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THE YOUNG MARKET-WOMAN.

Belford is so populous a place, and the country round so thickly inhabited, that the Saturday's market is almost as well attended as an ordinary fair. So early as three or four o'clock in the morning, the heavy waggons (one with a capital set of bells) begin to pass our house, and increase in number—to say nothing of the admixture of other vehicles, from the humble donkey-cart to the smart gig, and hosts of horsemen and footpeople—until nine or ten, when there is some pause in the affluence of market folks till about one, when the lightened wains, laden, not with corn, but with rosy-cheeked country lasses, begin to show signs of travelling homeward, and continue passing at no distant intervals until twilight. There is more traffic on our road in one single Saturday than on all the other days of the week put together. And if we feel the stirring moment of "market-day" so strongly in the country,\* it may be imagined how much it must enliven the town.

Saturday at noon is indeed the very time to see Belford, which in general has the fault, not uncommon in provincial towns, of wanting bustle. The old market-place, always picturesque from its shape (an unequal triangle), its size, the diversified outline and irregular architecture of the houses, and the beautiful Gothic church by which it is terminated, is then all alive with the busy hum of traffic, the agricultural wealth and the agricultural population of the district.

\*My dog Dash, who regularly attends his master to the Bench, where he is the only dog admitted, and a great pet, knows Saturday as well as I do; follows my father as closely as his shadow from the moment that he comes down stairs; and would probably break through the door or jump through a closed window, rather than suffer the phaeton to set off without him.

From the poor farmer with his load of corn, up to the rich mealman and the great proprietor, all the "landed interest" is there, mixed with the jobbers and chapmen of every description, cattle-dealers, millers' brewers, maltsters, justices going to the Bench, constables and overseers following to be sworn, carriers, carters, errand-boys, tradesmen, shopmen, apprentices, gentlemen's servants, and gentlemen in their own persons, mixed with all the riff-raff of the town, and all the sturdy beggars of the country, and all the noisy urchins of both.

Noise indeed is the prime characteristic of the Belford market-day—noise of every sort, from the heavy rumbling of so many loaded waggons over the paved market-place, to the crash of the crockery-ware in the narrow passage of Princes' Street, as the stall is knocked down by the impetus of a cart full of turnips, or the squall of the passengers of the southern caravan, upset by the irresistible momentum of the Hadley mill team.

But the noisiest, and perhaps the prettiest places, were the Piazza at the end of St. Nicholas' church, appropriated by long usage to female venders of fruit and vegetables, where certain old women, as well known to the *habitués*, of the market as the church-tower, were wont to *flyte* at each other, and at their customers, with the genius of vituperation for which ladies of their profession have long been celebrated; and a detached spot called the Butter-market, at the back of the Market-place proper, where the more respectable basket women, the daughters and wives of farmers, and the better order of the female peasantry, used to bring eggs, butter and poultry for sale on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

A pretty and a diversified place was the Butter-market; for besides the commodities, dead and alive, brought by honest countrywomen, a few stalls were set out with straw hats, and caps and ribbons, and other feminine gear, to tempt them in return; and here and there an urchin of the more careful sort would bring *his* basket of tame rabbits, or wood-pigeons, or young ferrets, or squeaking guinea-pigs, or a nest of downy owls or gaping jackdaws, or cage of linnets and thrushes, to tempt the townfolk. Nay, in the season, some thoughtful little maid of eight or ten would bring nosegays of early primroses or sweet violets, or wall-flowers, or stocks, to add a few pence to the family store.

A pleasant sight was the Butter-market, with its comely country wives, its modest lasses and neat children—pleasant and cheerful, in spite of the din of so many women, buyers and sellers, all talking together, and the noise of the turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens and guinea-pigs;—but the pleasantest sight there was a young damsel famous for eggs and poultry, and modest beauty, known by the name of “pretty Bessy,”—but not a regular attendant of the market, her goods being in such request that she seldom had occasion to come, so far, the families round, ourselves among the rest, dealing constantly with her.

We are persons of great regularity in our small affairs of every class, from the petty dealings of housekeeping to the large commerce of acquaintanceship. The friends who have once planted us by their fireside, and made us feel as if at home there, can no more get rid of our occasional presence, than they could root out that other tenacious vegetable, the Jerusalem artichoke; even if they were to pull us up by the stalk and toss us over the wall (an experiment by they way, which, to do them justice, they have never tried,) I do verily believe that in course of a few months we should spring up again in the very same place: and our tradespeople, trifling as is the advantage to be derived from our custom, may yet reckon on it with equal certainty. They are, as it happens, civil, honest and respectable, the first people in their line in the good town of Belford: but, were they otherwise, the circumstances would

hardly affect our invincible constancy. The world is divided between the two great empires of habit and novelty; the young following pretty generally in the train of the new-fangled sovereign, whilst we of an elder generation adhere with similar fidelity to the *ancien régime*. I, especially, am the very bond-slave of habit—love old friends, old faces, old books, old scenery, old flowers, old associations of every sort and kind—nay, although a woman, and one not averse to that degree of decoration which belongs to the suitable and the becoming, I even love old fashion and old clothes, and can so little comprehend why we should tire of a thing because we have had it long, that, a favorite pelisse having become shabby, I this very day procured with some difficulty silk of the exact color and shade, and, having ordered it to be made in direct conformity with the old pattern, shall have the satisfaction next Sunday of donning a new dress, which my neighbours, the shoemaker's wife and baker's daughters, who have in their heads an absolute inventory of my apparel, will infallibly mistake for the old one.

After this striking instance, the courteous reader will have no difficulty in comprehending that the same “auld-lang-syne” feeling which leads me to think no violets so fragrant as those which grow on a certain sunny bank in Kibes Lane, and no cherries so sweet as those from the great mayduke, on the south wall of our old garden, should also induce me to prefer before all oranges those which come from Mrs. Hollin's shop, at the corner of the churchyard—a shop which we have frequented ever since I knew what an orange was; and, for the same reason, to rank before all the biscuits which ever were invented a certain most seducing, thin, and crisp composition, as light as foam and as tasteless as spring-water, the handiwork of Mrs. Purdy, in the Market-place, in the good town of Belford; as well as to place above all other poultry that which cackles in the basket of “pretty Bessy.” The oranges and biscuits are good in themselves, and so are the ducks and chickens; but some of their superiority is undoubtedly to be ascribed to the partiality generated by habit.

Another of the persons with whom we

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had in our small way dealt longest, and whom we liked best, was old Matthew, the matseller. As surely as February came, would Matthew present his bent person and withered though still ruddy face at our door, with the three rush mats which he knew that our cottage required; and as surely did he receive fifteen shillings of lawful money of Great Britain, in return for his commodity, notwithstanding an occasional remonstrance from some flippant housemaid or domineering cook, who would endeavour to send him off with an assurance that his price was double that usually given, and no mat ever made with rushes was or could be worth five shillings. "His honor always deals with me," was Matthew's mild response, and an appeal to the parlour never failed to settle matters to his entire satisfaction. In point of fact, Matthew's mats were honestly worth the money; and we enjoyed in this case the triple satisfaction of making a fair bargain, dealing with an old acquaintance, and relieving in the best way—that of employment—the wants of age and of poverty: for although Matthew's apparel was accurately clean and tidy, and his thin wrinkled cheeks as hale and ruddy as a summer apple, yet the countless patches on his various garments, and the spare, trembling figure, bent almost double and crippled with rheumatism, told a too legible story of infirmity and penury. Except on his annual visit with his merchandize, we never saw the good old matmaker; nor did I even know where he resided, until the want of an additional mat for my greenhouse, towards the end of last April, induced me to make inquiry concerning his habitation.

I had no difficulty in obtaining a direction to his dwelling; and found that, for a poor old matmaker, Matthew was a person of more consideration and note in our little world than I could have expected, being, in a word, one of the honestest, soberest, and most industrious men in the neighbourhood.

He lived, I found, in Barkham Dingle, a deep woodland dell, communicating with a large tract of unenclosed moors and commons in the next parish, convenient doubtless to Matthew, as affording the rushes of which his mats were constructed, as well as heath for brooms, of

which he was said to have lately established a manufacture, and which were almost equally celebrated for durability and excellence with the articles he had made for so many years. In Barkham Dingle lived old Matthew, with a granddaughter, who was, I found also renowned for industry and good-humor; and, on one fine afternoon in the end of April, I set forth in my little pony-phaeton, driven by the model of all youthful serving-men, our boy John, to make my purchase.

Our road lay through a labyrinth of cross-country lanes, intermingled with tiny patches of village greens, where every here and there a score or two of sheep, the small flock of some petty farmer, were nestled with their young lambs among the golden gorse and the feathery broom, and which started up bleating at the sound of our wheels and at the sight of Dash (far too well-bred a dog to dream of molesting them), as if our peaceful procession had really been something to be frightened at. Rooks were wheeling above our heads, wood-pigeons flying across the fields; the shrill cry of the plover, mixed with the sweet song of the nightingale and the monotonous call of the cuckoo; whilst every hedge echoed with the thousand notes of the black-bird, the linnet, the thrush, and "all the finches of the grove." Geese, and duck, with their train of callow younglings, were dabbling in every pool; little bands of straggling children were wandering through the lanes; everything, in short, gave tokens of the loveliest of the season, the fresh and joyous spring. Vegetation was, however, usually backward. The blossom of the sloe, called by the country people "the blackthorn winter," still lingered in the hedges, mingling its snowy garlands with the deep, rich brown of the budding oak and the tender green of the elm; the primroses of March still mingled with the cowslips, pansies, orchises and wild hyacinths of April; and the flower of the turnip was only just beginning to diffuse its honeyed odours (equal in fragrance to the balmy tassels of the lime) in the most sheltered nooks or the sunniest exposures. The "blessed sun" himself seemed rather bright than warm; the season was, in short, full three weeks backward than it should have been

according to the almanac. Still it was spring, beautiful spring! and as we drew near to the old beech-wood called Barkham Dingle, we felt in its perfection all the charms of the scene and the hour.

Although the country immediately round was unenclosed, as had been fully proved by the last half mile of undulating common, interspersed by old shaggy trees and patches, (islets, as it were) of tangled underwood, as well as by a few rough ponies and small cows belonging to the country people; yet the lanes leading to it had been intersected by frequent gates, from the last of which a pretty, little, rosy, smiling girl, to whom I had tossed a penny for opening it, had sprung across the common like a fawn, to be ready with her services at that leading into the Dingle, down which a rude cart-track, seldom used unless for the conveyance of faggots or brushwood, led by a picturesque but by no means easy descent.

Leaving chaise, and steed, and driver, to wait our return at the gate, Dash and I pursued our way by a winding yet still precipitous path to the bottom of the dell. Nothing could be more beautiful than the scene. On every side, steep shelving banks, clothed with magnificent oaks and beeches, the growth of centuries, descended gradually, like some vast amphitheatre, to a clear, deep piece of water, lying like a mirror in the midst of the dark woods, and letting light and sunshine into the picture. The leaves of the beech were just bursting into a tender green from their shining sheaths, and the oaks bore still the rich brown, which of their unnumbered tints is perhaps the loveliest; but every here and there a scattered horse-chestnut, or plane, or sycamore, had assumed its summer verdure: the weeping birch, "the lady of the woods," was breaking from the bud, the holly glittering in its unvarying glossiness, the hawthorn and the briar-rose in full leaf, and the ivy and woodbine twisting their bright wreaths over the rugged trunks of the gigantic forest-trees; so that green formed even now the prevailing color of the wood. The ground, indeed, was enamelled with flowers like a parterre. Primroses, cowslips, pansies, orchises, ground-ivy, and wild hyacinths, were blended in gorgeous profusion with the

bright wood-vetch, the light wood-anemone, and the delicate wood-sorrel,\* which sprang from the mossy roots of the beeches, unrivalled in grace and beauty, more elegant even than the lilly of the valley that grew by its side. Nothing could exceed the delightfulness of that winding wood-walk.

I soon came in sight of the place of my destination, a low-browed, thatched cottage, perched like a wild-duck's nest at the very edge of the pool, and surrounded by a little garden redeemed from the forest—a small *clearing*, where cultivated flowers, the beds of berry-bushes, and pear and cherry trees, in full blossom, contrasted strangely yet pleasantly with the wild scenery around.

The cottage was very small, yet it had the air of snugness and comfort which one loves to associate with the dwellings of the industrious peasantry. A goodly faggot-pile, a donkey-shed, and a pigsty, evidently inhabited, confirmed this impression; and geese and ducks swimming in the water, and chickens straying about the door, added to the cheerfulness of the picture.

As I approached, I recognized an old acquaintance in a young girl, who, with a straw basket in her hand, was engaged in feeding the cocks and hens—no less than pretty Bessy the young market-woman, of whom I have before spoken, celebrated for rearing the earliest ducks and the fattest and whitest chickens ever seen in these parts. Any Wednesday or Saturday morning, during the spring or summer months, might Bessy be seen on the road to Belford, tripping along by the side of her little cart, hardly larger than a wheelbarrow, drawn by a sedate and venerable donkey, and laden with coops full of cackling or babbling inmates, together with baskets of fresh eggs—for Bessy's commodities were as much prized at the breakfast as at the dinner table. She meant, I have said, to keep the market; but, somehow or other, she seldom reached it; the quality of her merchandize being held in such estimation by the families around, that her coops and baskets were generally emptied before they gained their place of destination.

\* There is a pink variety of this beautiful wild flower but the pencilled white is the most elegant.

Perhaps the popularity of the vender had something to do with the rapid sale of her poultry-ware. Never did any one more completely realize the *beau idéal* of a young, happy, innocent country girl, than Matthew's grand-daughter.— Fresh and fair, her rosy cheeks mantling with blushes, and her cherry lips breaking into smiles, she was the very milk-maid of Isaac Walton; and there was an old-fashioned-simplicity, a complete absence of all finery, in her attire, together with a modest sweetness in her round young voice, a rustic grace in her little courtsey, and, above all total unconsciousness of her charms, which not only heightened the effect, but deepened and strengthened the impression. No one that ever had seen them could forget Bessy's innocent smiles.

At present, however, the poor girl was evidently in no smiling mood; and, as I was threading with care and labor the labyrinths of an oak newly felled and partly barked, which lay across the path, to the great improvement, of its picturesqueness (there are few objects that so much enhance the beauty of the woodland scenery) and the equal augmentation of its difficulty, I could not help observing how agitated and pre-occupied the little damsel seemed. Her cheeks had lost their color, her steps were faltering, and the trembling hand with which she was distributing the corn from her basket could hardly perform its task. Her head was turned anxiously towards the door, as if something important were going forward within the house; and it was not until I was actually by her side, and called her by name, that she perceived me.

The afternoon, though bright and pleasant for the season, was one of those in which the sun sometimes amuses himself by playing at bopeep. They sky had become overcast shortly after I had entered the Dingle, and, by the time I had surmounted the last tall jetting bough of the bare oak, some of the branches of which I was fain to scramble over and some to creep through, and had fairly reached the cottage door, a sudden shower was whistling through the trees with such violence as to render Dash and myself very glad to accept Bessy's embarrassed invitation and get shelter from the pelting of the storm.

My entrance occasioned an immediate and somewhat awkward pause in a discussion that had been carried on, apparently with considerable warmth, between my old host Matthew, who with a half-finished mat in his hand, was sitting in a low wicker chair on one side of the hearth, and a visitor, also of my acquaintance, who was standing against the window; and, with natural feelings of repugnance to such an intrusion, I had hardly taken the seat offered me by Bessy and given my commission to her grandfather, before I proposed to go away, saying that I saw they were busy, that the rain was nothing, that I had a carriage waiting, that I particularly wished to get home, and so forth—all the civil falsehoods, in short, with which finding oneself *madame de trop*, one attempts to escape from an uncomfortable situation.

My excuses were, however, altogether useless. Bessy would not hear of my departure; Farmer White, my fellow visitor, assured me that the rain was coming down harder than ever; and the old mat maker declared that, so far from my being in the way, all the world was welcome to hear what he had to say, and he had just been wishing for some discreet body to judge of the farmer's behaviour. And, the farmer professing himself willing that I should be made acquainted with the matter, perfectly ready to abide by my opinion—provided it coincided with his own—I resumed my seat opposite to Matthew, whilst poor Bessy, blushing and ashamed, placed herself on a low stool in the corner of the little room, and began making friends with Dash.

“The long and the short of the matter is, ma'am,” quoth old Matthew, “that Jem White—I dare say you know Jem; he's a good lad and 'dustrious—and my Bessy there—and she's a good girl and a 'dustrious too, tho' I say it that should not say it—have been keeping company, like, for these two years past; and now, just as I thought they were going to marry and settle down in the world, down comes his father, the farmer, and wants to marry him to another wench and be false-hearted to my girl.”

“I never knew that he courted her, ma'am, till last night,” interrupted the farmer.

"And who does he want Jem to marry?" pursued the old man, warming as he went on. "Who but Farmer Brookes's fine daughter 'Gusta as they call her—who's just come back from Belford boarding-school, and goes about the country in her silks and satins, with her veils and her fine work bags—who but she! as if she was a lady born, like madame there! Now, my Bessy——"

"I have not a word to say against Bessy," interrupted the farmer; "she's a good girl, and a pretty girl, and an industrious girl. I have not a word to say against Bessy. But the fact is, that I have had an offer of the Holm Farm for Jem, and therefore——"

"And a fine farmer's wife 'Gusta Brookes will make!" quoth the matmaker, interrupting Master White in his turn. "A pretty farmer's wife! She that can do nothing on earth but jabber French, and read story-books, and then thump on the music! Now there's my girl can milk, and churn, and bake, and brew, and cook, and wash, and make and mend, and rear poultry—there are not such ducks and chickens as Bessy's for ten miles round. Ask madam—she always deals with Bessy, and so does all the gentlefolks between here and Belford."

"I am not saying a word against Bessy," replied Farmer White; "she's a good girl, and a pretty girl, as I said before; and I am very sorry for the whole affair. But the Holm Farm is a largish concern, and will take a good sum of money to stock it—more money than I can command; and Augusta Brookes, besides what her father can do for her at his death, has four hundred pounds of her own left her by her grandmother, which, with what I can spare, will be about enough for the purpose; and that made me think of the match, though the matter is still quite unsettled. You know, Master Matthew, one can't expect that Bessy, good girl as she is, should have any money——"

"Oh, that's it!" exclaimed the old man of the mats. "You don't object to the wench then, nor to her old grandfather, if 'twas not for the money?"

"Not in the least," replied the farmer; "she's a good girl, and a pretty girl. I like her full as well as Augusta Brookes, and I am afraid that Jem likes her much

better. And, as for yourself, Master Matthew, why I've known you these fifty years and never heard man, woman, or child speak a misword of you in my life. I respect you, man! And I am heartily sorry to vex you, and that little girl yonder. Don't cry so Bessy; pray don't cry!" And the good-natured farmer well nigh cried for company.

"No, don't cry, Bessy, because there's no need," rejoined her grandfather. "I thought mayhap it was out of pride that Farmer White would not suffer Jem to marry my little girl. But, since it is only the money," continued the old man, fumbling amidst a vast variety of well-patched garments, until from the pocket of some under-jacket he produced a greasy brown leather book—"since 'tis only Miss 'Gusta's money that's wanted to stock the Holm, why that's but reasonable; and we'll see whether your four hundred won't go as far as hers. Look at them dirty bits of paper, farmer—they're of the right sort, an't they?" cried Matthew, with a chuckle. "I called 'em in, because I thought they'd be wanted for her portion, like; and when the old matmaker dies, there'll be a hundred or two more into the bargain. Take the money, man, can't ye? and don't look so 'stounded. It's honestly come by, I promise you—all 'dustry and 'conomy, like. Her father, he was 'dustrious, and he left her a bit; and her mother, she was 'dustrious too, and she left her a bit; and I, thof I should not say it, have been 'dustrious all my life; and she, poor thing, is more 'dustrious than any of us. Ay, that's right. Give her a hearty kiss, man; and call in Jem—I'll warrant he's not far off—and we'll fix the wedding-day over a jug of home-brewed. And madam there," pursued the happy old man, as with most sincere congratulations and good wishes I rose to depart, "madam, there, who looks so pleased and speaks so kindly, may be sure of her mat: I'm a 'dustrious man, thof I say it that I should not say it; and Bessy's a 'dustrious girl; and, in my mind, there's nothing beats 'dustry in high or in low."

And, with this axiom from the old matmaker, Dash and I took our leave of four as happy people—for by this time Jem had joined the party—as could well be found under the sun.—*Miss Mitford.*

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## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

LORD ABINGER.

I now come to the Judges in the Court of Exchequer. They are five in number. Lord Abinger is Lord Chief Baron of this Court. Few men have been more permanently and constantly before the public than his lordship, either when at the bar, or since his elevation to the bench. When practising in the courts of law as plain Mr. Scarlett, he was one of the best known and most extensively employed of his contemporary counsel. Perhaps he was the most successful lawyer of his time, as regarded the number of cases he gained. Though not possessing a tittle of the talent of Mr. Brougham, he was much more fortunate in gaining cases for his clients than ever his friend and rival was. Various circumstances may be mentioned as accounting for this. His knowledge of law was much more accurate and extensive than that of Brougham, or any of his more popular contemporaries at the bar. This was of infinite service to his own reputation and to the interests of his clients. While his own positions, when he had the right of the case, were laid down in such a manner as to render it impossible for the opposing counsel to overthrow them; he was always ready to detect any legal defect in the view of the matter taken by the adverse party. In this respect he showed great tact. Whenever he discovered any error in point of law in the grounds on which the opposite side based their case, he did not give a merely passing exposure of such error, but dwelt upon it at such length and with such earnestness, that even the court itself was sometimes led to magnify its importance.

Another very striking feature in the character of Mr. Scarlett, as an advocate, was that of his singling out, with consummate judgment, the leading facts in favour of his client, and then placing them with singular clearness before the court. Matters of minor importance, though in themselves favourable to his client, he either passed over altogether, or else contented himself with a cursory glance at them. He had the wisdom first to ascertain what was most likely to serve his client, and then to make the best of it, by placing it so clearly before the eyes of the court, that both judge and jury—I mean in those cases where there was a jury—were forced to look at it, whether they would or no. But this was not all: he not only made them look strictly and with attention to the principal facts in his client's favour, but he would allow them to look at nothing else, except, indeed, what made against the other side. He would not suffer them to give even a passing glance to any other object. He took care to have a monopoly of their mental vision, and of their attention to himself. No man, perhaps, that ever practised at the English bar, displayed the same ingenuity and skill as Mr. Scarlett, in concentrating into a focus the most material facts in favour of his own client, or in arraying before the judges and jury the leading circumstances adverse to the opposite side. Mr. Scarlett was, too, always

remarkably clear in his statements and reasonings. There was no possibility of mistaking him. He never wandered from his subject. If he had not, in point of fact, any just grounds on which to rest his case, he occasionally assumed the existence of such grounds, and dwelt upon them with as much confidence and complacency as if they had an actual existence. If, again, the opposite side had the law or the facts of the case in their favour, he affected to laugh at the very idea of the antagonist counsel fancying they could ever make the jury suppose for a moment it was so. In this way, he often bamboozled, to use a homely but significant term, both judge and jury, without either, for one instant, suspecting anything of the kind. Mr. Scarlett always avoided, except when he could not help it, matters involving professional technicalities; but when obliged to deal with them, he displayed a remarkable aptitude for so popularizing them as to make them intelligible to the plainest and most unsophisticated mind. He stripped them, as if by some magical process, of that repulsiveness which they possess in the eyes of unprofessional men. I am satisfied there never was a man at the English bar who contributed so much as Mr. Scarlett to make jurymen lawyers. A short speech of his, when the nature of the case required that he should adopt the course to which I refer, has often done more to enlighten the minds of the jury and the audience on the principles of the common law of the land than a score of lectures on the subject by any other man would have done. So singularly great was Mr. Scarlett's talent for simplifying abstruse points, and popularizing technicalities, that I am sure he could have made himself perfectly intelligible to a jury of bricklayers' hodmen. The jury never tired of Mr. Scarlett's speeches, though, as will be afterwards seen, there was nothing in them either of rhetoric or oratory, as these terms are usually understood.

But one attribute in Mr. Scarlett's pleadings at the bar, which contributed more to his success than anything else, was the singular judgment he displayed in singling out, in all *nisi prius* cases, the jurymen whom he thought the most intelligent, and the most likely to influence the others when deliberating on the verdict they should return. In such cases the penetration of Mr. Scarlett amounted to a species of intuition. He scarcely ever erred in the selection he made. To the party so singled out in his own mind, the learned gentleman addressed himself almost as exclusively as if there had been no such person as a judge in court, nor any other jurymen in the box. He fixed his eye on him as steadily as if he had been speaking to some friend whom he had invited to dine with him. The jurymen naturally felt proud at his being thus distinguished from the eleven in the jury-box with him, and was consequently in so much the better condition to receive the impressions which the advocate wished to produce on his mind. Whenever Mr. Scarlett saw—and Lavater himself might have envied his practical knowledge of

physiognomy—that he had succeeded in seducing over one intelligent and influential jurymen to his side, he immediately set to work in the same way with the person whom he supposed the next best for his purpose. If the case of his client was a bad one, and the evidence adverse to his interests, he would, after he had seen by the assenting expression of the second jurymen's countenance that he also was proselytised to the view of the case which he wished the jury to take, fix on a third and repeat the process with him. Whether he contented himself with thus making sure of one, and trusting to that one's influencing the others, assisted by the impression his speech had made; or whether he singled out two or three, and addressed himself particularly to them, depended on the peculiar circumstances of the respective cases. In Mr. Scarlett's manner, when so addressing a jury, there was something remarkably winning. He looked the very incarnation of contentedness and good-nature. A perpetual cheerfulness, amounting to a partial smile, irradiated his sleek countenance. His laughing and seductive eyes did infinitely more, in many instances, for his client, than all the legal knowledge he brought to bear on the question before the court. The very moment he rose to address the jury, he looked at them quite as much in the "How do you do style," as if he had been on terms of particular intimacy with each and all of them all his life. And from the commencement to the close of his address, he spoke with as much familiarity to them as if he and they had formed some "free and easy" club. His manner was altogether colloquial. His speeches never betrayed the least mark of effort. His style was simple in the extreme. So little attention did he pay to the rounding of his periods, that his sentences were often completely out of point. It would have been in vain to look for eloquence from him. He never, according to the general meaning of the term, uttered anything of the kind. But, as before stated, his exceeding blandness of manner more than counterbalanced all his other defects as a public speaker. Even the judges themselves were frequently thrown off their guard, and their views and decisions imperceptibly influenced by the extraordinary fascination of his mode of addressing the court. His usual practice was to fold up the sides of his gown in his hands, and then placing his arms on his breast, smile in their faces from the beginning to the end of his address, talking all the while to them as if he were engaged in a mere matter of friendly conversation. It was consequently impossible for them to be on any other than the best terms with the advocate, and hence his clients often reaped the benefits of the conciliatory and seductive character of his speeches.

The triumphs which woman achieves by her smiles are proverbial. History and works of fiction severally abound with records of the trophies which the softer sex have won, by what a lawyer would call their skill in the art of smiling. With women, proficiency in this art verges on a species of absolute omnipotence.

Woman's smile has often achieved triumphs where all the intellectual and physical power in the world would have utterly failed.—For a man to gain a series of distinguished moral victories by his smiles is another matter. It is one of remarkable rarity. Its occurrence in the case of a lawyer is still more extraordinary. Milton speaks of some orator of antiquity—I forget his name—who, by the charms of his eloquence, could wield the fierce democracy at his will. We have seen, in our own day, repeated proofs of what may be done in this way. In the case even of lawyers, there are instances of great effects being produced by powerful oratory. Generally speaking, however, the weapon with which they fight, and by means of which they gain their conquests, is the tongue, associated with true eloquence; though the mere gift of the gab, as the common expression has it, often proves the most effective armoury in courts of law conflicts. That is a gift which sometimes proves more than a match for the highest order of intellect and the loftiest eloquence. Hence the most distinguished men, either as orators or philosophers, belonging to the profession, are not always the most successful pleaders. They are often defeated by men who are as innocent of brains as their own wigs, but who chance to have what is called an abundance of tongue. Mr. Scarlett's splendid triumphs at the bar were not won by his eloquence—for of that, as before stated, he had none—nor by any superior command of words. It was his face that did all: there was no resisting its seductive aspect. To the cause of many an opposing party has Mr. Scarlett's smile proved fatal. I have often thought that his making a speech in the usual way was a mere waste of time, and an unnecessary exertion of his lungs. It would, I am convinced, have been in many cases quite enough, if he had simply told the jury that everything which was said on the other side was pure nonsense; that it had no relevancy to the case before the court; that the law and justice of the case were in favour of his client; and that he was sure they would not hesitate a moment in returning a verdict to that effect. The resistless logic of his face would have done all the rest; his fascinating smile would have filched the desired verdict from the jury. I have often wondered that the judges, if "the law allowed it," knowing as they must have done the many triumphs which Mr. Scarlett daily achieved over law and justice, by the mere "power of his face," did not order the jury either to be blindfolded, or to sit with their backs to him, so as that they might be placed beyond the seductive influence of his smiles, and consequently be able to decide according to the real merits of the case before the court.

What must have struck every one as very singular in the physiognomical annals, if I may invent an expression, of Mr. Scarlett, as a barrister, was the fact, that in his most bitter denunciations of an opposing party, he still presented the same smiling countenance. He was in appearance like the boys in the fable,

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who, in their diversion, killed the frogs in the pond without seeming to be aware of what they were about. His face and manner were most playful at the very time he was pounding some opposing party to powder. You would have fancied, to see his soft and smiling countenance, that he was incapable of anything harsh, and that he was quite unconscious of anything but the greatest tenderness to the unhappy wight who was writhing under the excruciating tortures to which he was subjecting him. Mr. Scarlett, on such occasions, has often reminded me of the cat which kills the poor mouse by the lingering process of a protracted playfulness.

I believe that on no occasion did Mr. Scarlett ever give such scope to his powers of inflicting torture, as on one in which poor old Cobbett fell into his clutches. This was twenty-nine or thirty-eight years ago. Cobbett had, for seven or eight months before, been heaping, in almost every successive "Register," his own unrivalled abuse on Mr. Scarlett. What the character of that abuse was may be at once understood when I mention, that in vituperating Mr. Scarlett, Cobbett even surpassed himself. This abuse of Mr. Scarlett was always poured out in the shape of a letter addressed to Mr. S. himself; and in order that he and the reader might be prepared for what was to follow, the letters invariably began with, "Base Lawyer Scarlett," instead of with the usual term, "Sir." Mr. Scarlett smarted most sensibly under the castigations which Cobbett thus administered to him, week after week; and therefore very naturally took the opportunity of retaliating when poor Cobbett was brought into a court of law. The ground of action against Cobbett was an alleged libel on a then attorney, whose name I forbear to mention because he is still living. Against old Cobbett were arrayed Messrs. Brougham, Denman, and Scarlett—a formidable trio certainly, for a poor unprofessional man like Cobbett to have pitted against him. Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman were severe enough in denouncing the alleged libel and its author; but still Cobbett did not fancy he saw in them any effort to gratify individual vindictiveness. With Mr. Scarlett, he thought the case was different. He supposed that with him it was altogether a personal affair, and that what he exclusively aimed at was the gratification of private revenge. Cobbett, however, determined that before he quitted the court he would return the blows which had been so liberally dealt out to him by Mr. Scarlett. The latter concluded his speech in words to the following effect:—"Gentlemen of the jury, it is impossible for me to estimate the amount of injury which this malignant and systematic libeller (pointing to Cobbett) has inflicted on my client; and no damages, however great, can afford him compensation for the injury thus done him. Gentlemen, my client is at present an attorney, but had the intention of preparing himself for the bar; and being a young man of great talents, there was no distinction in the profession to which he might not have reasonably expected to attain. Nay,

gentlemen, I will say, that even the Woolsack itself was an elevation to which he would have been justified in aspiring. But, gentlemen, the virulent calumnies which this notorious trader in libels has heaped upon him have blasted all his fair prospects, and well-nigh broken his heart. It is, therefore, for you, gentlemen, to mark your abhorrence of the atrocious conduct of this person, by giving a corresponding amount of damages." Cobbett rose immediately on Mr. Scarlett's resuming his seat, and putting both hands beneath the ample tails of his coat, and eyeing the jury with a bland and humorous expression of countenance, said—"Gentlemen, you are men of the world, and must laugh in your own minds at all the flummery you have just heard. You know, gentlemen, such stuff about injury to character, and blasting one's prospects, and destroying one's peace, is to be heard in this court every hour in the day. The lawyer,"—pronouncing the word in a way which gives it a very emphatic and a very unpleasant meaning,—"The lawyer who has been vilifying me for the last hour and a half would do the same, gentlemen, in either of your cases if hired for the purpose. You know, gentlemen, that like the girls who walk the street, these persons (pointing to Messrs. Brougham, Denman, and Scarlett) will prostitute themselves to any dirty work for which they may be engaged. They are always, gentlemen, at the service of the highest bidder. The great crime, it seems, gentlemen, which I have committed, is that of having crushed a lawyer in the egg." Here Mr. Cobbett turned about his ponderous body, pointed to Mr. Scarlett, and looked at him at the same time with an expression of unutterable scorn. The allusion was at once felt, both by the court and jury, in all its force, as applicable to the castigations Cobbett had so often given Mr. Scarlett, and it told with amazing effect. I doubt if Mr. Scarlett ever smarted so severely, either before or since, in the whole course of his professional career. Brougham and Denman looked at each other, as if struck with the singular felicity of the hit. Cobbett proceeded for a couple of hours, raking up and pouring out afresh, on the head of Mr. Scarlett, all the abuse which he had heaped on him in his "Registers;" so that the learned gentleman, to use a legal phrase, "took nothing by his motion."

It will be inferred from what I have already said, that Mr. Scarlett was never an attractive speaker. He had scarcely any action at all. His voice was clear, but monotonous. He was always cool and collected. No one ever saw him make any great physical exertion for his client. Sometimes there was an indistinctness in his enunciation, and he occasionally, though not often, stammered a little.

His personal appearance was very prepossessing. He long enjoyed the reputation of being "the handsomest barrister." The ladies who chanced to visit the courts where he practised, used to envy his fine complexion and regular features. He was a great favourite with the fair sex, and they, in return, on the true

principle of reciprocity, were great favourites with him.

The distinction which Mr. Scarlett acquired at the bar naturally inspired him with the ambition of obtaining a seat in parliament. In 1816, he became a candidate for the representation of the borough of Lewes, but was defeated. He was soon after returned by the nomination borough of Peterborough, or rather by its proprietor, the Earl of Fitzwilliam. His principles at this time were decidedly Whigish. His parliamentary efforts did not at all realize the expectations of his friends. He did not acquire much influence or reputation at St. Stephen's. He never spoke much at any time in his capacity of legislator; latterly he scarcely ever opened his mouth at all. In 1826, he was appointed Attorney General by Mr. Canning, in the room of Sir Charles Wetherell, who had resigned. On that occasion, Mr. Scarlett was knighted. On the breaking up of the Goderich administration, in the following year, Sir James Scarlett resigned his attorney-generalship. So far there was an appearance of consistency in identifying himself with the fortunes of his party. He was succeeded by Sir Charles Wetherell, the very party whom he himself had succeeded. Sir Charles, however, did not retain the office long. His attachment to his principles, of which I shall have to speak more particularly when I come to give a sketch of him, induced him to oppose with all his might the measure of Catholic Emancipation, introduced into parliament in 1829 by the Wellington government. Having made his memorable speech in the House of Commons against the measure, his high sense of honour led him to throw up his office, and singularly enough, Sir James Scarlett was again appointed his successor. Sir James had by this time given indications which no one could mistake, of having commenced the progress of rattling; and the attorney-generalship under a Tory government completed the process thus begun. His very first act was to institute criminal prosecutions against the then "Morning Journal" and other papers, for libels on the government. A melancholy commentary this on all the fine speeches which, as a Whig, he had been in the habit of delivering, both in and out of parliament, in favour of the liberty of the press.

He was raised to the bench in December, 1834, by the Peel administration. In addition to the Chief Baronship of the Court of Exchequer, he had the honour of a peerage, under the title of "Baron Abinger," conferred on him. His decisions are marked by an absence of that reference to parallel cases which the bar expects at the hands of the bench. Whether this arises from any deficiency in his knowledge of law, we will not pretend to say. There is one attribute, however, which every one must have observed in the judicial character of Lord Abinger: he betrays too much of the advocate in all his summings-up of the evidence. Of course he is quite unconscious of this himself; but that does not make it less apparent to others. Instead of leaving the points at

issue to be decided by the jury, he almost invariably, by his mode of charging them, intimates to them, in terms which cannot be misunderstood, what his own opinion is of the decision to which they ought to come. In other words, there can be no doubt as to the conclusion to which he himself would come were he in the jury-box.

Lord Abinger's personal appearance is very much in his favour. There is nothing in that appearance which more forcibly strikes the spectator who chances to enter the Court of Exchequer than his singularly fresh complexion. It is clear and delicate in no ordinary degree, and the effect is not impaired, so far as I could ever observe, by a solitary wrinkle. Lord Abinger's countenance is redolent of health; it could scarcely be more so were he only just emerging from his teens. His features are small and regular; and they are extremely pleasant. His countenance habitually wears the same good-natured smile on the bench which it did when he practised at the bar. No one ever saw it darkened by a frown. I, at any rate, never did. His lordship frequently cracks jokes with the counsel: I have known him make some tolerably good ones. Possibly I may give some specimens of these on a future occasion. He is rather above the middle height. In the article of breadth, if that term may be applied with propriety to one's person, Lord Abinger stands alone among his brethren of the bench. None of them can be compared with him in the quality of corpulence. Even off the seat of justice, there are but few persons—always, of course, excepting the proverbially-fat city functionaries called Aldermen,—who can boast of the same Falstaffian proportions. Whether it be owing to his surpassing corpulence, or to a habit which he has insensibly contracted, I cannot tell; but the fact is, that he scarcely ever sits in the usual perpendicular position when on the bench, but always either leans back on his comfortable well-cushioned seat, or leans forward on a sort of desk which is placed before him.—*Grant.*

#### BEHIND THE SCENES.

The stage has supplied mankind with this remarkable proverbial expression. There, the brilliant appearance of the house, under favour of a flood of artificial light—the natural and borrowed beauty of the human figure—striking scenery, dresses and decorations—and, above all, the mimicry of gaiety in the countenances and conduct of the actors—certainly contrast in a very uncommon manner with the appearance of things behind the scenes—the dismal unornamented walls and passages, the paltry dressing-rooms, the backs of scenes and curtains, and the distressing circumstances of most of the odd-looking beings who are seen wandering

about. But in this respect, at least in some measure, all the world is a stage. Man does not anywhere make an effort to keep up appearances and conceal realities, that is to say, he does not anywhere breathe or act, but ground is afforded for a surmise as to what may be the appearances of things *behind the scenes*. The mode of life of every human being, and the mode of practice of every great human institution, has its before and behind the scenes. Nothing into which the human mind enters, seems to be exempt from this law.

The simplest life, it has always been allowed, is that of the cottager. There are roses and honeysuckles in front of the cottage. There is light labour, health, and content, as all people not cottagers pretend to think. When the lord of the manor or any of his womankind or visitors enter, there is an immense display of smiles, and all seems sweet and fair. But even here there is a *behind the scenes*. John and Mary might be heard, when seated by themselves beside the evening fire, complaining of their heavy rent, of insufficiencies in that honeysuckled dwelling of theirs, of disproportion of meat to labour, and even of the necessity of putting on those signals of blithe welcome and humble service which in the forenoon had charmed the party now luxuriating in the dining-room or dawdling in the drawing-room up at the hall. If there was a poet in the party, he will have been raving all the morning—that is to say, as late as seven P.M.—about the rosy cheeks and primitive innocence of the cottage children, whom he saw tumbling like cherubs in the sun, or standing up, finger in mouth and with a deeper red on the cheek, gazing at the gentlemen and ladies. But a peep behind the scenes about the fashionable dinner hour, would probably show primeval innocence under a pretty smart infliction of the taws, the father having just returned home, and been informed of various peccadilloes committed by them in the course of the day. The poet will also, if a disappointed youth, as all poets are now bound to be, have been descanting on the connubial happiness of a simple cottage pair, honest manly worth on the one hand, and matronly bloom, and earnest affection, and zealous faith and household thrift, on the other ;

altogether unwitting that, in a cottage, life has its sours and its sweets as well as elsewhere, and that, not impossibly, the honest couple complain and recriminate, and pout and scold, till bed-time smotherers all beneath a most unromantic heap of blankets.

We have often in early life enjoyed what the pretty picture-books call a visit to the farm. To one much pent in cities, the rural position, the

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Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses, the fine mixture of business with recreation, and the opportunities of indulging in healthy and cheerful sports, all of which are involved in the farmer's life, give to that life an appearance the most attractive imaginable. Then there are associations about the farmer's ingle, its ancient repute for hospitality, and its notableness for droll story-telling. The honest faces of the good family beam out so heartily in an effort to make you feel quite at your ease, that you never once think you can be anything like a burden to them, even should you do as they wish, and make the proposed three days three weeks. During your stay, to whatever length it may extend, you allow yourself to expatiate over the fields, enjoying all that you see without a thought or a care, and bringing home at least three tremendous appetites per diem, not to speak of an unreckonable amount of little regalements and refreshments of all kinds in foreign and domestic produce. The people, in fact, seem so comfortable and happy themselves, that you cannot but allow yourself to be quite comfortable and happy too. And yet here also there is a *behind the scenes*. That awful thing rent—from *rend* surely it is derived—possibly haunts the nightly pillow of the worthy pair. Even the children have perhaps some faint notions of certain mischiefs to be apprehended from this quarter, and are secretly unhappy before their time. The goodman has occasional vexatious mental calculations of crops and expenses, or looks gloomily towards coming markets. The goodwife has her struggles, deeply concealed, but not the less deeply felt, between her anxiety to maintain creditable neighbour-like appearances, and her fears of embarrassment and ruin. Here also the visits of the lord of the soil and his

friends call forth a great show of smiles; for the lord, like the sun, lights up everything he approaches—but he also, when he passes away, leaves darkness behind. Honest Subsoil of course believes entirely as the lord believes, and thinks as the lord thinks. Nay, he does not pretend to have any opinions at all. He has never studied the question. He leaves all these things to those who have time and opportunity to study them, and rather feels obliged when he is told the best way of bestowing his suffrages. But, behind the scenes, the real state of his mind is found to be somewhat different. He has opinions, which considerations not to be gain-said oblige him to conceal. He is guilty of dissimulation, and feels the punishment even while he commits the sin.

If we return to the city, and enter its places of business, equally do we find all fair on the outside. A certain warehouse, laid out in the most tasteful manner, appears filled with a valuable stock, arguing large capital on the part of the proprietor. Gentlemen and ladies are seen going constantly out and in, giving reason to believe that the custom of the place is of no small amount. If we enter, we see a range of smart shopmen, headed by the master himself, all braced to the great duty of endeavouring to dispose of just as many goods as possible, and all wearing a certain grave suavity, which seems so fixed and settled upon their countenances, that we can scarcely imagine them ever looking otherwise. One would suppose that all is right here—an honest man thriving by successful industry, and nothing to do but to order fresh goods to replace those which go away. One would suppose that those faces, so filled with an awful sense of the importance of business, never have occasion to express any other feeling. Yet, if we could follow this trader behind the scenes, how different would things appear! There he is, knitting the brow of care over accounts long overdue, and which he yet cannot press for fear of offending those tyrant friends who are at once his support and a source of embarrassment. He turns to another book, and behold him gloomily reckoning up a series of engagements, which he fears, too justly, he will scarcely be able to absolve in proper time. By way of

contrast to the infinite obsequiousness with which he treats his patrons to their faces, hear him in confidential discourse with a friend, ridiculing in bitterness of heart the caprices which he is hourly obliged to humour, the unreasonable demands to which he is compelled to bow, and the immense amount of trouble which he must needs submit to, in many cases, with scarcely the shadow of a hope that it will be rewarded by the purchase of a penny-worth. As to the affluence which his large and handsome stock would seem to betoken, it would only be necessary to peep behind the scenes at one of the neighbouring banking-houses, and hear a few words of the debate held by the directors over one of his bills. Such, doubtless, cannot be true of all tradesmen, for some must really be prosperous, and upon the whole as happy in the performance of their duties as most of the denizens of this lower sphere. But we believe it to be the truth in a vast majority of cases, and always the more likely to be so the higher we go in the scale of business. The public see but front shops: an appeal to *back* shops would go nigh to reverse all ordinary impressions.

The banking-house has been alluded to. This always appears to persons of moderate resources, and little knowledge of the world, as one of the most impressive of all places. Here is one of the very citadels of Plutus. No care or annoy can come in here; for money, the want of which is the chief or sole cause of all annoy, is here at all times abundant. There is a studied plainness and modesty about the place—all seems hard wood and wall, with only a few pens and ink glasses, here and there, and a few insinuated shoulders of piles of notes, to feather and soften the scene; but this only makes the imagination the more wanton in surmising hidden glories. Great chests of gold, coined and uncoined, are believed to repose, a mere army of reserve, in some dark undusted chamber. The privy council of Cræsus could not be a more dignified body than the Directors in their high divan. How childish is all this! Even a bank has its seamy side. The clerks, notwithstanding the cash that flows through their hands, are no more than ordinary human clerks after all—poor fellows, perhaps, struggling to maintain

themselves and some of their relations on small salaries, and so much accustomed to fear their superiors, that to meet a director on the street, even on Sunday, when all are supposed to be free from their task-masters, makes them shrink to the wall or the kirb-stone. Severe labour for moderate pay, and a constant sighing for promotion that seems receding as they go, are the fate of both the inferior and the superior officers. The proprietors or directors themselves have their own fears and anxieties, as they meet daily for deliberation. Dishonoured bills, falling stocks, shaking credit, vary the round of their woes. When mankind rejoice over the news of some self-emancipated nation, they little reflect on the heart-wreck it brings to some little knot of *once* monied men, assembled behind the scenes of some certain banking-house. Yes, yes, even in a banking-house, all is not gold that glitters.

When we look to domestic life in cities, we find the law hold quite as good as in places of business. Let us suppose a handsome drawing-room, where some dozen well-bred and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen have assembled to wait for the commencement of a luxurious entertainment. All is soft, polite, and agreeable. Discord and irritation of all kinds have been banished beyond the very horizon of the imagination. Yet no one can doubt that a very different state of things might have been observed behind the scenes an hour ago—might be observed at this moment—and might also be witnessed an hour or two hence. The toilette of the lady is a subject too awful to be approached. We also overlook the chafings of the gentleman about many little things, and all his terrors for the merits of his wine. But suppose that the lower parts of the establishment could be laid open to view, servants stewing and roasting both meat and themselves, huryskurryng, fretting, scolding, all terror for the honour of the house and the table—what a contrast to the sweet and serene assemblage in front of the drawing-room fireplace! We wish to observe a proper delicacy towards the mistress of the household; but it is just barely possible, that, demure and gentle as she now sits, interchanging terms of most silken civility with her guests, she was three minutes

ago in the thick of the culinary pandemonium, giving directions, adjusting confusions, and administering rebukes, which now seem five hundred miles and five hundred years out of her way. Or suppose, while the feast is at its height, and the company at they joysomest, landlord hospitable, wines excellent, guests delighted—in short, that the luxurious state of things, which a friend of ours says may generally be recognised by a disposition to talk of distress of the country; suppose, just at this time, that we could catch a glimpse through the floor and wall of some pair of fatigued domestics or their assistants, taking the first rest they have got for the day, in some ill-lighted back-kitchen, and making their ungentle but not altogether unjust remarks on the tastes and habits of their betters. In the contrast of this unhandsome den, its occupants, and their talk, with the agreeable scene up stairs, there would be something to amuse. The gentlemen would have famous laughing at the yawning and sarcastic dowdies. But would it be altogether a triumph on one side? We suspect, after all, that the dining-room scene would look scarcely so consistent with the modesty of nature as the scullery one. The plain unsophisticated aspect of things in the lower regions, and the justice of even what was invidious in the conversation there going on, could not fail to act as something like a rebuke to the so highly wrought and complacent indulgence and luxury of the simpering circle. Better on these occasions, perhaps, that there should be no peep *behind the scenes*.

Each person, sensible of his own troubles, is apt, from the fair and smiling appearance of everything in his neighbour's house, to imagine that he alone is wretched and dissatisfied. He sees his neighbour's wife polite and smooth; he hears of his grown children being cantoned out in good situations; he finds him frank and hospitable, and supposes him to be quite at ease on the subject of income and expenditure; whereas, if he were vouchsafed a little insight into what goes on behind the scenes, he would be surprised to know that matrimonial life has there its storms and its calms as elsewhere, that youth is youth there as in his own establishment, and that, beneath the fair

show of hospitality, there lurks many a bitter reflection on present difficulties, and the prospect of perhaps a gloomier future. Often we see a man so signalised by the favours of fortune, so affluent, so blessed with health, so well circumstanced in his family relations, that we say, here, sure, is an enviable man; here is something like a proof of the reality of that scouted thing luck; here we have at least one happy man to show that this world is not the certain scene of care and woe which preachers and poets have combined to represent it. And yet, how often before such men get to the end of their career, do circumstances occur to assure the world, that, after all, they were the victims of some one or other of the endless catalogue of human miseries, and that, while all, like the ivy, was glossy and bright above, the heart was "worn and grey beneath."

In all public affairs, where pomp, show, and ceremonial, are employed, we discover the same principle even more conspicuously. The army in battalion, with its fine dresses, glittering armour, and stormy music, has its *behind the scenes*, in unconfessed apprehensions of defeat, and of general and particular evils. The gorgeous civic procession, deduced from old time, and the wonder of all the children within sight or hearing, has its *behind the scenes*, in a general conviction of the actors that they are acting parts only worthy of the children who are to be the beholders. The court itself has its *behind the scenes*; nothing more so. In short, from the topmost thing in this world to the humblest, in all affairs of men, whether as individuals or as bodies, there is invariably a *behind the scenes*.

#### CROSS PURPOSES.

There are some people upon whom advice is thrown away, and who, holding themselves to be wiser than their councillors, rush "*in medias res*"

—"Angels fear to tread."

Mr. Brag, who did not want for that sort of intellectual quality called cunning, was nevertheless, as has been already made tolerably evident, favoured by nature with an overbalancing share of conceit, and when he had ascertained the tone of the widow's feelings towards him, and satisfied himself that his case was reduced to something very like "ask and have," he resolved upon taking the step against which his friend Lord Tom had so strenuously advised

him, and which, as a matter of assurance, was rendered "trebly hazardous" by his having previously adopted it with regard to her sister.

The Irish gentleman's definition of a bottle of soda water we will not stop to repeat, but it would have applied with tolerable accuracy to the character of our hero. Although he had extracted from Mrs. Dallington what he believed to be quite sufficient to justify his best hopes, he felt in the solitude of his "little place in Surrey" a consciousness of inability to conduct the storm personally, or carry her heart by a *coup de main*—unless, indeed, a letter might be so considered—and therefore, spite of the advice of his experienced Mentor, he proceeded to address the fair widow in an epistle, a repetition of which it is not necessary to inflict upon the reader, but which contained a distinct declaration and a formal proposal.

Mr. Brag had now shot his bolt, and nothing remained but to see its effect. It must be admitted that even *he* was in some sort nervous and fidgety; but that happy self-satisfaction, which when he was not required to make an effort, never forsook him, kept his spirits on the "credit side of the account." The letter, however, was gone—past recall—and therefore the next wisest thing to not sending it in the first instance was, to live upon the hopes of its success.

Upon the popular "wheel within wheel" system, the widow had acted so as to induce the declaration which it contained, satisfied that by "playing" her baronet upon the occasion, she might "land" him—but certainly not prepared to find that Blanche was placed in a similar position. As things turned out, the effect it produced was striking.

Blanche had just returned from her two day's visit to the country. The moment she entered the house she hastened to her sister's boudoir, where she found her in the very act of reading, with evident marks of amazement and exultation, the avowal of Mr. Brag's affections.

"My dear Blanche," exclaimed Mrs. Dallington, "you are arrived at the very moment to congratulate me on a conquest. I have received a proposal!"

"What!" said Blanche, "from Sir Charles?"

"No," replied her sister, in a tone which certainly conveyed the idea that she wished she had:—"I think you will guess without much difficulty, knowing the man."

"The Fates are propitious," said Blanche; "I too have been so fortunate as to merit the decided approbation of a lover, who declares the happiness of his life, and the value of his existence, depend upon my answer."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallington:—"why, my worshipper uses the very same expression. Yes—here it is:—"The happiness of my life, and the value of my existence, depend upon your answer.""

"That is curious," said Blanche; "may I ask who the tender swain is?"

"Guess," said Mrs. Dallington.

"I cannot," replied her sister.

"What! not our exquisite little friend Brag!" said Mrs. Dallington. "I was always sure how

our acquaintance would end: I wonder it did not strike *you*."

"Why," said Blanche, "the reason my suspicions did not lead that way is rather a good one—he has made me a proposal."

"When did you receive it?" said the widow.

"Yesterday," replied Blanche, "it was forwarded to me from town."

"I suppose it is a circular," said the widow.

"No, no," said Blanche, "mine is the original, yours is the copy."

"What *can* the man mean?" said Mrs. Dallington. "Does he really suppose himself so fascinating, that, like the rattlesnake, he has nothing to do but look at us to induce us to drop into his mouth? Now if he had confined his attentions to *me*!"

"Ah!" interrupted Miss Englefield, "that is exactly the case; if he had confined his attentions to *me*, the affair would have been different: as it is"—

"No, no," said the widow, "don't misunderstand me, my dear Blanche. I do assure you I am neither envious nor jealous. You should be welcome to all his attentions and all his affections—only please to observe that I intended him to take the step he has taken, and availed myself of your absence to lead him on to a declaration."

"For what earthly purpose?" said Blanche.

"Man," said the widow, "is an imitative animal, and everybody knows the force of example."

"But do you want anybody for whom you have a regard to imitate Mr. Brag?" asked Blanche.

"In the one particular of which we are now speaking," replied the widow, "I do. It seems to me, Blanche, that the lives we are both leading are full of worry and vexation; yours, because you will not encourage your avowed lover; mine, because the man whose claim upon my affections I admit, will not avow himself. It strikes me that this most marvellous display of assurance on the part of our little friend may serve us both incalculably, by bringing both our gentlemen to a proper sense of their duty; to excite poor dear Sir Charles into a determination, and to soothe Rushton into a reasonable state of mind."

"I confess," said Blanche, "I do not exactly understand the course of proceeding by which this desirable end is to be attained."

"Let us both accept the little man," said the widow. "The natural awkwardness of his position must produce a disclosure of his schemes; and what appears to me infinitely better fun, his vanity and conceit. That which must happen, is, however, only a secondary object with me; the discovery of the affair will show our capricious lovers that there *are* men who, instead of hesitating to propose to one woman, are prepared to make offers to two; and moreover, my dear Blanche, the very notion that we are exposed to such temptations will urge our strange friends to some decided step. You must accept Mr. Brag."

"Me!" exclaimed Blanche: "I accept him—an antidote to everything like affection of any kind!"

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Dallington, "I am sure he is very genteel; he curls his hair, wears rings and chains, smokes cigars, rides races, and lives with Lord Tom Towzle. What would you have? accept him you must."

"Never!" cried Blanche.

"You must, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Dallington, "and so will I: yes, both of us—he is too charming to be monopolized by one. You must write to him."

"A billet-doux?" enquired Blanche.

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Dallington. "Let us both be desperately in love with Lord Tom's tiger: you will see how odiously jealous Rushton will be in a day, and Sir Charles. Oh! never mind; write—write—write, and I will dictate."

"Write what, my dear sister?" asked Miss Englefield.

"A civil acceptance of his offer," said Mrs. Dallington, "couched in terms becoming the gratitude of a young lady of small pretensions."

"I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear sister," said Blanche, "but really"—

"Really," interrupted Mrs. Dallington, "you must allow *me* to be the best judge of what is best suited to my juniors; so sit you down and write, and I will dictate."

"But what will the world say?" asked Blanche.

"What world, my dear?" said Mrs. Dallington—"Mr. Brag's world—or the world at large? What the one chooses to say will signify nothing to us; and what we may choose to do will signify as little to the other. Trust in *me*; be assured that I will not mislead you, whatever may be my intentions with respect to your scarecrow of a lover."

"My lover!" cried Blanche, colouring crimson at the imputation—"your lover too!"

"Both," said the widow. "Now sit down; rely upon it, it is a kindness sometimes to be cruel: so write."

Blanche, almost unresistingly, seated herself at the very identical table at which Jack had found Mrs. Dallington established the day before; and mechanically arranging the writing materials, looked at her sister with an expression of unconsciousness of what she was to say, and of enquiry as to the words she was to set down.

"Are you ready to begin?" said the widow.

"Yes," said Blanche—"to obey your instructions most dutifully."

"Now, then," said Mrs. Dallington, "write: I scarcely know how to reply to your flattering letter."

"I am sure I shall do it all wrong," said Blanche, writing.

"I have struggled for some time—"

"Some time," repeated Blanche—"struggled with what?"

"Go on," said Mrs. Dallington: "for some time with my feelings, but the manner in which Mr. Rushton, whom you have often seen here, conducts himself towards me is—"

"What would you have me say, sister?" said Blanche, hesitating. "You know, if nobody else does, that I love him, and"—

"Never mind that," said the widow, "go on: 'conducts himself towards me is such, that I can endure his treatment no longer.'"

"My dear sister," said Blanche, "you are laughing at me, you wish me to expose myself."

"Why do you think so, my dear?" said Mrs. Dallington. "You have told me a hundred times that he torments you to death."

"Yes," said Blanche, "but what I say to you, and what I write to this man"—

"Well," said the widow, "then put—'vexes me,' instead of 'tormenting me.'"

"That is better," said Blanche, contending to write.

"That any man upon earth would be preferable in my eyes," said Mrs. Dallington.

"No," said Blanche, tossing up her head with unusual animation, and throwing down the pen, "that I never will write!"

"What innocence!" said Mrs. Dallington. "My dear sister, we are only setting a simpleton-trap, and"—

"It does not signify," said Blanche, "I"—

"No, it does not signify, so write," said the widow. "There now—go on—it will be my turn next. Tell him you shall expect him to call—this evening. I will write him an equally tender answer, and make a similar appointment. What can it signify what one says to such a man under such circumstances?"

"But, my dear creature," said Blanche, "what an opinion he must form of us if he thinks we are both in love with him!"

"It is quite clear that he *does* think so now," said Mrs. Dallington; "so this will not make it one bit the worse. Here—make room—let me write mine; all you have to do is to watch the results of our invitation, and be as cold as ice to Rushton when you next see him. Rely upon it, my dear innocent, we shall have fun, and, if I mistake not, husbands, out of this scheme, which, moderate as my pretensions are, I must say I think admirable, inasmuch as it mystifies three men at once—and all—all for their own eventual good."

"I believe you take a pleasure in tormenting," said Blanche, who was busy sealing her note, while her sister was rapidly writing her's in that elegant and unintelligible hand which is the universal medium of lady-like correspondence, when, to their surprise and confusion, the door of the boudoir was thrown open, and Sir Charles Lydiard and Mr. Rushton were announced.

"Hide your letter!" said Blanche.

"Me!" said Mrs. Dallington, loud enough to be heard by Sir Charles; "trust to my fidelity."

"By Jove!" whispered Rushton to Lydiard, "they are writing—writing notes and hiding them!"

"So I perceive," said Sir Charles, coldly.

"Well, ladies," said Rushton, advancing towards Blanche, "we have found you busy."

Blanche bowed diffidently, and finished sealing her note.

"What is the matter with you, Sir Charles?" said Mrs. Dallington, "you look out of sorts and out of spirits."

"No madam," said Lydiard, "I am neither; only I did not know whether I might venture to break in upon your literary avocations."

"Quite right, Sir Charles," said Mrs. Dallington. "People who make up their minds not to pry into the business of their neighbours, are most likely not to be disturbed in their serenity."

"Miss Englefield," said Rushton, "appears to be of a similar opinion. I confess I am not of a temper to bear with such things. I hate three-cornered notes, if they are not addressed to myself."

"You are equally right with Sir Charles," said the widow. "I am writing a billet-doux, but I have just finished."

"Upon my word," said Lydiard, "it must be a most interesting affair. I think I never saw you more animated than you seem to be while despatching this note: all I am afraid of is, that I have been the cause of its abrupt termination."

During this dialogue, Rushton endeavoured to draw Blanche into a conversation with regard to the note she was writing, but she avoided answering his questions; and supported in the course she had adopted by her sister's conduct towards Sir Charles, so completely damped the ardent spirits of her mercurial lover, that he crossed to the other side of the room, and threw himself upon the sofa.

Mrs. Dallington having sealed her note, rang the bell, and directed the servant to send it immediately.

"Now," said Sir Charles, "I have found it out—you are merely trying me; the note, after all, is destined for me."

"As you doubt me, Sir Charles," said Mrs. Dallington, "I shall leave you to discover the truth."

"I am certain," said the baronet, with much more animation than he usually exhibited, "it can be to no one else. I shall return to my hotel to receive it."

"Do," said the widow, "and justify me from your suspicions." Saying which, the lady, with an air of being particularly piqued, left the room by one door, while Sir Charles, convinced that she had taken some decided step with regard to himself, retired by the other, leaving the other pair of lovers *toto-a-toto*.

The moment her sister left the room, Blanche rose to follow her.

"Stay, Blanche," said Rushton, one moment.

"No, Mr. Rushton," said Miss Englefield, "I am too angry with you to stay."

"Surely," said Rushton, "you cannot be angry with my jealousy—a jealousy that springs only from excess of affection."

"No man," said Blanche, "can possess real affection for any one of whose sincerity he has a constant doubt. I have forgiven these mad fits twenty times, always hoping and expecting that time would show you your error; but no, our very last quarrel occurred ten minutes after our last reconciliation."

"Recollect, Blanche," said Rushton, "the events of that day—the day before you left town; there you were—the sought and admired

of the party—speaking kindly and looking kindly to everybody except me, of whom, as I felt, you took no notice.”

“Well, sir,” said Blanche, “and if I were cold, and even cross, you need not have been so greatly surprised, if you had recollected how you called me to account for sitting next Mr. Brag the last time he was here, and entering into a common conversation with him about some of his feats and enterprises.”

“By Heavens!” exclaimed Rushton, “how I hate that fellow—his easy assurance, his self-conceit; but the fault is all your’s and your sister’s. That very night, there he was whispering his infernal nonsense in your ear, to your evident amusement and satisfaction, while I, distressed and disturbed by your conduct, was losing my money at ecarte with Lady Begbrook, and you sat laughing at my folly and agitation.”

“I *did* laugh!” said Blanche, “but I did not laugh alone.”

“No, no, that’s true,” said Rushton. “I dare say there are minds and tempers that can bear these irritations—I confess mine cannot. Possibly I expect too much; probably I am romantic; but, I *do* say, and *will* say, that however charming I may wish my wife to be, I do not exactly desire that she should be anxious to make herself universally agreeable, nor equally delightful, to everybody.”

“Really, Mr. Rushton,” said Blanche, “these fancies of yours are unjustifiable and unbearable. I confess that it would cost me serious pain to terminate our acquaintance, in which I have, when you are rational, great happiness; but such conduct surely deserves to lose my esteem. I can neither smile nor sigh, walk nor sit down, talk nor be silent, go out nor come in, but you attribute some motive to my actions. They bring me a letter—of course it is from a rival; I dance with somebody—you are either angry or in despair. I am civil to Mr. Brag, my sister’s visitor, and the next moment I see you wholly unconscious of what you are doing, crushing my fan to atoms in revenge. Oh! Mr. Rushton, Mr. Rushton, such conduct in a lover is but the anticipation of tyranny in a husband.”

“Tyranny, Blanche!” said Rushton, suddenly softened into subjection—“What an idea!”

“I am afraid,” said Blanche, “that our hearts are not formed to be united; we had better agree upon one point—to part.”

“There it is!” exclaimed Rushton; “the truth is out. You have now declared yourself; you hate me—you cast me off. I knew there was some new attachment formed. Yes, yes—we *will* part, Miss Englefield. There is a woman in the world, thank Heaven! who has a better opinion of me than you have; from *her* gentle heart my wounded spirit may find relief.”

“Oh!” said Blanche, “I am quite aware of that lady’s name. Go, sir—leave me; let this be our last interview.”

Blanche spoke these words with so much firmness, that she began to be afraid Rushton would take her at her word; nor did Rushton’s answer much relieve her apprehensions.

“So be it!” said he. I will conquer this feeling—I *will* love where my love can be returned. But, madam, I insist upon one thing, tell me, who is the man who has supplanted me in your affections.”

“Why,” said Blanche, smiling—“should I do that?”

“Why?” exclaimed Rushton, “because he shall at least set his life upon the hazard.—Name him to me, I desire; tell me where he is to be found, and if —”

“Mr. Rushton,” said Blanche, “I wish you a good morning. Whenever you are reasonable, and can conduct yourself temperately, I will explain my conduct to you. In your present state of excitement, I must leave you.”

Saying which, the fair creature quitted the room, leaving the infuriated victim of love and jealousy in an agony of despair—*Theodore Hook*.

## A FRAGMENT.

“Come here, Aurelia,” said Lady Vernon, as a little while after Burridge’s departure the beauty, not feeling inclined for any other occupation, repaired to her dressing-room to gaze at her own reflection in her toilet-glass—the only reflection, by-the-by, she very much delighted in—“Come here! By the merest chance I have been let into a very important secret. That artful Jessica! that treacherous Lucy! but we can counter-plot, and, I fancy, to some purpose.”

“What is it, mamma?” asked Aurelia, as she twirled back her ringlets, “what is it?”

“I hope you won’t be so supine about it, when I tell you what it is. Jessica and Lucy are plotting together to get Delamere away for the former. What do you think of that?”

“That there is not much danger of their succeeding,” said Aurelia, smiling in the glass.

“Ah! I am not at all sure of that. Consummate art is often more than a match for the most transcendent beauty; and the best matches have often been made by plain but cunning women.”

“Well, Lord Stare thinks nothing of her; he had never noticed her till I pointed her out.”

“But Lord Stare, my dear, is not half so good a match as Delamere; nor would his conquest be half so great a triumph: besides that, he is not a man of high honour; he may mean nothing; and if he does not, his attentions will be very injurious to you.”

“I am sure he looks in earnest; I never saw more meaning in any one’s eyes.”

“The more earnest a man looks, the less so he often feels; and the more meaning he puts into his eyes, the less he often evinces in his words. Has he said anything decisive?”

“No, not exactly; but I can see that he is in love with me. When I said, some people thought Jessica pretty, he asked, who thought of the stars when the sun was shining? and he said something too about an eternal chain wreathed with roses.”

“Ah! but, my dear, *tout cela n’engage a rien!* Which do you prefer, Lord Stare, or Delamere?”

"I scarcely know," pouted the beauty; "it is something you know, mamma, to be a lord. That little sickly child may live; and then Delamere will never have a title. To be sure Delamere is the most clever: but, then, he does not seem to admire what I say and do half so much as Lord Stare does. Delamere never compliments me, except on my beauty: but Lord Stare says I have a great deal of genius and wit. If Lord Stare is a gambler, and gay, and all that, Delamere is a poet and a painter, which I think much more disagreeable; for he would always be at home, and perhaps think me stupid because I don't write and draw. Delamere is the handsomest certainly, and the most elegant: but then Lord Stare has a very peculiar style of dress, and a very languishing look. I wish I knew two things."

"What are they, my love?"

"What Lord Stare has a year; and whether the little Mandeville will die?"

"Well, I believe Lord Stare *is* very poor, and that the little earl will *not* live: but be this as it may, I should think you would not like to see Jessica wheedle away Delamere. If you do not accept him, I should like you to have the triumph of refusing him."

"Yes, so should I: but what has Jessica done?"

"Listen. I was in the conservatory, unknown to Jessy and Lucy; hid by the orange trees, and I heard Lucy say, she hoped Delamere would find out that it was Jessica wrote the review of his book in the—Review."

"Jessica wrote it! la! why it's in print, and looks just like any other article!"

"Well! what of that? all the articles are written by some one, and then printed."

"Oh! are they? Oh! yes, of course they must be: but how clever! La! why I dare say she could write a book."

"I dare say she could; and so could you."

"La! I shouldn't know what to put in it."

"Well, keep that opinion to yourself. Every one sees you are beautiful—the great object is to make them think you clever. Now I am sure that artful Jessica, who *entre nous* has a great deal of talent, has done this to win Delamere's heart. All men are vain, and she knows he would be doubly pleased, both at the public praise of his poem, and the deep and hidden interest she had betrayed. However, it has been done anonymously: and at present, from what I overheard, Delamere is to have no idea of the author. In the meantime, by a clever counterplot, let us make him think you wrote it. He'll fancy you've as much genius and heart as you have beauty; and, if I mistake not, he'll propose."

"Oh! mamma, he will never think I could write that!"

"Why not you as well as Jessy? Look in the glass—have you not a finer forehead, a brighter eye? Why, child, a phrenologist would decide you were much the greater genius of the two."

"But, mamma, it would be so unfair."

"Is it fair in Jessica to be trying to wheedle away your admirer?"

"No, indeed—a mean spiteful creature! I declare she deserves it: but I'm afraid if we were married he would find it out."

"How so?"

"Why, if I could write so cleverly he would expect to hear me talk very cleverly too. If I were to say or do anything silly, he would soon see I was no genius."

"Never fear, my dear; the more silly things you say and do, the more you'll be like all the other geniuses I ever saw. Most geniuses, child, put all their cleverness in their books, and show very little in their conduct or their conversation."

"Well, but how could it be managed?"

"Oh, very delicately; and, lest it ever should come out, you must appear quite innocent of the deception, which may pass for a mistake of mine. See, here is the review—you must copy out the article."

"Copy out the article?" faltered Aurelia, who had by no means the pen of a ready writer, but to whom the writing even a letter was a dreadful bore, as she always found it necessary to make several copies, which generally gave her a bad headache. "Write it out mamma? Oh, I should make so many blots and mistakes, and it would take me a month!"

"You cannot make any mistake in spelling, (your weakest point) child, for you have only to copy what is before you: and, as for blots, alterations, faults, and erasures, the more you make the more will it be like the manuscript of a person of genius."

"Well, if I do it, what then?"

"Why then I shall contrive, somehow, without absolutely *showing* it to him, that Delamere shall see it. He, seeing the manuscript in your hand-writing, will of course fancy the article to be yours. Thus put on a wrong scent, he will make some allusion which, I well know, will bring a thousand blushes to your conscious face. Surprised at the depth of feeling, deep interest, delicate concealment, and real genius displayed, the conquest your beauty has commenced, this manœuvre will complete. You will catch Delamere in a snare of another's weaving. He will propose; and if you are a sensible girl you will accept him; for Lord Stare is not to be compared to him in any respect, and is reputed to be a male jilt, even if he were!"

"If I had not to write it out!" said Aurelia. "How shall I ever get through it? How clever of Jessica! La! and here are colons, and semicolons, and notes of admiration, just like the other articles—how could she tell where to put them?"

"Well, you will only have to copy them."

"Writing so much will make my eyes red."

"Well, then, only write a page or two, that will do, as it will pass for a part of the rough copy."

"Oh, how tiresome!" sighed the beautiful Aurelia: "I declare it is not worth while."

"Not worth while! when thousands are writing their eyes out for a precarious subsistence, and I only want you to write a few pages to secure a husband who may be an earl, with a princely fortune."

At this moment Flounce came in to announce that Captain Delamere was in the library.

"He's just come from Brighton, my lady, in his new phaeton; and, I must say, he appears quite salubrious from the sea-breezes; and he have brought with him the most perfect seraphim of a child, Miss, quite a model of infancy, to say nothing of his being a hearl."

"Oh, mamma! do you go down to receive him; don't let him be alone with them: it does not matter about your changing your dress: but, you see I must have my hair arranged."

"Well, be quick, Aurelia! any delay will be attributed to your toilet; and young persons of a certain rank should always be fit to be seen."

"La, Miss," said Flounce, as she adjusted her hair, "Captain Delamere do look a perfect Hebe; and so very pelite, he always bows, and says, How are you, Mrs. Flounce? and so I natural curtsies and says—"

"Oh, never mind telling me what you said. Did he ask for me?"

"I can't say he did, Miss," said Flounce, offended at being forbidden to repeat her own sayings, and giving a sharp and unnecessary tug to the long black tress she was plaiting, "I can't say he did, Miss; but then he was in a petikeler hurry to pay his devours to Miss Jessica, who jist at that moment come in from the square with Miss Lucy."

"And how did you happen to be there?" said Aurelia, crossly.

"Why Miss," said Flounce, who considered herself the master spirit of the two, and often treated Aurelia *de haut en bas*, "having made my 'eadach, by trimming up a new 'at for my lady, I was taking a mouthful of hair at the 'all-door; and feeling a little henwee, I was listening to Tim's account of that strange de-noomment between 'im and Mr. Burrige. I must say mem, I think Tim showed a very hin-dependent spirit; and really, Miss, Tim, if his 'air was curled and powdered, hasn't not by no means a unbecoming face, and is remarkable well grown, if he had any advantage of twoitte; and he vows, Miss, he's twenty if he's a day; so that he ain't such a mere boy, after hall. I do wish, Miss, my lady would send off James, who don't at all attend to horders, and has demeaned 'imself to pay his devours to the 'ousemaid, and would take Tim, who 'as quite a horiginal genius and a very pretty taste."

"There! how do I look?" said Aurelia, who, entirely engrossed by her toilet, had not paid the slightest attention to Flounce's communications.

"Why, Miss, I must say I've seen you look more bec'oming," said Flounce; avenging herself for the neglect she had met with; but the glass was again consulted, and believed in preference to Flounce; and in all the pride and flush of conscious beauty Aurelia hastened to meet Delamere.—*Theodore Hook.*

Diogenes observing an unskilful archer shooting, he went and sat down by the target, declaring it the only place of safety.

## THE TABLE-CLOTH PHENOMENON OF THE CAPE.

One of the most remarkable natural appearances of which we ever read occurs during the summer season in the vicinity of Cape Town, at the Cape of Good Hope. It is a dense mantle of vapour, which rests upon Table Mountain, and rushes over its precipitous sides like a cataract of foam, and which the inhabitants designate by the name of the Table-Cloth. We shall draw up a brief account of this phenomenon from the description of Mr. Webster, surgeon of the Chanticleer, who witnessed it. In summer the prevailing wind is the south-east, and it bears in some degree an analogy to the trade-winds and sea-breezes of the tropics.

When sufficiently strong to surmount the Table Mountain, the first indication of the fact is a little mist, which seems to float like a thin fleecy cloud on a part of it, about ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. By noon the mountain becomes fringed with dew; and half an hour later, the mist is so dense as to produce a general obscuration. In another half hour the little cleft between what is called the Devil's Berg (mountain) and the Table Mountain, pours over the cloudy vapour; and at two o'clock the first named elevation is capped by the cloud. The Table-Cloth is now said to be completely spread; the south-east wind, having so to speak, overflowed the towering barrier which arrested its course, now rushes down the mountain into Table Bay with resistless fury, producing loud and terrific noises as it forces its way onwards, and accompanied by a curious exhibition, an account of which we shall give in Mr. Webster's own words:—"While the Table Mountain remains covered with the dense cloud, fragments of the vapour are torn from it by the force of the wind, and are hurried about the sides of the mountain, assuming a variety of fantastic shapes, and playing about the precipice according to the direction of the different currents of wind. This phenomenon lasts till about five in the afternoon, when a little clearing, which takes place on the western edge of the mountain, announces that the Table-Cloth is about to be folded up. By six or seven, the clearance has considerably advanced; and by eight or nine, every vestige of it is gone, and nothing is seen about the mountain but an ethereal sky and the twinkling stars."

Such is the singular phenomenon of the Table-Cloth during the prevalence of a south-east wind. When it continues to blow during the night, the mantle of vapour disappears in the same manner. In this case, a little white cloud is seen suspended like a canopy over Table Mountain early in the morning. By ten o'clock the vapour begins to curl and play about the mountain, and exactly the same phenomenon takes place as before. When the wind is only of a short duration, and in a hot, clear day, the first indication of the approaching gale is the vapour resting in scattered parcels on the mountain. These augment as the wind increases, but it is not till the whole elevation is covered, that it forces its way with

such violence down the precipice. In the evening about nine, the Table-Cloth is gone, and with it the wind, when a calm and beautiful night succeeds. A true solution of the whole appearance, with the circumstances attending it, does not seem yet to have been given. Probably, Sir John Harschel, during his residence in this quarter of the globe, may have made such observations as will throw light upon it. In the meanwhile we present the following statement of facts as ascertained by Mr. Webster:—"At the base of the mountain, on the south-east side, there is little or no wind; on the summit of the mountain, during the strongest period of the south-east wind, there is only air, accompanied by a raw cold mist and drizzling rain. Lower down in the cleft a brisker current of fresh air is felt; lower still, near the limits of the mist, the strength of the wind is greater; and below this again, where there is a clear blue sky overhead, the wind rushes down with great impetuosity, occasioning a loud howling noise. All this time a violent gale is passing over the heated plain of Cape Town. During the whole period of the south-east wind the sky is a beautiful Italian blue; not a vestige of a cloud is to be seen, excepting those resting on the mountains. The line of demarcation between the vapour rolling over the sides of the mountain and the clear atmosphere is as distant as if a huge table-cloth were thrown over its top, and hung down its sides."

The prevalent theory explanatory of the Table Cloth is, that the south-east wind passing over the ocean is loaded with moisture, and that the coldness of the Table Mountain condenses it. But this hypothesis is totally destroyed by the fact, that the south-east wind is generally of a dry evaporative nature, as was fully proved by experiments with the hygrometer and thermometer. Mr. Webster observes, "For my own part, I cannot account for it; nor can I accede to any explanation which I have seen of it. It is a superb phenomenon, and on a more extended scale here, perhaps, than anywhere else. I cannot help thinking that the impetus of the south-east wind partly proceeds from this rarification by heat, thus enlarging its volume, and setting its particles in motion." The mantle of vapour, we are told, deposits an immense quantity of moisture on Table Mountain. The question then is, whence comes this vapour? We are informed that it is neither brought by the wind nor deposited from the atmosphere. There is then no other place that it can come from but the surface of the ground. It is well known that very remarkable variations of the density of the atmosphere are produced by currents of air or winds. In the absence, therefore, of any other explanation of the phenomenon, we hazard the opinion, that when the south-east wind begins to blow, a rarification of the atmosphere takes place, arising first from the peculiar arrangement or relative position of the mountains, and, secondly, for the direction in which the wind blows upon them. That rarification of air from similar causes

does occur, is a well-established fact, and we see no reason why it should *not* take place in the present instance—nay, there is every reason for thinking that it does so. The immediate consequence of this decrease in the pressure of the air is the ascent of the moisture from the ground, or from any collected body of water whatsoever. Mr. Webster makes no mention of the barometer having been used; now, in our apprehension of the matter, this instrument was essentially necessary; and until its indications are known during the continuance of the phenomenon, every theory explanatory of it must be regarded as "NOT PROVEN."—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

**WATER.**—The hardness of river and shallow well water depends upon their containing calcareous salts with carbonate and sulphate of lime, one grain of the latter contained in 2,000 grains of soft water being sufficient to convert it into the hardest water that is commonly met with. Hard water is also subject to become putrid, on account of the vegetable or animal matter which it contains, and generally turbid from the suspension of earthy impurity; and when drunk, it is flat, from the absence of air.

**HOW TO FLOAT ON WATER.**—Mr. Wm. Nicholson has published some very good directions for this object, the chief of which are, "That when a person falls into the water who has not learned to swim, he should carefully avoid raising his hands above the water, and then by moving them under water, in any manner he chooses, his head will rise high enough to enable him to breath freely; if he moves his legs, as in the action of walking up stairs, more of his body will rise above the water, which will allow him to use less exertion with his hands." To which may be added, that throwing back the head and shoulders so as to thrust out the chest to its greatest extent, and keeping it in that position, the volume of air contained in the lungs will be so much increased as to add very considerably to the buoyancy of the upper part of the body; this alone would enable some people to float without using any motion of their limbs.

**MAGNANIMITY IN SAVAGE LIFE.**—Several runaway negroes being condemned to be hanged, one was offered his life on condition of being the executioner. He refused it—he would sooner die. The master fixed on another of his slaves to perform the office. "Stay," said this last, "till I prepare myself." He instantly returned to his hut, and cut off his hand with an axe; returning instantly to his master, "Now," said he, "compel me, if you can, to hang my comrades."

When the Caribbee Indians see their enemies cast away on shoals, they plunge into the water to save them from the waves, and take every care to recover them. While they expect to be put to death, the Indian chief thus addresses them:—"To day you are our friends; to-morrow, our enemies: we will kill you then, if we can; but to-day depart in peace."

## THE FREED BIRD.

Return, return, my bird!  
I have dress'd thy cago with flowers,  
'Tis lovely as a violet bank  
In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free, I return no more!  
The weary time of the cage is o'er!  
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,  
The sky is around me, the bright blue sky!  
"The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,  
With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer—  
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—  
I am free, I am free—I return no more!"

Alas, alas, my bird!  
Why seek'st thou to be free?  
Wert thou not blest in thy little bower,  
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

"Did my song of summer breathe nought but glee?  
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?  
Oh! had thou known its deep meaning well!  
It had tales of a burning heart to tell!

"From a dream of the forest that music sprang,  
Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang;  
And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,  
Sigh'd, for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus my bird?  
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright  
I have seen the glance of sudden joy  
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,  
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!  
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—  
Woo me not back—I return no more!

"My home is high, amidst rocking trees,  
My kindred things are the stars and breeze,  
And the fount uncheck'd in its lonely play,  
And the odours that wander afar, away!"

Farewell, farewell, then, bird!  
I have call'd on spirits gone,  
And it may be they joy'd like thee to part,  
Like thee, that wert all my own!

"If they were captives, and pined like me,  
Though Love might guard them, they joy'd to be free!  
They sprang from the earth with a burst of power,  
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour!

"Call them not back when the chain is riven,  
When the way of the pinion is all through Heaven!  
Farewell!—With my song through the clouds I soar,  
I pierce the blue sky, I am earth's no more."

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## TO LOVE.

Why should I blush to own I love?  
'Tis love that rules the realms above.  
Why should I blush to say to all,  
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,  
Lest Love's dear secret be betray'd?  
Why the stern brow deceitful move,  
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell  
On passion that I dare not tell?  
Such weakness I would ever prove:  
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.

*Kirke White.*

## TIME.

Time's a hand's-breadth; 'tis a tale;  
'Tis a vessel under sail;  
'Tis an eagle in its way,  
Darting down upon its prey;  
'Tis an arrow in its flight,  
Mocking the pursuing sight;  
'Tis a short-lived fading flower;  
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;  
'Tis a momentary ray,  
Smiling in a winter's day;  
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;  
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;  
'Tis the closing watch of night;  
Dying at the rising light;  
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;  
Be prepared, O man! to die.

*Francis Quarles, 1634.*

## WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

When night brings the hour  
Of starlight and joy,  
There comes to my bower  
A fairy-wing'd boy;  
With eyes so bright,  
So full of wild arts,  
Like nets of light,  
To tangle your hearts;  
With lips, in whose keeping  
Love's secret may dwell.  
Like Zephyr asleep in  
Some rosy sea-shell.  
Guess who he is,  
Name but his name,  
And his best kiss,  
For reward, you may claim.  
Where'er o'er the ground  
He prints his light feet,  
The flow'rs there are found  
Most shining and sweet:  
His looks as soft  
As lightning in May,  
Though dangerous oft,  
Ne'er wound but in play:  
And oh, when his wings  
Have brush'd o'er my lyre,  
You'd fancy its string  
Were turning to fire.  
Guess who he is,  
Name but his name,  
And his best kiss,  
For reward, you may claim.

*Moore.*

## A DREAM.

I thought this heart enkindled lay  
On Cupid's burning shrine:  
I thought he stole thy heart away,  
And plac'd it near to mine.  
I saw thy heart begin to melt,  
Like ice before the sun;  
Till both a glow congenial felt,  
And mingled into one!

*Moore.*

## GOLDEN TROUBLES.

THE DESERTION OF SHIPS IN AUSTRALIAN PORTS.

*To the Editor of the Times.*

Sir,—Believing that the state of things which the subjoined extracts portrays is of national importance, I venture upon transmitting it to you.

Since the date of the sailing from England of the ship alluded to in the last letter—say in February last—I believe that I shall be much within the mark if I say that 200 ships, of a burden of 150,000 tons, manned by 5,000 able seamen, have followed her; that 50 of those ships were lying by her under similar circumstances; and the probability is each successive ship, as she arrives out, will find herself in the same position—namely, at anchor, with her master, and, perhaps, mate on board; otherwise deserted, and without a hope of removal.

This is bad enough for the owners of these ships; but what must be the effect on the country generally—I may say what is, for at this moment the difficulty of finding men at this port for ships upon American voyages is sensibly felt, and presently there will be such a difficulty in finding men for the Royal Navy as may be more alarming than is yet thought of.

Surely the relief of the ships ought to be, under these circumstances, as much the object of the Government as if they were blockaded by a foreign foe; and the colonies themselves ought, if they could see their real interest, to co-operate to the utmost, and get them away at all hazards, for assuredly, if even there remained tonnage for the purpose, no shipowner will peril his property in that direction until he sees a better chance for seeing it back again.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

THE UNFORTUNATE OWNER.

Liverpool, Nov. 24.

*Melbourne, August 29.*

"Sir,—It is with feelings of deep regret that I have again to address you from this place, and I am also sorry to add that the chances of getting away are as bad as ever.

"The bay is full of ships of a high class, and immediately they arrive the crews refuse duty, and in most instances leave the ship with impunity in high day. At present there is no possible protection for the merchant ship; all the gaols are full, and the authorities, considering desertion and refusal of duty on the part of the sailors no very heinous crime, will now scarcely trouble themselves in those cases.

"I yesterday went to the sheriff of Melbourne, and asked whether he would allow me to go to the gaol to endeavour to get a crew from among the prisoners. He readily granted it, and I went and was introduced to forty or fifty seamen. I offered 7*l.* per month for the round from here to England via India, or 35*l.* each for the run to any port in India; but I could not get one of them. They all said they had got into a good country and did not want to leave it, and would rather serve their term of imprisonment out than go aboard ship; in fact, they are intent only on the diggings.—

Although these men are sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor, they give them nothing whatever to do, and feed them well, so that under the present circumstances, it is actually an inducement for them to run.

"The only plan I can see to get the ships away would be for a couple of frigates to come here and man the ships with a portion of their crews and fill up their places with the sailors who refuse duty in the merchantmen. A small man of war would be of little or no use here."

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

He was born at Boston in 1706; at a proper age he was placed with an elder brother, a printer; but in consequence of some disputes he went privately, in 1723, to Philadelphia, where he worked in the office of one Kiemer. In 1724 he came to London, and worked at the press for about two years; he then returned to Philadelphia as book-keeper to a merchant; his employer however died, and Franklin became compositor under his old master. Soon after he entered into business with one Merideth, and about 1728 began a newspaper, in which he inserted many of his moral essays; he also formed a literary club, and laid the foundation of an extensive society and library. In 1732 he commenced his "Poor Richard's Almanack," in which he published those maxims so universally known as "The way to wealth." In 1736 he was appointed clerk to the assembly of Pennsylvania, and was subsequently chosen a representative for Philadelphia. In 1737 he became postmaster of that city; and in 1738 formed the first association for preventing fires, which was followed by an insurance company. He next applied himself to the pursuit of philosophy, more particularly electricity, and established a new theory in this branch of science. In 1749 he explained the phenomenon of thunder, and the Aurora Borealis, on electrical principles; and in 1752 verified what he had before asserted by drawing lightning from the clouds by means of an electrical kite. In 1755, the royal society, of which he became a member, voted him the gold medal.—Three schools were opened at Philadelphia on a plan of Franklin's, and a college was incorporated five years afterwards; he also assisted to establish the Pennsylvania Hospital.—He was appointed colonel of the provincial militia, in which capacity he conducted himself with ability.—While in England in 1757 he published a history of the province of Pennsylvania, and a pamphlet on the importance of Canada, which stimulated government to send an expedition to that place. In 1762 Franklin returned to America, after being created Doctor of Laws at Oxford. In 1764 he came to England, as the agent of his province; and in 1766 he was examined before the House of Commons relative to the stamp act; he remained till 1777, when he returned home and was chosen a member of Congress, where he contributed more than any one to the independency of the United States. He proposed an alliance with France, and went thither as an ambassa-

dor, remaining at that court till hostilities ceased, when he returned to America, where he was twice chosen president of the assembly of Philadelphia, but resigned the honour in 1788, owing to his great age.—*Life prefixed to his Works.*

## BIRDS' NESTS.

The structure of the nests of birds affords, perhaps, one of the most agreeable lessons in Natural History.

Among the most curious nests of our *English* birds may be named that of the *Wren*, the *long-tailed Titmouse*, the *Thrush*, the *Goldfinch*, the *Chaffinch*, the *Magpie*, and the *House Sparrow*; to these may also be added the *Swallow's*, the *Martin's* the *Wood Pigeon's* and the *Wood-Pecker's*. Of the nests of *Rooks*, it may be sufficient to observe, that they are often found to the number of six, or even more, in a cluster. *Crows'* nests are always solitary; they are similar in structure to those of the rook.

Among the nests of foreign birds, that of the *Taylor Bird* deserves especial mention; the bird itself is a diminutive one, being little more than three inches long; it is an inhabitant of India. The nest is sometimes constructed of two leaves, one of them dead; the latter is fixed to the living one as it hangs upon the tree, by sewing both together in the manner of a pouch or purse; it is open at the top, and the cavity is filled with fine down; and, being suspended from the branch, the birds are secure from the depredations of snakes and monkeys, to which they might otherwise fall a prey.

In Dr. Latham's collection is a specimen of the taylor bird's nest, composed of a single large leaf, of a fibrous rough texture, about six inches long independent of the stalk, five inches and a half in breadth, and ending in a point. The sides of this leaf are drawn together so as to meet within three-quarters of an inch; within is the nest, about four inches deep and two broad, opening at the top; the bottom of the leaf is drawn upwards, to assist in the support of it. The interior nest is composed of white down, with here and there a feather and a small portion of white down intermixed.

Another nest of this bird has also been described as composed of several leaves, like those of some kind of hazel sewed together; the inner nest formed of dry bents, fibres, and hairs, suspended from a tree. It is, therefore, probable that this bird, as well as some others, varies the structure of its nest as occasion and the materials may require. These singular works are performed by the bird's using his bill instead of a needle, and vegetable fibres for thread.

The *Rufus Bee-eater*, or *Merops Rufus*, constructs also a very singular nest. This is a native of Buenos Ayres; the nest is built generally on the naked, great branch of a tree, sometimes on the windows of houses, a fence, or a projecting beam of a high house or other building; it is composed of earth, in the form of a baker's oven, and is often built in the short space of two days, both birds being engaged in

the construction; it is six inches in diameter, and one thick; a division is within, beginning at the entrance, and carried circularly, so that the eggs are deposited in the inner chamber, on a bed of grass. The swallow and other birds often attempt to obtain possession of this nest, but are generally repulsed by the owners.

Many of the *Orioles'* nests are also deserving notice. The *black and yellow Oriole*, inhabiting South America, has a pendent nest, shaped like an alembic; it is affixed to the extreme branches of trees; sometimes, it is said, so many as four hundred nests are found hanging on the same tree.

The *Philippine* and *Pensile Grosbeak* make also very curious nests.

In concluding this account of the nests of birds, I may notice here the nest of the *Hirundo esculenta*, or *Esculent Swallow*, an inhabitant of China and the Islands of the Indian Ocean. The nest consists of a gelatinous substance, in shape resembling an apple cut down the middle. The nests are found in great numbers together, and are by the luxurious Asiatics made into broths, and otherwise cooked, and are esteemed one of the greatest dainties of the table; they are also occasionally used for glue.—*Jennings's Ornithologia.*

**EYES OF BIRDS.**—Birds flying in the air, and meeting with many obstacles, as branches and leaves of trees, require to have their eyes sometimes as flat as possible for protection; but sometimes as round as possible, that they may see the small objects, flies and other insects, which they are chasing through the air, and which they pursue with the most unerring certainty. This could only be accomplished by giving them a power of suddenly changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly, there is a set of hard scales placed on the outer coat of their eye, round the place where the light enters; and over these scales are drawn the muscles or fibres by which motion is communicated; so that by acting with these muscles, the bird can press the scales, and squeeze the natural magnifier of the eye into a round shape when it wishes to follow an insect through the air, and can relax the scales, in order to flatten the eye again when it would see a distant object, or move safely through leaves and twigs. This power of altering the shape of the eye is possessed by birds of prey in a very remarkable degree. They can see the smallest objects close to them, and can yet discern larger bodies at vast distances, as a carcass stretched upon the plain, or a dying fish afloat on the water.

A singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean, for wiping the glass of the instrument, as it were, and also for protecting it, while rapidly flying through the air and through thickets, without hindering the sight. Birds are, for these purposes, furnished with a third eyelid, a fine membrane or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eyeball by two muscles placed in the back of the eye. One of the muscles ends in a loop, the other in a string which goes through the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward.

## THE GLOW-WORM.

That pretty sparkler of our summer evenings, so often made the ploughboy's prize, the only brilliant that glitters in the rustic's hat, the glow-worm, (*lampyris noctiluca*.) is not found in such numbers with us, as in many other places, where these signal tapers glimmer upon every grassy bank; yet, in some seasons we have a reasonable sprinkling of them. Every body probably knows that the male glow-worm is a winged, erratic animal, yet may not have seen him. He has ever been a scarce creature to me, meeting perhaps with one or two in a year; and, when found, always a subject of admiration. Most creatures have their eyes so placed as to be enabled to see about them; or, as Hook says of the house-fly, to be "circumspect animals;" but this male glow-worm has a contrivance, by which any upward or side vision is prevented. Viewed when at rest, no portion of his eye is visible, but the head is margined with a horny band, or plate, being a character of one of the genera of the order *coleoptera*, under which the eyes are situate. This prevents all upward vision; and blinds, or winkers, are so fixed at the sides of his eyes, as greatly to impede the view of all lateral objects. The chief end of this creature in his nightly peregrinations is to seek his mate, always beneath him on the earth; and hence this apparatus appears designed to facilitate his search, confining his view entirely to what is before or below him. The first serves to direct his flight, the other presents the object of his pursuit: and as we commonly, and with advantage, place our hand over the brow, to obstruct the rays of light falling from above which enables us to see clearer an object on the ground, so must the projecting hood of this creature converge the visual rays to a point beneath.

Glow-worms emit light only for a short period in the year; and I have but partially observed it after the middle of July. I have collected many of these pretty creatures on a bank before my house, into which they retire during the winter, to shine out again when revived by the summer's warmth; but in this latter season I have frequently missed certain of my little proteges, and have reason to apprehend, that they formed the banquet of a toad that frequented the same situation.

Observing above, that the glow-worm does not emit light after the 14th of July, I mean thereby that elder steady light which has rendered this creature so remarkable to all persons; for I have repeatedly noticed, deep in the herbage, a faint evanescent light proceeding from these creatures, even as late as August and September. This was particularly manifested September the 28th, 1823. The evening was warm and dewy, and we observed on the house-bank multitudes of these small evanescent sparks in the grass. The light displayed was very different from that which they exhibit in warm summer months. Instead of the permanent green glow, that illumines all the blades of surrounding herbage, it was a pale transient spot, visible for a moment or two, and then so speedily hidden, that we were

obliged, in order to capture the creature, to employ the light of a candle. The number of them, and their actions, creeping away from our sight, contrary to that half lifeless dullness observed in summer, suggested the idea that the whole body had availed themselves of this warm, moist evening, to migrate to their winter station. A single spark or so was to be seen some evenings after this, but no such large moving parties were discovered again. If we conclude that the summer light of the glow-worm is displayed as a signal taper, the appearance of this autumnal light can have no object in view, nor can we rationally assign any use of it to the creature itself, unless, indeed, it serves as a point of union in these supposed migrations, like the leading call in the flight of nightmoving birds. The activity and numbers of these insects, in the above-mentioned evening, enabled me to observe the frequent presence and disappearance of the light of an individual, which did not seem to be the result of will, but produced by situation. During the time the insect crawled along the ground, or upon the fine grass, the glow was hidden; but on its mounting any little blade, or sprig of moss, it turned round and presented the luminous caudal spot, which, on its falling or regaining its level, was hidden again.

BEES.—It has been the custom, from the earliest ages, to rub the inside of the hive with a handful of salt and clover, or some other grass or sweet-scented herb, previously to the swarm's being put in the hive. We have seen no advantage in this; on the contrary, it gives a great deal of unnecessary labour to the bees, as they will be compelled to remove every particle of foreign matter from the hive before they begin to work. A clean, cool hive, free from any peculiar smell or mustiness, will be acceptable to the bees; and the more closely the hive is joined together, the less labour will the insects have, whose first care it is to stop up every crevice, that light and air may be excluded. We must not omit to reprehend as utterly useless, the vile practice of making an astounding noise, with tin pans and kettles, when the bees are swarming. It may have originated in some ancient superstition, or it may have been the signal to call aid from the fields, to assist in the hiving. If harmless, it is unnecessary; and everything that tends to encumber the management of bees should be avoided.—*American Farmer's Manual*.

A young girl in New South Wales being asked how she would like to go to England, replied, with great naïveté, "I should be afraid to go, from the number of thieves there; forming her judgment very shrewdly on the number of this description annually imported from our country into her own."

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