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CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.

CHARACTERS OF INTELLECT.

PORTIA.—We hear it asserted, not seldom by way of compliment to us women, that intellect is of no sex. If this mean that the same faculties of mind are common to men and women, it is true; in any other signification it appears to me false, and the reverse of a compliment. The intellect of woman bears the same relation to that of man as her physical organization;—it is inferior in power, and different in kind. That certain women have surpassed certain men in bodily strength or intellectual energy, does not contradict the general principle founded in nature. The essential and invariable distinction appears to me this: in men the intellectual faculties exist more self-poised and self-directed—more independent of the rest of the character than we ever find them in women, with whom talent, however predominant, is in a much greater degree modified by the sympathies and moral qualities.

In thinking over all the distinguished women I can at this moment call to mind, I recollect but one, who, in the exercise of a rare talent belied her sex, but the moral qualities had been first perverted.* It is from not knowing, or not allowing, this general principle, that men of genius have committed some signal mistakes; they have given us exquisite and just delineations of the more peculiar characteristics of women, as modesty, grace, tenderness; and when they have attempted to portray them with the powers common to both sexes, as wit, energy, intellect, they have blundered in some respect; they could form no conception of intellect which was not masculine, and therefore have either suppressed the feminine attributes altogether, and drawn coarse caricatures, or they have made them completely artificial. Women distinguished for wit may sometimes appear masculine and flippant, but the cause must be sought elsewhere than in nature, which disclaims all such. Hence the witty and intellectual ladies of our comedies and novels are all in the fashion of some particular time; they are like some old portraits

which can still amuse and please by the beauty of the workmanship, in spite of the graceless costume or grotesque accompaniments, but from which we turn to worship with ever new delight the Floras and goddesses of Titian—the saints and virgins of Raffaele and Domenichino. So the Millamants and Belindas, the Lady Townleys and Lady Teazles are out of date, while Portia and Rosalind, in whom nature and the feminine character are paramount, remain bright and fresh to the fancy as when first created.

Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind, may be classed together, as characters of intellect, because, when compared with others, they are at once distinguished by their mental superiority. In Portia, it is intellect, kindled into romance by a poetical imagination; in Isabella, it is intellect elevated by religious principle; in Beatrice, intellect animated by spirit; in Rosalind, intellect softened by sensibility. The wit which is lavished on each is profound, or pointed, or sparkling, or playful, but always feminine; like spirits distilled from flowers, it always reminds us of its origin; it is a volatile essence, sweet as powerful; and to pursue the comparison a step farther, the wit of Portia is like attar of roses, rich and concentrated; that of Rosalind, like cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar; the wit of Beatrice is like sal volatile; and that of Isabella, like the incense wafted to heaven. Of these four exquisite characters, considered as dramatic and poetical conception, it is difficult to pronounce which is most perfect in its way, most admirably drawn, most highly finished. But if considered in another point of view, as women and individuals, as breathing realities, clothed in flesh and blood, I believe we must assign the first rank to Portia, as uniting in herself in a more eminent degree than the others, all the noblest and most loveable qualities that ever met together in woman; and presenting a complete personification of Petrarch's exquisite epitome of female perfection:

Il vago spirito ardento,
E'n alto intelletto, un puro core.

It is singular, that hitherto no critical justice has been done to the character of Portia: it is yet more wonderful, that one of the finest writers on the eternal subject of Shakspeare and his perfections should accuse Portia of pedantry and affectation, and confess she is not a

* Artemisia Gentileschi, an Italian artist of the seventeenth century, painted one or two pictures, considered admirable as works of art, of which the subjects are the most vicious and barbarous conceivable. I remember one of these in the gallery of Florence, which I looked at once, but once, and wished then, as I do now, the privilege of burning it to ashes.

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great favourite of his; a confession quite worthy of him, who avers his predilection for servant-maids, and his preference of the Fannys and the Pamelas over the Clementinas and Clarissas.* Schlegel, who has given several pages to a rapturous eulogy on the Merchant of Venice, simply designates Portia as a "rich, beautiful, clever heiress:" whether the fault lie in the writer or translator, I do protest against the word clever. Portia *clever!* what an epithet to apply to this heavenly compound of talent, feeling, wisdom, beauty, and gentleness! Now would it not be well, if this common and comprehensive word were more accurately defined, or at least, more accurately used? It signifies properly, not so much the possession of high powers, as dexterity in the adaptation of certain faculties (not necessarily of a high order) to a certain end or aim—not always the worthiest. It implies something common-place, inasmuch as it speaks the presence of the *active* and *perceptive*, with a deficiency of the *feeling* and *reflective* powers: and, applied to a woman, does it not almost invariably suggest the idea of something we should distrust or shrink from, if not allied to a higher nature? The profligate French women, who ruled the councils of Europe in the middle of the last century, were clever women; and that philosopheress Madame Du Chatelet, who managed at one and the same moment the thread of an intrigue, her cards at piquet, and a calculation in algebra, was a very clever woman! If Portia had been created as a mere instrument to bring about a dramatic catastrophe—if she had merely detected the flaw in Antonio's bond, and used it as a means to baffle the Jew, she might have been pronounced a clever woman. But what Portia does is forgotten in what she *is*. The rare and harmonious blending of energy, reflection, and feeling, in her fine character, makes the epithet *clever* sound like a discord as applied to her, and places her infinitely beyond the slight praise of Richardson and Schlegel, neither of whom appears to have fully comprehended her.

These and other critics have been apparently so dazzled and engrossed by the amazing character of Shylock, that Portia has received less than justice at their hands: while the fact is, that Shylock is not a finer or more finished character in his way than Portia in hers. These two splendid figures are worthy of each other; worthy of being placed together within the same rich frame-work of enchanting poetry, and glorious and graceful forms. She hangs beside the terrible, the inexorable Jew, the brilliant lights of her character set off by the shadowy power of his, like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt.

Portia is endued with her own share of those delightful qualities which Shakspeare has lavished on many of his female characters; but, besides the dignity, the sweetness, and tenderness, which should distinguish her sex gene-

rally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself: by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate: she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleasures has ever waited round her; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly, there is a commanding grace, a high bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendour had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry—amid gardens full of statues, and fountains, and haunting music. She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she has never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the sombre or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.

It is well known that the Merchant of Venice is founded on two different tales; and in weaving together his double plot in so masterly a manner, Shakspeare has rejected altogether the character of the astutious lady of Belmont with her magic potions, who figures in the Italian novel. With yet more refinement, he has thrown out all the licentious part of the story, which some of his cotemporary dramatists would have seized on with avidity, and made the best or the worst of it possible; and he has substituted the trial of the caskets from another source.* We are not told expressly where Belmont is situated; but as Bassanio takes ship to go thither from Venice, and as we find them afterwards ordering horses from Belmont to Padua, we will imagine Portia's hereditary palace as standing on some lovely promontory between Venice and Trieste, overlooking the blue Adriatic, with the Frinli mountains or the Euganean hills for its background, such as we often see in one of Claude's or Poussin's elysian landscapes. In a scene, in a home like this, Shakspeare, having first exorcised the original possessor, has placed his Portia; and so endowed her, that all the wild, strange, and moving circumstances of the story become natural, probable, and necessary in connection with her. That such a woman should be chosen by the solving of an enigma is not surprising: herself and all around her, the scene, the country, the age in which she is placed, breathe of poetry, romance, and enchantment.

From the four quarters of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia;
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come
As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.

* In the "Mercatante di Venezia" of Ser. Giovanni, we have the whole story of Antonio and Bassanio, and part of the story, but not the character, of Portia. The incident of the caskets is from the Gesta Romanorum.

* See preceding note.

The sudden plan which she forms for the release of her husband's friend, her disguise, and her department, as the young and learned doctor, would appear forced and improbable in any other woman; but in Portia are the simple and natural result of her character.* The quickness with which she perceives the legal advantage which may be taken of the circumstances; the spirit of adventure with which she engages in the masquerading; and the decision, firmness, and intelligence with which she executes her generous purpose, are all in perfect keeping; and nothing appears forced; nothing as introduced merely for theatrical effect.

But all the finest parts of Portia's character are brought to bear in the trial scene. There she shines forth all her divine self. Her intellectual powers, her elevated sense of religion, her high honourable principles, her best feelings as a woman, are all displayed. She maintains at first a calm self-command, as one sure of carrying her point in the end; yet the painful heart-thrilling uncertainty in which she keeps the whole court, until suspense verges upon agony, is not contrived for effect merely; it is necessary and inevitable. She has two objects in view; to deliver her husband's friend, and to maintain her husband's honour by the discharge of his just debt, though paid out of her own wealth ten times over. It is evident that she would rather owe the safety of Antonio to anything, rather than the legal quibble with which our cousin Bellario has armed her, and which she reserves as a last resource. Thus all the speeches addressed to Shylock in the first instance are either direct or indirect experiments on his temper and feelings. She must be understood from the beginning to the end, as examining with intense anxiety the effect of her own words on his mind and countenance; as watching for that relenting spirit, which she hopes to awaken either by reason or persuasion. She begins by an appeal to his mercy, in that matchless piece of eloquence which, with an irresistible and solemn pathos, falls upon the heart like "gentle dew from heaven;" but in vain; for that blessed dew drops not more fruitless and unfelt on the parched sand of the desert than do these heavenly words upon the ear of Shylock. She next attacks his avarice:

Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offered thee!

Then she appeals, in the same breath, both to his avarice and his pity:

Be merciful!

Take *thrice* thy money. Bid me tear the bond.

All that she says afterwards—her strong expressions, which are calculated to strike a shuddering horror through the nerves—the reflections she interposes—her delays and circumlocution, to give time for any latent feeling of commiseration to display itself—all, all are

* In that age, delicate points of law were not determined by the ordinary judges of the provinces, but by doctors of law, who were called from Bologna, Padua, and other places celebrated for their legal colleges.

premeditated, and tend in the same manner to the object she has in view. Thus—

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Therefore lay bare your bosom!

These two speeches, though addressed apparently to Antonio, are spoken *at* Shylock, and are evidently intended to penetrate *his* bosom. In the same spirit, she asks for the balance to weigh the pound of flesh; and entreats of Shylock to have a surgeon ready—

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death!

SHYLOCK.—Is it so nominated in the bond?

PORTIA.—It is not so expressed—but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much, for *charity*!

So unwilling is her sanguine and generous spirit to resign all hope, or to believe that humanity is absolutely extinct in the bosom of the Jew, that she calls on Antonio, as a last resource, to speak for himself. His gentle, yet manly resignation—the deep pathos of his farewell, and the affectionate allusion to herself in his last address to Bassanio—

Commend me to your honourable wife;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death, &c.

are well calculated to swell that emotion, which through the whole scene must have been labouring suppressed within her heart.

At length the crisis arrives, for patience and womanhood can endure no longer; and when Shylock, carrying his savage bent "to the last hour of act," springs on his victim—"A sentence! come, prepare!" then the smothered scorn, indignation, and disgust, burst forth with an impetuosity which interferes with the judicial solemnity she had at first affected;—particularly in the speech—

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more
But just the pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

But she afterwards recovers her propriety, and triumphs with a cooler scorn and a more self-possessed exultation.

It is clear that, to feel the full force and dramatic beauty of this marvellous scene, we must go along with Portia as well as with Shylock; we must understand her concealed purpose, keep in mind her noble motives, and pursue in our fancy the under current of feeling, working in her mind throughout. The terror and the power of Shylock's character,—his deadly and inexorable malice,—would be too oppressive; the pain and pity too intolerable, and the horror of the possible issue too overwhelming, but for the intellectual relief afforded by this double source of interest and contemplation.

I come now to that capacity for warm and generous affection, that tenderness of heart which renders Portia not less loveable as a woman than admirable for her mental endowments. What an exquisite stroke of judgment in the poet, to make the mutual passion of Portia and Bassanio, though unacknowledged to each other, anterior to the opening of the

play! Bassanio's confession very properly comes first:

BASSANIO.—In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages; *

and prepares us for Portia's half betrayed, unconscious election of this most graceful and chivalrous admirer—

NERISSA.—Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

PORTIA.—Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was called.

NERISSA.—True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA.—I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Our interest is thus awakened for the lovers from the very first: and what shall be said of the casket scene with Bassanio, where every line which Portia speaks is so worthy of herself, so full of sentiment and beauty, and poetry and passion? Too naturally frank for disguise, too modest to confess her depth of love while the issue of the trial remains in suspense,—the conflict between love and fear, and maidenly dignity, causes the most delicious confusion that ever tinged a woman's cheek, or dropped in broken utterance from her lips.

I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard: for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right,—but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so you may miss me;—
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours!

The short dialogue between the lovers is exquisite.

BASSANIO.—Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

PORTIA.—Upon the rack, Bassanio? Then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASSANIO.—None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love;
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

PORTIA.—Ay! but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

BASSANIO.—Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

PORTIA.—Well, then, confess, and live

BASSANIO.—Confess and love
Had been the very sum of my confession!
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

A prominent feature in Portia's character is that confiding, buoyant spirit, which mingles with all her thoughts and affections. And here let me observe, that I never yet met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, of any woman, distinguished for intellect of the highest order, who was not also remarkable for this trustingness of spirit, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible

with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility. Lady Wortley Montague was one instance; and Madame de Staël furnishes another much more memorable. In her Corinne, whom she drew from herself, this natural brightness of temper is a prominent part of the character. A disposition to doubt, to suspect, and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education: in the old, it is one of the first symptoms of age: it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the stronger and more generous powers of the soul. Portia's strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervid imagination. In the casket-scene, she fears indeed the issue of the trial, on which more than her life is hazarded; but while she trembles, her hope is stronger than her fear. While Bassanio is contemplating the caskets, she suffers herself to dwell for one moment on the possibility of disappointment and misery.

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him.

Then immediately follows that revulsion of feeling, so beautifully characteristic of the hopeful, trusting, mounting spirit of this noble creature:

But he may win!

And what is music then!—then music is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no less presence, but with much more love
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster. I stand here for sacrifice.

Here, not only the feeling itself, born of the elastic and sanguine spirit which had never been touched by grief; but the images in which it comes arrayed to her fancy,—the bridegroom waked by music on his wedding morn,—the new-crowned monarch,—the comparison of Bassanio to the young Alcides, and of herself to the daughter of Laomedon,—are all precisely what would have suggested themselves to the fine poetical imagination of Portia, in such a moment.

Her passionate exclamations of delight, when Bassanio has fixed on the right casket, are as strong as though she had despaired before. Fear and doubt she could repel;—the native elasticity of her mind bore up against them; yet she makes us feel, that as the sudden joy overpowers her almost to fainting, the disappointment would as certainly have killed her.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love! be moderate, allay thy extacy;
In measure reign thy joy, scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Her subsequent surrender of herself in heart and soul, of her maiden freedom, and her vast

possessions, can never be read without deep emotion; for not only all the tenderness and delicacy of a devoted woman are here blended with all the dignity which becomes the princely heiress of Belmont, but the serious, measured self-possession of her address to her lover, when all suspense is over, and all concealment superfluous, is most beautifully consistent with the character. It is, in truth, an awful moment, that in which a gifted woman first discovers, that besides talents and powers, she has also passions and affections; when she first begins to suspect their vast importance in the sum of her existence; when she first confesses that her happiness is no longer in her own keeping, but is surrendered for ever and for ever into the dominion of another! The possession of uncommon powers of mind is so far from affording relief or resource in the first intoxicating surprise—I had almost said terror—of such a revolution, that they render it more intense. The sources of thought multiply beyond calculation the sources of feeling; and mingled, they rush together, a torrent deep as strong. Because Portia is endued with that enlarged comprehension, which looks before and after, she does not feel the less, but the more: because from the height of her commanding intellect she can contemplate the force, the tendency, the consequences of her own sentiments—because she is fully sensible of her own situation, and the value of all she concedes—the concession is not made with less entireness and devotion of heart, less confidence in the truth and worth of her lover, than when Juliet, in a similar moment, but without any such intrusive reflections—any check but the instinctive delicacy of her sex—flings herself and her fortunes at the feet of her lover:

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, through all the world.*

In Portia's confession, which is not breathed from a moonlit balcony, but spoken openly in the presence of her attendants and vassals, there is nothing of the passionate self-abandonment of Juliet, nor of the artless simplicity of Miranda, but a consciousness and a tender seriousness, approaching to solemnity, which are not less touching.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better: yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich; that only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschoold'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn: and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn:
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord.

* Romeo and Juliet, Act ii, Scene 2.

We must also remark that the sweetness, the solicitude, the subdued fondness which she afterwards displays, relative to the letter, are as true to the softness of her sex, as the generous self-denial with which she urges the departure of Bassanio, (having first given him a husband's right over herself and all her countless wealth) is consistent with a reflecting mind, and a spirit at once tender, reasonable, and magnanimous.

It is not only in the trial scene, that Portia's acuteness, eloquence, and lively intelligence are revealed to us; they are displayed in the first instance, and kept up consistently to the end. Her reflections, arising from the most usual aspects of nature, and from the commonest incidents of life, are in such a poetical spirit, and are at the same time so pointed, so profound, that they have passed into familiar and daily application, with all the force of proverbs.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.—Mrs. Jameson.

PRIVATE LESSONS.

"Bab," said Elder, at breakfast, on the morning after Delamere's party, "you had better give me those five pounds to put away with the seven pounds eleven."

"I am not at all of that opinion," said Bab; "I am quite old enough to have the keeping of my own money; and really, Pris, for the last three months, that no one but yourself has had a shilling, you have been so overbearing, that we have resolved to keep all we can get."

"Very well, young ladies," said Pris; "this is your return for all my care and economy—but be it so: keep your own money—find your own board—pay your own bills. I shall only be a gainer. I shall be curious to see how long you shall have anything in your pocket, Miss Bab: for my part, at Easter, I go to Mandeville Castle, and you must get on as well as you can by yourselves—you can have nothing more on my credit then. I dare say, on my return, I shall find you all in jail."

Here Elder was interrupted. Sally, a dirty squinting maid of all-work, who waited on the Eldertons, Mrs. Gibbs, and all the lodgers, came in. "I've just been to the twopenny post, miss, to take a letter for missus; and the man give me this 'ere, directed to Miss P. E.; them's the letters you told me to ask for, 'aint 'em, miss?"

"Yes," said Bab, delighted, "here's sixpence; twopence for the postage, and fourpence for yourself, Sally."

Sally's squint brightened; "I'll go every morning, miss, to enquire for letters;" and she left the room.

Bab was going to open the letter, but Pris snatched it away. "Well, at least, Pris, read it aloud."

"The advertisement of this morning has attracted the attention of a gentleman, who is pleased with the independent spirit displayed in it, and the moderate emolument required. He is single, rather middle-aged than young; but contemplating a change of condition, and the lady he is attached to having literary tastes, and moving in fashionable life, he wishes to have his own accomplishments a little modernised and renewed. He would be glad, then, if the terms *are* very moderate, to spend a few morning hours every day at the house of the advertisers. He has already considerable knowledge of French, singing, and dancing; but he wishes to brush up his conversation in the former, to learn a few fashionable songs, and to be put in the way of modern dances, such as quadrilles, waltzes, &c.

"The gentleman is highly respectable, and depends on secrecy. If the terms suit, he will beg for an interview, when names can be given (in confidence) and all arrangements made. A line addressed to X. Y. Z., post-office,——street will be immediately attended to.

"References given and required: but the object of the gentleman not to be divulged to the referee."

"Oh! what capital luck," said Bab, "come Pris, let us be friends. You can teach him, if you like, till you go to Mandeville Castle: let us write an answer at once—what shall we say?"

"No," said Pris, somewhat softened, "I will teach him French, you can teach him dancing, and Lavinia and Dolly take him by turns in singing—that will make it light."

"Answer him at once, Bab: don't give our names, but appoint him to come here this evening. Ask a guinea a week for three hours a day—we cannot say less."

"He says very low terms, Pris."

"Well, and those are terms that no journeyman carpenter would be satisfied with."

"And we are regular *undertakers*," said Bab, in high spirits.

"If you ask *that* you will lose him," said Dorothea; "say a pound a week."

"Do as I tell you, Bab!" cried Pris; "guinea does not sound much more than a pound, but an extra shilling a week is an object to us—it would cover the sunderies."

Bab asked a guinea a week, and appointed X. Y. Z. to an interview at seven o'clock that evening.

"It never rains but it pours," says an old proverb; and so said Bab, too, when Sally came in to tell her that Mr. Todd was below, and had requested to be allowed to see Miss Barbara Elderton.

"It's the same gentleman, miss, as gave me the shilling to know your name, miss."

"What sort of gentleman is he, Sally?"

"Oh! he's a proper gentleman, with a big ring on his finger and a watch to his side, and swaying about a beautiful stick; besides, miss, it's he has gave me the shilling."

"Well" said Bab, almost beside herself, "there's another for you. Show him up—say I'll be down directly—that I'm in my chamber at present; and Pris, dear, do you receive him; I must go and beautify a little—it may be of great importance to us all."

Bab hurried away, crimson with pride and joy.

The stranger was shown in: he was a man about five-and-twenty, well dressed; not elegant, certainly, but the sisters decided that he had a wealthy look; and to the poor that is a greater charm than either beauty or grace. He had a very decided expression of countenance, and a resolute manner, which made Pris fancy that if he had set his mind on marrying Bab, no objections from parents or friends would deter him from the pursuit.

He took off a glove—there was the ring, certainly; but the hand was stumpy, and the nails not over clean.

Ah! thought Pris, he has something better to do than to prune his nails. She politely offered him a seat, and remarked, that "it was a fine day."

"Yes, ma'am, its quite 'ot for this season of the hear."

Pris was rather shocked, but she said

to herself, "Well, those who have known the misery of education and poverty would gladly compound for ignorance and wealth; besides, once married, Bab is a determined creature, and she will make him learn."

"It's Miss Barbara Helderton I wish to see, ma'am: the servant told me she was at 'ome."

"My sister is in her own apartment; I have sent her a summons to attend us."

A peculiar smile lighted the face of Mr. Todd.

"I am Miss Barbara's elder sister," perhaps you would like to speak to me in private; if so, these young ladies can withdraw."

"Oh! by no means; pray don't stir, young ladies:" the "young" was brought out with an effort and another smile.

Pris looked at them; they were in deshabille, and did certainly look rather old.

"Our dear Bab," she said, "is much the youngest of our family. You will not object to my being present at your interview—she is very timid."

"I 'ope, ma'am, you'll make yourself quite at 'ome; for though my business is with Miss Barbarer Helderton, I 'ope not to hincommode any one."

His business! thought all; he is some rich merchant's son, doubtless. How close he is! but that shows he is in love. Really, he is good-looking—if he were but a little cleaner, and has good hair—if he kept it nicely.

At this moment Sally came in, with a most refulgent squint, and whispered something to Pris.

Pris rose: "Excuse me for one moment," she said, "I will return with Miss Barbara."

Barbara's maiden modesty required her sister's support. In a few minutes the door was flung open. Barbara, her hair elaborately dressed, a little roughed, and tricked out in all the best things of the Eldertons, came walking with down-cast eyes: Mr. Todd hastened towards her. Had his passion made him mad? He did not drop upon one knee, or tremblingly offer his hand. The profane wretch seemed inclined to touch the sacred form of Barbara!

All the Eldertons looked aghast, for they were paragons of propriety.

"Good heavens! sir," said Elder, placing her form of even statelier virtue between Mr. Todd and the blushing Bab: "do not forget yourself—remember whom you are addressing!"

Todd—was he insane?—passed his hand over Elder's shoulders—touched Barbara's arm—unrolled a long paper, (till then adroitly concealed in his dirty hand)—"I serve you with this 'ere writ in the Queen's name.—Good morning, young ladies!" then caught up his hat, and hastened from the scene.

"A bailiff!" shrieked Elder; "A bailiff!" faintly murmured Bab; "A bailiff!" indignantly echoed Dorothea and Lavinia.

"Oh, what a vile, deceitful, beastly fellow!" said Elder.

"And yet," said Bab, bursting into tears, "though he has done this he must be attached to me! Perhaps he is reduced; he may have become a bailiff to obtain an interview."

"Don't be a fool, Bab," said Elder, angrily; "he has been a bailiff all along; he only wanted to find out our name, because he couldn't serve a writ without it."

"And I had quite forgotten the debt! I haven't had even a lawyer's letter about it lately," said Bab, examining the writ.

"At whose suit is it?"

"That vile pastry-cook's, Froth. You remember, when we lived in Charlotte Street, and gave a little *soiree* in hopes that Burrige would come with the Vernons, which after all, the old bore didn't? Well, now, you see, with lawyer's letters and the writ, it has mounted up to five pounds."

"I had quite forgotten the debt," said Elder.

"Yes, debtors easily forget such things," said Bab, "but creditors never."

"Well, it's fortunate you have got the five pounds," said Elder. "I have nothing to do with it: you must all remember, young ladies, that I set my face against you having the *soiree* at all; particularly the extravagance of giving a supper."

"But we all lived for a fortnight on the remains—you among the rest," said Bab.

"Yes," retorted Elder, and had a bilious fever from living on cheesecakes, macaroons, custards, and trifles. I'm not going to pay for your folly, Bab, I can tell you!"

Bab went into a fit, caused by disappointment about Todd, and rage against Pris; but she came safely out of it—the debt was paid—and Elder's prophecy verified, for poor Bab had not long kept the five pounds in her pocket.

As we have begun this important day with the Eldertons, perhaps we may as well finish it with them:—constant occupation at home, a few private lessons abroad, and long parleys with Mrs. Gibbs and Sally, fill up the time; and the reader must not mind for once having tea very early instead of dinner, particularly as he was with the Eldertons at so fine a repast yesterday.

The Eldertons' advertisement, with its absurd misprint, had brought them several impertinent letters from idlers on the look out for fun, who evidently thought that young ladies of shrinking delicacy advertising for gentlemen pupils were no better than they should be. Elder tossed all the proofs of the villany of man into the fire with becoming scorn, and not without a remark that it was no wonder so many young creatures went astray, when such snares were laid by Satanic men for indigent virtue.

Bab thought Elder too precipitate. She fancied had some been written to, appointments made in which they might have been argued with and reproved, perhaps one or two might have been won back to the paths of virtue, and bound there for ever in the fetters of wedlock. But Elder was firm; besides, it was now too late; the letters with their addresses were all consumed. There was one, however, written in a different strain, which they resolved to answer. It ran thus:—

"LADIES,

"I am a youth of good family, but my education has been scandalously neglected. I wish to recover lost time; for though a mere boy, I look so much older than I am, that I am often ashamed of my own ignorance. Terms are no object with me, if I find myself improving. If you will inform me where I may call this evening, at half-past seven, we can enter

into further arrangements. A line addressed to V. M.—coffee-house,—, will find me.

"your obedient servant."

"This seems to be a good steady youth, and likely to pay well. Say we will receive him; Bab, at half-past seven; X. Y. Z. will not stay half an hour."—— So Bab appointed V. M. for half-past seven.

The tea-things were hurried away, the room was put in order, the Eldertons were dressed to the greatest advantage. Bab in a dancing dress, in case she was required to exhibit. Elder took her seat by a reading-lamp surrounded by books in all languages. Dorothea sat down to an old spinnet, and Lavinia caught up the guitar.

X. Y. Z. had sent a note to say that he would be punctual, but objected to guineas—there were no such things now-a-days—he would agree to give a pound a week

"Never mind," said Elder, "we will make V. M. pay for it. If he requires the three morning hours, too, we must have them in some sort of a class; they'll get on better, and it will be the sooner over. V. M. ought to pay three guineas a week."

Sally came smiling in with another letter.

"How vilely folded! What a wretched hand! What spelling!"

"Young ladies," said Pris, "perhaps it is to learn to write and spell better, that this young person applies to us—let us see."

"HONORED MADDAMS!

"'Aving seen your notice in the Tims, and 'aving a great valy of larning and edication, I wish to take a few lessons at the lowest possible terms. At schule I was kounted a good schollard; and, as you see, I writes and spells like one; but in Lunnon one must look sharp to keep pase with the march of hintellect. As I am a great hadmirer of nashunal drama, I think, with a little more larnin, I might be a fine hactor; but at present I aint nothing of the kind, but quite private and genteel; and as my affections is placed on every helegant 'ooman aboue me in hears, and situate in 'igh life, I'd wish to sing and play a few hairs at parties where we meets, and to danse waltzes, quodreals,

and the galloped. I'll have the 'onor, to call, when I can slip out, at near nine this evening. I can't flicks regeller 'ours for my larning, butt if I'm low pay I'm shure; for I've a sartain hincum. I ham, 'onnored Maddams,

"Your umble survant.

"T. H."

"Well, poor fellow," said Elder, "it will be a charity to teach him, he must be respectable; ignorant as he is, you see, he has a certain income. A few stray half-crowns for idle evening hours will come in very well. I shall desire Sally to show him up."

"I hope they won't all be here together," said Bab. "It is past seven, X. Y. Z. should be here."—A knock was heard—there was a delay of intense interest. Elder bent over a learned-looking tome, Bab put herself in a graceful attitude, Dolly and Lavy struck a few chords. Sally opened the door, a Macintosh and oil-skin hat were removed, and all the Eldertons shrieked—"Mr. Burrige!"

Burrige, whose spectacles the reader will remember the sweep had basely stolen, and who had not yet been able to persuade himself to buy another pair, purblind and puzzled, knew not what to say. He saw, as he thought, four elegant young women, and did not recognise the Eldertons (whose abode he did not know) till Pris, with admirable presence of mind, came forward.

"Mr. Burrige! in the unfortunate advertisements, you recognise four young ladies whom you have only met hitherto in the haunts of fashion and pleasure. It were affectation now to make a secret of that poverty which the world in general does not suspect. (Poor-self-deceived Pris!) With your heart, and your mind, you cannot blame four daughters of an ancient family for keeping themselves, by their talents, above dependence, and thus escaping all the snares that assail unprotected virtue. Why not learn of us, dear sir?"

"Madam," said Burrige, wiping a moisture from his old green eye, "wiser than I might learn of you; and—(here he made a grand effort)—so much do I respect you all, young ladies, that—that I'll pay the guinea instead of the pound a week!"

"Thank you, my dear sir. Young ladies, I am sure you are pleased as I am, to recognise in our new pupil an old friend. References of course are out of the question now; and as one of my maxims is—

*'Take care of the minutes, those wandering elves,
The hours, my dear sir, will take care of themselves—'*

I propose that we dedicate a few to the ascertaining of what you already know, and the laying a plan for your future studies. Will you take a seat by me—I think you wished to recover your knowledge of French?"

It will be seen that Elder was no fool, except when tormented by the insane ambition of being thought, with her sisters, young and fashionable beauties, courted and affluent. Their real circumstances once divulged, she laid aside much of her absurd *pretension*, and seldom, during the lesson, did she introduce poor dear Sir James, Lord Rivers, her poor dear papa, or one high sounding ancestor or ancestor's friends.

"My object," said Burrige, "is to be put in the way of introducing a few French words into conversation, dashingly, and with modern accent; for French seems to me to be pronounced very differently from what it was in my childhood. Then I wish to be able to take up a French book, and read a page or so, as it were off-hand, and by and by to sing a few French songs."

"Well we can easily put you in the way of that. Will you read a passage in this book?"

"I haven't my spectacles, and I'm short sighted."

"Just like poor"—but Elder checked herself—she offered a pair she kept, (in truth, when alone she constantly wore them,) "but" she *said*, "they had belonged to her poor dear papa, to whom" (it would come out) "they had been given by poor dear Lord Rivers."

"Ah!" growled Burrige, "but all these poor dears are in the way just now. In renewing my education, my thoughts are rather with my probable progeny than my progenitors. I should like, if I have children, to see to their education myself—besides, it's a wonderful saving."

Elder looked rather prudish—"Will you read a little?"

Poor dear Dr. Elderton's spectacles suited very well.

"Oh! that's Telemachus! that won't do—I want something new—something more impassioned—'Corinne,' or the *Nouvelle Heloise*."

"I could not hear you read so immoral a work."

"Well, then, something new by Paul de Knoch, or George Sand; I hear every one talking of their works."

"Sir," said Elder, "there are scenes in those works which no innocent and virtuous man should ever peruse, much less pollute therewith the chaste ear of maiden purity. I could not listen to you myself; how then could I suffer the younger daughters of the Rev. Dr. Elderton to be acquainted with scenes of profligacy and vice?"

"Sir, I have been as a mother to those orphan girls; and I have cast my own abhorring eye over many works, in order that I might let the girls know whether they might read them with safety."

"Well, to my mind, 'to the pure all things are pure;' I'm sure that is the case with me. If novels are to represent real life, vice must play her part in them, and I think an *exposé* of her wiles puts virtue on her guard; I'm sure it has mine. I hear the two authors you are so prudish about are the best French novelists of the day. I hear them discussed everywhere; and I'm sure their works cannot be more free than 'Clarissa Harlowe,' 'Tom Jones,' and 'Peregrine Pickle.'"

"I request, sir, you will not name those works in the presence of the younger Miss Eldertons."

"Why, they are the glory of the language; an English woman should be ashamed to own that she has not read them."

"In my opinion, sir, an Englishman should blush to own that he has read them: but let us not waste time in disputing. Here is a work deservedly popular, and without one word or thought to bring a blush to the cheek of modesty;" and she put the beautiful tale of "*Piccarillo*" into Burridge's hand, and he bungled through a few lines.

"You have a promising accent. You only want practice; take the book with you, and get up a page for me by to-morrow: and now just say in an off-hand

manner, *Je ne manquerai pas, mademoiselle*."

"*Ge ne monkura pau, madamsel!*"

"Bravo!" said all the Eldertons. Burridge, flushed with success, repeated it several times.

"Now say, *Adieu, belle demoiselle! au revoir!*"

"*Adieu, behl domwosel! au revoor!*"

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!" cried all.

"Now," said Dolly, "you must come here, and let me try your voice."

"I've a good voice and a capital ear," said Burridge: "what I want is to learn a few songs; such as 'I'd be a butterfly,' and 'I've been roaming,' and 'We met, 'twas in a crowd,' and 'Meet me by moonlight alone.'"

"Ah! I know all those, but they are not quite new."

"Those are what I want to learn, and a few duets—'The last links are broken,' and others in that style."

"Well, just come here and run up the scale."

Burridge stalked to the spinnet, with the air of a connoisseur; he did not choose to say that he did not know what the scale was, but he knew he was cunning, and hoped to find out.

"Just run up the scale yourself, ma'am."

Dolly with a voice like a peacock, ran up to the upper C.

Burridge's voice consisted of three very low bass notes, and one, like the squeak of an asthmatic bellows.

He exhibited his powers: the Eldertons applauded to the echo.

"What voice, now, do you call mine?" asked the entranced pupil.

"A very fine bass," said Dolly.

"Oh! but you have a treble too," said Lavinia.

"You have a wonderful voice for a man," said Bab.

"Just like one of the 'Bohemian brothers,'" said Elder.

"Well, I'll just go through 'The Soldier tired;' it requires great compass and execution."

And to his usual dirge, but occasionally introducing his applauded high note, Burridge went through the elaborate song of "The Soldier tired."

Any soldier would have been tired before he had half done.

He ended amid a chorus of applauses; for the Eldertons were too old soldiers to show their fatigue.

"Well, to-morrow," said Dolly, "you can begin 'I'd be a butterfly.'"

"I'd be a butterfly," began Burrige, all in his high note.

"But now," said Bab, "as it is getting late, let me see what you can do in the dancing line: if you have the same talent for that as you possess for music and singing, I shall be very proud of my pupil."

The ready-handed Eldertons cleared away the tables and chairs. Burrige, anxious to exhibit, begged Dolly to play a hornpipe. The Eldertons were astounded at his agility and *savoir faire*.

"All I want is a few steps, and to know the figures. Do you think Delamere, or Dempster, or Marcus, or any of them, could do what I have just done?"

"No, not if you'd pay them for it," said Elder, who thought remuneration the greatest possible inducement to exertion.

"Now, then," said Bab (whose style of dancing was showy and operatic), "you must learn a few *pirouettes*, *battemens*, and *entrechats*."

Burrige took out of his pocket a pair of pumps! Do ye think I've a good foot for dancing?" he said, extending a leg which might have served a Brobdignagian.

"Good!" said Bab; "it's an exquisite foot."

"Exquisite!" echoed all the Eldertons.

It was a curious thing, and one, dear reader, which you will hardly believe, that though Burrige was so active, agile, and adroit at Scottish steps, reels, hornpipes, and a that he had learnt in his earlier youth, he was very slow, stiff and clumsy in acquiring a *pirouette*, or the simplest quadrille figure. As for waltz, nothing could be more awkward; twice he all but fell, and many times his exquisite foot put Bab's to excruciating pain. The Eldertons had pushed him through a set of quadrilles; he had stood for some time *à la zephyr*! balancing himself, awkwardly enough, to assist in which he extended his arm and his tongue, and they were all so intent on his progress, that they did not perceive the opening of the door. When, finishing the lesson

with a *tour de valse*, Burrige turned giddy; he fell, dragging Bab with him, and, alas! their united weight coming suddenly against Elder and Dolly, they, too, were upset; when suddenly a gentleman, who had been standing for some time with Sally, watching the lesson, darted forward, aided Bab to rise, and extricated the now wigless Burrige from beneath the superincumbent forms of Dolly and Elder.

"Mr. V. M." said Sally.

"Mr. Mercus Vernon!" shrieked the Eldertons.

"Mercus Vernon? contound him?" growled Burrige, "what's he here for?"—And in his confusion he put on his wig the hind part before, which made all present burst into a fit of laughter.

"I am here by appointment," said Mercus. "Mr. Burrige, I'm rejoiced to see you. Miss Elderton, your servant; young ladies, your most obedient."

"Stay, Mercus," said Burrige, "a word with you." They walked to the window. "The fact is, I'm getting my accomplishments a little renewed against my marriage with Jessica; but, as I want to surprise her, and to be able to assist her in educating my family (if I should have any), I don't wish her to know of my taking lessons: so I trust to your honor, my dear boy,—talents are never out of place, but people are apt to laugh when middle-aged men go to school again. I was going to call this evening in the square, to say you have got your cornetcy; and much good may it do you—but not a syllable of what you have seen!—have I your word?"

"You have! and a thousand thanks," said the volatile Mercus, now quite full of his cornetcy.

Miss Elderton came forward. "You wished to take some lessons of us, Mr. Mercus Vernon, when you did not know who we were: I hope you will not be deterred by recognizing in us very old friends of your family; only, as we do not wish our poverty to be proclaimed where it would only awaken contempt, we must beg you to promise not to let even your own family know that we are reduced to give lessons."

Mercus, who, had only answered the advertisement 'for fun,' caught by the 'young ladies' giving lessons to gentlemen, was too feeling to own he had meant

only to amuse himself, and too generous to disappoint the evident expectations of the poor Eldertons, whose hard struggles against 'iron fortune' were not as unknown as they loved to believe; he therefore said, "Since writing to you, dear Miss Elderton, I find that, through Mr. Burrige's interest, I have obtained a cornetcy in the—dragoons. I shall be gazetted directly, and perhaps obliged to join my regiment: thus, you see, I shall scarcely have the time I expected for my studies; but if you will allow me to take lessons when I can, I will enter myself as your pupil at once. Allow me to pay down this small sum," and he laid down a five pound note, "as entrance-money; I believe that is usual."

"It is usual, but we do not exact it."

Burrige, who did not want to hear anything of such an unexpected horror as "entrance-money," turned away, humming "I'd be a butterfly."

Mercus insisted. "When I was a child, entrance-money was always paid for me. I am sure those who are kind enough to receive me now deserve it much better, as my entrance gives so much more trouble."

Elder put up the welcome note.—"There is one thing I must explain," she said, "Mr. Burrige." At first Burrige would not hear; he muttered to himself, "confound the extravagant dog! I hope he won't be the means of my having any cursed entrance-money to pay. It's a vile imposition, even at a regular school."

But Bab approached him with *pas de zephyr*. "Don't you hear Pris wants to speak to you?" and taking his arm, she led him to Pris.

"What I wished to say," said Pris, "concerns my own character, and that of these young ladies!—I allude to our equivocal-looking advertisement, which was a mere misprint, as we had written '*female sex*.' I know, Mr. Burrige, you applauded it; but the daughters of the late Rev. Dr. Elderton would rather be praised for the most scrupulous decorum than for the most independent spirit; it is a praise much better suited to unprotected virtue. As it has chanced, we see no objection to the gentlemen pupils which have offered; for, as Mr. Burrige said 'to the pure all things are pure;' but we depend on secrecy, for many who

welcome us now would look coldly on us if they knew we turned our talents to account to save us from dependence."

"I should like to have the thrashing of such noodles," said Mercus.

"Confound 'em all!" growled Burrige, "so should I."

Here the door was flung open, and Mr. T. M. announced. The light shone full on a strange figure—tall, pompous, and all his cloths a world too wide. Burrige, by the aid of Elder's spectacles, recognised Tim, and his own green velvet waistcoat.

All exclaimed "Tim!!"

"Yes, gentlemen and ladies,—Tim!" said the butler, nothing daunted, but buttoning up his coat to hide his waistcoat.

"You impudent scoundrel! what are you here for?" said Burrige.

"For larnin—for heducation—for what has often ris the poor man above 'is hignorant hoppersor!" said Tim, very indignant.

"Get out, sir, or I'll kick you out!"

"Will ye, tho' measter? You'll see as two can play at that game! I'm here by appointment, to be heducated for the nashunal dramer. When you marries and has a family, as you proposes, I don't mean, as you hopes, to bemean myself to be a nuss; I means, by my own henergies, to become a hactor. All I want is heducation, now, as the '*Weekly Dispatch*' says, the birthright of every Briton."

"But, Tim, when we appointed you, we had no idea you were a servant," said Elder.

"My shillun is as good, and more sartain, than many a rich man's."

"He said he had a regular income," said Bab to Burrige.

"Hollo! you scoundrel! what did you mean by saying you had a regular income?"

"What did I mean? why my wages. And if I haven't a *regular income*, it'll be the more shame for you, that's all, sur."

"Well, now, go home, Tim," said Burrige, who did not want to lose his services; "the ladies can't teach *you*, you know."

"I'm going—I'm going; but, thank heaven, the time is coming when there'll be no servants and no masters, and no harristocraks but the harristocrack of

hintellect ! for all men is hequals according to the law of nature and immutable justis, both he as works and he as sits at home hidle, a runnin of him down. One day, them as is servants now will rise to be masters ; but in this great metrotolis there's many a hacademy where my shillun 'll be thought as good as a lord's—and so, I humbly axes all your pardons."

Thus saying, the ambitious butler twitched his forelock, bowed and departed.

Burridge and Mercus then took their leave, the former to attend at the Eldertons daily with the greatest punctuality, the latter to return there no more. But Burridge was a very obstinate, disputatious pupil: he always thought his own way the best;—would never own himself in the wrong;—sung all new songs to his' own dirge;—introduced Scotch and Irish steps into the quadrilles and gallops; generally came before and stayed after his time, and convinced the Eldertons that the fitting an obstinate old bear to shine in fashionable circles, and aspire to the hand of a young beauty, was a dear bargain at a guinea a week.

Theodore Hook.

MONKEYS.

In consequence of their bearing a greater resemblance than any other animals to the human species, monkeys have always been the objects of much popular interest. By some unenlightened nations they have been looked upon as a kind of men, who were only silent that they might escape being set to work. Others have regarded them as superior to themselves—as sacred animals—entitled to all possible reverence and care; in consequence of which notion, palaces and hospitals used to be erected for them in India, and a city was taken about sixty years ago in that country, in which there were forty thousand human inhabitants and as many apes. Even European philosophers have been found to form the most absurd notions respecting this class of animals, believing man to be only a modification of the monkey.

The real natural history of the animal is not yet very clearly made out; yet enough has been ascertained to make it

manifest, that the monkey, whatever general external resemblance he may bear to man, is a totally different, and greatly inferior creature, being distinguished, even from the lowest of the human species, by peculiarities of structure such as are usually held sufficient to constitute an independent order. Naturalists have conferred upon the monkey tribes the general name of *Quadrumanæ*, (four-handed animals) and place them as an order in the class *Mammalia*, next above the order *Carnaria*, or flesh-eating animals. Their name as an order describes their chief physical peculiarity—their having four hands for walking. Greater length in the fore limb, narrowness in the haunches, and less capacity in the skull, are the most striking features of difference they bear with respect to man. It is completely ascertained that they are not designed, as man has been, to walk uprightly on the hind limbs. They naturally use all the four limbs at once, and cannot be made to walk on the two hinder ones for any distance, without suffering great uneasiness. Nature has designed monkeys to live in forests and craggy precipices, and to swing themselves from branch to branch, and tree to tree, and rock to rock, by means of their four hands and their tail, which has the power to cling firmly to any object round which it may be twisted. They occupy the warm districts of Asia, Africa, and America, and in their natural state live on fruits, roots, and insects.

Monkeys have been divided by naturalists into two families, those of the old world, and those of the new, and into twenty-five genera, each of which comprehends several species. It will thus be seen that the varieties are very considerable, although but a few kinds are ever seen in Britain. Popularly we know only of the Orang-Outangs, (including the Chimpanzee) the Gibbons, the Baboons, and the Monkeys proper, or Apes.

The last mentioned, termed by naturalists *Guenons*, are the most familiarly known of all, being often brought to this country and shown in menageries, or kept in private families. Their cunning, their tricks, and whimsical imitations of human actions, render them a source of much amusement, though many of their habits are very gross and unpleasant.

Individuals of the tribe have attained the art of opening locks in the usual way by means of keys, have been able to undo the rings of a chain, and to pick pockets in so nice and delicate a manner as to defy detection. The *Baboons* are larger, and of more disagreeable manners, but some of them are capable of affording not less amusement. Some of them are headed much like the dog, and are considered as a connecting link with that family of animals. One of this kind was long well known in the menagerie at Exeter 'Change, London, under the name of Happy Jerry. He had been taught to drink gin and water, and to smoke tobacco. He used to sit gravely and composedly in an arm-chair; and when a pipe was handed to him, he would feel if it was lighted, place it in his mouth, and begin to inhale the smoke. When he had filled his cheek pouches with the fumes, he would spout them out through mouth, nose, and ears, at once, so as to fill his whole cage. It was then necessary to give him the reward which he expected, namely, a goblet of gin and water, which he speedily drank off. Another animal of the same kind was fond of going to an eminence near the country house where he was kept, in order to see a pack of harriers thrown off upon the chase, apparently enjoying either the noise or the spectacle.

The *Gibbons* are also larger than ordinary monkeys, with fore limbs of unusual length, and equally long hair all over their bodies. They are natives only of the remote parts of India. In a domesticated state, they are of gentler and more pleasing manners than most monkeys. A gentleman who tamed one describes him thus:—"He became so tame and manageable in less than a month, that he would take hold of my hand and walk with me, helping himself along at the same time with the other hand applied to the ground. He would come at my call, and seat himself in a chair by my side at the breakfast table, and help himself to an egg or the wing of a chicken from my plate, without endangering any of my table furniture. He would partake of coffee, chocolate, milk, tea, &c.; and although his usual mode of taking liquids was by dipping his knuckles into the cup and licking his fingers, still, when appa-

rently more thirsty, he would take up the vessel from which I fed him, with both hands, and drink like a man from a spring. He was fond of insects; would search in the crevices of the house for spiders; and if a fly chanced to come in his reach, he would dexterously catch him in one hand, generally using the right one. In temper he was remarkably pacific, and seemed, as I thought, often glad to have an opportunity of testifying his affection and attachment for me."

The *Orang-Outangs* make the nearest approach to the stature and form of man. They inhabit two small and widely separated parts of the world, a red species being proper to the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, and a dark one to the Guinea coast in Africa. The limbs and body of this creature greatly resemble those of man; but his countenance and the shape of his head are considerably different, while the double set of hands forms a feature sufficient, if all others were wanting, to mark the distinctness of the two races. Specimens have been found not less than five feet and a half high, and in their native countries troops of them become formidable foes to man. A black orang-outang has sufficient strength to lift a full-grown human being. One brought from Africa in a trading vessel, was fond of wrapping itself in a blanket when it got into temperate latitudes. It shook hands with some of the sailors, but refused to do so with others, whom it disliked. It liked to join a mess, and was much pleased when sweetmeats were given to it. It stole a bottle of wine, which it uncorked with its teeth, and began to drink. It learned to feed itself with a spoon, to drink out of a glass, and showed a general disposition to imitate human actions. It was attracted by bright metals, seemed to take a pride in clothing, and often put a cocked hat on its head. On arriving at Liverpool, it took ill and died.

When the British embassy was on its return from China, in 1817, a specimen of the red orang was obtained at Borneo and brought to Britain. A description of it is given by Dr. Abel, a physician attending the embassy, which is considered the most accurate and faithful account of any specimen of the monkey tribes that

has ever been written. The animal stood two feet seven inches high. The colour of its skin was a bluish grey, while the hue of the hair was a brownish red. The head, viewed in front, was pear-shaped, expanding from the chin upwards. The nose was scarcely elevated above the level of the face, the mouth was prominent, and the ears as small and delicate as those of a man. He moved, by throwing forward his body between his fore limbs, in the manner of certain cripples among the human species. After some vain attempts being made to keep him confined, he was allowed the range of the ship, and began to make himself familiar with the sailors. To pursue the narrative of Dr. Abel—"They often chased him about the rigging, and gave him frequent opportunities of displaying his adroitness in managing an escape. On first starting, he would endeavour to outstrip his pursuers by mere speed, but when much pressed, elude them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach. At other times he would patiently wait on the shrouds or at the mast-head till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the main-stay from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and moving them one over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung, with so much violence, as to make me fear his falling, but I soon found that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcome. When in a playful humour, he would often swing within arm's length of his pursuer, and having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him.

"He commonly slept at the mast-head, after wrapping himself in a sail. In making his bed, he used the greatest pains to remove every thing out of his way that might render the surface on which he intended to lie, uneven; and having satisfied himself with this part of his arrangement, spread out the sail, and lying down upon it on his back, drew it over his body. Sometimes I preoccupied his bed, and teased him by refusing to give it up. On these occasions he would endeavour to pull the sail from under me, or to force me from it, and would not rest till I had resigned it. If it was large enough for

both, he would quietly lie by my side. If all the sails happened to be set, he would hunt about for some other covering, and either steal one of the sailors' jackets or shirts that happened to be drying, or empty a hammock of its blankets. Off the Cape of Good Hope he suffered much from a low temperature, especially early in the morning, when he would descend from the mast shivering with cold, and running up to any one of his friends, climb into his arms, and clasping him closely, derive warmth from his person, screaming violently at any attempt to remove him.

"His food in Java was chiefly fruit, especially mangostans, of which he was excessively fond. He also sucked eggs with voracity, and often employed himself in seeking them. On board ship his diet was of no definite kind. He ate readily of all kinds of meat, and especially raw meat; was very fond of bread, but always preferred fruits when he could obtain them.

"His beverage in Java was water; on board ship, it was as diversified as his food. He preferred coffee and tea, but would readily take wine, and exemplified his attachment to spirits by stealing the captain's brandy-bottle: since his arrival in London, he has preferred beer and milk to anything else, but drinks wine and other liquors.

"In his attempts to obtain food, he afforded us many opportunities of judging of his sagacity and disposition. He was always very impatient to seize it when held out to him, and became passionate when it was not soon given up; and would chase a person all over the ship to obtain it. I seldom came on deck without sweetmeats or fruit in my pocket, and could never escape his vigilant eye. Sometimes I endeavoured to evade him by ascending to the mast-head, but was always overtaken or intercepted in my progress. When he came up with me on the shrouds, he would secure himself by one foot to the rattling, and confine my legs with the other, and one of his hands, whilst he rifled my pockets. If he found it impossible to overtake me, he would climb to a considerable height on the loose rigging, and then drop suddenly upon me. Or if, perceiving his intention, I attempted to descend, he would slide

down a rope and meet me at the bottom of the shrouds. Sometimes I fastened an orange to the end of a rope, and lowered it to the deck from the mast-head; and as soon as he attempted to seize it, drew it rapidly up. After being several times foiled in endeavouring to obtain it by direct means, he altered his plan. Appearing to care little about it, he would remove to some distance, and ascend the rigging very leisurely for some time, and then by a sudden spring catch the rope which held it. If defeated again by my suddenly jerking the rope, he would at first seem quite in despair, relinquish his effort, and rush about the rigging, screaming violently. But he would always return, and again seizing the rope, disregard the jerk, and allow it to run through his hand till within reach of the orange; but if again foiled, would come to my side, and taking me by the arm, confine it, whilst he hauled the orange up.

"This animal neither practices the grimace and antics of other monkeys, nor possesses their perpetual proneness to mischief. Gravity approaching to melancholy, and mildness, were sometimes strongly expressed in his countenance, and seem to be the characteristics of his disposition. When he first came amongst strangers, he would sit for hours with his hand upon his head, looking pensively at all around him; or when much incommoded by their examination, would hide himself beneath any covering that was at hand. His mildness was evinced by his forbearance under injuries, which were grievous before he was excited to revenge; but he always avoided those who often teased him. He soon became strongly attached to those who kindly used him. By their side he was fond of sitting; and, getting as close as possible to their persons, would take their hands between his lips, and fly to them for protection. From the boatswain of the *Alceste*, who shared his meals with him, and was his chief favourite, although he sometimes purloined the grog and the biscuit of his benefactor, he learned to eat with a spoon; and might be often seen sitting at his cabin door enjoying his coffee, quite unembarrassed by those who observed him, and with a grotesque and sober air that seemed a burlesque on human nature.

"Next to the boatswain, I was perhaps his most intimate acquaintance. He would always follow me to the mast-head, whither I often went for the sake of reading, apart from the noise of the ship; and having satisfied himself that my pockets contained no eatables, would lie down by my side, and pulling a topsail entirely over him, peep from it occasionally to watch my movements.

"His favourite amusement in Java was in swinging from the branches of trees, in passing from one tree to another, and in climbing over the roofs of houses; on board, in hanging by his arms from the ropes, and in romping with the boys of the ship. He would entice them into play by striking them with his hand as they passed, and bounding from them, but allowing them to overtake him and engage in a mock scuffle, in which he used his hands, feet, and mouth. If any conjecture could be formed, from these frolics, of his mode of attacking an adversary, it would appear to be his first object to throw him down, then to secure him with his hands and feet, and then wound him with his teeth.

"Of some small monkeys on board, from Java, he took little notice, whilst under the observation of the persons of the ship. Once indeed he openly attempted to throw a small cage, containing three of them, overboard; because, probably, he had seen them receive food, of which he could obtain no part. But although he held so little intercourse with them when under our inspection, I had reason to suspect that he was less indifferent to their society when free from our observation; and was one day summoned to the top-gallant yard of the mizen-mast, to overlook him playing with a young male monkey. Lying on his back, partially covered with the sail, he for some time contemplated, with great gravity, the gambols of the monkey which bounded over him, but at length caught him by the tail, and tried to envelope him in his covering. The monkey seemed to dislike the confinement, and broke from him, but again renewed its gambols, and although frequently caught, always escaped. The intercourse, however, did not seem to be that of equals, for the orang-outang never condescended to romp with the monkey as he did with the boys

of the ship. Yet the monkeys had evidently a great predilection for his company; for whenever they broke loose, they took their way to his resting-place, and were often seen lurking about it, or creeping clandestinely towards him. There appeared to be no gradation in their intimacy; as they appeared as confidently familiar with him when first observed, as at the close of their acquaintance.

“But although so gentle when not exceedingly irritated, the orang-outang could be excited to violent rage, which he expressed by opening his mouth, showing his teeth, seizing and biting those who were near him. I have seen him exhibit violent alarm on two occasions only, when he appeared to seek for safety in gaining as high an elevation as possible. On seeing eight large turtles brought on board, whilst the *Cæsar* was off the Island of Ascension, he climbed with all possible speed to a higher part of the ship than he had ever before reached; and looking down upon them, projected his long lips into the form of a hog’s snout, uttering at the same time a sound which might be described as between the croaking of a frog and the grunting of a pig. After some time he ventured to descend, but with great caution, peeping continually at the turtles, but could not be induced to approach within many yards of them. He ran to the same height, and uttered the same sounds, on seeing some men bathing and splashing in the sea; and since his arrival in England, has shown nearly the same degree of fear at the sight of a live tortoise.

“Such were the actions of this animal, as far as they fell under my notice, during our voyage from Java; and they seem to include most of those which have been related of the orang-outang by other observers.”—*Chambers’ Journal*.

DISCOVERY OF CUBA.

At midnight October 24th, 1482, Columbus set sail from the island of Isabella, but was nearly becalmed until mid-day; a gentle wind then sprang up, and, as he observes, began to blow most amorously. Every sail was spread, and he stood to the west-south-west, the direction in which he was told the land of Cuba lay from Isabella. After three days’ navigation, in the course of which he touched at a groupe of seven

or eight small islands, which he called *Islas de Arena*, supposed to be the present *Mucaras* islands, and having crossed the Bahama bank and channel, he arrived, on the morning of the 28th October, in sight of the island of Cuba. The part which he first discovered is supposed to be the coast to the west of *Nuevitas del Principe*.

As he approached this noble island, he was struck with its magnitude and the grandeur of its features; its high and airy mountains, which reminded him of those of Sicily; its fertile valleys, and long sweeping plains watered by noble rivers; its stately forests; its bold promontories, and stretching headlands, which melted away into the remotest distance. He anchored in a beautiful river, free from rocks or shoals, of transparent water, its banks overhung with trees. Here, landing, and taking possession of the island, he gave it the name of *Juana*, in honour of prince Juan, and to the river the name of *San Salvador*.

On the arrival of the ships, two canoes had put off from the shore, but on seeing the boat approach to sound the river for anchorage, they fled in affright. The admiral visited two cabins, abandoned by their terrified inhabitants. They contained but scanty effects; a few nets made of the fibres of the palm tree, hooks and harpoons of bone, and a few other fishing implements; and one of the same kind of dogs which he had met with on the smaller islands, which never bark. He ordered that nothing should be taken away or deranged, contenting himself with noting the manner and means of living of the inhabitants.

Returning to his boat, he proceeded for some distance up the river, more and more enchanted with the beauty of the country. The forests which covered each bank were of high and wide-spreading trees; some bearing fruits, others flowers, while in some both fruit and flowers were mingled, bespeaking a perpetual round of fertility; among them were many palms, but different from those of Spain and Africa; with the great leaves of these the natives thatched their cabins.

The continual eulogies made by Columbus on the beauty of the scenery were warranted by the kind of scenery he was beholding. There is a wonderful splendor, variety, and luxuriance in the vegetation of those quick and ardent climates. The verdure of the groves, and the colours of the flowers and blossoms, derive a vividness to the eye from the transparent purity of the air, and the deep serenity of the azure heavens. The forests, too, are full of life, swarming with birds of brilliant plumage. Painted varieties of parrots, and woodpeckers, create a glitter amidst the verdure of the grove, and humming-birds rove from flower to flower, resembling, as has well been said, animated particles of a rainbow. The scarlet flamingos, too, seen sometimes through an opening of a forest in a distant savannah, have the appearance of soldiers drawn up in battalion, with an advanced scout on the alert, to give notice of approaching danger. Nor is the least beautiful part of animated nature the various tribes of insects that people every plant, displaying

brilliant coats of mail, which sparkle to the eye like precious gems.*

Such is the splendour of animal and vegetable creation in these tropical climates, where an ardent sun imparts, in a manner, his own lustre to every object, and quickens nature into exuberant fecundity. The birds, in general, are not remarkable for their notes, for it has been observed, that in the feathered race sweetness of song rarely accompanies brilliancy of plumage. Columbus remarks however, that there were various kinds that sang sweetly among the trees, and he frequently deceived himself in fancying that he heard the voice of the nightingale, a bird unknown in these countries. He was, in fact, in a mood to see everything through a fond and favouring medium. His heart was full even to overflowing, for he was enjoying the fulfilment of his hopes, and the hard-earned but glorious reward of his toils and perils. Everything round him was beheld with the enamoured and exulting eyes of a discoverer, where triumph mingles with admiration; and it is difficult to conceive the rapturous state of his feelings, while thus exploring the charms of a virgin world, won by his enterprise and valour.

From his continual remarks on the beauty of the scenery, and from the pleasure which he evidently derived from rural sounds and objects, he appears to have been extremely open to those delicious influences, exercised over some spirits, by the graces and wonders of nature. He gives utterance to these feelings with characteristic enthusiasm, and at the same time with the artlessness and simplicity of diction of a child. When speaking of some lovely scene among the groves, or along the flowery shore of this favoured island, he says, "one could live there for ever."—Cuba broke upon him like an elysium. "It is the most beautiful island," he says, "that eyes ever beheld, full of excellent ports and profound rivers." The climate was more temperate here than in the other islands, the nights being neither hot nor cold, while the birds and grasshoppers sang all night long. Indeed there is a beauty in a tropical night, in the depth of the dark-blue sky, the lambent purity of the stars, and the resplendent clearness of the moon, that spreads over the rich landscape and the balmy groves a charm more touching than the splendour of the day.

In the sweet smell of the woods, and the odour of the flowers, which load every breeze, Columbus fancied he perceived the fragrance of oriental spices; and along the shores he found shells of the kind of oyster which produce pearls. From the grass growing to the very edge of the water, he inferred the peacefulness of the ocean which bathes these islands, never lashing the shore with angry surges. Ever since his arrival among these Antilles, he had experienced nothing but soft and gentle weather, and he concluded that a perpetual serenity reigned over these happy seas. He was little suspicious

* The ladies of Havannah, on gala occasions, wear in their hair numbers of these insects, which have a brilliancy equal to rubies, sapphires, or diamonds.

of the occasional bursts of fury to which they are liable. Charlevoix, speaking from actual observation, remarks, "The sea of those islands is commonly more tranquil than ours; but, like certain people who are excited with difficulty, and whose transports of passion are as violent as they are rare, so when this sea becomes irritated, it is terrible. It breaks all bounds, overflows the country, sweeps away all things that oppose it, and leaves frightful ravages behind, to mark the extent of its inundations. It is after these tempests known by the name of hurricanes, that the shores are found covered with marine shells, which greatly surpass in lustre and beauty those of the European seas." It is a singular fact, however, that the hurricanes, which almost annually devastate the Bahamas, and other islands in the immediate vicinity of Cuba, have been seldom known to extend their influence to this favoured land. It would seem as if the very elements were charmed into gentleness as they approached it.

ROMANCE IN SHIPWRECK.

Many interesting as well as painful incidents connected with the explosion and wreck of the Pulaski steamer, are related by those who were saved from destruction. Amongst others the following is told of a Mr. Ridge, from New Orleans, and a Miss Onslow, from one of the southern states, two of the unfortunates who were picked up on the fifth day, about fifty miles from land. It is said of the gentleman that he had been sitting on the deck alone, for half an hour previous to the accident. Another gentleman, who was walking near him at the time of the explosion, was thrown overboard, and himself was precipitated nearly over the side of the boat and stunned. He recovered immediately, as he supposed, when he heard some one remark, "Get out the boats—she is sinking." He was not acquainted with a solitary individual in the boat. Under such circumstances, it was natural to suppose he would feel quite as much concern for himself as for any one else. He was consequently among the foremost of those who sought the small boat for safety, and was about to step into it, when he discovered a young lady, whom he recognised as one whose appearance had at sundry times during the passage arrested his attention. Her protector was the gentleman who was walking on deck and blown overboard. He sprang towards her to take her into the small boat; but in the crowd and confusion he lost sight of her, and he supposed she was with some other friend. During his fruitless search, the small boat shoved off. The night rang with the prayers and shrieks of the helpless and drowning. He turned away in despair, and tumbled over a coil of small rope. Hope, like the aspiring spark, brightened again. He caught up the rope—lashed together a couple of settees—threw them upon a piece of an old sail and a small empty cask, and, thus equipped, launched upon the element.

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believed death was inevitable, and that effort was his last gasp at life. His vessel bore him up much better than he expected, and he was consoling himself with his escape, such as it was, while others were perishing all around him, when he discovered a female struggling for life almost within his grasp. He left his ark—swam but twice his length—seized his object, and returned safely to his craft again, which proved sufficient to sustain them both, but with their heads and shoulders only above the water. The female was the young lady for whom he lost a passage in the small boat. She fancied their float would be unable to support them both, and said, "You will have to let me go to save yourself." He replied, "We live, or we die together." Soon after, they drifted upon a piece of the wreck, probably a part of the same floor or partition, torn asunder by the explosion. This, with the aid of the settees, fastened beneath it, proved sufficient to keep them out of the water. About this time, one of the small boats came towards them, but already heavily loaded. He implored them to take in the young lady. But she said no, she could not leave him. They were fairly at sea, without the least morsel to eat or drink, in a scorching climate. Of the boat which bore them all in quiet and safety but a half hour before, nothing was to be seen but scattered pieces of the wreck. The small boats were on their way towards the shore—their own craft, being light and lightly loaded, drifted fast away from a scene indescribably heart-rending, and which he still shudders to think of.

At daylight nothing was visible to them but the heavens and a waste of waters. In the course of the day they came in sight of land, and for a time were confident of reaching it; but during the succeeding night the wind changed, and soon after daylight next morning it vanished again, and with it all their lively hopes of escaping their dreadful dilemma. On the third day a sail hove in sight, but she was entirely beyond hailing distance. When found they were sadly burned by the sun—starved and exhausted, though still in possession of their faculties, and able to move and talk. But their pain and suffering was not without its pleasure and enjoyment. The romantic part of the story of their expedition is yet to come, and there is no telling how much longer they would have subsisted on the same food that seems to have aided in sustaining them so well such a length of time.

The intrepidity he displayed—the risk he ran—the danger he incurred, and above all the magnanimity he evinced in saving her life, strangers as they were to each other, at the imminent hazard of his own, elicited with her at once the warmest and strongest feelings of gratitude towards him, and, before the tortures of hunger and thirst commenced, kindled that passion which burns nowhere else as it burns in woman's bosom. On the other hand, her good sense, her fortitude, and presence of mind at the most perilous moment, and particularly her readiness to meet and share with

him the fate which awaited them, excited on his part an attachment which was neither to be disguised nor deferred. And there, upon the "waters wild," amid the terrors which surrounded them, in presence of an all-seeing God, did they pledge their mutual love, and declare, if their lives were spared, the destiny, which misfortune had united, should then be made inseparable.

After their rescue, he informed her that a sense of duty impelled him to apprise her, that by the misfortune which had befallen them, he had lost every dollar he possessed on earth (amounting to \$25,000), that he was in "poverty to his very hips"—a beggar amongst strangers, without the means of paying for a single meal of victuals; and, painful as was the thought of separation to him, he offered to release her from her engagement, if it was her choice to leave him. She burst into tears at the very thought of separation, and asked him if he thought it was possible for the poverty of this world to drive them to a more desperate extremity than that which they had suffered thus together. He assured her of his willingness to endure for her the same trial again, and of the joy, more than he could express, which he felt at finding her so willing to fulfil her engagement, which it is said is soon to be consummated. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the fact that his lady-love is heiress to an estate worth 200,000 dollars.—*Deleware Gazette.*

SCOTLAND EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS SINCE.

In glancing over the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1766, we perceive a narrative of the tour of an English gentleman in Scotland during the spring of that year, from which we select the following passages, in order to give the present generation a specimen of the amusing mixture of truth and falsehood that was written regarding Scotland and its inhabitants about eighty-seven years ago. The tourist enters the country by way of Annandale from Carlisle:—"The roads (says he) I found very good, being in most places raised with ditches on each side to drain them; but at Annan, a royal borough, the first town I came to, I had a sad presage of the accommodations I was to expect in the inns; they being worse than such cottages [in England] where you see written over the door lodging and small beer for foot-travellers. I could get but little provision for my horses, and nothing for myself but some claret, which was very good, and charged only at two shillings per bottle; my bed-chamber (though the best) was full of the smell and smoke of the kitchen, very dirty, and the windows all broken, which I complained of, but my landlady desired me to be content for my betters had been there before me without finding any fault, *I mean, says she, my Prince.* At three in the morning I left that horrid place, where I neither got sleep nor yet refreshment, but a violent cold." Proceeding onwards by Dumfries and Dumfermline, with

both which places he was well pleased, he goes on by Ayr to Glasgow. Here he begins to make observations on what he calls "the common people," which we extract as a curiosity. "The common people are such in outward appearance as you would not at first take to be of the human species, and in their lives they differ but little from brutes, except in their love of spirituous liquors; they are extremely indigent, but had rather suffer poverty than labour; they have an implacable spirit of revenge, of which several instances occurred during my stay here. Their nastiness is really greater than reported to be; under the same roof, and often with but one door to all, are the stable, cow-house, and dwelling-place without window or chimney; if they have the latter, it is generally covered to keep in the smoke, the warmth of which is very pleasant to them. And I could not but imagine that their way of living has a real effect upon their countenances, for their children, I observed, have good complexions and regular features, but the features of the men and women are coloured like smoke; their mouths wide, and their eyes sunk exactly as one pulls one's face when in the midst of a cloud of smoke; they wear their hair so long that it almost hides their faces, and covers a great part of their bodies. They use no shoes and stockings but on Sundays, and then they carry them in their hands to the entrance of the churchyard, where they put them on, and pull them off again as soon as the service is over. The petticoats of the women seldom reach so low as their knees. [This is a pure invention of the writer.] The rudeness of the people is beginning to go off, and they are already pretty well civilized and industrious in the trading towns, where the knowledge of the use of money has made them eager enough to acquire it. The country in general is so barren and uncultivated, that the face of it is very unpleasant; it is not, however, without its beauties, which are the frequent prospects of the sea, and the seats of the nobility and gentry that are all surrounded with wood, and there is scarce a cottage that has not a grove planted round it; the towns, too, look well at a distance, being mostly built in length, and having two steeples or spires, one to the church, and another to the tolbooth; but the streets are intolerably nasty, the filth of every house lying before the door. Here and there are interspersed a great many fine old ruins, which I think never please the eye but in a fertile landscape, where they vary the scene and divert the idea."

The Scotch of the present day have reason to thank more than to blame writers like the above. With much that is objectionable and scandalous, they told some plain disagreeable truths, and were partly instrumental in schooling the people into better habits. We can now afford to laugh, as well as our neighbours, at the condition of old Scotland.—*Chambers*.

Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it ought to give it.—*Cromwell*.

AERIAL VOYAGES OF SPIDERS.

The number of the aeronautic spiders occasionally suspended in the atmosphere, says Mr. Murray, I believe to be almost incredible, could we ascertain their amount. I was walking with a friend lately, and noticed that there were four of these insects on his hat, at the moment there were three on my own; and from the rapidity with which they covered its surface with their threads, I cannot doubt that they are chiefly concerned in the production of that tissue which intercepts the dew, and which, illuminated by the morning sun, "glitters with rubies and sapphires." Indeed, I have noticed that, when the frequent descent of the aeronautic spider was determined, a newly rolled turnip field was, in a few hours, overspread by a carpet of their threads. It may be remarked that our little aeronaut is very greedy of moisture, though abstemious in other respects. Its food is perhaps peculiar, and only found in the superior regions of the sky. Like the rest of its tribe, it is doubtless carnivorous, and may subserve some highly important purpose in the economy of Providence; such, for instance, as the destruction of that truly formidable, though almost microscopically minute insect, the *Furia infernalis*, whose wounds are stated to be mortal. Its existence has been indeed questioned, but by no means disproved; that, and some others, injurious to man, or to the inferior creation, may be its destined prey, and thus our little aeronaut unheeded by the common eye, may subserve an important good.

Mr. Bowman, F. L. S., says, "We arrested several of these little aeronauts in their flight, and placed them on the brass gnomon of the sundial and had the gratification to see them prepare for, and recommence, their aerial voyage. Having crawled about for a short time, to reconnoitre, they turned their abdomens from the current of air, and elevated them almost perpendicularly, supporting themselves solely on the claws of their fore legs, at the same instant shooting out four or five, often six or eight, extremely fine webs, several yards long, which waved in the breeze, diverging from each other like a pencil of rays, and strongly reflecting the sunbeams. After the insects had remained stationary in this apparently unnatural position for about half a minute, they sprang off from the stage with considerable agility, and launched themselves into the air. In a few seconds after they were seen sailing majestically along, without any apparent effort, their legs contracted together, and lying perfectly quiet on their backs, suspended from their silken parachutes, and presenting to the lover of nature a far more interesting spectacle than the balloon of the philosopher. One of these aeronauts I followed, which sailing in the sunbeams, had two distinct and widely diverging fasciculi of webs, and their position in the air was such, that a line uniting them would have been at right angles with the direction of the breeze."—*Mag. Natural History*.

The indigo plant is said to have been found growing wild in New South Wales.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH SONG.

Mournfully, sing mournfully,
 And die away, my heart!
 The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
 And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,
 The waters changed their tone,
 And wherefore, in the faded world,
 Should music linger on?

Where is the golden sunshine,
 And where the flower-cup's glow?
 And where the joy of the dancing leaves
 And the fountain's laughing flow?

A voice, in every whisper
 Of the wave, the bough, the air,
 Comes asking for the beautiful,
 And moaning, "Where, oh! where?"

Tell of the brightness parted,
 Thou bee, thou lamb at play!
 Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth—
 Are ye, too, pass'd away?

Mournfully, sing mournfully!
 The royal rose is gone.
 Melt from the woods, my spirit melt
 In one deep farewell tone!

Not so,—swell forth triumphantly.
 The full, rich fervent strain:
 Hence with young love and life I go,
 In the summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,
 With every precious thing,
 Upon the last warm summer breeze
 My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger,
 When the days of hope are past;
 To watch the fall of leaf by leaf—
 To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly!
 Sing to the woods I go;
 For me, perchance, in other lands,
 The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,
 And the green sward's violet breath,
 And the dance of light leaves in the wind,
 May there know naught of death.

No more, no more sing mournfully!
 Swell high, then break my heart:
 With love, the spirit of the woods,
 With summer I depart!

Mrs. Hemans.

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair,
 Now spring is on her way;
 Well, well I know how brightly there
 In joy the young leaves play:
 How sweet on winds of morn or eve
 The violet's breath may be:—
 Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
 My lone rock by the sea.

The wild waves thunder on the shore,
 The curlew's restless cries,
 Unto my watching heart are more
 Than all earth's melodies.—
 Come back, my ocean rover! come!
 There's but one place for me,
 Till I can greet thy swift sail home—
 My lone rock by the sea!

Mrs. Hemans.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Flowers! wherefore do ye bloom?
 We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Stars! wherefore do ye rise?
 To light thy spirit to the skies.

Fair Moon! why dost thou wane?
 That I may wax again.

O Sun! what makes thy beams so bright?
 The word that said "Let there be light."

Planets! what guides you in your course?
 Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

Nature! whence sprang thy glorious frame?
 My Maker called me, and I came.

O Light! thy subtle essence who may know?
 Ask not; for all things but myself I show.

What is yon arch which everywhere I see?
 The sign of omnipotent Deity.

Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone?
 Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven,
 his throne.

Ye clouds! what bring ye in your train!
 God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail, or rain.

Winds! whence and whither do ye blow?
 Thou must be born again to know.

Bow! in the clouds! what token dost thou bear?
 That Justice still cries "strike," and Mercy
 "spare."

Dews of the morning! wherefore were ye given?
 To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.

Rise, glitter, break; yet, Bubble tell me why?
 To show the course of all beneath the sky.

Stay, Meteor! stay thy falling fire.
 No: thus shall all the host of heaven expire.

Ocean! what law thy chainless waves confined?
 That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.

Time! whither dost thou flee?
 I travel to Eternity.

Eternity! what art thou? say.
 Time past, time present, time to come, *to-day*.

Ye dead! where can your dwelling be?
 The house for all the living:—come and see.

O Life! what is thy breath?
 A vapor lost in death.

O Death! how ends thy strife?
 In everlasting life.

O Grave! where is thy victory?
 Ask Him who rose again for me. *Montgomery.*

COME TO ME, GENTLE SLEEP.

Come to me, gentle sleep!
 I pine, I pine for thee;
 Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,
 And set my spirit free!
 Each lonely, burning thought,
 In twilight languour steep—
 Come to the full heart, long o'erwrought,
 O gentle, gentle sleep!

Come with thine urn of dew,
 Sleep, gentle sleep! yet bring
 No voice, love's yearning to renew,
 No vision on thy wing!
 Come, as to folding flowers,
 To birds in forest deep;
 Long, dark, and dreamless be thine hours,
 O gentle, gentle sleep!

Mrs. Hemans.

SOBER DISSUASIONS FROM DRUNKENNESS.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a *drunkard*, for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a *drunkard*, for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a *drunkard*, and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavours of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a *drunkard*, and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you would wish to starve your family, be a *drunkard*, for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be sponged on by knaves, be a *drunkard*, and that will make their task easy.

If you wish to be robbed, be a *drunkard*, which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you wish to blunt your senses, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to incapacitate yourself for rational intercourse, be a *drunkard*, for that will render you wholly unfit for it.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a *drunkard*, and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a *drunkard*, as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a *drunkard*, that you may be excluded from Heaven.

If you are resolved on suicide, be a *drunkard*, that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and your secrets, be a *drunkard*, and they will run out, while the liquor runs in.

If you are plagued with great bodily strength, be a *drunkard*, and it will soon be subdued by so powerful an antagonist.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a *drunkard*, and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource when past labour, but a workhouse, be a *drunkard*, and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all domestic harmony from your house, be a *drunkard*, and discord, with all her evil train, will soon enter.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a *drunkard*, for little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon have reason to prefer the bye-paths to the public streets.

If you like the amusements of a court of conscience, be a *drunkard*, and you may be often gratified.

If you would be a deadweight on the commu-

nity, and "cumber the ground," be a *drunkard*, for that will render you useless, helpless, burdensome and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a *drunkard*, for the approach of a drunkard is like that of a dunghill.

If you would be odious to your family and friends, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a *drunkard*, and you will be avoided as infectious.

If you dread reformation of your faults, be a *drunkard*, and you will be impervious to all admonition.

If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in watch-houses, be a *drunkard*, and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed, in estate, body, and soul, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your—END.

DUELLING ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.—

On the borders of Austria and Turkey, where a private pique or quarrel of an individual might occasion the massacre of a family or village, the desolation of a province, and perhaps even the more extended horrors of a national war, whensoever any serious dispute arises between two subjects of the different empires, to terminate it recourse is had to what is called "the custom of the frontier." A spacious plain or field is selected, whither, on an appointed day, judges of the respective nations repair, accompanied by all those whom curiosity or interest may assemble. The combatants are not restricted in the choice or number of their arms, or in their method of fighting, but each is at liberty to employ whatsoever he conceives is most advantageous to himself, and avail himself of every artifice to ensure his own safety and destroy the life of his antagonist. One of the last times that this method of deciding a quarrel on the frontiers was resorted to, the circumstances were sufficiently curious. The phlegmatic German, armed with the most desperate weapon in the world—a rifle-pistol, mounted on a carbine stock—placed himself in the middle of the field; and conscious that he would infallibly destroy his enemy, if he could once get him within shot, began coolly to smoke his pipe. The Turk, on the contrary, with a pistol on one side and a pistol on the other, and two more in his holsters, and two more in his breast, and a carbine at his back, and a sabre by his side, and a dagger in his belt, advanced like a moving magazine, and galloping round his adversary, kept incessantly firing at him. The German, conscious that little or no danger was to be apprehended from such a marksman with such weapons, deliberately continued to smoke his pipe. The Turk at length perceiving a sort of little explosion, as if his antagonist's pistol had missed fire, advanced like lightning

to cut him down, and almost immediately was shot dead. The wily German had put some gunpowder into his pipe, the light of which his enemy mistook, as the other had foreseen would be the case, for a flash in the pan; and no longer fearing the superior skill and superior arms of his adversary, fell a victim to them both when seconded by artifice.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.—I behold on this broad sheet a glorious composition of fraud, falsehood, and folly. Look at the array of advertisements. One offers to lend fifty thousand pounds on good security who scarcely possesses fifty pence; another desires to sell a horse, warranted without blemish, and only to be disposed of because the owner has no further use for it. The last part of the sentence alone bears no relation to the truth, as the animal can be of no use to the owner, or to any one else. A third is eloquent on the virtues of a vegetable pill, which cures all diseases; to which it should have been added, by destroying both the disease and the patient. A fourth, acknowledging the most disinterested intentions, delicately confesses his want of a wife possessed of a moderate property, while stating himself to be a gentleman of middle age with a small income; but, in truth, his income is so small, that it might have been named without the use of figures, and the middle of his age is as near the end of his life as may be. Here a worthy citizen offers some pipes of foreign wines of the most approved vintage, and he is the most likely person to know their genuineness, having manufactured them in his own warehouse. Here, an honest tradesman announces that he is selling off his goods, much under prime cost, for the benefit of his creditors, which benefit will prove to be a great loss, he having most successfully swindled every person who would give him credit. Wherever the eye glances it finds evidence that one set of people preys upon another, as one species of insect is devoured by a more powerful one.—*Mephistophiles in London.*

A LUMINOUS INSECT.—The Cocoy queen beetle is about one inch and a quarter in length, and what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer, like that of the fire-fly, but give as steady a light as the gas-light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which afford light enough to the darkest sight to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the day time, she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light.

POPULATION.—Supposing the earth to be peopled with 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants, and allowing thirty-three years for a generation, the deaths of each year amount to 30,000,000, of each day to 82,000, and of each hour to 3,416. But as the number of deaths

is to the number of births as 10 to 12, there are born yearly 36,000,000, daily 98,630, and hourly 4,109. Out of every 1000, there die annually 30; and the number of inhabitants of every city and country is renewed every thirty years.

HATCHING.—The following singular fact was first brought into public notice by Mr. Yarrel, and will be found in his papers in the second volume of the *Zoological Journal*. The fact alluded to is, that there is attached to the upper mandible of all young birds about to be hatched a *horny appendage*, by which they are enabled more effectually to make perforations in the shell, and contribute to their own liberation.—This sharp prominence, to use the words of Mr. Yarrel, becomes opposed to the shell at various points, in a line extending throughout its whole circumference, about one third below the larger end of the egg; and a series of perforations, more or less numerous, are thus effected by the increasing strength of the chick, weakening the shell in a direction opposed to the muscular power of the bird; it is thus ultimately enabled, by its own efforts, to break the walls of its prison. In the common fowl, this horny appendage falls off in a day or two after the chick is hatched; in the pigeon it sometimes remains on the beak ten or twelve days; this arises, doubtless, from the young pigeons being fed by the parent bird for some time after being hatched; and thus there is no occasion for the young using the beak for picking up its food.—*Jennings's Ornithologia.*

TRAVELLING.—Children, destined by their parents to be travellers should be thrown into a pail of ice the moment they are born, and then transfixed for half an hour to the kitchen fire; they may have to swim across frozen rivers, and run a race in the torrid zone, more than once before they die:—they should be often fed on bread and water, and sometimes not at all; in the deserts of Arabia there is seldom any of either:—they should be clad thinly; the brigands of Terracina frequently strip their victims:—they should know how to go naked on emergencies; tailors are not to be had in the wilderness. They may dislike this at the time, but they will thank their parents for it hereafter.

Give the future traveller those books to read, which stimulate most the natural curiosity; the more extravagant (truth can be had anywhere) the better. Munchausen is a good book, if he be intended for Germany. Carr will do for Holland, and Ireland—(if any one travels there now that he can travel anywhere else:) Chateaubriand for Greece and the East; Eustace for Italy; Blayney, and the rest of the Fudge Family for France; and as for Switzerland, leave him to William Tell, and Macready, and the Panoramas.

The West Indian white cannot bear with temper to see the mixing of the offspring of a black and white illustrated by mixing a glass of port wine or claret with water, five several times, after which the mixture becomes to all appearance pure water.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A smart, dapper little fellow whose name was *Parr*, was very much in love with a young lady of the name of *Anne Marr*; but as impudence nor even the "modest assurance" were exactly his *forte*, he was exceedingly puzzled how to pop the question, and the poor fellow put it off from day to day, being only able to look unutterable at the dear object of his affections. At last, however, chance or fortune (which you will) befriended him, for dining one day in company with "her his soul held most dear," he happened to have *Parmesan cheese* before him, and the lady a plate of *Marmalade*. *Nunc aut nunquam*, now or never, says *Parr* to himself, and "screwing up his courage to the sticking place," and making all proper use of his eyes as auxiliaries in this momentous affair, he ventured to say to her, "Pray will you have a little *Parr*, *Miss Anne*?" to which the lady (her eyes instantly sparkling with delight) replied "yes, if you are for *Marr my Lad*." The awful business of "popping the question" being thus happily got over, the delighted couple shortly afterwards entered into the silken bonds of matrimony, and on the anniversary of their wedding-day, never fail to have *Parmesan cheese* and *Marmalade* on the table, when the happy husband tells his friends the story of his "popping the question."

AN EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR BOUILLON, THE COMMON SOUP OF FRANCE.—This soup, or *broth*, as we should perhaps designate it in England, is made once or twice in the week, in every family of respectability in France; and by the poorer classes as often as their means will enable them to substitute it for the vegetable or *maigre* soups on which they are more commonly obliged to subsist. It is served usually, on the first day, with slices of untoasted bread soaked in it; on the second, it is generally varied with vermicelli, rice, or semolina. The ingredients are, of course, often otherwise proportioned than as we have given them, and more or less meat is allowed, according to the taste or circumstances of the persons for whom the bouillon is prepared; but the process of making it is always the same, and is thus, described (rather learnedly) by one of the most skillful cooks in Europe:—"The stock pot of the French artisan," says Monsieur *Careme*, "supplies his principal nourishment; and it is thus managed by his wife, who without the slightest knowledge of chemistry, conducts the process in a truly scientific manner. She first lays the meat into her earthen stock-pot, and pours cold water to it in the proportion of about two quarts to three pounds of the beef; she then places it by the side of the fire, where it slowly becomes hot; and as it does so the heat enlarges the fibre of the meat; dissolves the gelatinous substances which it contains, allows the albumen (or the muscular part which produces the scum) to disengage itself, and rise to the surface, and the *ozmazome* (which is the most savoury part of the meat) to be diffused through the broth. Thus, from the simple circumstance of boiling it in the gentlest manner, a relishing and nutritious soup will be obtained, and a dish of

tender and palatable meat, but if the pot be placed and kept over a quick fire, the albumen will coagulate, harden the meat, prevent the water from penetrating it, and the *ozmazome* from disengaging itself; the result will be a broth without flavour or goodness, and a tough, dry bit of meat."—*MISS ACTON'S Modern Cookery*.

TALL PEOPLE.—The king of France, being at Calais, sent over an ambassador, a verie tall person, upon no other errand but a complement to the king of England. At his audience he appeared in such a light garb, that afterwards the king ask'd Lord-keeper Bacon "what he thought of the French ambassador?" He answer'd, "That he was a verie proper man."—"I," his majestie replied, "but what think you of his head-piece? is he a proper man for the office of an ambassador?"—"Sir," return'd he, "it appears too often, that tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonlie the uppermost room is worst-furnished."

A GENTLEMAN.—To tell the reader exactly what class of persons was meant to be designated by the word *gentleman*, is a difficult task. The last time we heard it, was on visiting a stable to look at a horse, when, inquiring for the coachman, his stable-keeper replied, "He has just stepped to the public house along with another gentleman."

The following is the negro's definition of a *gentleman*:—"Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make every ting workee, only de hog: he, de hog, no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk about, he go to sleep when he please, he liff like a GENTLEMAN."

PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.—Of German pride we have the following extraordinary anecdote:—A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed and fastened to a post in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

SELF ESTEEM.—Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea, found a negro prince seated under a tree, on a block of wood for his throne, and three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes, for his guards. His sable majesty anxiously inquired, "Do they talk much of me in France?"

The noise of the *Ganges* is really like the sea. As we passed near a hollow and precipitous part of the bank, on which the wind set full, it told on my ear exactly as if the tide was coming in; and when the moon rested at night on this great, and as it then seemed, this shoreless extent of water, we might have fancied ourselves in the cuddy of an Indiaman, if our cabin were not too near the water.—*Heber's Journal*.

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