THE MAYFLOWER;

OR

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Emily Linwood,

OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. H.

(*Continued from page 5.*)

CHAPTER III.

THE scene is changed to Mrs. Elliot's drawing-room, a few days after the party; where several ladies and gentlemen are assembled, ostensibly, to pay a morning call,—but, in reality, to hear and retail the different items of news.

"I really wonder at Mrs. Payard," said a lady, turning to a gentleman who sat near her, "at inviting to her house such a person as Miss Linwood. To be sure she is very well, very well, indeed, poor thing! but then I think every person ought to know their station, and to remain in it. Do you not agree with me?"

"I have never given a thought to the subject," was the reply,—"but Mrs. Payard must have given satisfaction to *some* persons in the company by introducing Miss Linwood, judging from the attention she received from one quarter at least."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Percy I suppose," said the lady, with a scornful toss of her head. "I saw him talking to her for a few moments, but, of course, he did not know who she was,—but supposing her to be a stranger, common politeness would have dictated his attention. But really it is cruel in Mrs. Payard to invite that young girl, into society so much above her circumstances.—Poor thing, I pitied her,—for I could not help thinking how awkward she must feel, and I did not wonder at remarking, on her countenance, an expression of regret, blended, I fancy, with envy. She was, doubtless, comparing her own situation with that of others around her."

"Your powers of discernment are, I doubt not, much stronger than mine," replied her companion,—"for I should never have been able to detect such feelings, beneath Miss Linwood's placid brow, and in her sweet touching smile. Her countenance, I allow, wore a slightly pensive expression, which served but to heighten its beauty,—that, however, appeared the effect of past sorrow, not of any present discontent,—for my own part I thought that one look at that calm unworldly face should have been sufficient to banish all sordid and unworthy thoughts."

"Mrs. Mayo bit her lips in vexation, at a reply so unexpected,—and at sentiments so contrary to her own,—and with a stronger feeling of dislike to the unoffending girl, addressed Mrs. Elliot,—

"What is your view of the case, my dear madam?"

"I agree with you, precisely, Mrs. Mayo. I, for one, would not be willing to allow my daughters to attend Mrs. Payard's parties, if she persists in inviting that girl there. I have been very particular in selecting associates for my daughters,—and I was really very much annoyed at seeing her. It showed such a want of proper feeling, as I remarked to Louisa; for any humble, modest

young girl would have declined the invitation to intrude upon her superiors. But Miss Linwood did not appear in the least disconcerted;—on the contrary, I observed a slightly sarcastic smile on her lips, when you, very properly, swept by her without noticing her. One evil leads many in its train,—and soon we shall have our seamstresses expecting to associate with us."

"That is just what I fear, and I think it a duty incumbent on me both by precept and example to discourage it, not so much for the persons themselves, but because it will lead to extravagance, envy and discontent."

The speaker, Mrs. Mayo, was a large masculine-looking woman, dressed showily and fashionably. An accurate representation of her face might be better obtained from a description of the effects a glance at it appeared to produce, than any lengthened detail as to complexion, features &c. would afford. It could not surely have been the low forehead, the small sharp grey eyes, and the mouth which would fain hide its dimensions in an uneasy pucker; it could not surely have been the sallow complexion and coarse features that caused the little beggar-girl as she looked up, instinctively to draw back, and to feel that in that breast there were no sympathies to awaken,—and from that person she need expect nought but rebuke; could it have been the voice, whose harsh tones fell gratingly on the ear, that made the poor, pale timid seamstress, who modestly came to request payment of a long standing debt, steal tremblingly away with the words still ringing in her ears: "Audacity unparalleled! you, for whom I have obtained so many customers, who might have thought yourself honoured in working for me, instead of waiting my convenience, must come to my dwelling to dun me for a trifle,"—and, broken-hearted, the poor girl returned to her dwelling, hurried from the sight of her mother and famishing little sisters, who waited her return for bread,—and shutting herself in her chamber, gave way to tears bitter and uncontrollable. Was it the banishment of that high intellectual expression, which sometimes lends beauty to an otherwise plain countenance, that a lover of Nature would have felt it a waste of words to expatiate on its charms in her presence,—and a painter or poet would as soon have exhibited the productions of their genius to an inanimate object as to her, obeying the scriptural injunction, "Cast not your pearls before swine?" We cannot tell,—but the facts remain,—and the only way we can account for them is in supposing the face in this case, at least, to have been an index to the mind and heart.

Widow of an old and wealthy man, whom she had wedded solely for the sake of his riches and the position in society to which he could raise her; without children to occupy her thoughts and attention; disliked by many, and beloved by none, Mrs. Mayo, in spite of her affluence, was a miserable woman. Peace and happiness can never dwell in that bosom, which welcomes the passions of envy, revenge and hatred,—and often, when seated in her luxurious apartments, surrounded by all that wealth could purchase, could they who, in adverse circumstances, still retain the calm that flows from a well-regulated conscience, have caught a glimpse of the scowling brow, and face darkened by unquiet thoughts,—they would have pitied instead of envying her,—and have felt that their lot was blest in comparison with hers. Mrs. Mayo could in company, however, and with those whom self-interest prompted to please, be exceedingly pleasant. Not devoid of tact, and possessing that smartness of manner, which passes with some persons as cleverness and good sense,—with a great deal of artfulness she contrived to make many believe her exceedingly candid and plain spoken,—and it would have been amusing, if it were not pitiable, to observe how skilfully she contrived to insinuate herself into the favour of some, who would often extol her as one of the most disinterested creatures they ever knew. Among the most prominent of her admirers were Mrs. Elliot and her daughters, for Mrs. Mayo had found it exceedingly agreeable to maintain an intimacy with them; for by that means she obtained an introduction to many persons who would, otherwise, have remained strangers to her,—and their large and fashionable parties, affording food for scandal, were not among the least of their attractions.

Such was the person to whom Emily Linwood, utterly unconscious, stood in the light of a personal enemy, for in addition to youth, beauty, and poverty, each of them sufficient to awaken feelings of envy and hatred, a principle of ungratified revenge, which time

had failed to extinguish,—but which, though pent up, burned with intense heat, now that it had found an object, burst forth with renewed vigour, and extinguished the slightest feelings of remorse which might, otherwise, have assailed her for selecting so unoffending a victim.

But let us turn from the contemplation of a character so repugnant to the best feelings of the heart, to another scene.

CHAPTER IV.

The last beams of the setting sun, tinging the windows opposite Emily Linwood's dwelling, the comparative quiet of the street that a little while before had echoed to the rattling wheels and busy tread of pedestrians, —the refreshing breeze springing up after a day of oppressive heat,—the lengthening shadows and fading tints, all bespoke the return of evening. Emily sat at the open window, screened from view by the muslin curtains and plants whose foliage formed a pleasant shade. With one hand resting on the ledge and supporting her head, her dark blue eyes raised to the soft floating clouds, the breeze playing with the brown tresses, that had escaped from a tortoise-shell comb, her cheeks slightly flushed, and a smile, involuntarily, lighting up her beautiful countenance, Emily formed an admirable representation of Hope. Her disengaged hand held an open note, which had apparently awakened pleasant thoughts, at least to judge by her countenance. It was a kind invitation from Mrs. Percy to spend a sociable afternoon with her on the morrow. Charles Percy had not failed, when speaking of Mrs. Payard's party to his mother, to mention Miss Linwood, and the manner in which he did so awakened curiosity in that lady to see her, which was gratified by her happening to call at Mrs. Payard's when Emily was there. Delighted by her grace and intelligence, Mrs. Percy's interest was deepened by a short recital of her former history, obtained from Mrs. Payard, which determined her on extending to her all the kindness and encouragement dictated by a feeling heart. Emily had several times met Mr. Percy since the party, not at Mrs. Payard's, however, for though he frequently called he seldom met her there, for her instinctive delicacy led her rather to withdraw from his society than court it,—but in her walks to and from school she frequently encountered him, for, if the truth must be told, Charles Percy had acquired an extraordinary liking for the walk that led to the s choolhouse. At first he passed her with a graceful bow, then, with a pleasant salutation,—but that morning he had accompanied her part of the way,—and, engaged in agreeable conversation, Emily for once found the road to the schoolhouse too short. Banishing, however, reflections that might have interfered with her duties, she diligently applied herself to her daily routine of labour,—and had nearly forgotten the incident of the morning when it was recalled by Mrs. Percy's note. There was one thing, however, connected with the morning's walk, that troubled her not a little,—though she could not, in any way, account for it. Passing Mrs. Elliot's dwelling, she raised her eyes to the window, when, to her astonishment, she encountered a glance so full of envy, hatred, and revenge, that Emily shuddered and turned quickly away. It was from Mrs. Mayo, who, calling early at Mrs. Elliot's, had stepped just in time to the window, to observe Charles Percy escorting Miss Linwood.

The morrow dawned, a bright and beautiful July morning,—and was hailed, with more than usual pleasure, by Emily. The buoyancy of youth had been suppressed, not extinguished in her by affliction,—and now that she had recovered, in some measure, from its effects, her spirits seemed to rise in proportion as they had been depressed.—Her scholars had rapidly increased, so that the income arising from them not only enabled her to live in comfort, and to lay by some in case of illness,—but, also, to aid in defraying the future expenses attendant on her brother's education, in whom her chief ambition was centred; and she may be pardoned for encouraging the idea that he would one day become a great as well as a good man. Emily had, also, obtained some excellent friends,—and her heart overflowed with gratitude to that gracious Being, who has declared himself "a Father of the fatherless."

Mrs. Percy had promised to call for Emily and her brother at the close of the school, —and scarcely had she dismissed her scholars ere the carriage stood at the door.

"Perhaps Miss Linwood would prefer a ride in the suburbs of the city, to driving

back immediately," said Charles, as, after assisting her into the carriage, he turned to his mother.

"I am glad you thought of that, Charles, —and if Miss Linwood wishes it, I shall be most happy to do so. What say you Miss Linwood?"

"If not inconveniencing you, I should be delighted with such a ride," was the reply.

A few moments rapid driving brought them to an open and spacious part of the city, commanding a delightful view of the country around,—and Mrs. Percy was much amused by the artless prattle of little George, Emily's brother, whose habitual shyness was dissipated by the motion of the carriage, and the various novel objects that attracted his attention.

Perhaps there are few persons who have not, at some period or other of their lives, experienced moments of such exquisite happiness that they might well repay years of toil and pain. Happiness that appealed neither to the past nor future,—but centering all emotions into one delightful present, made the heart capable of realizing something of the bliss once enjoyed in the garden of Eden. Such were the moments that Emily spent during the ride,—but she paused not to analyze her feelings. Every thing indeed appeared to contribute to her enjoyment.—The blue and cloudless sky seemed to reflect back her own bright thoughts,—the rich tints of summer,—its verdant foliage and waving fields, never looked lovelier to her, and Mrs. Percy, gazing on her sweet countenance, her cheeks flushed with exercise, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, pronounced her, in her heart of hearts, charming.

After a lengthened ride the party returned to Mrs. Percy's elegant mansion,—and, in a few moments, were partaking of an early and excellent repast, to which fresh air and exercise enabled them to do ample justice. Tea over they returned to the drawing-room,—when Mrs. Percy, on Emily's admiring a splendid bouquet that ornamented the centre table, proposed a walk in the garden.

"Charles will, I know, be happy to escort you thither,—and if you will excuse my accompanying you, I will rest here till you return, for I feel slightly fatigued from my ride."

Mr. Percy readily acceded to so agreeable a request,—and descending the marble steps, they entered a large and highly-cultivated flower-garden. It was again evening, —and the golden rays of the setting sun lent additional beauty to the flowers he had cheered by his vivifying presence during the day. Roses of every variety, from snowy white to deep crimson, gaily-tinted flowers and ornamental shrubs here blossomed abundantly. Here and there were rustic benches, placed in shady spots,—and, after a winding and circuitous walk through the garden, as the arbour was at some distance, Mr. Percy and Emily sat down on one of them beneath a graceful tree, whose drooping branches extended almost to the ground, through the interstices of which the rays of sunshine, like threads of burnished gold, fell on the greensward, and lent to its emerald a richer tint. Slightly elevated, the spot commanded not only a view of the garden but of much of the country beyond: fields of waving corn and grain,—white cottages, half-hidden amid surrounding foliage, —statelier mansions with their noble avenues of trees,—a rugged tower that seemed to frown defiance at the ravages of time,— and the spire of a village church, pointing to "the temple without hands,"—while far, far in the distance, could be faintly discerned the blue waves of the Atlantic;—all contributed their charms to the spot, heightened by the vesper songs of birds,—and the soothing, though monotonous, sounds of a miniature waterfall. Charles Percy was assiduous in pointing out to his fair companion the different and more minute features of the scene, which might otherwise have escaped her observation,—and as Emily, with a poet's and a painter's eye, gazed on them, her delight amounted almost to enthusiasm. It was scarcely possible, indeed, for a lover of nature to have contemplated the exquisite scenery without emotions of pleasure,—and when we remember that Emily's view was principally confined to the narrow street, where she resided, she may, we think, be pardoned if, in this instance, she transgressed the rules of etiquette, which forbid the expression of wonder and applause, as contrary to that self-possession which should mark a lady,—but how Charles Percy should so far have forgotten himself as to exhibit almost equal delight at so familiar a view, we are at a loss to account for

except, that we conclude with Moore, that

> "He felt how the best charms of nature improved
> When he saw them reflected in eyes that he loved."

After conversing on the scenery for some time, they remained, for a few moments, in silence, which was broken by Emily, who observed, as she gazed on the distant spire, that it reminded her of her father's church and her native village.

"You have never been in N., Mr. Percy, I suppose?" she said, turning inquiringly to Charles.

"Once," was the reply, "when travelling homeward, and, if I am not mistaken, one of my fellow-passengers is seated by my side."

"I remember now," said Emily, as memory brought back with vividness the journey she had taken with her mother, to gratify her longing desire to behold once more, the home consecrated by so many precious associations—"yes," she added with a sigh, "I remember now. When you were introduced, it seemed to me that I was not forming a new acquaintance, but rather renewing an old one, for your form and features were familiar though I could not call to mind where I beheld them,—for my mother occupying all my attention I had no time for other than hasty observation."

"I had the advantage over you in that particular," was the reply,—"and recognized you almost immediately when I saw you from Mrs. Elliot's window, returning one afternoon from school. I had been gazing on a rainbow which appeared to elicit your admiration also, for I marked your glance raised frequently to it."

"I was not aware that I was observed," said Emily, smiling, and remarking as she rose from her seat, that Mrs. Percy would think they had forsaken her advanced to the dwelling. Pausing and turning her glance back, as she arrived at the portico, for a farewell view of the garden, Emily observed that dark and heavy clouds were now rapidly moving over the lately serene sky, —and after returning to her dwelling, she awoke from peaceful midnight slumbers, to the rumbling thunder and the heavy rain beating against the casement.

(To be Continued.)

Summer.

BY B. CORNWALL.

Now have young April and the blue-eyed May
  Vanished awhile, and lo! the glorious June
  (While nature ripens in the burning noon)
Comes like a young inheritor: and gay,
Although his parent months have pass'd away:
  But his green crown shall wither, and the tune
  That ushered in his birth be silent soon,
And in the strength of youth shall he decay.
What matters this—so long as in the past
  And in the days to come we live and feel
  The present nothing worth, until it steal
  Away, and like a disappointment, die?
  For Joy, dim child of Hope, and Memory,
Flies ever on before or follows fast.
Strange that the audible stillness of the noon,
  The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the right the leaves in June,
  And the light whispers ere their edges meet,
Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.
There's no contentment in a world like this,
  Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
  That through the cloud rifts radiantly stream;
Bird-like, the poison'd soul will lift its eye
And sing—till it is is hooded from the sky.

Human Flowers.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Sweet Lucy has chosen the lily, as pale,
And as lowly as she, still the pride of the vale:
An emblem more fitting, so fair and retired,
Heart could not have chosen, nor fancy desired.

And Ellen, gay Ellen, a symbol as true,
In the hare-bell has found, and its delicate blue:
For ever the blossoms are fresh in her eyes,
As dewy, as sweet, and more soft than the skies.

And Jane, in her thoughtfulness, conscious of power,
Has gazed in her fervour on many a flower;
Has chosen, rejected, then many combined
To blazon her graces of person and mind.

Whilst Isabel's face, like the dawn, in one flush—
Far need she not wander to bank and to bush;
Well the tint of her cheek the young Isabel knows,
For the blossom of health is the beautiful rose.

And Mary, the pensive, who loves in the dusk
Of the gardens to muse, when the air is all musk;
Will leave all its beauties, and many they are,
To gaze, meek in thought, on the jessamine star.

And Kate, the light butterfly Kate, ever gay,
Will choose the first blossom that comes in her way:
The cistus will please her a moment, and then
Away she will flutter, and settle again.

But Julia for me, with her heart in her eyes,
The child of the summer, too warm to be wise:
Is the passion-flower near her, with tendrils close curl-[ed,
She can smile while she suffers; 'tis hers for the world.

All are lovely, all blossom of heart and of mind;
All true to their natures, as Nature design'd;
To cheer and to solace, to strengthen, caress,
And with love, that can die not, to buoy and to bless.

With gentleness might, and with weakness what grace,
Revelations from Heaven in form and on face;
Like the bow in the cloud, like the flower on the sod,
They ascend and descend in my dreams as from God.

Woman and Poetry.

What is poetry? is a question which has been asked a thousand times,—and perhaps never clearly answered.

My idea of poetry is, that it is best understood by that chain of association which connects the intellect with the affections; so that whatever is so far removed from vulgarity, as to excite ideas of sublimity, beauty, or tenderness, may be said to be poetical; though the force of such ideas must depend upon the manner in which they are presented to the mind, as well as to the nature of the mind itself.

When the character of an individual is deeply imbued with poetic feeling, there is a corresponding disposition to look beyond the dull realities of common life, to the ideal relation of things, as they connect themselves with our passions and feelings, or of the previous impressions we have received of loveliness or grandeur, repose or excitement, harmony or beauty, in the universe around us. This disposition, it must be granted, has been, in some instances, a formidable obstacle to the even tenor of the wise man's walk on earth,—but let us not, while solicitous to avoid the abuse of poetic feeling, rush into the opposite excess, of neglecting the high and heaven-born principle altogether.

If for man, it be absolutely necessary that he should sacrifice the poetry of his nature for the realities of material and animal existence,—for woman there is no excuse,—for woman, whose whole life, from the cradle to the grave, is one of feeling rather than of action; whose highest duty is so often to suffer and be still; whose deepest enjoyments are all relative; who has nothing, and is nothing, of herself; whose experience, if unparticipated, is a total blank; yet, whose world of interest is wide as the realm of humanity, boundless as the ocean of life, and enduring as eternity! For woman, who, in her inexhaustible sympathies, can live only in the existence of another,—and whose very smiles and tears are not, exclusively, her own,—for woman, to cast away the love of poetry, is to pervert, from their natural course, the sweetest and loveliest tendencies of a truly feminine mind; to destroy the brightest charm, which can adorn her intellectual character; to blight the fairest rose in her wreath of youthful beauty.

A woman without poetry is like a landscape without sunshine. We see every object as distinctly, as when the sunshine is upon it,—but the beauty of the whole is wanting;—the atmospheric tints, the harmony of earth and sky, we look for in vain,—and we feel, that though the actual substance of hill and dale, of wood and water, are the same, the spirituality of the scene is gone.

A woman without poetry! The idea is a paradox; for what single subject, has ever been found so fraught with poetical association, as woman herself? "Woman with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire."

The little encouragement which poetry meets with, in the present day, arises, I imagine, out of its supposed opposition to utility,—and, certainly, if to eat and drink,—to dress as well, or better than our neighbours,—and to amass a fortune, in the shortest possible space of time, be the highest aim of our existence, then the less we have to do with poetry the better. But may we not be mistaken in the ideas we habitually attach to the word utility? There is a utility of material, and another of immaterial things. There is a utility in calculating our bodily wants, and our resources, and in regulating our personal efforts in proportion to both,—but there is a higher utility in sometimes setting the mind free, like a bird that has been caged, to spread its wings, and soar into the etherial world. There is a higher utility, in sometimes pausing to feel the power which is in the immortal spirit; to search out the principle of beauty, whether it bursts upon us with the dawn of rosy morning, or walks at gorgeous noon across the hills and valleys, or lies at evening's dewy close, enshrined within a folded flower.

It is good, and therefore it must be useful, to see and to feel, that the all-wise Creator has set the stamp of degradation upon those *things which perish in the using*,—but that all those which enlarge and elevate the soul, which afford us the highest and purest enjoyment, from the loftiest range of sublimity, to the softest emotions of tenderness and love, are, and must be, immortal. Yes, the mountains may be overthrown, and the

heavens themselves may melt away,—but all the ideas with which they inspired us,—their vastness and their grandeur, will remain. Every flower might fade away from the garden of the earth,—but would beauty, as an essence, therefore cease to exist? Even love might fail us here. Alas, how often does it fail us at our utmost need. But the principle of love is the same,—and there is no human heart so callous, as not to respond to the language of the poet, when he says,

> They sin who tell us love can die.
> * * * * * * *
> Its holy flame for ever burneth,
> From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
> Too oft, in earth, a troubled guest,
> At times deceived,—at times opprest,
> It here is tried and purified,
> And hath in heaven its perfect rest;
> It soweth here with toil and care,—
> But the harvest-time of love is there."

All these ideas are excited,—and all these impressions are made upon the mind through the medium of poetry. By poetry I do not mean that vain babbling of rhyme, which finds no echo, either in the understanding or in the heart. By poetry I mean that etherial fire which touched, not the lips only, but the soul of Milton when he sung of

> "Man's first disobedience,"—

and which has inspired all who ever walked the same enchanted ground, from the father of poetry himself down to

> "The simple bard, rough at the rustic plough."

Thousands have felt this principle of poetry within them, who yet have never learned to lisp in numbers,—and perhaps they are the wisest of their class, for they have thus the full enjoyment which poetic feeling affords, without the disappointment that so frequently attends upon the efforts of those who venture to commit themselves in verse.

Men of business, whose hearts and minds are buried in their bales of goods, and who know no relaxation from the office or the counter, except what the daily newspaper affords, are apt to conclude that poetry does nothing for them, because it never keeps their accounts, prepares their dinner, nor takes charge of their domestic affairs. Now though I should be the last person to recommend poetry as a substitute for household economy, or to put even the brightest emanations of genius, in the place of domestic duty, I do not see why the two should not exist together,—nor am I quite convinced that, although a vast proportion of mankind have lost their relish for poetry, it would not, in reality, be better for them to be convinced by their companions of the gentler sex, that poetry, so far from being incompatible with social or domestic comfort, is capable of being associated with every lawful and rational enjoyment.

Yes, it is better for every one to have their minds elevated, rather than degraded, raised up to a participation in thoughts and feelings, in which angels might take a part, rather than chained down to the grovelling of mere corporeal existence;—and never do we feel more happy than when, in the performance of any necessary avocation, we look beyond the gross material on which we are employed to those relations of thought and feeling, that connect the act of duty which occupies our hands with some being we love, that teach us to realize, while thus engaged, the smile of gratitude which is to constitute our reward, or the real benefit that act will be the means of conferring, even when no gratitude is there. What man of cultivated mind, who has ever tried the experiment, would choose to live with a woman, whose whole soul was absorbed in the strife, the tumult, the perpetual discord, which constant occupation, in the midst of material things, so inevitably produces, rather than with one whose attention, equally alive to practical duties, had a world of deeper feelings in her "heart of hearts," with which no selfish, worldly, or vulgar thoughts could mingle. It is not because we love poetry, that we must be always reading, quoting, or composing it. Far otherwise. For that bad taste, which would thus abuse and misapply so sacred a gift, is the very opposite of poetical. The love of poetry or, in other words, the experience of deep poetic feeling, is rather a principle, which, while it inspires the love of beauty in general, forgets not the beauty of fitness and order, and therefore, can never sanction that which is grotesque and out of place. It teaches us that nothing which offends the feelings of others can be estimable or praiseworthy in ourselves; for it is only in reference to her association with others, that woman can be in herself poetical. She may even fill a book with poetry, and not be poetical in her own character, because she may at the same time be selfish, vain, and worldly-minded.

To have the mind so imbued with poetic feeling that it shall operate as a charm upon herself and others, woman must be lifted out of self, she must see in every thing material a relation, an essence; an end, beyond its practical utility. She must regard the little envyings, bickerings, and disputes about common things, only as weeds in the pleasant garden of life, bearing no comparison in importance with the loveliness of its flowers. She must forget even her own personal attractions, in her deep sense of the beauty of the whole created universe,—and she must lose the very voice of flattery to herself, in her own intense admiration of what is excellent in others. This it is to be poetical.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

For the Mayflower.

A poor girl was taken from her home to be the companion and daughter of a rich lady. Surrounded by every luxury, she yet pined in their midst; for while the hearts she loved were in poverty; the blessings of wealth, of which they might not partake, were valueless to her. The following lines were suggested by the above incident, as expressive of her sentiments.

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

I pine within those stately halls,
Those halls of lofty pride,
To me they are but prison walls,
That from my home divide.

Those costly robes yield no delight;
Those jewels I despise;
The banquet palls upon my taste,
It fills with tears my eyes.

For ever rising, pale and sad,
My mother's face I see;
My brothers' eyes, no longer bright;
Look mournfully on me.

I know that haggard poverty,
And cankering care abide,
In that dear home where, cheerfully;
My wants were once supplied.

I know that scanty is their fare;
Scanty and hardly won,—
A cup of water, crust of bread;
And then the meal is done.

They shrink from winter's icy touch,—
And, shivering, draw more near,
The embers whose pale flickering light
Yield little heat or cheer.

Yet deem me not ungrateful though;
Where Plenty smiles, I pine;
It is because the hearts I prize;
Possess no gifts like mine.

Far happier, could I share their griefs;
Not penury I'd fear;
From morn till eve for them I'd toil;—
And sooth the brow of care.

My lips no murmuring words should breathe,—
But blest their smiles to see;
Enough, enough, the coarsest fare,
And rustic garb would be.

Then let me go, I cannot dwell,
Within those lofty halls,—
For while I pine for home and friends,
They seem but prison walls.

M. E. H.

THE CRIMINAL'S LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.—When the warrant for the prisoner's execution arrives at Newgate, he is immediately removed to the cells, and confined in one of them until he leaves it for the scaffold. He is at liberty to walk in the yard, but both in his walks and in his cells he is constantly attended by a turnkey who never leaves him on any pretence whatever. We entered the first cell. It was a stone dungeon, eight feet long by six wide, with a bench at the further end, under which were a common horse-rug, a bible, and a prayer-book. An iron candlestick was fixed into the wall at the side, and a small high window in the back admitted as much air and light as could struggle in between a double row of heavy crossed iron bars. It contained no other furniture of any description.

Conceive the situation of a man spending his last night on earth in this cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why—indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping he knew not how—hour after hour of the three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no living man would deem possible, for none but this dying man can know. He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected in his feverish restlessness the timely warnings of his spiritual counsellor; and now that the illusion is at last dispelled; now that eternity before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount to almost madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless state rushes upon him, he is lost and stupified, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon the Almighty Being, from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom repentance can alone avail.

Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is

wasting gradually, and the death-like stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle, which echoes mornfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away. The deep bell of St. Paul's strikes—one! He has heard it, it has aroused him. Seven hours left! and he paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the bible, which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts still wander. The book is torn and soiled by use—how like the book he read his lesson in at school just forty years ago! he has never bestowed a thought upon it since he left it as a child; and yet the place, the time, the room, nay, the very boys he played with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word of kindness, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. The deep voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its solemn promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation of obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound was that? He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet.—Hark! Two quarters have struck—the third—the fourth. It is! Six hours left! Tell him not of repentance or comfort.—Six hour's repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands and throws himself on the bench.

Worn out with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast: he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with the bright blue sky above them, and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side—how different from the stone walls of Newgate! And she is looking, not as she did when he saw her the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used to do when he loved her, long ago, before misery and ill treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature. And she is leaning upon his arms, and looking up into his face with tenderness and affection—and he does not strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him. And oh! how glad he is to tell her all he had forgotten in the last hurried interview, and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form and broke her heart! The scene suddenly changes. He is on his trial again; there are the judge and jury and prosecutors and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is—what a sea of heads—with a gallows, too; and a scaffold—and how all those people stare at *him!*—Verdict 'Guilty.' No matter; he will escape. The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open, and in an instant he is in the street flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, and open fields are gained, and the broad wide country lies before him.—Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness astonishing even to himself.—At length he pauses: he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on the bank and sleep till sunrise.

A period of unconsciousness ensues. He wakes cold wretched. The dull grey light, of morning is stealing into the cell, and falls upon the form of the attendant turnkey.—Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in that narrow cell is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. He is the condemned felon again, guilty and despairing, and in two hours more he is a corpse.—*Sketches by Boz.*

The Palimpsest.

You know perhaps, masculine reader, better than I can tell you, what is a *Palimpsest.* Possibly you have one in your own library. But yet, for the sake of others who may *not* know, or may have forgotten, suffer me to explain it here, lest any female reader, who honours these papers with her notice, should tax me with explaining it once too seldom, which would be worse to bear than a simultaneous complaint from twelve proud men, that I had explained it three

times too often. You therefore, fair reader, understand, that for *your* accommodation, exclusively, I explain the meaning of this word. It is Greek,—and our sex enjoys the office and privilege of standing counsel to yours, in all questions of Greek. We are under favour, perpetual and hereditary dragomans to you. So that if, by accident, you know the meaning of a Greek word, yet, by courtesy to us, your counsel learned in that matter, you will always seem not to know it.

A palimpsest, then, is a membrane or roll cleansed of its manuscript by reiterated successions.

What was the reason that the Greeks and Romans had not the advantage of printed books? The answer will be, from ninety-nine persons in a hundred,—Because the mystery of printing was not yet discovered. But this is altogether a mistake. The secret of printing must have been discovered many thousands of times before it was used, or *could* be used. Not therefore any want of a printing art—*that* is, of an art for multiplying impressions—but the want of a cheap material for *receiving* such impressions, was the obstacle to an introduction to printed books, even as early as Pisistratus. The ancients *did* apply printing to records of silver and gold,—to marble and many other substances cheaper than gold or silver; they did *not* since each monument required a *separate* effort of inscription. It was simply this defect of a cheap material for receiving impressions, which froze, in its very fountains, the early resources of printing.

Now out of that original scarcity—affecting all materials proper for durable books, which continued up to times comparatively modern—grew the opening for palimpsests. Naturally, when once a roll of parchment or vellum had done its office, by propagating, through a series of generations, what once had possessed an interest for them,—but which, under changes of opinion or taste, had faded to their feelings, or had become obsolete for their undertakings, the whole *membrana* or vellum skin, the twofold product of human-skill, costly material, or costly freight of thought, dropped in value concurrently,—supposing that each were inalienably associated to the other.

Hence it arose in the middle ages, as a considerable object for chemistry, to discharge the writing from the roll,—and thus to make it available for a new succession of thoughts.

In that monkish chemists succeeded, but after a fashion which seems almost incredible,—incredible, not as regards the extent of their success, but as regards the delicacy of restraints under which it moved,—so equally adjusted was their success to the immediate interests of that period, and to the reversionary objects of our own. They did the thing,—but not so radically as to prevent us from undoing it. They expelled the writing sufficiently to leave a field for the new manuscript,—and yet not sufficiently to make the traces of the elder manuscript irrecoverable for us.

Had *they* been better chemists, had *we* been worse, the mixed result, viz., that dying for *them*, the flower should revive for us, could not have been effected. They did the thing proposed to them; they did it effectually, for they founded upon it all that was wanted,—and yet ineffectually, since we unravelled their work, effacing all above, which they had superscribed, restoring all below, which they had effaced.

What else than a natural and mighty palimpsest is the human brain. Such a palimpsest is my brain; such a palimpsest oh reader! is yours. Everlasting layers of ideas, images, feelings, have fallen upon your brain softly as light. Each succession has seemed to bury all that went before.—And yet, in reality, not one has been extinguished. Yes, reader, countless are the mysterious handwritings of grief or joy, which have inscribed themselves successively upon the palimpsest of your brain,—and —like the annual leaves of aboriginal forests, or the undissolving snows on the Himalaya, or light falling upon light—the endless strata have covered up each other in forgetfulness. But by the hour of death,—but by fever,—but by the searchings of opium, all these can revive in strength. They are not dead but sleeping.

The bewildering romance, light tarnished with darkness, the semi-fabulous legend, truth celestial, mixed with human falsehoods, these fade, even of themselves, as life advances. The romance has perished that the young man adored; the legend has gone

that deluded the boy; but the deep deep tragedies of infancy, as when the child's hands were unlinked for ever from his mother's neck,—or his lips for ever from his sister's kisses, these remain lurking below all,—and these lurk to the last.—*Confessions of an Opium-Eater.*

The Earl of Montrose

TO HIS MISTRESS.

[The following spirited poem was a great favourite with Sir Walter Scott. The last verse of the second stanzas, especially, was frequently in his mouth. When advised not to risk the fame he had acquired by his poetry, by the publication of Waverly, the quotation of that fine passage was his noble answer:]

My dear and only love, I pray
This little world of thee
Be ever governed by the sway
Of purest monarchy;
For if confusion bear a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And call a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I must reign,
And I must reign alone—
My heart did evermore disdain
A partner for its throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or loose it all.

But in the empire of the heart
Where I alone would be,
If others e'er pretend a part
Or dare to share with me,
By love my peace shall ne'er be wrecked,
I'll spurn him from my door!
I'll silent mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy truth and constant word,
I'll make thee famous with my pen,
And glorious with my sword—
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er were known before,
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

Early Rising.

A talented physician remarks that—"Early rising is the stepping stone to all that is great and good. Both the mind and the body are invigorated by the practice, and much valuable time is gained that is lost to the sluggard. It is the basis upon which health and wealth are founded. The early morning is the best for reflection and study, for it is then, after refreshing sleep, that the mind is most vigorous and calm. The statesman, as well as the merchant, arranges, his plan for the coming day, and all passes smoothly, while he who wastes his morning in bed loses much of the most valuable commodity in life—time—*which is never regained.* Early rising will often make the poor man rich, the contrary will too often beggar the wealthiest. It will do much towards making the weak strong, and the reverse will enfeeble the strongest. Second sleep often produces head-ache and languor.—There is nothing more true than that—'He that loses an hour in the morning is seeking it the remainder of the day.' All our greatest men have been early risers, for instance — Newton, Franklin, Wellington, Shakspeare, Milton, Reynolds, Hunter, Eldon, Erskine."

ON THE Regulation of the Heart.

Let a vain young woman be told, that tenderness and softness is the peculiar charm of the sex; that even their weakness is lovely, and their fears becoming; and you will presently observe her grow so tender as to be ready to weep for a fly; so fearful, that she starts at a feather; and so weak hearted, that the smallest accident quite overpowers her. Her fondness and affection become fulsome and ridiculous; her compassion grows contemptible weakness; and her apprehensiveness the most abject cowardice: for, when once she quits the direction of Nature, she knows not where to stop, and continually exposes herself by the most absurd extremes.

Nothing so effectually defeats its own ends as this kind of affectation; for, though warm affections and tender feelings are beyond measure amiable and charming, when perfectly natural, and kept under the due control of reason and principle; yet nothing is so truly disgusting as the affectation of them, or even the unbridled indulgence of such as are real.

Remember, my dear, that our feelings were not given us for our ornament, but to spur us on to right actions.—Compassion, for instance, was not impressed upon the human heart, *only* to adorn the fair face with tears, and to give an agreeable languor to the eyes; it was designed to excite our utmost endeavours to relieve the sufferer.—

Yet, how often have I heard that selfish weakness, which flies from the sight of distress, dignified with the name of tenderness; —"My friend is, I hear, in the deepest affliction and misery;—I have not seen her;—for indeed I cannot bear such scenes,—they affect me too much!—Those who have less sensibility, are fitter for this world;—but, for my part, I own, I am not able to support such things.—I shall not attempt to visit her till I hear she has recovered her spirits." This have I heard said, with an air of complacence; and the poor selfish creature has persuaded herself that she had finer feelings than those generous friends, who are sitting patiently in the house of mourning,—watching, in silence, the proper moment to pour in the balm of comfort;—who suppressed their own sensations, and only attended to those of the afflicted person; and whose tears flowed in secret, whilst their eyes and voice were taught to enliven the sinking heart with the appearance of cheerfulness.

That sort of tenderness, which makes us useless, may indeed be pitied and excused, if owing to natural imbecility; but, if it pretends to loveliness and excellence, it becomes truly contemptible.

The same degree of active courage is not to be expected in woman as in man; and not belonging to her nature, it is not agreeable in her: But passive courage,—patience and fortitude under sufferings,—presence of mind, and calm resignation in danger,—are surely desirable in every rational creature; especially in one professing to believe in an over-ruling Providence, in which we may at all times quietly confide, and which we may safely trust with every event that does not depend upon our own will.—Whenever you find yourself deficient in these virtues, let it be a subject of shame and humiliation,—not of vanity and self-complacence: do not fancy yourself the more amiable for that which really makes you despicable;—but content yourself with the faults and weaknesses that belong to you, without putting on more by way of ornament. With regard to tenderness, remember that compassion is best shown by an ardour to relieve,—and affection by assiduity to promote the good and happiness of the persons you love: that tears are unamiable, instead of being ornamental, when voluntarily indulged; and can never be attractive but when they flow irresistibly, and avoid observation as much as possible. The same may be said of every other mark of passion; it attracts our sympathy, if involuntary and not designed for our notice; it offends, if we see that it is purposely indulged and intruded on our observation.

Another point, on which the heart is apt to deceive itself, is generosity. We cannot bear to suspect ourselves of base and ungenerous feelings; therefore we let them work without attending to them, or we endeavour to find out some better motive for those actions, which really flow from envy and malignity. Before you flatter yourself, that you are a generous benevolent person, take care to examine whether you are really glad of every advantage and excellence, which your friends and companions possess, though they are such as you are yourself deficient in. If your sister or friend makes a greater proficiency than yourself in any accomplishment, which you are in pursuit of, do you never wish to stop her progress, instead of trying to hasten your own?

The boundaries between virtuous emulation and vicious envy are very nice, and may be easily mistaken. The first will awaken your attention to your own defects, and excite your endeavours to improve; the last will make you repine at the improvements of others, and wish to rob them of the praise they have deserved. Do you sincerely rejoice when your sister is enjoying pleasure or commendation, though you are at the same time in disagreeable or mortifying circumstances?—Do you delight to see her approved and beloved, even by those who do not pay you equal attention!—Are you afflicted and humbled, when she is found to be in fault, though you yourself are remarkably clear from the same offence?—If your heart assures you of the affirmative to these questions, then may you think yourself a kind sister, and a generous friend: for you must observe, my dear, that scarcely any creature is so depraved as not to be capable of kind affections in some circumstances. We are all naturally benevolent, when no selfish interest interferes, and where no advantage is to be given up: we can all pity distress, when it lies complaining at our feet, and confesses our superiority and happier situation: but I have seen the sufferer himself become

the object of envy and ill-will, as soon as his fortitude and greatness of mind had begun to attract admiration, and to make the envious person feel the superiority of virtue above good fortune.

To take sincere pleasure in the blessings and excellences of others, is a much surer mark of benevolence, than to pity their calamities: and you must always acknowledge yourself ungenerous and selfish, whenever you are less ready to "rejoice with them that do rejoice," than to "weep with them that weep." If ever your commendations of others are forced from you, by the fear of betraying your envy,—or if ever you feel a secret desire to mention something that may abate the admiration given them, do not try to conceal the base disposition from yourself, since that is not the way to cure it.

Human nature is ever liable to corruption, and has in it the seeds of every vice, as well as of every virtue; and, the first will be continually shooting forth and growing up, if not carefully watched and rooted out as fast as they appear. It is the business of religion to purify and exalt us, from a state of imperfection and infirmity, to that which is necessary and essential to happiness. Envy would make us miserable in Heaven itself, could it be admitted there; for we must there see beings far more excellent, and consequently more happy than ourselves: and till we can rejoice in seeing virtue rewarded in proportion to its degree, we can never hope to be among the number of the blessed.—*Chapone's Letters.*

For the Mayflower.

Song.

To the tune of "Burial of Sir John Moore."

COMES THERE STEALING REMEMBRANCE OF ME?

When the gay and the thoughtless are thronging around,
And Beauty's enchantment is near;
When eyes, brightly beaming, respond unto thine,
And voices fall soft on thy ear,
In those seasons of mirth, when each rainbow-hued hour
Sheds light on the heart, ere it flee;
Oh, tell me, if ever, amid the gay throng,
There comes stealing remembrance of me.

On some bright summer's day, when all nature seems glad;
While pacing the sand-beaten shore,
Thine eye marks the heave of the billows that, late,
Thy form from my tearful sight bore;
When, far in the distance, gleam faintly the hills,
Where together we sported in glee,—
Ah, with the bright visions of days that are past,
Comes their stealing remembrance of me?

When sober-eyed twilight her mantle of dews,
On the weary earth softly bestows;
When leaden care flies, and the angel of peace
Sings the turmoils of life to repose.
Then if, through thy casement, the evening-star beam,
Perchance it may whisper to thee,
Of one who, afar, is beholding its light,
Then will steal the remembrance of me.

And oh, should thy path be enshrouded with gloom,—
And the joys that have cheered thee depart,
Forget not that I in thy sorrows partake,
That still dearer art thou to this heart;
Though vainly I pine for the well-known voice,
Though banished thy footstep may be,
What a balm does the hope to my spirit afford,
That thy thoughts sometimes wander to me.

Poor Rosalie.

BY MRS. OPIE.

Though he slay me yet will I trust in him.

In a small village in, as I believe, the south of France, lived an elderly lady, who was supposed to be rich, though her style of living was rather penurious. But as her charities were many, and she denied no one, but herself, she was regarded with affectionate respect,—and was particularly commended, when she took into her house a young girl, whom I shall call Rosalie, the daughter of humble but of very estimable parents.

Rosalie's childhood was happy,—and so might her youth have been, had she not lost one of the best of mothers, when she was only twelve years old; a mother who, having had rather a superior education, sedulously endeavoured to impart her knowledge to her daughter. Rosalie's father, for some years after the death of his wife, seemed to think his child sufficient for his happiness,—but at length he married again,—and in his second marriage, he gave to himself and daughter a domestic tyrant. Poor Rosalie toiled all the day, and sometimes half the night to please her task-mistress, who, as soon as she had a child, insisted that her husband's daughter should be its nurse, and do the chief part of the household work besides.

As child succeeded to child, Rosalie's fatigues increased every year,—and if her father ventured to repay her patient industry by an affectionate caress, his wife desired him not to spoil, still more, by his foolish fondness, a girl whom he had sufficiently spoiled already. Happily, Rosalie's mother had been enabled to instil into her mind the duty of entire submission to the divine will,

—she, therefore, bore her hard lot with cheerful resignation.

But however little her harsh and unkind step-mother appreciated her worth, Rosalie was beheld, by the whole neighbourhood, with affectionate pity and esteem, except, perhaps, by those mothers who were mortified to hear her called the prettiest, as well as the best girl in the village, yet even they were forced to own she was pious and dutiful,"though, certainly, they could not think her a beauty,"—and every one was pleased when the old lady, before mentioned, offered to take her as a sort of companion. At first the step-mother declared she could not afford to lose her services,—but on the kind friend promising to pay all the expense of a servant in her place,—and on her giving handsome presents to the children, the selfish woman consented to give up Rosalie and the dear pleasure of tormenting her.

It was a great trial to Rosalie and to her father to be separated; he, however, was consoled by the belief, that his ill-treated child would be happier away from home,—but she had no such comfort. On the contrary, she feared that her too yielding parent would miss her ready duty and filial fondness. Still, as her health was beginning to suffer, for want of sufficient rest, she felt the necessity of the removal,—and was deeply thankful to her benefactress.

As the old lady had only one female servant, Rosalie became her waiting-maid as well as amanuensis,—and the gardener, a married man, who did not live in the house, officiated sometimes as her footman. The chief part of her fortune was settled on a nephew and niece, who lived at a distance,—but she informed Rosalie and her friends, that she had left her, in her will, a comfortable independence. Her motive for mentioning this bequest, was, probably, the suspicion which she was known to entertain,—that a young man in the village, of a higher rank than Rosalie, beheld her with admiration,—and she hoped that his parents might not object to the marriage, should a mutual attachment take place, if they knew that she had provided for her protege.

The poor girl, herself, was too humble to suspect that any one admired her. She only knew that Auguste St. Beuve, who was a general favourite, spoke to her with great kindness,—and that he sometimes stopped to converse with her, when he met her on the road. But there is reason to believe she had overheard him pass some encomiums on her person, on the memorable evening when they met at her cousin's wedding—the only festival she had ever been permitted to attend—and that she had remembered and repeated those praises at a moment which, as it afterwards appeared, was big with her future fate.

Rosalie left those nuptial festivities at no late hour, yet long after the gardener had gone home. The other servant, who was always deaf, and more than usually sleepy, let her in, and immediately went to her own bed, while Rosalie, who slept in the old lady's apartment, undressed in the sitting room, adjoining, for fear of disturbing her. Never had the poor Rosalie looked so well,—and never, for some years at least, had she felt so happy. It was the first marriage she had ever witnessed; the first time she had ever worn a dress that was peculiarly pretty and becoming,—and her youth, for she was only just eighteen, made her pleasure, in both these things, natural and perhaps excusable. But still her greatest delight had been derived from her father's presence. He had been with her all the day, and without his wife! And she had hung on his arm; he had told her she looked well, and danced well,—and, what was far more precious, he had said she was a good girl, that he missed her every day, and that he loved her dearly!

Certain it is that, lost in agreeable thought, she stood looking at herself in a glass, far longer than she had ever done before,—and in the intoxication of her vanity, newly awakened by the praises which she had overheard, she exclaimed aloud, as she drew off her gown, "Oh, le joli bras! Oh, le joli bras!" (Oh the pretty arm!) and she prepared for bed that night, vain and conscious of her personal beauty. But her heart soon reproached her for having given way to a mean unworthy pride,—and she said to herself, "Well, if weddings and entertainments always turn heads as these have turned mine, I shall never go to another,—but then," she modestly added, "perhaps I am weaker than other girls." However prayer relieved the burdened heart of the young and humble penitent,—and she soon sunk into the deep unconscious slumbers of healthy innocence. Alas! to what overwhelming ago-

ny did she awake! Having risen, spite of her fatigue, at the usual time, she was quitting the room with as light a step as she entered it, looking back to be certain that she had not disturbed the old lady, when she saw that the curtains of her bed were turned back, that the bell-rope was tied up, and, on approaching nearer, she found that something was drawn quite close round the neck of her benefactress,—and that, while she slept, probably, some murderous hand had deprived her of life.

At first she stood motionless, paralyzed with horror,—but restored only too soon to a sense of feeling. She rent the air with her shrieks! The gardener, who was already at work, immediately rushed into the room, followed by the other servant,—and they were as distracted as she was, when they found what had happened. In a short time the room was filled with many who mourned,—more who wondered,—and some who began to suspect and accuse. "Who hath done this cruel deed? Who had a motive to do it?" The first thing was to ascertain if she was quite dead,—and they proved she had been dead some hours. The next duty was to see whether she had been robbed,—and it was discovered that her pockets had been turned inside out,—and some old plate had been removed from a closet below. There was no trace of any footstep in the garden,—but the window of the lower room was open.

Doubtless she had died by strangulation,—but was it possible that Rosalie had heard no noise, nor struggles? And she was strictly interrogated,—but her eye was so wild, and her senses so disordered, she seemed incapable of understanding the questions put to her. There were some persons present, who believed that this was consummate acting,—and when, on being asked if she knew what the old lady had in her pocket, she said "Yes,"—and, taking her murdered friend's purse out of her pocket, exclaimed, "Here, take it, take it," it was thought that, actuated by remorse, she had desired them to remove from her what she had endangered her soul to gain.

"But where is the pocket-book and plate?"

"What pocket-book, what plate," was her agitated reply.

"Surely, she who knew where to find the purse, knows where to find the rest of the stolen goods?"

"Stolen," repeated the poor girl, uttering a piercing shriek, as the consciousness of being suspected came over her mind, "stolen!—the purse was given me to buy faggots for the poor—the poor—the poor indeed now! Oh my dear lost murdered benefactress!" Then throwing herself on the body, she gave way to such a burst of agony, that even the most suspicious of her observers could scarcely believe she was even privy to the murder.

It was now discovered that the piece of linen which lay near the corpse, was an apron of Rosalie's,—and though it was contrary to all probability, that, if she had been guilty, she would not have removed the fancied evidence out of sight, still, agitation of mind was said to account, satisfactorily, for this suspicious circumstance,—and ere one half hour more had elapsed, Rosalie, stunned, bewildered, and unable to do anything but weep, was committed to the prison of the next town, on the charge of having strangled her benefactress.

The gardener and the other servant had both been examined,—but he was able to prove an alibi,—and there was no reason to suspect the deaf women. It was some time before Rosalie entirely recovered the use of her reason; and she almost lost it again, when she recollected where she was, and why she was there. But Rosalie now felt the advantage of being habitually pious, for knowing in whom to trust, she was at length able to look her accusers in the face, with calmness and resignation. To her solemn assurances that she was innocent, the reply was, "Then, if you did'nt commi tthe murder, who did?"

"I neither know nor suspect," she answered," and I could have no motive to commit it, for to whom was my poor friend's life of such consequence as to me."

"Nay, nay, you know she had provided handsomely for you in her will."

"I had forgotten that," she exclaimed.—"Oh my best, my only friend," and she sobbed with renewed agony.

A further trial awaited Rosalie. She expected that her step-mother would believe her guilty,—but she was not prepared to hear that her father refused to see her, he who, but a few hours before, had said he

loved her so tenderly,—and her health sunk under this blow. But as the surgeon said her life was in danger, he went to the prison, though, reluctantly, as his wife had tormented him into believing, or admitting, that Rosalie might possibly be privy to the murder, still, the moment that he saw her, and that, rushing into those arms which vainly endeavoured not to close on her, she exclaimed, in a tone which truth alone can give, "Father, I am innocent, quite innocent," he pressed the poor sufferer to his bosom, again and again, saying, in a voice suffocated with emotion, "I believe thee, I believe thee,"—from that moment Rosalie's health revived. However he visited her no more, as he was again worried into an acknowledgement, that it was just possible she might be implicated in the black deed, though he could not conceive how,—but the reason of his absence was concealed from her, lest she should have a relapse.

There was another person, whom Rosalie vainly hoped would visit her in her distress, Auguste St. Beuve—whose praises had betrayed her into the weakness of self-admiration—neither came nor sent! And the poor girl was frequently repeating to herself "And does *he* too believe me guilty."

Her trial had been delayed in order to give time to discover the plate and pocket-book,—and, also, to find out who amongst the young men in the village were the most intimate associates of Rosalie. Accordingly, the strictest inquiries were instituted, but the virtuous and modest girl had no associates whatever of the other sex, and though one young man visited her in prison, it was believed that he had no previous acquaintance with her. Auguste St. Beuve was the only one who had ever paid her any attention,—and his situation in life placed him above suspicion.

At length, after she had been for many days persecuted by the entreaties of her priest, and others, that she would confess, the hour for her appearance at the awful bar arrived,—and she stood there, unsupported by any earthly aid, save that of conscious innocence. The trial was long; the examination severe,—and the circumstances were deemed strong against her. To every question she answered in a modest, humble, but firm manner,—and whether it was that her youth, her beauty, and gentle graces, prepossessed her judges in her favour, or whether the legal proof was not sufficient, she was, at the end of some painful hours, unanimously acquitted,—and, instantly discharged. Alas, the delight of being declared innocent, was damped to poor Rosalie, by the fear that she should not be permitted to find shelter under a parent's roof.

Avarice, however, did for her what justice should have done. The heir of her poor friend, convinced of Rosalie's innocence, and pitying her sufferings, offered to pay her immediately the legacy which his aunt had left,—but the sensitive girl shrunk from accepting it. She was suspected of having committed, or concerted the murder of her benefactress, in order to hasten her possession of the sum in question. She, therefore, positively refused to run the risk of confirming any one in the belief of her guilt, by receiving it. And she persevered in her delicate and well motived refusal, till her father, instigated by his wife, commanded her to accept the money; then she complied, and not reluctantly when she found that, on condition of her paying for her board, she would be again received into his house.

Once more, therefore, she was under her father's roof,—and she tried to bear, in the pleasure of being near him,—and still beloved by him, the increased persecutions which she had now to undergo. Her tyrant was continually telling her, that she still believed her to be the murderer's accomplice, at least, therefore, she could not do too much to show her gratitude, for being admitted under the roof of a respectable person,—and there were times when Rosalie had reason to believe her father was persuaded to be of his wife's opinion. She had also, the misery of finding herself sometimes shunned by those who had once professed a friendship for her. Auguste St. Beuve no longer stopped to talk with her, when they met,—and it was evident that, till it should please heaven to bring the real murderer to justice, a stain would always rest on her character.

At length her daily trials, spite of her trust in providence, deprived her of strength sufficient to labour as usual, and she soon had the added misery of being told, by her brothers and sisters, of whom she was very fond, that their mother said she was a very wicked woman, and they ought not to love

her. It was at the foot of the cross, that Rosalie sought refuge on these occasions,—and there she found it!—there she found power to bear her trials without murmuring, though she could not conquer the increasing debility which anxiety of mind and over-fatigue had brought upon. She had, meanwhile, one solace dear to her heart, that of visiting the graves of her mother and her friend; of decorating them with funeral wreaths,—and of weeding, with pious hand, the flowers she had there planted. As her health was now evidently too delicate to permit her to perform her wonted tasks, her step-mother insisted on her being paid more for her board,—and she would soon have left her penniless, but for the following circumstance:—One young man, as I have related above, and one only, had visited her in prison; led, thither, for he was not acquainted with her, merely by the generous wish to prove his entire belief in her innocence.

This young man left the village suddenly, soon after Rosalie's acquittal took place, after having, for some time, appeared disturbed in mind. A few weeks subsequent to his departure, he informed his relations he should return no more, having left France for America. It was instantly reported and believed, that he and Rosalie had secretly been lovers, and accomplices in the murder,—that when she had received her legacy, she had refused to marry him,—and that he had gone away in order to conquer an unsuccessful attachment, and, also, to avoid all chance of detection. This event put the finishing stroke to poor Rosalie's misfortunes. She was now almost universally shunned, and even her father, when he witnessed her sorrow at the young man's mysterious departure, the effect of gratitude merely, was sometimes induced to believe it was the result of self-upbraiding.

"And is it possible," said Rosalie "that you can think him a murderer, and me his accomplice?"

"Why, no, not positively so,—but appearances are strong against you both."

The truth was, that having repeatedly admitted to his wife the possibility of Rosalie's guilt, he had tried to reconcile his weakness to his conscience, by believing that he might have admitted a truth.

And it was a father whom she tenderly loved, her only earthly hope, who had thus, spoken to her! It was almost more than poor Rosalie could bear,—but she remembered she had a Father in heaven, and was comforted.

To remain where she was, was now impossible; nor could her step-mother allow her to stay,—as she was told it would be a disadvantage to her own daughters, if she harboured such a creature. Accordingly, Rosalie was told that she must seek a distant home.

This was now no trial to her. Her father had owned that he thought she might be guilty; she therefore wished to fly even from his presence. But whither should she go? There was one friend who would, as her father thought, receive her for her poor mother's sake, even in her degraded state,—and to her care, by a letter which she was to deliver herself, her father consigned her.—Nothing now remained,—but to take as affectionate farewell of her kindred as might be permitted her; to visit the grave of her mother and friend; breathe her last prayer beside them,—and take her place in the diligence, which was to bear her far from her native village, in order to remain an exile from her home, till He, who is able to bring "light out of darkness," should design to make manifest her innocence.

She was going to a small town in Burgundy,—and it was with a beating heart that the injured girl quitted the diligence, and, with her little bundle, asked where her mother's friend resided. The question was soon answered,—and the residence pointed out,—but she had the pain of hearing that she was dead,—and had even been buried some days. However, she found that her son-in-law and his wife were at the house,—and she ventured thither. But no sooner had the master and mistress in her presence read the letter together, than they both changed colour,—and with an expression of aversion in their countenances, declared that, under her circumstances, they could not admit her into their family,—and Rosalie, in silence and in sorrow, turned from the door. Whither should she go now? The evening was then far spent, therefore, for the night, she hired a bed at a small guinquette, or ale-house. In the morning she decided on quitting the town,—and proceeding on foot to the next village, lest those,

who had denied her entrance into their house, should prejudice the townsfolk against her. Accordingly she set off quite early in the morning,—and arrived, after a few hours, at so pretty a village, that she resolved to stay there,—and, if possible, hire a small room,—and try to procure a service or some employment.

She was not long in procuring the first,—and hoped she had procured the second,—but when the person, who was going to hire her, heard her name was Rosalie Mirbel,—and whence she came,she regarded her with a look of painful suspicion,—and saying she would not suit her, shut the door in her face.

What was it now expedient for her to do? Should she change her name, as it was evident that it was only too well known? But this, the principle of truth, inculcated in her by her mother, at a very early age, forbade her to do. All she could do therefore, was to go forward,—and, as far as she could from her native place, in hopes that the further she went, the less likely it was that she would be recognized. The next day, when she paid for her night's lodging, she saw, by the countenance of the man of the house, that he had been told who she was,—and on going out she saw a crowd, evidently waiting to look at her,—nor could she, though she walked very fast, escape from the misery of hearing some abusive names applied to her,—and execrations of her supposed crime.

Rosalie clasped her crucifix only more closely to her breast,—and continued to trust that the hour of her deliverance, from unjust suspicion, would in time arrive.

It was noon, before the faint and weary sufferer reached the suburbs of the next town,—and saw a kind-looking woman, in deep mourning, sitting at work, at the door of a cottage. Her pale care-worn cheek, and her dress, encouraged her to accost her. Perhaps the recent loss which she had sustained had softened her heart,—and Rosalie ventured to request, first a draught of milk, —and then a lodging, if she had one to let.

"Thou shalt have both, my child," was the ready answer. "Come in,—and sit down for I am sure thou art tired."

Rosalie did so,—and, as soon as she was rested, she was shown the neat apartment, which, at a moderate rent, she was to occupy,—and which had only just been vacated. She then told the good woman her name was Mirbel, Rosalie Mirbel,—and she anxiously fixed her eyes on her face, to see what effect that name had on her. To Rosalie's great alarm, she, too, started,—but not with any sign of aversion; on the contrary, she took her hand, and gazing on her with tearful eyes said, "I am glad thy name is Rosalie. It was that of my dear lost child,—and I shall like thee the better for it;" then, throwing herself on her neck, she wept the dead Rosalie in the arms of the living one. It was with a heart full of thankfulness that Rosalie lay down that night, hoping that she had not only found a permanent home, but a second mother. When Rosalie had been some days in her new abode,—and had obtained as much employment as she required, through the exertions of her hostess, she wrote to her father, giving him her address and begging to hear from him. She had long resolved not to spend any of the money still remaining of her legacy; that she reserved for her brothers and sisters. "I shall not live long," thought Rosalie, "my heart is nearly broken,—but one day my father and they will love me again; one day my innocence will be made known,—and they will be very sorry to think how cruelly they judged the poor Rosalie, who, as they will then find, loved and forgave them."

At length she could not be easy without telling her kind friend who she was, accordingly, she said, "Dear Madelon, I have a sad secret weighing on my mind,—and I cannot be satisfied without revealing it to thee."

"Nonsense," replied she, "I hate secrets, I will not hear it, darling."

"Oh, but you must, you do not yet know who I am."

"I know," replied Madelon, with deep feeling, "that thou art the child of sorrow, —and that is enough for me."

"Good, generous being!" cried Rosalie, "but I am called more than the child of sorrow, I am, though falsely accused, of—of—"

"I know it, I know it already. Some one, passing through the village, saw thee and knew thee,—and came to tell me what thou wast said to be, but I did not believe thee guilty; no, no, dear child, how could I. She a murderess? said I when I have seen

her averse even to kill the bee that stung her. No, no, and I sent him off with his wicked tales."

"Then you will not cast me from you, my best friend," said the poor girl bursting into a flood of soothing tears,—and throwing herself into her arms.

"Never, never!" And this was the happiest day that Rosalie had known since her misfortunes. But no reply came from her father,—and though she wrote to him every year, for five years successively, she never received an answer.

"Well, then," said she to her indignant companion, "I will write no more,—and try to be contented with knowing I have a parent in you Madelon." Still, spite of her habitual trust in the goodness of providence, this neglect of a beloved parent had a pernicious effect on her health,—and it continued to decline. Her beauty, which had been chiefly derived from the brilliant colouring and plumpness of youth, was now considerably faded, still, occasional fever sometimes restored to her eyes their wonted lustre, by giving a brilliant flush to her cheek, which even exceeded in tint the vanished bloom of health. Another trial was now hanging over her. Her adopted mother was evidently labouring with some secret uneasiness; she was restless,—she often went out,—and when Rosalie went with the poor woman, as usual, to pray at the grave of her daughter, she used to throw herself along the turf, —and weep with a degree of violence such as Rosalie had never witnessed in her before,—and she once overheard her say, "While I can,—while I can." Still she continued to assure Rosalie that nothing material was the matter. She was too soon, however, acquainted with the truth. Madelon's landlord unexpectedly appeared before her, during the good woman's absence, —and when she was almost too ill to see any one. He then abruptly told her, that having found out who she was, he had given Madelon notice to quit in so many days, unless she sent Rosalie away. "This," added he, "I tell thee myself, for I suspect Madelon has not had strength of mind enough to do it."

"She has had too much kindness to do it," she faintly replied.

"Indeed," rejoined the landlord," I suspect she means, old as she is, to seek some distant home with thee."

"Ha," cried Rosalie, remembering her late uneasiness," I believe you are right,—and that she does mean to quit a house which she could keep only on such terms. Oh it is very hard on us both!"

"Not on thee, girl; thou hast only what thou hast deserved. It is hard on the good Madelon, especially as she has saved some money;—and how could her friends be easy to let her live with a young woman who—"

"Hold," exclaimed Rosalie, trembling with indignation, "I understand the vile insinuation,—and I will depart!—and, secretly, as this is the case. But, at present, I am too unwell to undertake a journey,—and who knows but I may be permitted, in mercy, to die here,—and thus my unmerited persecutions will be ended."

"Girl, girl," replied the landlord, "thou hast only been too much favoured in being permitted to live so long." So saying, he withdrew, leaving Rosalie more miserable than ever. When Madelon returned, she was alarmed at finding her worse than when she left her,—and she was surprised at the more than usually affectionate manner in which Rosalie welcomed her.

"My dear child," said the good woman," I trust that nothing shall ever part thee and me. I could not now bear to separate from thee!" And Rosalie, bursting into tears, shut herself up in her own room.

"Ah, I see she thinks she is going to die," said Madelon to herself, "and I think so too sometimes. Well, if she does, I shall not long survive her; it will be like burying my own Rosalie again." Little did she suspect that Rosalie was intending to quit her for ever. "Thy will be done," said Rosalie, in the secret of her heart, that night,—"and I will again go forth a friendless wanderer!" comforting herself with the rememberance of what the preacher said in his sermon the preceeding Sabbath-day, that God judgeth not as man judgeth,—and with the text, which he took from Job, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him."

(To be Continued.)

Flattery.—Flattery is like the smoke of the incense—it defiles the object it pretends to adore.

Mystery of Reminiscence.

This most exquisite love poem is founded on the Platonic notion that souls were united in a pre-existent state—that love is the yearning of the spirit to re-unite with the spirit with which it formerly made one—and which it discovers on earth.

Who and what gave to me the wish to woo thee,
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee?
Who made thy glances to my soul the link—
Who bade me burn thy very breath to drink?
My life in thine to sink?

As from the conqueror's unresisted glaive,
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave,
So, when to life's ungarded fort I see
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—
Yields not my soul to thee?

Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart?
Is it because its native home thou art?
Or where they brothers in the days of yore?
Twin-bound both souls, and in the links they bore
Sigh to be bound once more?

Were once our beings blent and intertwining,
And therefore still my heart for thee is pining?
Knew we the light of some extinguished sun,
The joys remote of some bright realm undone,
Where once our souls were one?

Yes, it is so! And thou wert bound to me
In the long-vanished hours eternally!
In the dark troubled tablets which enroll
The Past—my Muse beheld this blessed scroll,
"One with thy love my soul?"

Oh yes, I learned in awe, when gazing there,
How once one bright inseparate life we were,
How once, one glorious essence as a god
Unmeasured space our chainless footsteps trod,
All Nature our abode!

Round us, in waters of delight, forever
Voluptuously flowed the heavenly nectar river;
We were the master of the seal of things,
And where the sunshine bathed Truth's mountain-springs
Quivered our glancing wings.

Weep for the god-like life we lost afar!—
Weep! thou and I its scattered fragments are;
And still the unconquered yearning we retain,
Sigh to restore the rapture and the reign,
And grow divine again.

And therefore came to me the wish to woo thee,
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee,
This made thy glances to my soul a link—
This made me burn thy very breath to drink,
My life in thine to sink.

And therefore, as before the conqueror's glaive
Flies without strife subdued, the ready slave,
So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—
Yieldeth my soul to thee!

Therefore my soul doth from its lord depart,
Because, belov'd, its native home thou art;
Because the twins recall the links they bore,
And soul with soul, in the sweet kiss of yore,
Meets and unites once more.

Thou too—ah, there thy gaze upon me dwells
And thy young blush the tender answer tells;
Yes! with the dear relation still we thrill,
Both lives—tho' exiles from the homeward hill—
One life—all glowing still!

Great souls attract adversity, as mountains thunder-storms; but the storm breaks on them, and they let in the glorious sunlight upon the plains below.

Physiology of the Teeth.

Digestion—The Blood, Respiration.

BY A. C. CASTLE, M. D.

The first part subservient to digestion is the mechanical perfection of the dental apparatus, for the purpose of triturating, cutting, and grinding the food, with the aid of the saliva, into the smallest particles, and to a perfect pulp. Now, all persons are aware, or, if they are not, they should be, of the importance of sound healthy teeth. Aside from their beauty, and the perfect expression they give the "human face divine," they secure that which is of ten times more value, and surpasses many enjoyments—the means for properly preparing the food for the well-constituted functions of the stomach, and thus securing the health and tone of this important organ. Nor is this all, as I shall show under the head of Respiration. The teeth offer a modifying barrier, in the economy of respiration, for the protection of the lungs. A knowledge of this fact will be of vital importance to those pre-disposed to pulmonary derangements.

It is generally supposed that climate—that is, that this climate—is ungenial, and therefore incompatible with vigorous health and good teeth. That summer heat engenders fevers, from the non-electric or negative electric state of the atmosphere, and the consequent deprivation of electricity in the organic vitality of the system, and that winter cold, from the positive electric state, or excess of electricity in the atmosphere, exciting organic vitality, engenders inflammatory affections, are propositions well worthy of attention.

The stomach is the organ in which the first process takes place for the assimilation of the food with the animal system. Of course, as a receptacle, its form is that of a sack, or bag, to which is distributed a numerous and beautiful net-work of blood-vessels and nerves. From the arteries is secreted the singular and wonderful *gastric juice*, which, as is well known, is the principal agent in the animal-chemical function of digestion. It is the solvent of the food taken into the stomach. It bears, in resemblance, a similiarity to the saliva with which it mixes. Besides this, the stomach secretes mu-

cus, and other fluids, which we deem unnecessary to dwell upon here. Thus the function of digestion points out the singular fact, that, while this process is progressing for the formation and the renewal of the blood, the blood already circulating in the system, through the proper organs, is secreting these very fluids and animal-chemical agents, for the purpose of assimilating with the food for this formation of new blood. So powerful is the gastric juice, and so beautifully is the vital power of resistance in the living organs illustrated, that while the gastric juice rests harmless upon the living tissue, in death it will corrode and dissolve the very parts by which it was secreted.

The mind exercises wonderful influences upon the digestive organs and their functions, tossed about as is the mind of man by the various anxieties, ebullitions of passion, excitements and depressions, but for that great gift to the human faculties, *reason*, these aberrations of the mental principles would cause so much mischief to the animal functions as to endanger the life of the machine itself. For example: an excess of anger, as also that of joy, suddenly excited by unlooked-for events, has produced a determination of blood to the brain, and death has ensued, from apoplexy, or congestion of the blood-vessels. Thus the excitable passions act upon the brain, whilst, on the contrary, the depressing passions act upon the organs of respiration and the organs of digestion. Grief, from whatever causes, unhappy or unrequited love, depresses and weakens the action of the brain and the nervous system; and when this depressing passion is carried to such an extent as to absorb every other feeling, the effects are as painful as they are fatal. There is no passion or feeling that possesses such an influence upon the digestive organs and those of respiration, as that of unrequitted love. It is ever preying upon the mind, tormenting and irritating the substance of the brain and its membranes, which become excited by a chronic inflammation, affecting their exceedingly delicate texture. The nervous system, of course, becomes implicated in the derangement, and nervous restlessness, nervous irritability, both of temper and body, succeed, and the whole system is ultimately involved in what is termed mental and physical prostration, superinducing those singular attendants upon cerebel prostration or oppression, sleep-walking, sleep-talking, startings, and the dreadful incubus, the "nightmare."

> "Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

Thus did Shakspeare illustrate truly the intimacy existing between the mental and the respirative faculties. Now we behold the terrible effects of nervous debility, or, in other words, the mischief done to the animal system by the absence of vital or nervous power. The body becomes enfeebled, the digestive organs refuse to fulfil their functions, the secretions are impaired, and nourishment or replenishment of the blood is imperfectly, or not performed at all. A slow, burning, nervous fever follows, like a poison that corrodes, or the rust that eats into the iron of the soul, and fastens itself upon the ("vitals") system. In pain and listless wretchedness the victim lingers long, till at length, like the love-sick maiden, so eloquently described:

> "She never told her love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
> And with a green and yellow melancholy,
> She sat, like patience on a monument
> Smiling at grief."

Here, again, are exhibited Shakspeare's truthful delineations of cause and effect—the effects feeding, or rather exhibited, on the nerves of respiration and expression, as shown in those nerves exciting the blood-vessels "on her damask cheek." Then, "with a green and yellow melancholy," he shows his knowledge that the liver and the digestive organs are deranged, producing hypochondriacism, and all its concomitant evils.

From these causes, the brain becomes, each day, still more weakened; the nervous system still more irritable; the hectic flush still more intense; the organs of digestion cease to perform their functions, or, by their morbid action, only tend to assist the general destructive process; the organs of respirations sympathizing with these discordant actions, all concentrate into a unity of derangement upon the blood and its circulation; the vital force of the heart becomes enfeebled; its hydraulic powers no longer press the vermilion fluid through its channels with the natural and wonted energy. Thus it

passes along, daily becoming more sluggish; the pulse gradually fails, or flutters by nervous irritability; a settled apathetic melancholy follows, and, in a little time, the whole animal system sinks, and the unfortunate victim dies of what is emphatically termed "a broken heart."

The Silent Lovers.

An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he had never married. "That wonder," said Miss Porter, "was once expressed to the Rev. Gentleman himself, in my hearing,—and he told a story in answer which I will tell you, and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts, as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached, once every Sabbath, for a clergyman in a small village, not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors, from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady, who occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began, insensibly, to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name.—but his sermon was never written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays,—but the weeks stepped on, and, though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name, or to see and speak with her. By these silent steps, however, love had worked into his heart, and he had made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her, if possible, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him, Sunday after Sunday, till he had learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman officiated; and, after she was buried, her father took him aside and begged his pardon for giving him pain, but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid that a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. 'Since that,' said the clergyman in question, 'my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only to the time when I shall speak to her in heaven.'"

Fireside Amusements.

The Germans, of all ages, join in little *jeux d' esprit* in winter evenings. They are therefore more intellectual, and less boisterous than when confined to the very young, who are generally merry without being wise. One of these games are called "False Reports," or "Petty Scandal." The party are to be seated in a circle round the fire. Some one, at the head of them, whispers, *once only*, to his next neighbour a piece of extraordinary news; he then whispers to *his* neighbour the same thing, and so on all around. None are allowed to ask questions. If they have heard imperfectly, they are still to repeat what they have heard as correctly as they can; when all have heard the news, the first person who spread the report is to repeat aloud what he said to his neighbour, then the last person in the circle is to relate it exactly as it reached him; and considerable amusement is afforded by the alteration or misrepresentation of the original information as, for example, suppose the first person whispered to his neighbour that "The Pope had sent a Cardinal to England with a large cape, a large hat, and red stockings, which displeased the Queen and Lord John Russell,—and on the fifth of November a great many more Guy Fawke's were burnt than usual,—and a great deal of bigotry, and gunpowder were employed. After various repetitions and alterations it reacheth the last of the circle thus: "The Pope had sent a Cardinal cape, a large red hat, and stockings to the Queen for Lord John Russell,—and the Queen did not like to put them on, and on the fifth of November a great many Popes were blown up with bigotry and gun-powder." After seven rounds of this game the next fixed upon may be:—

CROSS EXAMINATIONS.

A judge and councillor are appointed, and then they are requested to leave the

room. During their absence, some remarkable thing is fixed upon for them to discover by the cross-questioning of the council.—Something historical or something popular is the best kind of puzzle. The judge and counsel are then called in, and the latter begins his questions going round the circle.—The only answers to be given are *Yes* or *No.* He may commence thus:—

"Is the thing to be discovered animate?" Answer,—No.

"Is it a simple thing?" "No."

"Is it partly a vegetable substance?"—"Yes."

"Perhaps it is also in part a mineral substance." "Yes."

Counsel to the judge: "Please to remark that this wonderful thing is composed of an animal, vegetable, and mineral substance."

Cross examination continued:—

"Is it English?" "Yes."

"Is it mentioned in history?" "Yes."

"Is it a weapon." "Yes."

The judge here remarks that as a sword, or a gun, or a spear, has no animal substance about it, it must be an arrow,—and he should say it *was* an arrow. Now what particular arrow it was the counsel must elicit.

Counsel,—"Is it mentioned in the history of England?" "Yes."

"Before the Conquest." "No."

"Not long after the Conquest?" "Yes."

"About the year 1100?" "Yes."

The judge then decided that it was *the arrow that shot William Rufus.* He was right.

THE
Wilfulness of Woman.

From the International Magazine.

In an early number of *The International* we mentioned a MS. comedy by the late Mrs. Osgood, in connection with the commendations which the dramatic pieces of that admirable woman and most charming poet had received from Sheridan Knowles and other critics in that line. We transcribe the opening scene of the play, which strikes us as excellently fitted for the stage. The friends of the lamented authoress will perceive that it is an eminently characteristic production, though having been written at an early age it scarcely illustrates her best style of dialogue.

ACT FIRST—SCENE FIRST.

A room in the Chateau de Beaumont. Victorine de Vere and Rosalinde—the former sitting.

ROSALINDE. But consider, sweet lady, you have been betrothed from childhood to my lord the Count. You say it was your father's dying wish that you should marry him, and he has been brought up to consider you his own.

VICTORINE. And for that reason wed I *not* the Count;
I might have loved him had I not been *bid*,
For he is noble, brave, and passing kind.
But, Rosalinde, when mid my father's vines,
A child I roam'd, I shunned the rich, ripe fruit
Within my reach, and stretched my little arm
Beyond its strength, for that which farthest hung,
Though poorest too perchance. Years past away,
The wilful child is grown a woman now,
Yet wilful still, and wayward as the child.

(*She Sings.*)

Though you wreathe in my raven hair jewels the rarest
That ever illumined the brow of a queen,
I should think the least one that were wanting, the fairest,
And pout at their lustre in petulent spleen.
Tho' the diamond should lighten there, regal in splendor,
The topaz its sunny glow shed o'er the curl,
And the emerald's ray tremble, timid and tender—
If the pearl were not by, I should sigh for the pearl!

Though you fling at my feet all the loveliest flowers
That Summer is waking in forest and field,
I should pine 'mid the bloom you had brought from her bowers
For some little blossom spring only could yield.
Take the rose, with its passionate beauty and bloom,
The lily so pure, and the tulip so bright—
Since I miss the sweet *violet's* lowly perfume,
The violet *only* my soul can delight!

I prize not Henri—for a breath, a nod,
Can make him mine for ever. *One* I prize
Whose pulse ne'er quickened at my step or voice,
Who cares no more for smile from Victorine,
Whom princes sue—than Victorine for them.
But he *shall* love me—ay, and when he too
Lies pleading at my feet!—I make no doubt
But I shall weary of mine idle whim,
And rate him well for daring to be there!

ROS. Please you, my lady, who is this new victim?

VIC. Whom think you, Rosalinde? Eugene Legard! the brave young captain—lover of Carille—betrothed to her—about to marry her!

ROS. But who's Carille, my lady?

VIC. *(Impatiently.)* Now know you not the youthful village belle whose face my gallant cousin raves about? I would he'd wed the girl, and leave Legard and me *as free* to wed! *(Enter the Count.)* What, torment! here again! *(Exit Rosalinde.)*

COUNT HENRI. Where should I be, sweet coz! I love the sunshine!

VIC. So love you not this room—for here the sun ne'er shines.

COUNT. The sun—*my* sun is smiling on me now!

VIC. Oh, don't! I'm so tired of all that!

COUNT. Lady, it shall not weary you again; I've borne your light caprice too long already. For the last time I come to ask of you, madam, Is it your pleasure we fulfil at once your father's last injunction?

VIC. Ah! but this isn't the *last* time, Henri; I'll wager you this hand with my heart in it, you will ask me this question a dozen times yet ere you die.

COUUT. I'll not gainsay you, lady; time will show. *(A short pause.)* Yet, if such your wager be, I will be dumb till doomsday.

VIC. Then book the bet! and claim my heart and hand—*(she pauses—he waits in eager hope)*—on—doomsday morning, cousin!

COUNT. I claim thee now or never!

VIC. If they only hadn't said we *must*, Henri!

COUNT. Pshaw!

VIC. Beside, all the world *expects* it you know; I do so hate to fulfil people's expectations: it is so common-place and humdrum!

COUNT. Depend upon it, Lady Victorine, nobody ever expected you to do any thing reasonable or commonplace or humdrum?

(He Sings.)

Archly on thy cheek,
Worth a god's imprinting,
Starry dimples speak,
Rich with rosy tinting,—
What a pity, love,
Anger's burning flushes
E'er should rise above
Those bewitching blushes!

Warm thy lip doth glow,
With such lovely colour,
Ruby's heart would show
Hues of beauty duller,—
What a shame, the while,
Scorn should ever curl it,
And o'ercast the smile
That should still enfurl it!

Soft thy dark eye beams,
With the star-night's splendour,
Now with joy it gleams,
Now with tears 'tis tender,—
Ah! what pain to feel,
Ere another minute,
Passion's fire may steal
All the softness in it!

VIC.—There! you CAN *sing!* I'll give the——hem!—his due. I only wish you could make love as well as you make verses.

COUNT.—And how should I make love?

VIC.—How? You should be at my feet all day and under my window all night; you should call black white when *I* call it so, and—wear a single hair of my eyelash next your heart for ever.

COUNT.—Hum! Any thing more, cousin?

VIC.—Yes: you should write sonnets on the sole of my shoe, and study every curve of my brow, as if life and death were in its rise or fall! *(He turns away.)* Henri, come here! *(He approaches.)* Come! you are a good-looking man enough, after all!—Ah! why could'nt my poor father have *forbidden* me to marry you! He might have known I should have been *sure* in that case to have fallen desperately in love with you, Henri!

COUNT.—I will bear this trifling no longer! I will write instantly and propose to the peasant girl, Carille—*she* will be proud to be called La Contesse de Beaumont.

VIC.—*Will* you do so? Oh, you darling cousin! I shall love you dearly when you are once married! And, cousin, I don't believe she'll live till doomsday, do you?—Don't forget that I'm to be your second—on doomsday morning, cousin. *(Exit Count in a rage.)* I am so happy—and Carille will be so happy too—I am sure she will! I know if I were a village girl I should be dying to be a lady—for now I am a lady I am dying to be a village girl—heigh-ho.—*(Exit.)*

LEIGH RICHMOND ON BEHAVIOUR IN COMPANY.—"Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious, but not dull. Be communicative, but not forward. Be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Remember God's eye is in every place, and his ear in every company. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage

serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; and do not go into valuable company without endeavouring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming when one part of a company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other."

Women and Domestics.

That there is a vast amount of evil and suffering throughout the ramifications of society is the general admission. It should also be evident that a great mass of the misery endured is caused by the imperfect forms which constitute our present social condition. Appeals are made to the legislature, and petitions are forwarded to the government, with the expectation that relief will be obtained,—while, at the same time, it may clearly be seen, that neither the legislature nor the government can fully effect the remedy,—and that we are neglecting our own duty, and disobeying the dictates of our common sense, in asking others to do that which we can best do ourselves.

To re-organize society, to render it more blessed and happier, its domestic condition has to be improved. Now domestics form a sphere which belongs essentially to woman. It is her absolute province; in it she reigns queen,—and man cannot, if he would, deprive her of sovereignty, because it has been allotted to her by that Wisdom whose decrees human power or will is not able to withstand. Think of it as we may, the laws and order of society are in their origin divine; hence the woe that follows our transgressions. If we sow the storm we reap the whirlwind. So fares it in all parts of God's earth. And thus it is not so much contradictory charge, as further developement that is needed.

Customs and habits, private and public manners, dress and the whole circle of home duties, are included in domestics. It is surely as important then as politics, and as difficult to regulate. Yet it is not the Houses of Parliament that can legislate for it, for the reason that women do not deliberate and cannot pass their judgment in them. The workings of society, in its state of civilization, have revealed partially the true order of nature in the division of duties for the sexes. To the woman the interior is household economics, to the man the exterior is politics. Both are valuable,—and have elements in common together. Man should not be entirely ignorant of home management, nor should woman be left unacquainted with laws and governmental policy.—Their own and their children's welfare are connected with both,—and, therefore, to the mother and the father, they stand each as a great subject. Civilization, hitherto, it is not to be lost sight of, has influenced woman only materially, in the discharge of her home duties. It has taught her to barter, to buy the cap and gown cheap, careless of the ruin she may bring down upon the seller. Competition, in its lowest grades, has received the greatest encouragement from woman. The sufferings of fellow-creatures have not been thought of when shillings and sixpences were to be saved. Dress and furniture, company and so-called amusements, the rivalry, envy and jealousy they have engendered, render them, in their very enumeration, terrifying,—and make us hurry to get away from their reviewal.

Civilization has not finished her work. She, like an educating parent, will perfect, in her adult, what she could only commence with her infant children. She will now teach woman, spiritually, the devotion of her home duties!—to become a priestess at her hearth-side. Elevated and strengthened,—her footsteps on the earth rendered steady and secure, how rejoicingly will she live in the land where she now mourns and dwells a stranger!

The instruction of woman, in her higher and more spiritual home duties, is one of the greatest wants of the age. It is becoming more and more apparent, and if not speedily attended to, will be a most serious drawback to the progress now sought to be made. The new associations in town and country, show an imperative necessity for the progress of woman in her appreciation of social relations,—and in higher ideas of her mission as queen of domestic life, and the arbitress of the code of manners in domestic society. The delicate machinery of domestic life is ever at work, producing countless shades of joy and gloom. It is from the flame of the domestic hearth that the warmth and lustre

of some of life's most refined relations are derived. Would that this flame shone more brightly now! beamed forth more divinely holily! That the abodes of our people were more cheered by its rays! That the dwellers at our hearths were more conscious of its presence. How general is poverty! how wide spread is misery! Fearful is the unrighteousness of society! frightful are its responsibilities! Why goes forth that man, this Saturday evening, from the roof under which his children live? Why turns he from their engaging little attempts to detain him, and roughly moves them away, while he loves them dearly? Why sits another by his fire, sullen, discontented, unwilling to speak the kindly word, while his heart is yearning for converse and enjoyment? Why flies the cruel speech to her for whom the strongest affection is nourished? And why, searching into deeper depths, why does man become so often a tyrant, so often a criminal in his home? Truth has to be told,—but, oh, listen to it kindly, for it is hard to tell. It is because woman does not trluy appreciate her mission in domestic life. Under the present condition of existence, she has become weighed down by cares. As a wife, she is different from what she was as a mistress. She is ever employed in drudging for her children, and her household. She neglects her dress; she forgets her manners. Her husband sees the change, and does not, perhaps, find sufficient excuse for it from the conditions she labours under. He flies to the tavern and billiard table. And she increases in sourness and asperity as she increases in years. That much of this is owing to the present circumstances of social life is true,—but that much of it is chargeable to a sad submission to these circumstances is also but too true. It is more or less in the power of women to make their domestic life more attractive to their husbands, and more holy in its disciplines and ends, than they now do. A greater regularity in time,—a greater simplicity in dress,—a more determined adherence to that which is right in one's own eyes, rather than that which is well thought of in the eyes of others,—an orderly apportioning of various periods, for different occupations,—would make evenings at home pass away very differently to what, in the great majority of cases, they now are doing.

If the wife will begin to wish her husband to read the last new periodical, while she is mending his stockings; if even, while at work herself, she will now and then talk to her children of that which is good and pleasant, as a priestess should talk,—and every mother has a priestly office,—she will hallow and lighten her own labour,—and for her household a blessed reform will, in domestics, have commenced.

Oh for a power to hasten this period! Oh that one might abide the dawning of that bright day when domestic love and family enjoyment crown the great social destiny of humanity. Then might we depart in peace, and the beams of the *good time come* be over us, and death be hallowed by the sanctification of life. Follow out God's law, work in his holy order, do all things in season, leaving nought undone that should be done, and full surely this divine, this perfecting labour of human existence will be consummated.

Advice to Young Men.

It should be the aim of young men to go into good society—we mean not the rich, nor the proud, nor the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. When you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to associate with them. It has broken down many a man to associate with the low and vulgar, where the ribald song was sung, and the indecent story told to excite laughter or influence the bad passions.

Lord Clarendon attributed success and happiness in life to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves. If you wish to be wise and respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good.—Strive for excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, or in the ranks of profligates and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course, once secure a love for good society, and no punishment would be greater than, by accident, to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

For the Mayflower.

Spring.

Lovely art thou, oh, Spring!
Season of promise—when the buds burst forth,
When to the south winds yield the blustering *north*,
And leaves are quivering.

Earth's joyous holiday!
When each rich germ that shrunk within her breast,
From Winter's frown, now cometh from its rest,
Hailing the sun's bright ray.

Each season hath its charm,
But thou possessest influence most rare,
Of power to sooth "all sorrow but despair."
Thy very breath is balm.

Thanks, Maker, for spring-time!
Oh! if one season hath the blessed power,
To make us the Creative source adore,
'Tis this—of all the prime.

Go forth, and plough, and sow,
Ye sons of labour; tillers of the land;
Trusting in Him whose ever-bounteous hand,
Doth fruitful showers bestow.

And as within the mould,
Ye cast the seed, performing thus your part,
Pray that the seed of grace within your heart,
May yield a hundredfold.

Oh! as ye till the sod,
Neglect not earnest prayer, and grateful praise;
And as ye meditate on Nature's ways,
Look "up to Nature's God."

Shelburne. A. B.

ON THE Constitution of Saturn's Ring.

BY BENJAMIN PIERCE.

A memoir upon this subject, by Mr. Geo. P. Bond was read to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, upon the 15th of April, and was the occasion of the present investigation. Since Mr. Bond's paper is unpublished, I shall be obliged to make constant reference to it, and even recapitulate some parts of it, in order that the proper relation of the two paths of research may be correctly understood.

1. The author of the Mecanique Celeste proved that Saturn's Ring, regarded as solid, would not be sustained about the primary, unless it had decided irregularities in its structure. But the observation of Herrschel and others have failed to detect any indications of such irregularity, and a laborious series of observations have finally convinced Mr. Bond of the utter improbability of any important irregularities, and he has, therefore, adopted the conclusion that *Saturn's Ring is not solid but fluid.* Mr. Bond's argument is chiefly derived from observation; whereas a new investigation of the mechanical conditions of the problem has led me one step further. I am now convinced that *there is no conceivable form of irregularity and no combination of irregularities, consistent with an actual ring, which would permit the ring to be permanently maintained by the primary if it were solid.* Hence it follows, independently of observation, that Saturn's Ring is not solid. And now it is worthy of remark that if we adopt, as the basis of calculation, the mass of the ring which was determined by Bessel, the thickness from Bond and the other dimensions from Struve, we shall find the density to be about one-fourth more than water.—So that the ring consists of a stream, or of streams of a fluid rather denser than water, flowing around the primary.

2. Mr. Bond next undertook a series of very ingenious and novel computations, in order to determine from theoretical considerations whether the ring was one or many, and arrived at the remarkable result that *neither of these hypotheses was tenable.* He is, therefore, disposed to reconcile the discrepancies of observation in this respect by supposing the constitution of the ring to be variable; and that, although the principal division, which has been always observed, is permanent, *the other divisions are constantly annihilated by the mutual concussions of the rings, and again reproduced by some process which he does not undertake to define.* This bold theory is fully sustained by my own analytical investigations, and not only do my researches exhibit the possibility of this strange phenomenon, but they even show the precise mode of action and how it must be the care of nature. If the ring had been originally one, it would soon have subdivided itself at definite points, which can be exactly computed, into portions of a determinate width. The disturbing causes must, however, drive these separate rings, sooner or later against each other. There must then follow an interchange and crossing of currents, a mutual retardation, a momentary state of equilibrium as one ring, and then another breaking up, when the same process would be repeated in endless succession.

3. But even a fluid ring would not be permanently retained by the direct action of the primary. For whatever may be its figure, the velocity of its current must be an

accumulation of fluid at these points. An exact analysis shows that the accumulation precisely balances the greater distance, and hence the ring is attracted equally in every direction. The regulating action upon the motion of the center of gravity is, therefore, cancelled; and it must continue to move uniformly in any direction in which it may have been started by a foreign influence. It must move on until it is destroyed by striking the surface of the planet. How has Saturn's ring escaped this catastrophe? Simply, because the disturbing forces have counteracted their own effects. The satellites are constantly disturbing the ring; but, in the very act of perturbation, they are sustaining it in its place. Their sustaining action is not negative, but positive; and without satellites there could be no ring. The theory of this curiosly sustaining power may be variously illustrated. In the first place, each particle of the ring may be regarded as a satellite, which the other satellites disturb in the usual way. Thus the mean distance from Saturn is not varied in the least, and the disturbance of the eccentricity can only reach certain definite limits, after attaining which it must diminish. Secondly, in consequence of the attraction of its satellites, Saturn describes an orbit about the common centre of gravity of the system; each particle of the planet tends to move in this same orbit. The center of gravity of the ring must, likewise, tend to describe nearly this same orbit, and its orbit would be precisely the same if the attraction of the ring for the satellites were the same as if its mass were accumulated at its center of gravity. But the deviation may be safely neglected and referred to the class of periodical perturbations.

4. It follows, then, that no planet can have a ring, unless it is surrounded by a sufficient number of properly arranged satellites.—Saturn seems to be the only planet, which is in this category; and it is the only one, therefore, which could sustain a ring. Our Sun, also, does not appear to have its satellites properly disposed for supporting a ring; and the only part of the system where such a phenomenon might have been reasonably expected is just within the powerful mass of Jupiter. But had there been a ring at this part of the system, it must have been subject to such extraordinary perturbations, that it would in the course of time have been vibrated up against the next interior planet, Mars: and, in this way, have been broken into the asteroids. The orbits of planets formed under such circumstances would have been naturally characterized by great eccentricity.

5. But suppose that, from any cause whatever, the Sun, at some period, been surrounded by a light ring comparable in levity to the zodiacal light; and in order to escape the planetary influences, we may suppose the plane of the ring to have had a large inclination to the ecliptic. The result would have been that the centre of gravity of the ring would have soon begun to move in some direction or other, and have continued moving until it was brought against the surface of the Sun. But during this motion, and in consequence of the solar action, the matter of the ring would have accumulated at the most remote part; so that if the Sun were a mere point, it would have happened that, at the very instant of its expected meeting with the ring, the whole ring would have escaped from the point of compact. The experiment of Tantalus would have been performed on a grand scale, and the ring would have been instantaneously transformed into a comet in its aphelion.

6. If, however, the ring were supposed to be a large gaseous mass of a circular figure, the condensation, which would occur at the point of aphelion might soon lead to chemical action. Precipitation might ensue, and the necessary consequence would seem to be a continually accelerated accumulation at this point, which would terminate in the production of a planet.

To the Friends of Literature.—We hope that the friends of literature will aid in sustaining the character of this Periodical by the contribution of good original articles, both in prose and verse. Such will ever be welcome to the columns of the *Mayflower*. It is deemed right to state that the usual privilege accorded to Editors, will be exercised in declining articles which may not come up to the standard of merit we have proposed to ourselves,—with no intention, however, of wounding the feelings of any individuals.

The Arethusa.

The Arethusa is as rare as it is beautiful. I have never been so fortunate as to meet with a second specimen, though I have made many inquiries and researches for it, in the meadow-land from which the first was obtained. It is a large, low flower, of a soft pink hue, and a ringent coral. Its name is full of poetry. The "fountain Arethuse" was celebrated in classic times, and surely, its lovely namesake deserves a tribute even though it be an humble one, and from an humble source.

There is a pleasant road in the village where I reside, which winds around the shores of a clear blue pond, and finally passes into a woodland and wanders off to more populous villages at the west of us. One delicious spring morning I took my sweet little friend Theresa by the arm, and in buoyant spirits we pursued this route. Directly after passing the pond, which lies tranquilly asleep between two verdant hills, we turned aside from the road, and entered a grassy bridle-path, which led us into a little birchen glen, beautiful beyond a dream.

The slender, and newly mantled boughs met in arches over our heads, and over them all, luxuriant wild vines were creeping, and streaming down through the interstices at times even to our feet. Birds were flitting about merrily among the leaves, and singing their liquid songs in all the wildness of their hearts. The little brook that ripples along the centre of the glen was warbling its low subduing tones through the air. All nature seemed delirious with joy and gratitude.

Theresa and I crossed the plank which was laid over the brook, and kept our way along the trodden grass till we emerged into a little sunny meadow, lying at the foot of a wooded hill. We hunted among its soft grass in search of berries and flowers with some degree of success, when Theresa suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! S. I have found the most beautiful thing you ever saw! Can you tell me what it is?"

I looked at it long and with increasing admiration. It was something new. Theresa sat down upon the grass, and began turning the pages of her Botany. Stamens were counted, calyx, coral, lip, keel, wing, banner, &c., were examined with earnest eyes. We found its name at last—*Arethusa Bulbosa.*

"Come Theresa," said I, after we had sufficiently scrutinized our little treasure, "you are a poet at heart—give this sweet flower a language."

"*Spiritual Love,*" she immediately replied, fixing her dear eyes upon my face, and presenting the flower with a winning smile; "will you receive it from me, dear S.?"

Of course I placed it nearest my heart. "That is a language I love more than all others, Theresa. Always talk it to me, will you? Let it be the burden of your spirit's song, for it is sweet and pure. There are many who talk about spiritual love who know not what it means; there are many, also, who talk of it as skeptics and scoffers. Not so with you, Theresa. In that gentle heart of yours there are clear well-springs whose waters are love. No stain has yet passed within them. Oh my artless friend, keep these springs sealed from the poisons of the world. Once polluted, they will never flow pure again. *Spiritual Love!* You have given a very beautiful sentiment to the Arethusa, my dear. Rare indeed as is the flower, more rare is its language, Theresa, in our sinful and corrupt world. It is, nevertheless, the only sentiment which can assimilate us unto angels. It is the only likeness which human spirits can bear to the Divine. It is, in fact, the only pure thing upon earth. There is a great deal of love in this world, which is "of the earth, earthy." But there is a love which is heavenly. Turn to the life of our Saviour. What a pure and transcendant love was his! All spiritual, all holy, all divine, yet was it not ardent? Was it not deep, and strong, and enduring? Oh Theresa, there is no love but this which is everlasting! There is no other affection which will resist change, and defy time, and conquer death! Celestial beauty is the mantle of this love. It is the rainbow glory which hangs above the deeply gushing stream that passes from our being into the river of life above! Dear Theresa! thank you for this flower. Its language shall go into my heart. Its still, small voice shall be heard and recognized there. The flower itself may fade, but its spirit shall never die."

Answer to Enigmas.

1.
Muffin.

2.
Son-net.

3.
EXTRAORDINARY DOUBLE TRANSPOSITION.

The lady wished T changed into O, so as to make the transposition "HOPE ON FOR LOVE." The lover changed the P into E, and made his answer—"NO LOVE FOR THEE."

The Work-Table.

BY M'LLE. DUFOUR.

CROTCHET.

Lady's Cap.

This design is adapted for either a morning or night cap; if for the former, use Marsland's crotchet thread No. 50; if the latter, No. 40, and Penelope crotchet No. 4.

Make a chain of seventy-two stitches; work on each side of this and at one end, 1 long, 2 chain, miss 2. In the end stitch work two long stitches with two chains between.

2nd row.—Like 1st.

3rd row.—3 open squares, *a*, 1 close square, 5 open squares; repeat from *a*.

4th row.—2 open squares, *a*, 1 close, 1 open, 1 close, 3 open; repeat from *a*.

5th row.—3 open squares, *a*, 1 close, 5 open; repeat. These last three rows form the pattern; but in the second pattern work the first close square in the centre of the open ones; and in the third pattern, on a line with these in the first pattern, make a stich at the beginning and end of each row; and it will also be necessary to increase the number of chains to three, between the long stitches at the top of the row, to form the crown properly. Work two rows, 1 long, 3 chain; then one row in long stitches. Now work 2 double long stiches, 2 chain, miss 2; then a row of double crotchet; then 1 long, 3 chain, miss 1; then a row of open squares; after which work the pattern 5 times, continuing to increase, as before, at the beginning and end of row. Now work two rows of open squares; one row, 2 d long, 2 chain, miss 2, and one row in long stitches; after which work in close and open squares, 3 chains being made between each long stich in the latter, and continue to make a stitch at the beginning and end of row. Work all round in long stitches, increasing at the corners; and if, for night cap, work all round 2 d long, 2 chain, finishing with a round in double crotchet.

Lace for Cap.

Make a chain the length required; repeat the pattern as in directions for crown of cap, three times, work two rows of squares, then the following edge:—

1st row.—3 double crotchet, 3 chain, 2 long in long, 5 chain, 1 double long in long, 5 chain, 2 long in long, 3 chain, repeat.

2nd row.—1 double crotchet in second d crotchet, 5 chain, 1 d crotchet between long, *a* chain, 1 d crotchet in d long, 7 chain, 1 d crotchet between long, 5 chain; repeat.

3rd row.—1 d crotchet in d crotchet, 7 long, 1 d crotchet in d crotchet, 9 long, 1 d crotchet in d crotchet, 9 long, 1 d crotchet in d crotchet, 7 long; repeat.

Gems.

When great talents and learning are, from pure motives, and in true humility, consecrated to the service of truth and religion, they become the acceptable offerings in the divine sight, and often eminently promote the good of mankind. But when we misapply these qualifications, make them subservient to pride and vanity,—or attribute to them an efficacy in producing virtue and happiness that does not belong to their nature, they occasion us to consume our time in earnestly doing nothing, or that which is worse than nothing, and they lay the foundation for bitter regret in the winding up of life.

The proper element of man is constant activity. The waters are like those of the Bethesda pool it is only when they are agitated that they are healthful.

The more tender and delicate the blossoms of joy, the purer must be the hand that will cull them.

Birds of Paradise always fly against the wind, and heavenly-minded souls move against the current.

Our wishes are but the idle blossoms of the tree of human life, seldom bearing fruits.

LATEST PARISIAN AND LONDON

Fashions.

From the Ladies' Newspaper.

Promenade Costume. Bonnet of French chip; across the crown a piece of white glace silk, shaped like a half handkerchief, and edged with lace about three inches broad. The bavolet or curtain at the back, is trimmed with a double row of lace. A wreath of white rose-buds, with green foliage, passes along the lower part of the crown, terminating at each ear. The front of the bonnet is lined with white tulle bouillonnee, and the under trimming consists of white rose-buds, intermingled with tulle. Dress of light drab colour glace, shaded with white, trimmed up the front of the skirt with bows made of the silk. A scarf mantelet, of the same material as the dress, trimmed with a double row of black lace, set on very full. The lower row is nearly a quarter of a yard deep, and the upper row somewhat narrower. The ends of the mantelet, which descend in front rather below the knees, are edged with a double row of the narrow lace only.

Chemisettee of Worked Muslin. The front is worked in upright rows of a wreath pattern. The small turning-over collar is scalloped at the edge, and covered with needlework.

Chemisette of Worked Muslin and Lace. It opens to a point in front, and is intended to be worn with a corsage of the same form. The foundation is of plain muslin, and the top is edged with a revers, or turning-over collar of richly worked muslin, edged with narrow lace set out in slight fullness.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The London milliners are actively engaged in preparing bonnets, mantelets, dresses,&c., for the numerous fair visitants who daily throng to the Crystal Palace. The Great Exhibition together with the many other attractive places of amusement now open in the metropolis, occasions the demand for a continuous variety of elegant out-door dress. We conceive, therefore, that we shall be rendering a service to ladies in general, but more especially those who are temporary visitors in London, by offering such information as may furnish useful hints for out-door costume. Some of the prettiest newly-made bonnets are composed of white tulle bouillonnee,—and between each of the bouillonnees a very narrow rouleau of satin, either white or coloured. These bonnets are trimmed on one side with a bouquet of wild flowers and wheat-ears. Bonnets of French chip may be trimmed with flowers, or with small feathers, either ostrich or marabout. Tulle, blonde, and crape are indiscriminately employed as materials for bonnets, and crape lisse and blonde are frequently combined. We have observed a drawn bonnet of pink crape, trimmed on one side with a guelder rose, and another of the same material, trimmed with a demi-garland of heath, the ends drooping on each side. Fancy straw bonnets are very frequently ornamented with splendid exotic flowers, having large leaves, or with pendent foliage drooping in the feather form. Bonnets of plain straw intended for plain walking costume or for travelling, are trimmed with ribbon, and others with silk, intermingled with narrow black lace or terry velvet. A bonnet of sewed straw, just imported from Paris, is trimmed round the edge of the brim with two frills of narrow green ribbon, and on each side with a green marabout feather.

We may mention some new silk mantelets, just imported from Paris, they are of bright colours and are embroidered with two different tints; for example, a mantelet of pale green silk is embroidered in green and white; another, also of green silk, is embroidered in two tints of green, one the colour of the mantelet, the other darker. These elegant mantelets, which are suited to the carriage drive, are trimmed with one row of fringe of two colours, corresponding with those employed in the embroidery. Instead of fringe, two rows of white lace, are sometimes employed, the lower row deeper than the other. Two rows of lace of different widths, are now a very favourite trimming for mantelets.

A very pretty dress of white organdy muslin has just been completed. The skirt is composed of three jupes, vandyked, and trimmed at the edge with three frills of narrow lace, set on so close together as to present the effect of a ruche. Two corsages have been made for this dress, one high and the other low, to be worn as occasion may require. The low corsage has a shawl

berthe, vandyked and trimmed with frills of narrow lace, in a style corresponding with the jupes. The berthe falls low on the shoulders, and covers the short sleeves, which are without any trimming. The high corsage is open in front, and has a basque and pagoda sleeves. The basque is vandyked, and edged round as well as the top of the corsage, and the ends of the sleeves, with frills of narrow lace. Dresses of a similar kind are made with trimmings consisting of three frills of narrow gauze ribbon instead of lace. The ribbon should have an open edge, and may be coloured as, for example, pink or straw colour. A plainer description of the same style of dress may have the scalloped or vandyked edges ornamented with needle-work, the trimming of ribbon or lace being omitted.

The newest parasols of the season are of various colours and sizes. Those intended for the carriage drive are small, but for promenading a rather large size is usually made choice of. Those most generally adopted are edged with fringe and lined. A white parasol lined with pink, a pink parasol with green, or a lilac one with white, are fashionable and distingue. The plainer kind of parasol, for ordinary use, are without fringe, and are edged with a broad stripe plain or figured.

Items of News.

The visitors to the Great Exhibition have increased in a large ratio since Monday. "Wednesday," says the Times "a magnificent day added to the cheapness of the Exhibition, brought a great accession of visitors to the Crystal Palace. From some mistake the numbers who entered the building were not counted by the police,—but the rise in the receipts, from £1347 to £1859 4s., shows distinctly enough the gradually increasing popularity of the display,—and gives pretty clear indications of the crowds that may, by and by, be expected. Season-ticket holders included, there must have been more than 40,000 visitors. The money taken proves that there were 37,186 shilling spectators,—and mingling among those might be seen a very considerable portion of that elegant and fashionable assemblage which has provided itself with a general right of admission." The Queen visited the building on Tuesday morning, as usual remaining till eleven.

Atlantic Steam Navigation.—The Liverpool papers announce, that the British and North American Royal Mail Steam-ship Company have decided upon an extension of the operations of their squadron of steam-ships from that port to the United States and Halifax. Heretofore the weekly departures of the fleet from either side of the Atlantic, were confined to the summer months ; while during December, January, February and March, the despatches were restricted to once a fortnight. Under the new arrangement decided upon, however, steamships will sail regularly once a week throughout the year without intermission; calling, as at present, at Halifax *en route* each alternate voyage.

Ireland,—*Harvest Prospects*. The Correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* states, that all the reports from the country give the most encouraging accounts of the prospect of an abundant harvest. The land has been far bettor and more extensively cropped than in any year since the famine,—and notwithstanding the enormous amount of emigration, much more land is under tillage. "Less wheat is now sown than in former years, but it has come up most vigorously, oats and barley have been very extensively planted ; the breadth of land under potatoes is nearly as great as ever in many districts, and flax, which had been cultivated far and wide, promises exceedingly well from the rain which fell so copiously after the sewing had been completed. Thus there are the fairest grounds to anticipate a good harvest, which would produce a most potent influence in accelerating the recovery of the country."

A "Monster" National Floral Exhibition, open to all England, is to take place at Cheltenham in the course of next month, when £200 will be distributed in prizes.

Discoveries in South Africa.—The great lake, discovered about a year since in Southern Africa, though receiving the waters of several rivers, has no outlet to the ocean. North of this lake, about seven days' journey, not by rail-road but by ox teams, a ridge of very high mountains crosses the continent, and beyond it a new "river system" commences—the streams all falling to the north, and ultimately into the ocean. A chieftain, with his tribe, oppressed by a powerful tyrant in the Zulu country, twenty-eight degrees south of the equator, near the eastern coast, fled over these mountains to the north west, carrying desolation along with him, and was in turn driven further north by the boers, till he has traversed with his tribe about a thousand miles. The boers are still pressing upon the retreating lion, and are beginning to rout him from his latest lair in Central Africa, while they take possession of his territories. The Cape Town *Mail* hazards the prediction, that before *twenty-five years* shall elapse the whole interior of Africa to the equator, will be *occupied by civilized communities of the European race.*