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A CHARMING COUPLE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must govern what beauty has caught.

OLD SONG.

"You are surely the happiest woman in the world, Lady Langdale, so far as regards the marriage of your daughter," said Mrs. Greary, an old and affectionate friend; "for Edward Launceston is a most extraordinary young man; handsome, wealthy, accomplished; lively yet steady, and well-educated. He seems, indeed, to have been born to be the husband of your sweet Louisa, who is so lovely and good, that I used to think she would never meet with a suitable match. What a charming couple they will be!"

"Very true," replied Lady Langdale, with an aspiration very like a sigh.

"Very *true!*" re-echoed the friend; "to be sure it is true, and more than true; they will be the happiest of the happy: surely you think they will; or you know something about the bridegroom, which I have never dreamt of."

"I know nothing of him," said Lady Langdale, quickly, "but what is good; have seen nothing but what is amiable. Your eulogium indeed awoke anxiety, for in considering him a *charming* man, I must deem him one who will be subject to many temptations. All the world is in league to render such an one dissipated; to seduce him from the home he loves, the wife he has promised to cherish, and the many duties which his situation calls on him to perform."

"Very true again; but when his wife is equally charming, which I am certain Louisa is, these is little doubt but her influence will counteract not only the general seductions of life, but those which are more to be dreaded for a man of his character. The most self-conceited coquette in the circles of fashion, will hardly seek to withdraw his heart from its allegiance to one so beautiful and talented as his own lady, who is indeed perfect."

"She is very lovely, very good, and very clever," said the mother; "but she is by no means perfect; it is not in human nature to be so; there is always some weak point in the best of us."

"Religiously speaking, there must be, I grant, but I have never found where it lay in Louisa; for, with all her grace and beauty, she is unconscious of it: I never saw a spark of vanity in her."

"Nor I, which is a great thing for a mother to say, but from this very absence of self-esteem, which is her greatest charm, there is connected a peculiarity of disposition, which may be fatal to her happiness, married as she is, to a man so delightful to all, and so exceedingly dear to herself. She never believes herself to be loved by others as she loves them; she doubts her own power of attaching them, and is of course subject to the misery of suspicion, even when the sound judgment with which she is blest, repels such a notion. As a girl, she was harassed with the fear that I preferred her brothers to her; at school, she supposed her governess loved her less than any one, because she was less loveable; such a thought may be fatal in married life to the happiness of her who indulges it, especially when united to a man who must attract attention, who may awaken improper sentiments without any blame on his part. I have suffered too much myself from this unhappy peculiarity in my dear child, during my long widowhood, not to fear for them both."

Mrs. Geary had herself known many and great misfortunes, for she had lost every member of a once flourishing family, and she was therefore inclined to think that her friend, (the happy mother of two fine boys, still at Etoff, and a girl beloved and admired by all, given this very morning in wedlock, to the man of her choice,) was making mountains of molehills, and vaticinating improbable evils, whilst she overlooked palpable blessings; but she only observed upon it, that "Lady L. was low spirited, from parting with her daughter, which was indeed a great trial, and made one apt to grow nervous, and conjure up a thousand fears and surmises, it was certain there were neither perfect characters, nor perfect happiness in this world. which was a very good thing, seeming we must all leave it so soon."

Meantime, Louisa and Edward pursued their way from Northamptonshire, where the bride had hitherto lived, to the metropolis, and although "some natural tears she dropped," for a more affectionate child never existed, they might be alike pronounced happy; Edward was, however, the more exhilarated, as being proud of his prize, and conscious of its value. When indeed, he had exhibited her to a wide circle of congratulating friends, and had enjoyed the varied amusements presented by a new and fascinating world; he did not sink into the dulness frequently ascribed to matrimonial *tete-a-tetes*, or abate in any degree, those attentions so dear to the heart of woman. Louisa's song was still the sweetest that reached his ear, her form was the most graceful that met his eye; time passed swiftly in her society, and when an engagement, either of business or pleasure, called him from her, for a few hours, he returned with avidity, and met his welcome with delight; it was plain that he desired to be charming only in the eyes of her who was charming to him, and that all the higher parts of his character, as a good and useful man, were developing in their happiest atmosphere—connubial affection.

One day after an airing, he entered with peculiar joy painted on his countenance. "I have just learnt," said he, "that my uncle Somers has arrived in town, accompanied by my cousin Sophy, whom you have heard me frequently speak of, as a dear girl you would like to know. Will you accompany me to call on them?"

"Certainly," said Louisa, rising hastily; nevertheless, there was something shrinking in her manner, when she entered the carriage, and a more than necessary previous attention to her dress; but Edward did not remark either; he was eager to see relations, for having lost both parents, they stood to him in more stead than usual, and he longed to see their admiration of Louisa, and their approbation of his conduct as a married man. He had also pleasure, (as all men have) in adding to his society, a man of importance in his circle, and a woman whom every body liked.

They were received with the utmost cordiality and kindness, for Sophy considered herself as receiving a sister, who, although somewhat the younger, would be also a chaperon. She came herself, under the description of a plain yet very pleasing girl, for she had great vivacity, some wit, the ease which belongs to fashionable life, and the good temper which sweetens life every where—ever since she could remember, she had loved cousin Ned as a playfellow and relative, and that which she felt, she showed with the more ease, of course, because her handsome cousin was now disposed of to the most charming woman she had ever seen.

Alas! from this time, one charm faded rapidly on that fair countenance, for it neither wore the look of confidence, nor the smile of cheerfulness, and in a short time, languor and paleness were observable; alarm for her health, and grieved to see her spirits suffer, though she anxiously strove to re-assure him, as to both, the young husband could only look to Sophy Somers for help and comfort. In detaining her society for Louisa, he thought himself more assisted, than in gaining even the advice of Sir Henry Halford, whose prescriptions, for once, seemed of little use to the patient.

In consequence of the anxiety he suffered, Edward held many a long consultation with Miss Somers, for when his mind was not engaged with detailing the incipient symptoms of his lady's suspected disorder, he became occupied with descanting on her many excellent qualities, and in fact "he lived his wooing days again," by relating the story of his courtship, to one who lent a sister's ear to his tales, the more willingly, because she had something, of the same nature, to confide to him. As however, Louisa, in a short time became silent, abstracted, averse from company, and although mild in manners, yet evidently discomposed in temper; they alike, bent all their powers to her relief, and at length, Sophy earnestly advised the unhappy husband, either to take her into the country, for her native air, or entreat Lady Langdale to visit them, and assist in restoring the health and spirits of her daughter.

On the fond mother's arrival, a sorrowful tale was poured into her sympathizing heart by the anxious husband. "Louisa had lost her spirits, and her good looks, yet no physicial cause could be assigned for such a change; she could not sleep at nights; was frequently heard to sigh, and more than once, he had seen her eyes fill with tears; her appetite was indifferent; her sense of pleasure evidently gone;—what could it be that affected her?"

Mrs. Launceston received her mother with joy that amounted to rapture; yet there was evidently something of an inward struggle, a desire to conceal feelings accustomed to be uppermost, but the welcome was scarcely over, when Miss Somers dropt in, on her way to a party, to know "if Lady Langdale had arrived."

So well and so happy did her friend look at this moment, that the kind hearted girl was delighted with the effect of a circumstance suggested by herself. "The poor thing," said she, internally, "was mother-sick, and no wonder; had my dear mother been spared to me, I think I could never have left her."

After the journey had been talked over, tea brought for the traveller, and Louisa's delight in the arrival, canvassed; Miss Somers, turning to Mr. Launceston, said:

"I am just thinking, Edward, you had better go with me to Mrs. Sneyd's rout, my carriage is waiting, you know, and you have cards; Louisa will give you leave gladly, because she is so happily engaged."

"You had much better go Mr. Launceston for then *you* will be happily engaged," said his lady in a tone of voice which said much to the perception of the mother."

"I don't think I shall," replied the husband, "you have kindly sent me out several evenings, when you said you should be amused by a book; but I have always found you worse on my return, and the fear of doing so again, would make me uncomfortable now; indeed, I am afraid the excitement this pleasure has given you, may, by-and-bye, be injurious."

"No, Lady Langdale will guard against that," said Miss Somers, as she rose to depart, at the same time casting on the invalid a look of such deep interest, and true regard, that it penetrated the heart of the mother, who observed so soon as she was gone:

"What a very sweet countenance Miss Somers has."

"Yes," said Launceston; "considering that she has not one tolerable feature, her expression is very good; in fact, she is an excellent creature, and one reads her disposition in her face."

Mrs. Launceston had drawn her lips together, in a manner that indicated a determination not to speak a word, good or bad, but they opened to emit a gentle sigh. Lady Langdale turning suddenly to her son-in-law, said in reply:

"Yet with all this, and perhaps much more, in your cousin's favour, she is not a woman to make Louisa jealous, nor are your attentions of such a nature as to justify her jealousy."

"Jealous, madam! jealous of Sophy Somers! What can you mean? Louisa never dreamt of such a thing."

"Yes; she has not only dreamt of it, but lost sleep, strength and beauty from that cause, and who shall say what she might not have lost besides! Speak Louisa, am I not right?"

But Louisa could not speak, she sank in a flood of hysterical tears upon her mother's bosom.

"It is plain to me," said Lady Langdale, "that from want of a little openness on my daughter's part, and the want perhaps, of a little prudence on yours—"

"Prudence!" exclaimed the angry, and, indeed, injured husband; "prudence could not be called for, when there was nothing to conceal, nothing to contrive. Miss Somers has been to me as a sister, and was to your daughter a warm and tender friend; if I have daily sought her advice, it was because I knew her to be such: if I have been tied to her society, it was because Louisa's ill health kept me from other company; if my love, my solicitude; my—but I shall say no more, there are some wounds that cannot be healed, and this is one of them; it lacerates the very heart."

As Launceston spoke, he rang the bell violently, and ordered his carriage, in a voice that spoke the agitation of his soul; Lady Langdale gently placing her still weeping daughter on the sofa, seized his hands, saying, "You can't go out to-night."

"Yes, madam; I shall go directly to my uncle's, and wait his daughter's return, and then inform them that my domestic happiness requires the sacrifice of their acquaintance."

"No, no, no," cried Louisa, throwing herself on her knees before him; "I love, I revere my uncle Somers."

"But you hate his daughter, that good girl who has felt so much for you; a daughter who will soon be the wife of an honourable husband; and it is necessary to remove her from the contamination of such a worthless *roue* as Edward Launceston, a man who, in the mere passion for change, could forsake his lovely young wife to 'batten on a moor.'"

"Forgive me, dear Edward, forgive me; I see I was wrong; for, from the very day you took me to visit Sophy, I have nourished the fear that you preferred her; she is so pleasant, so witty, so engaging, I feared that her society fascinated you. I thought you were, perhaps, wearied of your poor Louisa. I felt that—but I cannot tell you what I felt."

"But *I* can" said Lady Langdale; "from infancy, Louisa has loved too intensely, those to whom she was at all attached, and by the same rule has been subject to suspecting their return of love. I told you in your days of courtship, of this weakness, but you would not then listen to my 'tale of symptom;' you have now seen the effect of this mental disease, and can, I trust, pity her who suffers from it; that you also have suffered, is her pun-

ishment: do not make it *more severe*, by a breach with your relations, an *expose* to your servants, and perhaps, even an injury to Miss Somers."

Again pardon was entreated, and, of course, fully, freely bestowed, for every generous man forgives an acknowledged fault, and most husbands are lenient to errors arising from even a weak excess of love. In a short time, they both returned with Lady Langdale, and it was believed by Miss Somers and others, that her native air had the effect of restoring bloom to the cheek, and peace to the bosom of the beautiful Mrs. Launceston.

The London season returned, and with it our young couple, still as charming and attached as ever, but the lady "was as women wish to be, who love their lords," as she could not therefore mix much in gay society, though she was now too satisfied, with the stability of her husband or too fearful of the prevalence of her own failing, to prevent *him from doing so*. At this time her chief companion, and indeed her bosom friend, was Mrs. Egmont, (once the dreaded cousin Sophy) who sate with her many an evening, whilst Edward, with a zest arising from long abstinence, sought amusement in the *clubs, the Opera*, or the houses of their friends. At one of the latter, he met with a very elegant window who appeared absolutely besieged by admirers, and took refuge with him, as a *married man*, whose designs she could not suspect, and who was so handsome and agreeable to offer all she could desire of companionship. In short, a flirtation was begun between *them, which* succeeding interviews continued and increased—the lady liked a handsome beau, and the gentleman saw no harm in dancing after a fine woman, who evidently distinguished him. "There was no comparison between her and his beautiful young wife; no one could suppose he thought so, and happily Louisa (jealous as she *might* be by nature) was not likely to find her suspicions awakened, now she kept the house."

But if the wife was consigned to a sick room, the cousin was not, and so much was her anxiety excited for the sake of both, that so soon as it was possible for Louisa to see company, she urged her to accompany her husband, and receive their friends at home; the consequence was, a speedy observance of the peculiar manner in which this new acquaintance was received, and a perception that they had been for several weeks in the habit of meeting familiarly; indeed the lady had a splendid establishment, and frequently received Edward at her house, yet she made no advance in acquaintanceship with his lady, nor any disguise in he partiality to *him*; she was a bold bad woman, willing to destroy the happiness of others, for the paltry gratification of being supposed capable of enslaving a very charming young man, who had a very charming young wife, who might thereby be led to similar error of conduct.

Such thoughts never entered the pure mind of Louisa, who for a long time struggled against her own conviction, and was willing to ascribe every conclusion, which implicated her husband, rather to her own false conceptions than his delinquency. She trembled at the recollection of her own shame and sorrows—she nourished every memorial of his love and tenderness, and schooled her own heart and conduct into acquiescence, though she could not command its tranquillity, so long as it was possible; the time however came when duty itself called her to different course of conduct.

It was now summer, and many persons were leaving town; but it had been settled that the Launcestons would remain until after Louisa's confinement, when one day Edward entered to say he had just determined to run down to Harrowgate for a week or two; adding, with an air of kind consideration, I shall be back, my dear, before the time you would wish for me; and, on my return can bring your dear mother with me.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Louisa suppressed her tears, but she dreaded lest he should accuse her of some jealous freak; and, although she fully believed that the lady to whom her suspicions pointed was the cause of this movement, she dared not say one word that should appear to him an accusation. She therefore forced a woeful smile into her countenance, told him to be true to his time; and, with a throbbing heart received a farewell kiss, which seemed to her, cold even to cruelty.

When he was really gone she wept bitterly, and was found in this situation by Mrs. Egmont, who said hastily, with more truth than prudence, "So! I see Ned is really such a fool as to leave you at that woman's bidding. I have no patience with him; I will consult with my father, for something must be done to save him from utter perdition."

"I will write to my mother instantly," said Louisa, wiping her eyes and struggling to overcome her trepidation.

Mrs. Launceston's letter, though a very short one, showed the alarmed mother in a moment that this was no false foundation for idle fear; and, although in delicate health, she lost not a moment in setting out for the place whither her son-in-law had gone before her; and, urged by her feelings, she travelled so much quicker than he had (for it was certain he had, from stage to stage, meditated a return) that she arrived two hours after him at the Granby, and immediately learnt that he had joined a large party to see the Dripping Well at Knaresborough; amongst whom the newly arrived Lady —— was the most prominent and attractive personage.

Great was the astonishment of Edward Launceston to find himself seated close to Lady Langdale at the dinner table (every one's place being regulated by their arrival,) even though the belle of the day, the fair widow, was exactly opposite. His powers of conversation were banished by surprise; and although the evident indisposition of Lady Langdale accounted for a visit to a place where her physician had most probably consigned her, he yet felt angry that she should have removed to so great a distance from the daughter, "at a time when Louisa (his dear uncomplaining Louisa) would have found so great a consolation in her society." His heart smote him as he thought of her; for, whatever might have brought her mother, he at least had no ailment, no excuse for quitting town, but the invitation of a woman who was, after all, nothing to him.

Perhaps circumstances favoured this conclusion; a very young and pretty girl sat next the window; whose rouge, curls, pearls and smiles were altogether unable to bear the contrast with natural bloom and unstudied graces. In fact, she appeared to him but little younger than Lady Langdale, whose figure was far finer; whom she indeed seemed to consider somewhat of a rival, as her own hitherto flattering attentions were now transferred to a handsome fox-hunting baronet in the president's chair.

With these previous dispositions, it was no wonder that when he accompanied Lady Langdale to her own parlour, and found himself addressed with all the tenderness of a parent—to himself; not less than to her for whom a mother's best energies were exerted, all the better feelings of his nature, all the higher principles which had been implanted in it, were called forth, and that he alike lamented the error of the past, and rejoiced in deliverance from the probable sins of the future. A line, a single line, but one most dear, most blessed, was dispatched by the post of that night, and the following day beheld him accompanying her, who he held to be more than mother, towards that home which he bitterly lamented that he had left, and which he at once dreaded and desired to see; for, alas! how much had he to fear on behalf of a *being so sensitive*? how much had he to hope from possibility of a new and dearer tie to life, which at this time he held to be one that must render him perforce, not less a happy, than a virtuous man.

Their journey was necessarily slow, for Lady Langdale's rapid movements in the first instance, had incapacitated her in the second; but letters, sweet, kind, penitential, and most efficacious letters, passed forward by every medium, and were better for the anxious, afflicted wife, than even the presence of the parties so desired, might have been. It was the delightful task of the once dreaded Sophy, to receive the travellers, and exclaim:

"We have got a beautiful boy: much too good for you, Ned; I shall take it away, poor lamb, that it may escape the father's example."

"But Louisa—my wife, my angel wife!—how is she?"

"She is asleep, thank God, at this time: her trial has been terrible, as your conscience must tell you, but all is well at present."

For this Edward was indeed grateful, and eagerly did he seek his own dressing-room, that he might humbly pour out his soul in thankful adoration. Like the Prodigal, he could have said, 'I have sinned against Heaven, and thee,' to the wife of his bosom, and it will be readily believed that like him, he was by that wife received, even when he was 'afar off,' and that she rejoiced because 'he that was lost, was found' at a time when she could give to his arms, and his heart, the dearly-bought, but the most precious boon which God in mercy hath bestowed upon his creatures.

Happily as these trials ended, and happy as their subjects still continue, let it not be forgotten, that it is the especial duty of every accountable creature, to eradicate as much as possible, all evil dispositions and prevalent weaknesses from their hearts; for no man can foretel the issue of apparently trivial errors; and where Providence has been most bountiful in the gifts of nature and fortune, many misfortunes, the consequence of slight deviations of conduct, may arise to the most "charming couple."

EMINENT LIARS.

BY JOHN POOLE.

Munchausen was a masterly liar; a great artist. It must be remarked that, in his wildest inventions, there is nothing to shock the understanding; admit the cause and the consequences follow naturally enough. He shoots a handful of cherry-stones into a stag's forehead! Allow the possibility of cherry-stones taking root in a stag's forehead, and there is nothing improbable in his finding, a few years afterwards, a cherry-tree sprouting from it. The cold, in a certain country where he is travelling, is so intense as to freeze the tunes a post-boy endeavours to play upon his horn. The horn is hung by the fire-side, and, as the tunes in it become thawed, they flow out audibly, one after the other. Admit the cause, I say, and there is nothing absurd in the consequence. Had he made a tree of emeralds and rubies to spring from his cherry-stones, or a band of musicians to start out of his horn, (as some of his awkward imitators would do,) he would not so long have maintained his enviable eminence, as a consistent, a glorious liar, but have been confounded in the mass of inventors of nonsensical rhodomontades.'

But my main object in this paper is to rescue from oblivion a few of the mighty lies of one who, had he committed his sublime inventions to the press, instead of modestly employing them for the edification and delight of those private circles which he sometimes honoured with his presence, had eclipsed the whole galaxy of liars. But alas! he is dead! Colonel Nimrod is dead! The day that witnessed the extinction of that lying luminary of the sporting world, was a day of rejoicing to all the birds of the air and all the fishes in the sea. Ah! securely may'st thou gambol now on yonder pleasant slope, thou noble stag, for Nimrod is no more! Send out your *glittering wings in peace*, ye bright inhabitants of ether; and you, ye little fishes, and ye great—sprats, shrimps, leviathans, white-bait, whales—sport freely in your watery homes, *for Nimrod is no more!* Well might it be to them a day of Jubilee when their unparalleled destroyer was destroyed! to me it was a day of lamentation and of sorrowing.

I knew him well. With what delight have I listened to his astounding narratives, each sentence worth a whole volume of truth! and how impatiently have I, upon such occasions, turned from the captious lover of matter-of-fact, who has petulantly whispered me—"'Tis all a lie!" And what then!—The Faëry Queen is a lie; the Midsummer Night's Dream is a lie; yet neither Spencer nor Shakspeare are stigmatized as liars. Why then should the epithet "lie," in its opprobrious and offensive sense, be applied to those extempore prose inventions of any revelry in the realms of imagination, which, were they measured out by lines and syllables, and committed to paper, would be called poems? All inventive poets are, in a certain sense, liars; and akin with poets are travellers into countries which never existed, seers of sights which have never been seen, doers of deeds which were never done; and such merely was Colonel Nimrod; he was an extempore prose poet. Such liars, indeed I would say liars generally, are your only interesting tale-tellers; for nothing is so insipid as the bare truth; and the proof of this is, that we seldom meet with a true story worth telling. This may appear to be a startling opinion, but most people entertain it, and are often unconsciously led to express it. Of a hundred real adventures, ninety-nine are not worth relating; and the common eulogy bestowed on any real occurrence which happens to be somewhat out of the usual way is, that it is as interesting as a romance; in other words, that that particular fact is as interesting as a fiction—or to come at once to the point, that that true story is as interesting as if it were a lie.

But I am digressing from my purpose, which is simply to record two or three of the most exquisite of the many admirable lies I have heard delivered by my late lamented friend, Colonel Nimrod. Outrageous and extravagant as they will appear, I do most positively assert that I repeat them, as nearly as I can, in his own words. His manner of narrating those marvellous tales, of which he always was himself the hero, was perfectly easy and assured, and was calculated to impress his hearers with a conviction that, at least, he entertained not the slightest doubt of their truth. He seldom described his feats, or the accidents of his life, as subjects to be wondered at: they were casually noticed, as the turn of the conversation might afford occasion, and as mere matters of every-day occurrence. If indeed, any one expressed a more than usual degree of astonishment, or exclaimed, "That's *rather* extraordinary, colonel!" his reply invariably was—"Extraordinary, sir! why I know it is extraordinary; but I'll take my oath that I am in all respects the most extraordinary man that heaven ever let live."

A broken Head.—In Paris one day I was standing with him at his window, in the *Rue de la Paix*, when a man was thrown from his horse. "There's a broken head for him, colonel," said I.—"I am the only man in Europe, sir," he replied, "that ever had a broken head—to live after it. I was hunting near my place in Yorkshire; my horse threw me, and I was pitched head foremost, upon a scythe which had been left upon the ground. When I was taken up, my head was found to be literally cut in two, and was spread over my shoulders like a pair of epauletts. *That* was a broken head, if you please, sir."

Expeditious Shooting.—I once said to him, "You have the reputation of being an excellent shot, Colonel Nimrod!"—"Ay, sir, I shoot with a ramrod sometimes."—"Shoot with a ramrod!"—"Why, how the deuse else would you shoot when you are in a hurry?"—"Really, I don't understand you."—"This is what I mean, sir. I was going out one fine morning at the latter end of October, when I saw the London mail changing horses—as it always did within a mile of my gates—when I suddenly recollected that I had promised my friend F—— a breakfast of game. Devil a trigger had I pulled—the coach was ready to start—what was to be done? I leaped over the hedge, fired off my ramrod, and may I be shot if I didn't spit, as it were, four partridges and a brace of pheasants. Now I should be a liar if I said I ever did the same thing twice—in point of number, I mean."

These specimens will serve to show to what perfection poor

Nimrod had brought the art of lying. I could repeat one which he delivered while lying (in both senses of the word) on his death bed, but that *that* might be misconstrued into the pure effect of *delirium*. For my own part, I consider it as another illustration of "the ruling passion strong in death." That he believed his own stories, and expected they would be believed by his hearers, I am fully persuaded. Of this infirmity of mind I shall not attempt to trace the causes; but, wherever it exists in the same degree, I consider it as presenting a case for the consideration of the physician rather than of the moralist.

Translated from the French.

VISIT TO A MISER.

I had thoughtlessly promised the young Vicomte de Confians to accompany him, and almost as soon as I had risen he called to remind me of my engagement. When we had arrived at the Rue des Gres he looked round with an anxiety and uneasiness that surprised me. His face by turns became livid and crimson. He was a prey to some horrible anguish, and the perspiration started from his forehead when he preceived that he had reached the gate. At the moment we got out of his tilbury a *fiacre* entered the street; the falcon-eye of the young man enabled him to distinguish a female within the carriage, and then an expression of almost savage joy animated his countenance. He called a boy who was passing, and desired him to hold his horse. We mounted the steps of the old miser. Since I had left the house he had placed a small square grating in the middle of the door, and it was not till after I had been recognized that we were admitted. I found him seated in his arm-chair, motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed upon the mantle piece, where he seemed reading some memorandums of accounts. A small lamp, once green, but now obscured with smoke and dirt, threw a lurid glare upon his pale face. He turned his eyes toward me, but did not speak. 'Father Gosbeck,' said I, 'I bring you one of my most intimate friends' —'Whom I *mistrust as much as the devil himself*,' whispered the old man. 'On *my* account you will render him your good offices at the ordinary price, and you will extricate him from a pressing difficulty.' The vicomte bowed in confirmation, seated himself, and prepared to hear his answer, with one of those courtly attitudes of which it is impossible to describe the graceful baseness. Father Gosbeck remained in his chair at the corner of the fire, unmoved and immoveable. He resembled the statue of Voltaire, as it appears at night on entering the vestibule of the Theatre Francais. He raised slightly, as by way of salutation, the worn-out grey casket with which he covered his head, and the small portion of yellow skull it exhibited, completed his resemblance to the marble. 'I have no money, except for my customers,' said the usurer. 'You are vexed, then, that I have been to ruin myself with others beside yourself,' said the young man, smiling. 'Ruin you!' replied Pere Gosbeck, with a tone of irony. 'You would say that one cannot ruin a man who has no capital?'—'But I defy you to find in all Paris any thing *more capital* than I am,' cried the vicomte, rising and turning upon his heel. This half-serious buffoonery had no effect upon Gosbeck. 'Can I with any decency,' said he, 'lend a *sous* to a man who already owes thirty thousand francs and does not possess a *denier*? Besides, you lost ten *thousand francs the night before last*, at M. Lafitte's ball.'—'Sir,' replied the young man, with exquisite impudence, and approaching as he said it, '*my* affairs do not concern *you*. He who has time owes nothing for the present.'—'True.'—'My bills will be taken up.'—'Possibly.'—'And at this moment the business between us is simply to know if I offer you sufficient security for the sum that I am about to borrow.'—'Just so.' The noise of a fiacre stopping at the gate was heard from without. 'I go for something that will perhaps satisfy you,' cried the young man. He soon afterwards returned, leading by the hand a lady, who appeared to be twenty-five or twenty-six years old. She was of remarkable beauty, and I had no difficulty in recognizing the countess of whom Gosbeck had formerly spoken to me. On entering the damp and sombre chamber of the usurer, she cast a look of suspicion upon the vicomte. The terrible anguish of her heart was evident, and her proud and noble features had an almost convulsive expression. I could easily believe my companion had now become the evil genius of her destiny. They seemed both standing before their judge, who with a cold and severe look examined them, as an old Dominician of the sixteenth century may have watched the tortures of two Moors in the dungeons of the Holy Inquisition. 'Sir,' said she, with a trembling voice, 'are there any means of *obtaining the price of these diamonds*—presenting a casket—reserving to myself the right to repurchase them?' As I volunteered to explain to her how this might be done, she seemed to breathe more freely; but the vicomte knit his brow, aware that with such a condition the usurer would advance a less sum upon them. Gosbeck was absorbed. He had seized his magnifying glass, and was examining the jewels in silence. If I were to live a hundred years, I should never forget the remarkable picture that his face presented at that moment. A flush spread over his pale cheeks; his eyes seemed to sparkle with supernatural fire; he rose, went to the light, and held the diamonds near his toothless mouth, as if he would have devoured them. The glitter of those beautiful gems seemed reflected in his eyes. He murmured some vague words, lifted by turns the bracelets, the earrings, the necklace, the diadem, and held them to the light to judge of their water, their color and their polish. He took them out of the casket, he put them back, and again took them out, played with them to bring out all their brilliance more like a child than an old man, or perhaps like both at once. 'Beautiful diamonds!' he exclaimed. 'Before the Revolution they would have been worth three hundred thousand francs. What water! what beauty! Under the Empire it would have required two hundred thousand francs to have made such a set. 'But,' added he, with an expression of scorn, 'at present the diamond is falling in price every day. Since the peace, Brazil and Asia have overwhelmed us with them. They are no longer worn except at court.' Yet even while uttering these discouraging words he examined the stones one by one with an unspeakable joy. 'Without a spot!—yes, here is *one* spot—here's a flaw—but *this is* a beauty!' And his wan visage, as the light of the jewels glared upon it, seemed like one of those mouldy antique mirrors that we meet with in a provincial inn, which gives the traveller who has courage enough to look at himself the appearance of a man falling into a fit of apoplexy. 'Well!' said the vicomte, striking him on the shoulder. The dotard trembled. He relinquished his baubles, laid them upon his desk, seated himself, recommenced the usurer, and again became smooth, hard, and cold as a column of marble. 'How much must you have?' —'A hundred thousand francs for three years.'—'Possibly!' He then drew from a mahogany box, which was *his* casket, a pair of balances inestimable for their exactness. He weighed the stones, estimating with a glance the weight of the setting—Heaven only knows how—and during this operation his features struggled between joy and severity. That cadaverous face, lighted up by those gems, had something about it more horrible than I can describe. The countess seemed to comprehend all the danger of the precipice toward which she was approaching. There was still some feeling of remorse within her, and it only required, perhaps, an effort—a charitable hand extended to save her. I determined to attempt it. Gosbeck interrupted me by a sign of the head, and turning toward the culprits, 'Eighty thousand francs in ready money,' said he, with a low, soft voice, 'and you will leave me the diamonds.'—'But,' replied the young man—'Take it or leave it,' said Gosbeck, giving back the casket to the countess. I again drew near her and whispered, 'you will do better, madam, to throw yourself at once at the feet of your husband.' The usurer doubtless understood my words by the movement of my lips, and cast upon me a look in which there was something infernal. The face of the young man became livid, for the hesitation of the countess was palpable. He approached her, and, though he spoke low, I heard the words, 'Adieu, Emily—be happy! As for me, to-morrow I shall no longer have a care.'—'O, sir,' she cried addressing herself to Gosbeck, 'I accept your offer.' The usurer gave the money, and the countess rose and retired, deeply feeling into what a labyrinth of shame and guiltiness she had allowed herself to be drawn.

A REVERY.

I laid me down on a soft, grassy bank, beside a brook whose soothing flow of waters, came in rich and varied music to my ear. Sleep fanned me gently with his pinions, and at length I slumbered—but my thoughts were not idle. Fancy was busy at her playful tasks, and I stood amid the ruins of old Rome. There was a soft, balmy fragrance in the air, at the hour of sunset.

And the rich, golden clouds, wreathing and twining themselves in beauty—the gray ruins mellowed by the tints of parting day, that lingered and played in glory about their summits, and the faint whisper of the wandering zephyr, wrapt the soul in melancholy musings, on the beauties of the present and the mighty grandeur of the past. At length one lone star was seen floating serenely in the sea of glory, that covered the west, and then another, and another appeared in various parts, until the whole heavens were sparkling with their brilliant gems, and night was seated on the dusky throne of the firmament. Then men laid aside their daily toil, and came forth, in gladness, with laugh and song and dance, to greet the harbinger of rest. Then too, the tinkle of the light guitar, and the soft whisper of love borne upon the evening breeze, stole with a melting melody upon the heart.

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Suddenly there came a rushing sound as if the thunders of the last day was sweeping by, and every star faintly flickered for a moment and then went out in darkness; and though there was no cloud that threw its sable form athwart the sky, yet all the heavens were robed in gloom. Men forgot the laugh, and dance, and song, and strained their eyes, with fearful glare, upon the murky sky. The beasts ran howling to their dens, or crouched in trembling submission, to the earth. Then all was quiet, it was as if the dark waves of eternity had rolled over and hid beneath their bosom, the relics of a parted and lost world. And the fearful stillness that gathered and reigned around, was only broken by fiendish laughter, and yells, and shrieks, of demons, ever and anon hurling in the air. * * * *

Anon a star arose with a blood-red disk, at first a speck, and then it grew, and grew, until it became a sun that threw his lurid beams upon the faces of the wandering multitude, and all the earth was dyed with its blood-red hue. Cities, crackling and crashing, crumbled and fell before it. On, on, still on, it came, cleaving its way, in fearful stillness, through the vast solitude,—it struck the men of earth with madness, for they could not turn away their gaze, and the blood rushed with tumultuous fury from their throbbing hearts,—their temples swelled and their eye-balls glared with a strange, unearthly, fire. Still they gazed with mad intoxication upon its disk and many of them rolled in the dust, writhed and tore their hair in agony; with parched lips and swollen tongues they cursed the influence of that star.

Then one of a lofty mien and melancholy air, who had calmly sat apart from the maddened multitude, arose and stretched forth his hands unto that star,—quickly he mounted through the air and followed in its course. Upward, upward, and as he went to it, it appeared more madly beautiful. Men ceased to wonder at the star, and turned their longing looks on him alone, and tossed their puny arms, *in vain attemps to ascend* the height which he had gained. He smiled in bitter mockery, at their useless efforts, for every fount and source of feeling was dried within his withered heart, and he had no sympathy with his kind. Still to him it became more bright, until that which first appeared a star, now seemed a spirit, on whose head there was a crown of flame, and on whose deathless brow, in letters that seared the gazer's eyeballs, there was a name written, and it was *Ambition*. And though he had ascended far from the busy earth, yet it was as far above him as ever—*and o'er his head* the star-spirits passed and repassed, all with their flaming crowns, and he could hear the music made by the murmurings of their wings, and saw their clear brows clothed with awful majesty. Anon there came a monster rolling his immense serpentine folds, in mid air, but that youth heeded it not for his eyes were on the star. On, it came with hissing tongue and glutting eye, until it wound its slimy folds about the heart of him, who strove in vain to shake it off, and gazed more wistfully on the star, and it wreathed its folds more tightly round him, and breathed upon him its noisome breath until he fell [down, again to the earth, whose inhabitants hailed with a shout of savage joy, another victim of envy and Ambition.

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

Morocco.—The manner in which corn is preserved in Morocco is deserving of mention. A subterranean cellar is dug seven or eight feet in depth, the sides of which are covered with reeds and straw, the bottom part being matted, and straw placed over it. The grain is then deposited, and well protected at top by straw being placed over it: the opening is covered by a large slab, over which the earth is heaped in a mound, to prevent the rain settling and entering. In these kind of granaries, or *matamoors*, as they are called, and which are usually made on sloping ground, to secure them from damp, wheat and barley, I was informed, would keep perfectly good for five years, and other grain to a longer period. The largest matamoors are at Rabat, and are capable of containing some hundred bushels.—*Spain, by Arthur de Capel Brooke.*

Hanover.—There are in Hanover eleven Protestant convents, where young ladies may retire who have survived the bloom of youth, and have arrived at single blessedness, and may pass down the stream of time, in each other's society, in uninterrupted tranquillity. Each of these institutions is under the direction of an elderly lady, corresponding in some degree with the abbess of Catholic convents. The young ladies receive annually from two to three hundred rix-dollars, with which they are enabled to live genteelly. The restraints of the institutions are not severe. They receive visits from their friends, usually in the presence of their governess, though that is not required, or has been for a short time only. It is not necessary to reside here constantly; a few weeks of each year being sufficient to entitle them to the pension. Some of them accordingly pass most of their time with their friends, and whenever they are thrown out upon the world by the dissolution of their families, they have a refuge to which they can retire, without experiencing those mortifications which are so frequently attendant upon adversity. These asylums are under the direction of government, to which parents, wishing to procure such places for their children, apply. It requires some influence at court to obtain them, as the number of applicants is much greater than that of vacancies. Parents not unfrequently solicit them while children are quite young, and some of them receive the promise of them even from the cradle, although, I believe they do not enjoy the emolument until they approach the shady side of twenty, unless they reside in the convent at least a part of the time.—*Dwight's Travels in Germany.*

Shortsightedness.—Shortsightedness is increasing so alarmingly, that the vision of a great many of the fine class takes in only the nearest object to them, that is, themselves; a defect which, in the most brilliant circles, forces them to confine their glances and their thoughts to their own persons and dress.

SHAKSPEARE.

By William Empson Esq.

Oh surely, Willie Shakspeare
We are not parting too!
Yet now we meet not daily,
As we were wont to do.

For more than bone of my bone,
Heart of my very heart,
In all my schemes of pleasure
Thou once went art and part.

At night beneath my pillow,
In hand at every stroll,
Thy words like second nature
Came bounding o'er my soul.

But now---I scarce believe it---
Whole weeks may pass away;
And with thy boon companions
I shall not spend a day.

Like Hal I am reforming:
For a good month or more
That fat old Knight of Eastcheap
Has never crossed my door.

I have not fool'd Malvolio
To his fantastic walk,
Nor with the gipsy Rosalind
Devised a jeering talk:

Nor lent adventurous Portia
A Lawyer's gown and guiles:
Nor tangled wanton Antony
In Cleopatra's smiles:

Nor gone a gallant masquer
To Lord Capulet's ball,
And vaulted with young Montague
That midnight garden-wall.

When was it last, sweet Imogen,
We left for love our home?
And thou and I, brave Martius,
Canvass'd the mob of Rome?

It seems an age, since, maddening,
I wander'd forth with Lear,
Or stuck Titania's roses
In Bully Bottom's ear:

Or woo'd with saucy Benedict
A yet more saucy maid,
Or learn'd from hot Petruchio
To make myself obey'd:

Or sang with pretty Ariel
His blossom-waving song,
Or brooded with poor Hamlet
Over a father's wrong:

Avenged the world on Cæsar,
Echoed Othello's groan,
Or saw from Duncan's chamber
Macbeth steal out alone.

My darling Willie Shakspeare
This coldness must not grow:
I love thee far too dearly
To think of parting so.

I've grasped the hand of Manhood,
In generous anguish, fast;
I've kiss'd the lip of woman,
And known it was her last:

I've watch'd what's worse than all this—
A friendship waste away,
And love believ'd immortal
Like vulgar loves decay.

No form of bitter trial,
Alas, is new to me:
So much the more 'twould cost me,
To say, farewell, to thee.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE BORROWED PELERINE.

In a fancy millinery establishment situated in the faubourg Saint Germain was seated a young girl, lovely as Spring, gay as a lark and confiding as goodness itself. She was busily engaged trimming a dress which she was anxious to finish in order to be at liberty to set out on a party of pleasure. 'Mon Dieu! I hear Saint Surplice sounding vespers,' she exclaimed, 'and I have promised to be at a house in the Champs Elysees by four o'clock, where the lady awaits me to accompany me to Versailles, and I have no time to dress myself. My dear Rose, pray finish this trimming, and I will oblige you in the same way when it is your turn to go out.'

Rose could not refuse the supplicating Julie, but, pouting, took the dress of her companion saying, 'You will have a superb day. Rain and tempest reserve themselves for my visiting day.'

Without replying to this ill-natured observation, Julie prepared to quit the counter, but stopped with an air of indecision at the door of the back shop. Fear and desire were both expressed on her charming countenance. She hesitated, but vanity overruled discretion in her heart, and, pretending to have forgotten something, she returned to the counter. She cast a glance at Rose, who was seated at a distance, occupied with the trimming, and quickly opening a box she took from it an embroidered pelerine, and covering it with her pocket-handkerchief, tripped up to her chamber. 'Madame will not come home until after I have returned,' she said, 'and I can then replace the pelerine in the box, and no one will ever know I have borrowed it; and then Gustave will be so charmed, for Gustave does so admire elegant dress.'

Gustave was the head clerk of the merchant who supplied the shop to which Julie was attached. It was there they first became acquainted. Affection soon followed, and, as the young man was ardent and Julie candid, their vows were soon exchanged. Gustave had frequently urged Julie to ride out with him in the country, but she had refused; but when he proposed taking a relative with them she consented to the wishes of her lover.

'I am afraid I have kept you waiting, madame,' said Julie, as she entered the parlor of Madame Mulner, the relation of Gustave. The lady assured her she was in time, while Gustave presented a friend of his who, he whispered, was soon to espouse the widow Mulner. A delta which was waiting at the door received the four young people, and they were soon on the route to Versailles.

The hours pass quickly to those who love, and while our party were wandering among the shady lanes, illumined by the moon's rays, and imbibing the fresh air, fragrant with the perfume of orange trees, the clock struck ten.

'It is so late!' exclaimed Julie, with dismay, 'I shall be locked out. Do let us go hence.'

'We shall soon be in Paris,' said Gustave, 'and, if it should happen that your house is closed, Madame Mulner will with pleasure receive you at hers.'

'That will never do,' cried Julie, weeping, and heedless of the offers of Madame Mulner and Gustave. The carriage stopped a few steps from the shop, and Gustave, who cared not, on Julie's account, to be seen with her, begged his friend to give her his arm to the door. It was, however, in vain they called and knocked. They received no answer. Probably the inmates had been ordered not to arise; and, seeing their efforts were useless, the young man led Julie back to the carriage.

The distress of the young girl was great. 'Oh, Gustave,' she exclaimed 'you have ruined me for ever!'

In vain were all their efforts to soothe her, and Gustave regretted the pleasure he had enjoyed should have been the cause of sorrow to his Julie. When they arrived at the house of Madame Mulner, he wished to enter and console her, but she begged him to leave her.

'Come to-morrow,' she said, 'to encourage me to appear before madame, for she is so severe, especially towards an orphan who has no one to defend her.'

'Cannot I defend you, Julie?'

She shook her head while the tears dropped from her eyes. 'Ah, by what title can you declare yourself my protector?

Gustave embraced her in silence and departed, promising to return in the morning. Julie slept so ill that night that she arose at six o'clock, begging Madame Mulner to accompany her home, and speak for her to her mistress.

'Then you will not wait for Gustave?'

'No, I cannot, but you will see him and make my excuses to him.'

Julie appeared so wretched, that Madame Mulner consented to accompany her. In vain, however, was her intercession, Madame B. would not listen to Julie, but ordered her instantly to collect her clothes and never appear before her again. Madame Mulner endeavoured to speak a few words in her favor, but with a glance of contempt Madame B. turned from her and entered another apartment.

'Come with me', said the irritated Madame Mulner. 'I will send by and by for your things.'

She seized Julie's hand and carried her off, while she, overcome with grief at being so roughly dismissed, lost all recollection of the fatal borrowed pelerine.

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Seated at the bar of a court of justice is a young girl, her head upon her bosom, her hands clasped at her knees, and so pale, so motionless, as to resemble a marble statue of Grief. She had been weeping, but the tears had dried upon the cheeks they had withered. A curious crowd were around her, gazing on her with various sentiments, among which, however, compassion prevailed.

'Poor child!' said an old man, 'they say she is already condemned.'

'She is pretty,' said another, 'but what a pity she is so pale!'

'Of what is that young girl accused?' asked another who had just entered the hall. This was addressed to an orange woman who had left her shop to the care of a neighbor, that she might sooner learn the determination of the jury, who were shut up deliberating the case.

'They say,' she replied, 'the young girl is accused of stealing an embroidered pelerine from the lady for whom she was working. A friend of the accused affirms on oath the unhappy girl only borrowed it to wear one evening, with the intention of replacing it, and was about to send it back when she was arrested on the suit of that wicked woman whom you see there. But let me tell you she will fare the worse for having brought that poor child here merely on account of a vile piece of flowered muslin!'

'Mon Dieu!' exclaimed an old soldier, gazing at the accused 'it is Mademoiselle Julie, the daughter of our colonel, who was killed at Wagram,' and dashing the tears from his eyes he disappeared from the court.

While the audience in the court-room were thus occupied gazing upon and talking about the unfortunate Julie, the jury were busily weighing the case, and at last felt forced by the laws and by their consciences to condemn her. One juryman alone listened in silence and earnest attention to all which had been said, and felt great regret that one so young and hitherto so good should have her young days so cruelly blasted, merely for a movement of vanity, and without having committed a premeditated fraud. He addressed the jury with fervor, and the holy eloquence of charity spoke to their hearts, softened the rigor of justice, and at length every one concurred in the opinion of the defender of Julie. As the jury entered the court a solemn silence prevailed. The foreman stood forth and declared the case had been faithfully examined, and the jury now pronounced the accused *acquitted*.

Thunders of applause burst from every voice and every heart around. A young man rushed through the crowd and stood beside Julie. She started on hearing his voice, and crying, 'O, I am not a thief!' fell insensible into the arms of Gustave, and the crowd gave way as he passed out with his tender burden. Madame Mulner joined them, whispering, 'A carriage awaits us before the court-house,' and the party disappeared from the eyes of the commiserating spectators.

The above narrative was obtained from the compassionate juryman, who had the pleasure of saving the young girl from a sentence of infamy. He has often said that was the happiest day of his life.

E. R. S.

AN INCIDENT.

At the time of the war of 1812 Mrs. W. lived in Buffalo with her father, mother, brothers, and sisters. In 1814, just when the war was becoming fearfully terrific on the frontier, her aged father and eldest brother were drowned in crossing the neighbouring ferry. Six months after this accident the danger of Buffalo was so great that the younger children of the family were sent away into the country with their married sister, under the charge of their brother-in-law, who was to return with his wagon for the mother and two daughters who were left behind, and for the clothes of the family. For three weeks there had been so strong an apprehension of a descent of the Indians, the barbarous allies of the British, that the ladies had snatched sleep with their clothes on, one watching while the others lay down. It was with some difficulty, and after many delays, that the wagon party got away, and there were still doubts whether it was the safer course to go or stay. Nothing was heard of them before night, however, and it was hoped that they were safe, and that the wagon would come for the remaining three the next morning.

The ladies put out their lights early, as they were desired; and at eight two of the three lay down to sleep, Mrs. W., then a girl of sixteen, being one. At nine she was called up by the beating of a drum, the signal that the Indians were at hand. No description can give an idea of the loathing with which these savages were then regarded; the mingled horror, disgust, dread, and hatred. The Indians were insiduous, dangerous, and cruel beyond example, even in the history of savage warfare. These poor ladies had been brought up to hate them with a deadly hatred; they were surrounded with persons burning with the injuries inflicted by Indian revenge and barbarity; for weeks they had lived in hourly dread of death by their hands; their strength was worn, and their nerves shaken by the long suspense; and now the hoarse drum woke them up with news that the hour was come. A deadly sickness overspread their hearts as they started from their beds. They looked from their windows, but could see nothing through the blank darkness. They listened, but they knew that if the streets had been quiet as death, the stealthy tread of the savages would have been inaudible. There was a bustle in the town. Was the fight beginning? No. It was an express sent by the scouts to say that it was a false alarm. The wornout ladies composed their spirits, and sank to sleep again. At four they were once more awakened by the horrid drum, but now there was a mustering in the streets which looked as if this were no false alarm. In the same moment the sister who was watching what passed in the street saw by torchlight the militia part asunder and fly; and Mrs. W., who was looking through the back window, perceived in the uncertain glimmer that a host of savages was leaping the garden fence; leaping along the walks to the house like so many kangaroos, but painted, and flourishing their tomahawks. She cried out to her mother and sister, and they attempted to fly but there was no time. Before they could open the front door the back windows came crashing in, and the house was crowded with yelling savages. With their tomahawks they destroyed everything but the ladies, who put on the most

submissive air possible. The trunks containing the clothing of the whole family stood in the hall, ready to be carried away when the family should arrive. These were split to fragments by the tomahawk. These wretches had actually met the wagon with the rest of the family, and turned it back; but the brother-in-law, watching his opportunity, wheeled off from the road when his savage guards were somehow engaged, and escaped.

The ladies were seized, and, as Mrs. W. claimed protection, they were delivered into the charge of some squaws to be driven to the British camp. It was unpleasant enough the being goaded on through such a scene by savage women, as insolent as the men were cruel; but the ladies soon saw that this was the best thing that could have happened to them; for the town was burning in various directions, and soon no alternative would be left between being in the British camp, and in the thick of the slaughter in the burning streets. The British officer did not wish to have his hands full of helpless female prisoners. He sent them home again with a guard of an ensign and a private, who had orders to prevent their house being burned. The ensign had much to do to fulfil his orders. He stood in the doorway, commanding, persuading, struggling, threatening; but he saved the house, which was, in two days, almost the only one left standing. The whole town was a mass of smoking ruins, in many places slaked with blood. Opposite the door lay the body of a woman who, in her despair, had drunk spirits, and then defied the savages. They tomahawked her in sight of the neighbours, and before her own door, and her body lay where it had fallen, for there were none to bury the dead. Some of the inhabitants had barricaded themselves in the jail, which proved, it was said, too damp to burn; the rest who survived were dispersed in the woods.

Before the fire was quite burned out the Indians were gone, and the inhabitants began to creep back into the town, cold and half dead with hunger. The ladies kept up a large fire (carefully darkening the windows,) and cooked for the settlers till they were too weary to stand, and one at a time lay down to sleep before the fire. Mrs. W. often, during those dreary days, used to fasten a blanket, Indian fashion, about her shoulders, and go out in the wintry night to forage for food; a strange employment for a young girl in the neighbourhood of a savage foe. She traced the hogs in the snow, and caught many fowls in the dark. On the third day, very early in the morning, six Buffalo men were enjoying a breakfast of her cooking, when the windows were again broken in, and the house once more full of savages. They had come back to burn and pillage all that was left. The six men fled, and by a natural impulse, the girl with them. At some distance from the house she looked behind her, and saw a savage leaping towards her with his tomahawk already raised. She saw that the next instant it would be buried in her skull. She faced about, burst out a laughing, and held out both her hands to the savage. His countenance changed, first to perplexity; but he swerved his weapon aside, laughed, and shook hands, but motioned her homeward. She was full of remorse for having left her mother and sister. When she reached the door the house was so crowded that she could neither make her way in nor learn anything of their fate. Under the persuasion that they lay murdered within, she flew to some British dragoons who were sitting on the ground at a considerable distance, watching the burning of the remainder of the town. They expressed their amazement that she should have made her way through the savages, and guarded her home, where they procured an entrance for her, so that she reached the arms of her patient and suffering mother and sister. That house was at length the only one left standing; and when we returned Mrs. W. pointed it out to me.

The settlers remained for some time in the woods, stealing into a midnight warming and supper at the lone abode of the widow and her daughters. The ladies had nothing left but this dwelling. Their property had been in houses which were burned, and their very clothes were gone. The settlers had, however, carried off their money with them safely into the woods. They paid the ladies for their hospitality, and afterward for us much needlework as they could do; for every one was in want of clothes. By their industry these women raised themselves to independence, which the widow lived some tranquil years to enjoy. The daughter who told me the story is now the lady of a judge. She never boasts of her bravery, and rarely refers to her adventures in the war; but preserves all her readiness and strength of mind, and in the silence of her own heart, or in the ear of a sympathizing friend, gratefully contrasts the perils of her youth with the milder discipline of her riper age.

EULOGY ON BURNS.—At a late celebration in Louisville, Kentucky, on the birthday of Scotland's favourite poet, Robert Burns, Mr. Prentice, the celebrated punster of the Louisville Journal, addressed the company in the following happy strain:

"Britain and America assemble to pay their heart-felt tribute of admiration to the memory of Robert Burns, the unrivalled minstrel of Scotland, whose fame gathers freshness from the lapse of years, and like the ivy, flourishes greenly over the lone prostration of the lovely and the beautiful.

"You all know the history of Burns. The world knows it by heart. The Scottish boy, born in poverty and obscurity, won his way through toils, privations and sufferings, to one of the loftiest and brightest places in the history of literature. He was the child of misfortune: and mankind still weep over the sorrows of that gifted genius, and will weep over them for ever. He was unfitted for the rough trials of a world like this. The lyre of his soul should have been fanned but by the airs of Eden, and have given out its music in a heavenly clime; and who can wonder that its chords were jarred and almost broken, when visited by the fierce winds, the swift lightnings, and the blasting hurricanes of life. Like the rainbow, his fame sprung up amidst clouds of gloom; but, like the rainbow, it was a reflection of the sun, and 'its arch, though resting upon the earth, was lost in heaven.'

"The genius of Burns was universal; in whatever he attempted his success was perfect. His talent was all-powerful whether he aimed at the heart of the lover, to-call forth the loud or the quiet mirth of the votary of festivity, to kindle the high and holy fervour of devotion, to pour his great enthusiasm for liberty into the soul of the patriot, or to nerve the arm and send the lava-tide of vengeance along the veins of the warrior. If you pass through Scotland, you feel his mighty influence everywhere, like a universal presence. He has made that wild and romantic country emphatically his own. His step is upon her mountains, her braes and her glens—his image is reflected from her blue lochs and her gushing streams—and his name is breathed by her winds, echoed by her thunders, and chanted by her brave sons and beautiful daughters."

LAUGHTER.

Laughter—good, hearty, cheerful-hearted laughter—is the echo of a happy spirit, the attribute of a cloudless mind. Life without it were without hope, for it is the exuberance of hope. It is an emotion possessed by man alone, the happy light that relieves the dark picture of life.

We laugh most when we are young. The thoughts are free and unfettered; there is nothing to bind their fierce impulse, and we sport with the passions with the bold daring of ignorance. Smiles and tears, it has been observed, follow each other like gloom and sunshine; so the childish note of mirth treads on the heels of sorrow. It was but yesterday we noticed a little urchin writhing apparently in the agony of anguish; he had been punished for some trivial delinquency, and his little spirit resented it most gloriously. How the young dog roared! His little chest heaved up and down, and every blue vein on his forehead was apparent, bursting with passion. Anon, a conciliatory word was addressed to him by the offended *gouvernante*, a smile passed over the boy's face, his little eyes sparkling through a cloud of tears were thrown upward, a short struggle between pride and some more powerful feeling ensued, and then there burst forth such a peal of laughter, so clear, so full, so round, it would have touched the heart of a stoic.

Our natural passions and emotions become subdued or altogether changed, as we enter the world. The laugh of the schoolboy is checked by the frown of the master. He is acquiring wisdom, and wisdom—ye gods, how dearly bought!—is incompatible with laughter. But still, at times, when loosened from its shackles, the pining student will burst forth as in days gone by; but he has no longer the cue and action for passion he then had; the care and trouble of the world have already mingled themselves in his cup, and his young spirit is drooping beneath their influence. The laugh of boyhood is a merry carrol; but the first rich blush has already passed away. The boy enters the world full of the gay buoyancy of youth. He looks upon those he meets as the playmates of other hours. But experience teaches him her lessons; the natural feelings of his heart are checked; he may laugh and talk as formerly, but the spell, the dreams which cast such a halo of glory around his young days, are dissipated and broken.

There are fifty different classes of laughers. There is your smooth-faced, polite laugher, your laugher by rule. Those beings are generally found within the precincts of a court, at the heels of some great man, to whose conduct they shape their passions as a model. Does his lordship say a *bon mot*, it is caught and grinned at in every possible manner, till, the powers of grimace expended, his lordship is pleased to change the subject and strike a different chord. And is it not astonishing? Who would refuse to laugh for a pension of two hundred a year? Common gratitude demands it.

There is then your habitual laughers; men who laugh by habit, without rhyme or reason. They are generally stout, piggy-faced gentlemen, who eat hearty suppers and patronise free-and-easies. They will meet you with a grin on their countenances, which, before you have said three sentences will resolve into a simper, and terminate finally in a stentorian laugh. These men may be truly said to go on through life laughing; but habit has blunted the finer edges of their sympathies, and their mirth is but the unmeaning effusion of a weak spirit. These persons generally go off in a fit of apoplexy, brought on by excessive laughter on a full stomach.

There is then your discontented, cynical laugher, who makes a mask of mirth to conceal the venom of his mind. It is a dead fraud, that ought not to be pardoned. Speak to one of these men of happiness, virtue, etc., he meets you with a sneer, or bottle-imp kind of chuckle;—talk to him of any felicitous circumstance, he checks you with a sardonic grin that freezes your best intentions. He is a type of the death's head the Egyptians displayed at their feasts, to check their exuberant gaiety.

There is then your fashionable simperer, your laugher *a-la-mode*, your inward digester of small jokes and tittle-tattle. He never laughs, it is a vulgar habit; the only wonder is that he eats.—People, he will tell you, should overcome such vulgar propensities; they are abominable. A young man of this class is generally consumptive; his lungs have no play, he is always weak and narrow chested; he vegetates till fifty, and then goes off, overcome with a puff of eau de rose or milefleur he has encountered accidentally from the pocket handkerchief of a cheesemonger's wife.

Last of all there is your real good, honest laugher, the man who has a heart to feel and sympathize with the joys and sorrows of others, who has gone through life superior to its follies and has learned to gather wisdom even from laughter. Such are the men who do more to honor society, who have learned to be temperate in prosperity, patient in adversity, and who, having gathered experience from years are content to drink the cup of life, mingled as it is, to enjoy calmly the sweeter portion, and laugh at the bitter.

STEAM ESTABLISHMENT AT MOSCOW.—Mr. Stephens, in his Incidents of Travel, gives the following ludicrously laughable description of the "manner and form" in which he was used up in a steaming establishment at Moscow, on the first day of his arrival in that great Russian city:

Having secured my room, I mounted a drosky and hurried to a bath. Riding out to the suburbs, the drosky boy stopped at a large wooden building, pouring forth steam from every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath, but the worst I had known was like the breath of the gentle south wind compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator stood me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucketful of water, which sent forth volumes of steam like a thick fog into every part of the room, and then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop dipped in soap and hot water; and then he raised me up, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tubfuls on my head; then laid me down again, and scrubbed me with soap and water from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackamoor white; then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was hot as an oven where he laid me down on the bench; the vapour, which almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and finding no avenue of escape, gathered around my devoted body, fairly scalding and blistering me; and when I removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end, but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony I cried out to my tormentor to let me up; but he did not understand me, or was loath to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs until, perfectly desperate, I sprang off the bench, tumbled him over, and descended to the floor. Snow, snow, a region of eternal snow, seemed paradise: but my tormentor had not done with me; and, as I was hurrying to the door, he dashed over me a tub full of cold water. I was so hot that it seemed to hiss as it touched me; he came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, what had always seemed a traveller's story, the high satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian in mid winter rushes from his hot bath and rolls himself in the snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man.

THE ERROURS OF GENIUS.—The very errours of a man of genius are beautiful and attractive; they enlighten, instead of darkening the world. So Phœbus stands in heaven, and the earth is dimmed by the shadow of his clouds; but these very clouds enhance the splendour of the god of day, and they transmit to our planet his light and heat; and without those clouds, he is himself but earth.

LATE PIETY.—Plants that receive only the evening sun, never grow so high as those that enjoy the rays of morning. So is it with those men, whose hearts ware not turned to divine things till the evening of their days, compared with those who, in early youth began to drink in the rays of religion, and ripen their fruit in due season.

THE HABITS OF THE RAVEN.—"The raven sometimes nestles at no great distance from the eagle, in which case these birds do not molest each other; but in general, the former is a determined enemy to the latter, and may often be seen harassing it. 'What a brave soldier the raven is; he fights the eagle, who is four times his size!' I remember hearing a old Highlander say to me more than twenty years ago. But let us consider the matter. There goes the white-tailed eagle! Launched from the rock of Lluir she advances along the cliffs on her way to the inland hills, where she expects to find a supply of food for her young. Now she is opposite the promontory of Ui, whence, croaking in fierce anger, rush two ravens. The eagle seems not to heed them; but they rapidly gain upon her, and, separating as they come up to her wake, one ascends, the other glides beneath, menacing her, and attempting to peck at her. While she regards the one below, that above plunges towards her; but perceiving that she is ready to meet him, he re-ascends a few feet, the other in the mean time, threatening vengeance below. I never observed, however, that they actually came in contact with the object of their pursuit, which seemed to regard them as more disagreeable than dangerous, and appeared to hurry on merely to avoid being pestered by them."—*Macgillivary's British Birds.*

THE CARRION CROW.—"The carrion crow is very easily tamed, and is strongly attached to the person who brings him up. I kept one for two years and a half. It flew round about the neighbourhood, and roosted every night on the trees of my shrubbery. At whatever distance he was, as soon as he heard my voice he immediately came to me. He was very fond of being caressed, but should any one except myself stroke him on the head or back, he was sure to make the blood spring from their fingers. He seemed to take a very great delight in pecking the heels of barefooted youths. The more terrified they were, the more did his joy seem to increase. Even the heels of my pointers, when he was in his merry mood, did not escape his art of ingeniously tormenting. His memory was astonishing. One Monday morning, after being satiated with food, he picked up a mole which was lying in the orchard, and hopped with it into the garden. I kept out of his sight, as he seldom concealed any thing when he thought you observed him. He covered it so nicely with earth that, after the most diligent search, I could not discover where he had put it. As his wings had been cut to prevent him from flying over the wall into the garden, he made many a fruitless attempt during the week to get in at the door. On Saturday evening, however, it having been left open, I saw him hop to the very spot where the mole had been so long hid, and, to my surprise, he came out with it in the twinkling of an eye."—*Ibid.*

TASTE FOR SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.—A mind which has once imbibed a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learnt the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplations; one would think that Shakspeare had such a mind in view when he described a contemplative man as finding—

> Tongues in trees—books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones—and good in everything.

Accustomed to trace the operation of general causes, and the exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and uninquiring eye perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he walks in the midst of wonders; every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction, and impresses him with a sense of harmony and order. Nor is it a mere passive pleasure which is thus communicated. A thousand subjects of inquiry are continually arising in his mind, which keep his faculties in constant exercise, and his thoughts perpetually on the wing, so that lassitude is excluded from his life, and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of mind, which lead so many into frivolous, unworthy, and destructive pursuits, is altogether eradicated from his bosom.

It is not one of the least advantages of these pursuits, which, however, they possess in common with every class of intellectual pleasures, that they are altogether independent of external circumstances, and are to be enjoyed in every situation in which a man can be placed in life. The highest degrees of worldly prosperity are so far from being incompatible with them, that they supply additional advantages for their pursuit, and that sort of fresh and renewed relish which arises partly from the sense of contrast, partly from experience of the peculiar pre-eminence which they possess over the pleasures of sense in their capability of unlimited increase and continual repetition, without satiety and distaste. They may be enjoyed, too, in the intervals of the most active business; and the calm and dispassionate interest with which they fill the mind, renders them a most delightful retreat from the agitations and dissensions of the world, and from the conflict of passions, prejudices, and interests, in which the man of business finds himself continually involved.—*Sir John Herschel.*

JEWS IN POLAND.—A Polish inn tenanted by a Jewish family exhibits a most curious picture to the eyes of an intelligent observer. It is frequently a miserable hovel with a kind of large barn communicating with it, and serving as a stable and a yard for different kinds of vehicles. The habitation itself consists of a large room for the customers, and a small one for the family: this last is crowded to excess, and frequently exhibits the most extraordinary assemblage of contents; among which piles of feather-beds are conspicuous, but so dirty, and exhaling such an offensive smell, that no traveller, however fatigued by his journey, will be tempted to repose on them his wearied limbs, in spite of the softness of the couch. Many families frequently crowd into the same room, which is often divided into several compartments, not by any kind of screens, but by mere lines drawn with chalk on the ground-floor. The company is sometimes increased, particularly in cold weather, by a pet calf lying near the fire-place, and by geese cackling in baskets placed under the wooden benches, which represent chairs and sofas in the miserable abode. It may easily be imagined what kind of harmony is produced by the discordant sounds of these noisy inmates, joined with the cries of children and the scolding of women. Yet this apparent wretchedness often covers considerable wealth; and the rough wooden cupboards, which form a part of the furniture of the room we have described, sometimes contain gold chains, silver plate, rich female ornaments studded with pearls and precious stones, and, more than all, bonds for large sums, lent on the most usurious terms.—*British and Foreign Review.*

SKILL OF SPIDERS.—Of all the beautiful discoveries with which we have become acquainted through the progress of the physical sciences, there are none more striking than those of the microscope, or which may be studied with greater ease. The application of a powerful lens to any of those minute objects which we have it daily in our power to examine, exhibits a scene of wonder, of which those who have never witnessed it cannot form an adequate idea.

For example: the construction of cobwebs has in all ages been lightly esteemed; nevertheless, for simplicity of machinery and neatness of execution, they cannot be surpased by the art of man. The spinners are the apparatus through which by a most wonderful process the spider draws its thread. Each spinner is pierced, like the plate of a wire-drawer, with a multitude of holes, so numerously and exquisitely fine, that a space often not bigger than a pin's point includes above a thousand. Through each of these holes proceeds a thread of an inconceivable tenuity, which, immediately after issuing from the orifice, unites with all the other threads, from the same spinner, into one. Hence from each spinner proceeds a compound thread; and these four threads, at the distance of about one-tenth of an inch from the apex of the spinner, again unite, and form the thread which we are accustomed to see, which the spider uses in forming its web. Thus a spider's web, even spun by the smallest species, and when so fine as to be almost imperceptible to our senses, is not, as we suppose, a single line, but a rope composed of at least four thousand strands. But to feel all the wonders of this fact, we must follow Lenwenhoeck in one of his calculations on the subject. This renowned microscopic observer found, by an accurate estimation, that the threads of the minutest spiders, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine that four millions of them would not exceed in thickness one of the hairs of his beard. Now we know that each of these threads is composed of above four thousand still finer. It follows, therefore, that above sixteen thousand millions of the finest threads which issue from such spiders, are not, altogether, thicker than a human hair.

In the earlier part of last century, Bon, of Languedoc, fabricated a pair of stockings, and a pair of gloves, from the threads of spiders: they were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful gray colour.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, 1838.

We have selected from our late files the most interesting items of intelligence. The recent indications of rebellious feeling on the Canadian frontier is we fear an omen of further commotion during the winter. The departure of Lord Durham, before his plans for pacification could be matured is much to be regretted; his talents and influence would have had great weight in checking the growth of rebellion, and reconciling the turbulent factions at present existing in the Canadas. We have strong hopes, however, from the decisive nature of Sir John Colborne's character, who it is rumoured, will succeed Lord Durham in the administration of the government, that prompt and active measures will be taken to prevent a repetition of the melancholy tragedy acted in Canada during the last winter.

The New York Commercial, in a postscript of a letter from Quebec, dated Sept. 22, gives the substance of a conversation between Lord Durham, and the delegates from the lower provinces, which, we regret, our limits will not permit us to extract. His Lordship spoke in an impressive manner for some ten minutes, explaining his sentiments more fully than he had done in his written answer. He expressed the strong hopes he had entertained, before party-spirit interposed her withering hand, of bringing to maturity those plans he had adopted for the benefit of each province, and strengthening the bonds of the whole.

His Lordship remarked that the Canadas were but imperfectly known in Great Britain, that since he had become acquainted with the resources of that vast country, and with a portion of its inhabitants, his views respecting it were greatly changed; and that in every situation in which he might be placed, his best wishes should be for its prosperity. In allusion to the opposition he had received from the Lords, he was compelled to say *that he had been put down—sacrificed by his friends*—and that it was the duty of ministers to support him, and not join with his bitter foes in striking at his head. Here his Lordship became greatly affected, and retired for a few minutes. Returning, he concluded, by remarking that as he was deprived of all ability to do good for Canada, it would be of no use for him to remain longer in the country—*and he should leave it as soon as he received the official account of the parliamentary doings.* It was his intention to be on his way for England by the 10th of October.

BOSTON, *September* 29.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The steam-ship Great Western, arrived at New York, on Monday evening last, having made her passage, although experiencing very severe weather, in 16 days; bringing the great number of 143 cabin passengers! All her births, 130 in number, were engaged before she arrived out. The London Times says, "So numerous were the applications, and of course the number disappointed, that premiums of twenty guineas were offered and would have been given for berths on the first refusal of vacancies from parties who by any accident might be prevented from going."

The Great Western made her passage out in 13½ days. The Royal William, in 14½. She was to leave Liverpool, on the 20th inst. and may be shortly expected here.

Upon the eighty-seven passengers home, and the 130 out, at 40 guineas passage money per head in the saloon, and 35 guineas cabin, each way, the Directors of the Great Western will have received, therefore, upwards of £8,000 exclusive of the benefit derived from the conveyance of goods, of which the Great Western brought from New York, to the extent of about 200 tons measurement.

By this arrival, papers to the 7th inst. from London and Liverpool, and to the 8th from Bristol, are received. The most cheering intelligence is furnished from various sections of the country that the weather for harvesting, has been beautiful, and that nearly, if not quite, an average crop of grain may be expected. The speculators in bread stuffs we hope have now received an irrecoverable damper to their ungenerous and onerous enterprise.

The New York Journal of Commerce, in speaking of the effect of this news on the market, says:—"The best brands of Ohio, and good brands of Gennesee Flour, are offered at $9, and several hundred barrels have been sold. The decline from the highest price is fully 50 cents; Corn has fallen back to 100c.; Rye 100 a 112c."

Messrs. Curling and Young, of Limehouse, the builders of the British Queen, have begun a steam-ship of 2000 tons; being 400 tons more than the British Queen; she is not to be so long as that vessel, but much wider.

The King and Queen of Belgium arrived at Ramsgate on the 4th of September, and were received at the pier by the Duke of Wellington and a deputation from the inhabitants; they left Ramsgate the next morning for Windsor.

OBITUARY.—The London papers announce the death of Sir John Nicoll, the distinguished Admiralty judge, at a very advanced age; of Sir William Maxwell, formerly colonel of the 29th regt. of foot; of General Onslow; and of the Earl of Annesley.—Also of Dr. Barnes, an eminent professor at Cambridge, aged 93. He was considered one of the best living Greek scholars.

Money in London was 2¾ on the very first bills, and discounting had been extensive.

There is no material change in the price of cotton.

H. M. Packet Reindeer, arrived at Falmouth Sept. 5th, and the Hope packet from Rio Janeiro on the same day, with $750,000 in specie.

The manufactory of C. Macintosh & Co. at Manchester, was destroyed by fire August 25th, and five men perished in the flames. Loss of property £20,000, Insurance £5000.

BRISTOL, Sept. 8.—*State of Trade.—Leeds*—The demand in both halls for cloths is stationary, owing chiefly to the small stock of black cloth on hand. Great activity prevails in the warehouses.

Claims on the Portuguese Government.—A commission is, we understand, about to be appointed to sit in London for the examination and settlement of all the outstanding claims against the Portuguese government.

Naval Prospects.—It is reported that brevet rank will very shortly be introduced into the navy—that the power heretofore used by the Board of Admiralty, of striking officers off the list (without any investigation into the nature or merits of the charges brought against them), is to be annulled, and that officers wishing to retire from the service will be permitted to do so in the same

manner as now practised in the army—viz. by the sale of their commissions. These advantages have been frequently urged by Sir Edward Codrington in his repeated appeals to Parliament, and not any to good feeling in their favour on the part of the lords of the admiralty.

The Great Western brought out 6750 letters.

THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIAL ASSOCIATION'S APPROBATION OF LORD DURHAM'S MEASURES.

The North American Colonial Association in London have passed the following resolutions :—

"*Office of the North American Colonial Association*, 14, *Leadenhall-street*, *Aug* 14, 1838.

"At a meeting of committee held this day, Alexander Gillespie, jun., Esq., in the chair.

"*It was unanimously resolved*,—That it is within the knowledge of this committee that very great dissatisfaction prevails amongst the loyal inhabitants of Upper and Lower Canada at the lenial treatment experienced by rebels and brigands, taken with arms in their hands, and by others notoriously implicated in the late insurrection in those provinces.

"That without entering into the question of how far the Earl of Durham may have exceeded the powers granted to him by the Imperial Parliament, this committee feel bound to state their conviction, and which coincides with that of their correspondents in Canada, that his Excellency has been actuated in all his proceedings by a sincere desire to promote the peace and permanent welfare of the Canadas.

"That this committee cannot, therefore, but regard the discussions which have lately been raised in Parliament as tending to destroy British power and influence in the colony, by encouraging the disaffected, and disheartening the loyal ; and they and their constituents having much property in jeopardy in the Canadas, they owe it to themselves, and as loyal subjects they owe it to her majesty the Queen, most solemnly to declare their serious apprehensions that these proceedings are calculated to retard the pacification, if, indeed, they do not lead to the loss of these valuable appendages of the British Crown.

"That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the Chairman, be immediately transmitted to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, the Right Hon. Lord Glenelg, the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P., and the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M. P.

Alexander Gillespie, jun. Chairman."

FRANCE.—It appears that the Diet of Switzerland has refused to expel Louis Bonaparte, but a proposition was offered and strongly supported in the Diet, that the State of Thurgovia, (in which he resides, should charge itself with the duty of requiring from him a disavowal of his pretension as a French citizen, and a promise that he would never put forth such claim. This proposition was to be determined on the 10th of September, and if carried, it was believed that it would satisfy the French government. Nevertheless, a despatch from Count Mole to the Duke of Montebello, had been communicated to the Swiss Vorort, in which the Duke was ordered to demand his passports if Switzerland should refuse to expel the Prince.

SPAIN.—The advices from this unhappy kingdom are disastrous for the Queen. General Oraa had been defeated with great loss, in his attack upon Morella, and it was supposed that Valencia would fall into the hands of the Carlists, in consequence. Great consternation prevailed at Madrid. Oraa was to be tried by a Court Martial, and Generals Latre and Naravez would succeed him in command.

Accounts from Greece, represent the affairs of that kingdom to be going from bad to worse, Otho had gone to Roumelia, to quell some disturbance.

No news of importance from Portugal.

The Emperor of Russia is said to be travelling through Bavaria, under the assumed name of Count Adlersberg. The German papers contain a new Ukase forbidding the Poles to wear their new costume, and commanding them to assume the Russian.

The Augsburg Gazette, which is deemed good authority, affirms that Russia will take sides with Turkey against the Pacha of Egypt, should he attempt to establish his independence of the Sultan.

There was a dreadful storm in the neighborhood of Smyrna, July 27th. No less than 130 bodies of shipwrecked seamen were found on the shores of the Bosphorus.

The Transatlantic Steam company advertise that they have rechartered the steamship Royal William and purchased the new steamship Liverpool for the navigation to New York. The former will sail on the 20th of this month, and the latter on the 20th of October. We may therefore count on steam communication with Europe throughout the winter, of which there was before some doubt ; indeed the navigation of the Atlantic by steam may now be considered permanently established.

Sailing of the Expedition against Mexico.—Telegraphic Dispatch.—BREST, Sept. 1.—The Nereide frigate, the Creole corvette and the Cuirassier brig, commanded respectively by Captains Turpin, his Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville, and Count de Gourdon, sailed from Brest harbor on the 1st of September. Admiral Baudin has hoisted his flag on board the Nereide. He proceeds in the first instance to Cadiz, where he will be joined by the Gloire and Medee frigates. The squadron will proceed thence to Mexico, where the Admiral will take the command in chief of the naval force employed in the blockade of the ports of that republic.

MONTREAL, SEPT. 25.

Assuming with regret that the departure of His Excellency the Earl of Durham is fixed, and will, in all probability, be delayed *no longer than to put him in possession of any despatches or communications* that may now be on the Atlantic, on board the Great Western ; we cannot but consider it likely that this may hasten the crisis which, whether he stays or goes, is not far distant.

We mentioned in our last number that the nature of the communications which reach us from different points of the country indicate very clearly the intention of an insurrectionary movement. The American papers, as if what had hitherto been conducted in secresy was now complete and needed no more concealment, tell us plainly that a secret organization exists throughout the whole Provinces, the members of which are pledged to rise simultaneously. They tell us that large quantities of arms are deposited close upon the frontier, for the purpose of arming the insurgents—and the *Burlington Sentinel* of the 20th inst. after giving this information says :

"Let them only make a rally and keep a position *on their own ground*, and men, money, arms and ammunition will not be wanting."

Now, whether preparation exists, on the scale pretended, or not, this at least goes to intimate the spirit that pervades the American neutrality. For if those had been made in the sincerity for which they appear to have gained credit, no such depots of arms, nor any assemblage of rebels within the American frontiers, as stated, could possibly be continued unknown to the vigilant authorities.

We regret to observe that the indications of a spirit of discontent in Upper Canada, are not to be mistaken. We think them more serious than the reviving spirit of rebellion in the Lower Province. The curtain has risen already, and the first act of the tragic piece so long in preparation stands revealed to all who dare to look upon it ; who do not wilfully avert their eyes. A convoy of arms, destined for the ready insurgents, has passed the lines ; consisting of swords, muskets, and some pieces of brass cannon. These have fallen into the hands of the loyal and vigilant Missisquoi volunteers.

Lieut. Gifford, of the Medea, Steamer, arrived this forenoon with Despatches to His Excellency the Commander in Chief from Quebec. He left Quebec in the Medea on Saturday evening last and landed yesterday afternoon at Pictou. We learn by him that the Inconstant and Andromache were to sail in a day or two for Pictou or this place, for the purpose of conveying either the 23d or 93d Regiment, now in this Garrison, to Quebec. This requisition for Troops, we understand, has been made in consequence of some suspicious movements on the American frontier near Upper Canada. His Excellency Sir George Arthur had arrived at Quebec from Toronto, for the purpose of consulting with His Excellency the Earl of Durham on the measures necessary to be adopted for the defence of the Province over which he presides.—*Gazette.*

Letters were received by the Mail yesterday from Quebec, stating that Lt. Gen. Sir John Colborne has received a very flattering Letter from Her Majesty's Government, requesting him to remain in Canada as Commander in Chief of the Troops.—*Gazette.*

FIRE AT BEAR COVE.—At about one o'clock on Tuesday morning, a large barn, about six tons of hay, oats, straw, pigs, poultry, farming utensils, etc. the property of Wm. Johnson of Bear Cove, were destroyed by fire. This loss of property, particularly severe to a poor man at the near approach of winter, is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Had the wind been in an other quarter the dwelling house would have also been destroyed.—*Nov.*

DISPATCH !—The Ship Superb, 500 Tons, Captain Hamilton, performed her voyage from the Bay de Chaleur to Greenock and back again in the short space of SEVENTY-TWO DAYS, and during her stay at Greenock was put into Dock, caulked and coppered.—IBID.

The departure of the 93d Regiment from Halifax will be much regretted. It would be difficult to imagine a finer body of men.—IB.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The Session of the Institute will open on the first Wednesday in November. *Admission Tickets* for the session, 7s.6d. each, may be had at Messrs. McKinlay's Stationary store, where also the *list of members* remain, for additional signatures. Twelve Lectures, from the opening, have been arranged by the committee, and are subjoined for public information :

November 7, Introductory address, W. Young, Esq. 14th, The Brain, Doctor Grigor. 21st, Phrenology, Mr. Donald. 28th, do. do. Dec. 5, Mr. Geo. R. Young. 12th, Creation, Rev. Mr. Churchill. 19th, Sculpture, Mr. P. Lynch, junr. 26th, Biography, Mr. W. Hoffman. Jany. 2d, Chemistry, Mr. A. McKinlay. 9th, do. do. 16th, Chemistry, Dr. Sawers. 23rd. Hydrostatics, Mr. A. McKenzie. 30th, do. do.

Besides these, Lectures from the following gentlemen, and others, may be expected during the session :

Messrs. G. L O'Brien,—James Forman, jun.—Dr. Teulon,—Rev. Mr. Taylor.—Rev. Mr. McIntosh.—*Ib.*

PASSENGERS—In the ship Halifax, from Liverpool, Mr Solomon, and 2 in the steerage.——In the Transcendant from St John's, N F. Mr Tidmarsh.——In the Planet, Mr and Mrs Donaldson and Mr Taylor.——In the Emily, Mr J. Salter.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Archdeacon Willis, Mr James W. Imlay, to Miss Lucy Catharine Heckman, both of this town.

At Sherbrooke, St. Mary's River, on the 3d October, by the Rev John Campbell, Benjamin H. Knodel, to Mrs. Hannah Mullman.

DIED,

Yesterday evening, after a protracted and severe illness, which he bore with truly christian fortitude and resignation, Capt. James Fulerton, in the 84th year of his age. Capt Fulerton was amongst the first born native inhabitants of this Town; and throughout a long life of usefulness maintained a character conspicuous for the strictest honor and integrity, and also those religions and social virtures which render man respected, endear him to his relations and friends, and cause his loss to be the more deeply felt and regretted. The funeral will take place on Sunday next, at one o'clock, from his late residence, Irish Town, when the friends and acquaintance are requested to attend.

At Waterloo Farm, Truro Road, on the 29th Sept. after eight days illness, in the fifth year of his age, Christopher James King, youngest son of Michael King.

On Friday afternoon, in the 60th year of his age, John Clark, Esq. an old and respectable merchant of this town.

Sunday morning, in the 26th year of his age, after a severe illness, Mr. *George McAgy*, deeply lamented by all who knew him.

Sunday afternoon, Peter McEwen, Turner, a native of Edinburgh in the 31st year of his age.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Saturday October 9th—Brigt. Emily, Barron, Kingston, Jam. 26 days—ballast; Orion, Murphy, St. John's, NF, 6 days—dry fish to J. & T. Williamson; Victory, Ernest, Montego Bay, 34 days—rum, pimento, and hides to J. Allison & Co.; schr. Breeze, Gosbe, Magdalen Islands, 5 days—dry fish and oil to D. & E. Starr & Co.; Myrtle and Enterprise, Yarmouth—fish.

Sunday 10th—schr. Vernon, Cunningham, Kingston, 27 days—ballast and rum to J. U. Ross; brig Ambassador, Clark, Demerara, 22 days—ballast to D. & E. Starr and Co.—brig B. K. Reece sailed same day for Barbadoes; left Daphne, Young, to sail in 10 days; Sophia, Johnston in 3 weeks; Packet ship Halifax, Cleary, Liverpool, G, B. 50 days—general cargo, to W. A. Black and Son and others; Victoria, Crocket, Sydney—coals; schr. Transcendant, Kimble, St. John's NF. 11 days—dry fish to D. & E. Starr & Co; returned from sea schr. Industry, Simpson, bound to Boston, having sprung her foremast.

Monday 8th—Schrs. Trial, St. Mary's; Industry, and Elizabeth, Argyle—fish; Am. brigt. Magnolia, Stone, Pictou—coals, bound to Boston, leaky and in want of men.

Tuesday 9th—Schr. Richard Smith, Langlois, Quebec; 14 days, and Gaspe, 9 days, salmon, butter, and dry fish, to Fairbanks and Allison, and Creighton and Grassie.

Wednesday, 10th—schr Uniacke, Landry, Pictou via Arichat, 5 days—coal, bound to Boston,—reports barque Louisa of Halifax at Arichat discharging salt; Schrs. Jane, Wilson, St. John's NF., 12 days, dry fish to G. P. Lawson; Swift, Prospect, Herrings.

Thursday, 11th—schr Robust, McCallum, Miramichi, 7 days—lumber, to J & M Tobin; Trial, Robson, Burin, NF. 9 days—fish, to W M Allan; Gentleman, Sydney, coal; Queen Charlotte, Burin, fish,—Passenger, Mr. T. Wellner. Adelle, Wilson, Burin, 11 days, fish; Master Jno. Wyman, Guysborough, 30 hours.

Friday, 12th—brigt Sir Colin Campbell, Robertson, Dublin, 39 days, bound to St. John, NB.—2 passengers.

CLEARED.

Friday, 5th—schr. Hero P. E. Island; Isabella, Marton, Oderin—lumber and shingles by W. B. Hamilton; Restigouche Packet, Arbour, Arisaig and Restigouche—tobacco by J. & M. Tobin; Am schr Ellen, Harding, Chatham. U. S.— gypsum and old copper by D. & E. Starr & Co; 9th, Mary, Pictou; Angelique, P. E. Island; Nile, Vaughan St. John, NB.—assorted cargo by S. S. B. Smith, A. Keith and others; Planet, Harriot, West Indies—do by W. Donaldson; Shannon, Boudrot, Montreal—do by S. Binney and others. 9th—Barque John Porter, Crowder, Barbadoes—*shingles and staves*, by Fairbanks & McNab; brig Nancy, Bichan, B. W. Indies—fish by J. Strachan. 10th—Schrs. Woodlands, Johnston, Philadelphia—fish, &c. by J. H. Braine; Margaret, Darrell, Savannah La Mar— do, by J. L. Starr. Mary, Gerrior, P E Island, general cargo; Favourite, Helm, St Andrews, coal and butter, by master; Wm Walker, Transcomb, St Andrews, coal, by the master; Prudent, Billingsby, Quebec, oil, etc by S Binney; Waterloo, Easan, Miramichi, rum, by W M Allan, D & E Starr and others.

MEMORANDA.

Brig Jennett, Grant, of St Stephens, from Barbadoes bound to Pictou, put into Arichat 27th ult in distress, having been hove on her beam ends in a hurricane on 4th ult, lat 37, long 65, had to cut away the mainways.

Schr Barbara, Gaivie, was to leave New York 3rd ult for Halifax; Liverpool, G B, 6th ult, advertised Ship Brenda, Simpson, do ; brig Tory's Wife, Kelly, do, Yarmouth; Deal, 2d, sailed, George McLeod, Robinson, Halifax ; Dundee, 24th August; arrived Ship Dorothey, Keiller hence; Maryport 25th, Lady Douglass, Yarmouth; Hahie, St. Lawrence, Mermaid, London.

STANZAS.

I will not regret, for my heart's full of glee,
Tho' the world in its coldness is frowning on me,
I've the light of thy smile—
And while all my own is that bright sunny ray,
The world and its scorn it will more than repay,
And all its sorrow beguile.

He said he would woo me with wealth and with power,
With the richest of beautiful gems for my dower,
Did he speak to my heart?
In the proud scenes of splendour does happiness dwell—
Willgold e'er repay the pure feelings we sell,
When from Truth we depart?

Of affection he spoke not in wooing me so,
Did he think that for riches my heart I'd bestow,
Unheeding thy sigh!
No, give me a home with a sweet loving hearth,
An affectionate smile, and my life will be mirth,
There I'll live and I'll die!

Then regret not, my own, that you won me to part
From the home of my childhood, the friends of my heart,
Ah! do not regret!
No clouds can o'ershade me with thee by my side,
Still blest as when blushing I knelt as thy bride,
I worship thee yet!

AN OLD BACHELOR'S DIARY.

At 16 years, incipient palpitations toward the young ladies.

17, Blushing and confusion in conversing with them.

18, Confidence in conversing with them much increased.

19, Angry, if treated by them as a boy.

20, Very conscious of his own claims and manliness.

21, A looking glass indispensible in his room to admire himself.

22, Insufferable puppyism.

23, Thinks no woman good enough for him.

24, Caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.

25, The connection broken off, from self-conceit on his part.

26, Conducts himself with much superiority toward her.

27, Pays his addresses to another lady, not without the hope of mortifying the first.

28, Mortified and frantic at being refused.

29, Rails against the fair sex in general.

30, Morose and out of humor in all conversations on matrimony.

31, Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.

32, Considers personal beauty in a wife not so indispensible as formerly.

33, Still retains a high opinion of his attractions as a husband.

34, Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a chicken.

35, Falls deeply in love with one of seventeen.

36, Au dernier desespoir—another refusal.

37, Indulges in every kind of dissipation.

38, Shuns the best part of the female sex.

39, Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing.

40, A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas, but no Spring shoots.

41, A nice young widow perplexes him.

42, Ventures to address her with raised sensations of love.

43, Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection.

44, The widow jilts him, being cautious as himself.

45, Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.

46, Becomes gouty, and nervous symptoms begin to appear.

47, Fears what may become of him when old and infirm.

48, Thinks living alone irksome.

49, Resolves to have a prudent young woman as housekeeper and companion.

50, A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.

51, Much pleased with his new housekeeper as nurse.

52, Begins to feel some attachment to her.

53, His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her,

54, Is in great distress how to act.

55, Completely under her influence, and very miserable.

56, Many painful thoughts about parting with her.

57, She refuses to live with him any longer solo.

58, Gouty, nervous, and billious to excess.

59, Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and intends espousing her.

60, Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favor, and makes his exit.

An envious old Lady.—There is a rich old woman, who resides in Hartford County, Md., who has a most unhappy disposition. On one occasion she was heard to say that she begrudged poor people the itch, as it seemed to afford them so much satisfaction to scratch themselves.

If and his Progeny.—If every one were honest, we need not lock the doors.

If everybody would mind just his own business, there would be more business done.

If we talk less about other people, other people would talk less about us.

If there were fewer novels in the world, there would be fewer numscullls.

If the mistress would scold less she would have less need of scolding.

If you often charge servants with lying, they will soon become liars, if they are not so already.

If students would read less, and think more, there would be a large number of really great men in our community.

If my child were to be a shoe-black all his life, I'd give him a classical education.

If young ladies now-a-days did not become women at thirteen, men would have better wives.

If you want to get rich, work hard and spend little.

If you want to render your husband unhappy, blame him for everything he does, *right or wrong*; scold him for doing this or that, before you know whether he did it.—*Western Luminary.*

Thames Water.—"Did you ever drink any Thames water, squire? said the Clockmaker; because it is one of the greatest nateral curiosities in the world. When I returned from Poland, in the hair spekelation, I sailed from London, and we had Thames water on board. Says I to the captain, says I, I guess you want to pyson us, don't you, with that are nasty, dirty, horrid stuff? how can you think o' takin' such water as that? Why, says he, Mr. Slick, it does make the best water in the warld—that's a fact; yes, and the best porter too;—it farments, works off the scum, clarifies itself, and beats all natur';—and yet look at all them are sewers, and drains, and dye stuffs, and factory-wash, and onmentionables that are poured into it;—it beats the bugs, don't it? Well, squire, our great country is like that are Thames water,—it does receive the outpourin's of the world,—homicides and regicides, jail-birds and galley-birds,—poorhouse chaps and workhouse chaps,—rebels, infidels, and forgers,—rogues of all sorts, sizes, and degrees,—but it farments, you see, and works clear; and what a 'most a beautiful clear stream o' democracy it does make,—don't it? Not hot enough for fog, nor cold enough for ice nor limey enough to fur up the bylers, nor too hard to wash clean, nor raw enough to chop the skin,—but gist the thing; that's a fact."—*Sam Slick.*

An Advertisment.—It will be perceived that we have a little advertising patronage, if the reader cast his eye below. We have inserted this advertisement gratis. We have only taken it on trial. Should we find it convenient to put more of them into our columns, we shall charge the usual rates.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!!!

Doctor Hugpurse, from Paris, where he has performed over one thousand cures, and snatched an infinite number of his fellow-creatures from the brink of the grave, begs most respectfully to state to the citizens of Boston and vicinity that he has for sale a small quantity of his

DISEASE-DESTROYING PILLS!!!!!

These pills are about the size of a large pea, of a beautiful green color, and perfectly safe, as they contain not a particle of

MERCURY!!!

Three of them should be taken fasting, early in the morning. Nothing should be eaten for two weeks after the pill have been received into the stomach, as the least article of food within that period might prove fatal. After taking this very

VALUABLE AND SAFE MEDICINE,

should symptoms of lock-jaw, inflammation of the brain or enlargement of the heart follow, recourse should immediately be had to Dr. Hugpurse's

IMPERIAL LIFE-PRESERVING POWDERS,

which have been known, in a number of instances, to wrest persons in the last stage of disease from the silent grave. These powders are perfectly safe, but great care must be taken to keep the feet dry and warm for five months after taking them, for which purpose, Dr. Hugpurse's

IMPERIAL MOCCASINS!!!

will be found an indepensible reqnisite. Thousands of persons perish annually, for want of these moccasins. They are a rare and beautiful article, and may be had at the sign of the Ensnared Pigeon, where are to be sold more than three hundred medicines, all of which are indispensible to the preservation of human life, and to be without which is, in the head of a family, a crime little short of murder.—*Eglantine.*

An Alligator Team.—The captain of a steamboat, engaged in the Red River trade, has informed us—although we are inclined to think he was joking—that a wealthy individual, up that way, has tamed and trained a couple of alligators so that they will swim in harness, and haw and gee about as regular as oxen. So well, indeed, have they been broken, that their owner frequently tackles them up, hitches them to a "dug out," and cruises about the bayous and ponds, when the water is too high to admit of his going on horseback. On a late occasion, while sailing along quietly, under the banks of a bayou, with his "critters," harnessed abreast, he was seen by a hunter who sang out,

"I say, there! hallo! drap your dug out astern, and give me a chance to plug one of them varmints."

"Don't shoot this way—take care, don't you see I'm after them?" said the owner as the backwoods-man levelled his rifle.

"I see you're *after* 'em, and you'll see a ball follerin' on the same trail in less than two minutes. Look out for yourself, stranger; here goes for a crack at the varmint, this way."

"Stop! hold up your rifle. That's my team that you are aiming at. Look at the harness, there, just on the top of the water. They are hitched to the canoe, and I am on a little jaunt out back, to look at, and enter some lands."

"Well, I declar'!" said the old hunter, "if that don't beat all the doin's I've heer'd on way in the thick settlements. I reckon you understand animal magnetism, as they call it, a few."

"I understand training alligators."

"Well, you can pass—hope you'll have a pleasant excarsion."

The man now stirred up his team, and was soon under way, at a rate which would leave a common high pressure steamboat out of sight in no time.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Italian Gesticulation.—When Italians converse, it is not the tongue alone that has full occupation; their words are sure to have an instrumental accompaniment, in the gestures of their bodies. You never see, among them, two gentlemen standing bolt upright, one with his hands behind his back, and the other leaning on his umbrella, while they resolve to oppose a bill in Parliament, or to file one in Chancery, or determine to protest one in the city. You never see an orator, sacred or profane, screwed down in the middle of his pulpit, or wedged between the benches of his court, or holding hard on the front of his hustings, as though afraid of being run away with by honourable pillory, and pouring forth impassioned eloquence, with a statue-like stillness of limbs, unless the right arm escape, to move up and down with the regularity of a pump-handle, or inflict, from time to time, a clenching blow upon the subjacent boards. No, it is not so in Italy. Let two friends sit down to solace themselves at the door of a *cafe*, in the cool of a summer's evening, or let them walk together along the noisy street of Toledo, at Naples; let their conversation be upon the merest trifle, the present opera, the last festival, or the next marriage, and each speaker, as he utters his opinion in flowing, musical sounds, will be seen to move his fingers, his hands, and his entire body, with a variety of gestures, attuned in perfect cadence to the emphasis of his words.—*Dublin Review.*

American Springs.—"There a strong similarity between the native and his climate; the one is without youth, and the other without spring, and both exhibit the effects of losing that preparatory season. *Cultivation is wanting.* Neither the mind nor the soil is properly prepared. *There is no time.* The farmer is compelled to hurry through all his field operations as he best can, so as to commit his grain to the ground in time to insure a crop. Much is unavoidably omitted that ought to be done, and all is performed in a careless and slovenly manner. The same haste is observable in education, and is attended with similar effects; a boy is hurried to school, from school to a profession, and from thence is sent forth into the world before his mind has been duly disciplined or properly cultivated. When I found Mr. Slick at Windsor, I expressed my regret to him that we could not have met earlier in the season; but really, said I, they appear to have no spring in this country. Well, I don't know, said he; I never see'd it in that light afore; I was athinkin' we might stump the whole universal world for climate. It's generally allowed, our climate in America can't be no better. The spring may be a little short or so, but then it is added to t'other eend, and makes amost an everlastin' fine autumn. Where will you ditto our fall? It whips English weather by a long chalk, none of your hangin', shootin', drownin', throat-cuttin' weather, but a clear sky and a good breeze, rael cheerfulsome. That, said I, is evading the question; I was speaking of the shortness of spring, and not of the comparative merit of your autumn, which I am ready to admit is a very charming portion of the year in America."—*Sam Slick, Second Series.*

Women.—Women are like the sea, which is always changing, yet remains at the same temperature; while men, like the earth, though externally unmoved, fluctuate between heat and cold.

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