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Emily Linwood,

OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. P.

(Continued from page 134.)

CHAPTER X.

The first summer month had arrived, bearing with it gracious gifts of fruit and flowers,—but June's roses, peeping into the latticed windows of Emily's chamber, failed to encounter the admiring gaze of its fair occupant,—for Mrs. Derwent's health having rapidly and alarmingly failed within the last few months, the invigorating effects of the sea-breeze have been prescribed,—and accompanied by Edward, together with Emily and her brother, she is now journeying towards a neighbouring watering-place. After a few days somewhat tedious travelling, they arrived at the place in question, and as the weary horses were driving slowly through the principal street, an elegant carriage passed them rapidly by. Emily, whose glance was turned in a contrary direction, would have passed it unobserved, had not George's exclamation of "Emily! Emily! I am sure that is Mr. Percy!" arrested her attention. She turned, but only in time to see the cloud of dust, which the carriage had raised, half overwhelming some poor pedestrians. "He was seated inside," continued George, "but the window was open, and I saw him with

his head resting on his hand. I do not think he noticed us, for he did not look up.' Fortunately for Emily,—who, however much she might have relished the discourse in private, intuitively felt that it was one which her cousin, who was seated opposite her, very silent all the while, could not or would not appreciate,—a sudden turn in the road gave them, abruptly and unexpectedly, a glorious view of the sea; and George's attention being arrested by this, to him, unwonted spectacle, his friend was for a time forgotten.

"What a beautiful night!" said Edward, some hours after, as, tolerably recruited by a comfortable repast, they stood gazing out on the wide expanse of ocean; for the apartments which they occupied were contiguous to the sea. "Clear, soft, and starlight," he continued. "Emily, what say you to a ramble on the beach? My mother, I know, is too much fatigued to accompany us, but you, Emily, with youth and health in your favour, can plead no such excuse."

"You must forgive me for declining, Edward," was the reply; "but, indeed, I am too much fatigued to be able to appreciate a ramble,—and you are so enthusiastic an admirer of the wild waves, that if, while gazing on them, my weariness should cause me to regard them rather indifferently, you would, I am afraid, consider it as a want of taste, or something of that sort."

"I never knew a woman who could not assign some reason—not always satisfactory, however, for non-compliance with a reason—

able request," Edward retorted, in a slightly dissatisfied tone, for he was really disappointed.

"But I am sure, cousin," said Emily, playfully, "mine must be highly satisfactory, for it is no less than fear of losing a place in your esteem."

"Ah, Emily,"—and the low, deep tones of the speaker seemed to imply more than his words—"you know it would be impossible to do that."

At an early hour Emily retired to her chamber, but not to rest. Weary with the noise and bustle of the journey—with the succession of new scenes, which, for the past few days, had been constantly before her, she was glad to obtain a few moments of mental quiet,—and seating herself at the window, she gazed, in a meditative mood, on the placid waves which, as far as her eye could discern, appeared to encircle the dwelling. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night, save the ripple of the waves as they kissed the pebbly beach, and the dash of the oar that bespoke the return of some belated boatmen. For a time, her reflections were such as would naturally arise in a contemplative mind, when viewing, for the first time, amid the stillness of night, the ocean spread out, dim and uncertain as the future, over whose boundary, darkness had wrapped its curtain of mystery—but at length thought, the truant, drew nearer home. The events of the past few days arose in rapid succession, and blended with them all was one suspicion, which afforded her no little uneasiness, if not positive pain. In a new light, had been gradually dawning upon her, the constant and thoughtful attentions of her cousin; and from several sentences that had lately, inadvertently, fallen from his lips, she feared that he was cherishing hopes which could never be realized. It was in vain that she endeavoured to persuade herself it was only imagination; circumstance after circumstance, which had passed at the time unregarded, now came forward with its evidence,—evidence too clear to be set aside.

"How foolish in him," she inwardly ejaculated; "he ought certainly to know I could never be his."

"But why not?" asked her heart; "have you anything against him?"

"Nothing, nothing—he is all that could be wished."

"Then why not?" again persisted the interrogator.

"Because—because—" But Emily could not or would not answer the question; and it might have remained unsolved, had not the heart whispered:

"Where goes the heart, there follows the hand, and not elsewhere."

But the night breeze was becoming chilly, and Emily arose to close the window, and the mellow tones of a flute, wafted gently over the waters, attracted her attention. Like the voice of a long absent friend, was that well-remembered air—one which had ever been her favourite, and to which she remembered distinctly once calling Charles Percy's attention. Now triumphantly swelling,—anon sinking, in softest tones, yet nearer and nearer floated the music, until Emily could discern a small, fairy-looking boat gliding along near the shore, while its sole occupant, apparently unheeding of its course, seemed intent only on invoking, by the charms of music, the "spirits of the deep."

Concealed by the darkness from observation, Emily bent over the casement, drinking in every sound, while she half whispered to herself, "I know but one whose hand thus skillfully could touch the flute. Can it possibly be Charles Percy? but even, if so, it is nothing to me," and pausing another moment, she resolutely closed the window, and retired to rest.

To Edward's great disappointment,—for he had anticipated some delightful rambles,—he was awakened, early the next morning, by the sound of heavy rain,—and on Emily's descending to the breakfast-parlour, he was standing at the window, gazing mournfully on the descending showers.

"Another proof of the evils of procrastination," he said, as he bade her "Good morning." "Had you taken my advice, the remembrance of last night's walk would have compensated for being debarred from another to-day, for, from the appearance of the weather just now, I fear you will have to remain some time in the house."

"Well, I must hope for the best," was the reply; "and, indeed, I am almost certain we shall have a fine evening."

"I must beg leave to differ with you there; but, by-the-bye, Emily, did you hear the music last night? Oh, I had forgotten,

you had retired to rest before it commenced. What a pity that a lover of music like you should have deprived yourself of such a treat."

"You are mistaken there, cousin, for I was a most attentive listener, and enjoyed it, I expect, as much as yourself."

"Ah, you could remain for an hour listening to it, and yet were too weary to accompany me, for a few minutes, to the beach. I beg your pardon, cousin, for misunderstanding you before; it was of my society you were wearied."

"Indeed you are mistaken, Edward," was the half-indignant reply; but Mrs. Derwent entering at this moment, Emily abruptly paused, and the discourse was changed.

Contrary to expectation, the clouds partially dispersed in the afternoon, and, at intervals, the sun shone brightly forth.

"I think, Emily, you had better go and take a short walk," said Mrs. Derwent, turning to her niece. "The rain is certainly over, and the fresh sea-breeze may give you an appetite, which you sadly require."

"Oh, do, Emily," said George, eagerly, "for Edward has gone to visit an acquaintance whom he unexpectedly met this morning, and I do not care for walking alone."

"You need not go far," rejoined Mrs. Derwent, "but keep in sight of the dwelling, and when Edward returns I shall send him to you."

Emily yielded to the solicitations of her aunt and brother, for although she would have preferred remaining within, to gratify them she never hesitated to sacrifice self,—and, accordingly, in a few moments, she was equipped for the walk. Directing their steps to a small and sheltered cove, whose secluded situation formed no slight charm in Emily's eyes, they strolled up and down the beach for some time,—George amusing himself by picking up and examining the shells that were strewed in his path, until Emily, growing weary, clambered to a somewhat elevated spot, that commanded a fine view of the sea, and sat down to rest on a smooth projecting rock. As she sat thus, and gazed around, there was something, to her, deeply impressive in the scene that met her view: something, in the presence of which, worldly passion must have stood abashed; Nature, mighty nature, seemed to speak audibly of Him, who holdeth the seas in the hollow of

his hand; of His protecting and preserving power, extended even towards the insect that now floated in the sunbeam—and cheered and consoled by these reflections, the sombre shadows that had oppressed her spirits during the morning were fast dispersing, and the sunshine of cheerfulness again beamed forth on her countenance. But a strange and wayward thing is a human heart at best—and, especially, a woman's heart; never contented with the present, but continually looking back on the past, and anticipating the future,—and Emily's heart was no exception to this rule. Mysterious are the chambers of thought; its secret labyrinths, who can pursue—who erase, from Memory's tablets, the faithful inscription, and by what magic is it that one word, one single idea, will sometimes serve to unlock the flood-gates of the past, and bid a host of recollections rush with overwhelming force over the mind, sending a burning tide of lava-like emotion through the heart and brain. What, at this moment, recalled the city of L. to mind, Emily could not imagine; there was nothing in the scenery around at all suggestive of it—and yet, with a vividness that she had scarcely ever before realized, it appeared to her mental vision. Again she wandered in its streets—again stood at the threshold of the school-house, and, entering within, marked the familiar countenances of her scholars, as of yore; and one day, in particular, was dwelt on,—that day when sorrow, no unfamiliar guest, had tarried with her through its long, cheerless, and stormy hours, until chased away by the smiling rainbow,—the rainbow whose hues were as bright and fleeting as the sunny visions of her youth. But she will yield place to memory no longer; resolutely she turns from a contemplation of the past; no, the present shall absorb more of her thoughts—she will become more active, more useful. Surrounded by so many blessings, no weak repinings, from henceforth, shall mar her peace—to the past shall be yielded no "longing, lingering glance," but with fresh energy will she go forward in the path of duty. She gazed, and lifted her eyes.—From his glorious pavilion, the sun looked smilingly forth, while magnificent masses of clouds were slowly sailing away, and directly opposite the glorious hues of the rainbow once more greeted her eyes. Like one

entranced, she stood gazing on it, until the voice of her brother awakened her from her reverie.

"Emily, Emily, do you see that boat how it is tossed about by the waves. Surely it will be upset."

Emily looked, and acknowledged that its sole occupant appeared, indeed, in a perilous situation, for the sea had not yet subsided after the storm, and, like a feather, the fragile bark was tossed about by the tumultuous waves.

"I am sure the gentleman will be drowned," exclaimed George, earnestly, as he watched, with increasing excitement, the sudden appearance and disappearance of the boat, as it gracefully mounted on the swelling wave, and, again, sank, apparently, into the depths of the sea. "But, see, Emily, the gentleman is looking at us," he continued, as the boat drew nearer the shore.

Emily had involuntarily risen; she bent forward to catch a nearer view. What was there in the attitude of the person that arrested her attention? as, apparently regardless of danger, he gazed earnestly towards them. While at too great a distance to discern form or face, what could have caused her breast so wildly to beat, and the hot blood to rush, with lightning speed, to brow and cheek? But nearer and nearer it approaches; a few moments more, and he will have gained the land,—when, oh! moment, fraught with horror to the spectators, bending too eagerly forward, his foot slips, and ere he can recover his balance, a wave has borne, from his reach, the boat, and he is now left struggling with the watery element. But little initiated in the practice of swimming, and encumbered by heavy boots and a cloak, he feels that struggling with his fate is out of the question; already he is borne down beneath the waves—already he shrinks at their very touch,—and with a fervent prayer to heaven, with his mother's name on his lips, and one sigh to hopes that a few moments before appeared to promise future bliss, but now for ever blasted, the waters close around their unresisting, because insensible, prey. But help is at hand. One bitter shriek, from a voice too dearly familiar, has reached Edward Derwent's ears, as sent by his mother in search of the truants, he comes in sight of the sea. It needed not the uplifted hand, and the wild

ejaculation, "Save him! save him!" for quick as thought, Edward, perceiving the accident, rushed to the shore, where a boat was moored, and, joined by several men whom George had hastily summoned, they quickly rowed to the spot where the drowning man had disappeared, and, as he rose, for the last time, to the surface of the water, Edward, stretching forth his hand, grasped him—and, aided by the rest, lifted him into the boat. One fervent thanksgiving was breathed by Emily, as she beheld him rescued, and then she hurried to the dwelling to apprise Mrs. Derwent of the accident, and to superintend arrangements for his accommodation.

"Mother!" said Edward, as he abruptly entered her apartment, a few weeks subsequent to the accident.

The mother raised her eyes inquiringly from her knitting, and fixed them upon her son.

"You know how often I have expressed a wish to make a tour on the continent.

Mrs. Derwent nodded in the affirmative, though her pale cheek grew paler, as though she anticipated what should follow. "A friend of mine is about to visit the principal cities of Europe, and strongly urges me to accompany him. And now, dear mother, that your health has become established, I thought I could prevail on you to acquiesce in my leaving you for a short time, for you know," he said affecting a gaiety he did not feel, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"—and I shall be better appreciated when I return." "Well," continued Edward, seeing she hesitated replying, "To go, or not to go, that is the question."

"A question difficult for a mother to decide," answered Mrs. Derwent, "but if you think it for the best I shall not hesitate to sacrifice selfish feeling to promote your welfare. I suppose, Edward," she said, forcing a smile, though the tears stood in her eyes, "you are becoming weary of us, and want some change."

"No, dearest mother," he exclaimed, as he paced the floor with rapid and uneven steps, "not weary, but—" he sat down, and buried his face in his hands. There was silence for a few moments, and then, as though he could no longer control the tide of feeling, he exclaimed, bitterly, "I can bear it no longer. To see her countenance

lighted with smiles to greet another,—to know that my presence cannot add to her enjoyment—nay, even perhaps is unwelcome,—to think that a comparative stranger is preferred before the companion of childhood, the friend of riper years, I, who would have died to purchase one smile of affection, one endearing epithet,—and to behold, day by day, their ripening intercourse and regard. Mother, it is intolerable—I can endure it no longer. The slow writhing agony, the never ceasing torture is unspeakable. Let me fly from her presence—new scenes may help, perhaps, to divert my attention, and when ‘oceans roll and mountains rise to sever us,’ it may be, I shall be enabled to think on her with calmness; but longer to remain here is impossible,” and the strong man bowed his head, while the convulsive movements of his frame told the depths of his feelings. The mother rose from her seat, and advancing to her son, tenderly embraced him—and, as her lips were pressed to his flushed brow, her tears of sympathy fell like healing balm on his tortured heart.

(To be Concluded.)

The Way to be Happy,

If we would be happy, we must glide along through life as the river does between its banks: expanding here, and contracting there—now in noisy shallows, and then in deep, still pools; accommodating itself all the way to the sinuosities of its surface, and the winding humour of its banks—and yet leaving every rock and every projection, and closing the very borders which so rigidly confine it, and compel it to double its length to the ocean with green leaves and luxuriant flowers, from the beginning to the end of its course. But if, on the other hand, we want to be miserable, and make all about us miserable too, we have only, porcupine like, to erect our double pointed quills, and roll ourselves up in them, with a dogged obstinacy, and we shall goad others, and be goaded ourselves, to the utmost degree of our wishes. O, there is nothing like “lowliness, and meekness, and long suffering, forbearing one with another in love,” to lubricate the ways of life and cause all the machinery of society to go without jarring or friction!—*Blake.*

The Old Maid.

Why sits she thus in solitude? her heart
Scenes melting in her eyes delicious blue;
And as it leaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimson with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! With a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bow'ers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her innermost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once highly spren; within her beaming track;
O, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be;
Hope links her to the future, but the link
That binds her to the past is memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet, in her lonely pride,
She seems to start and beam above them all!
Not that her heart is cold! emotions new
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings knit,
And sweetly mournful pleasure wanders through
Her virgin soul, and softly rustle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hives
Of her soft bosom-cell and cluster there;
Yet life is not to her what it hath been;
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss,
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oft times drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill,
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath never enjoyed;
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on,—half sad, half blest,—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That yearning, taroels within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

CHARACTER.—Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin, and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver.—The mass of Elijah's character was excellence, yet he was not without alloy. The mass of Jehu's character was base, yet he had a portion of zeal which was directed by God's great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds; they are employed as means to erect a building, and then are taken down and destroyed.—*Cecil.*

A Daughter's Love.

There is no one so slow to note the follies or sins of a father as a daughter. The wife of his bosom may fly in horror from his embrace, but his fair-haired child cleaves to him in boundless charity. Quickened by the visitation of pain to the paternal dwelling, her prayers are more brief but more earnest—her efforts doubled and untiring—and if she can but win a transient smile from that sullen and gloomy face, she is paid—O, how richly paid!—for all her sleepless cares and unceasing labour. The father may sink from deep to deep—from a lower to yet a lower depth, Satan's kinsman and Satan's prey—those who in a happier hour received largely of his benefactions, may start when they behold his shadow, and accelerate their pace to get beyond it—all, all may forsake him—God and the world—all but the devil—and his daughter. Poor child! if thou canst not save, thy feeble torch, made as bright as thy power can make it, throws at least a flickering light upon the path, till the object of thy unquenchable affection has for ever left thee, and is shrouded in thick darkness; and when undone—when gone from thee and gone for ever—though thou mayest wed thy early love, and know in him all that thy young fond heart pictured—yet again and again, in the midst of thy placid joy, even with thy smiling infant on thy knee, the lost one will not be all forgotten! Seeing the past as it were only yesterday, forgetful of thy little darling, thou wilt exclaim from the depths of thy ever mindful and affectionate spirit, "My father! O my father!"

The Welcome and Farewell.

To meet and part, as we have met and parted,
 One moment cherished and the next forgot,
 To wear a smile when almost broken-hearted,
 I know, full well, is hapless woman's lot;
 Yet let me, to thy tenderness appealing,
 Avert this brief but melancholy doom—
 Content that, close beside the thorn of feeling,
 Grows memory, like a rose, in guarded bloom.

Love's history, dearest, is a sad one ever,
 Yet often with a smile I've heard it told:—
 Oh, there are records of the heart which never
 Are to the scrutinizing gaze unrolled!
 Mine eyes to thine may scarce again aspire,
 Still in thy memory, dearest, let me dwell,
 And hush, with this hope, the magnetic wire
 Wild with our mingled welcome and farewell.

To Ladies about to Marry.

TRUE REASONING.—Woman cannot be too cautious, too watchful, too exacting, in her choice of a lover, who, from the slave of a few weeks or months, (rarely years,) is to become the master of her future destiny, and the guide, not only through all time, but perhaps eternity. What madness, then, to suffer the heart to be taken captive by beauty, talent, grace, fascination, before the reason is convinced of the soundness of principle, the purity of faith, the integrity of mind, of the future husband. It is not always the all-enduring, devoted, and impassioned lover, who makes the kindest, the most attentive and forbearing husband. We have often seen the coldest inattention, the most mortifying disparagement, the most insulting inconsistency, follow, even in the first months of matrimony, on the most romantic devotion and blindest adoration of courtship.—The honeymoon seems to exhaust every drop of honey, and leave nothing but stings in the jar. Again, the lover who dares to be a man, and to "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," even though the happiness of his whole life seems to him at stake—one who may forget a bouquet, or neglect a compliment, arrives a few minutes too late, or be disinclined for a waltz or a polka, not admire a fashion, or disagree with a sentiment—such a lover, despicable and indifferent as he is pronounced to be by astounded mammas and indignant aunts, (jealous for their daughters and nieces as for themselves,) and far as he falls short of romantic sisters' and young friends' exacting notions—may turn out the best of husbands after all. If he dared to be a man when he had everything to gain, he will not be a coward when he has (in the world's opinion) nothing to lose.

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it; for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face.—Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all others for him to bear; but they are so, simply because they are the very ones he most needs.

The Dead Sea.

From the Home Journal.

A mystery has for ages hung over these famed waters. The most vague ideas, the most wild and erroneous impressions, have prevailed; and travellers, who have strayed on its shores and glanced at their mournful solitudes, have given their crude and imperfect observations, and added to the existing state of wonders and horrors so widely diffused. So well known are most parts of the earth, to which great historical events have imparted a deep interest, it was time that some adventurous spirit should arise in our age, and that science should lift the veil from the doubt and uncertainty that shrouds the subject. That spirit was Lieutenant Lynch of our navy, and our country had the honour of embarking in the enterprise. Public curiosity was keenly excited. The truth was a great desideratum. The time had passed by when the wondrous tales of travellers are swallowed with credulity; and men were prepared to glean facts and phenomena from an authentic source, and to draw deductions for themselves. The present is an investigating and a reasoning age, and nothing but truth, well-established truth, will satisfy it. It cannot be denied that our commander has exhibited great zeal and energy; that he has shown great firmness and tact in surmounting obstacles; acute observation, and the greatest industry in collating facts. His preparations were made with judgment and an admirable precaution. Every supposed difficulty was anticipated and guarded against. The equipment was complete. His two metallic boats, easily transported across the land, the one of copper, the other of galvanized iron, were admirably suited to the service.—There were in all sixteen persons in the party. In transporting the boats to the sea of Tiberias, the Syrian horses refused to draw, and camels were substituted in their stead. It must have been an imposing sight—the mounted Arabs with their tufted spears, their metallic boats drawn on great carriages by camels, with the flags of our country proudly flying above them. The Jordan was passed, and, after great difficulties and dangers, they arrived at the shores of the Dead Sea. Twenty-one days were

passed on the Lake. It was crossed in every direction, for the purpose of sounding it. It was found to be forty miles in length, by about nine miles average breadth. The bottom of the sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and depressed one.—There was decided evidence of some extraordinary convulsion, preceded by an eruption of fire and a general conflagration of the bitumen, which abounded in the plain. Although the party entered upon its waters with conflicting opinions, one being a decided unbeliever in Mosaic records, the commander states that after a close and patient investigation of twenty-two days they were unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. The popular idea has been that the smoke from the fires, by which the doomed cities were consumed, still rose up on the shores and from the sea in testimony of the judgment. This phenomenon was found to be nothing more than the great evaporation that enclosed it in a thin transparent vapour, which, with its purple tinge contrasting with the sea beneath, was blended in the distance.—It presented the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. The phosphorescent property of these heavy waters by night may have led to the idea of fire, as Lieutenant Lynch remarks. Thus one of the wondrous illusions vanishes. Another error has prevailed, as this expedition shows. It was the general belief that fruits would not ripen on its shores. Although their character was for the most part barren and gloomy, yet our party found a great variety of plants, vigorous and full of blossoms, and with every indication of bearing fruits to perfection. The saline exhalations and the intense heat of the depths of the Dead Sea, were, however, in general opposed to vegetable life.—There has been found a fruit mentioned by Josephus and Tacitus, and by travellers, called the apple of Sodom, about which much has been said. When pressed, it explodes with a puff, leaving only a few shreds and fibres in the hand. But this fruit is found also in Nubia, Arabia and Persia, and is not peculiar to the Dead Sea. A curious discovery was made, of a lofty, round pillar of solid salt, about forty feet high, found at the head of a deep, narrow and abrupt chasm. Josephus alludes to it, and believes

it to be the identical pillar into which Lot's wife was turned, and the traditions of the Arabs confirm this idea. It is, too, in the vicinity mentioned in the Bible. Our traveller does not venture an opinion on the subject, nor do we. We have gone somewhat into these three points, because in the Apocrapha, in the Wisdom of Solomon, x. 7, they are alluded to in speaking of the cities of the plain. From constructions put upon this passage, and from the representations of some travellers, these errors, so generally entertained, seem to have sprung.—That the water from the impregnation of salt and bitumen is greatly heavier than the ocean, our travellers declare, as well as the fact of its extreme buoyancy. Many curious illustrations of these facts are given in Mr. Lynch's book, to which we refer the reader, and which have been mentioned by many others. Many annoying and peculiar sensations and effects resulted from bathing. A highly irritated state of the skin, and febrile symptoms and prostration of strength seem to be the effects produced on the system by the intense heat and the quality of the waters. The leafless branches of the bushes on the shores were incrustated with the salt, and sparkled like icicles in the sun.—The copper boat, when overhauled, was found to be wearing away rapidly, and when exposed to the immediate friction of the fluid, was as bright as burnished gold. The shores presented the appearance, from the incrustation of salt, of being whitewashed. The very footprints upon the beach were coated with crystallization. These are striking facts mentioned by Lieutenant Lynch. The statement is confirmed, that no living thing is found in these waters, which, when subjected to a powerful microscope, exhibit no animalculæ or vestiges of animal matter. Though birds are comparatively rare, yet they were occasionally met with, and wild ducks were often seen, floating on the sea. Thus the idea of the atmosphere being fatal to birds passing over the waters is a mistaken one. We have thus given a short and condensed view of the subject, stating those phenomena which we deemed most interesting, and those facts which are the most striking and important. The world is indebted to Lieutenant Lynch for a great deal of valuable information and a work of deep interest. He has thrown light on many points

that were obscure, and has corrected many errors that extensively prevailed. He has given us an authentic record on matters about which there has long been much mystery and much misrepresentation. In the result of this expedition, and the manner in which it was conducted to its close, he has reflected the highest credit on himself and on his country.

EFFECTS OF CHANGE OF SCENE AND AIR ON HEALTH.—Dr. Robertson, in his "Popular Treatise on Diet and Regimen," makes the following useful observations regarding the effects of travelling on the health:—"The change of air, which, in cases of comparative health, I would especially advise, is that embraced in constantly moving from place to place, taking as much personal exercise as possible. To taste all the pleasures which the best and most healthy of all kinds of travelling affords, you need not leave your native land. It is this sort of travelling (walking on foot, as far as is possible or convenient); this total removal from ordinary and every-day habits; this constant exercise; this continual change of air, which does most good: that, if the man is in moderate health, gives vigor to his system, freedom to his limbs, and clearness to his mind, which will, like magic, uproot many a case of long-continued dyspepsia, and cause many a chronic disease, threatening to degenerate into something worse, to be no longer felt. Change of air may be too great; but it cannot be too frequent, if the powers of the system are not materially impaired. Travelling, and especially pedestrian travelling, presents, among its many other points of excellence, this in a remarkable degree. It acts directly on the mind as well as on the body. I am satisfied that if the measure were tried in cases of hypochondriacism, in cases of incipient insanity, many a one would be restored to his reason, his family, and his friends. The effect of such travelling cannot be sufficiently estimated. It would enable many an invalid, at a cheap rate, to show 'clean bills of health.' I think that few will say the prescription is not palatable."

Pleasure is like a cordial,—a little of it does not injure, but too much destroys.

Constance Allerton,

A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

The indefatigable Mrs. Bayley had still something to do; it was to plan the bonnets and shawls. She went off to a fashionable milliner, and engaged a mourning bonnet and four mourning caps for Mrs. Allerton, and a bonnet for each of her daughters. And she was going back and forwards nearly all day with specimens of black cloth for the shawls, black stockings, black gloves, and so on.

The hour arrived when the sorrowing family of Mr. Allerton were to be parted forever from all that remained of the husband, the father and the brother. They had taken the last look of his fixed and lifeless features, they had imprinted the last kiss on his cold and pallid lips; and, from the chamber of death, they had to adjourn to the incongruous task of attiring themselves in their mourning habits, to appear upon the funeral occasion. How bitterly they wept as their friends assisted them in putting on their new dresses, need not be told. The bereavement they had suffered was felt to be increased in its amount by the exactions of a custom sadly at variance with their pecuniary resources. But let us hasten over the painful scene.

After some days the violence of their grief settled into melancholy sadness; they ceased to speak of him whom they had loved and lost, and they felt as if they could never speak of him again. The unfortunate family of Mr. Allerton now began to consider what they should do for their support. Constance was willing to share with them her little income even to the last farthing, but it was too small to enable them all to live on it with comfort. Constance proposed a school, but the house they now occupied was in too remote a place to expect any success. A lady had already attempted establishing a seminary in the immediate neighbourhood, but it had proved an entire failure. Mrs. Allerton thought that in a better part of the town, and in a larger house, they might have a fair chance of encouragement. But they were now destitute of the means of defraying the expenses of a removal, and of purchasing such articles of

furniture as would be indispensably necessary in a more commodious dwelling, particularly if fitted up as a school.

Frederick Allerton, who was twelve years old, had just completed his last quarter in the excellent academy in which he was a pupil from early childhood, and it was found necessary, after paying the bill, to take him away, as the present situation of the family did not seem to warrant them in continuing him there any longer. He was, however, very forward in all his acquirements, having an excellent capacity, and being extremely diligent. Still it was hard that so promising a boy should be obliged to stop short, when in a fair way of becoming an extraordinary proficient in the principal branches appertaining to what is considered an excellent education. Fortunately, however, a place was obtained for him in a very respectable book-store.

There was now a general retrenchment in the expenditure of the Allerton family.— One of their servants was dismissed, as they could no longer afford to keep two—and they were obliged to endure many privations which were ill compensated by the idea that they were wearing very genteel mourning. Again, as they had begun with black, it was necessary to go through with it. They could not wear their bombazines continually; and as black ginghams and chintzes are always spoiled by washing, it was thought better that their common dresses should be made of Canton crape, an article which, although very durable, is at first of no trifling cost.

In the mean time, their only resource seemed to be that of literally supporting themselves by the work of their hands. Constance undertook the painful task of going round among their acquaintances, and announcing their readiness to undertake any sort of needlework that was offered to them. Nobody had any work to put out just then. At length, however, they got a little employment. But, besides supporting themselves, they had to pay for the mourning. This debt pressed heavily on them all, and they dreaded the sound of the door-bell, lest it should be followed by the presentation of the bills. The bills came, and were found to be considerably larger than was anticipated. Yet they were paid in course of time, though with much difficulty, and at the expense of

much comfort. The unfortunate Allertons rose early and sat up late, kept scanty fires, and a very humble table, and rarely went out of the house, except to church, or to take a little air and exercise at the close of the afternoon.

Most of their friends dropped off, and the few who seemed disposed to continue their acquaintance with people whose extreme indigence was no secret, were so thoughtless as to make their visits in the morning, a time which is never convenient to families that cannot afford to be idle. Mrs. Bayley, who though frivolous and inconsiderate, was really a good-natured woman, came frequently to see them; and another of their visitors was Mrs. Diggory, whose chief incentive was curiosity to see how the Allertons were going on, and a love of dictation, which induced her frequently to favour them with what she considered salutary counsel. By giving the family a little needlework, she considered herself entitled to inflict upon them, under the appearance of kindness, the most cutting observations and advices.

Spring came at last, and the Allerton family, having struggled through a melancholy and comfortless winter, had taken a larger house in a better part of the town, and made arrangements for commencing the school, in which Constance was to be chief instructress. About a fortnight before their intended removal to their new residence, one afternoon, when none of the family were at home except Constance, she was surprised by the visit of a friend from New Bedford, a young gentleman who had been absent three years on a whaling voyage, in a ship in which he had the chief interest, his father being owner of several vessels in that line.

Edward Lessingham was an admirer of ladies generally; but during his long voyage he found, by his thinking incessantly of Constance, and not at all of any other female, that he was undoubtedly in love; a fact he had not suspected till the last point of Massachusetts faded from his view. He resolved to improve his intimacy with our heroine, should he still find her at liberty, on his return to New Bedford; and if he perceived a probability of success, to make her at once an offer of his hand. When Lessingham came home, he was much disappointed to hear that Constance Allerton had been

living for more than a twelvemonth in Philadelphia. However, he lost no time in coming to see her.

When he was shown into the parlour, she was sitting with her head bent over her work. She started up on being accosted by his well-remembered voice. Not having heard of the death of her brother, and not seeing her in mourning, Edward Lessingham was at a loss to account for the tears that filled her eyes, and for the emotion that suffocated her voice when she attempted to reply to his warm expressions of delight at seeing her again. He perceived she was thinner and paler than when he had last seen her, and he feared that all was not right. She signed to him to set down, and was endeavouring to compose herself, when Mrs. Diggory was shown into the room. That lady stared with surprise at seeing a very handsome young gentleman with Constance, who hastily wiped her eyes, and introduced Mr. Lessingham.

Mrs. Diggory took a seat and producing two or three morning caps from her reticule, she said in her usual vulgar tone, "Miss Allerton I have brought those caps to you to alter; I wish you to do them immediately, that they may be washed next week. I find the borders rather too broad, and the head pieces rather too large; so I want you to rip them apart, and make the head pieces smaller, and the borders narrower, and then whip them and sew them on again. I was out the other day when you sent home my husband's shirts with the bill, but when you have done the caps, I will pay you for them all together. What will you charge for making a dozen aprons of bird's-eye diaper, for my little Anna? Unless you will do them very cheap, I may as well make them myself."

The face of Lessingham became scarlet, and starting from his chair he traversed the room in manifest perturbation; sympathizing with what he supposed to be the confusion and mortification of Constance, and regretted that the sex of Mrs. Diggory prevented him from knocking her down.

Constance, however, rallied, replying with apparent composure to Mrs. Diggory on the points in question, and calmly settling the question of the bird's-eye aprons — she knew it was only in the eyes of the vulgar-minded and the foolish, that a woman is de-

graded by exerting her ingenuity or her talents as a means of support.

Mrs. Diggory now took her leave, and Constance turned to the window, to conceal from Lessingham the tears that in spite of her self-command were now stealing down her cheeks.

Lessingham hastily went up to her, and taking her hand, he said with much feeling, "Dear Constance—Miss Allerton I mean—what has happened during my absence? Why do I see you thus? But I fear I distress you by enquiring. I perceive that you are not happy, that you have suffered much, and that your circumstances have changed. Can I do anything to console you, or improve your situation? Let me at once have a right to do so; let me persuade you to unite your fate with mine, and put an end to these unmerited, these intolerable humiliations."

"No," Mr. Lessingham," said Constance deeply affected, "I will not take advantage of the generous impulse that has led you thus suddenly to make an offer, which, perhaps, in a calmer moment, and on cooler consideration, you may think of with regret."

"Regret!" exclaimed Lessingham, pressing her hand between both of his, and surveying her with a look of the fondest admiration; "dearest Constance, how little you know your own value; how little you suppose that, during our long separation—"

Here he was interrupted in his impassioned address by the entrance of Mrs. Allerton and her daughters. Constance hastily withdrew her hand, and presented him as Mr. Lessingham, a friend of hers from New Bedford.

Being much agitated, she in a few minutes, retired to compose herself in her own apartment. The girls soon after withdrew, and Lessingham, frankly informing Mrs. Allerton that he was much and seriously interested in her sister-in-law, begged to know some particulars of her present condition.

Mrs. Allerton, who felt it impossible to consider Mr. Lessingham as a stranger, gave him a brief outline of the circumstances of Constance's residence with them, and spoke of her as the guardian angel of the family. "She is not only," said her sister-in-law, "one of the most amiable and affectionate, but also one of the most sensible and judi-

ous of women. And never have we in any instance acted contrary to her advice, without eventually finding cause to regret that we did so." And Mrs. Allerton could not forbear casting her eyes over her mourning dress.

Lessingham, though the praises of Constance was music in his ears, had tact enough to take his leave, fearing that his visit was interfering with family arrangements. Next morning, the weather was so mild as to enable them to sit up stairs with their sewing, for latterly, the state of their fuel had not permitted them to keep a fire except in the parlour and kitchen. Lessingham called and enquired for Constance. She came down and saw him alone. He renewed, in explicit terms, the offer he had so abruptly made her on the preceding afternoon. Constance, whose heart had been with Lessingham during the whole of his long absence, had a severe struggle before she could bring herself to insist that their union should be postponed for at least two years; during which time she wished, for the sake of the family, to remain with them, and get the school fairly established; her nieces, meanwhile, completing their education, and acquiring, under her guidance, a proficiency in the routine of teaching.

"But surely," said Lessingham, "you understand that I wish you to make over to your sister-in-law the whole of your aunt Ilford's legacy. You shall bring me nothing but your invaluable self."

Though grateful for the generosity and disinterestedness of her lover, Constance knew that the interest of her ten thousand dollars was, of course, not sufficient to support Mrs. Allerton and her children without some other source of income; and she was convinced that they would never consent to become pensioners on Lessingham's bounty, kind and liberal as he was. She therefore adhered to her determination of remaining with her sister and nieces until she had seen them fairly afloat, and till she could leave them in a prosperous condition. And Lessingham was obliged to yield to her conviction that she had acted rightly, and to consent that the completion of his happiness should accordingly be deferred for two years.

He remained in Philadelphia until he had seen the Allerton family established in their

new habitation, and he managed with much delicacy, to aid them in the expenses of fitting it up.

The school was commenced with a larger number of pupils than had been anticipated. It increased rapidly under the judicious superintendance of Constance; and in the course of two years she had rendered Isabella and Helen so capable of filling her place, that all the parents were perfectly satisfied to continue their children with them. At the end of that time, Lessingham, (who, in the interval, had made frequent trips to Philadelphia,) came to claim the promised hand of his Constance. They were married—she having first transferred the whole of her little property to her brothers widow.

At the earnest desire of Mrs. Lessingham, Mrs. Allerton consented that Louisa should live in future with her beloved aunt Constance, and consequently the little girl accompanied them to New Bedford.

Mrs. Allerton and her family went on and prospered; her son was everything a parent could wish; her children all married advantageously, and she herself passed the remainder of her days in that tranquility which, in the dark days of her misfortunes, she had never ventured to anticipate.*

* Abridged from THE TOKEN, an American Annual to which it was contributed by Miss Leslie, a lady whose good sense and knowledge of the world shine forth in all her writings.

For the *Mayflower*.

The Flowers.

I love the flowers! they all are fair
And precious unto me;
From those that bloom in gay parterre,
To wild ones on the lea.

I sing not of exotics rare,
Conservatory grown;
That for the rich perfume the air,
And for the rich alone.

But those that deck our cottages,
And in our gardens smile—
Cheering the widow's loneliness,
Gladding the child of Toil.

The Rose, that fills the garden throne,
Fair even to excess;
Blushing, with crimson face bow'd down,
At its own loveliness.

Lily, with combination rare,
Of grace and majesty;
Raising aloft its forehead fair,
In vestal purity.

With zoneless waist and flowing tress,
And garments flutt'ring free,
Yet gracefulness in its wild dress,
Careless Anemone.

Sweet Pea, exhaling odours sweet;
Carnation, flinging far
Its rich perfume, the sense to greet—
And radiant Morning Star.

Pansy, in velvet robe bedight,
Lowly to look upon;
But yet the chosen favourite,
Of fam'd Napoleon.

The pale Narcissus, classic flower!
Bearing his hapless name,
Who for himself felt Passion's power,
And perish'd by the flame.

Tulip, with variegated streak,
And shades commingling fine;
White Innocent, with aspect meek,
And bell-shaped Columbine.

Retiring Lily of the vale,
Hiding its snowy bells,
Pensive and pure, and sweet, and pale,
Within its leaves' wide cells.

And its meek mate, the Violet,
Not easy to desery,
Within its leafy covert set,
Mocking intrusive eye.

Orange, that gives its blossoms fair,
To form the bridal wreath;
And gracing more than jewels rare,
The glossy braids beneath.

The Monkshood, with its cow-like flower,
Two heads within conceal'd;
Needing the hands' coercive power,
Ere they can be reveal'd.

Sweet William, with its cluster'd flowers,
And spicy, fragrant scent;
And Honeysuckle, of our bowers,
The brightest ornament.

The Mountain Daisy, growing low;
The Canterbury bell,
Rearing on high its stately brow,
In proud and graceful swell.

Peony, in its dazzling vest,
Of deepest crimson hue;
Convulvulus, more meekly drest,
In pale, cerulean blue.

The Tiger lily's sable dots,
On orange surface thrown;
Viewing with Leopard in the spots,
Upon its vesture strewn.

The small, blue flow'ret, that records
A lover's hapless lot;
Still chronicling his parting words,
Minute "Forget-me-not."

The Broom, with golden blossoms crown'd,
And dark, indented leaf;
The Love-lies-bleeding on the ground,
Thrown prostrate, as in grief.

The Widow's Tear, whence drops distil,
As from a fount unseal'd,
Ready, at slightest pressure, still,
Its liquid stores to yield.

Nasturtium's cornucopere's bright,
With nectar'd sweets replete;
In depths impervious to the sight,
The honey-bee's retreat.

The Poppy, with its scarlet crest,
Of soporific power;
That lulls the wayward babe to rest,
And soothes its wakeful hour.

The Hollyhock, that rises high,
Like Turkish minaret,
Slender, and tapering towards the sky ;
And fragrant Mignonette.

The Sunflower, with its crown of gold,
That greets the orb of day,
From Morning's smile, with forehead bold,
Till streams his latest ray.

Flowers are the thrilling poetry
Of Nature's ample page ;
Rich treasures in our infancy,
Sweet boons in later age.

Of the great God's munificence,
Mute lecturers ! they tell
Who gives them, in benevolence,
To charm our sight and smell.

Sweet, silent monitors ! whose bloom
And transitory stay,
Lead us to think upon the tomb,
And of our own decay.

Thanks, bounteous Maker ! for the flowers,
And for their ministry ;
Cheering our solitary hours,
Lifting our thoughts to Thee !

Sheburne.

A. B.

The Doctor's Story.

On the second of April, 1838, about eleven o'clock at night, I was comfortably seated in my favourite arm-chair, reposing my thoughts which had been painfully exerted during a hard days labour in the arduous duties of my profession, by retracing many of the scenes in which the last twenty-five years of my life had been passed.

In early youth I had chosen the medical profession from predilection ; and my attachment to it had increased with increasing years. Five years of struggles, five more of gradual advancement towards establishing a successful practice, and fifteen more added to these, during which I had more patients than I could possibly attend to, formed my professional history, and brought me to the age of fifty—a steady, wealthy bachelor, having obtained some reputation for skill, and what I valued more the friendship of many of my patients. Over recollections in which blessings greatly predominated, one sorrow still brooded.—When about thirty-five years of age, at the commencement of my getting what is called “into fashion,” I was called to attend an only child, the daughter of a widow. In her I found the only woman I ever loved with that love which leads one to constitute the happiness of one's future life in passing it with the being so adored ; but I could not

save her ; my art may have smoothed her path to the grave—I trust did—more was not permitted to me. The shadow of this grief darkened many after years ; nor could an inheritance of about £500 per annum, into which I most unexpectedly came about that period, through the death of an uncle and two cousins, in any degree console me ; but by leading a very active life, and exerting myself unceasingly in my profession, I at length regained tranquility. From the moment practice was no longer necessary to my subsistence, patients flocked in upon me, so that I was often obliged to send some of them to one or two of my professional friends.

On the evening when the first scene of the little reminiscence I am about to relate occurred, the weather was cold for the season ; a quantity of dingy London show lay half-melted on the ground, and a heavy sleet was falling fast—just the kind of a night to appreciate fireside comforts ; and I was congratulating myself on the prospect of spending the night at home, not thinking it likely that any of my patients would summon me, when an impatient double-knock at the street door put all my cosy anticipations to flight. My good-humour was, however, speedily restored by seeing my ever-welcome friend Colonel Delaware, enter my library. He was an especial favourite of mine, and the world in general, and most deservedly ; a brave and able officer, often desperately wounded, he united to a feeling and simple heart, a strong clear understanding, a handsome person, and a manly quiet manner ; and, paramount above all those sterling qualities, integrity and honour, which add the brightest lustre even to the diadem, and can make the lowest serf a gentleman of nature's own creating. He was a man of few words, and generally undemonstrative ; but having known him intimately for many years, I instantly saw that a heavy cloud hung upon him, and as I invited him to take an arm-chair opposite to my own, I rather anxiously inquired if anything ailed little Cecil, alluding to his only child, a lovely boy of two years old.

“No ; he is well ; it is of his mother I am come to speak.”

“Mrs. Delaware !” I exclaimed. “Thank God, the evil can hardly be grave enough to warrant the despondency I read in your

countenance, for I saw her in her carriage but two days since ; I was not very close to her, certainly, but near enough to see she is as pretty as ever."

"Nevertheless, my friend, she is dying," rejoined Colonel Delaware.

"Dying!—good God! and we sit talking here ; let us hasten to her instantly, and you will explain the circumstances while we are on the road," I hurriedly uttered, while preparing to invest myself with the overcoat that is ever the companion of my midnight rambles.

To my surprise, my visitor stirred not, but mournfully shaking his head, said, "Not so, my dear doctor, you cannot see her to-night ; whether we can manage for you ever to do so, I know not ; for now she resolutely refuses to have any advice, asserting that her malady is beyond the reach of human skill."

"Pooh, nonsense! and you suffer her to injure herself physically and morally, by giving way to such caprices," said I, very crossly, throwing down the coat, and planting myself in my own chair—for I can be a little testy when those in whom I am interested will not do as I think they ought.—Softening, however, as I looked more closely into my friend's face, I added, "At least, tell me all you can. Where is the seat of her complaint? how long has it been apparent? and what are its symptoms?"

"I can only tell you," he replied, "that about a month since, she began to waste away, losing both appetite and strength, and also to a great degree the power of sleeping ; she turns with disgust from all sustenance, and it is with the greatest difficulty she can be persuaded to swallow a few spoonfuls of any food in the course of the day. That pure colour you used to admire, now only appears in sudden flushes ; she will not admit that she is ill, yet she has been frequently observed to shed tears over her boy, pressing him to her heart with almost convulsive energy. Since I was elected a member of the House of Commons, I have had a separate sleeping apartment, fearing that the late hours I am obliged to keep might disturb Clara, whose constitution, you have often told me, though not sickly, is very delicate. In the day-time she will scarcely suffer me to remain five minutes away from her ; so that I could not have come to you

at any other time but this, when she believes me engaged at the House. Above all things, she implores me not to acquaint you with her state."

"She is afraid I shall cure her, I suppose," I said, this time to myself, feeling a little nettled at this want of confidence towards an old friend of her father's, who had known her from her birth. "All this is exceedingly unsatisfactory, and I can come to no conclusion from it," I observed, after a minute's reflection. "The fact is, I must see her myself, and I will be at your house to-morrow about eleven o'clock. Don't be alarmed," I continued, anticipating the words he was about to utter, "I will make my visit appear a purely accidental one."

He then rose to depart, and as I conducted him to the door, I endeavoured to cheer him by expressing the conviction I really felt, that he had, through over-solicitude, magnified the evil ; I then returned to my fireside to meditate on what had passed.

As I write this principally for the guidance of my young successors in the healing art, should they ever encounter a similar case, I must describe Clara Delaware. She was the only child of a young Spanish lady of high rank, who was found near the field of Albuhera, by Colonel, then Captain Mortimer, entirely unprotected, having lost her father and two brothers in the engagement ; she was only ten years of age, and her preserver sent her over to England, where she remained for six years under the care of his aunt. At the expiration of that time, Mortimer married her. After they had been united about a year, she died in giving birth to Clara. For eighteen years the sorrowing husband devoted himself to the care of the legacy his wife had left him ; he then esteemed himself fortunate in being able to bestow her hand on Colonel Delaware, to whom her heart was already given. His task being thus accomplished, two months after his daughter's marriage, his spirit fled to rejoin her whom he loved so well. This was the first sorrow Clara had ever known, and so deeply did it affect her, that for months I despaired of saving her, and only the joy of becoming a parent herself effectually roused her from the deep dejection her father's loss had plunged her into. She inherited her mother's almost Eastern style of beauty and acutely nervous temperament,

her grace and softness, combined with a share of her father's English principles, and strong, faithful heart. Altogether, however, she was more like a daughter of the South than a native-born Englishwoman. I am one of those who believe that a proportion of the maladies that affect humanity may be traced to mental causes; and to watch for the signs of these, and remove them if possible, is part of my system: and as I have been rather more than usually fortunate, I still think my views are correct. In this case, I could not divest myself of the impression that the fair lady's disease owed a little to fancy; and, promising myself to investigate it very carefully on the morrow, I retired to rest.

Eleven o'clock on the following day found me at Colonel Delaware's door; and, taking the privilege of an old friend and doctor, I proceeded unannounced to her boudoir.—The first glance showed me there was real cause for anxiety; indeed, I could scarcely believe the attenuated form before me was that of one who, but a few short weeks before, had been so blooming a young woman. She was lying on a sofa; her magnificent Spanish eyes were slightly sunken, and surrounded by a dark circle, sure indication of extreme languor; she had lost that rich, deep colour, so beautiful when it mantles on the cheek of a dark-eyed beauty; her cheek was now perfectly pale, of a wan ivory paleness; her hands, through the fine skin of which the blue veins were fearfully apparent, hung listlessly, and seemed almost transparent; the roundness and *embonpoint* which had made her figure one of the most perfect that can be imagined, had quite disappeared; yet she was, as usual, elegantly, almost artistically dressed, and every possible effort had been made to conceal the ravages illness had made upon her beauty.—Even her beautiful long curls were so arranged as to hide as much as possible the extreme emaciation of her throat and neck. I recognised in all this a moral determination to resist increasing illness, which I had often found to be a bad sign; indeed, altogether, I was painfully surprised at her appearance.

As I am now arrived at that age which (too matter-of-fact to appreciate a graceful and flowery style) thinks the easiest and simplest manner the best, I will relate our

conversation as they do the dialogues in children's school-books, thereby avoiding the insufferable monotony of "I observed," "she replied," "I rejoined," etc., etc. Assuming a cheerfulness I was far from feeling, I seated myself in a chair by her sofa, and silently taking possession of her wrist, appeared to consult the beatings of her pulse. Raising her eyelids, the lashes of which were so long and silky they were a marvel, in a composed voice she deliberately broke the silence that had reigned until then.

Mrs. Delaware.—"What brings you here, doctor? Do you come at my husband's request?"

Doctor.—"That is a very unkind question. I have not seen you for two months. I do not think I have been so long without seeing you since you came into this world; now you ask me why I come. Do not be alarmed—I do not intend to score this visit against you, though I really think you greatly need my care."

Mrs. Delaware.—"Why so? you see I am quite well."

Doctor.—"Yes, I see that you have got on a very beautiful dress. Nothing can be more coquettish than that little Frenchified cap. All that is very false, and you are very false, too, and are trying now to deceive me."

Mrs. Delaware.—"Indeed I am suffering no pain anywhere."

Doctor.—"Would you really wish to persuade me that you are in good health? Why, if I could be mistaken in the expression of your countenance, the sound of your voice, your painful respiration, uneven pulse, the pallor of your face, and your emaciation, speak to me in language not to be refuted. Now, I will venture to assert, that for a month you have scarcely ate or slept."

Mrs. Delaware.—"Oh, no, doctor, three weeks at the outside."

Doctor.—"There, now, you have fairly avowed and confessed yourself to be ill."

Mrs. Delaware.—"But it is possible to lose both sleep and appetite without being ill; one can suffer, too, generally, without having any decided complaint."

Doctor.—"Do you know that you distress me extremely? but, thank God, I still feel confident that I shall be able to restore you to health and happiness. I have not so blind a confidence in the drugs and remedies of

my profession, but that I am truly rejoiced to perceive I shall have to treat you rather for a mental care than for corporeal indisposition. Forget that I am a doctor; look upon me as your old friend, your father's old friend, and tell me what is weighing so heavily on your mind? Perhaps I may be able to lighten the burthen for you."

Mrs. Delaware.—"You are a kind friend, but you cannot restore me to sleep or appetite; I must bear my fate."

Doctor.—"Your fate, madam! (nothing puts me out like a *soupcou* of romance,) you ought to be continually grateful for so happy a fate. The adored wife of one of the most distinguished, handsomest, and best men of the day, possessing a large fortune, mother of the most promising boy in the three kingdoms."

Mrs. Delaware (interrupting me)—"And is it not a hard fate to break that noble husband's heart, to abandon my darling Cecil on the threshold of life?—O, merciful God, it is too cruel!"

At these words, I begin to fear my fair patient had listened too long to the honied words of some deceiver, who was striving to induce her to abandon her happy home, and all its virtuous joys, to embrace a life of misery and shame; but there was too much real anguish in her looks and voice at the idea of separation, that, though most sincerely grieved, I was not much alarmed.

Doctor (gravely but kindly)—"God will exact no such sacrifice from you. He demands no severing of such sacred ties; in the twenty-five years during which I have been engaged in soothing and healing my fellow-creatures, I have gained much experience, and with it some power to advise; nor have I been so unobservant of the ways of the fashionable world as not to have marked the perils to which youth and beauty are exposed, even when guarded by a husband's watchful care; but believe me—"

Mrs. Delaware (eagerly interrupting me)—"Stop, doctor; I blush for the mistake I have thoughtlessly led you into. To clear myself from the suspicion I have given rise to, I see I must confide to you the cause of my illness and depression; but before I do so, I must receive your solemn promise not to communicate what I may tell you to Col. Delaware, until after my death."

I readily gave the required promise,

which, indeed, cost me nothing; for I have invariably found, in all anxious and trying cases, husbands, and mothers prove very troublesome confidants. Mrs. Delaware then related the following circumstances:—

A month previously, she awoke rather earlier than usual; and, not wishing to rise immediately, passed an hour in reading Letters on Animal Magnetism. She then laid the book aside, and fell asleep; she was aroused from her slumbers by her bed-room door opening, the clock on the mantel-piece striking ten at the same moment, and two men in black entering. Astonishment kept her silent as they advanced to the table in the centre of the room. One, an old man, kept his hat on, and leaning one hand (in which he held a rule and pencil) on the table, turned round to address his companion, who, hat in hand, appeared to be deferentially awaiting his orders, which consisted in minute directions respecting the making of a coffin—the length, breadth, thickness, lining, etc., being all accurately described.—When he ceased speaking, his subordinate inquired what the inscription was to be; the old man replied, speaking slowly and impressively, "Clara Delaware, aged twenty-two, deceased at midnight on the 10th of April, 1838." At these words, both, for the first time, looked earnestly at Clara, and slowly left the room. Shaking off in some degree the spell that had hitherto bound her, she rang her bell; and her maid immediately answering the summons, she found, to add to her consternation, that this maid had been sitting for the last three hours in the room through which these men must have passed. Finding, on further investigation, that no one in the house had seen her lugubrious visitors, she gave herself up to supernatural terrors; and, conceiving that she had received a warning that she was to die at midnight, on the 10th of April, she had lost appetite and sleep, and was, in fact, fast sinking under the impression that the hour indicated was fated to be her last.

At first I was quite rejoiced to find it was not worse; and, rubbing my hands with even more apparent glee than I really felt: I asked her how she could possibly have allowed an uneasy dream, engendered, no doubt, by the mystic nature of the book she had been reading, to disturb her so much, adding a few jesting observations; but the mournful

expression of her countenance checked me and at last, taking it up seriously, I endeavoured, by every argument that suggested itself to me, calling in the aid of religion,—philosophy and common sense, to demolish the monster her imagination had raised. In vain; I could not flatter myself that even for a moment her belief wavered. When I arose to depart, which I did, promising myself to return again and again, when I had considered the case a little, she gave me a letter sealed with black, to deliver to her husband after her death. Reflection added considerably to the uneasiness I already felt. I saw in her altered form what dire havoc imagination had already made; and when the extreme nervous susceptibility of her system was considered, there was but too much reason to apprehend the very worst might happen, unless her mind could be relieved from its present state of painful tension by some most satisfactory and conclusive means. Telling her husband his wife required amusement and change, and requesting him to procure her daily some friendly society, so that she should be as little alone as possible, I paid her myself long and frequent visits. All my spare moments I employed in searching books for anecdotes and arguments, which I trusted might prove more convincing than my own. Often in the night I congratulated myself on having found some new light wherein to place it, that must at once satisfy her. Still in vain; all my efforts failed in changing into hesitation the firm, fixed belief, so clearly to be read in her calm, mournful eyes. My prescriptions failed equally in improving her bodily health. I saw her waste almost as I watched her; I felt her pulse grow slower and weaker under my fingers, and the fatal night was fearfully near at hand. My anxiety rose almost to agony—indeed, I am persuaded that a fortnight of such suffering would have finished the doctor as well as the patient. All imaginable expedients I thought of and rejected—among others, that of bribing two men to come forward and confess they had entered her apartment, and acted the warning scene for a lark or a wager; but as she told me their features were indelibly impressed upon her mind, I abandoned that. The scheme on which I paused the longest, was that of giving her, on the fatal night, a dose of laudanum, so that she should sleep

over the dreaded hour; but her rapidly-increasing weakness obliged me to relinquish that, as too dangerous; and the nearer the day approached, the more obvious it became that her constitution would not stand opium. I asked the opinion of several of the most eminent medical men of the day; but, (as I could not introduce any of them to her without at once proving to her how ill I thought her, and which would have had the most disastrous effect,) without seeing her, and understanding her temperament, they could not conceive the danger, and thought she would get over it with a fright. Thrown thus on my own resources, with the life of this young creature, a wife and mother, depending on the wisdom of my treatment, I neglected most of my other patients to devote myself to her, and spend all my evenings with her and her husband. Her manners were always most winning, but became daily more so; she spoke to us all with such an affectionate expression. It appeared almost as though she sought to secure our love for her memory, when she herself should be summoned away.

On the evening of the 8th of April, the evening but one before the dread night, she was suddenly seized with a violent fit of hysterics, succeeded by fainting fits. Colonel Delaware, who for some time past had, with the usual blindness of affection, imagined that his wife was recovering, now, for the first time, as he knelt by the side of the bed to which we had carried her, perceived partly the imminence of her danger. I cheered him, poor fellow, as much as possible, and on seeing Mrs. Delaware comparatively restored, I returned home; and after a night of most anxious consideration as to means of getting my patient over the dreaded midnight hour, the remembrance of a play I had seen when a boy flashed upon my mind, and I instantly determined to adopt the old stage trick of changing the clocks. My plan, though it presented some difficulties, was soon arranged in my mind, and I began, for the first time for several days to entertain hope. The next evening I confided to the Colonel that his wife had a fixed idea that on the following night she would have an attack similar to the one she had just recovered from, which would be the crisis of her malady; that I myself thought it not improbable the excited state of her nerves

might actually produce what she dreaded, and I therefore wished to save her constitution that shock, by putting all the clocks and watches one hour behind the real time, on the following day. He pledged himself to follow my directions most faithfully, and promised the most inviolable secrecy. The servants were made acquainted with just sufficient to ensure their co-operation; and, as they were sincerely attached to their young mistress, full reliance could be placed on their faithful execution of the orders entrusted to them.

The morning of the eventful 10th was, fortunately, as brilliant a day as can well be conceived; even smoky London became almost bright, and all things seemed to exult in the coming spring. I visited my patient in the morning, and found her, weaker and lower than the preceding evening. I peremptorily ordered carriage exercise; and, as she always yielded to my suggestions, it was settled that at three o'clock her husband should accompany her in a short country drive. While she was attiring for this purpose, her maid was awkward enough to break the chain to which her mistress's watch was attached, (being provided by me with the means to do it,) and the watch was obliged to be left at home. During her absence, every clock and watch was put back one hour; and I succeeded in getting the church clock in their immediate vicinity retarded that time. I will not recount the difficulties I met with in accomplishing that part of my plan, nor the pompous refusals with which my earnest entreaties were first met; nor how the dignity of the parochial powers gradually softened into humanity when told that a Member of Parliament would not only feel deeply indebted to them, but would make a liberal donation to their parochial funds. On re-entering her apartment, poor Clara eagerly resumed her watch, the damage having been repaired during her absence, and anxiously compared it with the clock on the chimney-piece—the hour both indicated was five. She also found on her table two notes from her two most intimate friends, inviting themselves to dine with her that day at six—*alias* seven—in consequence of my having paid them a visit that morning, when, confiding the consequences to them, I taught them their parts. One was a Mrs. Wakefield, who had been the in-

structress of Mrs. Delaware's youth, and was still regarded by her with sincere affection; she was a calm, sensible, self-possessed person, of encouraging and maternal manners. The other was an old maid, a Miss Holman, the most agreeable, plain woman I ever knew, full of drollery and anecdote, but hiding a strong mind and excellent heart under a light, careless, gay address. She had also known our invalid from her birth, and a strong friendship existed between them. I had, of course, invited myself to this momentous dinner of my own arranging; and, moreover, had requested Colonel Delaware to bring home to dinner, apparently by accident, the Rev. Wilfred Alderson, an old friend of the family, and a bright example of all a Christian pastor ought to be. There was an expression in his benign and reverend countenance of such complete internal conviction of the divine nature of his profession, and the truths he was called upon to inculcate, that inspired confidence and affection; and yet the unbeliever and the scoffer invariably shrunk from his calm, clear gaze. I had not forgotten to pay him a visit in my morning rounds; and I could not but hope the presence of such a man, the type of all that is cheering and consoling in our holy religion, would not be without its effect on our poor sinking hostess. When we were all assembled, the greeting over, we descended to the dining-room, which Mrs. Delaware reached with less difficulty than I had apprehended. When I saw her in the full blaze of light, all my terrors, in some degree smothered by the active exertions I had been making all day, returned full upon me. It was not only that she was wasted and pale, but her eyes drawn back into her head had a most painful expression; her lips were of a purple tinge, and nervous twitches passed frequently over her face. I glanced round to see if her friends were all conducting themselves according to orders, and, observing a slight contraction in the features of the gay old maid, I frowned at her; and she, immediately taking the hint, with great self-command, rattled story after story, and *bon-mot* after *bon-mot*, until even a sort of half-smile stole over poor Clara's face. A most painful smile it was, and nearly unmanned her husband, ignorant as he was of the worst; but a severe look brought him into obedience again. I shall never forget

that dinner! All ate and talked but the hostess; but I believe not one of the party knew what they ate, and but little of what they said. We all felt it was a thing to be got over, and many were the anxious glances turned towards the object of all solicitude, who, unconscious that so many loving eyes were fearfully though covertly watching, kept continually glancing at the clock, and often compared it with the watch. I noticed that each time the hour struck, her agitation increased, and this became worse as the evening advanced. A fine self-playing organ in the room, which everybody requested to hear again, aided my efforts to protract the dinner as long as possible; so that when we arose, it was half-past eight—really half-past nine. Mr. Alderson had previously requested that we might accompany the ladies after dinner, and not remain at table after their departure; and now Miss Holman playfully entreated that, instead of repairing to that “great, large, formal drawing-room,” we might be permitted, as a great indulgence, to spend the evening in Mrs. Delaware’s pretty boudoir; and, as we all joined in the request, it was agreed to, and we accordingly repaired there. I had been anxious to compass this little arrangement, because, should it be needful to convey my patient to her bed, as her boudoir opened out of her bed-room, it was far more convenient. Scarcely were we established, however, when a little circumstance occurred which I felt most indignant with myself for not having foreseen, though I scarcely know how I could have prevented it. Little Cecil was brought in to receive his parents’ last kiss for the day. Those who can form any conception what a mother’s feelings would be on beholding for the last time an only and idolized child, will easily fancy with what convulsive despair poor Clara strained her boy to her heart; and those who cannot, will not be rendered more feeling by any description I could give. I may say we all endured martyrdom while this lasted: no one could speak, and all bowed their heads to conceal the emotion their utmost efforts could not entirely repress. At last I motioned the maid to take the child away; and making a diversion by calling on Colonel Delaware to assist me in bringing forward the sofa, I insisted on my patient placing herself thereon, and I seated myself beside her; and, con-

sulting her pulse from time to time, tried to draw her into conversation. Half-past nine, and actually half-past ten, was now reached; another dreadful hour and a-half to drag over. Tea was brought, and the conversation became more easy; but my anxiety was becoming intolerable. Clara was fast becoming worse—every stroke of the clock seemed to bear off some of her little remaining vitality; her hand, sometimes burning, had become cold as death. Ten, half-past ten, passed over, and now the dreadful moment for us—not her—was approached. Clenching my hand so that the nails entered the flesh, and biting my lips till the blood ran down, I awaited the first stroke of the real midnight hour. It passed; how great was the relief, He who reads the hearts of all alone can tell. Every countenance began to brighten, every voice began to lose its constrained tone, as the passing minutes made assurance doubly sure. Still I trembled for Clara.

I had intended to await the half-hour before I announced to her that her supposed prophecy was false; but when it reached a quarter past, she became so much worse—short, sharp spasms contracting her features, and her whole face assuming a violet hue—that, apprehending she would fall into convulsions, I dared no longer delay the announcement; so, rising from my place, I advanced to the table, and, striking it loud enough to attract even Clara’s attention, I exclaimed:

“Colonel, go and embrace your wife—she is saved. With one word I can effect her instant cure.”

All rose at my words, and Clara fixed upon me a gaze of mingled wonder and incredulity.

“Yes,” I continued; “I hereby proclaim the vision which announced to Mrs. Delaware that she was to die this night at twelve o’clock, to be a false and lying one; because at this moment she is living before us, and it is twenty minutes past twelve.”

“You mistake, doctor; it is only eleven, not twelve,” said she, as despair seemed again settling on her countenance.

“It is past twelve, I assure you. Pardon us, my dear Mrs. Delaware; but, finding all reasoning powerless, your friends and I have put back one hour every watch and clock on which your eyes have rested.”

I could now perceive a faint gleam of hope in her eyes, as she breathlessly said—
“But the church clock; I counted eleven myself not half an hour since.”

“Ah,” I replied, “that will be a bad business for the Colonel; not less than a hundred pounds presented to the parish will be deemed sufficient recompence by the high and mighty dignitaries of the parish. In half an hour we shall have the pleasure of hearing it chime one. Poor midnight has been tabooed from the quarter to-night.”

I then produced a second watch, with which I had provided myself, indicating the real time, and also a note from one of the church-wardens to the colonel, expressing the satisfaction felt by himself and colleagues at being able to serve so distinguished a parishioner. Her friends and husband crowded round her, each multiplying proofs of the truth. Hiding her face in her hands, she hastily rose and left the apartment. We all felt she had gone to her child; and, at my request, no one followed her. She returned in a minute, with a face radiant with smiles and tears, from which all bad symptoms were fast disappearing; and, affectionately addressing us individually, in a few sweet low words, expressed her gratitude; and, I am proud to say, she had the most and the sweetest words for her old friend the doctor. Her husband, almost paralyzed by the sudden knowledge he had obtained of the imagined risk, seemed, soldier as he was, quite overcome; and it was well for us all when the venerable pastor, calling us all around, addressed a short prayer to Him, whose merciful aid had been so frequently, though silently, implored during the last few hours.

I then resumed my medical capacity; and as we had all so indifferently dined, I prescribed a supper, which was immediately assented to; but Mrs. Delaware feared we might not fare so well as she could wish, the servants not having been warned. Begging her to be perfectly easy on that head, as I had taken the liberty to order the supper two days previously, the bell was rang for it; and a more joyous party never, I am sure, sat down to enjoy themselves. Clara ate the wing of a chicken, and her bloom appeared rapidly returning. We kept it up right merrily until past three; and, remaining behind the last, I stopped the thanks

she longed to give me, by pointing out the sin of indulging the imagination too much, showing her that she had allowed a foolish dream to bring her within an inch of the grave—and, bidding her good night, I, too, joyfully departed.

In a few days she was perfectly well, and has never had a similar visionary attack. I have related this short incident to show my young successors that complaints arising from mental causes are best combated by the mind itself—a powerful organ of cure, too little thought of in these days of whimsical remedies and wonderful discoveries.

My Old Companions.

My heart has yearned like other hearts,
With all the fervour youth imparts;
And all the warmth that Feeling lends,
Has freely cherished “troops of friends;”
A change has passed o’er them and me,
We are not as we used to be:
My heart, like many another heart,
Sees old companions all depart.

I mark the names of more than one,
But read them on the cold white stone;
And steps that followed where mine led,
Now on the far-off desert tread:
The world has warped some souls away,
That once were honest as the day;
Some dead—some wandering—some untrue—
Oh! old companions are but few.

But there are green trees on the hill,
And blue flags sweeping o’er the rill;
And there are daisies peeping out,
And dog rose blossoms round about,
Ye were my friends “long, long ago,”
The first bright friends I sought to know;
And yet ye come—rove where I will,
My old companions, faithful still.

And there are sunbeams, rich and fair,
And cheering as they ever were;
And there are fresh winds playing nigh,
As freely as in time gone by;
The birds come singing as of yore,
The waves yet ripple to the shore;
Howe’er I feel—where’er I range,
These old companions never change.

I’m glad I learnt to love the things
That fortune neither takes nor brings;
I’m glad my spirit learnt to prize
The smiling face of sunny skies;
’Twas well I clasped with dotting hand
The balmy wild flowers of the land;
For still ye live in friendship sure,
My old companions bright and pure.

Though strong may be the ties we make,
The strongest mortal tie may break;
Though warm the lips that love us now
They may perhaps forswear the vow.
We see pale Death and envious hate
Fling shadows on Life’s dial-plate;
Noting the hours when dark sands glide,
And old companions leave our side.

But be we sad, or be we gay,
 With thick curls bright or thin loc's grey,
 We never find the spring bloom meet
 Our presence with a smile less sweet.
 Oh! I am glad I learnt to love
 The tangled wood, and cooling dove;
 For there will be, in good or ill,
 My old companions, changeless still.

The Fine Arts of Nature.

"When I want to read a novel," said Sir Walter Scott, "I write one." If a man wishes to possess a collection of landscape pictures, combining all the sauvity of Claude, with more than all the power of Salvator—inexhaustible in variety, unfading in freshness, resistless in the force of spiritual suggestion—his best course will be to educate his eye, his imagination, and his taste, into a capacity to perceive, in the noble scenery which our country contains, those rich effects of composition, colouring and beauty, which ever exist there for the mind which has learned the mystery of unsphering them. The love of Nature is one of the most potent of the natural aids of purity and virtue; but in order that we may love it, we must learn to perceive and to enjoy its beauties. A certain amount of preparation, and a long course of experience, are necessary for this purpose. What there is of moral significance in a mountain, or a sea-side view, may be appreciated by any intelligent and thoughtful mind; but what there is of picturesque will be apprehended only by one whose fancy has been taught to seize and feel those combinations upon which the power of the pencil chiefly depends, and to bring in aid of it those accessories which contribute so importantly to its perfection. The pleasure to be derived from the purely creative arts—painting, music, sculpture—cannot be fully appropriated, even by the most enthusiastic follower of them, without much knowledge, familiar usage, and studious reflection; and for a participation in the delights of Nature, regarded as one of the Fine Arts, even higher capacity and a more potent reaction of mind in the observer is called for. Yet the acquiring of such information and ability is well worth any one's while. To a lover of art, in this country—to one pining and thirsting after the living inspiration that is hoarded up in the masterpieces of foreign-cabinets—we would recom-

mend a study of the theoretic principles upon which landscape painting exists, and then the habit of applying these principles himself, to the task of perfecting and finishing those rough sketches of great pictures with which the banks of every river and the shores of every lake abound. We have, ourselves, been practitioners in this mental limning for many years, and we owe to it hours of the loftiest enjoyment that our life's register records. The highest charms of Nature rarely lie unbosomed to the eye, in open, formal and visible completeness. Those charms are not material and external; they are, to a large extent, mental and associative. Nature, in truth, rarely furnishes more than the elements and components of a fine landscape; the picture must be painted by the intellectual eye that gazes; or, if the outward and apparent view be admirable in itself, there is, nevertheless, always an inner picture,—brighter, and softer, and more splendid, which only the study of well-instructed and inventive thought can bring to the surface. We possess, in the fastnesses of the Hudson Highlands, a collection of the choicest pictures that ever gleamed in the glory of immortal beauty, and which, if they could be transported to the walls of European palaces, would be covered with gold by rival sovereigns contending for their ownership. Could we but sell our perceptions with our pictures, we should be richer than the Rothschilds.

A GENTLEMAN.—Moderation, decorum, and neatness, distinguish the gentleman; he is at all times affable, diffident, and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behaviour is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavours to hide, if possible, the difference between their rank in life; ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty, nor overbearing. In the mansions of the great, the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principle cautions him to avoid the gaming-table, inebriety, or any other foible that could occasion him self-reproach. Pleased with the pleasures of reflection, he rejoices to see the gaieties of society, and is fastidious upon no point of little import.—*Anon.*

The Deserted Mansion.

A few years ago, a picture appeared in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which peculiarly impressed my imagination; it represented an ancient ruinous dwelling, surrounded by dilapidated gardens, set in sombre woods. The venerable trees, the moat filled with nettles and rubbish, the broken fences, green stagnant waters, the gabled, turreted, many-windowed, mouldering mansion, a perfect medley of chaotic architecture. The *visible silence*, the spirit of supreme desolation brooding over the precincts, filled my mind with involuntary sadness; while fancy conjured up strange wild tales of other days, in connection with the scene. I could not shake off the belief that reality was portrayed on the canvas; and writing an account of the various pictures to a friend who resided in the country, I dwelt on this particular one, and my singular impressions respecting it. When I next received a letter from my friend, she remarked how unaccountable my fancies were; fancies which were, however, based on the foundation of truth.

She went on to say, that reading my letter to Mrs. E——, an octogenarian in wonderful preservation, that lady informed her of the locality of my deserted mansion, and also of its history; the picture being actually painted for Mrs. L——'s son; and the tale attached to it, which my friend eventually gave me in the lady's own words, was as follows:

"Fifty years ago, the mansion of St. Elan's Wood was reckoned ancient, but it was a healthful, vigorous age, interesting and picturesque. Then, emerald turf lined the sides of the moat, and blooming flowers clustered within its sloping shelter; while drapery fluttered within the quaint latticed windows, and delicate climbers festooned them without; terraced walks and thick hollow hedges were in trim order, fountains sparkled in the sunshine, and blushing roses bent over and kissed the clear rejoicing waters.

"Fifty years ago, joyous laughter resounded amid the greenwood glades, and buoyant footsteps pressed the green sward; for the master of St. Elan's had brought home a bride, and friends and relatives hastened

thither to offer congratulations, and to share the hospitalities of the festive season.

"Lady St. Elan was a very young wife; a soft-eyed, timid creature; her mother had died during her daughter's infancy, and her father (an officer of high rank in the army) being abroad, a lady whom we shall call Sabina, by whom she had been educated, accompanied her beloved pupil, now Lady St. Elan, to this new home. The death of Lady St. Elan's father, and the birth of a daughter, eventually mingled rejoicing and mourning together, while great anxiety was felt for the young mother, whose recovery was extremely tedious. The visits of eminent physicians, who were sent for from great distances, evinced the fears which were still entertained even when the invalid roamed once more in the pleasant garden and woods around. Alas! it was not for the poor lady's bodily health they feared; the hereditary mental malady of her family on the maternal side, but which had slumbered for two generations, again darkly shadowed forth its dread approaches. Slightly, indeed, had been the warning as yet, subtle the demonstrations of the deadly enemy, but enough to alarm the watchful husband, who was well acquainted with the facts. But the alarm passed away, the physicians came no more, and health and strength, both mental and physical, were fully restored to the patient, while the sweet babe really deserved the epithets lavished on it by the delighted mother of the 'divinest baby in the world.'

"During the temporary absence of her husband, on affairs of urgent business, Lady St. Elan requested Sabina to share her chamber at night, on the plea of timidity and loneliness; this wish was cheerfully complied with, and two or three days passed pleasantly away.

"St. Elan was expected to return home on the following morning, and when the friends retired to rest on the previous night, Sabina withdrew the window curtains, to gaze upon the glorious landscape which stretched far away, all bathed in silver radiance, and she soon fell into a tranquil slumber, communing with holy thoughts and prayerful aspirations. She was suddenly awakened by a curious kind of sound in the room, accompanied by a half-stifed jeering laugh. She knew not how long sleep had lulled her in oblivion, but when Sabina

turned round to see from whence the sound proceeded, imagine her horror and dismay at beholding Lady St. Elan standing near the door, sharpening a large knife on her slipper, looking wildly around now and then, muttering and jibing.

“‘Not sharp enough yet—not sharp enough,’ she exclaimed, intently pursuing her occupation.

“Sabina felt instinctively, that this was no practical *joke*; she knew instinctively the dread reality—by the maniac’s eye—by the tone of voice—and she sprang from the bed, darting towards the door. It was locked.—Lady St. Elan looked cunningly up, muttering:

“‘So you thought I was so silly, did you? But I double-locked it, and threw the key out of the window; and perhaps you may spy it out in the moonshine you’re so fond of admiring,’ pointing to an open casement, at an immense height from the ground—for this apartment was at the summit of a turret, commanding an extensive view, chosen for that reason, as well as for its seclusion and repose, being so far distant from the rest of the household.

“Sabina was not afflicted with weak nerves, and as the full danger of her position flashed across her mind, she remembered to have heard that the human eye possesses extraordinary power to quell and keep in abeyance all unruly passions thus terrifically displayed. She was also aware, that in a contest where mere bodily energy was concerned, her powers must prove inadequate and unavailing, when brought into competition with those of the unfortunate lady during a continuance of the paroxysm. Sabina feigned a calmness which she was far from feeling at that trying moment, and though her voice trembled, yet she said cheerfully, and with a careless air:

“‘I think your knife will soon be sharp enough, Lady St. Elan; what do you want it for?’

“‘What do I want it for?’ mimicked the mad woman; ‘why what should I want it for, Sabina, but to cut your throat with?’

“‘Well, that is an odd fancy,’ exclaimed Sabina, endeavouring not to scream or to faint: ‘but you had better sit down, for the knife is not sharp enough for that job—there—there’s a chair. Now give me your attention while you sharpen, and I’ll set op-

posite to you; for I have had such an extraordinary dream, and I want you to listen to it.’

“The lady looked maliciously sly, as much as to say, ‘You shall not cheat me, if I do listen.’ But she sat down, and Sabina opposite to her, who began pouring forth a farago of nonsense, which she pretended to have dreamt. Lady St. Elan had always been much addicted to perusing works of romantic fiction, and this taste for the marvellous was, probably, the means of saving Sabina’s life, who, during that long and awful night, never flagged for one moment, continuing her repetition of marvels in the *Arabian Night’s* style. The maniac sat perfectly still, with the knife in one hand, the slipper in the other, and her large eyes intently fixed on the narrator. Oh, those weary hours! When, at length, repeated signals and knocks were heard at the chamber-door, as the morning sun arose, Sabina had presence of mind not to notice them, as her terrible companion appeared not to do so; but she continued her sing-song, monotonous strain, until the barrier was fairly burst open, and St. Elan himself, who had just returned, alarmed at the portentous murmurs within, and accompanied by several domestics, came to the rescue.

“Had Sabina moved or screamed for help, or appeared to recognize the aid which was at hand, ere it could have reached her, the knife might have been sheathed in her heart. This knife was a foreign one of quaint workmanship, usually hanging up in St. Elan’s dressing room; and the premeditation evinced in thus secreting it was a mystery not to be solved. Sabina’s hair which was as black as the raven’s wing, when she retired to rest on that fearful night had changed to the similitude of extreme age when they found her in the morning. Lady St. Elan never recovered this sudden and total overthrow of reason, but died—alas! it was rumoured by her own hand—within two years afterwards. The infant heiress was entrusted to the guidance of her mother’s friend and governess; she became an orphan at an early age, and on completing her twenty-first year was uncontrolled mistress of the fortune and estates of her ancestors.

“But long ere that period arrived, a serious question had arisen in Sabina’s mind

respecting the duty and expediency of informing Mary St. Elan what her true position was, and gently imparting the sad knowledge of that visitation overshadowing the destinies of her race. It was true that in her individual case the catastrophe might be warded off, while, on the other hand, there was lurking, threatening danger; but a high religious principle seemed to demand a sacrifice, or self-immolation, in order to prevent the possibility of a perpetuation of the direful malady.

"Sabina felt assured that were her noble-hearted pupil once to learn the facts, there would be no hesitation on her part in strictly adhering to the prescribed line of right; it was a bitter task for Sabina to undertake, but she did not shrink from performing it when her resolution became matured, and her scruples settled into decision, formed on the solid basis of duty to God and man. Sabina afterwards learned that the sacrifice demanded of Mary St. Elan was far more heroic than she had contemplated; and when that sweet young creature devoted herself to a life of celibacy, Sabina did not know, that, engrossed by 'first love,' of which so much has been said and sung, Mary St. Elan bade adieu to life's hope and happiness.

"With a woman's delicate perception and depth of pity, Sabina gained that knowledge; and with honor unspeakable she silently read the treasured secrets of the gentle heart thus fatally wounded—the evil from which she had sedulously striven to guard her pupil, had not been successfully averted—Mary St. Elan had already given away her guileless heart. But her sorrows were not doomed to last; for soon after that period when the law pronounced her free from control respecting her worldly affairs, the last of the St. Elan's passed peaceably away to a better world, bequeathing the mansion house and estate of St. Elan's Wood to Sabina and her heirs. In Sabina's estimation, however, this munificent gift was the 'price of blood:' as but for *her* instrumentality, the fatal knowledge would not have been imparted; but for *her*, the ancestral woods and pleasant home might have descended to children's children in the St. Elan's line,—tainted, indeed, and doomed; but now the race was extinct.

"There were many persons who laughed at Sabina's sensitive feelings on this subject, which they could not understand; and even

well-meaning, pious folk, thought that she carried her strict notions too far. Yet Sabina remained immovable; nor would she ever consent that the wealth thus left should be enjoyed by her or hers.

"Thus the deserted mansion still remains unclaimed, though it will not be long ere it is appropriated to the useful and beneficent purpose specified in Mary St. Elan's will—namely, failing Sabina and her issue, to be converted into a lunatic asylum—a kind of lunatic alms-house for decayed gentlewomen, who, with the requisite qualifications, will here find refuge from the double storms of life assailing them, poor souls! both from within and without."

"But what became of Sabina, and what interest has your son in this picture?" asked my friend of old Mrs. L—, as that venerable lady concluded her narration; "for if none live to claim the property, why does it still remain thus?"

"Your justifiable curiosity shall be gratified, my dear," responded the kindly dame. "Look at my hair—it did not turn white from age: I retired to rest one night with glossy braids, black as the raven's wing, and they found me in the morning as you now behold me! Yes, it is even so; and you no longer wonder that Sabina's son desired to possess this identical painting; my pilgrimage is drawing towards its close—protracted as it has been beyond the allotted age of man—but, according to the tenor of the afore-named will, the mansion and estate of St. Elan must remain as they now stand until I am no more; while the accumulated funds will amply endow the excellent charity. Were my son less honourable or scrupulous, he might, of course, claim the property, on my decease; but respect for his mother's memory, with firm adherence to her principles, will keep him with God's blessing from yielding to temptation. He is not a rich man, but with proud humility he may gaze on this memorial picture, and hand it down to posterity with the traditional lore attached; and may none of our descendants ever lament the use which will be made, nor covet the possession, of this deserted mansion."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Graceful manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart.

Sonnets.

BY ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

COMFORT.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall and miss thee so,
Who are not missed by any that intreat;
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet,
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber,—while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affections,—thus in sooth
To lose the sense of losing! As a child
Whose song-bird seeks the woods for evermore
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
Till sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before!

FUTURITY.

And oh! beloved voices! upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye brake off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly—to enrich
The poor world with the sense of sound—and witch
The heart out of things evil—I am strong
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills with last year's thrush—God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols, and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white
I know we shall behold them,—raised, complete,
New Memmons singing in the great God light!

The English Language.

We have much pleasure in presenting to the readers of the *Mayflower*, the following extracts from a highly interesting lecture, delivered by Mathew Richey, Esq.; before the members of the Athenæum, on the evening of October the 6th.

THE LANGUAGE OF ENGLAND BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

The speech of the ancient Britons is represented as the same with that of the Gauls, from whom, it is probable, they derived their origin, and to whom they presented, in their manners, their government, and their superstition, a striking similarity.

* * * * *

Sharing the fate of their institutions, it was swept away by the overwhelming inundation of the Anglo-Saxon race. Britain, alone of the European nations who fell beneath the German power, lost its language with its liberty. While in every vanquished portion of the Continent the ancient speech continued to be spoken, there it was almost extirpated.

The name of the country itself was changed to Anglo-land or England.

It was in the fifth century that the Saxons subjugated Britain, and, settling in the country, substituted their own language for that of the conquered people. For six hundred years it continued to be spoken with scarcely any variation. The age of Alfred has been mentioned as the era of its highest development; for, to that prince, "whose whole history is one paenegyric," must be assigned a place no less distinguished in arts and literature than in arms and legislation. "He was," says Burke, "indefatigable in his endeavours to bring into England men of learning in all branches from every part of Europe, and unbounded in his liberality to them." But not content with patronizing the labours of others, "he applied *himself* to the improvement of his native language; he translated several valuable works from the Latin, and wrote a vast number of poems in the Saxon tongue with a wonderful facility and happiness."

This language, which so long remained the unadulterated medium through which the thoughts of our ancestors were communicated, was a dialect of the Gothic or Teutonic. Copious and energetic, it had the power to combine its elements and form new compounds at pleasure—a power which it has, alas! been the custom to overlook; and which, from want of exercise, has, it is much to be feared, been irretrievably weakened. It resembled more the modern German than the present English in the inflections of its parts of speech, and in the inverted order of its construction—a mode of construction applicable only to languages where many variations exist, but which has been pedantically attempted with the modern English by some who rank among the most illustrious of its writers.

Though it has been positively affirmed that the ancient Anglo-Saxon tongue consisted chiefly of words of one syllable, such an assertion is altogether incapable of proof: for the most ancient specimens of that language now extant, consist of a very fair proportion of words of more than one syllable.

The Anglo-Saxon was rich in synonyms. In illustration we may remark that it has been ascertained to have ten words for man, and as many for woman; nine simple terms and ten compounds to designate persons in-

vested with authority. It applied eighteen to mind, and was remarkably prolific in words expressive of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Being. "Great verily," says an old writer, "was the glory of our tongue before the Norman conquest in this, that the old English could express most aptly all the conceits of the mind in their own tongue without borrowing from any."

This noble language, though greatly modified, and deprived of many of its characteristics, continues to be the ground-work of our present speech. It is affirmed that "five-eighths at least of the language spoken by Alfred still circulates in the veins of the modern English."

MODERN ENGLISH.

About A. D., 1260, has been spoken of as the time when the change in the language of England to its present form was nearly consummated. From the middle of the preceding century, when the Saxons and Normans began to lay aside their mutual antipathies, and to converse more familiarly together, the work of transition had been going on; but all writers upon this subject confess themselves unable to fix with accuracy, the period when the transformation from Saxon to English may be considered as complete.

If we consent to leave a fruitless speculation, and come down a century later than the epoch mentioned, we shall find satisfactory evidence of the ascendancy which the modern speech had gained. "An act of Parliament was made A. D., 1362, that all pleadings in all courts both of the king and of inferior lords, should be in the English tongue, because French was now much unknown in the realm; and that the people might know something of the laws, and understand what was said for and against them;"* and Trevisa says, "Sir John Cornwayl, a mayster of gramer, chaunged the techyng in gramer schole and construction of Frenssh into Englysshe, and other scooll-maysters use the same way in the year of our Lord Miiij. Clxv. the ix. yere of Kyng Rychard the secund, and leve all Frenssh in scholes, and use all construction in Englysshe. Wherin they have auantage one way, that is that they lerne the sonner theyr gramer. And in another disauantage. For

now they lerne no Frenssh no con none, whiche is hurte for them that shal passe the see. And also gentelmen have moche leste to teche theyr children to speke Frenssh."

The change of which we speak was occasioned rather by the introduction of the French *iduum* than by any very extensive infusion of French words. "It consisted," as an able writer remarks, "essentially in the grammar, and not in the vocabulary." Saxon words were generally retained while the inflections were lost. And the way in which this may be accounted for is, that where the exigencies of two races, speaking different languages, require them to communicate with each other, the race which finds itself compelled to learn the *words* of the other's speech, may not, with an equal facility, acquire a knowledge of its *construction*, if that be artificial, and will therefore combine its terms in a more simple form, which simpler structure will gradually gain the ascendancy. Gibbon illustrates this: "The modern Italian," he says, "has been insensibly formed by the mixture of nations; the awkwardness of the barbarians in the nice management of declensions and conjugations reduced them to the use of articles and auxiliary verbs; and many new ideas have been expressed by Teutonic appellations. Yet the principal stock of technical and familiar words is found to be of Latin derivation;—and if we were sufficiently conversant with the obsolete, the rustic, and the municipal dialect of ancient Italy, we should trace the origin of many terms which might perhaps be rejected by the classic purity of Rome." From a similar mixture of nations did the English language result; and when the Normans began to speak in Saxon, they modified the language to a greater accordance with their former modes of expression.

We may now consider the English language as formed; a compound of Latin, French, and Saxon, but with the last greatly predominating. How little was given up by the Saxon, and how little was received from the other languages, may be inferred from the fact, that even at this distance of time, after the lapse of five centuries, during which we have been industrious in crowding it with exotic expressions, it is estimated that out of thirty-eight thousand words, of which the English language is supposed to consist, twenty-three thousand are Saxon.

* Henry, Hist. Eng.

At the period of which we now discourse, viz: the close of the fourteenth century, our *Literature* may be said to begin. Then arose Chaucer, "great in song," who has been called the first finder of our language, and whose works Spencer pronounced "the well of English undefilde." Authors indeed had written in English before the time of Chaucer; but of them we need not speak. However illustrious in the eyes of their contemporaries, their light waned when Chaucer appeared, as the morning star pales before the rising sun. It was well for the English language that so early in its history it had the genius of Chaucer to aid its development. He was a man of uncommon scholarship and judgment. "Whoever reads the works of Chaucer with attention," says an able judge,* "will be surprised at the variety and extent of his learning as well as charmed with the fertility of his invention, the sweetness of his numbers, (for the times in which he lived;) and all the other marks of a great and cultivated genius." Another intelligent critic† remarks, "In elevation and elegance, in harmony and perspicuity of versification, Chaucer surpasses his predecessors in an infinite proportion; his genius was universal, and adapted to themes of unbounded variety. In a word, he appeared with all the lustre of a true poet, in an age which compelled him to struggle with a barbarous language and a national want of taste; and when to write verses at all was considered as a singular qualification."

Notwithstanding the eulogium of Spenser, it must be admitted that Chaucer introduced many French words with the language. He translated from the French; and Johnson tells us that "no book was ever turned from one language into another without imparting something of its native idiom." Frequency of translation he therefore considers "the great pest of speech." But how far, if at all, the accumulation in our language of foreign words by translation, has been detrimental to its vigour or beauty, is an open question. Had the Anglo Saxon continued uncorrupted and unchanged, a judicious development of its inborn strength and varied latent treasures might have presented us with a language consistent throughout, copious—flexible—harmonious; rivalling, per-

haps surpassing in all these qualities, the ancient Greek. As it is, reflecting upon the great revolution to which, between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries, it was subjected, and the alteration of its grammatical structure, we cannot but think that the subsequent addition of foreign terms has tended rather to enrich than to deprave it.

A Charade.

Pronounced as one letter, and written with three,
Two letters there are, and two only in me;
I'm double, I'm single, I'm black, blue and grey,
I am read from both ends, and the same either way.
I am restless and wandering, steady and fixed,
And you know not one hour what I may be the next;
I melt and I kindle, beseech and defy,
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.
I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek,
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak.
I'm piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull,
Expressive and languid, contracted and full.
I'm a globe and a mirror, a window, a door,
An index, an organ, and fifty things more.
I belong to all animals under the sun,
And to those which were long understood to have none.
By some I am said to exist in the mind,
And am found in potatoes, and needles, and wind.
Three jackets I own, of glass, water, and horn,
And I wore them all three on the day I was born.
I am covered quite snug, have a lid and a fringe,
Yet I move every way on invisible hinge.
A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight,
Who is little by day, and grows big in the night,
Whom I cherish with care as a part of myself;
For in truth I depend on this delicate elf,
Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knack
Throws it into a net, which I keep at my back;
And though heels over head it arrives, in a trice
It is sent up to table all proper and nice.
I am spoken of sometimes as if I were glass,
But then it is false, and the trick will not pass.
A blow makes me run, though I have not a limb;
Though I neither have fins, nor a bladder, I swim.
Like many more couples, my partner and I
At times will look cross at each other, and shy;
Yet still, though we differ in what we're about,
One will do all the work when the other is out.
I am least apt to cry, as they always remark,
When trimmed with good lashes, or kept in the dark.
Should I fret and be heated, they pat me to bed,
And leave me to cool upon water and bread.
But if hardened I grow they make use of the knife,
Lest an obstinate humour endanger my life.
Or you may, though the treatment appears to be rough,
Run a spit through my side, and with safety enough.
Like boys, who are fond of their fruit and their play,
I am seen with my ball and my apple all day.
My belt is a rainbow, I reel and I dance;
I am said to retire, though I never advance.
I am read by physicians at one of their books,
And am used by the ladies to fasten their books.
My language is plain, though it cannot be heard,
And I speak without ever pronouncing a word.
Some call me a diamond, some say I am jet;
Others talk of my water or how I am set.
I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
And an isle of the sea in the Irishman's dream.
The earth without me would no loveliness wear,
And sun, moon, and stars, at my wish disappear;
Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,
That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

A clear conscience is the best law, and temperance the best physic.

* Henry.

† Warton.

Editorial.

MUSIC.

Who loves not music? To whom is it not associated with the remembrance of former days, with a mother's sweet smile, and a sister's tenderness,—and as the old familiar strains fleet softly on the summer air—

"With easy force they open all the cells,
Where memory slept. Wherever we have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains."

Graciously has it been ordained that amid the harsh realities of life, music should wield no mean power in hushing the stormy passions,—and in whispering to the agitated spirit, "Peace be still,"—and few, indeed, are the number of those, however tyrannised over by fashion, or ruled by worldly principles, that can resist its gentle influence, while often does it bring tears to eyes "albeit unused to weep," as memory, from her store-house, produces the treasures of the past, and clothes, with something of their former beauty, visions we once thought too fair to fade. Mark, for instance, its magical effect on a man immersed in business, perplexed with cares, torn by anxiety. Suddenly, above the harsh tumults of life, his attention is arrested by a simple and plaintive melody, one heard in by-gone days, "in a cottage far away,"—and his thoughts insensibly revert to the spring-time of life.—See the ruffled brow has become smooth—the harsh outline of the countenance softened; the compressed lips are parted,—and the whole man appears to have undergone a change. Presently the eye moistens, the lips quiver, the hand trembles, can a simple melody have moved him thus? Yes, for standing at the grave of buried hopes it has bid them arise, and gentle words "forgotten long ago," and smiles, and tears, and faces and forms, once familiar, are beheld again in memory's faithful mirror,—and the man, whose moral nature has insensibly hardened in an atmosphere uncongenial to the cultivation of the pure and ennobling affections of the heart, becomes softened, subdued, and in many cases, we trust, made permanently better and wiser. The above remarks were suggested by a visit recently made to a musical establishment in this city, owned by

Mr. John Hays. Mr. H. is an enthusiastic lover of music, and we believe a most skillful mechanist in the construction of instruments. We would particularly invite the attention of the lovers of music, to the *Melodian*, an instrument he has lately introduced into this city, and one in which he has made several very striking improvements. Equally adapted for the services of the sanctuary, or for the domestic circle,—occupying much less room than a piano, but surpassing it in elegance of appearance and high finish; and constructed in such a manner as to be capable of conveyance, with ease, from place to place, this instrument will, we believe, ere long, become a favourite with the public,—and perhaps as popular as its predecessor the piano. As regards the quality of the music, it appears to combine the different sounds of a variety of instruments in one; the pealing organ, and the soft tones of the piano are, perhaps, the most conspicuous. The tones are particularly pleasing. Now so soft that they form a melodious whisper, and, anon, bursting with full and triumphant power on the ear. It is as well adapted for rapid as slow music,—and we would earnestly recommend those interested to call and examine for themselves, assuring them that nothing affords the proprietor more pleasure than exhibiting and performing on his instruments for the gratification of others. We trust that he will be, as he deserves, extensively, patronized,—and that the *Melodian* will speedily occupy a place in the churches, drawing-rooms, and parlours of our city.

For further particulars we refer our readers to advertisement on the cover. *Ab. B. dlo.*

The Forest Funeral.

She was fair, with tresses of long, black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but looking up she smiled. I spoke to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition?"

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strains of the *Æolian*. You may imagine the answer startled me, and with a few words to this import I turned from her.

A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep rich melodious voice.

"Father, I am cold, lie down beside me," and the old man laid down by his dying child, and she twined her arms round his neck and murmured in a dreary voice, "Dear father, dear father."

"My child," said the old man, "doth the flood seem too deep for thee?"

"Nay, father, my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father, and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearst thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father, the voices of Angels calling from afar in the still solemn night-time, and they call me. Her voice, father? Oh! I heard it then."

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaks in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile! but a cold calm smile! but I am cold! cold. Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God."

Sabbath evening came, and a slow procession wound through the forest to the little school house. There, with simple rites, the clergyman performed his duty and went to the grave. The procession was short.—There were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, and they stood in reverend silence by the grave of Mary. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and the stars were bright before I left, for I always had an idea a grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on earth; and with old Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass the place of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the Temple of God on high.—*Exchange paper.*

Good nature is one of the sweetest gifts of Providence. Like the pure sunshine it gladdens, enlivens and cheers. In the midst of hate, revenge, sorrow, and despair, how glorious are its effects.

The Merchant's Advantage.

Not many years ago, a Polish lady of Plebian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments won the affections of a young nobleman, who having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the young nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?"

"You are undoubtedly of the best blood of Poland."

"Then having your daughter's consent, how could I expect a refusal?"

"This, sir," said the father, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious. What fortune gives, at her caprice she takes away. I see no security for the independence and comfortable living of a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter, who is not master of a trade."

The nobleman bowed his head and submitted silently. In a year or two after, the latter was sitting at the door, and saw approaching his cot, wagons loaded with baskets, and leading the cavalcade, the nobleman in the dress of a basket maker. He was now the master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his own hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer, that he was master of his business.

The condition being fulfilled, no farther obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The revolution came—fortunes were plundered—and lords were scattered like chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars—some of them teachers—and the noble Pole supported his wife and her father in the infirmities of age, by basket-making industry.

FRIENDSHIP.—The last and most sacred duty of friendship is after we have stood upon the planks round his grave. When my friend is dead I will not turn into his grave and be stifled with his earth: but I will mourn for him, and perform his will, and take care of his relatives, and do for him as if he were alive; and thus it is that friendships never die.—*South.*

Motherly Love.

Last among the characteristics of women is that sweet motherly love with which nature has gifted her. It is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a part of her own nature.

In every uncorrupted nation of the earth, this feeling is the same. Climate, which changes everything else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no nourishment for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of its life.—She endures from it all the nascent indication of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood with indulgent all forgiving patience. The negress is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savages. We read with astonished admiration the accounts of her matchless courage and contempt of danger. But if death robs that tender mother whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and care of her existence—where is the heart that can conceive her sorrow? The feeling which it breathes is beyond all expression.

LATEST PARISIAN AND LONDON Fashions.

(From the Ladies' Newspaper.)

Walking Dress. The dress is made plain in the skirt—that is to say, without flounces,—but it has a front trimming, which may be formed of small bouillonnes, or grafferred frills, disposed horizontally on a front piece, widening from the waist to the edge of the skirt. The sleeves, which are demi-long, and of very moderate fulness, are trimmed at the ends with a bouillonne, or with one or two narrow gouffered frills. The under-sleeves of jaconet muslin, are also of moderate fulness, and are confined on the wrists by bands of needlework. The mantalet, which is of the same material as the dress,

is exceedingly small, descending at the back but little below the waist. It is edged with trimming corresponding with other parts of the dress, and has a large round hood, trimmed in the same manner, and finished with two tassels.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Velvet, as a trimming, was never more fashionable than at present. There are, at this season, few articles, included in the category of ladies' costume, to which a trimming of velvet may not be applied. Velvet is now employed to ornament plain dresses, as well as those of the most elegant description. One of the new dresses we have seen during the past week, is composed of marrow-coloured silk. The skirt has three flounces, edged with two rows of black velvet ribbon, of the width of half an inch. The corsage and sleeves are ornamented with the same trimming. The majority of the dresses, made at the present season, have high corsages, though composed of silk of very rich and thick texture.

One or two merino dresses have also been made up. They are of dark colours, and quite plain. As a trimming for merino dresses, braid or soutache is the most suitable material,—but, in general, the corsage only is trimmed. Caps are this season worn rather small,—and generally have the addition of barbes or lappets. They may be composed of lace, tulle, or blonde,—and trimmed with flowers; pink and blue convolvulus, heath and the corn rose, being among those we have recently observed as the most prevalent.

The fancy buttons in jewelry now employed to ornament ladies dresses, are set with torquois, malachite, garnet, inamel, &c.—Those used for the corsage are larger than those for the gilet; the smallest being used for habit-shirts and under-sleeves.

The costumes of very young ladies, from twelve or thirteen to fifteen or sixteen, differ but little from those of their seniors. The chief difference is their greater degree of simplicity or plainness. Thus, poplin, silk, and mousseline-de-laine, may be selected for dresses,—but they must be made without flounces. For a walking dress, a mantalet of the same material as the dress is, at present, a style of costume much in favour for young ladies.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path, but when he returns to the fireside, and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man.

He is but half prepared for the journey of life, who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows—increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

No, that man cannot be miserable who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised, and trodden upon by the world.

The man who resolves to live without woman is an enemy of the community in which he dwells, injurious to himself, destructive to the world, an apostate from nature, and a rebel against heaven and earth.

PERMANENT BEAUTY.

Permanent beauty is not that which consists in symmetry of form, dignity of mien, gracefulness of motion, loveliness of colour, regularity of features, goodness of complexion, or cheerfulness of countenance; because age and disease, to which all are liable, and from which none are exempt, will, sooner or later, destroy all these. That alone is permanent beauty, which arises from the purity of the mind, and the sanctity of the heart, and agreeableness of the manners, and chasteness of the conversation. If the outward form be handsome, it appears to greater advantage; and if it be not so, it is as easily discerned, and as justly appreciated.

A TRUE WIFE.

With a true wife, the husband's faults should be a secret. A woman forgets what is due to herself, when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confidante. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation, than his life. If this be not the case, she pollutes her marriage vow.

Items of News.

THE NAVIGATION OF SHIPS AT SEA.—It has long been the practice of vessels upon a wind meeting each other to pass on the port side, the vessel on the starboard tack keeping her course, and the one on the larboard tack giving way. But this rule was not till recently embodied in our statute law. Steam-vessels were, by a former act, required to exhibit lights, and pass on the larboard hand; but by the 14th and 15th Vic., cap. 79, ss. 26, 27, and 28, the law formerly applicable only to steam-vessels, is now extended to sailing-vessels. The new act received the royal assent so lately as the 7th of August last, and will come into operation on the 31st December.

The scarcity of volunteers for the navy is felt now, not only by the large ships, but by small vessels, which were wont to be manned in a few hours. There is scarcely a ship at the ports that has her complement, whether flag ship, harbour ship, advanced ship, or full sea-going vessel.—*United Service Gazette.*

SINGULAR CASE.—The *Roundout Courier* records the following singular case:—About a month ago, the daughter of a citizen of Napanoch, Ulster county, fell into a deep sleep, at about mid-day, without any previous monition, lasting an unusual time; and since then recurrent attacks have followed at intervals, one of which, an apparently profound slumber, lasted within a few hours of six days! During all this period of sleep, about a wine-glass full of milk was all the nutriment that could be administered. Every effort to arouse her from these torpors fails, save with a remarkable exception. The voice of a former pastor of the church at N. appears to arouse consciousness, and with some exertion on his part, the spell is broken for a time. The case seems to baffle all medical skill thus far. The girl is about fifteen years of age.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND THE CLAIRVOYANT.—The *Edinburgh Advertiser* calls attention to the following singular circumstance connected with the search for Sir John Franklin:—

"On the 17th of February last a clairvoyant, whose revelations are given in Dr. Gregory's late work, stated that Capt. Austin was at that moment in lon. 95 deg. 45 min. west, which corresponds exactly with the actual position of the place, where he is now found to have passed the winter. According to her statement, Sir John Franklin was at the same time in lon. 101 deg. 45 min. or about 400 miles to the westward; he had been previously relieved, and a third ship was then frozen up along with his two."

THE QUICKEST VOYAGE TO CHINA.—The *Chrysolite*, a clipper ship, built at Aberdeen by the Messrs. Hall, for the Liverpool and China trade, has recently made the voyage from Liverpool to Anjier in eighty days. This is the quickest trip on record. The *C.* was built to contest the voyage with the *Oriental*, a ship which had previously gone the distance in eighty nine days.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is given in a recent number of the *Norwich Courier*. The editor says it was communicated by a gentleman now upwards of eighty years of age, who was an active participator in the scenes of the revolution. The story is as follows:

“When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the revolutionary war, came to Massachusetts to organise it, and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. On one occasion at that anxious period a consultation of the officers was had, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparations as were necessary. His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then governor of the state of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the general placed the greatest reliance, remarked, ‘We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject.’ The general did so and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterwards arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, ‘We must consult Brother Jonathan.’ The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but ‘Brother Jonathan’ has now become a designation of the whole country, as ‘John Bull’ has for England.”—*Journal of Americanisms*, by John Russell Bartlett, 1849.

WONDERFUL OPERATION.—We saw at the office of Dr. Dix, Oculist, on Saturday last, a young man who had been blind for twenty-one years. He was reading easily the finest nonpareil print. This young man became blind at the age of eleven years, was supposed to be totally incurable, and was educated at the Blind Asylum in this city, where he became an efficient scholar. Some time since, his case attracted the attention of Dr. Dix, and the young man was induced to submit to an operation by that gentleman, the gratifying result of which was as above stated.—The individual in question is now able to see and read the finest print with ease and facility. Truly we live in an age of wonder. We believe this is the only case on record where sight has been restored after so long an absence. Dr. Dix has a wide spread fame.—*Boston Mail*.

JAMAICA.—Dates to the 12th instant.—The Cholera has, it seems, “again re-visited Savanna-Mar and many deaths have occurred,” Fevers in consequence of recent heavy rains are very prevalent. The Governor had issued a proclamation requiring the authorities in the several parishes to meet to make such sanatory arrangements as are calculated to check the progress of the disease.

The Small Pox also prevails at Trelawney and other places.

£7000 has been granted by the Imperial Government to assist Jamaica in her distress resulting from Cholera.

EXPEDITION TO AFRICA.—I learn that Lieut. Watkins has asked leave of absence, on present pay, for himself and one officer and five or six men from the naval service, and for an outfit consisting of a small iron steamboat, &c., not costing in the whole more than ten thousand dollars, for the purpose of exploring the most important rivers in Africa. He proposes to begin with the river St. Paul's, which, as there is reason to believe, has a course of several hundred miles through a rich, beautiful, and healthy country, teeming with commercial products. This river is destined to afford facilities to Liberia for a vast commerce, and, therefore, it is of great importance to the success of colonization, and of the contemplated line of steamers to Africa, that it should be explored. The establishment of interior colonies, and the opening of an inland trade would be the result.

Lieut. Watkins intends next to follow in the career of discovery and exploration that was commenced by Park, Clapperton, Landers, Trotter, and many others, who, though they perished in their attempts, still effected something for the object in view. The Americans, with improved facilities and better adaption of means, will, I have no doubt, meet with some success. Lieut. Watkins is confident in his belief that he will find ample coal fields on the St. Paul's, and this alone would be a discovery of vast importance to the future commerce and civilization of Africa.—*Wash. Cor. of the Baltimore Sun*.

The Arctic expedition, under the command of Capt. Austin, C. B., has returned to England. Sir John Ross has arrived in London; he thinks Sir John Franklin's ships were lost at the top of Buffin's bay, in the autumn of 1846, and that a portion of the crew had been murdered by a hostile tribe said to be resident in those parts.

Kossuth and his companions have arrived in England. Simultaneously with their arrival on British soil they were hung in effigy at Pesth, by the Austrian authorities, a fate from which they were saved by English sympathy and Turkish good faith.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The St. Louis Republican of the 20th ultimo announces the return to that city from New York of Mr Allen, President of the Pacific Railroad Company.—While at the East he made contracts for the construction of a portion of the road, and had ordered rails for the first division, about forty miles, and locomotives and machinery for its equipment. It is expected that the cars will be running on a portion of the road by the 4th of July next.

A SPANISH PRINCESS.—The infant Princess of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, was baptised at the palace of Santelmo, at Seville, by the cardinal archbishop, and received the names of—Maria Amelia Luisa Enriqueta Felipa Antonia Fernanda Christina Isabella Adelaida Jesusa Josefa Joaquina Ana Francisca de Asis Justa Rufina Francisca de Paula Ramona Elena Carolina Babian Polonia Gaspara Melchora Baltasara Augustina Sabina.