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"IT'S ONLY A BIT OF A STRETCH."

"And were there many at the race, Pierce?"

"Many, is it many, aunt? Faith, I believe ye; thousands upon thousands!"

"And did many horses run, Pierce?"

"Ay, hundreds!"

"Oh, Pierce, how could that be!—there would not be room; and, besides, I'm astonished at the people's coming out in the teams of rain."

"Och, aunt, ye're such a bother! Warn't there hundreds of tents to shelter them?"

"Is it to shelter thousands, Pierce?" said his aunt Kitty, laying down her knitting, and looking with her pale blue eyes steadfastly in his face.

"Lord! aunt, how can you go on believing every word a fellow says?"

"That's true my dear, when you are the fellow," answered aunt Kitty in her usual placid way.

"Sure," he continued, "there were plenty of people on the race-course, and that's all as one as thousands; and there were plenty of horses, and a good sprinkling of tents; but, aunt, you drive all the spirit out of a man with your regulation of questions. I tell you, you drive all the spirit out of me."

"Then I do very wrong," replied aunt Kitty, smiling. "I only want to exchange spirits—the spirit of truth for the spirit of falsehood."

"Falsehood, aunt!"

"Lying—whether black or white—if it pleases you better."

"By the powers!—and they're a large family—I wouldn't let a man say that of me."

"You could not prevent his thinking it."

"No man should dare tell me I was a liar!"

"I dare say not, Mr. Pierce Scanlan. You quarrelled last week with Miles Pendergast for repeating, as if it had been truth, what you afterwards said was a jest, and then you quarrelled with him for saying that something else was falsehood which you wished to be understood was truth. You said on both occasions you'd blow his brains out; but you have stated your intentions of doing so towards so many, that I suppose my friend Miles still has his brains. I hope he will keep them cool."

"I wish," exclaimed the young farmer, "I wish my mother had been any thing but an English woman."

"Why, Pierce?"

"Why, because then I should not have an English aunt to fuss about nothing. Now, don't look angry; no, not angry; you never look angry, that's the d—l of it—Nor don't blow me up—but no, that's as bad, you never blow me up; if you did, there would be some comfort in it, but you won't do neither. You won't do any thing but reason with me—it is really enough to make a fellow mad!"

"To be reasoned with?"

"Ay, to be reasoned with. My father used to say that it was one of the privileges of an Irish husband, that he was never expected to listen to reason."

"Irish husbands," said aunt Kitty very solemnly, while preparing to take up a stitch she had dropped, "are generally speaking, great tyrants; they have the most tender affectionate wives in the world, and they bluster their lives out. Storm!—storm!—fly!—fly!—and then (as was the case with my poor sister) when the trembling spirit has found

refuge in the grave, they cry over her ! Irish fathers are bad fathers !”

“Oh, Kitty, Kitty, if you warn't my aunt !”

“But I am your aunt, I left my home and my country, when the Almighty took your parents, to share what I had with my sister's children. All I want is for you to hear me.”

“Aunt, you want us to heed you too.”

“Not unless your reason is convinced, Pierce.”

“Bother the reason, aunt ! I want to have no call to it ; and I hope you wont be coming over what you said just now to Eliza Byrne about Irish husbands.”

“Irish husbands are generally bad, and Irish fathers are even worse.”

“And their care for their comfort and prosperity amounts to nothing. Peer and peasant live up to what they have, and leave their children the Irish heritage of beggary. How did your own father leave you and your three little sisters ? It breaks my heart when I think of it ! You're a good boy, Pierce ; a kind-hearted boy, if you'd give up stretching ; only stick to the truth, the bright ornament, Pierce. I do think if you would, you'd be almost as good a husband as an Englishman, as wise a one as a Scotchman.”

“Will you say that to Eliza Byrne, aunt ? Do aunt, like a darling, and I wont give a stretch for a week !”

“Talking of Eliza Byrne,” said his kind, but peculiar aunt Kitty, “now I think of it, Eliza heard something you had said of Lucy Flynn that has cut her up very much.”

“Of Lucy Flynn ?”

“Yes either of Lucy or to Lucy, I am not sure which, so do not run away my story into a stretch. And, Pierce, what did you mean by saying that Brady owed Garrett more gold than his mare could carry, and that he'd be broke horse and foot if he could not pay.”

“Oh, by the powers,” replied Pierce, colouring deeply, “I never said such a word, not that I remember ; or, if I did, 'twas only a bit of a stretch, just to taze old Mother Brady, that thought to haul me over the coals about a bit of fun concerning her son and Ellen Graves. I meant no harm at the time. Any how,

he does owe Bardy a matter of ten pounds.”

“Is that more than his mare could carry ?”

“Oh, aunt Kitty, be easy ; you're too bad entirely ; faith the town land's turning English upon us, observing every stretch a boy makes for divarsion.”

“There is plenty of divarsion on the subject, I assure you,” said his aunt. “Every lie in the parish is called a *Pierce Scanlan*.”

“By the powers ?” he exclaimed, “any man that will say that, I'll break every bone in his body.”

“Would't it be easier to break yourself of the habit of stretching, as you call it ?” inquired his aunt.

“Bad cess to the people that can't see a joke, and ye're enough, aunt, so you are, to set a body mad.”

The interview had proceeded to this particular point, when Pierce's sisters Jane and Anne and little Mary entered together ; they had taken half a holiday, and crossed the hill to spend it at Eliza Byrne's, and now returned, not laughing and talking as usual, but with sober steady countenances, and quiet footsteps. Each entered without speaking, and there was traces of tears on little Mary's cheeks.

“Holloa, girls !” exclaimed their really good-tempered brother, “have you been to a funeral ?”

“Be easy with your nonsense,” said Jane.

“Too much of one thing is good for nothing,” muttered Anne.

“I wonder at you, so I do, brother Pierce, to say what you did of Eliza Byrne,” added little Mary.

“And your life isn't safe in the country, I can tell you that,” recommenced Jane ; “for every one of the Brady people are up as high as the Hill of Howth.”

“And will have you as low down as the towers in Lough Neath,” added Anne.

“And Ellen Graves's father has been all the way to Newtownmountchallaghshane, to see 'orney Driscoll, to take the law of you for taking away his daughter's character.”

“Easy, girls, for the love of the holy saints !—easy I say,” said Pierce, looking, as well he might, bewildered ; “you open upon me all the world like a pack of

hounds. Easy—one at a time?" exclaimed the brother; "*easy with the hay, gournens, and insense me into it—quietly.*"

"Quietly!" repeated little Mary, who was the pet and beauty of the family; "it's mighty easy to say quiet to the waves of the sea, and the storm whirling them about."

"A joke's a joke," said Jane, "but what right had you to touch the girl's character?"

"And crying up Lucy Flynn before Eliza Byrne's brother's face. — She'll have nothing more to say to you, I can tell you that," continued Anne.

"And meddling with the Bradys—the quarrelsomest people in the five parishes; we'll have the house burned over our heads through you," sobbed little Mary.

"And be brought before judge and jury, if that 'torney Driscoll smells out the yellow guineas Ellen Graves's father keeps hid in the ould stocking in the thatch of his house; and oh! on the race ground—I forgot that—how could you say that the councillor's *coult* Conn was all head and tail like his owner! The councillor will be down upon ye, ye misfortunate boy, as well as the 'torney!" said Jane.

"And that's not the worst of it; but, Pierce, the stretch you made,——"

"Whisht, Anne," interrupted Mary; what was it all to compare to little Matty O'Hay's turning up his nose when I said my aunt could fine-plait better than the lady's maid at the castle; he turns up and round his ugly nose, that looks for all the world like a stray root of mangold-wortzel, and says 'he supposes that must be put down as another *Pierce Scantlan.*'"

"Did he say that," exclaimed Pierce, jumping upwards to where three or four exceedingly well-looking, well organized Shillalas were "*seasoning*"—up the chimney; and bringing down his favourite at a spring, he weighed it carefully in his hand.

There is something particularly national and characteristic in the manner of an Irishman's weighing a shillala; the grasp he gives it is at once firm and tender; he poises it on his open palm, glancing his eye along its fair proportions; and

then his hand gently undulates; again he regards it with a look of intense and friendly admiration, grasps his fingers round it, so as to assure himself of its solidity, until the knuckles of his muscular hand become white, and the veins purple; then in an ecstasy of enjoyment he cuts a caper; and while his eyes sparkle, and a deep and glowing crimson colours his cheeks, he wheels his national weapon round his head, and the wild "whoop!" of the wild Irish rings through the air. So did Pierce, and the "whoop," intended as a sort of a war-cry to the faction of the O'Hays, compelled his aunt Kitty to speak.

"My dear," said the good quiet English soul, fairly letting her knitting drop and placing her fingers on her ears; "My dear Pierce, put down that dirty stick; don't make such a noise, but sit down—and *listen to reason?*" Now, let any one, understanding what an Irishman is in a state of excitement, imagine how Pierce received this well-intended but ill-timed admonition. Never had he been so badgered before; for a moment the stick was poised above his head, as if the good woman had been a sorceress; and had fixed it there; and then muttering a deep oath, he rushed towards the door with something like a determination of cracking the pate of the first man he met, merely to get his hand in practice for what was to come. It is not, however, easy for a man to escape from four women, and they hung around him with a tenacity of grasp, that he was literally dragged to "the settle."

"Now, my dear Pierce," said his aunt, when the cries and "ah, do's" and "ah, dont's" of the sisters had subsided, "will you listen to reason?"

"No!" roared Pierce, with the voice of a stentor.

"Ah, do, aunty Kitty, let him alone for a moment or two," whispered little Mary; "it's no use now, and he foaming mad alive with passion; let him come to a bit; or put," she added judiciously, "an ould crock or something in his way to breake: that always *softens* his temper."

Now, though aunt Kitty saw little Mary was right in both cases, she loved her crocks too well to attend to the second admonition. She could not help thinking

very truly what an immensity of harm is done by the *gaggish* and mean kind of wit which springs from falsehood; like the weeds growing upon rank and unwholesome soil; their fruit is poison; the innocent and playful mirth sparkling in the sunbeams of a warm imagination, and both giving and receiving pleasure, is healthful and inspiring; but in Ireland all classes are more or less cursed with a spirit of exaggeration, that, to my sobered senses, is nothing more or less than unredeemable falsehood; and there are a number of persons who have many good qualities, but I cannot respect them; they are perpetually lying. If they have walked a mile they tell you they have walked six; and if there is a crowd, it is magnified into thousands, like poor Pierce's people on the race-course. You must be, like Michael Cassio, "a good arithmetician," to deduct the item of truth from the million of falsehood. If you believe them, they are rude enough to laugh at you; and if you do not believe them, they are inclined to quarrel with you. Although I have in this instance made exaggeration a *peasant-failing*, I think the middle class are the most addicted to what I must call by its own vulgar name, "*humbugging*"—saying what is not true, that they may have the pleasure of laughing at those who do them the injustice to believe they have spoken truth.

In England we have no understanding for this spurious wit. No country cherishes truth as it deserves to be cherished; it is a blessed and a holy thing, but we do not in England profess to put truth to the blush. "He's a fine gentleman," said a cousin of Pierce Scanlan's to me, when speaking of his landlord; "he's a fine gentleman; the *very light of his eyes is truth*."

To those unaccustomed to the contradiction of the Irish character, it is extraordinary, that in a neighbourhood where eight or nine young men live, all known to belong to the *humbugging* class, any should be found weak or foolish enough to credit a word they say; and yet those very boys will go on telling falsehoods of each other, at which they will laugh one moment and about which (as in Pierce Scanlan's case) they will quarrel the next. It is very painful to associate with

those who never reflect that they sacrifice the moral dignity of manhood when they desecrate the temple of truth.

Pierce Scanlan's imaginations were very vivid, and he loved a laugh; he had given himself the habit of speaking without consideration; and as the jollity of the many stifled annoyances and pains of the few, he had gone on until even those who confessed "he meant no harm" became annoyed at his practical jokes. Elize Byrne had loved him, but not as well as he had loved her; and the match was effectually broken off, at least for a time, by her brother, who declared, after what Pierce had said of Lucy, his sister should have nothing to say to him.

Now Pierce had this for a stretch, a sort of desire to cut a dash, by showing that he had two strings to his bow; but Eliza's feelings were wounded, and though she had known that Pierce was a "*stretcher*," she did not seem to care for the fault, until it reached herself. This is the way in general—we laugh at the jest until it cuts home.

But to return to the cottage.

Pierce, although not wrought up to the pitch of being able to reason, was brought about by his sisters to think, though but little time was given either for that or any other consideration, for the Brady faction had mustered strong, and, stimulated by strong drink, entered the farmhouse, to the terror of his sisters, and almost the death of his aunt; and taking the law, as they are too fond of doing, in their own hand, beat the unfortunate Pierce in a way that rendered him dumb for a long time on the subject of whatever debts the Bradys might contract. He had only done it for a stretch; and what of that?—it had come home to the Bradys, and although one and all they were rather sorry the next day for "being so hard on Pierce, pleasant boy!" still that was but a poor salvo for his aching bones and insulted pride.

Aunt Kitty undertook to talk over old Jem Graves, and Mary accompanied her aunt to prevent her giving him too much English. I really think that Mary's bright eyes had more to do with the withdrawal of 'torney Driscoll's instructions touching "*the bit of a stretch*" which the honest old man imagined affected his daughter's fame, than all aunt Kitty's reasons.

Pierce made him an earnest and ample apology, and thus prevented further trouble on that score. The councillor had taken umbrage at the license Pierce had given to his imaginations when speaking of the colt. Words wound more deeply than swords; and long after the desire for fun had prompted the folly, the councillor remembered the foolish jest which Pierce had indulged in at the expense of him and his colt, and refused Pierce a new lease of a couple of acres which he had much desired to retain, and which his father and grandfather had tilled. Aunt Kitty could not understand why it was the Brady faction took the law into their own hands and thrashed her nephew, nor how it was that, having so done, her nephew did not take the law of them; but this want of comprehension was set down by her Irish neighbours to the score of English stupidity. The various rumours that these disturbances gave rise to spread all over the country, and far and near, Pierce was always reminded of his fault by, "Well, Pierce, what's the last?—have you got a new stretch-er?" Pierce must have carried his art of exaggeration to great perfection to have attained such note in a country where the practice is so largely indulged in, but circumstances had given him peculiar celebrity, and his aunt had so far succeeded in making him listen to reason as to convince his reason that the practice was wrong. The painful part of the matter was that when he really spoke truth, no one would believe him.

Eliza Byrne more than once was on the point of relenting; but though Pierce swore over and over again that he was an altered man, every exaggeration in the parish was fathered upon him, and poor Eliza did not know what to do for the best. Her brother is certainly Pierce's enemy in the matter, and but for him I really think they would have been married. I wish it was a match, for Pierce Scanlan deserves a reward for fighting, as he has lately done—against a habit, the triumph of which is "*never to be believed!*" It may be a match! I saw them walking together last time I was at Artinne; Eliza listening, and Pierce, with very little exaggeration either in his look or manner, making love earnestly yet soberly; the worst symptom I per-

ceived was, that Eliza Byrne shook her head frequently.

"Well Pierce," I said, as I passed them (they had paused for the purpose), "I hope you are weighing your words."

"Bedad! ma'am, I've been truer than standard weights and measures this many a day, but I get no thanks for it."

"But you will, Pierce, in time. The priest, the minister, and aunt Kitty say you improve."

"I am improved," he said, somewhat proudly, "though Eliza wont believe it. Yet, I know I'm improved."

"Pierce, Pierce!" exclaimed Eliza with a very sly quiet smile, "*isn't that a bit of a stretch?*"

I think Eliza might venture.

*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

#### MIGNONETTE.

It is not yet an age since this fragrant weed of Egypt first perfumed the European gardens, yet it has so far naturalized itself to our climate as to spring from seeds of its own scattering, and thus convey its delightful odour from the parterre of the prince to the most humble garden of the cottager.

In less than another age we predict (without the aid of Egyptian art) that the children of our peasants will gather this luxurious little plant amongst the wild flowers of our hedge-rows.

The *Reseda Odorata* first found its way to the south of France, where it was welcomed by the name of *Mignonette*, Little-darling, which was found too appropriate for the sweet little flower to be exchanged for any other. By a manuscript note in the library of the late Sir Joseph Banks, it appears that the seed of the Mignonette was sent in 1742, by Lord Bateman, from the royal gardens at Paris, to Mr. Richard Bateman, at Old Windsor; but we should presume that this seed was not dispersed, and perhaps not cultivated beyond Mr. Bateman's garden, as we find that Mr. Miller received the seed from Dr. Adrian, Van Royen, of Reyden, and cultivated it in the Botanic Gardens at Chelsea, in the year 1752. From Chelsea it soon got into the gardens of the London florists, so as to enable them to supply the metropolis with plants to fur-

nish out the balconies, which is noticed by Cowper, who attained the age of twenty-one in the year that this flower first perfumed the British atmosphere by its fragrance. The author of the *Task* soon afterwards celebrates it as a favorite plant in London.

—“the sashes fronted with a range,  
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed.”

The odour which this little flower exhales is thought by some, whose olfactories are delicate, to be too powerful for the house; but even those persons, we presume, must be delighted by the fragrance which it throws from the balconies into the streets of London, giving some thing like a breath of garden air to the “close-pent man,” whose avocations will not permit a ramble beyond the squares of the fashionable part of the town. To such it must be a luxurious treat to catch a few ambrosial gales on a summer’s evening from the heated pavement, where offensive odours are but too frequently met with, notwithstanding the good regulations for cleansing the streets and the natural cleanliness of the inhabitants in general. We have frequently found the perfume of the Mignonette so powerful in some of the better streets of London, that we have considered it sufficient to protect the inhabitants from those effluvia which bring disorders in the air. The perfume of Mignonette in the streets of our metropolis reminds us of the fragrance from the roasting of coffee in many parts of Paris, without which some of their streets of business in that city would scarcely be endurable.

Although it is so short a time since the Sweet *Reseda* has been known in Europe, we find that it has crept into the armorial bearings of an illustrious family of Saxony; and, as Cupid does not so frequently bestow honors of heraldry as his father Mars, we cannot avoid relating the romantic tale which introduced this fragrant and modest little flower to the Pursuivant-at-Arms.

The Count of Walstheim was the declared lover and intended spouse of Amelia de Nordbourg, a young lady possessing all the charms necessary for the heroine of a modern novel, except that she took delight in creating little jealousies in the breast of her destined husband. As the beautiful Amelia was an only child of

a widowed mother, a female cousin, possessing but few personal charms, and still less fortune, had been brought up with her from infancy as a companion, and as a stimulus to her education. The amiable and humble Charlotte was too insignificant to attract much attention in the circles in which her gay cousin shone with so much splendour, which gave her frequent opportunities of dispensing a part of that instruction she had received on the more humble class of her own sex. Returning from one of these charitable visits, and entering the gay saloon of her aunt, where her entry or exit was now scarcely noticed, she found the party amused in selecting flowers, whilst the Count and the other beaux were to make verses on the choice of each of the ladies. Charlotte was desired to make her selection of a flower; the sprightly Amelia had taken a Rose; others a Carnation, a Lily, or the flowers most likely to call forth compliment; and the delicate idea of Charlotte in selecting the most humble flower, by placing a sprig of Mignonette in her bosom, would probably have passed unnoticed, had not the flirtation of her gay cousin with a dashing colonel, who was more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing room than in the field of battle, attracted the notice of the Count, so as to make his uneasiness visible, which the amiable Charlotte, who, ever studious of Amelia’s real happiness, wished to amuse and to call back the mind of her cousin, demanded the verse for the rose. The Count saw the affectionate trait in Charlotte’s conduct, took out his pencil, and wrote for the Rose,

Elle ne vit qu’un jour, et ne plai qu’un moment,

which he gave to the lovely daughter, at the same time presenting the humble cousin with this line on the Mignonette:

Ses qualites surpassent ses charmes.

Amelia’s pride was roused, and she retaliated by her attention to the Colonel, and neglect of the Count, which she carried so far as to throw herself into the power of a profligate, who brought her to ruin. The Count transferred his affections from beauty to amiability; and rejoicing in the exchange, and to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness, and delivered him from a coquette, he added a branch of the

Sweet *Reseda* to the ancient arms of his family, with the motto,

Your qualities surpass your charms.

*Philip's Flora Historica.*

### POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

"I have invariably observed," says the lively and picturesque author of *Letters from the Levant*, "that the farther we progress towards the south in any country, the situation of females becomes more deplorable and unhappy. In northern latitudes alone," continues the same writer, "woman is the better half of creation: as we draw towards more genial climates, she gradually emerges into equality, inferiority, a deprivation of her rights and dignity; and at last, in the vicinity of the line, a total denial of a reasoning principle, or an immortal essence, which might enjoy in another world those privileges of which she is tyrannically debarred in this." The author then proceeds to illustrate his assertion, by citing Norway and Sweden as geographical specimens of countries where women enjoy the highest mental privileges, and Palestine and Syria as the spots marked by their lowest degradation.

It is not a little extraordinary how many of our most important discoveries owe their existence to chance. Every body knows the anecdote about Sir Isaac Newton and the apple; Doctor Jenner and the milkmaid; John Bunyan and drunken Penkins, &c. &c. But every body does not know the anecdote of Sir Peter Pontop, who found the bottom of a coal-mine by chance. I proceed, therefore, to relate it. Sir Peter had been quarrelling with one of his workmen, on the day previous to the catastrophe I am narrating, relative to wages. There are two modes of descending into coal-pits. The usual way is to be wound down in a machine; but they to whom the exit and entrance are matters of custom, content themselves in descending by grasping a rope, which communicates to a counteracting pulley. The weight of the individual thus carries him downward without dislocation. Sir Peter, on the day in question, adopted the latter expedient, as usual, in utter darkness. Judge of his horror, when or reaching the extremity of

his journey, he found that his feet failed to touch the ground. He instantly thought that the workman with whom he had quarrelled, had in revenge cut short the rope. He screamed and bawled till he was hoarse, but all the operatives had adjourned to their dinner. At length his strength failed him; he let go his hold, expecting to be dashed to atoms in the unfathomable abyss, and found that he had been for a full half-hour screaming about three inches from the ground. Here was a chance discovery which nettled Sir Peter sorely; insomuch that he actually felt half angry with himself for not having been precipitated some hundred feet, according to his reasonable expectation.

Equally casual with the foregoing was the incident which caused me to discover the truth of what the ingenious author of *Letters from the Levant* has averred, namely, that women are operated upon topographically by climate. My brother Tom married a decent sort of a young woman. Her father was a reputable hardwareman in Blackman-street, Southwark; and Tom, who was and is his partner in trade, upon his marriage, took a country house a little beyond Camberwell, closely adjoining to a public-house, which used to be called the Fox-under-the-Hill. Alas! how things are altered in that neighbourhood! In the good old times, about thirty years ago, that tavern stood in comparative solitude; and foot-pads and highwaymen would make many a pretty penny there after dusk. But now-a-days it is all watched and lighted with gas, and the people pass and repass at midnight in perfect security—sad change! Tom was, in the main, a good-natured sort of a fellow; but he seemed to me to treat his wife quite like a Navarino bashaw. She brought him his great coat when he got into his gig; held his umbrella in walking; called him Mr. B.; ate the gizzard wings of chickens; turned radical in compliment to her spouse's politics; and actually went the length of justifying the Thames Tunnel, Tom holding fifteen shares in the watery excavation. All this subordination was Greek to me, till happening to alight on the *Letters from the Levant*, "I'll be shot," exclaimed I to myself, "if I have not hit upon it. It is all owing to climate; Camberwell lies south of London, and Mrs.

Tom (as we call her in the family) lies in a latitude of subjection: her 'reasoning principle and immortal essence' are sadly in abeyance."

My theory was, at no distant period from the utterance of the above, put to the test, by the removal of the Tom household to another latitude. The lease of their house near the Fox expired, and the landlord wanted to increase the rent; according to Tom's wife's phraseology, "he riz 'em." Tom, however, would not be "rizzed," so he looked about him for another residence; and until an eligible one could be procured he hired lodgings in Hatton-garden. Hardly were the family removed to their new temporary abode, when I observed a marvellous change; protection and subjection were balanced, like two boys playing at seesaw. I have played it a hundred times myself, but never (as is alleged by the author of the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*) with a blind boy sitting in the centre as an umpire. If Mrs. Tom brought Tom his great coat, Tom brought Mrs. Tom her shawl. The last time I dined with them, I noticed that the wife had the liver-wing of the chicken; but as an equivoise, I found that Tom was helped to a slice of a leg of mutton nearest to the knuckle. It was not quite so pleasant when he came to the telling of stories. Here, as the man says in the *Critic*, "their unanimity was wonderful." They, in fact, told the same story at the same time. I have observed many married people about Ely-place, and elsewhere in that centrally-balanced neighbourhood, do the same. There is Mr. and Mrs. Double-de-Motte, who live in Lincoln's-Inn-fields; they have both got hold of an anecdote about the late Lord Kenyon, who, every body knows, was rather of an economical turn. The story, as far as I could make out, is as follows:—When Lord Kenyon died, an achievement was placed against his house, in which the motto was intended to be, "Mors junua vitæ." The manufacturer, however, had painted the concluding word "vita." "Really that false Latin has a very awkward appearance," said the late Lord Ellenborough to Mr. Jekyll. "Oh!" answered the latter, "don't be uneasy about it; it is all right."—"Right! how do you mean?"—"Why the defunct left

in his will particular directions to his executors not to put the estate to the expense of a diphthong." The reader, however, must not imagine that I got the anecdote from Mr. and Mrs. Double-de-Motte, in as short a time as I have occupied in communicating it to the public. Mr. Double-de-Motte had begun the story while his wife was drinking a glass of port wine. She was in such a hurry to tell it herself, that the wine went "the wrong way," as the phrase is. This enabled the husband to get as far as "that false Latin," before his wife overtook him. The latter made good for loss time by then getting a-head, till the husband came up with her by the time she had arrived at "Mr. Jekyll." They then run on neck to neck till they arrived at the word "executors." The husband took the lead up to "expense," and they concluded by bolting out "diphthong" in unison. I myself do not much mind these kind of duets. Those who do, and who prefer a solo would do well to look to the points of the compass before they accept dinner invitations. If they want the husband to have all the talk to himself, let them dine southward; somewhere about Abingdon-street, Westminster. If, on the contrary, they are desirous of making play with the wife, Baker-street, North, is the spot where a knife and fork may be most conveniently handled. But to return to my brother Tom.

A smart, bow-windowed, brick mansion in Hornsey-lane, highgate; happening to catch Tom's eye during one of his Sunday rides, with "This house to let, enquire within," pasted upon one of the windows. Tom straightway alighted from his steed, and settled for a seven years' lease. Thither the family repaired in due course. The wife soon found herself in a high northern latitude; adieu to anecdotes told in unison! Mrs. Tom soon had all the talk to herself—Tom sitting num-chance, and patting the head of a poodle-dog. I never witnessed so instantaneous a metamorphosis. Frederick Reynolds would say, exit as Mrs. Lovemore, and re-enter as Mrs. Oakley. Tom meantime looks melancholy, and casts a wistful eye towards a residence in Palace-yard, as being within the liberties of Westminster. But no such liberties for him. We took a drive last Sunday to Finchley,



where Tom, quite unconscious of the Levant theory, spoke favourably of a white house with green shutters, on the left side as you enter on the common. I do not like to interfere between man and wife; but if he should again hanker after Finchley, I am determined to let him into the secret. No married man for whom I have a value shall run his head against the North Pole if I can prevent it. If his better half thus lords it over him in the latitude of Highgate, what may she not do when she gets him upon Finchley-common? She may even play Catherine-the-Second at a short notice; and it will then be all "Czar Peter with him; and "Poor Tom's a cold" will be his epitaph.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### SCENES IN LIFE AS SEEN FROM A WINDOW.

Diagonally opposite to my window stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticoes and colonnades. This edifice first attracted my attention by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery that seemed, to my curious eye, surrounding one of its inmates! But I will throw into the story-vein what I have to narrate, for it is a novelette in itself.

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion! and, for aught I knew to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing-room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle Broadway exhibits of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my nook, and was struck with her surpassing loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in wealth and grandeur? No. I worshipped afar off. "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be so worshipped by all. One afternoon she was at her window, with a gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted, and sat his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding-school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well-bred man of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black penetrating eye, and a moustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure and a most perfect address, he was, what I should term, a captivating and dangerous man. His air, and a certain indescribable *comme il faut*, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite to her window, his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated with her beauty!

How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears, seen through the "plate glass!" Involuntarily he drew his spirited horse and raised his hat! The action, the manner, the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment the hind wheel of an omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not, with remarkable presence of mind, stepped quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently upon his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise, the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her chair and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, who was only slightly stunned with the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The next evening the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was seated upon his box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street door opened, and, with a light step, the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment the stranger rode up, and bowed with ineffable grace, and—(blessed encounter that with the omnibus wheel!)—his bow was acknowledged by a slight inclination of her superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents even in the "cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward, and in a few seconds the carriage took the same direction. All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of riders and drivers repassed. "The lady's carriage, (it was a landau, and the top was thrown back) came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dismounted as it drew up at the door, assisted her to the *pavé*, and took his leave! For several afternoons, successively, the gentleman's appearance, mounted on his noble animal, was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage. One evening they were unusually late on their return. Finally the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have declared the equestrian was not the stranger! No! He dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the gentleman and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man! occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this affair for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self-possession which characterised him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps of the portico, pulled at the bell. The next

moment he was admitted, and disappeared out of my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing-room were drawn, and imperious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to let in the light of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the spaces, directly down into the room, as distinctly as if there was no obstruction! This I give as a hint to all concerned, who have revolving leaves to their venetian blinds. Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment he was in the room, his hand upon his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! \* \* \* The declaration, the confession, the acceptance, all passed beneath me most edifyingly. By his animated gestures, I could see that he was urging her to take some sudden step. She at first appeared reluctant, but gradually became more placable, yielded. In ten minutes the landua was at the door. They came out arm in arm, and entered it! I could hear the order to the coachman, "Drive to St. John's Church." "An elopement!" thought I. "Having been in at breaking cover, I will be at the death!" and taking my hat and gloves, I descended to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning the corner of Canal Street. I followed full fast on foot. When I arrived at the church, the carriage was before it, and the "Happy pair," already joined together, were crossing the *trottoir* to re-enter it, the grinning footman, who had legally witnessed the ceremony, following them.

The next day, about noon, a capacious family-carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left it for the Springs. Then came, one after another, two beautiful girls; then a handsome young man. "How glad I am that I have got home again!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "I wonder where Jane is, that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing-room. *There was a scene!*

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was striving to prevent him. "You sh'n't." "I will." "I say you sh'n't." "I say I will," were interchanged as certainly between the parties, as if I had heard the words. The gentleman, or rather husband, prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street-door. The young ladies started back at the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired, as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, "Who are you, sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-law!"

"And, sir, *who* may you have the honor to be?"

"The Count L—y!" with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir."

"Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly-made husband, taking by the hand his lovely bride, who had come imploringly forward as the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter."

"You are mistaken, sir; she is my housekeeper!"

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's charming housekeeper. She had spread the snare, and, like many a wiser fool, he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards, a hack drove to the servant's hall door, and my heroine came forth closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw his name gazetted as a passenger in a packet ship that sailed a day or two after for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion, remaineth yet a mystery!

*New York Mirror.*

#### NON-PUNCTUALITY OF THE FAIR SEX.

Madam de Genlis, in a work on the subject of Time, relates an anecdote of a certain Chancellor D'Aguesseau to the following purport: "The Chancellor, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, and being loath to lose so much precious-time daily, commenced the composition of a work, which he prosecuted only whilst he was thus kept waiting. The result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three volumes quarto, which has gone through several editions, and is much esteemed." The anecdote is told as an illustration of the value of time, and to shew how much might be made of the very crumbs and parings of this valuable commodity. But we have always regarded it in a different light. To our mind it stands up as an overwhelming reproach of the fair sex, for the troubles with which they visit mankind through their thoughtlessness respecting time. Three quarto volumes of sound law (as it probably was) written in fifteen years, during the various quarters of hours which Madame spent in superfluous labours upon her curls, or more than sufficient solicitude about her rouge! In what a strong light does this place the frivolity and non-punctuality of the one sex, against the patience and assiduity of the other! It is very strange that Madam de Genlis, who was a woman of acute understanding, should have so far overlooked the interests of her order as to relate an anecdote telling so powerfully against them. It can only be accounted for by supposing that she was so absorbed in reflecting on the industry of the worthy Chancellor as quite to lose sight of the bearing of the anecdote on the character of his wife. She had never once thought of what the world was to think of Madame, and, by implication, of that strange, perplexing, bewildering, tormenting tribe of beings to which she belonged, and whom, we all know, there is no living either with or without.

In very sober truth, the story is most characteristic. It speaks with perfect coolness of the conduct of Madame D'Aguesseau, as if it were quite a matter of course. The writer of the anecdote, being herself a lady, could see no harm in the act of keeping a husband waiting ten or twelve minutes daily for his dinner past the appointed time. No sympathy for dishes cooling on her part. Meat and temper might alike be spoiling for anything she cared. Such conduct was exactly what her own would have been in similar circumstances; and it never would have occurred to her that there was anything particular in the case unless some one whom she kept waiting had happened to think of employing the otherwise lost time to some remarkably good purpose.

Is there a man in this world who has a sister, or a wife, or a daughter, to take out on walks, to accompany on shoppings, or to wait for at meals, who can lay his hand on his heart and say that he finds them, in one out of ten instances, punctual, or apparently inspired with the least sense of the value of time? We make bold to pronounce that there is no man so Quixotishly chivalrous as to say so. The most perfect "lady's man" on earth would shrink from alleging, even in joke, that woman and punctuality are compatible terms. Our theory on the subject is, that women *could* be punctual, but don't choose. Their intellects cannot be altogether non-horological; they must have some small development of the organ of time; but, like the monks who, according to the Indians, abstain from speech only for certain good reasons, we hold that the ladies have reasons for all the dawdling, dallying and lingering they are guilty of. They study to be too late. The trial of man's patience is to them a matter of the nicest calculation. It is not that, for mere sport, they like to see how long an unfortunate husband will wait greatcoated and hatted in the lobby, while they are adjusting their bonnet-strings; it is not that they take a wicked pleasure in seeing the poor man's dinner cool and spoil before they will consider themselves ready to come down to partake of it: it is not for these reasons that they keep the robuster sex dangling. It is only for the purpose of trying their consequence with the hapless lords of creation. It would be most unwomanish to be ready to go out exactly at the same moment with one's husband. He would not know he *had* a wife if she were to study his convenience so far. It is necessary to let him know that he is married—though by something like the same means as that which convinced a certain shipwrecked mariner that he had landed in a civilized country. He must be tormented into a knowledge of his happy condition. As for the troubles which sisters and daughters inflict, it is all one thing. The creatures are only trying on brother or father the powers which they are ultimately to exercise in full vigour on husband. The "nature of the critter" is to give trouble to mankind, and it matters little on what particular kind of relative

the instinct operates. A little girl, who is most accurate in her attendance at school, will be found, if desired to accompany one on a walk, to contrive one way or another, to keep one waiting a quarter of an hour more than there is any necessity for. What is strange, good looks, and much notice on account of them, seem to be connected in some mysterious way with this part of the female nature. The prettier a young lady is, she is always the less punctual in matters of time. She who, from her face, might be supposed the most independent of bonnet and tippet, always somehow takes more time to adjust these matters than any other body. This must be from the inferior sense which notoriously goes along with beauty; for, when any of these young ladies grow a little dim, supposing them not to be married, it is remarkable that they become much more punctual. Above forty, indeed, by which time the understandings of men and women get much alike, women in a great measure cease to be remarkable for want of punctuality.

One of the most vexatious processes, as far as we are aware, to which a man can be subjected, is to have to accompany a lady on a shopping excursion. It must of course be presumed that the gentleman and lady are not lovers, for then the complexion of the case is totally changed. But suppose it be a cool, sensible man of some thirty-five or forty, accompanying a wife to whom he has been united for the better part of a dozen years—then is the case truly one of torment. In the first place, he gets ready exactly at the time appointed, and has to wait half an hour before she is ready to appear. This time he spends in a state of ineffable fume and fret, with umbrella in hand, and coat buttoned, dancing between the lobby and the parlour, sending to see if she is not ready *yet*, calculating how he could have employed the time otherwise to the advantage of his patrimonial interest, stamping to keep his feet warm (as he thinks), brushing his hat for the fifth time, comparing his watch with the lobby clock, threatening not to wait any longer, and vowing he will never engage to go with her again. At last she comes down stairs with all the coolness imaginable, wondering how he could be so impatient; and off they set. The matters of business in which he is mainly interested refer to shops in distant parts of the town, and, in proceeding thither, he has to accompany her into others, where she has affairs to manage, and in which he is not interested at all. She has a certain kind of ribbon to buy in one shop, a certain piece of lace to be matched in another, a pair of silk mits to be got in a third—all of them affairs of the greatest importance to her, requiring full time for deliberation, choice, and chaffering, and to the details of which he is forced to be witness, as well as to the sufferings of the unfortunate fellow-men whom providence has ordained to stand from morning to night in those magazines of feminine evanescences, to be bored with frivolity and unpleasableness. A full quarter of an hour is spent in each shop,

during which some twenty drawers and as many shelves are ransacked and tumbled into confusion: an incessant chatter has been kept up: he has been fretting between the chair at the end of the counter and the door, and the shop-keeper has exhausted every phrase of recommendation in behalf of his goods, and every phrase of civility in deference to the lady; when, at last he sees some such sum as tenpence paid for a trifle wrapped up in thin white paper, and leaves the place with the feeling of a man who has been party to one of the shabbiest transactions that ever was committed. Thus he goes on for an hour or two, his only choice being between lingering within the shop, there to be inculpated in such disgraceful proceedings as these, and lounging without, there to be jostled by the crowd, and chilled by the damp pavement, till he has not a spark of manly dignity or vigour left in his composition. And, after all, the affairs in which he is really interested have yet to be attended to. At the conclusion of the business it is likely he finds that, left to himself, he could have executed in half an hour, what, in company with a time-destroying wife, it has cost him the better part of a day to accomplish. As to the wear and tear of temper, the matter is too metaphysical to bear calculation: but every man who has ever gone a-shopping in such circumstances, must have a perfect idea of it: and he who has not, let him content himself with supposing it to be great, and not think of putting the thing to the proof—a piece of conduct of which we could only say, that, compared with it, that of the boy who hanged himself to see what hanging was like, was legitimate and philosophical curiosity.

For many years we have employed ourselves occasionally in endeavours to devise a remedy for this notorious fault in the female character. It at one time occurred to us, that the Chancellor D'Aguesseau might be turned to some account in an attempt to reform it. His work must be still extant in his native country. Suppose it were reprinted, on a large type, in the style of brooks of print running through meadows of margin, and in *folio*, and in as many volumes as it could feasibly be made to run to; and suppose every honest man who suffers from unpunctual womankind were to go to the expense of a copy, and have it erected in some conspicuous part of the house—for instance, beside his wife's toilette—as a great monumental satire on female non-punctuality: we thought that some good might thus be done through the efficacy of very shame. But then again we reflected that, if the fault had been capable of reform from any such cause, the Chancellor's own lady would have been reformed by the knowledge of what he was doing, long before he had got near the end of his task, so that, from her great punctuality, the work would have been stopped, and the world deprived of the anecdote. No—since Madame D'Aguesseau held out against the reproach which the growing work implied, it cannot be supposed that the lady-world in general would

care much about the exhibition of a mere copy of it, which, in no long time, would become a familiar and unheeded object. This plan being found insufficient, we are forced to confess that we have never, to this hour, been able to devise any other a whit better. Till a better can be hit upon, the “ministering angel” must just be left to follow out the instinct of her nature in this respect, and inflict whatever torment she pleases upon the unfortunate being whose fate it has been to have so much of his weal and woe connected with her existence.

#### THE ENGLISH AND THE AMERICANS COMPARED.

We are an old people. The Americans are a new people. We value ourselves on our ancestry—on what we have done; they, on their posterity, and on what they mean to do. They look to the future; we to the past. They are proud of Old England as the home of their forefathers; we, of America, as the abiding-place of western Englishmen.

They are but of yesterday as a people. They are descended from those, whose burial-places are yet to be seen; we, from those, whose burial-places have been successively invaded by the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, until they are no longer to be distinguished from the everlasting hills.

As a whole people, the Americans talk a better English than we do; but then, there are many individuals among us who speak better English than any American, unless we except, here and there, a well-educated New Englander; and a few eminent public speakers, like the late Mr. Pinkney, who was minister to this court; and Mr. Witt, the attorney-general of the United States, who will probably succeed Mr. Rush in the same capacity; and, then, there are a multitude among us who speak better English than is common among the well-educated men in America, although they do not speak the best English, such as the few among us do.

I have heard a great deal said about the habits of cleanliness in England and America; and I have sometimes laughed very heartily at the reciprocal prejudices of the English and American women.

I have heard an English woman complain of a beastly American for spitting into the fire; and I have heard an American woman express the greatest abhorrence of an Englishman, for spitting in his pocket-handkerchief; or for not spitting at all, when he happened to mention that well-bred men swallowed their saliva. A spitting-box is a part of the regular furniture of every room in America, although smoking is now entirely out of fashion there.

An American will not scruple to pick his teeth or clean his nails, if he should think it necessary—any where, at any time—before a lady. An Englishman would sooner let them go dirty.

An American never brushes his hat—very rarely his coat; and his hair not once a week.

An Englishman will brush the first with his coat sleeve, or a silk handkerchief, whenever he puts it on or off; and the two latter, every time that he goes out. The American is laughed at for his personal slovenliness, in England, and the Englishman for his absurd anxiety, in America. Such is national prejudice.

The Englishman is more of a Roman; the American more of a Greek, in the physiognomy of his face and mind, in temper and constitution. The American is the vainer; the Englishman the prouder man of the two. The American is volatile, adventurous, talkative, and chivalrous. The Englishman is thoughtful, determined, very brave, and a little sullen. The Englishman has more courage; the American more spirit. The former would be better in defence; the latter in attack. A beaten Englishman is formidable still; a beaten American is good for nothing, for a time.

The countenance of the Englishman is flrid; not sharply but strongly marked, and full of amplitude, gravity, and breadth; that of an American has less breath, less gravity, less amplitude, but more vivacity, and a more lively character. The expression of an Englishman's face is greater; that of the American, more intense.

In the self-satisfied, honest, hearty, and rather pompous expression of an English face, you will find, when it is not caricatured, a true indication of his character. Other people call him boastful, but he is not. He only shows, in every look and attitude, that he is an Englishman, one of that extraordinary people, who help to make up an empire that never had, has not, and never will have, a parallel upon earth. But then he never tells other men so, except in the way of a speech, or a patriotic newspaper essay.

And so in the keen, spirited, sharp, intelligent, variable countenance of an American, you will find a corresponding indication of what he is. He is exceedingly vain, rash, and sensitive; he has not a higher opinion of his country than the Englishman has of his; but then, he is less discreet, more talkative, and more presumptuous; less assured of the superiority which he claims for his country: more watchful and jealous, and, of course, more waspish and quarrelsome, like diminutive men, who, if they pretend to be magnanimous, only make themselves ridiculous, and being aware of this, become the most techy and peevish creatures in the world.

The Englishman shows his high opinion of his country by silence; the American his, by talking: one by his conduct, the other by words; one by arrogance, the other by superciliousness.

The Englishman is, generally, a better, braver, and nobler minded fellow, than you might be led to believe from his appearance. The face of an American, on the contrary, induces you to believe him, generally, a better man than you will find him.

But then, they are so much alike, or rather there are individuals of both countries so like

each other, that I know many Americans who would pass every where for Englishmen, and many Englishmen who would pass any where for Americans. In heart and head they are both more alike, than in appearance or manners.

An Englishman, when abroad, is reserved, cautious, often quite insupportable, and, when frank, hardly ever talkative; never very hasty, but a little quarrelsome nevertheless; turbulent, and rather overbearing, particularly upon the continent. At home, he is hospitable, frank, generous, overflowing with honesty and cordiality, and given to a sort of substantial parade—a kind of old-fashioned family ostentation.

But the American is quite the reverse. Abroad he is talkative, noisy, imperious; often excessively impertinent, capricious, troublesome, either in his familiarity, or in his untimely reserve; not quarrelsome, but so hasty, nevertheless, that he is eternally in hot water. At home, he is more reserved; and, with all his hospitality, much given to ostentation of a lighter sort; substitute—finery and show.

An American is easily excited, and, of course, easily quieted. An Englishman is neither easily quieted, nor easily excited. It is harder to move the latter; but once in motion, it is harder to stop him.

One has more strength and substance; the other more activity and spirit. One has more mind, more wisdom, more judgment, and more perseverance; the other more genius, more quickness of perception, more adventurousness.

The Englishman's temper is more hardy and resolute; that of the American more intrepid and fiery. The former has more patience and fortitude; the latter more ardour. The Englishman is never discouraged, though without resources; the American is never without resources, but is often disheartened. Just so it is with the female character.

An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable; the English woman is of a healthier mind; more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower, the latter a plant. One sheds perfume, the other sustenance. The English woman is better suited for a friend, a counsellor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American woman, particularly of the south, is better fitted for love than counsel;—child-bearing soon destroys her. A few summers, and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; the other more enthusiasm. Either would go the scaffold with a beloved one; but the female American would go there in a delirium; the Englishwoman deliberately, like a martyr.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The three longest reigns in British history are those of three Kings, each the third of their respective names. Henry III. reigned 53 years, Edward III. 51, and George III. 59.

## THE MARRIAGE LESSON.

[We are indebted to an old number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for the following lively *nouvelette*, from the *Comte Lucanor* of the Infante Don Juan Manuel, written in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It has much of the *naiveté* and light humour peculiar to the Spanish novelist, and, to quote the ingenious reviewer, "besides its own merit, possesses that of some striking resemblance to Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*."] ]

In a certain town there lived a noble Moor, who had one son, the best young man ever known perhaps in the world. He was not, however, wealthy enough to accomplish half the many laudable objects which his heart prompted him to undertake; and for this reason he was in great perplexity, having the will and not the power. Now in that same town dwelt another Moor, far more honoured and rich than the youth's father, and he too had an only daughter, who offered a strange contrast to this excellent young man, her manners being as violent and bad as his were good and pleasing, insomuch that no man liked to think of a union with such an infuriate shrew.

Now this good youth one day came to his father, and said, "Father, I am well assured that you are not rich enough to support me according to what I conceive becoming and honourable. It will, therefore, be incumbent upon me to lead a mean and indolent life, or to quit the country; so that if it seem good unto you, I should prefer the best to form some marriage alliance, by which I may be enabled to open myself a way to higher things." And the father replied that it would please him well if his son should be enabled to marry according to his wishes. He then said to his father that if he thought he should be able to manage it, he should be happy to have the only daughter of that good man given him in marriage. Hearing this, the father was much surprised, and answered, that as he understood the matter, there was not a single man whom he knew, how poor soever he might be, who would consent to marry such a vixen. And his son replied, that he asked it as a particular favour that he would bring about his marriage, and so far insisted, that however strange he thought the request, his father gave his consent. In consequence, he went directly to seek the good man, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, and having acquainted him with all that had passed, begged that he would be pleased to bestow his daughter's hand upon his son, who had courage enough to marry her. Now when the good man heard this proposal from the lips of his best friend, he said to him;—"Good God, my friend, if I were to do any such thing, I should serve you a very bad turn; for you possess an excellent son, and it would be a great piece of treacher yon my part, if I were to consent to make him so unfortunate, and become accessory to his death. Nay I may say worse than death, for better would it be for him to be dead than to be married to my daughter! And you must not think that I say

thus much to oppose your wishes; for as to that matter, I should be well pleased to give her to your son, or to any body's son, who would be foolish enough to rid my house of her." To this his friend replied, that he felt very sensibly the kind motives which led him to speak thus; and intreated that, as his son seemed bent upon the match, he hoped he would be pleased to give the lady in marriage. He agreed, and accordingly the ceremony took place. The bride was brought to her husband's house, and it being a custom with the Moors to give the betrothed a supper and to set out the feast for them, and then to take leave and return to visit them on the ensuing day, the ceremony was performed accordingly. However, the fathers and mothers, and all the relations of the bride and bridegroom went away with many misgivings, fearing that when they returned the following day they should either find the young man dead, or in some very bad plight indeed.

So it came to pass, that as soon as the young people were left alone, they seated themselves at the table, and before the dreaded-bride had time to open her lips the bridegroom, looking behind him, saw stationed there his favourite mastiff dog, and he said to him somewhat sharply, "Mr. Mastiff, bring us some water for our hands;" and the dog stood still, and did not do it. His master then repeated the order more fiercely, but the dog stood still as before. His master then leaped up in a great passion from the table, and seizing the sword, ran towards the mastiff, who seeing him coming, ran away, leaping over the chairs and tables and the fire, trying every place to make his escape, with the bridegroom hard in pursuit of him. At length reaching the dog, he smote off his head with the sword, then hewed off his legs, and all his body, until the whole place was covered with blood. He then resumed his place at table, all covered as he was with gore; and soon casting his eyes around, he beheld a lap-dog, and commanded him to bring him water for his hands, and because he was not obeyed, he said, "How, false traitor! see you not the fate of the mastiff, because he would not do as I commanded him? I vow, that if you offer to contend one moment with me, I will treat thee to the same fare as I did the mastiff;" and when he found it was not done, he arose, seized him by the legs, and dashing him against the wall, actually beat his brains out, showing even more rage than against the poor mastiff. Then in a great passion he returned to the table, and cast his eyes about on all sides, while his bride, fearful that he had taken leave of his senses, ventured not to utter a word. At length he fixed his eyes upon his horse that was standing before the door, though he had only that one; and he commanded him to bring him water, which the horse did not do. "How now, Mr. Horse," cried the husband, "do you imagine, because I have only you, that I shall suffer you to live, and not do as I command you! No! I will inflict as hard a death on you as upon the others; yea, there is no living thing I have in

the world which I will spare, if I be not obeyed." But the horse stood where he was, and his master approached with the greatest rage, smote off his head, and cut him to pieces with his sword. And when his wife saw that he had actually killed his horse, having no other, and heard him declare he would do the same to any creature that ventured to disobey him, she found that he had by no means done it by way of jest, and took such an alarm, that she hardly knew if she were dead or alive. For, all covered with gore as he was, he again seated himself at table, swearing that had he a thousand horses or wives, or servants, if they refused to do his behest, he would kill them all; and he again began to look round him, holding his sword in his hand. And after he had looked well round him, and found no living thing near him, he turned his eyes fiercely towards his wife, and said in a great passion, "Get up, and bring me some water to wash my hands!" and his wife, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces, rose in a great hurry, and giving him water for his hands, said to him, "Ah, how I ought to return thanks to God, who inspired you with the thought of doing as you have done! for otherwise, owing to the wrong treatment of my foolish friends, I should have behaved the same to you as to them." Afterwards he commanded her to help him to something to eat, and that in such a tone, that she felt as if her head were on the point of dropping off upon the floor; so that in this way was the understanding between them settled during that night, and she never spoke, but only did everything he required her to do. After they had repose some time, her husband said, "The passion I have been put into this night hinders me from sleeping; get up, and see that nobody comes to disturb me, and prepare for me something well cooked to eat."

When it came full day, and the fathers, mothers, and other relatives arrived at the door, they all listened, and hearing no one speak, at first concluded that the unfortunate man was either dead, or mortally wounded by his ferocious bride. In this they were the more confirmed when they saw the bride standing at the door, and the bridegroom not there. But when the lady saw them advancing, she walked gently on tiptoe towards them, and whispered, "False friends, as you are, how dared you to come up to the door in that way, or to say a word! Be silent! as you value your lives, and mine also." And when they were all made acquainted with what she said, they greatly wondered; but when they learnt all that had passed during the night, their wonder was changed into admiration of the young man, for having so well known how to manage what concerned him, and to maintain order in his house. And from that day forth, so excellently was his wife governed, and well-conditioned in every respect, that they led a very pleasant life together. Such, indeed, was the good example set by the son-in-law, that a few days afterwards the father-in-law, desirous of the same happy change in his household, also killed a horse; but his wife only said to him, "By

my faith, Don Fulano, you have thought of this plan somewhat too late in the day; we are too well acquainted with each other."

#### THE FRIENDS' FAMILY.

The family about to be depicted have their abode at the Mount, a neat small villa, in the neighbourhood of a large manufacturing town in the centre of England. It matters not what their name is; but, for convenience, we shall suppose it to be Lamb, which is not an uncommon name in the Society. The family consists of five individuals; Joseph Lamb, the father, and Esther, his wife; the eldest son Joseph, and two daughters Susanna and Deborah. The names of the two daughters suggest to us the recollection of a member of the family long dead and gone, namely, Margaret Lamb, the mother of the elder Joseph—a person noted in her day as an eminent *minister*; that is to say, one of those females who undertake a public duty in the Society. The memory of Margaret Lamb was kept alive by a *testimony*, which was for a long time read in the yearly meeting, setting forth her good works, her faith, her patience, her exemplary life and conversation, and her many years' ministry, in the course of which she had visited most of the meetings in Great Britain and Ireland, as also the United States of America. The good name of this valuable woman still shed a light on the heads of her descendants, and in their history it would be an unpardonable omission to overlook a circumstance of so much importance. The two young women above mentioned had received their names at the request of Margaret Lamb, in remembrance of her "dear friends and fellow-labourers in the ministry," Deborah Darby and Susanna Horne.

Joseph Lamb has long been established in business as a chemist or druggist in the town near which he resides. His shop is the most frequented, and the most respectable in every sense of the word, in the town. Others may be more showy, may be larger, may be situated in more fashionable streets, but Joseph Lamb's annual receipts average as much as any other two, and that is the main thing in business. Our Friend, however, has not resided at his shop for the last five years. His son was found to be a very efficient helper; he was, in fact, a better chemist than his father; he infused somewhat of modern and improved method into the old system, and the senior often found himself at fault, or at least free to confess that his son was every way his equal in business. The mother, too, found, as the family grew up to man's and woman's estate, and the general establishment of the business became larger, that the house was too small, and therefore proposed to her husband that they should reside in the outskirts of the town, especially as it might be good for her husband's health; he had, she thought, looked thin of late, though we question if Joseph Lamb had ever looked much better. And, as if to second her wishes, that very house upon which our worthy Friend had advanced considerable sums

of money, was about to be sold. True, "the Mount" was a much larger house than they had ever thought of inhabiting, and would require a much larger establishment than they had hitherto kept. But then Joseph Lamb did not see how he could much better invest some part of his spare money, than in the purchase of that which in reality was almost his own already; and they would have so much more room to accommodate travelling Friends, and Friends who came to the quarterly meetings, that, in every point of view, there appeared something to recommend it; and the Mount accordingly was thenceforth their residence, and it is at the Mount that we will more particularly make their acquaintance.

But be it known to my readers that there never would be a chance, either at the shop or at this their more dignified residence, in calling on the Friends' family, to find the door opened by a hurried, slipshod maid, half sloven and half coquette; nor should we find her on her knees cleaning the door-stone, nor the knocker; these things are always done, but never seen in the doing. The maid who opens the door—for they have not yet arrived at the luxury of a man-servant, nor in all probability will they—is neat and clean, good-tempered, and healthy looking; for the orderly habits of the Friend's family, their excellent living and regular hours, soon tell even in the persons of their servants. The room into which you are ushered is always in exact order; there is neither dust nor stain nor rent in the furniture; and if the room lack somewhat of elegant ornament, there is nothing either in bad taste, tawdry, or shabby, to offend the eye. The window-glass is bright and unbroken; the Friend does not even tolerate a cracked pane. The flowers that decorate the room appear as if fresh gathered, and yet ten to one you will never find either Deborah or Susanna busied in arranging them; however graceful and feminine such an employment may seem for a young lady, it suits far better our young Friends' notions of propriety to have all these things done before there is a chance of any one calling. The Friend's house seems governed by invisible agency.

The rooms occupied by the family are three—to all intents and purposes, dining and drawing rooms, and boudoir or small library; but probably they may be designated by our unpretending household, the parlour; the large, or small parlour, according to its size in proportion to the other, and the work-room. We will describe them, or rather we will describe one, the dining room—and that is a fair specimen of the others; for the Friend admits of so little variety in taste, that, except he may use silk damask instead of worsted, rosewood instead of mahogany, and introduce a cabinet in the place of a sideboard, there is little diversity between dining and drawing room. We will take the former, however—the *parlour*, as it is called. This, then, is handsomely furnished with the very best of mahogany furniture; sideboard, tables, sofas, and easy-chairs; the carpet is a Brussels, of rather a small pattern, in various shades of greens and drabs.

The walls are painted of a modest green and fawn, or perhaps papered of the same colour; the Friend has no fancy for salmon-colours, nor for any of the family of reds. A crimson-flock paper he never chooses for his dining room; he has no pictures in gilt frames to be set off by such a ground. He has no notion of contrasts in colour; uniformity and accordance are his idea of beauty. The ample window-curtains, therefore, are drab, to match with the walls; they are of damask, the very best that money can buy—rich in their multitude of folds, but without fringe or ornament whatever. The tables are covered with good green cloth, perfectly free from soil or stain, and as fresh-looking as when it was new. In this room, in one particular corner, and near the fire, with a little side-table somewhere near him, sits Joseph Lamb, in a capacious arm-chair covered with black, or perhaps dark-green morocco leather. He is engaged in reading the morning paper, or some report of a bible society, tract association, peace or temperance society, or perhaps he may be deep in a book of travels—Friends are fond of voyages and travels, and have taken a very reasonable interest in the discovering of African rivers and north-west passages. Joseph Lamb, however, is not so absorbed in his volume but that he frequently lays it down, and from the relay of books and pamphlets with which his table is stored, considerably diversifies his reading in the course of the day.

Joseph Lamb, be it here stated, wears a brown broad-cloth coat and waistcoat of the regular orthodox cut; combs his hair backwards, and by this means, as well as by natural conformation, exhibits a fine capacious head, slightly inclining to bald; his eyes are small and grey, but with a keen intelligent expression; eyes they are of a close observation, that have not been used to look superficially on anything—the intellect peers through them. His cheeks are large, his nose straight and well formed, and his chin slightly double; he wears spectacles when reading, but he invariably takes them off in conversation, and holds them either between his finger and thumb, or puts them into the volume to mark the place where he left off. He has altogether the countenance and air of a shrewd, intelligent, observant, and placid, yet determined, character. His legs are clothed in drab kerseymere, grey merino stockings, and well-blackened buckled shoes; in cold weather, or when he travels, he wears drab gaiters, but never boots. Such is the father of our Friend's family; he is always the same; the colour and make of his apparel never vary, nor does, in appearance, the calm sedate expression of his countenance. His life, likewise, is as unchanged; one day is like another, except as it is diversified by visits of Friends quiet as himself, or by his own visits to the regular meetings of the district in which he resides, or, by what in fact is the great event of the society, the annual gathering in London, which Joseph Lamb has attended with but two distant intermissions for the last seven-and-twenty years.



Joseph Lamb, of course, pays neither tithes nor church-rates; he suffers his goods to be taken, for conscience sake; yet he and the clergyman are on excellent terms, exchange presents of fruit and early vegetables, and occasionally exchange visits also. But by the same rule so is he friendly with the dissenting ministers of the place; and on extraordinary occasions, such as great missionary or bible meetings, two or three of his beds are at the service of Baptist, Methodist, or Unitarian ministers. He subscribes largely to all the benevolent institutions of his neighbourhood, and has put several widows' sons and orphan children to school, and afterwards established them in life. Such is Joseph Lamb. Let us now turn to his wife.

She likewise sits in the parlour, at a little table which occupies a light but warm place near a window, and there the whole day through she appears to sit at her work. Strange is it that our Friend seems never to have done hemming those everlasting strips of beautiful book-muslin, and yet we know that she makes up the caps of which these are the plain borders, and that she makes shirts, and sheets, and petticoats, and aprons, and hems handkerchiefs, and even knits stockings; but so it is, go in whenever you may, Esther Lamb is hemming a strip of book-muslin. Her work is done with wonderful exactness; the accurate arrangement of warp and woof in the material she sews is not greater than the accuracy with which she puts in her stitches. The very towels she hems are done by the thread; and so habitual is her precision of mind and action, that whatever she does is done by rule; for it is a proverb with her, and a guide of action also, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

She is in age about sixty, and looks perhaps as much; but she is a fine woman of those years; she is one who will grow old with dignity. She wears no false hair; her own brown locks, thickly strewn with grey, are closely braided on her calm forehead, under that snowy but most transparent and unsoiled small cap which seems as if it never could lose its form, even when worn under her close bonnet. The wrinkles on her face are almost imperceptible, and yet they are there; but in the absence of frowns, and the ravages of agitating and conflicting passions, have left the face, even in age, placid and smooth almost as that of a child. She seems as if in youth she must have been handsome, but she was not so; the comeliness of her age is the result of the quiet tenor of a life spent in the indulgence of the affections, and with the absence of anxieties.

Like her husband's, her impulses are benevolent; she gives freely where money is needed; and where good counsel and even personal exertion is required, she gives that too. She remembers Margaret Lamb, that mother in Israel, and, like her, she desires to weary not in well doing; but then she has neither the natural energy of her mother-in-law, nor does she believe herself called upon for such active duties. Esther is the wife of a rich

man, with her whole family grown up about her; Margaret was a widow with seven sons, six of whom died as they reached manhood. She was a woman of many sorrows, but the lines have fallen to her daughter-in-law in pleasant places.

The dress of our Friend, like that of her husband, is very uniform: that spotless cap, and a handkerchief equally so, crossed over her bosom in the exactest folds, over which she wears a dove-coloured silk handkerchief, not large enough to be called a shawl, and yet of sufficient size to reach the elbows, pinned on either side. She wears neither gold pin nor brooch, but the snowy handkerchief is confined at the throat by the very daintiest pin of the commonest kind. Our Friend is very particular in the choice of her pins, unimportant as this may appear; but the dress of a Female Friend, with all its minute proprieties, depends much upon small details. Hence it is almost impossible for a person not regularly trained and educated, as one may say, to the Friend's dress, ever to assume it properly; some little point is overlooked on which the whole depends; or something is added, a mere nothing in itself, which mars the whole.

Esther Lamb never wears border, however neat, nor fringe, however narrow, upon her "over-hankerchief," which is invariably hemmed about half an inch broad. Her gown may be of a twilled silk, but never shot nor figured; it may be soft rich lutestring, or Irish poplin, but a print of any kind is quite inadmissible for the well-to-do elderly Friend. She is no purchaser of cheap bargains, is no wearer of damaged or contraband goods; she gives the highest price, and in return requires the very best material. She is rather fond of shopping, but deals invariably at one place, and expects to be always served by the principal himself. She is in no hurry in making her choice, and yet is not whimsical either; but she will deliberate a long time between three shades of brown, and two London-smokers will keep her undecided for ten minutes. In return for any little trouble she may give the trader, she always pays ready money, and never asks for any abatement.

She wears long tight sleeves: her mother-in-law wore short ones, at least with cuffs at the elbows, and an inner cambric sleeve and drab silk mits; but Esther Lamb has adopted the more modern, and now almost universal, custom of the long sleeve. She may occasionally be seen in a cambric apron, but not often; and her daughters, it is suspected, do not approve of so antiquated a mode. Her gowns are ample in their width, touching the ground behind, so that in walking she holds them up, and, in doing so, exhibits a skirt of the same colour and material as the gown. In summer she wears drab crape or white spun-silk shawls, very large, rich and soft, and without pattern, border or fringe, and hemmed from an inch to an inch and a half in depth, according to the size of the shawl. In winter she wears one of Thibet wool, and in addition to this, a dark-brown French merino cloak, lined through

with rich silk of the same colour. Silk cloaks she by no means affects—neither may she be seen with muff nor bôa; a chinchilla ruff, however, round her neck, she does occasionally wear; but the Friends may not, by any means, be considered patrons of the fur-trade. Her bonnet in winter and summer is always the same—the Friend's peculiar shape—plain, straight, with a small plaited crown, and made in London by an approved bonnet *artiste*; its colour is black, and its material lutestring; mode is also approved by the elder sisterhood, but satin never—at least not of late years. Esther Lamb is seldom to be seen out of doors either in winter or summer without an umbrella, and this, like everything else, is peculiar—of a remarkably nice make, covered brown, with a brown cane stick and pearl handle, on which is a small silver shield, neatly engraved with her name at full. Such is our matronly Friend; to be found generally at home, and sitting, as we have said, at work before her small table.

She is a great reader of devotional works published in a manual form. She keeps Penn's Maxims in her work-basket; carries with her a pocket edition of Thomas-a-Kempis, and reads frequently from a book of texts, compiled by a minister of the Church of England, as devotional exercises for every day in the year. She never meddles with politics, though she takes a general interest in all questions by which society may be benefited. Great as is her personal advantage in these palmy days of Quakerism, she often doubts whether the society of which she is a member can now produce as burning and shining lights as in the dark days of its persecution, and therefore she repines not at the spoiling of her husband's goods for conscience sake, as thereby "she hopes we may be kept humble, and reminded of our privileges." She sometimes questions if it be not good for us to have "testimonies" to bear, that we may shew our faithfulness by suffering; and it is doubtful, taking this view of the subject, whether Esther Lamb would quite approve of the abolition of church rates and tithes by act of parliament.

But of the daughters of the house we have yet said nothing, and we must not by any means pass them over. They are both turned twenty; are both about middle size; the elder, perhaps, rather the taller, and two degrees stouter than her younger sister. Deborah, the elder, has a decided cast of countenance, indicating a clear head, strong good sense, and great firmness of character. Like most thorough-bred Friends, she has a calm self-possessed demeanour, and with an entire integrity of purpose she goes straight at once to the point without circumlocution or manœuvre; her integrity of spirit amounts almost to severity, yet all is tempered by the truest and tenderest of female hearts. Deborah is a fine character, and in many respects resembles her grandmother. She takes an active part in all the affairs of the family, and possesses, in a high degree, the esteem of every member of it, and frees her mother entirely from all domestic

care. Susanna has a touch of the sentimental in her composition; is glad to be released from household duties; busies herself in the garden, cultivates flowers, has charge of the conservatory; draws, and well too; does a good deal of worsted-work; and is, withal, much addicted to reading poetry. But our young Friends' exterior must be described. It is strange, that, though the Friends, of all people, profess to be most conscientiously regardless of dress, and the fashions thereof, it is dress which distinguishes them from every other body of Christians, as well as from every other class of society. At first glance, the Friend, old or young, may be known anywhere, and that by his dress. The very circumstance which they profess to make of least moment, is in its studied peculiarity their very badge of distinction. On the old, it has a certain well-to-do respectable look; it is worn as if it felt that the world's esteem was with it; it ensures respect, for it is generally the sign of wealth. On the young, it has an elegant chaste look; it is interesting, for there is a certain degree of mystery and exclusiveness about a young lady Friend. You do not meet her at places of public amusement; those meek eyes of hers never encountered yours in the next box at the theatre; you never listened with her at the same opera to the witcheries of Pasta or Grisi; you never met her at a gay party; you never waltzed with her; you never were with her on a pic-nic or a water excursion. She might live in the moon for any chance you have of becoming acquainted with her. She is completely walled in, hedged about; is enclosed as it were within the grates of a convent; and all, as it seems, by that peculiar dress of hers.

Our Deborah and Susanna in childhood were dressed precisely alike by their mother; and now they dress alike from sisterly affection. In person they are both fair, and extremely well-looking, without any pretension to beauty, but they have eminently that amiable gentle expression peculiar to the sisterhood. Their general dress is light silk, dove-coloured, silver-grey, or delicate fawn; sometimes it may be of lutestring, sometimes satin-ture, levantine, or whatever name Fashion may for the season give to her richest and best silks. Occasionally, however, they vary their colours, and will appear in brown, black, very deep mulberry, or dead purple; and in winter they wear French merinos of similar colours. Sometimes they will wear dresses made to the throat, with a clear muslin collar—but not an embroidered one—but more frequently they wear them made moderately low, with the neck covered by the thin muslin handkerchief in the style of their mother, excepting that the handkerchief is many degrees thinner, and also that no over-handkerchief is worn with it; they indulge themselves also beyond their mother's liberty, by using a small gold pin with a diamond head—the very smallest diamond-headed pin that may be made. Although the young Friend is not permitted to vary her garb with every varying phase of fashion, yet, to a certain degree, the style becomes modified by the

prevailing mode. Thus, our Deborah and Susanna have worn sleeves less tight than their mother, and their bonnets have had crowns higher or lower, fronts larger or smaller, as the mode dictated. Hence a young Friend is seldom an advocate for more than two new bonnets at once, whereas a senior may order four, without fear of their becoming *passé*, for she is a rule to herself.

As we remarked before, the proprieties of the Friend's dress depend very much upon small details; hence it is that Deborah and Susanna may never be seen with soiled or unseamed gloves, or in gloves of a low price, or which fit ill. They use the very best that money can purchase, and to appearance they are always new, fitted to the hand, and confined at the wrist in the most approved style. By the same rule does equal exactness extend to bonnet-strings, state of shoes, frill or collar; for our Friend knows that any breach in these minor points would mar the propriety of the whole.

To see our young Friends of the Mount walk the streets, or to encounter them at an exhibition, or at one of those few public places which the Friends will patronize, it might be supposed that, with that quiet sedate air of theirs, they took small notice of the moil of this world, and the fashions thereof; but, ten to one, all this while they are making shrewd observations on all that surrounds them, and that very evening they will amuse the old people with many a graphic recital, in which shall be mixed much easy and piquant wit and humour. They are clever girls, though what the world would call woefully deficient in accomplishments; for instance, they neither dance, sing, nor play. But what of that?—they will make good wives and good mothers nevertheless. And, by-the-bye, how is it that neither of them is yet married? That is easily accounted for. The young Friend never marries early; that is, she never marries under twenty; and our Deborah has been engaged to one of her own people for these six months. Before this time next year she will be married, and her sister, who will be her bride's-maid, and accompany her to her new house, will have woovers in plenty, especially seeing that she is of a good stock, is comely in person, and will have a good fortune—for even among the self-denying Friends, a good fortune is a thing of no small consideration.

Being now on the subject of marriage, it is but right to state that Joseph Lamb the younger is about taking a wife also. Were we to look towards the Mount ~~three months~~ hence, we should see the bride, otherwise Maria Lamb, a sweet, fair, and gentle creature, attended by her two sisters-in-law, and dressed two degrees gayer than they, in white muslin and cambric, white crape shawl and bonnet, and with delicate silk-stockinged and sandalled feet, and with her white silk bag in her hand containing her work as well as her lily-white handkerchief, walking all three, arm in arm, about five o'clock of an afternoon, somewhere between the town and the Mount. They have been to

bring up the young wife to take tea with them in a social way, for they have adopted her at once as one of themselves, and she feels as much at home there as in her own father's house. Towards seven o'clock, also, when the bustle of the day is over, Joseph junior may also be seen on the same road, his errand being to take his coffee with them, or to sup, and escort his wife home in the evening.

Such is the family of the Lambs.

*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

## ANECDOTES OF INTEGRITY.

HONESTY IN HUMBLE LIFE.—At a fair in the town of Keith, in the north of Scotland, in the year 1767, a merchant having lost his pocket book, which contained about 100*l.* sterling, advertised it next day, offering a reward of 20*l.* to the finder. It was immediately brought to him by a countryman, who desired him to examine it; the owner finding it was in the same state as when he lost it, paid down the reward; but the man declined accepting it, alleging that it was too much; he then offered him 13*l.* then 10*l.* then 5*l.* all of which he successively refused. Being at last desired to make his own demand, he asked only five shillings to drink his health, which was most thankfully given him.

An instance of conduct extremely similar occurred at Plymouth, at the end of the late war. A British seaman, who returned from France, received 65*l.* for his pay. In proceeding to the tap-house in Plymouth dock-yard, with his money inclosed in a bundle, he dropped it, without immediately discovering his loss. When he missed it, he sallied forth in search of it; after some inquiries, he fortunately met J. Prout, a labourer in the yard, who had found the bundle, and gladly returned it.—Jack, no less generous than the other was honest, instantly proposed to Prout, to accept half, then 20*l.* both of which he magnanimously refused. Ten pounds, next five, were tendered, but with a similar result. At length Jack, determined that his benefactor should have some token of his gratitude, forced a 2*l.* note into Prout's pocket.

Traits of character like these, would reflect honour on any class of society.

THE LOST HALF-GUINEA.—A gentleman passing through the streets of Newcastle, about twenty years ago, was called in by a shop-keeper, who acknowledged himself indebted to him to the amount of a guinea. The gentleman, much astonished, inquired how that was, as he had no recollection of the circumstance. The shop-keeper replied that, about twenty years before, <sup>as the</sup> gentleman's wife was crossing the river Tyne in a boat which he was in, she accidentally dropt half a guinea, as she took out her money to pay the fare. The shop-keeper, who had a family at home literally starving, snatched up the half guinea. He had since been prosperous in the world, and now seized the first opportunity since his good fortune of paying the money, with interest.

**MAGNANIMOUS LEGATEE.**—About the year 1772, a grocer of the name of Higgins died, and left a considerable sum to a gentleman in London, saying to him at the time that he made his will, "I do not know that I have any relations, but should you ever by accident here of such, give them some relief." The gentleman, though left in full and undisputed possession of a large fortune, on which no person could have any legal claim, advertised for the next of kin to the deceased, and after some months were spent in inquiries, he at length discovered a few distant relatives. He called them together to dine with him, and after distributing the whole of the money according to the different degrees of consanguinity, paid the expenses of advertising out of his own pocket.

**BRITISH ADMIRAL'S ESTATE.**—When Admiral Haddock was dying, he called his son, and thus addressed him: "Considering my rank in life, and public service for so many years, I shall leave you but a small fortune; but, my boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well; there are no seamen's wages or provisions, nor one single penny of dirty money in it."

**WILLIAM PENN AND THE INDIANS.**—Voltaire says, that the treaty which William Penn made with the Indians in America, is the only treaty between those people and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and was never infringed. Mr. Penn endeavoured to settle his new colony upon the most equitable principles, and took great pains to conciliate the good will of the natives. He appointed commissioners to treat with them, and purchased from them the land of the province, acknowledging them to be the original proprietors. As the land was of little value to the natives, he obtained his purchase at a moderate rate; but by his equitable conduct he gave them so high an opinion of him, and, by his kind and equitable behaviour so ingratiated himself in their favour, that the American Indians have ever expressed a great veneration for his memory, and styled the Governor of Pennsylvania *onas*, which in their language signifies a pen. At the renewal of the treaties with Sir William Keith, the governor in 1722, the Indians, as the highest compliment they could pay him, said, "We esteem and love you as if you were William Penn himself."

The integrity of the Indians has been no less remarkable; while they have often attempted reprisals on land that had been wrested from them, they have always respected such as has been purchased from their ancestors.

**RAISING THE PRICE OF BREAD.**—Some years ago the bakers of Lyons thought that they could prevail on M. Dugas, the Prevost of the merchants in that city, to befriend them at the expense of the public. They waited upon him in a body, and begged leave to raise the price of bread, which could not be done without the sanction of the chief magistrate. M. Dugas told them that he would examine their petition, and give them an early answer. The bakers retired, having first left upon the table a purse of two hundred louisdr's.

In a few days the bakers called upon the magistrate for an answer, not in the least doubting but that the money had very effectually pleaded their cause.—"Gentlemen," said M. Dugas, "I have weighed your reasons in the balance of justice and find them light. I do not think that the people ought to suffer under a pretence of the dearness of corn, which I know to be unfounded; and as to the purse of money that you left with me, I am sure that I have made such a generous and noble use of it as you yourselves intended; I have distributed it among the poor objects of charity in our two hospitals. As you are opulent enough to make such large donations, I cannot possibly think that you can incur any loss in your business; and I shall, therefore, continue the price of bread as it was before I received your petition."

**REWARD FOR OVER-POLITENESS.**—A gentleman, who lodged in New Bond-street, being confined by illness a long time, his servant was daily accosted by a man whose sole business was a constant inquiry after his master's health: when the gentleman was recovering, his servant acquainted him of the stranger's civility; curiosity induced him then to discover who he was, when lo! he turned out to be an undertaker. It was then agreed between the master and servant, to make him a proper acknowledgment for his politeness. The servant was accordingly instructed to say his master was dying, and in a few days after, that he was dead. The instructions were obeyed, the undertaker paid his devoirs to the servant, with a present of two guineas on being informed he was to have the job. He was next introduced to take the measure of the corpse, to which he was proceeding with a face as hypocritical as Judas Iscariot's, when suddenly the dead alive jumped up, gave him a hearty horsewhipping, and kicked him down stairs.

A silly young fellow, who by the death of a rich relative, had just slipped into a good fortune, called a coach from a stand, in London, and, throwing himself all along upon the seat, told the coachman to drive him *home*. "Home, Sir!" exclaimed the astonished driver "where is that your honour pleases to call *home*?" "Bless me, coachee, (replied the thing, with apparent surprise) I thought I was directing John, my own coachman: it is so seldom I ride in a hack." A desire to display a consequence before a low bred man, who can neither know nor care any thing about you, indicates not only a mind of very narrow dimensions, but a vanity of insufferable extent.

**NEW SOUTH WALES.**—A coach and four horses might be driven through the most parts of this open country without any fear of obstacles; indeed the character of the scenery is so identically similar to the admired parks of England, that had a barouche and four, with outriders, been driven past, there would have been nothing incongruous, or even remarkable in it, so exactly suited is the country for the equipage and the equipage for the country.—*Rambler in New South Wales.*

## THE BOON OF MEMORY.

I go, I go!—and must mine image fade  
From the green spot wherein my childhood play'd.  
By my own streams?  
Must my life part from each familiar place,  
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace  
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget  
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met  
In grief or glee?  
All the sweet counsel, the communion high,  
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,  
Pour'd full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,  
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live  
For evermore!

Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,  
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,  
A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,  
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,  
Set deep that thought!

And let the sunset's melancholy glow,  
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,  
With me be fraught!

And Memory answered me:—"Wild wish, and vain!  
I have no hues the loveliest to detain  
In the heart's core.

The place they held in bosoms all their own,  
Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers o'ergrown,  
Is theirs no more!"

Hast thou such power, O Love?—And Love replied,  
"It is not mine! Pour out thy soul's full tide  
Of hope and trust,  
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—  
'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,  
Wild words on dust!"

Song, is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay,  
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away  
From the still breast;

Filled with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,  
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name,  
Where it would rest.

And Song made answer—"It is not in me,  
Though called immortal; though my gifts may be  
All but divine.

A place of lonely brightness I can give;—  
A changeless one, where thou with love wouldst live—  
This is not mine!"

Death, Death! wilt thou the restless wish fulfil?  
And Death, the strong one, spoke:—"I can but still  
Each vain regret.

What if forgotten?—All thy soul would crave,  
Thou too, within the mantle of the grave,  
Wilt soon forget."

Then did my heart in lone, faint sadness die,  
As from all Nature's voices one reply,  
But one, was given:—

"Earth has no heart, fond dreamer! with a tone,  
To send thee back the spirit of thine own—  
Seek it in Heaven."

Mrs. Hemans.

## THE QUIET EYE.

The orb I like is not the one  
That dazzles with its lightning gleam,  
That dares to look upon the sun  
As though it challenged brighter beam.  
That orb may sparkle, flash and roll;  
Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly;  
But not for me: I prize the soul  
That slumbers in a quiet eye.

There's something in its placid shade  
That tells of calm unworldly thought:  
Hope may be crown'd, or joy delay'd—  
No dimness steals, no ray is caught:  
Its pensive language seems to say,  
"I know that I must close and die;"  
And death itself, come when it may,  
Can hardly change the quiet eye.

Eliza Cook.

Love, under Friendship's vesture white,  
Laughs, his little limbs concealing;  
And oft in sport, and oft in spite,  
Like Pity meets the dazzled sight,  
Smiles through his tears revealing.  
But now as Rage the god appears!  
He frowns and tempests shake his frame—  
Frowning, or smiling, or in tears,  
'Tis Love; and Love is still the same.

Rogers.

## A CHILD'S ANSWER.

I met a child, whose golden hair  
Around her rosy face in clusters hung;  
And as she wove her king-cup chain, she sung  
Her household melodies—those strains that bear  
The heart back to Eden: surely ne'er  
A brighter vision blest my dreams. "Whose child  
Art thou," I said, "sweet girl?" In accents mild  
She answered, "Mother's." When I question'd "Where  
Her dwelling was?" Again she answered, "Home."  
"Mother" and "Home!" A blessed ignorance—  
Or rather, blessed knowledge! What advance  
Further than this shall all the years to come,  
With all their lore, effect? There are but given  
Two names of higher note, "Father" and "Heaven."

## FLOWERS.

With each expanding flower we find  
Some pleasing sentiment combined;  
Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,  
Remembrance to the violet clings,  
Peace brightens in the olive green,  
Hope from the half-closed iris springs;  
Victory from the laurel grows,  
And woman blushes in the rose.

## RECIPE TO MAKE A MODERN FOP.

Two tons of pride and impudence,  
One scruple next of modesty and sense,  
Two grains of truth; of falsehood and deceit,  
And insincerity, a hundred weight.  
Infuse into the skull of flashy wit  
And empty nonsense *quantum sufficit*  
To make the composition quite complete;  
Throw in the appearance of a grand estate,  
A lofty cane, a sword with silver hilt,  
A ring, two watches, and a snuff-box gilt;  
A gay, effeminate, embroidered vest,  
With suitable attire—*probatum est*.

## ENGLISH WOMEN.

Nothing could be more easy than to prove, in the reflected light of our literature, that from the period of our Revolution to the present time, the education of women has improved amongst us, as much, at least, as that of men. Unquestionably that advancement has been greater within this last fifty years than during any previous period of equal length; and it may even be doubted whether the modern rage of our fair countrywomen for universal acquirement has not already been carried to a height injurious to the attainment of excellence in the more important branches of literary information.

But in every age since that of Charles II., Englishwomen have been better educated than their mothers. For much of this we are indebted to Addison. Since the Spectator set the example, a great part of our lighter literature, unlike that of the preceding age, has been addressed to the sex in common; whatever language could shock the ear of woman, whatever sentiment could sully her purity of thought, has been gradually expunged from the far greater and better portion of our works of imagination and taste; and it is this growing refinement and delicacy of expression, throughout the last century, which prove, as much as any thing, the increasing number of female readers, and the increasing homage which has been paid to the better feelings of their sex.

## STEPHEN KEMBLE.

When Stephen walks the streets, the paviers cry—  
“God bless you, sir,” and lay their rammers by.

It was said of Mr. Stephen Kemble, that he was *constitutionally great*. It will be within the recollection of our readers, that his size was so immense, that he always played Falstaff without stuffing; and quantity and quality considered, was respectable as a man and an actor.

On one of his visits to London he was engaged to play three nights at Drury Lane. Stephen was always afraid of the sarcasm of Fawcett, the unrivalled Falstaff of the other house, and he was told that Fawcett meant to witness his performance on the first night, in company with John Bannister. Stephen whispered thus to the latter—“John, I understand Fawcett comes to the house to-night, to quiz my Falstaff; now I know, John, you are my friend—don't let him run his riggs upon me; I know you'll defend me.” “My dear fellow,” replied Bannister, “that I will, you may rely on me.” The next morning Kemble eagerly sought him; “Well, John, what said Fawcett?” “Why he was very quiet till the play was over.” “Well, what then?”—“Why then he said—'drabbit it, I must not tell you.'” “Nonsense, nonsense man—what was it?”—“I know you defended me.”—“He said,” replied John, “that you were *not fit to carry g-ts to a bear!*” “Well, but you contradicted it, didn't you?” “O yes, directly—I said you were!”

Mr. Stephen Kemble having engaged Miss Fanny Booth for a few nights at one of his theatres in the north, advertised her in very prominent characters the first night, for a dance of Parisot's. The house was unusually full; and the last coach came in, but no Miss Booth. The audience becoming boisterous. Stephen came forward, and addressed them thus—“Ladies and Gentlemen, I regret to inform you, that some unforeseen accident has prevented the lady from making her appearance; but, in order that you should not be disappointed, you shall have a dance. I do not know the shawl dance myself but I will do my endeavours at a hornpipe.” And to the no small astonishment of the audience, he danced a hornpipe.

Stephen used to say that he was sufficient ballast for a collier. One day a gentleman at Newcastle, wishing to get to London, advertised for a post-chaise companion. He received a note, informing him that a gentleman, who also wished to go, would call upon him in the evening. At the appointed time Stephen made his appearance, and declared himself to be the person who wished to accompany him. “You accompany me!” exclaimed the advertiser, “what the devil do you mean!—*Do you think I am going by the waggon!*”

Mr. Kemble was one morning in the travellers' room of an inn, in Newcastle, sitting upon three chairs as usual, occupying an entire corner of the room, and reading the newspaper, when a commercial traveller from Leeds (called in ridicule by his familiars, the polite Yorkshireman) came in, and looking at Stephen said—“Be you ganging to tak brickfast, sur?”—“Yes, sir.” “A' should be happy to join you.”—“With great pleasure, sir.” “Dang it!” returned the Yorkshireman, “I think a's seed you before.”—“Perhaps you have.”—“Ah? a' paid a' shillin to see you.”—“Ha! ha! ha! perhaps you might sir,” (fancying he had been at the gallery in the theatre). “Ah! a' know'd it war you; it was at Lester.”—“No, sir, you mistake—I never was at Leicester.” “Nay, dang it but you war!—I seed you in a wild-beast cart like.”—“Wild-beast cart!” retorted Stephen. “Aye, man—*Why your't great big Lambert, bean't you?*”—“D—n me, sir,” said Stephen in a passion, “do you mean to insult me?—breakfast by yourself.”

## WADLEIGH'S TRIAL FOR SLEEPING IN MEETING.

*Justice Winslow.*—What do you know about Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting?

*Witness.*—I know all about it; 'taint no secret, I guess.

*Just.*—Then tell us all about it; that's just what we want to know.

*Wit.*—(Scratching his head).—Well, the long and the short of it is, John Wadleigh is a hard working man; that is, he works mighty hard doing nothing; and that's the hardest work there is done. It will make a feller sleep quicker than poppy-leaves. So it stands to reason that Wadleigh would nat'rally be a very sleepy sort of person. Well, the weather is sometimes nat'rally considerable warm, and

Parson Moody's sermons is sometimes rather heavy-like; and—

*Just.*—Stop, stop! No reflections upon Parson Moody; that's not what you were called here for.

*Wit.*—I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting; and it's my opinion, especially in warm weather, that sermons that are heavy-like, and two hours long, nat'rally have a tendency—

*Just.*—Stop, stop! I say. If you repeat any of these reflections on Parson Moody again, I'll commit you to the cage for contempt of court.

*Wit.*—I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting.

*Just.*—Well, go on, and tell us all about that. You weren't called here to testify about Parson Moody.

*Wit.*—That's what I am trying to do, if you wouldn't keep putting me out. And it's my opinion, in warm weather, folks is considerably apt to sleep in meeting; especially when the sermon—I mean especially when they get pretty tired. I know I find it pretty hard work to get by seventhly and eighthly in the sermon myself; but if I once get by there, I generally get into a kind of a waking train again, and make out to weather it. But it isn't so with Wadleigh; I've generally noticed that if he begins to gape at the seventhly and eighthly, it's a gone goose with him before he gets through tenthly, and he has to look out for another prop for his head somewhere, for his neck isn't stiff enough to hold it up. Then from tenthly up to sixteenthly he's as dead as a door, till the "amen" brings the people up to prayers, and Wadleigh comes up with a jerk, just like opening a jack knife.

**BEGGARS.**—In the earlier periods of their history, both in England and Scotland, beggars were generally of such a description as to entitle them to the epithet of *sturdy*; accordingly they appear to have been regarded often as impostors and always as nuisances and pests. "Sornares," so violently denounced in those acts, were what are here called "masterful beggars," who, when they could not obtain what they asked for by fair means, seldom hesitated to take it by violence. The term is said to be Gaelic, and to import a soldier. The life of such a beggar is well described in the "Belman of London," printed in 1608.—"The life of a beggar is the life of a souldier. He suffers hunger and cold in winter, and heat and thirst in summer; he goes lewsie; he goes lame; he is not regarded; he is not rewarded; here only shines his glorie. The whole kingdom is but his walk; a whole cittie is but his parish. In every man's kitchen is his meat dressed; in every man's sellar lyes his beere; and the best men's purses keep a penny for him to spend."

**PARR'S PUNNING.**—Of all the species of wit, punning was one which Dr. Parr disliked, and in which he seldom indulged; and yet some

instances of it have been related. Reaching a book from a high shelf in his library, two other books came tumbling down; of which one, a critical work of Lambert Bos, fell upon the other, which was a volume of Hume. "See!" said he, "what has happened—*procumbit humi bos.*" On another occasion, sitting in his room, suffering under the effects of a slight cold, when too strong a current was let in upon him, he cried out, "Stop, stop, that is too much. I am at present only *par levibus ventis.*" At another time, a gentleman having asked him to subscribe to Dr. Busby's translation of Lucretius, he declined to do so, saying it would cost too much money; it would indeed be Lucreti, a *carus.*—*Field's Memoirs.*

**MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—In Russia, mechanics, according to an enactment to that purpose, are obliged, on the expiration of their apprenticeship, to wander or travel from town to town three years before they can set up in business for themselves; each carries a book, in which his route is noted down, and serves as a kind of passport. Should they meet with no employment, they shift their ground, and the magistrate furnishes them with subsistence-money, which enables them thus to proceed to another quarter.—*Wilson's Travels.*

**WHITE TEETH.**—The famous Saunderson, although completely blind, and who occupied in so distinguished a manner, the chair of mathematics in the University of Cambridge, being one day in a large company, remarked of a lady who had left the room, but whom he had never before met, nor even heard of, that she had very white teeth. The company were extremely anxious to learn how he had discovered this, for it happened to be true. "I have no reason," said the Professor, "to believe that the lady is a fool, and I can think of no other motive for her laughing incessantly, as she did for a whole hour together."

**A RARE PATRIMONY.**—A young man of Nuremberg (says the journal of that city), who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend he asked him if he had any property at all. No, replied he. Well, said the lawyer, would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if he should give you 20,000 dollars for it? (what an idea!) Not for all the world! 'Tis well, replied the lawyer, I had a reason for asking. The next time he saw the girl's father he said, I have inquired about this young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused, 20,000 dollars for. This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

**COURAGE AND INTEGRITY.**—A Caleo, who had been some time tutor to Tham, King of China, ingratiated himself into the favour of that monarch by acting the part of a flatterer, telling the King what he knew would please him, and omitting what was fit for him to know, which generally offended the Chinese. One of the captains took the courage to go to the King, and kneeling before him, the King demanded "what he would have?" "Leave," said the captain, "to cut off the head of a flattering courtier who abuses you." "And who is that man?" said the King. "The Caleo who stands before you," said the captain. "What," said the King, in a great passion, "wouldst thou cut off my master's head in my sight too? Take him from my presence, and chop off his head immediately." The officers laying hold of him, in order to execute the King's command, he laid hold of a wooden balaster, which, with their pulling, and his holding fast, broke asunder; and the King's anger by that time being abated, he commanded they should let the captain alone, and that the balaster should be mended, and not a new one put in its place, "that it might remain to perpetuity as a memorial that one of his subjects had the courage and fidelity (with the hazard of his life) to advise the King what he ought to do for his own and the people's safety."

**A GOOD WIFE.**—There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time and regularity. She should not be like a town clock—speak so loud that all the town may hear her. She should be like a snail—prudent and keep within her own house. She should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—speak when spoken to. She should not be like an echo—determined always to have the last word.

**ALLITERATIVE LOVE LETTER.**—Adored and angelic Amelia. Accept an ardent and artless amouirist's affections, alleviate an anguished admirer's alarms, and answer an amorous applicant's avowed ardour. Ah Amelia! all appears an awful aspect! Ambition, avarice, and arrogance, alas! are attractive allurements, and abase an ardent attachment. Appease an aching and affectionate adorer's alarms, and amon acknowledge affianced Albert's alliance as agreeable and acceptable.—Anxiously awaiting an affectionate and affirmative answer, accept an ardent admirer's aching adieu. Always angelic and adorable Amelia's admiring and affectionate amouirist, ALBERT.

**CHOCOLATE.**—Chocolate called in the Mexican language, chocolate, was first made in Mexico. Both the name, the tools, and the proceeding in preparing it, have been borrowed by the Europeans from the Mexicans. Vanilla and honey were added to cacao, in order to render that beverage more wholesome and agreeable. The use of wax and tallow candles was unknown to the Mexicans: they burned wooden flambeaux, and kindled fires by rubbing pieces of wood against each other.

**FATHER PETERS,** the Jesuit, calculated that in 260 years four men might have 268,719,000,000 of pescendants. Enough to people many such worlds as ours. Sir W. Blackstone shows, that in twenty generations every man has actually 1,048,576 ancestors. Thus, the provisions of nature are made against every contingency. In the animal world 342,144 eggs have been found in a carp only 18 inches long; and 600,000 have been reckoned in the roe of a salmon.—*Weekly Rev.*

The following is said to be the origin of nine tailors making one man:—A poor beggar stopped near a tailor's shop, where nine men were at work, and craved charity; each contributed his mite, and presented the beggar with the total. The beggar went upon his knees, thanking them for the sum, and said they had made a man of him.

**ORIGIN OF THE PAWNBROKERS' THREE BALLS.**—The three golden balls suspended from the doors or windows of pawnbrokers, have been humourously enough described by the vulgar, as meaning it was two chances to one that the things pledged should never be redeemed; but in fact, they are the arms of the Lombard merchants, who gave the name to the street in which they dwelt, and who were the first to publicly lend money on chattel securities.

**JUDGES OF MUSIC.**—A Scotch bagpiper travelling into Ireland opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner; he had no sooner said grace than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provision was all gone; at length he took up his bagpipes, and began to play; at which the wolves ran away. "The Deel faw me," said Sawney, "An I had kenn'd ye loved music so well, ye should have had it before dinner."

**A PUN.**—A Hampstead coachman, who drove two miserable hacks, styled his vehicle the Regulator. A brother whip called out the other day, while passing him, "I say, Tom, don't you call your coach the Regulator?" "Yes, I do," replied the other. "Ay, and a devilish proper name it is," resumed Jehu. "Why so?" "Why, because all the other coaches go by it."

**GUINEAS.**—Guineas were first introduced in the reign of Charles II.; other denominations of gold coin had long before been current, but those pieces, the more distinctly to mark them as a new description of money, and in compliment to Sir Robert Holmes, received this appellation, from their having been made of the gold dust brought from the coast of Guinea, by that commander.

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