returned with tenfold force, and I listened to every word she said, and loved her more for every word. She twisted her hands, till the firelight threw strange shapes upon the ceiling, and then turned her face sideways to make a gigantic shadow of her features on the wainscot. She laughed, and shifted her discourse from one subject to another, until I grew bewildered. Yet I felt, as it were, drawn towards her—tempted to forget my pride, the danger of her scorn, and all that had hitherto restrained me, and to tell her there my passion, once for all. I determined that I would know that night before I left her if she really had any love for me. I blamed myself for the dreaming life that I had led; nourishing a passion without the courage to avow it; putting off the day that must come at last; only perhaps to make my disappointment still more bitter.

Yet I arose again and looked out at the door ; but the night was still dark and windy, and the rain did not cease to fall. I came back again, and, this time walking up behind her, where she sat before the fire, I leaned upon her chair, and looked over her shoulder and said, " I have many things to say to you, Alice, to-night, before I go."

" Hush !" she said, lifting her finger, and mocking my tone, " something very serious ?"

Even then, before I knew what she would say, I felt angry with her. The blood rushed to my face, and I spoke with a thick and hurried voice. I was prepared for her refusal. I pictured in that moment to myself the ridicule with which she would meet my words ; but I was resolved to know the worst that night, and I had settled in my mind the course that I would take. I told her briefly that I loved her, and asked her, almost abruptly, whether she would see me any more. She answered me, as I knew she would, with laughter—said she was disappointed in me—thought she had found a man more rational than his fellows, and finally told me not to see her any more till I repented of my folly. I waited for some little time till she had done, with my eye fixed steadfastly upon her. I would not trust myself to speak, lest I should raise my voice and be overheard ; but I felt how the love that I had borne her turned to hatred in that moment. All the history of our acquaintance ran through my mind in an instant. I saw plainly now, I thought, how light and vain she was ; how she abused the gifts of intellect and beauty, to mock and trifle with a deeper and more earnest nature. I held my hand out once, and said, " farewell," and, turning, left her abruptly.

I passed through the gate in the darkness, in the wind and rain, unmindful of every thing but my anger. Yet once, before I had gone many steps, I thought I heard a voice of some one calling. Could it be Alice ? I felt even tempted to return and see ; but I thought I might be mistaken, and my pride withheld me. I listened, and, not hearing it any more, I hurried on, thinking I had coined a fancy from a secret wish, and blamed myself for wavering in my purpose. I repeated her words to myself as I went, that my indignation might not lessen. I was filled with self-contempt for the weakness I had shown. I remembered how my whole

nature seemed to have changed for a while under the influence of my passion ; how I had vainly glorified myself for the effeminacy into which I had fallen, while thinking I had become a better man. Now, I felt ashamed of all these things, and would fain have forgotten them, and become again the selfish being that I was.

My aunt opened the door to me. She held a lamp in her hands, and saw me looking wild, and my clothes saturated with the rain. She asked me where I had been, but I answered her sharply, and went up into the workshop. I found my great hammer, and went down the stairs again, and out into the street. The cathedral yard was silent. I passed under the trees, and looked into the window where my statue stood, and saw it there. My intention was to get inside, but how I knew not, unless I could find my entrance by the scaffolding. I climbed up, and found that the masons had removed the window altogether and boarded up the place. I tried the boards, and found one looser than the rest. I pushed it, and it gave way, and fell back with a noise on the platform inside. I was afraid that it was heard, and drew back awhile, but the only house near was the verger's, at some distance across the yard, and I saw no lights there at any of the windows. After that I got through and replaced the board behind me.

I know not how the thought arose to destroy my statue, except that I was driven wild with passion, and scarcely knew what I was doing. I did not wait a moment to look at the work which had so rejoiced me in the carving—that had filled me full of hope when I saw it finished—the first token I had won of future honour in the art that I had chosen—but grasped my hand, and with blind fury struck it, unmindful of the noise I made, though every blow rang twice upon the roof. I shattered first the wings, and after a while, the whole figure fell beneath my blows upon the pavement. I cast my hammer down and climbed the platform again. The perspiration trickled down my face from the exertion ; but I had no fear ; I did not even reflect whether my noise had been heard ; but as I issued by the window, and the moon was darkened, some large bird that I had startled struck me in the face and made me start. I replaced the board again, and glided down the scaffolding. The yard

was still silent and deserted, though it was not late.

I had not been absent more than half an hour when I knocked again. My aunt opened the door, and saw me looking wilder than before. I followed her into the parlour, and told her to get ready to leave the city with me that night by the coach that passed through there at eleven o'clock, on its way to London. She was terrified. She looked at me earnestly, and then, bursting into tears entreated me to tell her what had happened. I assured her that there was no cause for her alarm; but she asked me what I had done with the hammer I had taken out with me? I refused to tell her, and her suspicions were increased.

"God only and yourself," said she, "know into what trouble your violence has led you this night!"

I assured her, again and again, that I had done no harm to any one, but her fears remained, and she packed up, tremblingly, a few things in a trunk, and fetched a porter to carry it to the coach, while I fastened all the doors and windows. Afterwards we went out together, and I locked the outer door and took the key away.

All night I sat outside the coach beside my aunt, without speaking. The wind had fallen; there was not a cloud to be seen, and the moon shone brightly in a hazel ring. My passion had gone down, though I did not repent of what I had done. I thought of Alice no longer angrily, but sorrowfully. I knew she did not feel as I felt—had not the habit of picturing in herself a nature different to her own, in order to appreciate what others suffer, and did not know how much her conduct pained me. So I forgave her in my heart; for I know how few there are who, studying themselves, find out their own defects, and strove to change and master their original nature. Thus I excused her, with a readiness that showed that my love for her was not yet dead. I did not deceive myself. I knew that I should grieve about her till I died. Yet the coach rolled on, and I did not wish to return.

We lived three years in London—a strange place to me, after the quiet old city where I had passed my early days so peacefully. Fortune smiled upon me there after a while; and for some things I had no reason to regret the change. But my heart was always

heavy. My sorrow for the loss of the hope I had clung to had become a lasting sense, that weighed upon me even when Alice was not in my thoughts. Never again did I take my tools in my hand with the same feeling that had moved me when I carved the angel in the little room at home. My ambition was not the same. I had too many precious memories in the past to make the future worthy of my hope. Many times, by fire-light and upon my bed, I thought of that stormy night when I left her, full of anger; thence, mounting to the days we spent together in the park, remembering everything she said and did. I delighted to go over these recollections, one by one. I took each single moment of that happy time and lingered over it, beating it out as the goldsmith beats the precious metal on the anvil, making every grain a sheet of gold.

I had brought away nothing to remind me of those times. I thought that time would weaken such impressions; and I wished that I had something that might serve to awaken memory to my latest day. But I had never had from Alice anything in the shape of a token or keepsake. There was nothing I could have brought, except the likeness I had made before I carved the statue, and which I had left locked up in the old house. From the moment when I remembered this, the wish to possess it grew stronger. Once I dreamed I had discovered it in my box; and the impression was so strong that I rose and searched there; but I did not find it. I was thinking of it incessantly. I could not rest for the desire of possessing it again. I thought of going back to the city and getting into the house at night, and returning with it to London; and at length I determined to go.

One night I left my aunt, telling her I was going into the country on business for three days, and took my place upon the coach. It was the day before the third anniversary of the night when I destroyed the carving. We travelled all night long, and I arrived at my destination in the afternoon of the next day. I descended from the coach before we came to the houses, and walked about till dusk. Then I went down into the city, and, stealing through back ways, came to the street where we lived. There was no one in the street but myself. I stopped before our door and looked up at the

house, by the light of the oil lamp opposite, Some of the windows were broken; the sutters were dingy and weather-beaten, and the dust lay thickly on the sills and against the door.

I put the key in the lock; but it would not move till I had taken it out again, and raked and blowed the dust out of the key-hole. Then I turned it slowly, with all my strength, in the rusty wards, and descended into the shop, shutting the door. I hastened to light the lamp which I had brought with me; for the strangeness of my situation, in darkness, after three years' absence, in the old house where my father died, impressed me; I heard noises about the place, probably of rats. When I had lighted my lamp, I saw that everything was as we had left it: excepting that the dust lay thickly everywhere. In the oak parlour at the back of the shop, my aunt's work-box stood upon the table; and on a stand against the window were several flower-pots, the mould in them as hard as stone, and the plants dead and shrivelled. The grate remained as we left it—full of cinders; and the old wooden arm chair in which my aunt had been sitting was beside the fire-place. I walked, I know not why, on tip-toe along the passage, and mounted the stairs. My bed-room also was unchanged. I searched in a dusty closet and found the drawing that I sought, and looked upon it by the lamp, until I could not see it for my tears. I walked through every room, and lingered in the kitchen where I had carved the angel; and, after a while, returned through the shop, and bade farewell once more to my old home.

I put out my lamp, and opened the door and listened, thinking I heard some one passing. The footstep ceased, and when I issued and looked down the street, I thought I saw a figure, standing still, at a little distance from me. As I was anxious not to be recognized, I turned quickly and walked away. I heard the footstep again, as if the person was following me, and I quickened my pace; but it seemed to gain upon me, and I heard a voice that struck me motionless. It was Alice, and she came and caught me by the arm. I could feel how she was trembling, and I turned and held her firmly.

"I never thought to see you any more," she said; "my God, how I have prayed to

see you, and repented of that dreadful night when I spoke foolishly against my heart, and sent you from me angry! I thought that you were dead; and that the feeling of what I had done, weighed upon me like a sin that never could be pardoned or washed out.—Three years of bitter sorrow I have passed since then; night after night I have lain awake and cried, until my heart is almost broken. It was known that you had left by the coach, but no one knew whither you had gone. I have watched about the cathedral and in front of the old house many an evening, in the hope that you might be tempted to revisit them if you were still alive, till, when you did not come for months and years, I could not doubt that you were dead. Yet to-night I came again. It is three years to-night since you left me. I heard with terror some one opening the door from within, and retired and saw that it was you.—And you were hurrying away, and in another moment would have been gone again forever! Oh, do not leave me again—never, never again!"

I was stunned, bewildered; but I spoke: "Oh, Alice, Alice! do not sue to me, I cannot bear to hear you. I only am to blame for my blind pride and obstinacy. I never will forgive myself the sorrow I have caused you; though I have also suffered very much. I have ceased to love you for a moment.—This very night I came to seek your likeness that I drew, little thinking I should see you here again, and hear you talk like this."

We stood near a lamp, and I saw how changed she was—how thin and pale her face; but she was still my Alice, whom I loved so much. I put both arms about her neck and kissed her wet cheeks, took her hands and kissed them many times, and told her not to think about the past, and that I would never leave her while I lived. We turned and walked down the street together, and round the cathedral yard; but her talk was still about the past, and all that she had suffered. She asked me a hundred questions, of where I had been, and what I had done since that time, and cried afresh when I told her how I had grieved for her sake. She made me tell her how I had broken the statue, and I showed her the side window where I entered, and told her everything—for I remembered well that night.

Alice and I walked to and fro till it was

getting late, and still she had many things to ask me and to tell me. I returned with her towards the lodge. We went in at the gate and she left me at the door, while she entered and bade her sisters guess what stranger she had brought with her, and then called me to surprise her. It was late when I left her; promising to come again early in the morning; but I found an inn still open in the city. I rose early, and Alice and I walked again together in the park, recalling the old times and visiting all our favourite places. I kept my promise not to leave her; and wrote to my aunt to come to us, telling her, for the first time, all our story.

So Alice became my wife. And when, in after years, I attained to honour in my profession, I gave the praise to Alice; who restored to me my hope and spirit when they failed.

The Library.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Oh! marvel not that day by day
I love to seek this quiet room;
Although the thoughtless and the gay
Deem it a haunt of lonely gloom.

The shelves around, whose crowded rows
Appear so dull and grave to thee,
To my enraptured sense disclose
A bright and goodly company:

Lessons of varied kinds they teach;
They tell me tales of former times;
Nay, oft assume the very speech
Of distant lands and foreign climes:

Not strive they with officious zeal
My praise and notice to command,
Each with persuasive, mute appeal,
Invites my eye and courts my hand:

Sometimes a stranger I select,
On whom my eager gaze to bend,
Sometimes salute with fond respect
An old and well-remembered friend.

And many a friend surrounds me here
Of long-tried worth and changeless truth,
Some, my wise guides through life's career;
Some, the dear playmates of my youth:

Even in childhood's opening day
My shining toys I oft forsook,
And stole to solitude away,
To hold sweet converse with a book:

And, as new comprehension came,
More brightly glowed instruction's page;
And lighted with a steady flame
The path of my advancing age.

Most soothing then appears this scene,
Renewing fancies of the past;
Where knowledge has our first-love been
It seldom fails to be our last.

What varied claims invite my choice,
Historians here their records pour,
Statesmen contend with fluent voice,
Sages reveal their learned store;

Philosophers the secrets tell
Treasured by nature and by art;
Poets unfold with sweeter spell
The secrets of the human heart:

And writers purer, nobler yet,
Sparing all earthly themes above,
With faithful zeal before us set
The blessed truths of gospel love!

Such truths indeed one volume fill,
Our safeguard through this world of strife,
Beyond all works of human skill,
The Book of Wisdom and of Life.

Yet mortal skill each holy truth
May place in lights distinct and plain,
To fix the faith of timid youth,
And prove the skeptic's doubting vain.

And mortal pen may well express
The fortitude that never faints,
The patience, peace and holiness
Of God's own hand, his chosen saints.

Encompassed by such spirits here,
Whose voices reach me from the dead,
Shall I desert this tranquil sphere,
And seek the trifling crowd instead?

When o'er these volumes I have hung
A few absorbing hours, I then
With spirits braced, and nerves new strong,
Can go among my fellow men.

Secure that if ordained to meet
With disappointment, care, or pain,
I soon can seek my still retreat,
And greet my silent friends again.

Nay, smile not at my warmth—I deem
My loved pursuits of better worth
Than pleasure's spell, ambition's dream,
The praise of man, the pomps of earth.

Oh! would that all who own their ties
The glittering thraldom could resign!
And learn to cherish and to prize
Such calm and peaceful joys as mine.

Pierre Pitois.

In the year 1809, Pierre Pitois was sergeant in the twelfth regiment of the line, then quartered in Strasburg. He was a native of that half-savage, half-civilized part of Burgundy known under the name of Morvan; and his comrades never spoke of him but as "a tough customer." Always the first and the last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder, and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one fine day our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his Colonel, in which he applied for leave of absence to go and see his aged mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, being seventy-eight years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not be of any use in nurse-tending the poor woman; and he pledged himself to re-

turn so soon as the health of his mother should be restored.

The Colonel's reply to Pierre's application was, "that, as the regiment might at any moment be ordered to take the field, no leave of absence could be obtained."

Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight elapsed; a second letter was received by the Colonel, in which Pierre informed him that his mother had died without the consolation of giving her last blessing to her only child, and in which he again solicited leave of absence, saying, that "he could not state his reason for this request—it was a family secret,"—but earnestly imploring his Colonel not to deny him this favour.

Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's captain merely said, "Pierre, the Colonel has received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require, as the regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow."

"Ah! The regiment leaves Strasburg; and for what place, may I ask you?" said Pitois.

"For Austria," replied his officer. "We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitois;—we are to fight the Austrians. Is not that good news for you? You will be in your element, my fine fellow!"

Pierre Pitois made no reply: he seemed lost in deep thought. The captain caught his hand, and shaking it heartily, said—

"Why do you not speak, man? Are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that in less than a week you are to have a set-to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good news!—Nay, I verily believe you have not even heard me."

"Indeed, Captain, I have heard every word, and I thank you with all my heart for your news, which I consider very good news."

"I thought you would," said his officer.

"But Captain, is there no chance of obtaining leave of absence?"

"Are you mad?" was the reply. "Leave of absence?—the very day before taking the field!"

"I never thought of that," said Pierre. "We are then on the point of taking the field; and at such a time, I suppose, leave is never given?"

"It is never even asked."

"It is quite right—it is never even asked. It would have the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I will not press it any more; I will try and get on without it."

"And you will do well," replied the Captain.

The next day, the 12th regiment entered Germany; and the next—Pierre Pitois deserted.

Three months after, when the 12th regiment, having reaped in the field of battle an abundant harvest of glory, was making its triumphal entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged back to his corps by a brigade of the *gens d'armes*. A court-martial is immediately called. Pierre Pitois is accused of having deserted at the very moment when his regiment was about to meet the enemy face to face. The court presented a singular spectacle. On the one side stood forth the accuser, who cried—

"Pierre Pitois, you one of the bravest men in the army, you, on whose breast the star of honour yet glitters, you, who have never incurred either punishment or even censure from your officers, you could not have quitted your regiment—quitted it almost on the eve of battle—without some powerful motive to impel you! This motive the court demands of you; for it would gladly have it in its power—if not to acquit you, which it ought not perhaps to do or to desire—at least to recommend you to the Emperor's mercy."

On the other side stood the accused, who answered, "I have deserted without any reason, without any motive; I do not repent: if it were to do it again, I would do it again—I deserve death.....pass sentence."

And there came some witnesses, who deposed,—“Pierre Pitois is a deserter, we know it is a fact, but we do not believe it.” And others averred, “Pierre Pitois is mad; the court cannot condemn a madman. He must be sentenced then, not to death, but to the lunatic asylum.”

This last alternative had very nearly been adopted, for there was not one person in the court who did not consider the desertion of Pierre Pitois as one of those singular occurrences beyond the range of human possibilities, which, while every one is forced to admit as a fact, no one can account for, or comprehend. The accused, however, pleaded guilty most positively, and was most

pertinacious in his demand for the just penalty of the law to be inflicted upon him. He so boldly and fearlessly avowed his crime, continually repeating that he did not regret it, that at length his firmness assumed the character of bravado, and left no room for clemency. Sentence of death was then pronounced.

Pierre Pitois heard his sentence read with the most steady unflinching gaze. They warmly urged him to plead for mercy, but he refused. As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution of Pierre should be delayed. He was carried back to the military prison, and it was announced to him, that, as a mark of special favour, he had three days given him to press for pardon. He shrugged up his shoulders and made no reply. In the middle of that night on which was to dawn the day fixed for his execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer advanced to the side of the camp-bed in which the condemned was tranquilly sleeping; and after gazing on him some time in silence, awoke him.

Pierre opened his eyes, and staring about him said—"The hour, then, is at last come."

"No, Pierre," replied the officer; "it is not yet the hour, but it will soon come."

"And what do you want with me until then?"

"Dost thou not know me, Pierre?—No matter;—I know thee well. I saw thee at Austerlitz and bravely didst thou bear thyself. From that day, Pierre I have had for thee a regard no less warm than sincere. Yesterday on my arrival at Strasburg, I learned thy crime and thy condemnation. I have prevailed on the gaoler, who is a relation of mine to allow me to see thee and now that I have come, I would say to thee, Pierre, it is often a sad thought to a man about to die, that he has not a friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and entrust him with some sacred commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou wilt accept me, I would be to thee that friend."

"I thank you, comrade," replied Pierre, briefly and coldly.

"Why! hast thou nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"What! not one word of adieu to thy sweetheart, to thy sister?"

"A sweetheart?—a sister? I never had either."

"To thy father?"

"He is no more. Two months ago he died in these arms."

"Thy mother, then?"

"My mother!"—and Pierre, whose voice suddenly and totally changed, repeated—"my mother!—Ah, comrade, don't utter that name; for see, I have never heard that name—I have never said it in my heart without feeling melted like a child,—and even now, methinks, if I were to speak of her—"

"What then?"

"The tears would come—and tears do not become a man: Tears!" continued he; "tears when I have but a few hours to live—ah! there would not be much courage in that!"

"Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other people, and yet I should not be ashamed of weeping, if I were to speak of my mother."

"Are you serious?" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand—"You, a man and a soldier, and not ashamed to weep?"

"When speaking of my mother? Certainly not. My mother is so good, so kind; she loves me so much, and I, too, love her dearly."

"She loves you? and you love her?—Oh! then I may indeed, tell you all. My heart is full; it must have vent, and however strange my feelings may appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen, then, for what you said just now is quite true. A man is glad, when about to die to have a heart to which he can pour out his own. Will you really listen to me, and not laugh at me!"

"Surely I will listen, Pierre,—a dying man must ever excite compassionate sympathy."

"You must know that, since I came into the world, I never loved but one being—that being was a mother. But her I loved as none loved—with all that was in me of life and energy. While yet a babe, I used to read her eyes, as she read mine; I guessed her thoughts, and she knew mine. She was the heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I have never had either sweetheart or wife; I never had a friend—my mother was everything to me. Well, I was summoned to take arms, and when they told me I must leave her, in a paroxysm of despair I declared that they might drag me limb from limb, but never should they take me

from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she changed my whole purpose: 'Pierre,' said she, 'you must go—it is my wish.' I knelt before her, and I said, 'I will go, mother.' 'Pierre,' she added, 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfil. Every citizen owes himself to his country; it calls thee—obey! Thou art going to be a soldier; from this moment thy life is no longer thine own, it is thy country's. If it's interests demand it, lay it down cheerfully. If it be the will of God that thou shouldst die before me, I should weep for thee my heart's tears, but I would say—"He gave, and He has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" Go now, and if thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' Oh, how precious those holy words! I have never forgotten them. 'Do thy duty,' she said; now the duty of a soldier was always and in all things to obey; and in all things, and always, I obeyed. It was to go straight forward, to face danger without hesitation, without a second thought; and I went straight forward, faced danger without hesitation, without a second thought. Those who saw me thus, as it were, seek to meet the bullets, said, 'There is a brave fellow!' They might have better said, 'There is a man who loves his mother!'

"One day a letter brought the tidings that she was ill—my own poor mother; I longed to go to her. I asked for leave of absence; it was not granted. I remembered her last words—'If thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' I submitted. A little after I heard that she was dead. Oh! then my senses forsook me: at any risk I determined to return to the country. Whence proceeded so ardent, so impetuous a desire to see once more the place where my mother had just died? I will tell you; and as you have a mother, as she loves you, and as you love her, you will understand me....."

"We peasants of Morvan are a simple and confiding race; we have not received the instruction, nor attained the knowledge, that they have in the cities; but we have our beliefs, which the towns-folk call our superstitions. What matters the name? Be they superstitions or beliefs, we have them, and clever would be the man that could uproot them. Now one of these beliefs to

which we cling the most is, that which attributes to the first flower that blows in the grave-mould such a virtue, that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. Belief, how dear! how sweet! With it death has no terrors: for death, without forgetting or being forgotten, is but a sweet sleep, but calm repose after long toil. That flower—I panted to see it bud; I panted to gather it; I abandoned my post and went on my way. After ten days of a long and weary march, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet fresh; no flower had appeared: I waited. Six weeks elapsed; and then one lovely morning I saw a little blue flower—'Forget-me-not.' As I plucked it, I shed glad tears; for methought that little flower was my mother's soul; that she had felt that I was near, and under the form of that flower had given herself to my heart once more.

"There was nothing now to detain me in the country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I plucked my precious flower; what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge—'do thy duty!' I sought out the *gens d'armes*, and I said, 'I am a deserter—arrest me.'..... And now I am to die, and if, as you have assured me, I have in you a friend, I die without regret, for you will do me the only service I require. The flower which at the risk of my life I plucked from the grave is here, in a little case next to my heart.—Promise me that you will see that they do not take it from me. It is the link which unites me to my mother, and if I thought it would be broken—Oh! I should not have the courage.....Say, do you promise to do what I ask of you?"

"I promise," said the officer.

"Your hand, that I may press it to my heart; you are very kind to me; and if the Almighty God were in his omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you." The friends parted.

The next day dawned. They had arrived at the place of execution; and already had the fatal sentence been read over, when the low murmurs which ran through the ranks, suddenly changed into almost deafening shouts, "The Emperor! The Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He appeared, dismounted from his horse; to

then with his short quick step he walked up to the condemned. "Pierre," said he to him. Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him. "Pierre," continued the emperor; "remember your own words of last night. God gives thee life a second time; devoted it not to me, but to France! She too, is a kind and a good mother! Love her as thou didst love thy first—thine own." He then turned to depart, and greeting shouts of admiring love followed him till he was out of sight.

Some years after this, a captain of the Old Guards fell mortally wounded on the field of Waterloo.

Amid the din of battle, he was heard to shout in his death pangs—

"Long live the Emperor! France for ever! My mother? My mother!"

It was Pierre Pitois!—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

Grace Aguilar.

Grace Aguilar, the only daughter of Emanuel and Sarah Aguilar, was born at the Paragon, in Hackney, in June 1815;* for eight years she was an only child, and after that period had elapsed, two boys were added to the family. Grace was of so fragile and delicate a constitution, that her parents took her to Hastings when she was four years old; and at that early age she commenced collecting and arranging shells, learning to read, almost by intuition, and when asked to choose a gift, always preferring "a book." These gift-books were not read and thrown aside, but preserved with the greatest care, and frequently perused.

From the age of seven years this extraordinary child kept a daily journal, jotting down what she saw, heard, and thought, with the most rigid regard to the truth; indeed after visiting a new scene, her chief delight was to read and ponder over whatever she could find relating to what she had observed. Her parents were both passionately fond of the beauties of nature, and she

enjoyed scenery with them, at an age when children are supposed to be incapable of much observation. Her mother, a highly educated and accomplished woman, loved to direct her child's mind to the study of whatever was beautiful and true; before she completed her twelfth year she wrote a little drama called "Gustavus Vasa;" it was an indication of what, in after life, became her ruling passion.

A life spent as was that of Grace Aguilar affords little incident or variety; it is simply a record of talents highly cultivated, of duties affectionately fulfilled, and, as years advanced, of the formation of a high purpose persevered in with stoic resolution, until supported by pillows, and shaken by intense suffering, the trembling fingers could no longer hold the pen. It cannot fail to interest those at all acquainted with her writings, to learn how she mingled the most intense faith and devotion to her own people, with respect for the teachers of Christianity. Well as we knew her, we were quite unacquainted with her religious habits; though the odour of sanctity exhaled from all she did and said, she never assumed to be holier than others: never, in her intercourse with Christians, though sometimes sorely pressed, gave utterance to a hard word or an uncharitable feeling; even when roused to plead with eloquent lips and tearful eyes the cause of her beloved Israel.

It is a beautiful picture to look upon—this young and highly endowed Jewish maiden, nurtured in the bosom of her own family, the beloved of her parents,—themselves high-class Hebrews,—gifted with tastes for the beautiful in Art and Nature, and a sublime love for the true; leaving the traffic of the busy city, content with a moderate competence, soothed by the accomplishments, the graces and the devotion of that one cherished daughter, whose high pursuits and purposes never prevented the daily and hourly exercise of those domestic duties and services, which the increasing indisposition of her father demanded more and more.

Stimulated by the counsel of a judicious friend, who, while she admired the varied talents of the young girl, saw, that for any great purpose, they must be concentrated, Grace Aguilar prayed fervently to God that she might be enabled to do something to

* Her family were of the tribe of Judah. Of the original twelve tribes two only are at present known: the tribe of Judah, the fourth son of Jacob and Leah, and the tribe of Benjamin, the youngest son of Jacob and Rachel.

elevate the character of her people in the eyes of the Christian world, and—what was, and is, even more important—in their own esteem. They had, she thought, been too long satisfied to go on as they had gone during the days of their tribulation and persecution: content to amass wealth, without any purpose beyond its possession; she panted to set before them “The Records of Israel,” to hold up to their admiration “The Women of Israel,” those heroic women of whom any nation might be justly proud.—Here was a grand purpose—a purpose which made her heart beat high within her bosom. She knew she had to write against popular feeling; she had the still more bitter knowledge that the greater number of those for whom she contended, cared little, and thought less, of the cause to which she was devoted, heart and soul. But what large mind was ever deterred from a great purpose by difficulties? The young Jewish girl, with few, if any, literary connections; with limited knowledge as to how she could set those things before the world; treasured up her intention for a while, and then imparted it to that mother who she felt assured would support her in whatever design was high and holy. Her mother exulted in her daughter’s plan, and had faith in her daughter’s ability to work it out: she believed in her noble child, and thanked the God of Israel, who had put the thought into her mind.—Mrs. Aguilar knew that Grace had not made religion her study only for her own personal observance and profit. She knew that she embraced its principles in a widely extended and truly liberal sense; the good of her people was her first, but not her sole, object. The Hebrew mother had frequently wept tears of joy and gratitude when she observed how her beloved child carried her practice of the holy and benevolent precepts of her faith into every act of her daily life—doing all the good her limited means permitted—finding time, in the midst of her cherished studies, and still more cherished domestic duties, and most varied occupations, to work for and instruct her poor neighbours; and, while steadily venerating and adhering to her own faith, neither inquiring nor heeding the religious opinions of the needy, whom she succored or consoled. Her young life had flowed on in bestowing and receiving blessings,

and now, when her aspiring soul sought still higher objects, how could her mother, knowing her so well, doubt that she would falter or fail in her undertaking! Proofs have been for some time before the world that she did neither.

She first translated a little work from the French, called “Israel Defended;” she tried her pinions in “The Magic Wreath;” and feeling her mental strength, soared upwards in the cause of her people, she wrote “Home Influence,” and “The Spirit of Judaism.” But the triumphant spirit was, ere long, clogged by the body’s weakness. In the spring of 1838, she was attacked by measles, and from that illness she never perfectly recovered. Soon she commenced the work that of itself is sufficient to create and crown a reputation—“The Women of Israel.” But while her mental powers increased in strength and activity, she became subject to repeated attacks of bodily prostration; and her once round and graceful form was but a shadow,

It was thought best for her to try the baths of Germany, but she found no relief. Convinced that recovery was now impossible, she calmly and collectedly awaited the coming of death: and though all power of speech was gone, she was able to make her wants and wishes known by conversing on her fingers. Her great anxiety was to soothe her mother; though her tongue refused to perform its office, those wasted fingers would entreat her to be patient, and trust in God. She would name some cherished verse in the Bible, or some dearly loved psalm, that she desired might be read aloud. The last time her fingers moved it was to spell upon them feebly, “*Though he slay me yet will I trust in him;*” when they could no longer perform her will, her loving eyes would seek her mother and then look upwards, intimating that they should meet hereafter. Amen!

What sun-light, and the want of it, are to the body, such are knowledge, and the want of it, to the mind.

A moralist who teaches to do and does not do, is like a sick physician who will not abide by his own prescription.

Selected Matter.

The readable character of a paper, in general, depends as much on the judgment and taste of the editor in making his selections, as upon any other thing. His fitness for the post he occupies is to be estimated as much by talent in this department as any other. It requires a knowledge of human nature to judge what readers ought to read and what they will read, and what out of the vast material found in exchanges, should be selected for the improvement of his paper, and the pleasure and profit of his readers. Some editors have the presumption and vanity to imagine their readers would rather be confined to the perusal of original articles from their pens, than to be indulged in articles that emanate from other pens and have been inserted in other papers. There would be quite a material alteration, and their pride much mortified, could they possess themselves of the judgment of their readers. The editor of a paper must at times perform the office of a gleaner, and pick up a little here and there in the true world of exchanges to enrich his columns with intelligence that will be appreciated, and to give it the rich variety of thought and sentiment, without which his paper would be pronounced dull and prosy. The proper use of the scissors is a knowledge indispensable to the editor. What to select and how much to use, require no little judgment and experience.

The Village Church.

FROM "POEMS," BY ROBERT NICOLL,

God's lowly temple! place of many prayers!
Gray is thy roof, and crumbling are thy walls;
And over old green graves thy shadow falls,
To bless the spot where end all human cares!

The sight of thee brings gladness to my heart;
And while beneath thy humble roof I stand,
I seem to grasp an old familiar hand,
And hear a voice that bids my spirit start.

Long years ago, in childhood's careless hour,
Thou wast to me e'en like a grandsire's knee—
From storms a shelter thou wast made to be—
I bound my brow with ivy from thy tower.

The humble-hearted, and the meek and pure
Have by the holy worship of long years,
Made thee a hallowed place; and many tears,
Shed in repentance deep, have blessed thy floor.

Like some all loving good man's feeling heart,
Thy portal hath been opened unto all;
A treasure-house where men, or great or small,
May bring their purest, holiest thoughts, thou art!

Church of the Village! God doth not despise
The torrent's voice in mountain valleys dim,
Nor vet the blackbird's summer morning hymn:
And as will hear the prayers from thee that rise.

The father loves thee, for his son is laid
Among thy graves; the mother loves thee too,
For 'neath thy roof by love time-tried and true,
Her quiet heart long since was happy made.

The wanderer in a far and foreign land,
When death's last sickness o'er him revels free,
Turns his heart homewards, even unto thee,
And those who, weckly, 'neath thy roof tree stand.

Lowly thou art; but yet, when time is set,
Will us who loves what wicked men despise—
Who hears the orphan's voice, that up doth rise
In deep sincerity—not thee forget!

Lone temple! did men know it—unto thee
Would pilgrims come, more than to battle places;
For thou hast lightened human woes and pains,
And taught men's souls' truths that made them free!

The distant sound of thy sweet Sabbath bell
O'er meadows green no more shall come to me,
Sitting beneath the lonely forest tree—
Church of my native Village! fare-thee-well!

First Quarrels.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I am one of the many from whom Heaven has seen fit to take away the individual interest of life, that perchance, they might become universal. Sometimes I could almost liken myself to a mirror, which receives on its silent, solitary breast the fleeting images that pass it by, and so takes them, for the time being, as companions to its own void heart, while it makes of them life pictures to be reflected abroad. These passing interests I create for myself continually. They seem, too, to meet me voluntarily on every side, not merely in society, but in chance recounters along the waysides of life. I rarely journey five miles from my home without discovering, or, if you will, *manufacturing*, some pleasant and useful passage in human life, which makes me feel one with my fellow-creatures, as though the world stretched out its loving hand to the solitary one, and called her "Sister!"

The other day I took my way homeward. Reader, I may as well tell the truth, that I am a little, old maid, living in London, and working hard that I may live at all; also that, in order to add a small mite to my slender modicum of health, I had abided for

a brief space at that paradise of cockneys—South end. A very respectable paradise it is too, with its lovely green lanes extending close to the shore of what is all but the sea; its pleasant cliffs feathered with rich underwood, which the tide almost kisses at high water; making the whole neighborhood as pretty a compound of seaside rural scenery as the lovers of both would wish. When my "fairie barque" (the London steamboat Dryad, please, reader) wafled me from thence, I felt a slight pain at my heart. One suffers many such on quitting earth's pleasant nooks, "I ought to have got used to 'good-by' by this time," thought I to myself, half patiently, half sadly, and began to divert my attention by noticing the various groups on deck, I always do so on principle, and it is hard if I do not find some "bit" of human nature to study, or some form of outward beauty in man, woman or child, to fall in love with. Travelling alone, (as I ever do travel—what should I fear, with my quiet face and my forty years?)—I had plenty of opportunity to look around, and soon my eye fell on two persons, meet subjects to awaken interest.

They were a young couple who sat opposite to me—so close that I could hear every word above a whisper. But whispering with them seemed pleasantest, at least for a long time. I should have taken them for lovers, save for a certain air of cheerful unreserve which lovers never have and an occasional undisguised "my dear" falling from both their lips. At last, keeping a watch over the girl's left hand I saw it unglowed, and thereon the wedding ring! It rested with a sort of new importance, as though the hand were unused to its weight. Unconsciously she played and fidgeted with its shining circlet, and then recollected herself with a smile and a blush. It was quite clear my new pets were a bridegroom and bride.

Here, then, was a page, in human life open before me: I tried to read it line by line, romancing where I could not read.—Full opportunity I had, for they took no notice of me. They saw nothing in the world but their own two selves. Happy blindness! I amused myself with deciphering theirs. The girl's face was strikingly pretty: There was the high brow, showing little talent, but much sense; candid, loving, and yet half-wicked dark eyes; the straight

nose, and short-curved upper lip; but there the face changed, as faces sometimes do, from beauty into positive ugliness. The lower lip was full—pouting—showing that it *could* look both sulky and sensual; and the chin retreated—in fact, positively "ran away!" I said to myself, "If the under half of the character matches the under half of the face, the young husband there will find a few more difficulties with the wife he has married than with the 'lassie' he wooed." So I turned to his countenance, and speculated thereon. It was decidedly handsome—Greek in its outline; in expression so sweet as to be almost feeble; at least so I thought at first when he was smiling, as he ever did when he looked at her. But in a few minutes of silence I saw the mouth settle into firm horizontal lines, indicating that with its gentleness was united that resolute will and clear decision without which no man can be the worthy head of a household—respected, loved and obeyed. For in all households *one* must rule; and woe be to that family wherein its proper head is either a petty tyrant, or through his own weakness, a dethroned and condemned slave!

Therefore, when I noticed the pretty, wilful ways, and sometimes half silly remarks, of the bride, I felt that this young, thoughtless creature might yet have cause to thank Heaven that she had a man who knew how to rule as well as cherish her.

Until now I had not speculated on their station or calling; it was enough for me that they belonged to the wide family of humanity. But as my musings wandered idly on into their future life, I took this also into consideration. Both had a certain grace and ease in mien and speech, though, through the wife's tones, I distinguished the vague drawl which infects most classes of Londoners.—But the husband looked and spoke like a gentleman. I felt sure he was such, even though he might stand behind a counter. A third individual broke their *tete-a-tete*—a middle-aged cockney, *pere de famille*—evidently some beach acquaintance made at Southend. His chance question produced an answer to my inward wandering.

"Oh," said the bride, "we could only stay at Southend a few days, because of my —." She paused a moment, and then changed the word *husband* into "Mr. Goodrich. He cannot stay away from business."

The young bridegroom then, was in "business." I thought how hard he must have toiled by counter or in shop to have gained so early in life a home and a wife. I respected him accordingly.

My "interesting couple" began a lively chat with their new companion; at least the wife did. She put forth all her smiles, all that battery of fascination with which she had probably before her marriage won her spurs on the field of conquest, and then dubbed "a most shocking flirt." And in the shadow that gathered over the quiet husband's face, I saw the reflection of that which most often have bitterly troubled the peace of the still more retiring lover. True, the girl was doing nothing wrong—her new friend was old enough to have been her father, so no jealousy could be aroused; but still she was taking her attention and conversation from her husband to give it to a perfect stranger. She would not have done so had he been only her lover still. Alas! that woman should take so much pains to win love, and so little to keep it!

Each minute the young husband spoke less, and his countenance grew darker. She only laughed, and chatted the more. Foolish—foolish one! There came on a heavy shower, and there was a rush below. "Come with us to the further end; I will find a place for you," kindly said the blithe young wife, turning back to the little old maid. I thanked her, but declined. For the world, I would not have prevented the chance that, in the solitude of a crowd, some word or look might pass between husband and wife to take away his gloom. Yet when I left the cabin I saw her sitting—bonnetless, and laughing with a childish gayety—between her silent, grave husband and the disagreeable old man.

I went to my quiet place at the stern of the boat, and turned away so that I could see only the turbid river and dull gay sky. It was as complete solitude as though I had been on Robinson Crusoe's raft in the midst of the Pacific. I pondered over life and miseries, as one who is used to loneliness—who is accustomed to dwell as it were, on a mountain top, seeing the world and its inhabitants move below like puppets in a show. And herein does fate half atone for ties riven, and ties never formed—that in such a life one learns to forget self; and all

individual joys and griefs, loves and hatreds, are swallowed up in universal sympathies.

I pondered much on the two young creatures I had left below; and, woman-like, I thought chiefly of the woman. She seemed to me like a child toying with a precious jewel, little knowing what a fearful thing it is to throw away love, or to play lightly, mockingly, with those feelings on which must rest the joy or woe of two human souls for a lifetime. And passing from this individual case, I thought solemnly, almost painfully, of the strange mysteries of human life, which seem often to bestow the priceless boon of love where it is unvalued and cast away. Unconsciously I repeated the well-known words, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away." But my soul answered meekly, "Only on earth, and life is not long—not long!"

And turning once more to the group of my fellow-voyagers, I saw the two in whom I took such an interest. They were standing together, a little apart, leaning on the vessel's side. He was talking to her, not angrily but gravely, earnestly. In the expression of his face I scarce recognize the man who had borne smilingly all her idle jests, sportive contradictions, and caprices an hour ago. She tried them for a few minutes again, but in vain. Then she hung her head, and pouted. Soon quick, wilful answers come. I heard them not; but I was sure of the fact from the flushed cheek and sparkling eye, as she disengaged her arm from his. Man's patience is never eternal, not even in the honeymoon; he spoke to her firmly, while his face darkened into positive anger, and then there was a sullen silence between them.

The time passed, and still they remained in the same position together; but oh, what a sea of sullen anger was between them!—Neither saw the other's face; but I saw both. He stood gazing up into the leaden clouds, his mouth firmly set, and yet twitching every now and then with suppressed feeling. Was it, perchance, the bitter disappointment, almost agony, of the man who has with pain and toil built for himself a household hearth, and finds it trodden into ruins by the very idol whom he hoped to place there forever? A foolish girl! wishing to try your power, and keep the honor-

ed husband a tyrannized lover still. Do you think what it is you do? When you suffer your own hands to tear down the fair adornments of idolatry with which his passion has decked you, and appear before him, not as an angelic ideal, but a selfish, sullen, or vain woman, little know you that it may take years of devotion to efface the bitterness produced by that one hour—the first when he sees you *as you are!*

The young husband glanced once only at his wife; but that was enough. The lower lip—that odious lower lip, which had at first awoke my doubts!—was the very image of weak, pouting sullenness: But its weakness was its safeguard against continued obstinacy; and I saw—though the husband did not see—that, as she bent over the side, tear after tear dropped silently into the river.—There was hope still!

She was leaning over the gangway door, a place scarce dangerous, save to the watchful anxiety of affection. However, the fact seemed to strike her husband; for he suddenly drew her away, though formally, and without any sign of wishing for reconciliation. But this one slight act showed the thoughtfulness, the love—oh, if she had only answered it by one look, one word of atonement! But no; there she stood, immovable. Neither would yield. I would have given the world could I have whispered in the wife's ear, "For the love of her, and for the love of him—for the peace of your future life, be the first to say, forgive me. Right or wrong, never mind. Whichever have erred, it is your place—as weakest and most loving, to yield first. Oh, did you but know the joy, the blessedness of creeping close to your husband's wounded, perchance angry heart, and saying—Take me in there again;—let us not be divided more! And he would take you, ay, at once; and love you the more for the forbearance which never even asked of his pride the concession that he was also wrong!"

Perhaps this long speech was partly written in his eyes; for when, by chance, they met the young wife's, she turned away, coloring crimson; and at that moment up came the enemy once more, in the shape of the intrusive elderly gentleman; but the husband's lecture whatever it was, had its effect upon the girl's demeanor. She drew back with a quiet womanly reserve,

and left, "Mr. Goodrich" in possession of the field. And I liked the husband ten times better for the gentlemanly dignity with which he shook off all trace of ill-humor, and conversed with the intruder. The boyish lover changed into the firm, self-independent man. And when the wife timidly crept up, and put her arm through his, he turned around and smiled upon her. Oh, how gladly, yet how shyly she answered the slight token of peace! And I said to myself, "That man will have a just, and firm, yet tender saw; he will make a first rate head of a family."

I saw little more of them until near the journey's end. They were then sitting in the half-empty cabin alone together; for to my delight, and perhaps theirs, the obnoxious individual of middle age had landed at Blackwall. Very quiet they seemed; all the exuberant happiness which at first had found vent in almost childish frolic was passed away. The girl no longer laughed and jested with her young husband; but she drew close to his side, her head bending towards his shoulder, as though, but for the presence of a stranger, it would fain droop there, heavy with its weight of penitance and love. Yet, as I watched the restless look in her eyes, and the faint shadow that still lingered on the young man's face, I thought how much had been periled, and how happy—ay, ten times happier—would both have felt had the first quarrel never been!

In the confusion of departure I lost my young friends, as I thought, forever; but on penetrating the mysterious depths of an omnibus, I heard a pleasant voice addressing me—"So you are again our fellow-passenger to —?"

But I will not say where, lest the young couple should "speer" for me, and demand why I dared to "put them in print." And yet they would scarce be wroth did they know the many chords they touched, and the warm interest they awakened in a poor withered heart which has so few.

It was the dreariest of wet nights in London—Heaven knows how dreary that is!—but they did not seem to feel it at all. They were quite happy—quite gay. I wondered whether for them was prepared the deepest bliss of earth—the first "coming home;" and I felt almost sure of it when the hus-

band called out to the conductor, "Set us down at —;" naming a quiet, unobtrusive new-built square. He said it with the half-conscious importance of one who gives a new address, thinking the world must notice what is of so much interest to himself; and then the young people looked at one another, and smiled.

I said to the wife—drawing the bow at a venture—"What a miserable night! Is it not pleasant coming home?"

She looked first at her husband, and then turned to me, her whole face beaming and glowing with happiness, "Oh, it is—it is!"

They bade me good night, and disappeared. I leaned back in my dark corner, my heart very full; it had just strength to give them a silent blessing, and no more. I remembered only that I had been young once, and that I was now an old maid of forty years.

[ORIGINAL.]

Earth's First Days.

The first days of Earth how smoothly they pass'd,
Ere man in his glory was troubled by care,
No affliction and sorrow earth's pleasures to blast,
How bright were its heavens, its landscapes how fair;
But brighter than all these our first parents shone,
The will of their Maker had made earth their own:

How mild was the air, and how healthily the breeze,
How perfum'd ev'ry blast by gay scented flowers;
How happy each beast beneath the wide branching trees;
How harmonious in joy the birds in their bowers!—
Then the lion was harmless, playful, and mild,
As obedient to Adam as a young happy child!

When the sun in his splendour sunk down in the west,
And left the bright landscape a little less fair,
As beauty by contrast is thought to shine best,
The day and the night, Adam pleas'd could compare;
The day was most brilliant for his dwelling below,
But night to man's eye distant wonders could show.

How mildly the pale moon look'd down from afar,
And diffus'd its soft light on Eden's first pair,
How fair was the radiance of earth's evening star
While the notes of the nightingale fill'd all the air!
Bright ministering Angels were hovering near,
Evening's hymn from Adam delighted to hear.

How bright was the knowledge to Adam reveal'd,
Of the stars of the heavens the Angels had pass'd.
Of the great extent of the stellar field,
Of worlds by the laws of their motion held fast!
To the glad ears of Adam such converse was made,
By visitant Angels in Eden's sweet shade.

Then early from rest with the lark they arose,
And hail'd with delight the sun's glorious beams,
For these ev'ry day to earth's loved ones disclose,
Some wonder to be found in woods, hills, and streams,—
So various the objects of beauty around,
No room in their glad hearts for sadness was found.

But ah! how soon midst those once blooming bowers,
Was hid the dark venom that blasted earth's good,
The smooth shining serpent was wreath'd in its flowers,
And Satan in its breast his base plans pursu'd;
Inslid' in the heart of the Mother of all,
Those thoughts of her Maker that led to Earth's fall.

Horton, February, 1852.

T. H. D.

[ORIGINAL.]

Scripture Pencillings.

NO. I.

THE ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM.

It was mid-day in Jerusalem, and the voice of revelry rang through its thronged streets, when a procession was seen slowly advancing up the slopes that led to the holy city. Silently it moved onwards; observed but unmolested; until it approached the walls of the city, and then gradually might be heard rising and swelling, higher and yet higher, from the crowd that followed it, the inspiring pæon, "Hosannâ to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" Long did that triumphant sound thrill and quiver upon the lips of the multitude, as the "man of sorrow," amid their acclamations, the gaze of the passers-by, and the withering sneer of the haughty Pharisee, entered that city whose approaching fate had filled his soul with anguish, and which had so often, in wrath and derision, turned away alike from the pleading voice of mercy, and the fearful denunciations of judgment. Ere it passed within its gates, "while at the descent of the Mount of Olives," Jesus lifted up his eyes and "beheld the city." There it lay, stretched out before him in all its beauty and gorgeousness, sleeping in the glad sunlight; and as his eye rested upon its watch-towers and gilded fanes, upon the Holy Temple where their fathers worshipped, whose memory was so intertwined with every Jewish heart; and as the hum of its mighty population broke upon his ear, his spirit kindled within him, the fountains of his heart were broken up, and from his lips broke the impassioned words—"If thou had'st known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace; but now, they are hid from thine eyes." His all-seeing eye, piercing through the dim vista of futurity, beheld the devoted city given over to the merciless rapacity and vengeance of the Imperial legions—the worn and exhausted inhabitants falling beneath the potent arm of the victor; and that hallowed spot, that once "bloomed as the garden of the Lord," and over which the glorious shekinah had in other days so long

rested, profaned and desecrated by the polluting touch of the Roman cohorts. But Jerusalem still slumbered on, that last terrible warning had been given, and it remained wrapped in lethargy; that thick darkness yet rested upon it which was only to be dispelled by the stern voice of judgment and retribution. IDA.

THE LAST SUPPER.

The last rays of the sun were quivering upon the hill tops of Judah, and lingering upon the glittering towers and gorgeous pinnacles of the "holy and beautiful house," within whose walls the smoke of the evening offering was ascending, as the embodiment of a nation's homage, to the throne of the Eternal; and as "came still evening on," the low hum of stirring thousands gradually ceased, till almost unbroken silence reigned in the holy city. Slowly faded away the clear light from the soft snowy clouds, floating far away in the firmament, and when day had gone, the cold moon poured her lustre full upon the slopes of Olivet, and the sleeping waves of Kedron. But remote from the flashing lights of the slumbering city, whose every pulse beat gladness, was a small, sequestered dwelling, whose mouldering walls spoke of the ravages of time.— There, in an upper room were gathered a band of lonely wanderers, upon whose features sorrow had left its wasting impress. One alone was there, upon whose brow lingered the holiest calmness. Grief-stricken, and almost desolate, they had gathered round to eat once more together of the mysterious passover. And with hearts upon which the terror of despair had well nigh settled, they were listening to those ever beautiful and touching words, which breathe such an untold tenderness and pathos, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." Mournfully did those calm earnest words fall upon the ears of the disciples; and as the last melting tones of the Saviour's voice died away, "sorrow indeed filled their hearts." Time passed on, and it was fast verging on the solemn hour of midnight, when that band of mourners emerged from the narrow, sheltered court into the open street. Slowly they moved on through many a winding pathway, and the cool fresh breeze was stirring the rust-

ling leaflets, and fanning the hot brow of the traveller. The passer-by lingered not to gaze upon them, and the Roman warrior ceased not his heavy monotonous tramp as they passed along. Passing without the city, they paused amid the quiet and solemn beauty of Gethsemane. What a scene!— Surely amazement must have filled the seraph ranks that night, as each unseen chorister bent wonderingly from his throne, to gaze on that sight. Beautiful, passing beautiful, was Jerusalem, and beneath the dark brow of Olivet stood the Son of Man, and looked upon her beauty. He stood with the pure pale moonlight sleeping on his brow, and the soft waves of Kedron murmuring at his feet, with his followers around him, and then meekly breathing, "my soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death," turned and knelt upon the earth. Who may tell of that night, when the full cup of desolation and bitterness was poured upon him who was "the brightness of his Father's glory." Long did the pleading voice of prayer go up to heaven from that lonely spot; long did the prostrate and convulsed form, and the gushing life-blood falling to the earth, speak of unutterable woe and agony, but at its close, in measured cadence, came the calm, passionless words, "*Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.*" Of the deep and solemn mystery of that hour we may not speak—when anguish wrung the heart of Omnipotence, and the earth shook with the agony of him that made it; but when it was passed, the mighty struggling of the spirit ceased, and the Son of man went forth alone to complete the priceless sacrifice.

IDA.

Dreams follow the temper of the body, and commonly proceed from trouble and disease, business or care, an active head and a restless mind, from fear or hope, from wine or passion, from fulness or emptiness, from fantastic remembrances, or from some demon, good or bad. They are without rule and without reason; they are as contingent as if a man should study to make a prophecy, and by saying ten thousand things, may hit upon one true—which was therefore not foreknown, though it was forespoken; and they have no certainty, because they have no natural proportion to those effects which they are said to foreshadow.

Nagarics of the Imagination.

"Fancy it Burgundy," said Boniface of his ale, "only fancy it, and it is worth a guinea a quart!" Boniface was a philosopher: fancy can do much more than that. Those who fancy themselves labouring under an affection of the heart, are not slow in verifying the apprehension; the uneasy and constant watching of its pulsations soon disturbs the circulation, and malady may ensue beyond the power of medicine. Some physicians believe that inflammation can be induced in any part of the body by a fearful attention being continually directed toward it; indeed, it has been a question with some whether the stigmata (the marks of the wounds upon our Saviour) may not have been produced on the devotee by the influences of an excited imagination. The hypochondriac has been known to expire when forced to pass through a door which he fancied too narrow to admit his person. The story of the criminal, who, unconscious of the arrival of the reprieve, died under the stroke of a wet handkerchief, believing it to be the axe, is well known. Paracelsus held, "that there is in man an imagination which really effects and brings to pass the things that did not before exist; for a man by imagination willing to move his body, moves it in fact, and by his imagination and the commerce of invisible powers, he may also move another body." Paracelsus would not have been surprised at the feats of electro-biology. He exhorts his patients to have "a good faith, a strong imagination, and they shall find the effects. All doubt," he says, "destroys work, and leaves it imperfect in the wise designs of nature; it is from faith that imagination draws its strength; it is by faith it becomes complete and realized; he who believeth in nature will obtain from nature to the extent of his faith, and let the object of this faith be real or imaginary, he nevertheless reaps similar results; and hence the cause of superstition."

So early as 1462, Pomponatus of Mantua came to the conclusion, in his work on incantation, that all the arts of sorcery and witchcraft were the result of natural operations. He conceived that it was not improbable that external means, called into action by the soul, might relieve our sufferings, and

that there did, moreover, exist individuals endowed with salutary properties; so it might, therefore, be easily conceived that marvellous effects should be produced by the imagination and by confidence, more especially when these are reciprocal between the patient and the person who assists his recovery. Two years after, the same opinion was advanced by Agrippa in Cologne. "The soul," he said, "if inflamed by a fervent imagination, could dispense health and disease, not only in the individual himself, but in other bodies." However absurd these opinions may have been considered, or looked on as enthusiastic, the time has come when they will be gravely examined.

That medical professors have at all times believed the imagination to possess a strange and powerful influence over mind and body, is proved by their writings, by some of their prescriptions, and by their oft-repeated direction in the sick-chamber to divert the patient's mind from dwelling on his own state, and from attending to the symptoms of his complaint. They consider the reading of medical books which accurately describe the symptoms of various complaints, as likely to have an injurious effect, not only on the delicate, but on persons in full health; and they are conscious how many died during the time of the plague and cholera, not only of these diseases, but from the dread of them, which brought on all the fatal symptoms. So evident was the effect produced by the detailed accounts of the cholera in the public papers in the year 1849, that it was found absolutely necessary to restrain the publications on the subject. The illusions under which vast numbers acted and suffered, have gone, indeed, to the most extravagant extent; individuals, not merely singly, but in communities, have actually believed in their own transformation. A nobleman of the court of Louis XIV. fancied himself a dog, and would pop his head out of the window to bark at the passengers. Rollin and Hecquet have recorded a malady by which the inmates of an extensive convent near Paris were attacked simultaneously every day at the same hour, when they believed themselves transformed into cats, and a universal mewing was kept up throughout the convent for some hours. But of all dreadful forms which this strange hallucination took, none was so terrible as that of the lycanthropy,

which at one period spread through Europe, in which the unhappy sufferers, believing themselves wolves, went prowling about the forests, uttering the most terrific howlings, carrying off lambs from the flocks, and gnawing dead bodies in their graves.

While every day's experience adds some new proof of influence possessed by the imaginations over the body, the supposed effect of contagion has become a question of doubt. Lately, at a meeting in Edinburgh, Professor Dick gave it as his opinion that there was no such thing as hydrophobia in the lower animals: "what went properly by that name was simply an inflammation of the brain; and the disease, in the case of human beings, was caused by an over-excited imagination, worked upon by the popular delusion on the effects of a bite by rabid animals." The following paragraph from the "Curiosities of Medicine" appears to justify this now common enough opinion:—"Several persons had been bitten by a rabid dog in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and three of them had died in our hospital. A report, however, was prevalent that we kept a mixture which would effectually prevent the fatal termination; and no less than six applicants who had been bitten were served with a draught of coloured water, and in no one instance did hydrophobia ensue."

A remarkable cure, through a similar aid of the imagination, took place in a patient of Dr. Beddoes, who was at the time very sanguine about the effect of nitrous acid gas in paralytic cases. Anxious that it should be imbibed by one of his patients, he sent an invalid to Sir Humphrey Davy, with a request that he would administer the gas. Sir Humphrey put the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of the paralytic, to ascertain the temperature of the body, that he might be sure whether it would be affected at all by the inhalation of the gas. The patient, full of faith from what the enthusiastic physician had assured him would be the result, and believing that the thermometer was what was to effect the cure, exclaimed at once that he felt better. Sir Humphrey, anxious to see what imagination would do in such a case, did not attempt to undeceive the man but, saying that he had done enough for him that day, desired him to be with him next morning. The thermometer was then applied as it had been the day before, and for

every day during a fortnight—at the end of which time the patient was perfectly cured.

Perhaps there is nothing on record more curious of this kind than the cures unwittingly performed by Chief-Justice Holt. It seems that, for youthful frolic, he and his companions had put up at a country inn; they, however, found themselves without the means of defraying their expenses, and were at a loss to know what they should do in such an emergency. Holt, however, perceived that the innkeeper's daughter looked very ill, and on enquiring what was the matter, learned that she had the ague; when, passing himself off for a medical student, he said that he had an infallible cure for the complaint. He then collected a number of plants, mixed them up with various ceremonies, and inclosed them in parchment, on which he scrawled divers cabalistic characters. When all was completed, he suspended the amulet round the neck of the young woman, and, strange to say, the ague left her and never returned. The landlord, grateful for restoration of his daughter, not only declined receiving any payment from the youths, but pressed them to remain as long as they pleased. Many years after, when Holt was on the bench a woman was brought before him, charged with witchcraft: she was accused of curing the ague by charms. All she said in defence was, that she possessed a ball which was a sovereign remedy in the complaint. The charm was produced and handed to the judge, who recognized the very ball which he had himself compounded in his boyish days, when, out of mere fun, he had assumed the character of a medical practitioner.

Many distinguished physicians have candidly confessed that they preferred confidence to art. Faith in the remedy is often not only half cure, but the whole cure.—Madame de Genlis tells of a girl who had lost the use of her leg for five years, and could only move with the help of crutches, while her back had to be supported; she was in such a pitiable state of weakness, the physicians had pronounced her case incurable. She, however, took it into her head that if she were taken to Notre Dame de Liesse she would certainly recover. It was fifteen leagues from Carlepoint, were she lived. She was placed in a cart, which her father drove, while her sister sat by supporting

her back. The moment the steeple of—Notre Dame de Liesse was in sight, she uttered an exclamation, and said that her leg was getting well. She alighted from the car without assistance, and, no longer requiring the help of her crutches, she ran into the church. When she returned home, the villagers gathered about her, scarcely believing that it was indeed the girl who had left them in such a wretched state, now they saw her running and bounding along, no longer a cripple, but as active as any among them.

Not less extraordinary are the cures which are effected by some sudden agitation. An alarm of fire has been known to restore a patient entirely, or for a time, from a tedious illness: it is no uncommon thing to hear of the victim of a severe fit of the gout, whose feet have been utterly powerless, running nimbly away from some approaching danger. Poor Grimaldi in his declining years had almost quite lost the use of his limbs, owing to the most hopeless debility. As he sat one day by the bed-side of his wife, who was ill, word was brought to him that a friend waited below to see him. He got down to the parlour with extreme difficulty. His friend was the bearer of heavy news, which he dreaded to communicate: it was the death of Grimaldi's son, who, though reckless and worthless, was fondly loved by the poor father. The intelligence was broken as gently as such a sad event could be; but in an instant Grimaldi sprung from his chair—his lassitude and debility were gone, his breathing, which had for a long time been difficult, became perfectly easy—he was hardly a moment in bounding up the stairs which but a quarter of an hour before he had passed with extreme difficulty in ten minutes; he reached the bed-side, and told his wife that their son was dead; and as she burst into an agony of grief, he flung himself into a chair, and became again, instantaneously, as it has been touchingly described, "an enfeebled and crippled old man."

The imagination, which is remarkable for its ungovernable influence, comes into action on some occasions periodically with the most precise regularity. A friend once told us of a young relation who was subject to nervous attacks. She was spending some time at the sea-side, for change of air; but the evening gun, fired from the vessel in the bay at

eight o'clock, was always the signal for a nervous attack: the instant the report was heard, she fell back insensible, as if she had been shot. Those about her endeavoured, if possible, to withdraw her thoughts from the expected moment. At length, one evening, they succeeded, and, while she was engaged in an interesting conversation, the evening-gun was unnoticed. By-and-by she asked the hour, and appeared uneasy when she found the time had passed. The next evening it was evident that she would not let her attention be withdrawn; the gun fired, and she swooned away; and when revived, another fainting fit succeeded, as if it were to make up for the omission of the preceding evening! It is told of the great tragic actress Clairon, who had been the innocent cause of the suicide of a man who had destroyed himself by a pistol-shot, that ever after, at the exact moment when the fatal deed had been perpetrated—one o'clock in the morning—she heard the shot. If asleep, it awakened her; if engaged in conversation, it interrupted her; in solitude or in company, at home or travelling, in the midst of revelry or at her devotions, she was sure to hear it at the very moment.

The same indelible impression has been made in hundreds of cases, and on persons of every variety of temperament and every pursuit, whether engaged in business, science or art, or rapt in holy contemplation. On one occasion Pascal had been thrown down on a bridge which had no parapet, and his imagination was so haunted forever after by the danger, that he always fancied himself on the brink of a steep precipice overhanging an abyss ready to engulf him. This illusion had taken such possession of his mind that the friends who came to converse with him were obliged to place the chairs on which they seated themselves between him and the fancied danger. But the effects of terror are the best known of all the vagaries of imagination.

A very remarkable case of the influence of imagination occurred between sixty and seventy years since in Dublin, connected with the celebrated frolics of Dalkey Island. It is said Curran and his gay companions delighted to spend a day there, and that with them originated the frolic of electing "a king of Dalkey and the adjacent islands," and appointing his chancellor and all the officers

of state. A man in the middle rank of life, universally respected, and remarkable alike for kindly and generous feelings and a convivial spirit, was unanimously elected to fill the throne. He entered with his whole heart into all the humours of the pastime, in which the citizens of Dublin so long delighted. A journal was kept called the *Dalkey Gazette*, in which all public proceedings were inserted, and it afforded great amusement to its conductors. But the mock pageantry, the affected loyalty, and the pretended homage of his subjects, at length began to excite the imagination of "King John," as he was called. Fiction at length became with him reality, and he fancied himself "every inch a king." His family and friends perceived, with dismay and deep sorrow, the strange delusion which nothing could shake. He would speak on no subject save the kingdom of Dalkey and its government, and he loved to dwell on the various projects he had in contemplation for the benefit of his people, and boasted of his high prerogative.— He never could conceive himself divested for one moment of his royal powers, and exacted the most profound deference to his kingly authority. The last year and a half of his life were spent in Swift's hospital for lunatics. He felt his last hours approaching, but no gleam of returning reason marked the parting scene. To the very last instant he believed himself a king, and all his cares and anxieties were for his people. He spoke in high terms of his chancellor, his attorney-general, and all his officers of state, and of the dignitaries of the church; he recommended them to his kingdom, and trusted they might all retain the high offices which they now held. He spoke on the subject with a dignified calmness well becoming the solemn leave-taking of a monarch; but when he came to speak of the crown he was about to relinquish forever, his feelings were quite overcome, and the tears rolled down his cheeks; "I leave it," said he, "to my people, and to him whom they may elect as my successor!" This remarkable scene is recorded in some of the notices of deaths for the year 1788. The delusion, though most painful to his friends, was far from an unhappy one to its victim; his feelings were gratified to the last while thinking he was occupied with the good of his fellow-creatures.

[ORIGINAL.]

A

Snowdrop for the Mayflower.

On hearing that Moore the Poet was labouring under mental imbecility.

Poet of the warm-hearted Isle,
And dost thy consciousness retire?
And dost thy Muse forget to smile,
And dost thy flashing wit expire?
And dost thou find that all is vain,
"This short enduring world can give"
That but one gift, thou might'st obtain,
That would, with thee, forever live!

Oh may'st thou with the morning light
Have glimpses of the mental ray,
To cheer thee in the "stilly night,"
And lead thee to enduring day!
Thy Country's idol thou hast been,
Hilarity and mirth to impart,
How will they grieve, if thou art seen,
The Poet of the scathed heart.

Oh might thy soarings mount above!
O'ercome the waste of time and years,
Reach to that land of life and love.
Then might'st thou leave this vale of tears.

Hatifax, December, 1850.

M.

Enigma.

I'm a wonderful thing, of remarkable size,
Though I have only two hands. I have twenty large eyes;
But, although I've these eyes all placed in my face,
I have not a nose my strange features to grace.
I always am going, but never am gone;
I'm always undoing, but never am done;
Nobody respects me, yet I'm looked up to more
Than the prince of the present, or the yeoman of yore.
My hands often shake, and in friendly mood too,
When I'm telling a fact to your neighbour, or you;
When I'm bidding good morning, or wishing good night,
Suggesting that darkness is coming, or light;
For my voice, though 'tis speechless, does more facts
convey
To more people around me, by night and by day,
Than your tongue could do: if I lived to the last
Of the teeth in your head, no longer held fast,
I never move out, e'en by way of a treat,
Though my hands may be truly pronounced as six feet,
I eat not, and drink not; but, if not well attended,
I get sadly put out, and my labours are ended.
A message is often brought me from the sun,
And sometimes behind, or before I run;
I am not in the globe, but am some way below it,
And when you rise high o'er the earth you may know it;
For, though I am higher than you're likely to be,
There may come a time when you'll look down on me.
But don't come too near; for, should I not like you,
I may be impelled, and severely may strike you.
If you e'er go birds-nesting, you may find me out then,
For the place I am perch'd in was built by a wren.

As I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day, when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

The Work Table.

BY M^{lle}. DUFOUR.

CROCHET.

D'Oyley.

Materials—Marsland's crotchet thread, No. 54; Penelope crotchet No. 3.

Make 14 long stitches on a piece of thread, which draw together to form a round.

1st round—2 long in one stitch, 2 chain, miss one, repeat all round.

2nd round—4 long in the two long, 2 chain; repeat.

3rd round—6 long in the long, 2 chain; repeat.

4th round—8 long in the long, 2 chain; repeat.

5th round—10 long in the long, 2 chain; repeat.

6th round—8 long in the two chain, 1 long in each long; repeat all round.

7th round—1 long, 5 chain, miss 2; repeat.

8th round—1 long in the centre stitch of chain, 5 chain; repeat.

9th round—5 long in two chain, 1 long, 2 chain, 6 chain, 1 long in centre stitch of chain, 6 chain, 1 long, 6 chain, 1 long, 6 chain; repeat.

10th round—5 long above 3 chain and first 2 long, 5 chain, 5 long above last 2 long and three chain, 6 chain, 1 long, 6 chain; repeat.

11th round—5 long above last 3 chain and 2 long, 6 chain, 1 long in centre stitch of chain, 6 chain, 5 long above last 2 long and 3 chain, 6 chain; repeat.

12th round—5 long above last 2 long and 3 chain, 6 chain, 5 long above 3 chain, and first 2 long, 7 chain, 1 double crotchet in centre stitch of chain, 7 chain; repeat.

13th round—1 double crotchet in double crotchet, 11 chain, 4 long in last two long and first 2 chain, 4 chain, 4 long in 2 chain and first 2 long; 11 chain; repeat.

14th round—1 double crotchet in double crotchet, 15 chain, 4 long in 4 chain, 15 chain; repeat all round.

There is no decaying merchant or inward beggar hath so many tricks to uphold the credit of their wealth as empty persons have to maintain the credit of their sufficiency.

NEW MAGAZINE.—The first No. of a Magazine, published in the City, was received last month,—but too late for notice in the *Mayflower* for January. It is entitled "The Provincial Magazine," is neatly executed, and contains some spirited original articles. We cordially wish our contemporary every success.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We must apologize to A. B., for the non-appearance of the "Leper," and "Ruth and Naomi," in the columns of the *Mayflower*. They have, unfortunately, been mislaid, but if the author will oblige us with another copy of the articles, we shall feel much pleasure in inserting them in our next No.

Items of News.

Major-General Cathcart, is appointed Lieutenant Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. He commanded as Lieutenant Colonel the 8th or King's Own, in our garrison for several years, and when the rebellion broke out in Canada, in 1838, he went to that country as commanding officer of the 1st Dragoon Guards, and had the entire command of the outposts of General Lord Seton's army during that harassing campaign, the duties of which he discharged in the most able and efficient manner, and received the marked approbation of the Commander-in-Chief.

The secret deed, naming the person whom the President recommends to the people to choose for his successor, in the case of his own demise, is already drawn out and signed, ready to be deposited in the archives of the senate. The personage named is Lucien, the younger brother of the Prince of Canino, and member of the Assembly.

Mr. Leydell, naval architect at Stettin, (Prussia) and M. Ruthven, an English engineer, have constructed a ship, which is impelled by neither wind, oars, nor steam, but by the hydraulic power. The essay they have made is said to have entirely succeeded.

POLITICAL REFUGEES.—It is said that the majority of the political refugees now in London intend coming to the United States, and that the British Government has been requested by foreign powers to use its influence to obtain grants of land for the emigrants.

A new Steamer is being built for parties at Calais and St. Stephen, to be placed upon the Eastern route, to make one trip each week, during the season, between Boston and St. John.—\$7000 in shares, were subscribed in St. John.

Capt. Symons, who recently perished in the steamer Amazon, was the British officer whose efforts enabled the American passengers to get off from Chagres safely during the time of the terrible riot among the natives.

It is said that the United States intend to send a squadron to Japan, under Com. Perry, to compel the Japanese to open their ports to American trade. And this is highly approved by those who are horror-stricken at the idea of American intervention in European politics. You may interfere for trade—for profit—to make money—but not to raise the oppressed, establish justice, or form republican institutions!—*Boston Post.*

The receipts of tolls on the public works of Canada during the past season amount to about \$400,000, showing an increase of \$35,000 over the season of 1850. The receipts from customs amount to \$2,750,000, showing an aggregate increase of receipts from the public works and from customs of near \$500,000 over the year 1850.

COTTON CROP.—By a fabulous statement in the New Orleans Prices Current, it appears that the cotton crop of the United States of the year 1851. was worth more than \$40,000,000, more than the most valuable crop ever before raised.

VALUABLE MINES OF SILVER.—An official despatch from New Mexico states that a new and valuable silver mine had been discovered in that country. It is to be hoped that it may lead to the more plentiful distribution of silver change.

A petition signed by 35,000 persons praying the repeal of the laws permitting the sale of intoxicating drinks has been presented to the New York Legislature.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—Judge Allison of Philadelphia, in his recent charge to the Grand Jury, took ground in favour of the Maine Liquor Law.

A large American Squadron is about to sail for Japan, for the purpose, it is said, of making a favourable impression on the Emperor of that remarkable country.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 29th.—The Patriot has a reliable despatch from Washington saying that the Hon. Mr. Merrick, ex-Senator from Maryland, will succeed Mr. Cass as minister to Rome.

The Washington Correspondent of the Commercial says if any embarrassment has existed between the President and Mr. Webster, it exists no longer.

PERU.—The Panama *Echo* says that a revolution, in embryo, had been discovered, and the parties accused of fomenting it have absconded to Chili.

It is reported that the U. S. Government has given notice to the British of its desire to break up the present postal arrangements between the two countries.

The Crystal Palace is now bare of its contents, all the exhibitors having cleared away their goods.

It is said the additional grant of \$200,000 per annum to the Collins's line, will pass both branches of the Legislature.

JAMAICA.—The cholera still lingered at Savanna la Mar—six deaths between the 8th and 15th Jan. It was also prevalent at Montego Bay, and both cholera and small pox have visited St. Ann's parish. The civic and parochial elections went off quietly.

One of the greatest temperance demonstrations made for many years took place at Albany on the 28th ult.

A GREAT FIRE occurred at the Winooski Falls, 31st ult, by which property to an immense amount was destroyed.

THE OHIO STATE HOUSE was consumed by Fire at 3 A. M. 1st inst.

INDIAN CENSUS.—Efforts have been made for a year or two past by Government to obtain a census of the Indian population now inhabiting the United States. By the accounts received from the census agents, and information derived from other sources, it is ascertained that the true number of Indians, inhabiting all parts of our country, amounts to about 418,000. Of this number 30,000 is the estimated number of those inhabiting the unexplored territories; 24,100 are the Indians of Texas; 92,130 belong to the tribes living in New Mexico; 31,231 in California; 22,733 are in Oregon; 11,530 in Utah. Many of the New Mexican Indians are civilized, and have fixed habitations and towns.—*Aus. paper.*

TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES.—The estimated value of the grain, flour, and other bread-stuffs, exported from the United States, in the year 1851, was \$21,427,216. The value of the imports of 1851 was \$223,405,272; the total value of the exports \$217,523,201; and the tonnage employed, during the same period, was 3,772,439.

PAUPERISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The returns of the Secretary of State to the House of Representatives of Massachusetts state that the number of State paupers is 16,154, of whom 12,940 are foreigners. The total expense of the almshouses and appurtenances for the year, has been \$484,638. Of the foreign paupers, 2000 have come into the Commonwealth within a single year. The total number of persons relieved and supported as paupers during the year, has been 27,624.

U. S. TREASURY.—The receipts from October 1 to December 31 were \$10,228,242, of which \$9,901,506 were from customs. The expenditures for the same time were \$14,943,023 51—an excess over receipts of \$1,714,781.

PROVIDENCE, Jan'y 30.—The *Maine Liquor Law*, which has been under discussion in the House since Wednesday last, was defeated this evening—yeas 31, nays 37. A new bill will be offered on Monday.

About 82,000 barrels Mackerel were packed in Gloucester last year, more than double the quantity caught at any other port in the United States.