THE NEW WORLD.

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☞ We take great pleasure in presenting our readers this week with many verses of beautiful poetry, written for the New World. It has always been our rule never to publish an original piece, which, on account of its intrinsic merit, would not be worthy of being selected by us from other journals. We think that the reader will agree with us in the opinion that effusions like the following would do honor to any poet, however great his celebrity.

LINES.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

Underneath this marble cold,
Lies a fair girl turned to mould;
One whose life was like a star,
Without toil or rest to mar
Its divinest harmony,
Its god-given serenity.
One, whose form of youthful grace,
One, whose eloquence of face,
Matched the rarest gem of thought,
By the antique sculptors wrought:
Yet her outward charms were less
Than her winning gentleness—
Her maiden purity of heart,
Which, without the aid of art,
Did in coldest hearts inspire
Love, that was not all desire.

Spirit forms with starry eyes,
That seem to come from Paradise,
Being of ethereal birth,
Near us glide sometimes on earth,
Like glimm'ring moonbeams dimly seen
Glancing down through alleys green;—
Of such was she who lies beneath
This silent effigy of grief.

Wo is me! when I recall
One sweet word by her let fall—
One sweet word but half express'd—
Downcast eyes told all the rest,
To think beneath this marble cold,
Lies that fair girl turned to mould.

STELLA MEMORIÆ.

To walk abroad at even-tide,
Hath ever brought delight to me,
Along some quiet mountain side,
Or by the moon-lit sea.
To hear the sound of distant bells
Come floating on the breath of even,
And mark the earliest star which tells
That guardian spirits watch in heaven.
To dream beneath a tranquil sky
Of what this lovely world would be,
Should all unhallowed passions fly,
And Peace and Love roam wild and free—
To know that in this world of ours,
Though deeply marred with vice and wo,
Though thorns lie hid among its flowers,
And dark life's turgid waters flow—
Souls pure as of celestial birth,
To bless us still are left behind,
And forms to grace them walk the earth,
"Fair as the first of woman-kind."

O, once while thus all nature smiled,
And Hope her brightest visions wove,
So fair the scene, 't would have beguiled
Angelic beings from above:
I would have met a spirit there,
Nor wondered that it roamed from heaven
To look upon a scene so fair
As that soft hour to earth had given.
Yet, Lady! when I gazed on thee,
Though rapt in such divine delight,
I started from my reverie
To find developed to my sight,
Incarnate loveliness arrayed
In charms my fancy ne'er portrayed:
So fair thy form, thy robe of white
Around thee seemed a veil of light.
Fair was thy form, but oh thine eyes
Seemed lights whose birth-place was the skies;
Thy voice, its sound I never knew,
But if, what poets deem be true,
That there is music in the spheres
Unheard save by immortal ears,
Thy lips gave utterance to a tone
Sweet and harmonious as their own.
The Hebrew sage an altar raised
Upon the place where he had slept,
When Heaven upon his slumbers gazed,
And angels o'er him vigil kept—
Even so, through long and weary years,
Back to that spot my soul returns,
And through their darkness and their tears,
With all its former fervor burns
Towards affection's earliest shrine,
Now distant, but not less divine.

B.

TO A FRIEND,

ON BEING ASKED FOR SOME VERSES.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

Methought the "Soul of Song" had made
Within my heart her sepulchre;
For all her golden dreams had fled—
I could not win a note from her.
But when for *thee*, thou bid'st her sing,
That spell dissolves her icy chain;
She slowly plumes her drooping wing,
And strikes her shattered chords again.
For more than lifeless would she be,
If thou should'st bid her wake in vain,
And lost her chords, if still for thee
She could not wake one living strain.
For thee, whose love hath made me bless
The gloom thy gentle kindness lit,
And welcome even the bitterness
That gave me thee to sweeten it.
For thee! who, when despairing long,
I said "the world has naught for me,"
Did'st bid the tones die on my tongue,
And change the words to "only thee."
But see! her wings refuse to fly,
Her notes are harsh from silence long;
Alas! thy gentle sorcery
Hath summoned but the ghost of song.
She hovers o'er her living tomb,
She seeks once more her grave and chain,
As spectres haunt the midnight gloom,
Oh, dearest! wake her not again.
If o'er the windsharp's gentle strings
The threatening tempest wildly flies,
It makes not sweeter murmurings—
The chords are rent, the music dies.
Thus is my harp, thus is my song,
It was in vain the sweetness fled,
For storms have swept the chords so long,
The music of my soul is dead.

Providence, R. I.

ANACREONTIC.

Upbraid me not, capricious fair,
With drinking to excess,
I should not want to drown despair
Were your indifference less;
Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
When this excess is gone,
That all my bliss, when Cloe's kind,
Is fixed on her alone.
The god of wine the victory
To Beauty yields with joy,
For Bacchus only drinks like me
When Ariadne 's coy.

JOHN THINGEMBOB.

SONNETS.

BY JULIUS DODD.

INTRODUCTION.

I love to sit beside my window-seat,
Far from the city's noise, its dust and heat,
And while away the long-drawn summer hours
Reading, on nature's page, of birds and flowers,
And when I find a passage that is new,
Or old one with a quaint, familiar look,
I note it down within my little book,
And lay it up to read some time to you.
It may be merry, like the laughing rill
Leaping with rustling tread adown the hill;
Or sad perhaps; for clouds will veil the skies,
Shutting the warm, bright beams from earth awhile,
And rain-drops fall like tears from weeping eyes,
But they shall pass away, and all things smile.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

A little bird, in spring-time, built his nest
In the low branches of a lilac tree
That grows beside the house, and I could see
Him home returning to his nightly rest,
When the last light of day began to fade,
And eve came slowly down in car of shade.
Still his lone dwelling-place hangs there, but rent
And torn, like some deserted tenement,
Whose owner has departed far from home,
Or rests within the dark and silent tomb.
And as he raises not the latch all day,
So hour by hour full swiftly speeds away,
And the bird comes not to his nest at morn,
Noon-time, or night—where hath the truant gone?

THE PASSING BELL.

Hark! the bell tolleth; and its mournful chime,
Sweeping so slowly through the slumbering air,
Telleth that weeping mourners onward bear
Some loved and lost one to that lonely clime,
Where clouds in thick and sable folds o'erhang,
Nor sounds of peace are heard, nor war's dread clang.
Perchance some maiden fair, like bird of song
Borne by rude hand far from its native nest,
Stern Death has torn from that fond mother's breast
Who follows her with tearful eyes along,
E'en as the parent-bird doth flutter round
The spoiler's path, with low and plaintive sound;
And seem to say, "If captive these *must* be,
Let my sweet offspring go, and fetter *me*."

Hartford, Conn.

SONNET—CHANNING.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

Great mental teacher of these latter days,
When Faith, and Works, and Heavenly Charity,
And, more than all, the Soul's high destiny
Are overlooked; thine is the work of praise,
A sense in man of his true worth to raise;
Making him feel and know himself to be,
An emanation from the Deity,
Though compassed by the mire of worldly ways.
Wise are thy teachings, bearing reason's test;
For man must know, ere he can prize the good,
Must fully comprehend the simple plan
By which the soul attains its highest rest;
And this great truth, so little understood,
That love to God, is love to fellow man.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

They say, through day and night, Mother,
She wanders to and fro,
With tangled hair and wasted cheek,
A monument of wo.
And those who loved her once, Mother,
Now pass her coldly by,
And shed no bitter tears to think
That she so soon must die.

Her cheek is getting pale, Mother,
And saddened is her brow;
And she who was so lovely once,
Is broken-hearted now.

They say that once her form, Mother,
Was beautiful and fair,
And that her snowy neck was veiled
By her long silky hair.

They say that her soft voice, Mother,
In quiet stillness heard,
Would melt upon the charmed heart
Like music from a bird.

Oh, she is fading fast, Mother:
Pale is her blue-veined brow;
Her cheek, that once was like the rose,
Is like the lily now.

And soon the drooping flowers, Mother,
Will o'er her slumbers wave,
And little woodland birds will sing
Above her silent grave.

A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

TO A COURSE OF LECTURES ON POPULAR

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY,

DELIVERED

At the Hall of the Stuyvesant Institute, Wednesday, Nov. 25.

BY DR. G. S. BEDFORD.

Published at the request of a Committee of Gentlemen.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

"Know thyself" were the memorable words inscribed on the Temple of Delphi, and they embody a precept more difficult and sever than any contained in the pages of the most rigid moralist. There is no topic, which can occupy the mind of man, more full of instruction, or more rich in interest than that which treats of his own wonderful mechanism, the contemplation of which, while it lays low the pride of the sceptic, and dashes in fragments the absurdities of the sophist, is eminently calculated to elevate and enoble the best feelings of our nature.

The natural history of man constitutes a subject of immense extent, and of endless variety; it embraces a field of inquiry which would demand a familiar acquaintance with nearly the entire circle of the human knowledge, and a combination of the most opposite pursuits and talents. This labor, far too great to be properly executed by any individual, is divided into several subordinate branches. The anatomist and physiologist unfold the construction aud uses of the corporeal mechanism; to the surgeon and physician is assigned the duty of describing its diseases; whilst the metaphysician and moralist concentrate their attention upon those functions, which constitute mind. Man in his social relations, his progress in the various countries and ages of the world, his multiplication and extension, are the province of the historian and political economist. The history of man is, indeed, yet in its infancy. Such has been the attention given to the description and arrangement of the various productions of the globe, and so profoundly have we explored the arcana of nature, that we have had but little time to think of ourselves. There is not a reptile, plant, or insect, nay, I had almost said, there is not a pebble to be found in our pathway, that has not had its own eloquent historian, whilst man, whose elevated nature is connected with surrounding objects by moral relations, who can pursue the concatenations of cause and effect, and embrace in his ken the system of the universe, has been comparatively neglected. True, then, is it that, whether we investigate the physical or the moral nature of man, we recognise at every step the limited extent of our knowledge, and are obliged to confess that ignorance, which a Rousseau and a Buffon have not hesitated to acknowledge—the most useful and least successfully cultivated of all human knowledge is that of man.

It is especially in reference to puhlic health that I propose to introduce to your attention the subjects of anatomy and physiology. These branches of education, when properly understood, will supply a deficiency under which you have long labored; they will instruct you as to the means of avoiding disease, and of preserving the greatest of all earthly blessings—health. The individual who enjoys a freedom from disease may be considered as possessing a boon beyond all price. Such was the value attached to this blessing by the people of antiquity, that they deified it, and the goddess Hygeia had her temples, statues aud emblems wherever the heathen mythology prevailed. Health delights in simplicity, and prefers the frugality and innocence of rural life to the luxury and dissipation of the populous city. It is, however, wonderfnlly tractable, and can adapt itself with great readiness to the various climates, habits and customs of the world. Its highest onjoyment is in regularity of habits, but yet it is patient and can endure excesses; it blooms often under the most adverse circumstances, and maintains its balance in opposition to the numerous irregularities of the gay and thoughtless; when most neglected, it frequently exhibits a triumphant resistance; it encounters with remarkable ability the burning heat of the tropics, and flourishes in the extreme cold of North. But who, among us, appreciate health? Who can feel and know its value? If we take a survey of society, constituted as it is, we shall be forced to the conclusion that health is one of the last objects on which the attention of man is fixed. Those, whose happiness it has been to have experienced a long and uninterrupted possession of it, know nothing of the delightful influences, nor can they imagine the pleasures of health. But yet, there are some few whom the decrees of heaven have made eloquent on this subject; there are those who, afflicted sorely with disease, restless and in pain, have kept their midnigh vigils, and marked the hours as they passed of the long and dreary watch, looking with anxious hope to the approach of returning day with the fervent prayer that it might bring relief to their agonizing sufferings; there are those, too, who, as they pursue their daily rounds amidst the turmoil and strife of business, are in constant dread of falling prostrate at the sudden and awful visitation of an apoplectic paroxysm, which in an instant, reduces to drivelling fatuity the proudest and highest intellect. Interrogate such persons upon the subject of health—hear the opinion that they will give, after having experienced the bitter anguish of sickness—they will tell you that it is not possible to estimate it—that it is beyond all human appreciation.

Physical science, as connected with health, has of late become an object of popular attention, and men of the highest endowments, who have devoted their lives to this department of knowledge, conceive that they can in no way more efficiently appropriate the rich treasures they have accumulated, than by adapting them to the popular mind, in such way as to diffuse among the people the great elements of a science in which all are equally interested. It is unfortunate that authors have not more generally exhibited in a systematic form a clear and comprehensive view of the phenomena of life; the organization on which those phenomena depend, the necessary influence of physical agents on their production, and the laws, as far as they are understood, on which the actions of those agents is based. If this had been done, we should not have to mourn over the ignorance of the community in general, not exbecting even the more enlightened and educated classes, with regard to the structure and functions of the organs composing their bodies, the circumstances which are conducive to their own health, the agents which ordinarily produce disease, and the means by which the operation of such agents may be avoided or counteracted.

It will, I apprehend, be admitted that a knowledge of human structure, and of the various functions of the animal economy is indispensable to the physician and surgeon. It is our business to heal the sick and comfort the afflicted, and to discharge these duties properly, to dispense in their fullest extent the benefits of the healing art we have sacrifices of no trifiing kind to make; our time is not like the time of others, at our own disposal; it is devoted to the cares and anxieties of professional life. Whilst you enter with gay heart into all the festive enjoyments of society, and whilst your minds, in your various avocations, are far removed above the contemplation of human suffering, it is our province to commingle constantly with the sick and dying; and when disease makes a mockery of our skill, it then becomes our duty to soothe, by kindly attention, the last moments of expiring nature. To become imbued with the principles of our science, and to penetrate its hidden mysteries, it is necessary for us to make the very charnel house the theatre of investigation, and amid the impurities and loathsomeness of the scnee, which no heart would be found stout enough to encounter, were it not actuated by the high impulse of philanthrophy, we extract that knowledge by which alone we are enabled, after we have entered on the mission of our practical duties, effectually to carry out the cardinal objects of the profession. Our triumphs are not those of the battle field, nor are they the bloody triumphs of senseless ambition. Our province is to note the diminution of human suffering; and the only victories which we achieve are those obtained over sickness, sorrow and death.

But is this knowledge of human structure to be limited to the members of the healing art? Most assuredly not. It will be found useful to every human being, by enabling him to take a rational care of his health, and rendering him observant of his own altered feelings, as indications of approaching sickness. It will afford him the means of communicating intelligibly with his medical adviser respecting the seat and symptoms of disordered function, and will prepare him to cooperate with his physician in the use of agents necessary to avert impending danger, or to remove actual disease. Empiricism, too, that great outlet of life, must yield to knowledge like this. But let it be once understood that on a profound knowledge of human mechanism is based all correct treatment of disease, that to understand this mechanism, and the various derangements to which it is subject, requires years of anxious toil, and no longer will desolation and ruin spread over the land; no longer shall we see the fairest flowers of our country falling sacrifices to public credulity. To the philosophic mind it is a subject of keen regret, and, indeed, it is inconceivable that persons, wise and cautious on all other topics, should manifest such entire indifference in the selection of medical counsel. In this country, especially, if a man has the hardihood to present himself a candidate for public favor by declaring that he has a panacea for every ill—that he possesses the magic wand by which he can cause all diseases to disappear, and secure a life of health and happiness, he is welcomed as the good Samaritan; his name becomes a burning light, and wealth and affluence his reward. I wil not ask you to extend your observation beyond this very city for numerous instances of the truth of what I now advance. You can scarely take up a public journal published in New York which is not more than half filled with quack advertisements, and eulogiums upon the virtues of quack medicines. You are there told, in glowing language, of the miraculous cures effected after the most distinguished physicians had failed in effecting the slightest relief. Nay, these promises, which cost their makers nothing, but which take from you health and life, are too often supported by the testimony of men whom we have been taught from our earliest infancy to regard with respect and veneration—I mean the clergy—thus giving countenance to the fraud and rendering its poison still more certain.

I cannot pay so slight a tribute to your understandings as to suppose it at all necessary to enter into an elaborate argument, to demonstrate the madness of confiding in such pretensions—these monsters succeed because men will not reflect. One moment's thought would suffice to show the folly of placing human life at their mercy. What would you think of the Lawyer, who should proclaim that he possessed the secret charm by which he could insure success to every case entrusted to his care—or of the Divine, who should boast that his eloquence never failed to reach the heart of the hardened sinner, and convert him from his deeds of ill—or of the Mechanic, who should tell you that his work resisted the influence of all time, and would endure with the world itself! Declarations like these would at once prove either the insanity or knavery of their authors-and public opinion would soon consign them to merited punishment. Such, however, is not the treatment extended towards those who sport with the health and lives of their fellow creatures. Now, I would ask, is medicine a science? Is it one of induction; and, if so, does it require certain knowledge to enable us to dispense its benefits? Does it rest upon impregnable data, or is its administration to be left to the whim and caprice of the base and designing? You all know the contrary; you all feel the absurdity of the proposition. Medicine not a science! It is one of boundless extent—it embraces almost the entire field of the natural sciences, and requires a life of devotion to comprehend it. Its principles are as fixed and immutable as are the laws of nature; and, when properly understood, are calculated to confer immeasurable good.

To become acquainted with the mechanism of human structure in all its minute details, and to understand the various diseases to which this structure is liable, can only be done of patient and long-continued investigation. Little does he know of the mental labor of the medical practitioner, who imagines that all that is required to practice his profession, is to learn a few abstract precepts, and store his mind with obsolete theories. The physician, who properly appreciates the responsibility he assumes, who feels that, on his skill and judgement may depend the happiness and lives of thousands, enters on the discharge of duty with a zeal and industry worthy his high calling. He participates but little in the ordinary pleasures of society; and when not employed in ministering to the sick and infirm, he occupies himself with the works of the great patriarchs of the profession, deriving from their wisdom rich and valuable lessons in the treatment and cure of disease. He is constantly engaged in deep meditation; and the great object of his life is to learn how he can best serve his fellow men. It is right that the physician should be remunerated for his services—it is right that he should acquire both fame and fortune as compensation for his honest efforts in the cause of humanity—and yet, how often does it happen that his claims on public approbation are forgotten, only to acknowledge with princely munificence the supposed benefits of the ignorant and daring empiric,—a man who understands not the first principles of medicine, and who barters human life as he would old furniture. It is folly to suppose that the law can protect the community against the murderous acts of these men. Legislation will have no effect: it has been abundantly tried, and invariably without the desired result. What, then, is the remedy? What means can be devised by which an honest and unsuspecting people may be admonished that there is a certain and deadly poison circulating among them, contaminating and destroying all within its reach? There is, I believe, but one unerring remedy against quackery, and that is to familiarize the public mind with the wonders and beauties of human structure—show how intricate is the mechanism—how multiplied and complex its organs! Let it be demonstrated that the sole object of the physician is to make right any derangements which this wonderful fabric may encounter; and in proportion as this truth is promulged and considered, in the same

ratio precisely will the man of common sense understand how necessarily and closely connected is a knowledge of human structure with the duties of the medical practitioner. The man who should send his watch to the blacksmith, to undergo repair, would not act more inconsistently than the individual who should commit his life to one ignorant of anatomy and the general principles of physiology.

It is thus by pointing out to you the anatomy of the human frame, and inviting your attention to its multiplied arrangements, that I shall hope effectually to demonstrate, not only the absurdity, but the positive danger, of submitting it for repair to those who know nothing of its beautiful mechanism.

But there are other reasons which urge men to bring this subject before the public. The knowledge of human structure, and of the mental constitution. is peculiarly important to those who have the exclusive care of infancy, and almost the entire supervision of childhood. On the management of the infant will depend the bodily organization, and the mental powers of the child ; and man receives his intellectual and moral aptitudes, taking, as they do, their origin in the predominant states of sensation, at a period far earlier in the history of the human being than is generally supposed.

Physiologists have divided infancy into two epochs, each of which has its own peculiar and characteristic features. Infancy commences at birth, and extends to the seventh month ; whilst childhood embraces the period from the seventh month to the termination of the second year. The period of infancy is remarkable for the rapidity with which the organs of the body are develpoed ; the processes of growth are in extreme activity, and the formative predominates over the sentient life. The development of the perceptive organs characterises the period of childhood, or second epoch of infancy ; the brain begins to exhibit greater energy, and manifests a wider range of action. The intellectual faculties of the tender being are in active operation ; the power of articulation, an evidence of the increasing energy of the mental powers, now shows itself ; the capacity for voluntary locomotion is also acquired, while passion and affection come into play with such constancy and force as to exert over the entire economy of the now irritable and plastic creature, a prodigious influence for good or evil. If, as it has been well observed, it be possible to make correct moral perception, feeling and conduct, a part of human nature, as much a part of it as any sensation or propensity, if this be possible for every individual of the human race, without exception, to an extent which would render all more eminently and consistently virtuous than any are at present, preparation for the accomplishment of this object must be commenced at this epoch. But the tender age of childhood, susceptible as it is of impressions, and dependent upon others for a proper direction to its infant thoughts, to whom is this high trust generally committed? Should the guidance of childhood, and the preservation of its developing mind from the pernicious effects either of neglect or bad example, be left to the result of chance? I think not. Common sense at once condemns the idea. To train human nature —to direct and control the conduct of the child, is one of the most important, and, at the same time, perilous enterprises in which an individual can embark. Little has this subject attracted the attention of the world.

In order to guide with proper effect the plastic mind of the infant, a certain degree of knowledge is absolutely necessary—knowledge of the mental and physical constitution of the individual to be influenced—knowledge of the mode in which circumstances must be so modified in adaptation to the nature of the individual being, as to produce upon it, with uniformity and certainty, a given result. This knowledge is presumed to be possessed by the mother, and society imposes upon her the task of directing the early impressions of childhood. From what sources has the mother received her qualifications to the undertaking? What has society done to imbue her with a knowledge of the mental and physical constitution of that human nature, the care and guidance of which has been entrusted to her? In what part of the course of her education has instruction of this kind been introduced? But why pursue the enquiry, when it is obvious to all that no provision has been made for the spread of information so indispensable to those who have charge of the mental and physical management of infancy. There is no philosopher, however profound his knowledge, no instructor, however varied and extended his experience, who would not enter upon the task with an apprehension proportioned to his knowledge and experience ; but knowledge, which men acquire only after years of study, habits which are generated in men only as the result of long continued discipline, are expected to come to mothers spontaneously—to be born with them—to require on their part no culture, and to need no sutaining influence. It has, indeed, been forcibly remarked by a popular writer, that all would be well if the marriage ceremony, which transforms the girl into the wife, conferred upon the wife the qualities which should be possessed by the mother. But it is rare to find a person capable of the least difficult part of education, namely, that of communicating instruction, even after difficult study, with a direct view of teaching ; yet an ordinary girl, brought up in the ordinary mode, in the ordinary domestic circle, is entrusted with the direction and control of the first impressions that are made upon the human being, and the momentous physical, intellectual, and moral results that arise out of those impressions! You see, then, how much the future destiny of the man depends upon the direction of his childhood—his future moral excellence, or his moral turpitude, after he shall have fairly started on the great theatre of life, is to be meted by the measure of those impressions made in early infancy on his tender and plastic mind!

It is not only the mind of the future man, but the condition of his physical health will be intimately connected with the manner of his early education. There is, perhaps, no department of human knowledge more neglected than the physical management of youth ; if parents would reflect on the importance of this subject to the future health and happiness of their children, and would avail themselves of the means of obtaining information on a topic so interwoven with the best interests of society, how much good would be dispensed, and how extended the happiness of man. There is a close connection between happiness and health—between happiness and longivity. Enjoyment is not only one of the ends of life, but it is the only condition of life which is at all compatible with a protracted term of existence. As there is a point of wretchedness beyond which life is not desirable, so likewise is there a point beyond which it cannot be maintained. The man who has reached an advanced age, cannot have been, as a general rule, an unhappy being ; for the infirmity and suffering which embitter life, usually cut it short. Every document by which the rate of mortality among large numbers of human beings can be correctly ascertained presents irresistible evidence of this truth. In every country the average duration of life, whether for the whole people or for particular classes, is invariably in a direct ratio of their means of felicity ; whilst, on the other hand, the number of years which large portions of the population survive beyond the adult age may be regarded as an unerring test of the happiness of the community. Clear must have been the perception, and great the wisdom of the Jewish legislator, when he made the promise—*That thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee*—the sanction of every religious observance, and the motive to every moral people. Deeply, then, are laid the fountains of happiness in the constitution of human nature. They spring from the depths of man's physical organization ; and from the wider range of his mental constitution they flow in streams magnificent and glorious.

The hope of contributing, in some small degree, to the acquisition of knowledge, which may prepare you to appreciate these important truths, has supplied one of the motives for embarking in the present enterprise.

Excepting as a qualification for the practice of medicine and surgery, scarcely an Institution has embodied in its programme of instructions, an explanation of the structure and functions of the human body. The omission of these subjects from the ordinary courses of education cannot be because they are without interest, nor because nothing worthy of being communicated has been discovered respecting them ; neither can it be that there is an insuperable difficulty in the exposition of what is ascertained. Since the mind is the subject on which all education is intended ultimately to act, and the instrument through which it must effect whatever influence it exerts, no one can doubt the importance of a knowledge of the mental phenomena, and of the laws by which they are regulated. The knowledge, too, of the processes by which the various structures of the body are built up, and of the physical conditions necessary to their life, health and strength, admits of practical application, daily and hourly of the highest moment. To professional men, exclusive of the surgeon and physician, among whom may be classed the judge, the magistrate, the lawyer, the legislator, this knowledge would prove of especial advantage : indeed, it is indispensable. Health, the questions of innocence and guilt, life itself, and the rights of property have been cruelly interfered with in consequence of an absolute and entire ignorance of this subject among men, on whom duty calls for a familiarity with every thing in which human prerogative is concerned. How can the Legislator form a rational judgment of measures tending to improve or deteriorate the public health, when he is in a state of total darkness in regard to every process and condition on which life and health depend? In a populous city like this, what signal benefits would accrue if the municipal regulations concerning health were based upon a proper knowledge of the laws of physiology. You would, indeed, be startled if I were to demonstrate to you as clearly as 2 and 2 make four, the melancholy and astounding fact that, of the number of our citizens who are summoned year after year to the grave, a proportion too large for the contemplation of the philanthropist, die, not from necessity, but because they have been subjected to the operation of influences which might have been avoided by regulations based upon physiological truth. This is a momentous reflection! And it is one which should admonish those to whom we have delegated the high and sacred trust of guarding our body politic, of the necessity of knowledge, which alone will render them capable of discharging properly their responsible duties. It is conceded that external agents exert an extraordinary control over the frequency, as well as the fatality of sickness—and it obviously follows that man has as much power to prevent, as he has to cause disease—and yet, how little is public attention directed to the prevention of maladies. There is no truth better understood in physiological and medicine—there is none which every day's experience more clearly fortifies, than that deaths are greatly augmented where large masses of the people are brought together. It is, therefore, the duty of government, and of our municipal corporations, to see that our densely inhabited cities, and all establishments in which large numbers are collected, should be perfectly adapted to the wants of human organization, and rendered compatible with the full enjoyment of health. It has been remarked by Fodere, an acute observer, that government can do more in the way of judicious sanitary enactments to protect the public health, than all the learned treatises on medicine with which the world has been furnished. But to do this—one thing is necessary—those who have the management of government must first become acquainted with the operation of organic laws, as applied to the animal economy.

Allow me to call your attention, for a moment, to a malady which seems to hold this nation, if not the world, in terror—a malady, so frequent and unrelenting in its calls, that there is, perhaps, not one present this night who cannot call to memory some dear and devoted friend who has fallen a victim to its ruthless grasp—a disease which nuumbers its fifty thousand victims every year in Great Britain—and in our own country, especially iu this State and New-England, the loss is still greater in proportion to the population—I mean consumption. To suppose that the number of victims to this disease is a matter of necessity, and that we are without the means of checking this frightful mortality, would be to impugn the most beautiful attribute of Heaven—mercy. It is not in keeping with the goodness of God so to afflict the human race. Reason bids us suspect—analogy demonstrates that, to our own imprudence—to the neglect of those laws on which our health so entirely depends, is to be attributed, in a great degree, this fearful destruction of human life. The animal creation around us breathe the same atmosphere, and are subjected to the same vicissitudes of season, yet their lungs are scarcely, if ever, invaded by disease. The true secret of this exemption consists in this—they do not disturb the conditions in subjection to which the lungs enjoy their free play, and healthy action ; and, therefore, so far as the integrity of these vital organs is concerned, incur no penalty. The animal is happy in its ignorance—it knows nothing of the refinements of civilization, and is altogether wanting in that fearful ingenuity, which, in the human species, would seem to seek a knowledge of organic laws for the purpose merely of their violation, and to invoke the terrors of the physical sanction, with the view of profiti ng by the infliction of its punishment.

In many instances, pulmonary complaints or tendencies are transmitted by wretched parents to still more wretched children. The consequence of original violation of the organic laws may, in this manner, be imposed, as a heritage of pain and distress, to burden, for a time, the existence of miserable offspring, whose lungs, feeble in their organic action, soon sink into hopeless decay and death.

As the first condition of healthy action in the lungs, we may, therefore, reasonably require a sound original organization. The soundness of original constitution enables the lungs properly to perform their function, provided all the other conditions are complied with. For that purpose, a supply of blood is obviously necessary—this supply depends upon the healthy action of the digestive and circulating systems. In the impoverished classes of the community, where there is a deficiency of food, consumptive diseases often arise from defect in the quantity or quality of the blood.—The same difficulty occurs among the higher classes, from indigestion and its long train of evils, produced by overloading, or otherwise injuring the digestive system.

Another condition necessary to the healthy action of the lungs is a freedom from all restraint in their exercise. That retraint may be occasioned in different ways. It may be the results of actual violence committed in the compression of the region in which they are located ; or it may be produced by the occupation or peculiar posture of the individual. The system of tight-lacing, that long-lived offspring of fashion, may furnish an instance of the former. The atter may arise from the injudicious disposition we often make of our bodies, whilst attending to our daily avocations. It is true, indeed, that the organization possesses, to a great extent, the power of accommodating itself to every act of violence inflicted upon it, either by accident or design. But it is equally true, that it will sooner or later resist any long-continued actual restraint, and vindicate its natural right to freedom by destroying the being that would dare control its legitimate powers.

The last condition essential to the healthy action of the lungs is, that they should be constantly furnished with a sufficiency of pure atmospheric air. All these propositions shall be fully and elaborately demonstrated during the lec-

tures. It is, therefore, manifest that consumption, which consigns to the tombs countless numbers of our citizens, of both sexes, of all ages and conditions, is a disease to which we predispose ourselves by the neglect of certain organic laws—laws which cannot be violated without the infliction of the cruelest penalty. The same remark applies to any other malady to which the human organism is subject. But hose laws, what are they? And if so much of health and happiness depend upon a knowledge of them, are they within the reach of the great mass of mankind? This question finds its solution in the contemplation of our own structures —what are we? Mere machines—physically speaking, mere machines, subject to the influence of external agents, and modified in our wants and actions by circumstances often within our own control. It is then only by studying this wonderful fabric, and comprehending the influences on which its healthy condition depends, that we shall be enabled to rescue it from it premature decay, and transmit to those we love best the richest legacy that man can bequeath, health and happiness.

It is my intention to use every proper effort to encourage a taste for knowledge of this kind; we are all directly interested in the spread of truths, which, from their very nature, are calculated to ameliorate the condition of man, and make firmer and more lasting that common chain by which we are bound the one to the other.

During our investigation of human structure, and of the laws by which its actions are governed, we shall, at every step, be overwhelmed in admiration of the beauty and harmony of the laws we discouer: and it is in this beauty and harmony that the contemplative mind delights to recognize the wisdom and benificence of the Divine Author of the Universe. This, in fact, is one of the highest results to which the exercise of our intellectual faculties should lead; and we cannot but believe that the Creator, in endowing us with those faculties, intended that they should conduct us nearer and nearer to the conception of his own infinite essence. But, at the same time, the vastness of the prospect thus disclosed can scarcely fail to impress us with the most humbling consciousness of our own insignificance.

For the New World.

A WINTER IN TOWN.

"I am tired of this wearisome round of domestic cares and daily duties, such a life might answer very well for a woman, who had no ideas beyond making a pudding or darning a stocking, but for me"—and the beautiful girl glanced at her figure in the mirror.

"What means all this, my sweet cousin?" said a fine-looking young man who had entered the room unperceived by Emily. She blushed, hesitated, and at last said—

"Well, I will tell *you*, Charles; come and sit down by me and I will open my whole heart to you." Charles Raymond took his seat by his cousin's side, and listened with patience to her tale of imaginary distress.

"It is so hard that papa has lost all his fortune, and that we are obliged to live without servants,and mamma *drudging* continually as if she had always been accustomed to it"—Emily paused as if expecting her cousin to answer, but finding he remained silent resumed her complaint.

"And only see how I am lost; we keep no company, consequently I have no opportunity of appearing in society, and of what use are all my accomplishments? there is no one of any taste to admire my drawings, and as for my piano or guitar I cant bear to touch them, for if I play there is nobody to listen for whom I care a straw." Emily stopped short—she looked in her cousin's face and, although she had just declared there was nobody for whom she cared a straw, felt very uncomfortable at the thought of awaking his displeasure.

"Emily, I am surprised to hear you talk in this manner; I know that my opinion is of little value, but your parents, your brothers, who love you so tenderly, is it not a pleasure to gratify them? and you know they are always gratified when your acquirements are brought forward in the domestic circle." Emily's heart smote her, yet through pure perverseness she would not allow herself to be convinced but that they all, and she in particular, endured very great hardships. Mr. Morton had suffered by the failure of a large mercantile house in which he was a partner, and rather than resort to any of the subterfuges which are so often practised to preserve appearances, he dared to avow that he was a poor man, and that he would not live by imposing on the credulity of the unwary. Having given up his expensive establishment in the city, and dismissed his servants, with the exception of an aged domestic who had been for years in the family, and who pleaded to remain with her mistress, he retired to a small house in the country, where he lived in a manner suited to his limited income. When the change first came, none entered more promptly into Mr. Morton's plans than his daughter, she appeared willing to make every sacrifice, and declared "that she could live any where, and in any manner, with her beloved parents."

Emily saw only the poetry of poverty, for even poverty has its poetry to the unitiated; but when the enthusiasm of the moment wore away and she found herself likely to be forgotten, or, as she termed it, "to be nobody," then it was the round of daily duties became irksome.

A day or two after Emily's conversation with her cousin, her aunt, a half sister of her mother's, called upon her family. At the time of Mr. Morton's failure, Mrs. Ellison had been abroad with her husband; he died while they were preparing to return home, leaving his widow, who was still young, and very fashionable, in possession of an income sufficiently large to enable her to gratify her most extravagant desires. This lady avowed herself shocked at the alteration in the circumstances of her relatives—wondered how her sister could perform the part of a housekeeper and ended by declaring her intention of carrying Emily with her to pass the winter in town. To this Mrs. Morton would have objected, but seeing no disapproval in her husband's countenance, and knowing that it was her daughter's earnest wish, she consented to part with her until the following spring. Arrangements for the journey were soon made, as Mrs. Ellison pronounced her niece's wardrobe *passe*, and said that she must have an entire change of dress on her arrival in the city. Then came the leave-taking, and the blessing, and when Charles, emboldened at such a moment, kissed his cousin's cheek, and wound his arm fondly round her waist, she wished that her consent to go had not yet been given. Ashamed of her emotion, she dashed the tear from her cheek, jumped into her aunt's carriage and waved her hand gaily from the window.

On their arrival at the house of Mrs. Ellison in W—— square, Emily could not but remark the strong contrast it presented to her own home in their days of affluence. In their residence, though all had been costly, there was no glitter of meretricious ornament; all was chaste, subdued, and arranged with the greatest elegance; while here, there was such a profusion of showy articles placed among some which were really beautiful, that the eye was perfectly bewildered.

The apartments were literally strew with paintings, drawings, small groups of statuary, elegantly bound volumes, specimens of minerals, rare shells and birds, and even the science of entomology had lent its butterflies and beetles. Observing Emily looking attentively at a picture which hung in a strong light, her aunt cried out.

"Ah, you 've a taste for the fine arts, I see, my dear: That picture is a perfect gem—a Titian—an undoubted original, my love—it was purchased in Florence—you perceive all the softness and delicacy with the warmth of coloring which distinguish the works of that great master; Mr. Ellison hesitated between it and a Murillo, but to my infinite delight decided on the Titian. I was half dead with vexation to find an English lady had possession of a Guido, on which I had set my heart, and which I meant to purchase the very moment I returned from Naples with the lava specimens collected at Vesuvius and Pompeii."

"Ah," thought Emily, "my aunt is that *rara avis* a female virtuoso, and she is possessed with the picture mania of purchasing none but 'undoubted originals.' I wonder she never discovered the arm of the child in the 'Titian' to be sadly out of drawing, and above all I wonder that she should place a picture of so warm a tone in such a full blaze of light."

From the picture her aunt drew her attention to a small composition in marble, representing in bas-relief the caressing of Pegasus by the Muses upon Mount Helicon; in the middle stood the winged horse held by Thalia, Erato was feeding him with roses, and Terpsichore playing upon the tambour, and Euterpe upon the flute, were dancing before them, while the rest of the Muses, reclining on either side, were holding 'discourse sweet.' The grouping of the whole was exceedingly beautiful, and Emily continued to gaze and admire until her raptures were interrupted by her aunt's looking at her watch, and saying it was time to dress for dinner. There was no company at table but one old lady of most benevolent aspect, whom Mrs. Ellison introduced to her niece as Mrs. Alston, an aunt of her late husband's. That evening Mrs. Ellison neither went from home nor received visits, and Emily spent her hours until bed time in looking over her aunt's "specimens." There was full leisure the next morning for admiring the 'Titian' before she was summoned to the breakfast parlor; but no sooner were they seated than her aunt began with,

"We have no time to lose, child, as I intend receiving all my friends on Thursday, and this is Tuesday you know, so you see we have no time to lose." Emily appeared at a loss to understand her aunt's meaning, when she added rather pettishly, "why, how stupid you are my love, you know we must go to Madame Parasan's to see about your dresses, it was because you had nothing fit to appear in, that I saw no one last night. I should have been ashamed to present you in that old fashioned blue frock."

Poor Emily! her aunt ashamed of her, and when she had on too the very dress in which cousin Charles thought she looked so beautiful. After a morning spent in choosing and rejecting among a variety of articles which Emily thought too gay, and which her aunt pronounced "decidedly fashionable," a sufficient number were selected, and the dress in which she was to appear before "all the friends" was promised for Wednesday evening. Wednesday evening came—Thursday evening came, and still no dress—the company began to assemble, there sat the martyr to fashion in her dressing room, her hair arranged in the height of the mode, with a shawl thrown about her shoulders, waiting for the new dress. In vain she asked her aunt's permission to wear one she had brought from home: the lady persisted "it was not fit to be seen," and poor Emily was compelled to sit *demi-nude* like a statue for which the artist had not yet finished modelling the drapery. At last a large bandbox made its appearance, from behind which looked up the pale, thin face of a very little girl, who had been charged to deliver a great many apologies.

"Quick—quick, my dear Emily—I long to see what a figure you will make in your new costume—there, Morris, pin that blonde a litle lower—do n't blush, child, one would suppose you had never seen bare shoulders before in your life—why, Miss Vincent, who is the model of fashion, wears her dresses full an inch lower than that—there, now, that will do. I declare my love you look charming!" and taking her niece's arm she hurried down stairs.

Mrs. Ellison was flattered by the attention which Emily received, and was secretly gratified by observing that her niece was the most beautiful woman in her crowded apartments, and that Mr. Seton, a gentleman of unexceptionable character and large fortune, was particularly struck with her appearance. Among the guests Emily observed many that she recollected having seen at her father's, who when introduced to her betrayed no sign of recognition. At first she felt surprised, but thinking that time might have greatly changed her looks, she gave the subject no further attention. While standing, during one of the pauses in the dance, in a recess partially shaded by large, flowering shrubs, she became the unwilling listener to a conversation of which she herself was the subject.

"I say, Sinclair, who was that fine looking girl dancing with Seton as I entered the room?"

"Oh, that was Miss Morton, a niece of our lady hostess."

"Miss Morton! what, a daughter of the broken-down merchant! aud her aunt has brought her town to show off her accomplishments, and to lay siege to the hearts of those who have more money than brains?"

"Yes," answered his companion; "but it is my opinion she will make nothing of her campaign this winter, for the times are too devilish hard to marry a penniless woman even though she were beautiful as Venus, and wise as that other goddess whose"—

"Whose fitting companion was a stupid owl," said the other laughing; and away sauntered the two exquisites leaving Emily in no very enviable state of mind. She no longer wondered at not being recognised—she was the daughter of "a broken down merchant"—looked upon as belonging to that most despicable of all despicable classes, the husband hunters; and in humiliation and bitterness of spirit she sighed for her own quiet home. After the company had retired, Mrs. Ellison called her niece into her own room, and patting her playfully on the cheek began to rally her upon the conquest she had made.

"Why, my love, Seton could not keep his eyes off you the whole evening, and, when you were singing, the poor man sat like one entranced, while that officious fool, Wilson, turned over the leaves of your music book and exclaimed, 'Charming!' 'heavenly!' 'Miss Morton, you sing divinely!' Really, love, you acquitted yourself admirably after rusticating for two years; and I am so glad your new dress came, for without it you would not have been fit to be seen." Mrs. Ellison had totally forgotten the pretty fancies of the poets about "gilding refined gold," and "unadorned beauty," and attributed all Emily's success to her fashionable costume.

Day after day, and week after week were spent in the same round of frivolous amusements. The mornings idled in shopping, in making or receiving calls, or else lounged away in an exhibition room, or at a fashionable concert. The evenings either devoted to company at home, or passed at the theatre, the opera, or a party at the house of some one of Mrs. Ellison's dear five hundred friends. When she dined at home *alone* there were generally some half adozen "very intimate acquaintances," who helped wile away the dinner hour by discussing the merits of the last new singer at the opera—deciding which was the most graceful danseuse—whether M—— or K—— gave the best personation of Hamlet, or if D——'s new readings of Shakspere were more correct than the old ones of S——. And in the absence of those topics there was never wanting a delicate little bit of scandel, which each party declared they would only mention to their dear friend Mrs. Ellison, and which had regularly been detailed to every dear friend who would listen to it.

Was Emily happy? Which did she now think most irksome, assisting her beloved mother and receiving the rich reward of that mother's silent praise, or fatiguing herself to please her aunt's guests who, after all, looked upon her in the light of an humble companion, the daughter of a *poor* bankrupt, who, if she had not chanced to be the niece of the fashionable Mrs. Ellison, would have been entirely beneath their notice? The only two in whose kindness she could unhesitatingly confide, were old Mrs. Alston, and Mr. Seton. The latter had grown so pointed in his attentions of late that it was no longer a matter of doubt that he meant to propose for the hand of Miss Morton; and the young ladies who were jealous, and the old ladies who were envious on account of their daughters, all wondered what he could see to admire in Mrs. Ellison's niece. One thought her hair too light—another, who was a sentimentalist, thought it quite too dark; and as her own was of that nameless hue between scarlet and yellow which she would fain have pass for golden, no wonder dark tresses were her abhorrence. One lady declared Emily might be passable if her eyes were not so large, and another actually found fault with her for having too small a mouth; and it had been said by "one who was an impartial judge, that she was no great singer after all," and the whole bevy of maids and matrons had discovered that she was a most ungraceful dancer; in short, poor Emily was so maltreated by her enemies, that her friends would never have recognised her. As for her mind, had those good ladies happened to think of it, they would have found it to possess as few charms as her person, and all this because an accomplished man with an ample fortune thought her worthy his regard.

Mr. Seton's partiality had not escaped Emily's observation, and she endeavored to treat him with that frankness of manner which would prevent an open declaration in her favor; she esteemed him too highly to give him unnecessary pain, and she knew from the state of her feelings that she could never be more to him than a friend. Her aunt was vexed and angry at her conduct; but, when she attempted to expostulate with her niece on the folly of refusing such a man as Seton who could place her in immediate possession of all the luxuries to which she had been accustomed in former years, Emily assured her, "that she no longer desired those luxuries, and that the wealth of the universe would not tempt her to give her hand to a man for whom she cherished no warmer sentiment than esteem in her heart." Mrs. Ellison called her "silly," "romantic"—told her "she would repent it," but all could not alter Emily's determination, and great was the surprise of both mothers and daughters, when they found that instead of marring Emily Morton, Mr. Seton had departed for the Continent.

"Ah! I thought so," was the charitable conclusion.—"I thought Seton was not such a fool as Mrs. Ellison and her niece supposed him to be; it was well they did not draw him on to make proposals; for if they had, the girl would have accepted him at once."

Emily was aware of these illnatured remarks, but to her it was cause of sorrow, and no source of triumph, to be obliged to wound the feelings of any individual: she thought it dishonorable and ungenerous to betray the confidence of any man who had paid her the highest compliment a man can pay to a woman, the offer of his hand and heart, and with her Mr. Seton's secret was safe. Emily watched the budding of the trees which told that spring time was coming when she would return home; and, when the first garden flowers were lifting their pale faces to the blessed sunshine, and the first violets were peeping in their quiet beauty from the hedges, she bade adieu to her aunt and set out on her homeward journey.

How different her feelings to what they had been a few

months before! She had spent the winter in town! Her drawings had been admired—her music had been praised—was she satisfied? No! that admiration and those praises were heartless. When she reached home she was folded alternately to the hearts of her parents, while old Betsy stood wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, "so thankful," she said, "to see her young lady among them once more, for the house had been so lonesome, and they had no music since Miss Emily went away." Every thing appeared delightful to the happy girl, the garden looked beautiful—her flowers had been taken care of—her favorite canary hung in his old place in the window—and her room looked as if she had left it but yesterday. Where were her brothers? and where was cousin Charles? and she blushed at the recollection of her conversation with him, and wonder what he thought of her. They had gone to the house of a friend about two miles distant, and were not expected until the afternoon. Many an anxious look was given by Emily down the road which she knew they must take to reach home, and when at last she saw them turning the corner of the avenue, why did she check the first impulse of her feelings which prompted her to fly and meet them, and remain with burning cheek and beating heart awaiting their approach? Her affectionate brothers were delighted to see her, and cousin Charles too appeared glad, but saluted her with something very like reserve in his manner.

After tea Mr. Morton asked his nephew "if he had shown Emily the new arbor he had made for her at the bottom of the garden?" On being answered in the negative, he said "they would still have time to look at it before dark;" and Emily, taking her cousin's arm, walked in silence to the spot.

"Beautiful! beautiful! and did you really make this for me, Charles?" she exclaimed, throwing herself on a little rustic seat within the entrance. Her cousin gazed on her for a moment and thought he had never seen her look so lovely. Taking her hand in his he began to speak of all he had heard during the winter—about her fashionable acquaintance—and the gay circles in which she moved at aunt Ellison's—and he had heard, too, about Mr. Seton—and hoped his cousin would find happiness in the life she had chosen.

"What mean you, Charles?" said she in unfeigned astonishment.

"Why, I mean—I hope—you will be happy when you leave us, cousin—when Mr. Seton comes here"—and his voice faltered.

"When Mr. Seton comes here, Charles! surely you know that he has no intention of coming here, that he has gone to Italy."

"Gone to Italy!" said he, echoing her words. "Cousin! Emily! you cannot have refused him?"

"I could not accept, dear Charles, without loving him."

"True—and you did not love him then? and—Emily!"

"Charles!"—the cousins looked in each other's face and the secret was told.

"And you refused the wealthy Mr. Seton for one for whom 'you did not care a straw,'" said the happy lover. "Oh, Emily! inconsistent Emily! who will now admire your drawings, or listen to your music?"

"Charles! if you tantalise me I shall return to aunt Ellison and spend another winter in town," said the laughing girl. Long before the next winter Emily was the wife of her cousin, and although her husband was not rich, and she had often to make a pudding, and mend a stocking, yet love lightened all her labor; and, in her husband's admiration of her accomplishments, she sought and obtained her happiest reward. J. C.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.

Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Aubrey's solicitor, who resided at Grilston, the post-town nearest to Yatton, from which it was distant about six or seven miles, was sitting, on the evening of Tuesday, the 28th December, 18—, in his office, nearly finishing a letter to his London agents, Messrs. Runnington and Company—one of the most eminent firms in the profession—and which he was desirous of dispatching by that night's mail. Among other papers which have come into my hands in connection with this history, I have happened to light on the letter Mr. Parkinson was writing; and as it is not long, and affords a specimen of the way in which business is carried on between town and country attorneys and solicitors, here followeth a copy of it:—

"GRILSTON, 28th December, 18—.

"Dear Sirs,

"*Re Middleton.*

"Have you got the marriage-settlements between these parties ready? If so, please send them as soon as possible; for both the lady's and gentleman's friends are (as usual in such cases) very pressing for them.

"*Puddinghead* v. *Quickwit.*

"Plaintiff bought a horse of defendant in November last, 'warranted sound,' and paid for it on the spot, £64. A week afterwards, his attention was accidentally drawn to the animal's head; and, to his infinite surprise, he discovered that the left eye was *a glass eye*, so closely resembling the other in color, that the difference could not be discovered except on a very close examination. I have seen it myself, and it is indeed wonderfully well done. My countrymen are certainly pretty sharp hands in such matters—but this beats every thing I ever heard of. Surely this is a breach of the warranty. Or is it to be considered a *patent* defect, which would not be within the warranty? Please take pleader's opinion, and particularly as to whether the horse could be brought into court to be viewed by the court and jury, which would have a great effect. If your pleader thinks the action will lie, let him draw declaration, *venue*—Lancashire (for my client would have no chance with a Yorkshire jury.) *Qu.*—Is the man who sold the horse to defendant a competent witness for the plaintiff, to prove that when he sold it to defendant it had but one eye?

"*Mule* v. *Stott.*

"I cannot get these parties to come to an amicable settlement. You may remember, from the two former actions, that it was for damages on account of two geese of defendant having been found on a few yards of Chatmoss belonging to the plaintiff. Defendant now contends that he is entitled to common *yur cause de vicinage*. *Qu.*—Can this be shown under a plea of leave and license? About two years ago, also, a pig belonging to plaintiff got into defendant's flower-garden, and did at least £3 worth of damage. Can this be in any way set off against the present action? There is no hope of avoiding a third trial, as the parties are now more exasperated against each other than before; and the expense (as at least fifteen witnesses will be called on each side) will amount to upwards of £250. You had better retain Mr. Cacklegander.

"*Re. Lords Oldacre and De la Zouch.*

"Are the deeds herein engrossed? As it is a matter of magnitude, and the foundation of extensive and permanent family arrangements, pray let the greatest care be taken to secure accuracy. Please take special care of the stamps——"

Thus far had the worthy writer prnceeded with his letter, when Waters made his appearance, delivering to him the declaration in ejectment which had been served upon old Jolter, and also the instructions concerning it which had been given by Mr. Aubrey. After Mr. Parkinson had asked particularly concerning Mr. Aubrey's health, and what had brought him so suddenly to Yatton, he cast his eye hastily over the 'Declaration'—and at once came to the same conclusion concerning it which had been arrived at by Waters and Mr. Aubrey, viz. that it was another little arrow out of the quiver of the litigious Mr. Tomkins. As soon as Waters had left, Mr. Parkinson thus proceeded to conclude his letter:—

"*Doe dem. Titmouse* v. *Roe.*

"I enclose you Declaration herein, served yesterday. No doubt it is the disputed slip of waste land adjoining the cottage of old Jacob Jolter, a tenant of Mr. Aubrey of Yatton, that is sought to be recovered. I am quite sick of this petty annoyance, as also is Mr. Aubrey, who is now down here. Please call on Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, of Saffron Hill, and settle the matter finally, on the best terms you can; it being Mr. Aubrey's wish that old Jolter (who is very feeble and timid) should suffer no inconvenience. I observe a new lessor of the plaintiff, with a very singular name. I suppose it is the name of some prior holder of the little property held by Mr. Tomkins.

"Hoping soon to hear from you (particularly about the marriage-settlement,) I am, Dear Sirs,

(With all the compliments of the season,)

Yours truly, JAMES PARKINSON."

"P. S.—The oysters and codfish came to hand in excellect order, for which please accept my best thanks.

I shall remit you in a day or two £100 on account."

This letter, lying among some twenty or thirty similar ones on Mr. Runnington's table, on the morning of its arrival in town, was opened in its turn; and then, in like manner, with most of the others, handed over to the managing clerk, in order that he might inquire into and report upon the state of the various matters of business referred to. As to the last item in Mr. Parkinson's letter, there seemed no particular reason for hurrying; so two or three days had elapsed before Mr. Runnington, having some other little business to transact with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, bethought himself of looking at his Diary to see if there was not something else that he had to do with them. Putting, therefore, the Declaration in *Doe. d. Titmouse* v. *Roe* into his pocket, it was not long before he was at the office in Saffron Hill—and in the very room in it which had been the scene of several memorable interviews between Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse and Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap. I shall not detail what transpired on that occasion between Mr. Runnington and Messrs. Quirk and Gammon, with whom he was closeted for nearly an hour. On quitting the office his cheek was flushed, and his manner somewhat excited. After walking a little way in a moody manner, and with slow step, he suddenly jumped into a hackney-coach, and within a quarter of an hour's time had secured an inside place in the Tally Ho coach, which started for York at two o'clock that afternoon—much doubting within himself, the while, whether he ought not to have set off at once in a post-chaise and four. He then made one or two calls in the Temple: and, hurrying home to the office, made hasty arrangements for his sudden journey into Yorkshire. He was a calm and experienced man—in fact, a first-rate man of business; and you may be assured that this rapid and decisive movement of his had been the result of some very startling disclosure made to him by Messrs. Quirk and Gammon.

Now, let us glide back to the delightful solitude which we reluctantly quitted a short time ago.

Mr. Aubrey was a studious and ambitious man; and in aceeding so readily to the wishes of his wife and sister, to to spend the Christmas recess at Yatton, had been not a little influenced by one consideration, which he had not it worth while to mention—namely, that it would afford him an opportunity of addressing himself with effect to a very important and complicated questlon, which was to be brought before the House shortly after its reassembling, and of which he then knew scarcely any thing at all. For this purpose he had had a quantity of Parliamentary papers, &c, &c. &c., packed up and sent down by coach; and he quite gloated over the prospect of their deing duly deposited upon his table, in the tranquil leisure of his library, at Yatton. But quietly as he supposed all this to have been managed, Mrs. Aubrey and Kate had a most accurate knowledge of his movements; and resolved within themselves, (being therein comforted and assisted by old Mrs. Aubrey,) that, as at their instances Mr. Aubrey had come down to Yatton, so they would take care that he should have not merely nominal but real holydays. Unless he thought fit to rise at an early hour in the morning, (which Mrs. Aubrey, junior, took upon herself to say *she* would take care should never be the case,) it was decreed that he should not be allowed to waste more than two hours a-day alone in his library. 'Twas therefore in vain for him to sit at breakfast, with eye aslant and thought-laden brow, as if meditating a long day's seclusion; somehow or another, he never got above an hour to himself. He was often momentarily petulant on these occasions, and soon saw through the designs of his enemies—but he so heartily and tenderly loved them—so thoroughly appreciated the affection which dictated their little manœuvres—that he soon surrendered at discretion, and, in fact, placed himself almost entirely at their mercy; resolving to make up for lost time on his return to town; and earnestly hoping that the interests of the nation would not suffer in the mean while. In short, the ladies of Yatton had agreed on their line of operations; that almost every night of their stay in the country should be devoted either to entertaining their neighbors of visiting them; and, as a preparatory movement, that the days (weather permitting) should be occupied with exercise in the open air; in making "morning" calls on neighbors at several miles' disthnce from the Hall and from each other; and from which they generally returned only in time enough to dress for dinner. As soon, indeed, as the leading country paper had announced the arrival at Yatton of "Charles Aubrey, Esq. M. P., and his family, for the Christmas recess," the efforts of Mrs. and Miss Aubrey were most powerfully seconded by a constant succession of visiters—by

"Troops of friends,"

as the lodge-keeper could have testified; for he and his buxom wife were continually opening and shutting the great gates. On the Monday after Christmas-day, (*i. e.* the day but one following,) came cantering up to the Hall, Lord De la Zouch and Mr. Delamere, of course staying to luncheon, and bearing a most pressing invitation from Lady De la Zouch, zealously backed by themselves, for the Aubreys to join a large party at Fotheringham Castle on New-Year's eve. This was aceepted—a day and a night were thus gone at a swoop. The same thing happened with the Oldfields, their nearest neighbors; with Sir Percival Pickering at Luthington Court, where was a superb new picture-gallery to be critically inspected by Mr. Aubrey; the Earl of Oldacre, a college friend of Mr. Aubrey's—the venerable Lady Stratton, the earliest friend and school-fellow of old Mrs. Aubrey, and so forth. Then Kate had several visits to pay on her own account; and being fond of horseback, she did not like riding about the country with only a groom in attendance on her; so her brother *must* accompany her on these occasions. The first week of their stay in the country was devoted to visiting their neighbors and friends in the way I have stated; the next was to be spent in receiving them at Yatton, during which time the old hall was to ring with merry hospitality.

There was a little world of other matters to occupy Mr. Aubrey's attention, and which naturally crowded upon him, living so little at Yatton as he had. He often had a kind of levee of his hambler neighbors, tenants, and constituents; and on these occasions his real goodness of nature, his simplicity, his patience, his forbearauce, his sweetness of temper, his benevolence, shone conspicuous. With all these more endearing qualities, there was yet a placid dignity about him that chilled undue familiarity, and repelled presumption. He had here no motive or occasion for ostention, or, as it is called, popularity hunting. In a sense it might be said of him, that he was "monarch of all he surveyed." It is true he was member for the borough—an honor, however, for which he was indebted to the natural influence of his commanding position—one which left him his own master, not converting him into a paltry delegate, hand-cuffed by pledges on public questions, and laden with injunctions concerning petty local interests only—liable, moreover, to be called to an account, at any moment, by ignorant and insolent demagogues—but a member of Parliament, training to become a statesman, possessed of a free will, and therefore capable of independent and enlightened deliberations; placed by his fortune above the reach of temptation——but I shall not go any further, for the portraiture of a member of Parliament of those days suggests such a humiliating and bitter contrast, that I shall not ruffle either my own or my reader's temper by touching it any further. On the occasions I have been alluding to, Mr. Aubrey was not only condescending and generous, but practically acute and discriminating; qualities of his, these latter, so well known, however, as to leave him, at length, scarce any opportunities of exercising them. His quiet but decisive interference put an end to a number of local unpleasantnesses and annoyances, and caused his increasing absence from Yatton to be very deeply regretted. Was a lad or a wench taking to idle and dissolute courses? A kind, or, as the occasion required, a stern expostulation of his—for he was a justice of the peace moreover—brought them to their senses. He had a very happy knack of reasoning and laughing quarrelsome neighbors into reconciliation and good-humor. He had a very keen eye after the practical details of agriculture; was equally quick at detecting an inconvenience, and appreciating—sometimes even suggesting—a remedy; and had on several occasions, brought such knowledge to bear very effectively upon discussions in Parliament. His constituents, few in number undoubtedly, and humble, were quite satisfied with and proud of their member; and his unexpected appearance diffused among them real and general satisfaction. As a landlord, he was beloved by his numeroas tenantry; and well he might—for never was there so easy and liberal a landlord; he might, at any time, have increased his rental by £1,500 or £2,000 a-year, as his steward frequently intimated to him—but in vain. "Ten thousand a-year," said Mr. Aubrey, "is far more than my necessities require—it affords me and my family every luxury that I can conceive of; and its magnitude reminds me constantly that hereafter I shall be called upon to give a very strict and soleman account of *my* stewardship." I would I had time to complete, as it ought to be completed, this portraiture of a true Christian gentleman.

As he rode up to the Hare and Hounds inn, at Grilston, one morniug, to transact some little business, and also to look in on the Farmer's Club, which was then holding one of its fortnightly meetings, (all touching their hats and bowing to him on each side of the long street as he slowly passed up it,) he perceived one of his horses feet limp a little. On dismounting, therefore, he stopped to see what was the matter, while his groom took up the foot to examine it.

"Dey-vilish fine horse," exclaimed the voice of one standing close beside him, and in a tone of most disagreeable confidence. The exclamation was addressed to Mr. Aubrey; who, on turning to the speaker, beheld a young man—'t was Titmouse—dressed in a style of the most extravagant absurdity. One hand was stuck into the hinder pocket of a stylish top-coat, (the everlasting tip of a white pocket-handkerchief glistening at the mouth of his breast-pocket;) the other held a cigar to his mouth, from which, as he addressed Mr. Aubrey with an air of provoking impudence, he slowly expelled the smoke that he had inhaled. Mr. Aubrey bowed with a cold and surprised air, without replying, at the same time wondering where he had seen the ridiculous object before.

"The horses in these parts ar'n't to be compared with them at London—eh, sir?" quoth Titmouse, approaching closer to Mr. Aubrey and his groom, to see what the latter was doing—who, on hearing Titmouse's last sally, gave him a very significant look.

"I am afraid the people here won't relish your remarks, sir!" replied Mr. Aubrey, hardly able to forbear a smile, at the same time calmly scanning the figure of his companion from head to foot.

"Who cares?" inquired Titmose, with a very energetic oath. At this moment up came a farmer, who, observing Mr. Aubrey, made him a very low bow. Mr. Aubrey's attention being at that moment occupied with Titmouse, he did not observe the salutation; not so with Titmouse, who acknowledged it by taking off his hat with great grace! Mr. Aubrey followed into the house, having ordered his groom to bring back the horse in an hour's time. "Pray," said he mildly to the landlady, "who is that person smoking the cigar outside?"

"Why, sir, he 's a Mr. *Brown;* and has another with him here—who 's going up to London by this afternoon's coach—this one stays behind a day or two longer. They 're queer people, sir. Such dandies! Do nothing but smoke, and drink brandy and water, sir; only that t'other writes a good deal."

"Well, I wish you would remind him," said Mr. Aubrey, smiling, "that if he thinks fit to speak to *me* again, I am a magistrate, and have the power of fining him five shillings for every oath he utters."

"What! sir, has he been speaking to *you!* Well, I never—he 's the most forward little upstart I ever seed!" said she, dropping her voice; "and the sooner he takes himself off from here the better; for he 's always winking at the maids and talking impudence to them. I'se box his ears, I warrant him, one of these times!" Mr. Aubrey smiled, and went up stairs.

"There don't seem much wrong," quoth Titmouse to the groom, with a condescending air, as soon as Mr. Aubrey had entered the house.

"Much you know about it, I don't guess!" quoth Sam, with a contemptuous smile.

"Who 's your master, fellow!" inquired Titmouse, knocking off the ashes of his cigar.

"A gentleman. What 's *yours?*"

"Curse your impudence, you vagabond"——. The words were hadly out ol his mouth before Sam, with a slight tap of his hand, had knocked Titmouse's glossy hat off his head, and Titmouse's purple-hued hair stood exposed to view, provoking the jeers and laughter of one or two bystanders. Titmouse appeared about to strike the groom; who, hastily giving the bridles of his horses into the hands of an ostler, threw himself into boxing attitude; and, being a clean, tight-built, stout young fellow, looked a very formidable object, as he came squaring nearer and nearer to the dismayed Titmouse; and on behalf of the outraged honor of all the horses in Yorkshire, was just going to let fly his *one-two*, when a sharp tapping at the bay-window overhead startled him for a moment, interrupting his warlike demonstrations; and, on casting up his eyes, he beheld the threatening figure of his master, who was shaking his whip at him. He dropped his guard, touched his hat very humbly, and resumed his horse's bridles; muttering, however, to Titmouse, "If thou 'rt a man, come down into t' yard, and I 'll make thee think a horse kicked thee, a liar as thou art!"

"Who 's that gentleman gone up stairs?" inquired Titmouse of the landlady, after he had sneaked into the inn

"Squire Aubrey, of Yatton." Titmouse's face, previously very pale, flushed all over. "Ay, ay, thou must be chattering to the grand folks, and thou 'st nearly put thy foot into 't at last, I can tell thee; for that 's a magistrate, and thou'st been a-swearing afore him." Titmouse smiled rather faintly; and entering the parlor, affected to be engaged with a county newspaper; and he remained very quiet for upward of an hour, not venturing out of the room till he had seen off Mr. Aubrey and his formidable Sam.

It was the hunting season; but Mr. Aubrey, though he had as fine horses as were to be found in the county, and which were always at the service of his friends, partly from want of inclination, and partly from the delicacy of his constitution, never shared in the sports of the field. Now and then, however, he rode to cover, to see the hounds throw off, and exchange greetings with a great number of his friends and neighbors, on such occasions collected together. This he did the morning after that on which he had visited Grilston, accompanied, at their earnest entreaty, by Mrs. Aubrey and Kate. I am not painting angels, but describing frail human nature; and truth forces me to say, that Kate knew pretty well on such occasions she appeared to no little advantage. I protest I love her not the less for it—but is there a beautiful woman under the sun who is not aware of her charms; and of the effect they produce upon our sex? Pooh! I never will believe to the contrary. In Kate's composition this ingredient was but an imperceptible alloy in virgin gold. Now, how was it that she came to think of this hunting appointment? I do not exactly know; but I recollect that when Lord De la Zouch last called at Yatton, he happened to mention it at lunch, and to say that he and one Geoffrey Lovel Delamere——but however that may be, behold, on a bright Thursday morning, Aubrey and his two lovely ccmpanions made their welcome appearance at the field, all superbly mounted, and most cordially greeted by all present. Miss Aubrey attracted universal admiration; but there was one handsome youngster, his well-formed figure showing to great advantage in his new scarlet coat and spotless cords, that made a point of challenging her special notice, and in doing so, attracting that of all his envious fellow-sportsmen; and that was Delamere. He seemed, indeed, infinitely more taken up with the little party from Yatton than with the serious business of the day. His horse, however, had an eye to business; and with erected ears, catching the first welcome signal sooner than its gallant rider, sprung off like light, and would have left its abstracted rider behind, had he not been a first-rate seat. In fact, Kate herself was not quite sufficiently on her guard; and her eager filly suddenly put in requisition all her rider's little strength and skill to rein her in—which having done, Kate's eye looked rather anxiously after her late companion, who, however, had already cleared the first hedge, and was fast making up to the scattering scarlet crowd. Oh, the bright exhilirating scene!

"Heigh ho!" said Kate, with a slight sigh, as soon as Delamere had disappeared—"I was very nearly off."

"So was somebody else, Kate!" said Mrs. Aubrey, with a sly smile.

"This is a very cool contrivance of yours, Kate—bringing us here this morning," said her brother, rather gravely.

"What *do* you mean, Charles?" she inquired, slightly reddening. He good-naturedly tapped her shoulder with his whip, laughed, urged his horse into a canter, and they were all soon on their way to General Grim, a friend of the late Mr. Aubrey's

The party assembled on New-Year's eve at Fotheringham Castle, the residence of Lord De la Zouch, was numerous and brilliant. The Aubreys arrived about five o'clock; and on their emerging from their chambers into the drawing room, about half-past six—Mr. Aubrey leading in his lovely wife and his very beautiful sister—they attracted general attention. He himself looked handsome, for the brisk country air had brought out a glow upon his too freqnently sallow countenance—sallow with the unwholesome atmosphere, the late hours, the wasting excitement of the House of Commons; and his smile was cheerful, his eye bright and penetrating. There is nothing that makes such quick triumphant way in English society as the promise of speedy political distinction. It will supply to its happy possessor the want of family and fortune—it rapidly melts away all distinctions; the obscure but eloquent commoner finds himself suddenly standing in the rarified atmosphere of privilege and exclusiveness—the familiar equal, often the conscious superior, of the haughtiest peer of the realm. A single successful speech in the House of Commons, opens before its utterer the shining doors of fashion and greatness as if by magic. It is as it were POWER stepping into its place, welcomed by gay crowds of eager, obsequious expectants. Who would not press forward to grasp in anxious welcome the hand that, in a few short years, may dispense the glittering baubles sighed after by the great, and the more substantial patronage of office, which may point public opinion in any direction? But, to go no further, what if to all this be added a previous position in society? such as that occupied by Mr. Aubrey! There were several very fine women, married and single, in that splendid drawing-room; but there were two girls, in very different styles of beauty, who were soon allowed by all present to carry off the palm between them—I mean Miss Aubrey and Lady Caroline Caversham, the only daughter of the Marchioness of Redborough, both of whom were on a visit at the castle of some duration. Lady Caroline and Miss Aubrey were of about the same age, and dressed almost exactly alike, viz. in white satin; only Lady Caroline wore a brilliant diamond necklace, whereas Kate had not a single ornament.

Lady Caroline was a little the taller, and had a very stately carriage. Her hair was black as jet—her features were refined and delicate; but they wore a very cold haughty expression. After a glance at her half-closed eyes, and the swan-like curve of her snowy neck, you unconsciously withdrew from her, as from an inexcessible beauty. The more you looked at her, the more she satisfied your critical scrutiny; but your *feelings* went not out towards her—they were, in a manner, chilled and repulsed. Look, now, at our own Kate Aubery—nay, never fear to place her beside yon supercilious divinity—look at her, and your *heart* acknowledges her loveliness; your soul thrills at sight of her bewitching eyes—eyes now sparkling with excitement, then languishing with softness, in accordance with the varying emotions of a sensitive nature—a most susceptible heart.—How her sunny curls harmonize with the delicacy and richness of her complexion! Her figure, observe, is rather fuller than her rival's—stay, do n't let your eyes settle so intently upon her budding form, or you will confuse Kate—turn away, or she will sink from you like the sensitive plant.—Lady Caroline seems the exquisite but frigid production of a skillful statuary, who had caught a divinity in the very act of disdainfully setting her foot for the first time upon this poor earth of ours; but Kate is a living and breathing beauty—as it were, fresh from the hand of God himself.

Kate was very affectionately greeted by Lady de la Zouch, a lofty and dignified woman of about fifty; so also by Lord de la Zouch: but when young Delamere welcomed her with a palpable embarrassment of manner, a more brilliant color stole into her cheek, and a keen observer might have noticed a little, rapid, undulating motion in her bosom, which told of some inward emotion. And a keen observer Kate at that moment had in her beautiful rival; from whose check, as that of Kate deepened into its roseate bloom, faded away the color entirely, leaving it the hue of the lily. Her drooping eyelids could scarcely conceal the glances of alarm and anger which she darted at her plainly successful rival in the affections of the future Lord de la Zouch.—Kate was quickly aware of this state of matters; and it required no little self-control to appear *un*-aware of it. Delamere took her down to dinner; in doing which he defied the laws of etiquette in a little point of precedence; and he seated himself beside her, and paid her such pointed attentions as at length really distressed her; and she was quite relieved when the time came for the ladies to withdraw.—That she had not a secret yearning towards Delamere, the frequent companion of her early days, I cannot assert, because I know it would be contrary to the fact. Circumstances had kept him on the Continent for more than a year between the period of his quitting Eaton and going to Oxford, where another twelvemonth had slipped away without his visiting Yorkshire: thus two years had elapsed—and behold, Kate had become a woman and he a man! They had mutual predispositions towards each other, and 't was mere accident which of them first manifested symptoms of fondness for the other—the same result must have followed, namely (to use a great word) reciprocation. Lord and Lady de la Zouch idolized their son, and were old and very firm friends of the Aubrey family; and if Delamere really formed an attachment to one of Miss Aubrey's beauty, accomplishments, talents, amiability, and good family—why should he not be gratified? Kate, whether she would or not, was set down to the piano, Lady Caroline accompanying her on the harp—on which she usually performed with mingled skill and grace; but, on the present occasion, both of the fair performers found fault with their instruments—then with themselves—and presently gave up the attempt in despair. But when, at a later period of the evening, Kate's spirits had been a little exhilarated with dancing, and she sat down at Lord de la Zouch's request, and gave that exquisite song from the *Tempest*—"Where the bee sucks"—all the witchery of her voice and manner had returned; as for Delamere, he would have given the world to marry her that minute, and so for ever extinguish the hopes of—as he imagined—two or three nascent competitors for the beautiful prize then present.

That Kate was good as beautiful, the following little incident which happened to her on the ensuing evening will show. There was a girl in the village at Yatton, about sixteen or seventeen years old, called Phœbe Williams; a very pretty girl, and who had spent about two years at the Hall as a laundry-maid, but had been obliged, some few months before the time I am speaking of, to return to her parents in the village, ill of a decline. She had been a sweet-temped girl in her situation, and all her fellow-servants felt great interest in her, as also did Miss Aubrey. Mrs. Aubrey sent her daily jellies, sago, and other such matters, suitable for the poor girl's condition, and about a quarter of an hour after her return from Fotheringham, Miss Aubrey, finding one of the female servants about to set off with some of the above-mentioned articles, and hearing that poor Phœbe was getting rapidly worse, instead of retiring to her room to undress, slipped on an additional shawl, and resolved to accompany the servant to the village. She said not a word to either her mother, her sister-in-law, or her brother; but simply left word with her maid where she was going, and that she would quickly return. It was snowing smartly when Kate set off; but she cared not, hurried by the impulse of kindness, which led her to pay perhaps a last visit to the humble sufferer. She walked alongside of the elderly female servant, asking her a number of questions about Phœbe, and her sorrowing father and mother. It was nearly dark as they quitted the Park gates, and snowing, if any thing, faster than when they had left the Hall.—Kate, wrapping her shawl still closer around her slender figure, and her face pretty well protected by her veil, hurried on, and they soon reached Williams's cottage. Its humble tenants were, as may be imagined, not a little surprised at her appearance at such an hour, and in such inclement weather, and so apparently unattended. Poor Phœbe, worn to a shadow, was sitting opposite the fire, in a little wooden arm-chair, and propped up by a pillow. She trembled, and her lips moved, on seeing Miss Aubrey, who, sitting down on a stool beside her, after laying aside her snow-whitened shawl and bonnet, spoke to her in the most gentle and soothing strain imaginable. What a contrast in their two figures! 'T would have been no violent stretch of imagination to say, that Catharine Aubrey at that moment looked like a ministering angel sent to comfort the wretched sufferer in her extremity. Phœbe's father and mother stood on each side of the little fireplace, gazing with tearful eyes upon their only child, soon about to depart from them for ever. The poor girl was indeed a touching object. She had been very pretty, but now her face was white and wofully emaciated—the dread impress of consumption was upon it. Her wasted fingers were clasped together upon her lap, holding between them a little handkerchief, with which, evidently with great effort, she occasionally wiped the dampness from her face.

"You 're very good, ma'am," she whispered, "to come to see me, and so late. They say it 's a sad cold night."

"I heard, Phœbe, that you were not so well, and I thought I would just step along with Margarate, who has brought you some more jelly. Did you like the last?"

"Y-e-s, ma'am," she replied, hesitatingly; "but it 's very hard for me to swallow any thing now, my throat feels so sore." Here her mother shook her head and looked aside; for the doctor had only that morning explained to her the nature of the distressing symptom which her daughter was alluding to—as evidencing the very last stage of her fatal disorder.

"I 'm very sorry to hear you say so Phœbe," replied Miss Aubrey. "Do you think there 's any thing else that Mrs. Jackson could make for you."

"No, ma'am, thank you; I feel it 's no use trying to swallow any thing more."

"While there 's life," said Kate, in a subdued, hesitating tone, "there 's hope—they say." Phœbe shook her head, mournfully. "Do n't stop long, dear lady—it 's getting very late for you to be out alone. Father will go—"

"Never mind me, Phœbe—I can take care of myself. I hope you mind what good Dr. Tatham says to you? You know this sickness comes from God, Phœbe. He knows what is best for his creatures."

"Thank God, ma'am, I feel resigned. I know it is God's will; but I am very sorry for poor father and mother—they 'll be so lone like, when they do n't see Phœbe about." Her father gazed intently at her, and the tears ran trickling down his cheeks; her mother put her apron before her face, and shook her head in silent anguish. Miss Aubrey did not speak for a few moments. "I see you have been reading the prayer-book, mamma, gave you when you were at the Hall," said she at length, observing the little volume lying open on Phœbe's lap.

"Yes, ma'am—I was *trying;* but somehow, lately, I can't read, for there 's a kind of mist comes over my eyes, and I can't see."

"That 's weakness, Phœbe," said Miss Aubrey, quickly, but tremulously.

"May I make bold, ma'am," commenced Phœbe, languidly, after a hesitating pause, "to ask *you* to read the little psalm I was trying to read a while ago? I should so like to hear *you*."

"I 'll try, Phœbe," said Miss Aubrey, taking the book, which was open at the sixth psalm. 'T was a severe trial, for her feelings were not a little excited already. But how could she refuse the dying girl? So she began, a little indistinctly, in a very low tone, and with frequent pauses; for the tears every now and then obscured her sight. She managed, however, to get as far as the sixth verse, which was thus:—

"*I am weary of my groaning: every night wash I my bed, and water my couch with tears: my beauty is gone for very trouble.*"

Here Kate's voice suddenly stopped. She buried her face for a moment or two in her handkerchief, and said, hastily, "I can't read any more, Phœbe!" Every one in the liitle room was in tears except poor Phœbe, who seemed past that.

"It 's time for me to go, now, Phœbe. We 'll send some

one early in the morning to know how you are," said Miss Aubrey, rising and putting on her bonnet and shawl. She contrived to beckon Phœbe's mother to the back of the room, and silently slipped a couple of guineas into her hands; for she knew the mournful occasion there would soon be for such assistance! She then left, peremptorily declining the attendance of Phœbe's father—saying that it *must* be dark when she could not find the way to the Hall, which was almost in a straight line from the cottage, and little more than a quarter of a mile off. It was very much darker, and it still snowed, though not so thickly as when she had come. She and Margaret walked side by side, at a quick pace, talking together about poor Phœbe. Just as she was approaching the extremity of the village, nearest the park—

"Ah! my lovely gals!" exclaimed a voice, in a low but most offensive tone—"alone? How uncommon." Miss Aubrey for a moment seemed thunderstruck at so sudden and unprecedented an occurrence: then she hurried on, with a beating heart, whispering to Margaret to keep close to her, and not to be alarmed. The speaker, however, kept pace with them.

"Lovely gals!—wish I 'd an umbrella, my angels!—Take my arm? Ah! Pretty gals!"

"Who are you, sir?" at length exclaimed Kate, spiritedly, suddenly stopping, and turning to the rude speaker.

"Who else should it be but Tittlebat Titmouse. Who am I? Ah! ah! Lovely gals! one that loves the pretty gals."

"Do you know, fellow, who I am?" inquired Miss Aubrey, indignantly, flinging aside her veil, and disclosing her beautiful face, white as death, but indistinctly visible in the darkness, to her insolent assailant.

"No, 'pon my soul, no; but—lovely gal! lovely gal!—'pon my life, spirited gal!—do you no harm!—Take my arm?"—

"Wretch!—ruffian!—how dare you insult a lady in this manner? Do you know who I am? My name, sir, is Aubrey—I am Miss Aubrey, of the Hall! Do not think"—

Titmouse felt as if he were on the point of dropping down dead at the moment, with amazement and terror; and when Miss Aubrey's servant screamed out at the top of her voice, "Help!—help, there!" Titmouse, without uttering a syllable more, took to his heels, just as the door of the cottage, at only a few yards' distance, opened, and out rushed a strapping farmer, shouting—"Hey! what be t' matter?" You may guess his astonishment at discovering Miss Aubrey, and his fury at learning the cause of her alarm. Out of doors he pelted, without his hat, uttering a volley of fearful imprecations, and calling on the unseen miscreant to come forward; for whom it was lucky that he had time to escape from a pair of fists that in a minute or two would have beated his little carcass into a jelly. Miss Aubrey was so overcome by the shock she had suffered, that but for a glass of water she might have fainted. As soon as she had a little recovered from her agitation, she set off home, accompanied by Margaret, and followed very closely by the farmer, with a tremendous knotted stick under his arm—(he wanted to have taken his double-barrelled gun)—and thus she soon reached the Hall, not a little tired and agitated. This little incident, however, she kept to herself, and enjoined her two attendants to do the same; for she knew the distress it would have occasioned those whom she loved. As it was, she was sharply rebuked by her mother and brother, who had just sent two men out in quest of her, and whom it was singular that she should have missed. This is not the place to give an account of the eccentric movements of our friend Titmouse; still there can be no harm in my just mentioning that the sight of Miss Aubrey on horseback had half-maddened the little fool; her image had never been effaced from his memory since the occasion on which, as already explained, he had first seen her; and as soon as he had ascertained, through Snap's inquiries, who she was, he became more frenzied in the matter than before, because he thought he now saw a probability of obtaining her. "If, like children," says Edmund Burke, "we will cry for the moon, why like children we must—*cry on*." Whether this was not something like the position of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, in his passion for Catharine Aubrey, the reader can judge. He had unbosomed himself in the matter to his confidential adviser, Mr. Snap; who having accomplished his errand, had the day before returned to town, very much against his will, leaving Titmouse behind him, to bring about by his own delicate and skilful management, a union between himself, as the future Lord of Yatton, and the beautiful sister of its present occupant.

Mr. Aubrey and Kate were sitting together playing at chess, about eight o'clock in the evening; Dr. Tatham and Mrs. Aubrey, junior, looking on with much interest; old Mrs. Aubrey being busily engaged writing. Mr. Aubrey was sadly an overmatch for poor Kate—he being in fact a first rate player; and her soft white hand had been hovering over the half-dozen chessmen she had le , uncertain which of them to move, for nearly two minutes, her chin resting on the other hand, and her face wearing a very puzzled expression. "Come, Kate," said every now and then her brother, with that calm victorious smile which at such a moment would have tried any but so sweet a temper as his sister's. "If *I* were you, Miss Aubrey," was perpetually exclaiming Dr. Tatham, knowing as much about the game the while as the little Marlborough spaniel lying asleep at Miss Aubrey's feel. "Oh dear!" said Kate, at length, with a sigh, "I really don't see how to escape."——

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Aubrey, looking up and listening to the sound of carriage wheels.

"Never mind," said her husband, who was interested in the game—"come, come, Kate." A few minutes afterward a servant made his appearance, and coming up to Mr. Aubrey, told him that Mr. Parkinson and another gentleman had called, and were waiting in the library to speak to him on business.

"What can they want at this hour?" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, absently, intently watching an expected move of his sister's, which would have decided the game. At length she made her long-meditated descent, in quite an unexpected quarter.

"Check-mate!" she exclaimed, with infinite glee.

"Ah!" cried he, rising, with a slightly surprised and chagrined air, "I 'm ruined! Now, try your hand on the doctor, while I go and speak to these people. I wonder what can possibly have brought them here. Oh, I see—I see; 't is probably about Miss Evelyn's marriage-settlement—I 'm to be one of her trustees." With this he left the room, and presently entered the library, where were two gentlemen, one of whom, a stranger, was in the act of pulling off his great-coat. It was Mr. Runnington; a tall, thin, elderly man, with short gray hair—his countenance bespeaking the calm, acute, clear-headed man of business. The other was Mr. Parkinson; a plain, substantial-looking, hard-headed, country attorney.

"Mr. Runnington, my London agent, sir," said he to Mr. Aubrey, as the latter entered. Mr. Aubrey bowed.

"Pray, gentlemen, be seated," he replied, taking a chair beside them. "Why, Parkinson, you look very serious—both of you. What is the matter?" he inquired, surprisedly.

"Mr. Runnington, sir, has arrived, most unexpectedly to me, only an hour or two ago from London, on business of the last importance to you."

"Well, what is it? Pray, say at once what it is—I am all attention," said Mr. Aubrey, anxiously.

"Do you happen to remember sending Waters to me on Monday or Tuesday last, with a paper which had been served by some one on old Jolter?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Aubrey, after a moment's consideration.

"Mr. Runnington's errand is connected with that document."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, apparently a little relieved. "I assure you, gentlemen, you very greatly overestimate the importance I attach to any thing that such a troublesome person as Mr. Tomkins can do, if I am right in supposing that it is he who——— Well, then, what *is* the matter?" he inquired quickly, observing Mr. Parkinson shake his head, and interchange a grave look with Mr. Runnington; "you cannot think how you would oblige me by being explicit."

"This paper," said Mr. Runnington, holding up that which Mr. Aubrey at once recollected as the one on which he had cast his eye on its being handed to him by Waters, "is a Declaration in Ejectment with which Mr. Tomkins has nothing whatever to do. It is served virtually on *you*, and you are the real defendant."

"So I apprehend I was in the former trumpery action."

"Do you recollect, Mr. Aubrey," said Mr. Parkinson, with much anxiety, "several years ago, some serious conversation which you and I had together when I was preparing your marriage settlements?"

Mr. Aubrey's face was suddenly blanched.

"The matters we then discussed have suddenly acquired immense importance. This paper occasions us, on your account, the deepest anxiety." Mr. Aubrey continued silent, gazing on Mr. Parkinson with intensity. "Supposing, from a hasty glance at it, and from the message accompanying it, that it was merely another action of Tomkins's about the slip of waste land attached to Jolter's cottage, I sent up to London to Messrs. Runnington, & Co. requesting them to call on the plaintiff's attorneys, and settle the action. He did so; and perhaps you will explain the rest," said Mr. Parkinson to Mr. Runnington.

"Certainly," said that gentleman. "I called accordingly yesterday morning on Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—they are a very well known, but not very popular firm in the profession, and in a very few minutes my misconception of the nature of the business I had called to settle was set right. In short,"—he paused, as if distressed at the intelligence he was about to communicate.

"Oh, pray, pray go on, sir," said Mr. Aubrey, in a low tone.

"I am no stranger, sir, to your firmness of character; but I shall have to tax it, I fear, to its uttermost. To come at once to the point—they told me that I might undoubtedly *settle* the matter, if you would consent to give up immediate possession of the Yatton estate, and account for the mesne profits to their client, the right heir—as they contend—a Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse." Mr. Aubrey sunk back in his chair, overcome, for an instant, by this dreadful and astounding intelligence; and all three of them preserved silence for more than a minute. Mr. Runnington was a man of a very feeling heart. In the course of his great practice he had had to encounter many distressing scenes; but probably none of them had equalled that in which, at the earnest entreaty of Mr. Parkinson, who distrusted his own self-possession, he now bore a leading part. The two attorneys interchanged frequent looks of deep sympathy for their unfortunate client, who seemed as if stunned by the intelligence they had brought him.

"I felt it my duty to lose not an instant in coming down to Yatton," resumed Mr. Runnington, observing Mr. Aubrey's eye again directed inquiringly towards him; "for Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap are very dangerous people to deal with, and must be encountered promptly, and with the greatest possible caution. The moment that I had left them, I hastened to the Temple, to retain for you, Mr. Subtle, the leader of the Northern Circuit; but they had been beforehand with me, and retained him nearly three months ago, together with another eminent King's counsel on the circuit. Under these circumstances, I lost no time in giving a special retainer to the Attorney General, in which I trust I have done right, and in retaining as junior a gentleman whom I consider to be incomparably the ablest lawyer on the circuit."

"Did they say any thing concerning the nature of their client's title?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, in a languid tone; but he was perfectly calm and collected.

"Very little. If they had been *never* so precise, of course I should have distrusted every word they said. They certainly mentioned that they had the first conveyancing opinion in the kingdom, which concurred in favor of their client; that they had been for months prepared at all points, and accident only had delayed their commencing proceedings till now."

"Did you make any inquiries as to who the claimant was?" inquired Mr. Aubrey.

"Yes; but all I could learn was, that they had discovered him by mere accident; and that he was in very obscure and distressed circumstances. I tried to discover by what means they proposed to commence and carry on so expensive a contest; but they smiled significantly, and were silent." Another long pause ensued, during which Mr. Aubrey was evidently silently struggling with very agitating emotions.

"What is the meaning of their affecting to seek the recovery of only one insignificant portion of the property?" he inquired.

"It is their own choice—it may be from considerations of mere convenience. The title by which they may succeed in recovering what they at present go for, will avail to recover every acre of the estate, and the present action will consequently decide every thing!"

"And suppose the worst—that they are successful: what is to be said about the rental which I have been receiving all this time—ten thousand a-year?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, looking as if he dreaded to hear his question answered.

"Oh! that 's quite an after consideration—let us first fight the battle."

"I beg, Mr. Runnington, that you will withhold nothing from me," said Mr. Aubrey, with a faltering voice. "To what extent shall I be liable?"

Mr. Runnington paused.

"I am afraid that *all* the mesne profits, as they are called, which you have received"—commenced Mr. Parkinson—

"No, no," interrupted Mr. Runnington; "I have been turning that over in my mind, and I think that the statute of limitations will bar all but the last six years."

"Why, *that* will be sixty thousand pounds!" interrupted Mr. Aubrey, with a look of sudden despair. "Gracious God, that is perfectly frightful!—frightful! If I lose Yatton, I shall not have a place to put my head in—not one farthing to support myself with! And yet to have to make up *sixty thousand pounds!*" The perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his eye was laden with alarm and agony. He slowly rose from his chair, and bolted the door, that they might not, at such an agitating moment, be surprised or disturbed by any of the family.

"I suppose," said he, in a faint and tremulous tone, "that if this claim succeed, my mother also will share my fate."

They shook their heads in silence.

"Permit me to suggest," said Mr. Runnington, in a tone of the most respectful sympathy, "that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

"But the NIGHT follows!" said Mr. Aubrey, with a visible tremor; and his voice made the hearts of his companions thrill within them. "Mine is really a fearful case! I and mine, I feel, are become suddenly beggars. We are *trespassers at Yatton*. We have been unjustly enjoying the rights of others."

"My dear Mr. Aubrey," said Mr. Parkinson, earnestly, "that remains to be proved. We really are getting on far too fast. One would think that the jury had already returned a verdict against us—that judgement had been signed—and that the sheriff was coming in the morning to execute the writ of possession in favor of our opponent." This was well ment by the speaker; but surely it was like talking of the machinery of the ghastly guilotine to the wretch in shivering expectation of suffering by it on the morrow. An involuntary shudder ran through Mr. Aubrey. "Sixty thousand pounds!" he exclaimed, rising and walking to and fro. "Why, I am ruined beyond all redemption! How can I ever satisfy it?" Again he paced the room several times, in silent agony. The inward prayer which he then offered up to God, for calmness and fortitude, seemed to have, in a measure, answered; and he presently resumed his seat. "I have, for these several days past, had a strange sense of impending calamity," said he, in an infinitely more tranquil tone than before—"I have been equally unable to account for or get rid of it. It may be an intimation from Heaven; I bow to its will!"

"We must remember," said Mr. Runnington, "that 'possession is nine-tenths of the law;' which means, that your mere possession will entitle you to retain it against all the world, till a stronger title than yours to the right of possession be made out. You stand on a mountain; and it is for your adversary to displace you, not by showing merely that you have no real title, but that *he has*. If he could prove all your title deeds to be mere waste paper—that in fact you have no more title than I have—he could not advance his own case an inch; he must *first* establish in himself a clear and independent title; so that you are entirely on the defensive; and rely upon it, that so acute and profound a lawyer as the Attorney General will impose every difficulty on——."

"God forbid that any unconscious advantage should be taken on my behalf!" said Mr. Aubrey. Mr. Runnington and Mr. Parkinson both opened their eyes pretty wide at this sally: the latter could not understand but that every thing was fair in war; the former saw and appreciated the nobility of soul which had dictated the exclamation.

"I suppose the affair will soon become public," said Mr. Aubrey, with an air of profound depression.

"Your position in the county, your eminence in public life, the singularity of the case, and the magnitude of the stake—all are circumstances undoubtedly calculated soon to urge the affair before the public," said Mr. Runnington.

"Good God, who is to break the disastrous intelligence to my family!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, hiding his face in his hands. "Something, I suppose," he presently added, with forced calmness, "must be done immediately."

"Undoubtedly. Mr. Parkinson and I will immediately proceed to examine the title deeds, the greater portion of which are, I understand, here in the Hall, and the rest at Mr. Parkingson's; and prepare, without delay, a case for the opinion of the Attorney-General and also of some eminent conveyancer. Who, by the way," said Mr. Runnington, addressing Mr. Parkingson—"who was the conveyancer that had the abstracts before him, on preparing Mr. Aubrey's marriage settlement?"

"Oh, you are alluding to the '*Opinion*' I mentioned to you this evening?" inquired Mr. Parkinson—"I have it at my house, and will show it you in the morning. The doubt he expressed on one or two points gave me, I recollect, no little uneasiness—as *you* may remember, Mr. Aubrey."

"I certainly do," he replied, with a profound sigh; "but though what you said reminded me of something or another that I had heard when a mere boy, I thought no more of it. I think you told me that the gentleman who wrote the opinion was a nervous, fidgety man, always raising difficulties in his clients' titles—and, one way or another, the thing never gave me any concern—never even occurred to my thoughts, till to-day."

"You see," said Mr. Runnington, "if only one link——"

"Will you take a little refreshment, gentlemen, after

your journey?" said Mr. Aubrey, suddenly interrupting him—glad of tbe opportunity it would afford him of reviving his own exhausted spirits by a little wine, before returning to the drawing-room.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XXVII....In which Stanley prepares to become the successor of a peculiarly honorable M. P.

The project of getting Stanley into parliament, involving, as it did, such high considerations, and opening a prospect so brilliant, was of course soon communicated by Amelia to the captain and the general, both of whom at once resolved to call into action all their energies, with the view of ensuring success. They naturally regarded it as a thing well calculated to fix the principles and to enlarge the views of him whom they held in high esteem, and for whom they were ardently anxious to do all in their power. They saw and conversed with him frequently on the subject, and were delighted with the talent he displayed; for while he explained his political predilections with great clearness and point, his mode of expression was peculiarly forcible and persuasive.

Still he preserved a certain coldness, a distance, which neither the captain nor the general could understand. They applied to Amelia; but all the information they could obtain from her was that he had been on some point misinformed. She at the same time begged of them earnestly to take no farther notice of the matter, assuring them that the impression would soon wear off, and be thought of no more.

Conscious, however, of the integrity of his motives, the captain could not allow a false impression to exist: he therefore resolved to embrace the first opportunity for having the point cleared up, which opportunity almost immediately offered.

"My good fellow," said he, addressing Stanley in the presence of the General, "I may be mistaken; but there does not appear to be that warmth of feeling, that unqualified friendship, existing between us which I am anxious to cultivate. If I am mistaken I shall be happy: if not, state at once and unreservedly what it is, that the thing may be explained."

"Captain," said Stanley, "as you wish me to state what it is without reserve, I will do so. I have understood that you and the General have assumed to yourselves the office of spies upon ——"

"Spies!" exclaimed the General: "employ some other term."

"I know of no other term so applicable."

"Sir, I will not allow any man breathing to apply a term so opprobrious to me."

"I am glad," rejoined Stanley, with the most perfect coolness, "that you consider it opprobrious, although it simply proves that men can bear to *do* that of which they cannot bear to be told."

"I beg that you will instantly explain," said the General. "I do not understand this language: it is not the tone to which I have been accustomed."

"It may not be, and yet I know of no other tone which under the circumstances, ought to be assumed. Do you look upon me as a child?"

"I look upon you, sir, as a hot-brained, impetuous, insulting young dog, who one of these days will be called out and shot through the head. Why, my father had his eye upon me until I was fifty! He—"

Here the General suddenly paused: he recollected that Stanley had no father, and on the instant extended his hand, and assured him that he had spoken without a thought, and that he would not wantonly wound his feelings for the world. He conceived that he had touched that chord which commonly vibrates with a pang through the heart, and therefore felt it acutely, being perfectly unconscious of the fact that the feelings of Stanley had not been touched at all.

"My dear fellow," said the captain, as Stanley looked as frownigly as if the General's conjecture had been correct, "you must not misinterpret our motives. We are anxious for your welfare: you will readily believe that. On my part that anxiety may appear to be not only natural, but interested, seeing that the happiness of my child is involved; but on the part of the General it springs from a feeling of friendship, the disinterested purity of which cannot be impugned. You must not suppose that because we manifest that anxiety, we come under the harsh denomination of spies."

"That is all very well," replied Stanley: "but I hate to have my actions watched: not, I would have you understand, that I am ashamed of those actions, but because it not only displays a want of confidence, but places me at once in the position of a fool. That which I detest is its going forth to the world that I require to be sharply looked after, as if I were, forsooth! an idiot or a child. It is the publication of that to the world of which I more especially complain."

"But we have never published this to the world."

"It has been published. It is the common talk even of the servants."

"The servants!" said the Captain with a smile. "I'll not for a moment suppose that you attach the least importance, or even pay the slightest attention, to the common talk of servants. But come, come, do n't let us pursue this subject. I beg of you to believe that our object is not to annoy you by any unnecessary display of anxiety, but, on the contrary, to cultivate a friendly, an affectionate feeling, and to promote your happiness by all the means at our command."

The proposal to drop the subject at the time met Stanley's views, for he had certainly no desire to have it known that he had derived his information from Bob. Not another word was therefore said about the matter: the Captain at once turned to the task he had proposed, that of convincing Stanley of the expediency of adopting those political principles to which he and the General adhered. But Stanley experienced great difficulty in making up his mind. His bias was decidedly in favor of those principles; but Sir William, by whom he was disposed to be guided, was on the opposite side. Circumstances, however, by which political decisions are invariably governed, led him to decide at once against his own bias, and therefore in favor of Sir William's views.

Mr. Trueman, a friend of Sir William, wishing to retire from public life altogether, was about to apply for the very last office which M. P.'s in general are disposed to accept, and the very first which ministers, if they have any patriotic feeling or generosity in them, are anxious to confer upon a political opponent. This office, which is one of those sinecures that have not even yet been abolished, is called the Chiltern Hundreds. It is not in itself very lucrative, but it has been nevertheless the foundation of many fortunes: many have in consequence been raised to the baronetage of England, and many moreover to the peerage. Promotion, however it must as a matter of common justice be stated, was not the object of Mr. Trueman. He was a gentleman whose party had treated him with the most glaring ingratitude; indeed so extremely base was their conduct, that all virtuous persons will admit that it ought to be held up to public execration.

For two and twenty years he had been a member of the Imperial Parliament. He had never been known to take an active part in any debate, or to be absent from any important division; nor during the whole of his brilliant career did he ever give the slightest offence to his constituents—there being the most perfect unanimity of feeling and principle amongst them—an extraordinary fact, which was probably attributable, in some slight degree, to the circumstance of the constituency of the highly-gifted borough he had had for six consecutive parliaments the honor to represent, consisted of a peculiarly thick set hedge, and two barns of remarkable antiquity. But even when his constituents became somewhat more numerous, by virtue of a memorable act, he might have defied them to charge him with any desertion of principle, consistency being a thing upon which he prided himself especially, and which was indeed quite incapable of being assailed. He invariably voted with his party. If even any remarkably rich vein of reasoning happened to seduce him into the belief that his political friends must be wrong, he would still stick to them with the most admirable tenacity, repudiating all faith in the soundness of his own judgement, rather than consent on any point to desert them. He was indeed in this respect immutable: he felt, and very naturally, that he had but one course to pursue, that of following his leader through thick and thin; and from that neither arguments, fears nor entreaties could ever induce him to swerve. At the period of his marriage he was wedded to his political principles, and his faithful adherence to them was probably attributable more to a fond regard for the memory of her from whom he had imbibed them, than to any very powerful conviction of their purity and practical virtue. The fruit of this marriage was a son; but his principles yielded no fruit: they were at all events barren to him. They might, had he trimmed but a trifle, have been productive; but he was far too firm a supporter of his party to render it necessary for the slightest attention to be paid to his claims. His estate was barely sufficient for his support in the style to which he had ever been accustomed, and he therefore had a highly correct paternal anxiety about a handsome provision for his son; but there were always at that interesting period of British history so many patriots whose adherence had in some way or other to be secured, that there was never a particle of patronage left for those upon whom the most perfect reliance could be placed. His son had been waiting for years for an appointment; but it regularly enough happened that whenever a vacancy occured which would have suited him in every particular to a hair, it was filled up at once by some other young gentleman having a prior claim, of course, while he remained at home living in idleness and hope, "promise-crammed," indeed, but with as sombre a prospect of an appointment as it is, perhaps, possible for the human imagination to conceive.

This was the ingratitude of which Mr. Trueman complained; and it certainly was very flagrant and very base; it was this which eventually tried him out; and as he indignantly communicated to Sir William his firm determination to throw up his seat in disgust, it was arranged between them that the fact should not be publicly known until Stanley was ready to start.

"Well, now really," exclaimed the widow, when Sir William, who dined with her now almost daily, had at table explained the whole affair, "how very amiable! Why, we have the game in our own hands! Not a creature will know a word about it till all our arrangements are complese! What could have been more fortunate or more delightful!"

"There is one slight difficulty to surmount," observed Sir William, "which is, that in order to secure your return, you must be on the popular side."

"Will that be essential to success?" inquired Stanley, "seeing that we have the start?"

"Why, it may not be positively essential, it is true; but by taking that side you will be much more safe."

"Oh, be on the safe side, my dear!" cried the widow, inspired with a patriotic spirit. "Whatever you do, my love, be on the safe side."

"But," said Amelia, "will he not thereby violate his principles?"

"Dear me, of what possible importance is that! I have heard it asserted again and again that in politics persons never dream of allowing principle to stand in the way of interest! It is really quite ridiculous to think of such a thing. It is not to be expected. I am sure I have heard that nobody does it, or at least that they who do are perfect idiots, and Stanley is not an idiot, my love: no, thank Heaven, he is not an idiot."

This, of course, was unanswerable; it settled the point at once, and Amelia, whom it effectually silenced, listened most attentively to the reasoning by which Sir William sought to prove the expediency of adopting the course he had suggested.

"Besides, my dear," interposed the widow, when Stanley was on the point of yielding; "what is the great object proposed? Is it not to obtain a seat in Parliament? Of course. Ought you not then to adopt those principles by which alone that object is certain to be secured? Why, beyond all dispute. The safe side, my love, is the side for me. None can rationally hope to succeed who are not on the safe side."

"Well," said Stanley, when an infinite variety of equally sound and substantial arguments had induced him to determine in favor of that which was deemed the safe side; "and how about the qualification?"

"Oh, that," replied Sir William, "can be easily managed.

"But—three hundred a-year landed property, is it not? *I* possess no landed property!"

"Well, but you can, you know, my love," said the widow. "There will be no real difficulty about that."

"That will be quite unnecessary," said Sir William; "you can possess it as others do, nominally."

"Oh!" exclaimed the widow; "but I should like him to be in the actual possession of it."

"Well, that certainly would be more correct and straightforward."

"Of course," cried Stanley, who wished that three thousand a-year had been required, "and then they *can* raise no objection."

"It is always better," said Sir William, "when it can be conveniently managed."

"Oh," cried the widow, "it can be done without the slightest inconvenience in the world."

"Very well. Then when will you start?"

"At once," replied Stanley. "The sooner the better. We'll settle the whole of the preliminaries, arrange everything likely to give us an advantage, and then the thing can be publicly announced"

This was agreed to, and the remainder of the evening was passed, on the one hand, by Stanley and Sir William in marking out the details of the course to be pursued; and on the other, by Amelia and the widow in perfecting the plans they had previously conceived, and which were now about to be carried into actual execution.

CHAPTER XVIII....The Canvass.

All were now on the *qui vive*. Stanley was cramming for his political debut; Sir William was in constant communication with Mr. Trueman and the agents; the Captain and the General were making all the interest in their power, while Amelia and the widow were deriving from all quarters all sorts of information touching the task they themselves had undertaken to perform.

Their first object was to purchase an estate for Stanley near the borough in question; but as that was at the time impracticable, they engaged a furnished mansion for six months in the immediate vicinity, and lived in magnificent style. The ladies were indefatigable. There was scarcely a tradesman in the place to whom they failed to extend their patronage, while to almost every charitable institution in the county they sent munificent donations in the name of Stanley Thorn, until "Stanley Thorn" was in the mouth of every man, woman, and child. The name became extremely popular: every one was inquiring about Stanley Thorn, and poetically descanting upon his manifest wealth and unbounded benevolence; for, of course, they had no conception of his object, that having been kept wisely a most profound secret.

At length the time for open action arrived: the writ was moved for, and the canvass commenced; and on the following day an opponent was in the field canvassing with corresponding energy.

Both candidates were unknown to the constituency, and hence their characters as portrayed by their respective supporters were, of course, extremely striking. Two more distinctly astonishing men never breathed. Their talents were of the highest order possible, while their hearts were so pure, their principles so sound, their motives so particularly disinterested, their aspirations so excessively pure, that it seemed to be almost a pity to place them in a position to be contaminated by the ordinary people of this sublunary sphere. But, on the other hand, there never were, in the view of their respective opponents, two such hideous monsters crawling upon the face of the great globe. They were by far the most atrocious, the most corrupt, the most venal, the most unprincipled persons in nature; they were political villains, liars, swindlers, assassins; there never were such wretches; there never were such brutes! in short, as every thing was left to the imagination, which revelled delightfully, and with the most perfect freedom, it soon became utterly impossible for the mind of man to conceive the legitimate extent of their political delinquencies; albeit, they had both about as much real knowledge in politics as might have been attributed to the children in the wood.

The character of a candidate, however, was a thing to which the majority of the electors attached no importance. The constituency of this enlightened borough was divided into two distinct classes: the dependent electors, who were compelled to vote to order, and those who were so really independent that they felt themselves at liberty to vote for him who promised the most, and paid the best. In both cases principle was merged in interest; which is certainly one of the most beautiful characteristics of the popular mode of exercising electoral privileges, seeing that it renders it perfectly unnecessary for electors in the aggregate to trouble their heads about politics at all. Nor is it merely unnecessary; it is even worse than useless, inasmuch as they who do think for themselves,—which is a great deal of trouble, and people really to appreciate more highly than they do equivocal politeness of those who are at all times willing to relieve them of that trouble,—cannot act upon their own judgement, which renders its formation mere labor in vain, and hence in all such cases it is manifest that the people ought to look at the thing as a matter with which they have no more to do than to be guided by those who have infinitely more time than they have or can have to view the conflicting ramifications of State policy, the study of which forms the chief business of their perfectly patriotic lives.

Here, however, the independent electors were in the ascendant: they formed by far the stronger body, and constituted, therefore, the most interesting class: and, oh, how sweet are the feelings of an independent man! how clear are his views, how noble his aspirations! who will dare to coerce *him*? He is a man; he strongly feels that he is a man, a really free man,—a Briton! He takes his vote to the best market. He is not basely bound to give it to this man or to that. No! it is his own property; he feels it to be so; he knows it, and he makes the most of it. And who shall impugn his right? Who shall attack the rights of property? They must be held inviolable. As the sacred character of property forms the very basis of civilization, down tumbles civilization pell mell if this, its legitimate base, be removed. Perish the principles which tend to subvert the

rights of property! They are the most pernicious that can spread. If they are permitted to stalk through the land unmuzzled, away will go our social system, mingled—in the vilest and most sanguinary manner mingled—with chaotic heaps of revolutionary dust. But for the inviolable character of property, England, the land of the free, the envy of surrounding empires, the wonder of the world,—for the integrity of whose glorious institutions so many thousands of aspiring and noble hearts have bled, and so many thousands more are now ready to bleed, would be one of the most rascally nations upon earth. The security of property is the palladium of our liberties. It is the great, the glorious thing!—the very thing!—the thing to which more real importance should be attached than to any other thing under Heaven; for, unless it be universally recognized and upheld, the British empire must crumble like touchwood into dust. And who that perceives how essential to the due preparation of our rights and privileges as Britons it is that property should he held inviolable,—who that perceives that if it be not, ruin, grim ruin, will stride through the land, kicking everything down right and left in its progress,—can fail to perceive that to impugn the right of men who possess that property which is involvod in the franchise,—more especially as in thousands upon thousands of instances a vote is the only property a man does possess,—is directly to assail the sacred character of that which forms the real foundation of England's glory? Of course many superficial persons will contend that a vote is a species of property which ought not to be sold; but in the view of those really independent electors how absurdly untenable did this position appear! how ridiculously rotten! They argued thus:—A vote either is property or it is not. That is perfectly clear; and equally clear is it that according to the Constitution, a man either is master of that property or he is not. That is perfectly clear. If then a vote is property, and a man be the master of that property, it legitimately follows that he is at liberty to sell it if he likes; if, on the other hand, it be not property *bona fide*, but merely property in trust, of what intrinsic value is a vote to its possessor? But is it not monstrous to talk about its being a property in trust in a great commercial country like this! Is it not given to a man expressly in order that he may do what he likes with it? Very well then: when he sells it, he does what he likes with it, and thereby performs his part of the contract. The whole thing resolved itself into this; and although it is not even yet universally admitted or understood, it was understood and highly appreciated by the independent electors of the borough in question. They held votes to be their own personal property; and in order that they might sell them to the best possible advantage, they formed themselves into independent associations, and, working in a body, held back till the last, which was a highly correct and most excellent plan, because parties were then so equally divided, that toward the close of the poll the value of votes increased immensely; indeed, it then became a question with each candidate how much it would be worth his while to give for the purpose of securing his return, which could then be secured beyond all doubt by purchasing the personal property of this enlightened lot.

Under these refreshing circumstances it at once became manifest that the independent part of the constituency need not be canvassed at all; that they might safely be left to the management of an agent by whom they were all known, to be treated with in the event of their services being absolutely essential to Stanley's success.

The canvass, therefore, embraced the dependent electors chiefly, and it was amazing how unanimous they were in favor of Stanley, according to the ingenious gentleman whom his committee employed. Oh, there could be no doubt at all about his return. That was placed beyond the pale of dispute. They never before met with so much enthusiasm. Their success was beyond all conception. The anxiety of the electors to record their votes in his favor, was, indeed, truly marvellous!

Amelia and the widow took the principal tradesmen. They were canvassing daily, from ten till four, and by virtue of extravagant purchases, and promises of future patronage—which could not by any means come under the denomination of bribery—they were very successful.

Having gone satisfactorily through this list, they took up one which was deemed the most hopeless: it was that of mechanics who were known to be coerced by the opposition, and whose support could not, therefore, be reasonably expected. Success, however, had made the widow bold. She felt sure of surmounting every obstacle then: she would not hear of the possibility, in any case, of failure, but contended, that even if she and Amelia could not induce them to vote for Stanley, they could, at all events, prevail upon them not to vote at all.

The morning they started on this expedition, they repudiated the carriage: not with the view of assuming an air of humility; on the contrary, they were dressed with unusual elegance, and had their purses unusually well filled, having a high appreciation of that beautiful maxim: *Amour fait beaucoup mais argent fait tout.*

The first place at which they called was a cottage, in the occupation of a mechanic named Sims, and as they approached, three children, who were sitting upon the threshold—the eldest of whom was performing the character of governess to her brother and sister, who represented scholars—started up with the most perfect expression of surprise within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

"Is your father at home, my little dears?" inquired the widow.

"Mother! mother! mother!" exclaimed the children in a breath, their eyes and mouths being still very widely extended, and their mother, who had been preparing her husband's meal, was in an instant at the door.

"Mr. Sims," said the widow with a fascinating smile, "is he within?"

"N—no, ma'am," replied the poor woman, courtesying very respectfully, and feeling very nervous. "He 's at work, ma'am; but he 'll be home to his dinner, ma'am, in about ten minutes."

"We 'll wait till he returns, if you 'll allow us."

Mrs. Sims again courtsied, placed two wooden chairs in an eligible position, and tremblingly dusted them with her apron, while the children, with the utmost caution, glided into a corner, where they stood in a group with their fingers in their mouths, glancing timidly at the ladies.

"Those are *your* sweet children, I presume?" observed the widow, "Come here, my little dears: come, do not be afraid!"

The children looked as if they really could not help it: they did, however, eventually approach, and the widow fondled them all with great affection.

"Why," said Amelia, "you must be very happy in this sweet little place, and with so fine a little family?"

"Yes, ma'am, thank Heaven, we're pretty comfortable, considering the place is rather too large for our things, ma'am, but that we can't help. My husband 's obliged to live here for a vote."

"Then you anticipate the object of our visit?" said the widow. "You are aware that it is to solicit that vote? Do you know on which side Mr. Sims means to go?"

"I do n't exactly know, ma'am, but I think he is to vote for Mr. Swansdown."

"Oh! but Mr. Thorn is the popular candidate.

"Is he, ma'am!"

"Oh, dear me! yes; he 's so charming a person, so elegant, so talented, and means to do so much good, you can't think! You 'll be delighted to see him. He is so excessively clever. Mr. Sims must vote for him."

"I 'm afraid he must go on the other side, ma'am."

"Good gracious! You astonish me! Why?"

"Because the gentleman he works for will be on that side."

"That cannot possibly be of the least importance: it cannot possibly follow, that, because the employer of Mr. Sims will vote for Mr. Swansdown, Mr. Sims should vote for Mr. Swansdown too!"

"I do n't understand much about it, ma'am, of course, but he has always been obliged to do so."

"Oh! but you know that 's excessively wrong; it is very wrong, indeed, for employers thus to influence the employed; because, you see, it destroys all freedom of election! which is dreadful, you know: besides the practice is expressly forbidden by law. I must talk to him on this great point, and you must talk to him too: we must show him that he is not a free agent if he permits himself thus to be coerced and led away'"

"Here he is, ma'am," observed Mrs. Sims, as her husband, with a thoughtful aspect, entered.

The widow turned and bowed to him, as Sims removed his cap and informed her that he was her servant.

"Mr. Sims," said the widow, "we have called to solicit your vote for Mr. Thorn."

"I am sorry," replied Sims, respectfully. "I would give it with pleasure, but I must vote on the other side."

"Indeed! Well, you are a good creature to be sorry: it proves that in heart you are in favor of Mr. Thorn."

"I do n't know the gentleman, but I agree with his principles."

"How is it, then, that you must not vote for him, Mr. Sims?"

"Because, to speak plain, ma'am, my interest won't let me."

"Dear me, how very odd! But is it correct, Mr. Sims, either morally or politically, to sacrifice principle to interest?"

"Why, it may n't be, ma'am, certainly it may n't; but I 've got a young family, ma'am, and in justice to them I may n't act upon any fine notions."

"But you will thereby benefit your family. We will make it worth your while, Mr. Sims."

Sims shook his head doubtfully.

"You do not question our sincerity, Mr. Sims?"

"Not the least, but what 's to recompense me for being thrown out of work, which I should be, as sure as you 're there, ma'am, directly."

"That would be very sad; it certainly would, very, very sad indeed; but then, you see, Mr. Sims, we ought always to act upon our principles."

"Perhaps we ought, ma'am; but we may n't always do it."

"Oh, but virtue, you know, always meets its reward!"

"And in cases like mine that reward is starvation."

"Not so, Mr. Sims. We would not only immediately remunerate you for your services, but in the event of your being in consequence dismissed, I am sure that Mr. Thorn, who is one of the best and kindest persons breathing, would feel himself in honor bound to do something for you."

"The promises of gentlemen is one thing, ma'am, and the keeping of them promises is another. About four years ago I depended on promises, and voted on your side, and what was the consequence? Why, I was out of work the whole of the winter, and a bitter winter it was. I did n't earn a shilling till they wanted my vote again, and then they took me on."

"But could you not have procured employment elsewhere."

"I might, perhaps, if I 'd left the town; but I was born here, and so was my father before me: I could n't bear the thought of leaving."

"Of course not; the feeling is very natural; but I must say that it is an extremely shocking thing that your vote, which is to all intents and purposes your own, should not be exercised freely. Do n't you see, Mr. Sims?"

"I do ma'am: I do see, and have felt it to my cost. I wish that I had no vote at all."

"Why then do you register?"

"I am compelled to register by the same power as that which compels me to vote. By giving votes to poor men like me, you only give those votes to their masters: you only increase their political influence: you only give them additional power over the men they employ."

"Well, Mr. Sims, I of course regret exceedingly that you are thus situated, but I hope, still, that you will think better of it. Besides, you have not yet heard my proposal."

"Whatever you propose, ma'am, on this score, will be a proposal to ruin my family, which I can 't of course agree to. I say this with respect, ma'am; I mean no offence. I do n't believe that you 'd do it if you knew it, but ruin would come for all that."

"Pray urge him no farther," whispered Amelia earnestly. "It will be dreadful if we persuade him to injure himself and family for us!"

"Oh, but my dear, that is not the way to canvass! We must not consider these things now! If we do we shall never get on!"

"While these memorable observations were being delivered in a whisper, Sims correctly retired to the extreme corner of the room, which the widow no sooner perceived than she drew his wife aside, and said, "My dear Mrs. Sims, I am sure that so amiable a person as you appear to be, must have very considerable influence. Try what you can do to persuade your good husband to give us his vote. I will place in your hands twenty pounds if you can induce him to promise, as I have the utmost confidenc in you; and be assured, that if after the election any thing unpleasant should occur, you shall not be forgotten."

Twenty pounds! Fascination floated upon the very sound of such a sum. What might it not procure! It might even enable them to commence in a small way of business, and thus to be comparatively independent. Twenty pounds! The sum seemed so very immense that the poor woman drew towards her husband at once with rapture in her eyes and temptation on her tongue.

The widow now felt quite sure of success; and while the daughter of Eve, whom she had charmed, was endeavoring to prove the inexpediency of refusing the immense amount of money that had been offered, and placing the strongest possible emphasis upon the fact that it might be received without the slightest violation of either principle or honor, the fair canvassers were engaged in caressing the children; and when they had adorned with satin sashes the waists of the two girls, who strutted about the room with the most exalted pride, and turning constantly as they strutted to admire the long ends which reached the ground, the widow placed a sovereign in the hands of the boy, who looked alternately at her and the wealth she had bestowed with an expression of the most intense amazement.

The conference between Sims and his wife, both of whom, while enforcing their respective views, were extremely energetic, was soon at an end, and the result was that Sims refused to yield.

"I am sorry," said he, "I am very sorry, ladies, that I am compelled to vote against my inclination; but I know what the consequence will be so well, that I dare not do it. I hope Mr. Thorn will succeed; I hope he will, ladies, sincerely; but as far as I, myself, am concerned, it is of no use—*I must* vote against him."

This was conclusive. The firmness with which this decision was pronounced, convinced the widow that nothing could shake his resolution, and, therefore, after many expressions of regret on both sides, she prepared to take leave. Amelia, however, before she quitted the place, drew the poor woman aside, and generously presented her with five sovereigns, which she accepted and acknowledged with tears of gratitude.

"God bless you, lady!" she exclaimed. "I will teach my children to pray for you. May He protect you for ever!"

This was a very poor beginning. It tended to daunt the enthusiasm of both. Amelia began to consider whether any possible circumstance could justify the practice of tempting poor persons to entail wretchedness and ruin upon themselves, and soon arrived at the conclusion, that no justification could be found. This conclusion, she immediately communicated to the widow, who contested it warmly, on the ground of its adoption being utterly inexpedient; but Amelia urged it so zealously, and with so much force and feeling, that she eventually so far prevailed as to induce a suspension of operations until the point had been deliberately settled at home.

As they passed through the town on their return, they met Bob and his venerable friend, by whom they were informed that the Captain, accompanied by General and Miss Johnson, had arrived, which delighted them both, and they hastened to join them.

Bob had been extremely useful. He had ferreted out the deep designs of the independent electors, and had felt their pulse with really admirable tact. He knew the whole of their movements, attended all their meetings, and reported progress with great discrimination; and while he felt that his services were highly appreciated, he had not the slightest doubt they would be handsomely rewarded.

The hope of reward, however—although truth induces the confession, that that was very lively and strong,—was not the spur to which his zeal and activity were principally attributable. He gloried in the task. He felt flattered by the confidence reposed in him, and though in the garb of a mechanic, his heart swelled with pride, for he knew that as much depended upon the judgement he displayed, his position was one of high importance.

But although he had been in great spirits, although he had succeeded to his heart's content, in the performance of the task he had undertaken, he had no one to converse with confidentially, no one to accompany him, no one to whom he could open his whole soul. He had a thousand times wished for his venerable friend, and hence, when he arrived not only was he overjoyed to see him, but he instantly made a representation at head quarters, which secured him as an auxiliary, and was conducting him, when he met his mistress, to a celebrated slop-shop in the town, to purchase a jacket and an apron for the venerable gentleman, that he might accompany him also incog.

"They look rayther spicey down here, I say, don't they?" said Bob, when Amelia and the widow had passed on.

"Werry slap," replied the venerable gentleman. "Vot are they been arter?"

"Oh! canvassing."

"Canwassing! vot! they canwass! Vell, vimmin is devils!"

"It only shows you what they 'll do for their husbands."

"That 's reg'lar: so it does; they 'll do a deal for 'em, ven they 're a tidyish sort; ony, yer see, they make 'em pay werry dear for their dewotion."

"But wot I look at most, is, they don't stick at nothing: they 'll go through fire and water to serve you."

"So they vill, ven you get 'em to bite: but even then, you know, there 's allus two sides to a penny: look at both and you 're safe to find one of 'em a voman. That 's the p'int: cos a voman is a voman all over the vorld. Still I agrees vith you reg'lar, that ven they do take they sticks like lobsters to business; but that ain 't the p'int; many on 'em looks arter number vun, vhich leads them as is tied to 'em, werry rum lives. They 'ere safe to sarve you out, you know, in someway or 'nother."

"Ah, but I like to see a woman, you know, as 'll go through any thing for her husband."

"So do I! It 's a interesting sight, and that 's vere they gets over you! But if you look at the light thing fillysophocle, you 'll find that their charges for this is werry heavy."

They now reached the slop-shop, and when the proprietor had suited the venerable gentleman to a hair, Bob took

him to the head quarters of the independents, where they had a pint of ale and ascertained that there was to be a grand meeting that evening at seven.

"Vot sort of buffers is them hindependents?" inquired venerable Joe.

"They 're swells," replied Bob, "which votes for them as pays the best."

"Werry reg'lar," said the venerable gentleman, ironically. "Then in course they hare warmant."

"You 'll say so, when you see 'em."

"I says so now! No woter as sells his wote ought to have a wote to sell. They ought all to be hexpunged, cos it 's wenal corruption."

"But s'pose it 's reg'lar?" It do n't ought to be! Vot is votes for? That 's the p'int. Ain't they for to be guv to the best man? And how can that be, if they are sold like red herrings?"

"But in a place like this here, where it 's done, you know, so reg'lar, and deliberate, it makes all the odds!"

"Not a ha'porth. It only shows yer that rotten wenality is ketching. D'yer think now, if I was a gentleman I 'd buy up the wotes of the wagabones?"

"If you did n't, the t' other buffer would, mind yer, that 's where you 'd feel it. S'pose you was a genelman which wanted to get into parliament. Very well. Here 's a mob of swells here, which can do the trick for you, and if you don't buy 'em up you do n't get in at all. Now, then, would n't you do it, providin' it wos reg'lar?"

"Not a bit of it! I 'll tell you vot I 'd do: I 'd go to the t'other genelman comforble and quiet, and I 'd say, Mr. Vot's-yer-name, ve 're a conflicting together in this here business. Werry vell, that 's no hods: may the best man vin. Now look here: there 's a squaddy of wagabones, vich vonts to sell their wotes, vich is werry onreg'lar, and do n't ought to be. Werry vell. Now, I 'll tell yer vot I 'll do vith yer; I 'll give yer my verd, vich in course is as good as my bond, that if you do n't buy up these here warmant, I von't. Vot 's the consequence? Vy, in course, they 'd hold back till the last, a expectin', an' expectin', an' expectin' to be bought at their own walleation, an' at the close of the poll the whole b'ilin' 'ud be done just as brown as a berry."

"That would n't be a bad move, mind you!"

"It 's the only vay to sarve 'em. They 'd be so blessed vild they 'd be fit to punch their heads off."

"Blowed, if I do n't name it to master!" cried Bob.—"It 's a out and move."

And so it was in the abstract: nothing could be better. The conception did the venerable gentleman great credit. But he thought of the conduct of the principals only. He overlooked the fact that each candidate had a committee whose object was to ensure success, and who were not very scrupulous as to the means. It was possible that the candidates themselves would agree to a proposition of the kind and would feel themselves bound to adhere to the compact; but the probability was that towards the close of the poll the committee, in the plenitude of their enthusiasm, would violate that compact in order to make all sure.

It was precisely in this light that Stanley and his immediate friends viewed the proposition when suggested by Bob, in the full conviction of its being hailed with loud applause. Their view of the case, however, was not explained to him. Unwilling to diminish his value by reducing his manifest self-importance, they told him that he was an extremely clever fellow; that the thing should be considered in committee; and that it was highly essential still to watch the movements of the patriots, and to report the very moment he heard of any offer having been made by the opposite side; the whole of which had great weight with Bob, who still imagined that the suggestion would of course be adopted.

During this conference, Venerable Joe was arraying himself in his masquerade dress; and, as he blackened his beard with burnt cork, and soiled his jacket and apron with soot, he looked, when his toilet was complete, like a highly respectable tinker.

Bob, whose habiliments were somewhat more tidy, did not quite approve of the *toût ensemble* of his venerable friend, and he said so, and in terms which could not be mistaken, but with all that delicacy of expression and tone, by which his delivery was distinguished in common.

The venerable gentleman, however, contested the point with great eloquence.

"I study natur'" said he. "The dress is nat'ral: vere has it vood n't be no how nat'ral if it looked as if I 'd dressed for the part! that 's the p'int. Look 'ere: you go to the play and you see a willage scene. Werry vell. The pheasants is all drossed reg'lar, vith werry tight smalls, leetle jackets, and pumps, cuttin' avay like ingey rubber, and sportin' werry vell deweloped calves. Is this nat'ral? Ain't it heven, as far as the dress is consarned, a werry bad imitation of natur'? Is pheasants got calves? Not a hindiwidual one upon the face of the blessed earth. They 've got no calves at all—not the men: their calves all runs down right avay into their boots; and as for dancin'! they do dance like helephants; they 're werry heavy coaches; the music, mind yer, must be cruel slow: they seem built hexpress to go along with the Old Hunderth: all vich proves werry clear to me that ven people attempts for to dress for a part, they ought to study natur."

Bob, perceiving the force of this analogy, yielded; and, at the appointed hour they went forth to meet the Independents.

On their arrival, they found the room crowded, and all seemed exceedingly anxious to ascertain if any offer from either side had been made. The business of the evening had not yet commenced: they were waiting with great impatience for Mr. Jonathan Boggles, a respectable blacksmith, and a member of the committee, who, conscious of his importance, was invariably late. He did, however, eventually arrive, and his presence was hailed with enthusiastic cheering.

"Chair! chair! chair! Mr. Boggles in the chair!" shouted the Independents simultaneously.

Mr. Boggles, however, sat with great humility near the door, until the question had been put and unanimously carried, when with a show of reluctance, which did him great credit, for it seemed to proceed from a knowledge of his own unworthiness, he took possession of the chair amidst shouts of applause.

Every eye was now upon him; the anxiety which prevailed was most intense; and Mr. Boggles having, with due deliberation, passed his blue cotton handkerchief three distinct times across his highly intellectual brow, called with infinite presence of mind for a pint and a pipe and a screw.

Another wild exclamation of "Chair!" burst from the impatient patriots; but Boggles sat with appropriate tranquility until the pint, and the pipe and the screw had been produced, when he majestically rose; and as the most breathless silence pervaded the room, he was heard by all to say,

"Gents, we ar n't heered noth'n."

This important announcemen: seemed to remove from the minds of all a load of suspense, albeit beyond that it clearly afforded no pleasure; but as Mr. Boggles subsequently intimated, with all his characteristic consciousness, that he should be happy to hear any gentleman deliver his sentiments on the all-absorbing point, a patriot of some importance rose, and let the following eloquence loose.

"Brother townsmen: You 've heered what the cheerman has said togither, and yow knoo what to think on 't as well as I can tell 'ee: but if aither party think we shall move from our ground, they never were greater mistaken. [*Loud cheers.*] We beant a-goin' to do noth'n' of the sourt. [*Renewed cheering.*] I knoo what they are a-waitin' for together; they 're awaitin' to see which side we shall lane on; but we beant a-goin' to lane on noo side. [*Applause.*] What 's it matter to us which gets in? What 'll aither on 'em do for us? Noth'n'. Why should we put ourselves out o' the way then for them? If they have us they must drop someth'n' handsome: if they won't they do n't have us. [*Much cheering.*] We 're not unreasonable togither. We only want as much as we can get: we want noth'n' more. If we can have more from one than we can from the other, should not we be fools not to take it? Why should we make any sacrifice for them? Would they make a mite o' sacrifice for us? Would n't they see us rot first?—They 're sure to have us. We 've the power in our own hands, and we beant to be done. If naither offers noth'n, then comes our turn: we 'll offer ourselves to Thorn, who 's a rollin' in riches, and if he do n't give what we want, he 's the one to be punished: we 'll wait till just the last, and then we 'll go up together and swamp him."

While the loud applause which honored the conclusion of this oration was floating through the air, Bob and Venerable Joe held a confidential conference touching the scheme, which they had previously deemed excellent, but which they now clearly perceived would be utterly ineffectual.—He was therefore impatient to communicate this highly important fact to his master, and in the glow of his zeal was about to leave at once for that purpose; but his venerable friend detained him by suggesting the extreme probability of other points of importance being started; and several speches followed, tending to illustrate the justice as well as the expediency of making Stanley the victim in the event of any "swindle" being attempted.

When this point had been carried *nem. con.* a rough red-headed genius rose to direct attention to a general view of the matter.

"It has been stated," said he, "in the coorse of this discussion, that it doon't matter a boot'n to us as individuals which party gets in. I go furder, and say it doon't matter a boot'n to the coontry at large, cause there 's just six o' one and half a dozen o' the other. This coontry is goin' right under the table, [*hear! hear!*] and noth'n can save it but a roarin' revolution! [*Loud cheering.*] And what 'ud be the consequence of sooch a revolution, which soom weak-minded pipple dread? What 'ud be the consequence, I say? Suppose the whoole coontry wor in flames, and every thing in it burnt to ashes! Is plenty of work good for the coontry? Is good wages good for the coontry?—And why? See what general employ it 'ud cause!—see what work there 'e be to build it all up again!—see what wages poor men would have then! I 'll tell you what together, I 'm for making all level, and beginnin' again fresh!"

This generous sentiment was most enthutiastically applauded by all present, with the exception of Venerable Joe, who was the proprietor of sundry small houses, and with whose private interests the adoption of sweeping a measure of reform would in consequence seriously interfere. He therefore intimated to Bob—who made it a point of discretion to applaud every speech—that he was about to reply to the red-headed gentleman; and although Bob endeavored to dissuade him, by pointiug out distinctly that snch a proceeding would not be safe under all the circumstances, he would not be turned from his purpose. He therefore rose, and the moment he had done so there was a general whisper of "Who 's he?" D'yow know him? Who 's he?"

"I 've riz," said the venerable gentleman with great deliberation, "to hanswer a hobservation wot dropped from the hindiwidual vich 'ad the honor to speak last. My hobject is to say but a werry few vords; ann fustly, I wish to arst him how, if he 'ad property, he 'd like to have it knocked o' th' head in that there soort o' vay as he speaks on?"

"D'yow think," cried the red-headed patriot, "I would n't sell it afore the glory began?"

"But s'pose," pursued the venerable gentleman, "s'pose—"

"Down! down! down!" exclaimed twenty of the Independents in a breath. "Turn him out! Turn him out!—He is not one of us! He 's a traitor!—a spy! Turn him out!"

In an instant the room was in an uproar. Bob scarcely knew whether to withdraw his friend at once, or to fight through it, seeing that a very strong disposition to fight was becoming very manifest. The venerable gentleman wished to explain: he was very energetic in the expression of this wish; but no! nothing could induce them to hear him. He was a traitor!—they would have him out!—and were just on the point of proceeding to violence, when Bob, who would have struck down the first man that touched him, started up, and cried, "Leave him to me!" with an air of so much desperation, that they who were about to assail him stood off.

"Now, old gentleman," said Bob, winking slightly at his venerable friend, who understood it, "your conduct is very onregular. March—afore I take you by the scruff of the neck.

The venerable gentleman deemed it highly correct to make a show of resistance, when Bob at once seized him by the collar, and with great apparent violence forced him from the room amidst thunders of applause.

From Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

The Cid and the Five Moorish Kings.

[The reader will find the story of this ballad in Mr. Southey's CHRONICLE, Book I. sec. 4. "And the Moors entered Castille in great power, for there came with them five Kings," &c.]

I.

With fire and desolation the Moors are in Castille,
Five Moorish kings together, and all their vassals leal;
They 've passed in front of Burgos, through the Oca-Hills they 've run,
They 've plundered Belforado, San Domingo's harm is done.

II.

In Najara and Lograno there 's waste and disarray:—
And now with Christian captives, a very heavy prey,
With many men and women, and boys and girls beside,
In joy and exultation to their own realms they ride.

III.

For neither king nor noble would dare their path to cross,
Until the good Rodrigo heard of this skaith and loss;
In old Bivar the castle he heard the tidings told,
(He was as yet a stripling, not twenty summers old.)

IV.

He mounted Bavieca, his friends he with him took,
He raised the country round him, no more such scorn to brook;
He rode to the hills of Oca, where then the Moormen lay,
He conquered all the Moormen, and took from them their prey.

V.

To every man had mounted he gave his part of gain,
Dispersing the much treasure the Saracens had ta'en;
The Kings were all the booty himself had from the war,
Them led he to the castle, his strong hold of Bivar.

VI.

He brought them to his mother, proud dame that day was she:— [free;
They owned him for their Signior, and then he set them
Home went they, much commending Rodrigo of Bivar,
And sent him lordly tribute, from their Moorish realms afar.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE SOIREE MUSICALE.

It is just ten. A moderately-sized drawing-room, in a demi-fashionable terrace, is stuffed with from sixty to eighty persons, most of them standing, pressing and elbowing each other, uttering surly monosyllables, scarcely able to move an arm. The solitary lustre diffuses no very brilliant light around it. Tea, coffee, ices, jellies, and sorbettes, circulate with no manner of profusion. Mrs. Genteel, seeing and hearing, right and left, a few significant and ill-concealed yawns, exclaimed, as if animated by a sudden recollection, "Upon my word," I think it is time we should begin the music."

"But, mamma, mamma," said Miss Cecilia Beethoven Genteel, her eldest daughter, a young lady of twenty, who plays the piano-forte passably well, and has even composed a waltz *a la Strauss*, and a quadrille *a la Musard*—"you forget, mamma, that Mr. Quaver Roulade is not yet come, and you know that without him we can never begin the concert."

"Oh, la—no!" said her younger sisters.

"The truth of the matter 's this," was the undertoned remark of a young man who seemed not to care a rush about music—"Roulade must always be the first and the last to make himself heard." The youth curled his lip with the least in the world of a contemptuous expression, and passed to a small sleeping-room on the same floor, which was transmuted, "for this night only," into a little *salon de jeu*, and took his place at a whist table.

A gentleman, who was introduced for the first time to Mrs. Genteel's circle, inquired of one of the initiated near him who this Mr. Quaver Roulade was, who appeared to enjoy so vast a degree of consideration in Mrs. Genteel's family.

"Roulade," replied the person thus addressed: "you must take care how you speak of him. It is right that you should know that Mr. Roulade is a very important personage, necessary, nay indispensable, at all musical parties of a certain pretension. He is disputed, contended, fought for, in twenty different drawing-rooms; at least, so he says.—He is the son of a fashionable undertaker; but his grave functions have impressed no air of solemnity on his looks, nor have they bespread his person with the hues of mourning. By no means. Roulade is a *dilettante* by nature—a genuine *fanatico por la musica*. Not an opera comes out, of which he does not retail the tenor songs. All the repertory of Rubini has passed through his throat: in short, he is Rubini—*minus* the voice! Judge for yourself. He usually waits until he has been very much pressed, before he sings, that being the usage, though he is all the time violently controlling his crotchets. Musical amateurs, too, are always the better of a slight cough. How else excuse their false notes? Roulade always commences by assuring the company that he has a bad cold. But the moment he is launched, like a ten-oared gig manned by Westminster school boys, he never stops. He makes it a matter of conscience to satisfy all tastes except the true one. He is a music-machine run mad—a barrel organ with tunes interminable.—He gives you no more breathing-room than himself; *time* is out of the question; of that he is but little solicitous. He would sing a whole trio to his own cheek, if it were possible; and not even Donizetti could compose operas enough to keep him going. In short, he is the plague of all unfortunate young ladies who have learned to touch the piano-forte, (which means, I believe, all her majesty's female subjects, without exception,) when he solicits them to accompany him; good manners render it impossible that they could refuse him; and it will be strange, indeed, if Roulade does not keep their hands full. I 'll lay any wager in reason that he comes here only because Miss Cecilia Genteel is clever in accompanying; and it is not at all impossible that he will ask her hand in marriage, if for no other reason, for this—that he may be enabled to attach definitely to his person and his voice so distinguished an *accompagnatrice*."

"You treat him severely enough. He is probably one one of your friends?"

"Why, for that matter, I never refuse him a shake of the hand."

The stranger felt persuaded that the distinguished amateur, whose arrival was expected with so much impatience, was calumniated by some unsuccessful rival. Presently a servant announced Mr. Quaver Roulade."

At the mention of this philharmonic name, a considerable sensation pervaded the assemblage, and every head was stretched toward the door. Matrons agitated their fans and turbans; young maids simpered, spied, and looked pleased. The new arrival entered the room with all the self-satisfied assurance which his popularity in society warranted—with the air, in short, of a man who says to himself, "I do you too much honor to set foot among you." The person of such a man deserves to be analysed.

A figure somewhat over the middle size; shoulders like those of a porter; a *blonde* complexion, heightened for the nonce with a sprinkling of rouge, to repair the ravage of a score of balls, attended with the same number of days; a large and unmeaning face, in a "frame" of thick black whiskers (the red roots contrasting strangely, to an inquisitorial eye, with the factitious color;) hair trained into ringlets over the entire surface of the head, like that of an opera Cupid, and descending down to his shoulders almost as far as an ancient tail; a nose furnished with wings and open nostrils; great mobility of eye-brow; and a languishing eye, indicating by its expression the habitual practice of warbling passionate operatic *morceax*, and tender ballads. His neck was loosely girded by a slight cravat, arranged so that the action of the throat might not be in the slightest degree impeded. A gold eye-glass fell upon a satin waistcoat, flowered with silver; "continuations" altogether suitable. An album, splendindly bound in Morocco, which the Troubadour held in his hand, and which was all filled with the newest music, completed his brilliant *ensemble*.

"My dear Mr. Roulade, you have come rather late," said Mrs. Genteel. "You are determined that people shall long for your arrival."

"Is it possible, Mrs. Genteel, that your party can have taken the slightest notice of my absence?"

Here Miss Cecilia stepped forward and said, "Indeed, Mr. Roulade, we could not think of beginning without you."

Roulade, propitiated by this well-flung incense, bowed and said, "Had you done so, I should have been deprived of the very great pleasure of hearing you throughout."

"You are very good to say so, Mr. Roulade—but—but indeed—I have not composed anything new of late."

"How! not even a waltz? Ah! come now, Miss Cecilia, do favor us."

"I t—t—tried yesterday," said Miss Cecilia, with a blush and a simper.

"Charming! I'm sure you 'll enchant us."

Roulade rushed toward the piano-forte, opened it, arranged the wax-lights in the most favorable position, gallantly offered his hand to Miss Cicilia Beethoven Genteel, and took his seat by her side, interrupting her performance each instant with the customary phrases of admiration—"*Brava!*—what grace!—what lightness!—what a delicious movement! *Bra—!*—Charming! Ah, *molto bene!*—*Bravissima!—issima!*" The make-believe was complete on both sides. For not a note did Roulade listen to; and the waltz being excessively insignificant in itself, a mere reminiscence of Miss Cecilia's *solfeggio*, Roulade was enchanted with the expectation that his performance would shine out the more brilliant by comparison. The tactics of an amateur singer are as skillful as those of a general. He knows how to husband his forces, to deploy them into line at the fighting time, and to keep as a *corps de reserve* the most triumphant portion of his array. He will commence probably with a fashionable song, afterwards give something vulgar, and conclude with a difficult *scena* from the opera most in vogue, or some marvellous piece of *bravura*. All is calculated with him in the meeting out of his sweet sounds; and never did diplomatist negotiate more effectually to bring about a point of policy than he to carry off the honors of the *soiree*.

Earnestly invited to sing, Roulade implored Mrs. Genteel to excuse him, for he had come so hurriedly that he was still out of breath, and found himself incapable of sounding a single note. This was all a figment. The truth was, that Roulade wanted in the first instance to get rid of the little boarding-school misses and their little voices. In consequence of this refusal, three or four young ladies took their seats, one after another, at the piano, and gave forth the contents of their musical budget. "Di tanti palpiti!" was squealed; "Zitti, zitti, piano!" squalled; and one little mix had the effrontery to execute "Di Piacer!" without benefit of time or clergy. What a ridiculous rage is that which has set in of late years for Italian vocal performances! Bread-and-butter misses making cat's meat of the divinest musical *morceaux*, in a language they can neither comprehend nor pronounce! The thing is absolutely atrocious.—To ears accustomed to the glorious organs of the opera, it is utterly intolerable; and there is no one thing which makes us more shockingly ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners, than this most inane and ridiculous pretension. I had rather hear a buxom country lass sing "Harvest home," or "Peas upon a trencher," while she is milking her cow, than the best specimen I have ever heard of these boarding-schooled, under-aged English-Italian singers.

At the second of these perpetrations, Roulade suffered a gesture of annoyance to escape him; at the third, he shifted nervously to and fro on his chair; at the fourth, he appeared quite agitated, took off and put on his delicate kid gloves several times in succession, and passed his hand rapidly through his well-trained ringlets. Unable to restrain himself any longer, he at length said to the mistress of the house, "The fact is, Mrs. Genteel, that I am peculiarly unfortunate this evening. These are all my favorite songs that the young ladies have been singing. I had brought them in my album, but I am now deprived of every one of them: and I must therefore entreat of you not to reckon upon me to-night."

Here the young man, whose observation I recorded in the commencement of this paper, approached the amateur, and with beautiful *sang froid* expressed all the regrets which he felt, adding that "it was beyond all question impossible that, amongst the music of Miss Cecila Genteel, he would not find some air to suit his voice."

A general chorus of approbation followed this suggestion. Every corner of the room was searched; and the titles were read over of a vast number of songs, which must have found themselves no little astonished to see the light again. "Away, away to the mountain brow!" "Bells upon the wind," "I 've been roaming," "The light of other days," "My dark-haired girl" (unfortunately, Miss Cecilia Genteel had light hair,) "Rise, gentle moon!" Miss Cecilia Genteel declared that this latter song was detestable, &c., &c.) Roulade, meanwhile, lost the better part of his assurance; for, poor wretch! he saw himself exposed to the sad alternative of either not singing at all, or striving to boggle through airs of which he scarcely knew a note. The truth may as well be out at once: Roulade knew next to nothing of music, and was obliged to strike for a whole week with one finger upon a piano-forte, in order to catch with accuracy the most trivial air. Oh, singular piece of good fortune! here is "We met!" and Roulade knows it—"We met!"—that triumph of sentimental maidens musical—that melody which is so exquisite (though hackneyed) in the mouth of a beautiful woman. Now, Roulade was any thing in the world but a beauty, though unmasculine enough in appearance. But he always spoke like one who was capable of every thing, and he proved it on this occasion.

A profound silence reigned throughout the apartment.—Miss Cecilia Genteel took her seat at the piano-forte. Roulade coughed slightly in his handkerchief, took off his glove, and permitted the company to obtain, as if by accident, a glimpse of a fine antique cameo, which he wore, together with a large brilliant, on the little finger of his left hand.—His right hand, concealed by the altar of Polyhymnia—commonly called piano—was ready to beat the time, without being perceived by a living soul. He raised his eyes toward heaven, dilated his already expansive nostrils, pitched as large a portion as he could muster of feeling and sentiment into all his features, made a bewildered gesture with his left hand, and commenced the famous

"We met—'twas in a crowd - and I thought he would shun me;
He came—I could not breathe—for his eye was upon me!
He spoke—his"——

Here the singer, who had occupied himself too much with the pantomimic part of his performance, forgot the words.

"Words were cold!" exclaimed at least a dozen voices.

"Words were cold!" articulated Roulade, stooping to read the printed words. In an energetic, and, as it were, triumphant voice, he exclaimed,

——"But his smile was unaltered!"

Add, then, louder still, with a mighty *reinforzando*,

"I knew hew much he felt, for his deep-toned voice faltered!"

The deuce was in it, if Quaver's voice faltered; for the pretended tenor had a barytone voice, and his high notes escaped from him like strangled shrieks than any thing that musicians wot of. Sometimes it was a low C, bellowed forth as if from a trombone, sometimes a G above the line squaked as if by an asthmastic flageolet. Now you would swear that you heard a bull, and now a grasshopper. At one moment he seemed to draw up his voice from the bottom of his boots, at another down from the topmost recesses of his head. Now he plunged his chin deep into his cravat, set up a rumbling in his intestines, like a volcano or a ventriloquist; and anon he suddenly threw back his head, expanding his chest and his arms, with the inspired air and attitude of a Rubini. If you shut your eyes, you would imagine that you heard a duet performed by the parish clerk and a child in the choir. It is unnecessary that I should make particular mention of all Roulade's false notes, of all his doubtful notes, of all his notes flattened toward the end, of all his infamous shakes, his mock grace-notes, his rascally *fioriture!* His principal merit consisted in the marvellously pathetic pantomime, with which, rolling his eyes like sourcers, and shaking as if in an epilepsy, he bellowed forth like the victim roasting in Phalaris's bull,

"The world may think me gay, *for my feelings I smother!*"

And wound up all, clasping his hands, as, with redoubled ardor, he made the ceiling ring with the pathetic finale—

"Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!"

Loud and long resounded the applause with which the Goths (of which, in musical matters, nine-tenths of every English assemblage is composed) complimented the singer's efforts. Congratulations poured in from every side. An encore was prayed; but this Roulade resisted, for his object was to develop fresh musical treasures. Then the company implored him not to stop with a single song. Mrs. Genteel carried him a jelly, and almost thrust it down his throat.—"Good!" said the young man whom I had previously introduced to my readers, in an under tone, "they do well to give him something *to sweeten his voice*." Then coming forward and accosting Roulade with truly Cromwellian hypocrisy, "Ah, Mr. Roulade," said he, "you have indeed sung that song charmingly. Pefore I had the pleasure of hearing you, I imagined that 'We met' could only be sung effectively by a female voice; but you have made it change its sex. What shall we have the pleasure of hearing from you next?"

"I do n't know—can't say precisely," said Roulade.—"But since the company desire it, I shall try the first thing that comes to hand."

The grossest flattery, nay, the most downright mockery, is accepted as certain truth by that most weak-headed of mortals while the fit is on him—an amateur singer. During the next half hour, Roulade *dispatched* "She wore a wreath of roses"—"A baby lay sleeping"—"*Buona notte*"—"She sat within the abbey walls"—"Isle of beauty"—"Teach me to forget"—"*La Biondina*"—"Happy land"—"Our first and dearest home," and some t o or three more of the choicest favorstes of the modern Rosa-Matilda school. The ears of his audience at length began to grow fatigued, and then Roulade's exercise was varied by taking a part with Miss Cecilia Genteel in such novel duets as "I know a bank," "Love in thine eyes," "Ye banks and braes," and (name it not in the Royal Academy of Music) the magnificent *Sona la tromba*, from Il Puritani. *There* was murder, if ever there was a musical Greenacre. To think of the glorious battle-call which the magnificent organs of Lablache and Tamburini make stir the bosoms of the opera audience like a clarion, squeaked by Mr. Roulade's cracked fiddle of a voice, and Miss Cecilia Genteel's penny trumpet!

Verily, I shall take my hat, and leave at once; for I have had more than enough of a *soiree musicale;* and Quaver Roulade takes his hat and his leave at the same time.

Roulade being in requisition in more than one drawing-room, remembered an engagement at Cut'e-mount Terrace, New Road; and being now satisfied with applause, squinted at the clock. Tnis being perceived by half a score of people at once, all the young ladies in the room besieged his skirts, and implore Roulade not to leave them. But the hero of the gamut was immovable in his determination to depart. He stammered forth some excuses, took up his album, which he hoped to sing through at his next *soiree*, and straightway evaporated.

It was now past midnight; and Roulade's papa's horses being engaged that day in the country, or very much knocked up by a multiplicity of funerals, an epidemic at that time prevailing, to his great chagrin he had been unable to sport his cab. He had proceeded only a few yards from Mrs. Genteel's door when some drops of rain began to fall. Roulade ran forward on the tips of his patent-leathers toward the nearest cab-stand, where

"Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,"

pleasantly saluting his ear with the hope of a dry conveyance. Horror on horrors! The last of the vehicles was just rolling over with a fare, and Roulade was constrained to foot it.—But, worse and worse! the celestial flood-gates seemed to be opened, cataracts descending, and torrents falling. Spouts and the roofs of houses poured forth a hissing stream, and Roulade swam rather than walked right through the bosom of this unforseen deluge. Notwithstanding his great eagerness to keep his second engagement, and discharge his lungs of the contents of his album, he was forced to sound a retreat. Still his musical fervor was such, that he hesitated between his domicile and Cut'emount Terrace. In the very midst of this perplexing quandary, a streamlet formed by the rain, a sort of motropolitan Rubicon, presented itself before him. There was but one thing for it—Cæsar-like to bound over the obstacle. Roulade did so, but, alas! let fall *en passant* his precious morocco-bound and glittering album, which the muddy and guttery stream carried off in its bosom—

——"Like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm!"

Poor Roulade! His disasters did not end even here.—Unfortunate barytone-tenor, upon this fatal night he caught a violent cold, which laid him up for several days, and finished by taking away that voice which constituted his most attractive ornament. Ever after, his recreant throat rebelled against all the efforts of its master to extract from it the smallest sound which even Roulade's audacity could palm off for music. With his voice, he lost, of course, four-fifths of his invitations, and, what was much more, the well-endowed hand of Miss Cecilia Genteel, who married a genuine tenor, that was fortunate enough to make timely seizure of the succession left vacant by the breaking-up of Roulade's organ.

Following the universal rule in such cases, Roulade fell into the ranks of discontented melomaniacs. Never was an opera performed at one of the theatres that he did not attend. Never did he hear an air without venting his spleen in some such piece of supercilious criticism as "vicious method"—"slender voice"—"execrable taste," &c. &c. He is a regular frequenter of Fop's Alley, at the opera; and though the *divine four* should be doing their utmost, the like of which the world never heard before, or *by four*, he is sure to have some impertinence to pass off on his neighbors for criticism.

I shall conclude by laying it down as a general rule, that amateur singers, when they sing, murder music—when they have lost their voices, abuse it.

NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

The celebrated Foucke, Duke of Otranto, was retained but a short time, it is well known, in the service of the Bourbons, after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there lived in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visiters around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminicences of the great events which it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion the company assembled in his saloon heard from his lips the following story:

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, every thing about him, even in the days of the consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchical habitudes were revived one by one.—Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience, was restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearances at the chapel of Saint Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the choirists, and great crowds of busy talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the consular court to the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared the form and face of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chesnut tresses, brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of this personage, caused the more uneasiness to the consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent not less often upon Bonaparte than his were upon her. "Who is that young girl?" said Josephine one day at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her to drop a billet just now at his feet. He picked it up; I saw him." No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigrant lately returned, and one who probably was desireus of the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her family. With such guesses as this, the consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of that same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out, attended by his wife, his brother Joseph, Duroc, Cambaceres, and Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Louis Bonaparte. The King of Prussia had just presented

Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and these were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's place. The chariot set off, but, just as it was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate in a stunned or insensible condition. Meanwhile, the horses sprung forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning state. The rest of the party speedily returned to the First Consul, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand into his pocket and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words—"*Do not drive out in your carriage to-day*"

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of a coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned very pale, and took the First Consul aside. "Citizen-consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone and stopped our drive, we had all been lost!" "How so?" was the reply. "There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back seat, a bomb—a real, massive bomb, charged with ragged pieces of iron, and with a slow match attached to it—kindled! Things had heen so arranged, that in a quarter of an hour, we should have been scattered among the trees of the park of Saint cloud. There must be treachery close at hand. Fouche must be told of this—Dubois must be warned!" "Not a word to them!" replied Bonaparte; "the knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres—tell none of them; and let the government journals say not a word about my fall."

The First Consul was then silent for some time. "Duroc," said he at length, "you will come to morrow to mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right; follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode, and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police to interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb, and removed it?" "I have, citizen-consul." "Come, then, let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte. The drive was resumed, but on this occasion the coachman was allowed to fulfil his own duties.

On the morrow, the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, with his confident Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the service that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were chiefly spent at Malmaison, the winters at Saint Cloud and the Tuileries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the third of the month, which the republicans well called *nivose*, and, in the evening, Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aide-de-camp Lauriston, and Generals Lannas and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapped in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carrousel, made her way into the middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and held forth a paper to the latter, crying, "Citizen-consul! Citizen-consul! read—read!" Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes as so irresistible, saluted the petitioner, and stretched out his hand for the missive. "A petition, Madam?" said he inquiringly; and then continued, "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it, and see justice done." "Citizen-consul!" cried the woman, imploringly joining her hands. What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterward said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and they sprung off with the speed of lightning. The First Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions, "I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

"The carriage dashed rapidly along. It was just issuing from the street of Saint Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingling with and followed by the crash of broken windows, and the cries of the injured passers-by. The *infernal machine* had exploded! Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul and its inmates were whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupified; Bonaparte was only perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his hands. He took it out, and read these lines: "In the name of heaven, Citizen-consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or, if you do go, pass not through the street Saint Nicholas!" The warning came in some respects too late.

On reading these words, the Consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of Saint Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chesnut hair, and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognised as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door. "Go," said he quietly but quickly to Lannes; "go to the box exactly opposite to us, on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries; I *must* see her, and without delay." Bonaparte spoke thus without raising his eyes, but, to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm, and said, pointing upwards, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone; no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouche and Dubois; but all the zeal of these functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the consulate succeeded the empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hour of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the Emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken in terror over half the civilized earth. The isle of Elbe became for a day the most remarkable spot on the globe; and, finally the resuscited empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends, who had followed the fallen chief to the very last, were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lip which had lately given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not a girl, yet young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she would have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest even to her appearance at that moment. "Sire! sire!" said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; "read! read!"

The emperor took the paper presented to him, but kept his eye upon the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze in the park of Saint Cloud, or to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel, as he had heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc, and all his friends, came haply before him, and among them the face which he was wont to see at the fourth window in the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of brief duration. Napoleon shook his head, and held the paper up to his eye. After perusing its contents, he took it between his hands, and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire!" cried the woman, "follow the advice! Be warned; it is yet time!"

"No," replied he; and taking from his finger a beautiful oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to the woman. She took it, kneeling and kissing the hand which presented it. Turning his head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat, which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterward, he was pining on the rock of St Helena.

Thus, of *three warnings*, two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"Oh," replied Fouche, "I know not with certainty. The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female, related to Saint Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street Saint Nicholas, died at the hospital of Hotel-Dieu, in 1837, and that around her neck was suspended, by a silk ribin, the exquisite oriental ruby of Napoleon.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"The mountaineers of aboriginal America were the Cherokees, who occupied the upper valley of the Tennessee river, as far west as Muscle shoals, and the highlands of Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama—the most picturesque and most salubrious region east of the Mississippi. Their homes were enriched by blue hills rising beyond hills, of which the lofty peaks would kindle with early light, and the overshadowing ridges envelope the valleys like a mass of clouds. There the rocky cliffs, rising in naked grandeur, defy the lightning and mock the loudest peals of the thunder storm; there the gentler slopes are covered with magnolias and flowering forest-trees, decorated with roving climbers, and ring with the perpetual note of the whip-poor-will; there the wholesome water gushes profusely from the earth in transparent springs; snow-white cascades glitter on the hill-sides; and the rivers, shallow, but pleasant to the eye, rush through the narrow vales which the abundant strawberry crimsons, and coppices of rhododendron and flaming azalea adorn. At the fall of the leaf, the fruit of the hickory and chestnut is thickly scattered on the ground. The fertile soil teems with luxuriant herbage, on which the roebuck fattens; the vivifying breeze is laden with fragrance; and daybreak is ever welcomed by the shrill cries of the social night-hawk and the liquid carols of the mocking-bird. Through this lovely region were scattered the little villages of the Cherokees, nearly fifty in number, each consisting of but a few cabins, erected where the bend in the mountain stream offered at once a defence and a strip of alluvial soil for culture. Their towns were always by the side of some creek or river, and they loved their native land; above all, they loved its rivers—the Keowee, the Tugeloo, the Flint, and the beautiful branches of the Tennessee. Running waters, inviting to the bath, tempting the angler, alluring wild fowl, were necessary to their paradise. Their language, like that of the Iroquois, abounds in vowels, and is destitute of the labials. Its organization has a common character, but etymology has not yet been able to discover conclusive analogies between the roots of words. The 'beloved' people of the Cherokees were a nation by themselves. Who can say for how many centuries, safe in their undiscovered fastnesses, they had decked their war-chiefs with the feather's of the eagle's tails, and listened to the counsels of their 'old beloved men?' Who can tell how often the waves of barbarous migrations may have broken harmlessly against their cliffs, where Nature was the strong ally of the defenders of their land?"

CONFIDENT RELIANCE.—A candle snuffer of a theatre came on the boards to trim the lights just as Garrick was drawing down thunders of applause in King Lear. The snuffer took the compliment to himself, laid his hand upon his heart, and bowed to the audience in a most bewitching manner. The late English papers tell a similar story of lord Palmerston. Passing, the other day, through a village where a crowd of rustics were huzzaing to the feats of a mountebank, his lordship rose up in his open carriage, and assured them that he should endeavor to deserve a continuance of their good opinion by persevering in the same cause of foreign policy which had met with snch a warm testimony of their approbation.

THE STOLEN INTERVIEW.

BY E. M. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

I 'm off, dearest Lily! to-morrow,
I 'm off by the mail with Sir Hugh;
But to-night I will manage to borrow
An hour to steal over to you.
I 'll come when the evening is closing,
—I cannot well get off before,—
I 'll come when the old lady's dozing,
And you can steal out to the door!

Oh Lily! I 'm longing to meet you:
You 'll come—wo n't you come, if you can?
And, dearest, do let me entreat you
To tie up that fierce little Fan:
When I stole by aunt Nora, I met her,
Last Tuesday,—I cannot tell how,—
And, in passing, I almost upset her,
The little wretch made such a row!

Remember, to-night, when she doses,
To move her crutch out of the way;
And the door, too, creaks so when it closes,—
Do oil it a little to-day.
It's so long since we 've met, I'm afraid you
Have seen some agreeable man;
And I know, when I'm gone, they'll persuade you
To love some one else, if you can.

They'll tell you when youths go to College,
They forget all they cherish'd before,—
That wisdom increases with knowledge,
And love is soon banish'd for lore;
They'll tell you, (and oh! God forgive them!)
That a vow, like a vote, should be sold,
And Heaven may itself, if you'll believe them,
Like boroughs, be purchased with gold.

They'll tell you that, as we grow older,
Each bliss will be mingled with doubt,—
That our pulses will daily beat colder,
And love, like a taper, burn out;
That I have seen scarce eighteen summers,
That but fifteen have passed over you;
And that soon, in the crowd of new comers,
New lovers will come to you, too.

But often, at eve, when aunt Nora
Is hush'd, for a while, in her nap,—
When you sit by the fire, and poor Flora
Shall nestle her head in your lap,
When Papa is gone to the stable,—
When the wind whistles down through the glen,
And the urn's growing cold on the table:—
Dear Lily, you'll think of me then!

You'll think of your first, fondest lover,
When others shall kneel as he knelt;
You'll remember the songs of the rover,
When others but *sing* what he *felt*:
And oft, as the summer eve closes
On a scene and a landscape as fair,
You'll remember the bower of wild roses,
And all that you promised him there.

His hunter may pipe in the stable,
Till lost is his fleetness of limb;
Unnoticed his dog watch the table:
But Lily you'll love them for *him!*
Farewell to the hound and the cover,
Farewell to the heath and the glen!
But when *Term* and *the Little Go's* over,
He'll be with you, dear Lily! again.

SOCIETY OF WOMEN.—No society is more profitable, because none more refining and provocative of virtue, than that of refined and sensible women. God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman, that her beauty might win, her gentle voice invite, and the desire of her favor persuade men's sterner souls to leave the paths of sinful strife, for the ways of pleasantness and peace. But when woman falls from her blest eminence, and rational enjoyments, into the vain coquette, and flattered idolator of the idle fashion, she is unworthy of an honorable man's love, or a sensible man's admiration. Beauty is then at best

——"A pretty plaything,
Dear deceit."——

We honor the chivalrous deference which is paid in our land to women. It proves that our men know how to respect virtue and pure affection, and our women are worthy of such respect. Yet women should be something more than mere women, to win us to their society. To be our companions, they should be fitted to be our friends; to rule our hearts, they should be deserving the approbation of our minds. There are many such, and that there are not more is rather the fault of our sex, than their own; and despite all the unmanly scandals that have been thrown upon them in prose or verse, they would rather share in the rational conversation of men of sense, than the silly compliments of fools; and a man dishonors them, as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pastime, and not for the improvement of his mind.

☞ An invention is in progress in England, to supersede the necessity of using horse hair for stuffing chairs, sofas, &c. The substitute is cork, cut into the minutest particles, which is found upon trial to be superior to horse-hair, in every respect, and the saving is about 200 per cent.

THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 12, 1840.

TO THE COUNTRY PRESS.

☞ Those editors or publishers in the country who wish either the NEW WORLD or EVERGREEN in exchange, will please copy our prospectus, or otherwise notice the same. and mark their paper to us. Those who *have* done so, and not yet received the paper or magazine to which they are entitled, will please notify us, as among the many hundreds which compose our list, it is possible that they may have been overlooked.

☞ Any individual or Postmaster who will remit *free of expense* $20 for eight new subscribers, may retain the balance of the money, and shall also receive ninth copy gratis—or in the same proportion for *four*.

GENERAL HARRISON'S CABINET.

The following remarks relative to the principles, which will influence General Harrison in the selection of his Cabinet and his appointments, are from the Cincinnati Republican, the editor of which paper is Col. Todd, one of the General's personal and most intimate friends. We have no doubt that the sentiments herein expressed indicate with accuracy the course which will be adopted by the President elect; and we think that all but interested partizans will be disposed to commend the spirit of an administration which promises to be guided by impulses so lofty and patriotic. If our Presidential elections are to be degraded into a mere indecent scramble for office, a struggle between the *ins* and *outs*, between office-holders and office-seekers, then may we well begin to despair of the republic.

It was not till the election of General Jackson that the pernicious system of ejection from office on partizan grounds, and for opinion's sake, was introduced. It has brought with it a train of evils, which, unless speedily remedied, threaten the most disastrous consequences to our institutions. General Harrison will deserve well of the country and of posterity, however he may be abused by disappointed partizans, if he will restore the policy, which actuated all our Presidents except the last two. Let the question be, in appointing a man to office or retaining a man in office, "is he honest? is he capable? does he discharge with fidelity his duties to the people?"—and not does he "shout for Tippecanoe and Tyler too?"

The people at large care little whether this man or that man holds an office, so that its duties are fulfilled with energy and integrity. The higher offices, which are held principally by those who have been active partizans of the defeated administration, will of course be vacated by resignations. No person with a decent self-respect would cling to office after his party had been placed in a minority, and which office was bestowed for his political attachment and services. But in regard to the inferior offices—"let mercy temper justice."

In these remarks we are influenced merely by what we esteem a patriotic and democratic policy. We have neither friends nor acquaintances among the office-holders of the Federal Government, for whose removal we are concerned, while on the contrary we have many friends among the Whigs, whom we would be pleased to see rewarded with lucrative offices. But we would prefer to see the system of punishments and rewards totally abolished. We do not sympathize with the bandit-like sentiment, "to the victors belong the spoils." In a republican Government, its offices should be given to the most competent and the *safest*—not to those who have sung and clamored loudest in behalf of the successful administration.

Entertaining these sentiments, it is with much pleasure that we see such indications as are disclosed in the following remarks from the Cincinnati Republican, in regard to the probable policy of the new Administration:

THE CABINET.—Speculation is rife on the subject of the Cabinet. The press is busy in starting candidates, and the public are curious to know who will fill the prominent offices of the Government. All this is natural and right; and, amid all, there is this glorious consolation: that the number of those *fit* to fill these high stations is large beyond precedent. But one fact is clear, *no State or individual can claim office from President Harrison on the score of services rendered to him.* Leading men all over the country have done their duty nobly; they have stood forth every where boldly proclaiming dangers which threatened the Constitution, and denouncing evils which periled our liberty. But these dangers and evils were seen and felt by the people. They realized them, and knew and did their duty. In mass they moved, in mass they came forward to the relief of the country, and rescued the Constitution from the grasp of a venal power; and it is to them, and *them alone*, that we owe all the rich reward of our late glorious victory.

President Harrison, then, stands, on this subject, on the highest ground. He will, in all his appointments, look alone to the welfare of the nation. No personal considerations—no mere party authority—no combinations of influential men can induce him to nominate to, or remove from, office, any one individual for *mere party purposes*. Fitness on the one hand, and fidelity on the other, are the only inquiries which he can or will make; and any effort to change or thwart this course, would receive his rebuke, and merit general indignation. A pure people have elected him to serve the country, and while in office, that country's claim will ever be first in his patriotic mind.

Let our friends, then, speculate as affection may direct, or curiosity dictate. But let them remember at the same time, that a new rule is about to commence; and that under that rule, partizan strife can meet with no encouragement, and a selfish scramble for office, no quarter. A higher and truer stand, we repeat, will be taken. Honesty and capacity, then, are the great requisites. They are, we are confident, the only requisites which the people demand, or which President Harrison can acknowledge. These suggestions are *entirely* the offspring of our knowledge of General Harrison's character, and his invariable course in all his public relations.

CONSIDERATIONS ON A BANKRUPT LAW.

A Bankrupt law will provide for an uniform and equitable process in the settlement of insolvent estates, giving creditors a cheap and prompt possession of the effects of debtors.

In the prosecution of trade, credit to a moderate extent is both essential and unavoidable. Operations in commodities moveable and perishable in their nature, are liable to fail, and the most prudent and best laid plans will sometimes miscarry. A series of misfortunes brings the operators into relations different from that which was contemplated when the contracts were made. Hence the necessity of a law prescribing unform rules to define those relations, and providing for the injured or creditor party to the extent of the ability and means of the debtor.

In providing for this important end, our present laws are manifestly defective. They provide for no uniform practice at the option of creditors, to discover, or apply the property of debtors to their benefit, except by a process that must be preceded by a judgment at law. Between the commencement and consummation of this proceeding, the debtor has ample time to make an assignment. True, the law requires that the terms of that assignment must provide for all his creditors, but it allows him at the same time to distribute the benefits of that assignment among such creditors as his caprice and interest may dictate, and leave others penniless. Hence an original process on the part of creditors fails to secure equal benefits to all. In allowing partial assignments, the law sanctions a practice that contains in it but a mockery of justice, and a practical absurdity that has no parallel in the annals of legal science; but as we intend to devote an article to that branch of the subject, we will leave it for the present.

When a man fails, there are two considerations that present themselves to his mind. By an examination into his affairs he finds himself unable to discharge his debts in full, and he finds that his creditors are not all willing to discharge him upon the surrender of all his assets. The first consideration is to apply his effects to the satisfaction of his debts so far as they will go. He next considers how he is to support himself and family. These considerations—both dictated by duty—conflict with each other; as, by surrendering every thing, as duty on the one hand requires, he is left without the means to procure bread for a single day, and is also incapable of pursuing any thrift, as the product of his labor becomes at once the legal due of his creditors, who are ever on the alert to seize the first dollar that may fall into his hands. A hungry wife and children appeal most powerfully to a man, and will not fail to induce him to cling to the fragments of his estate until something better presents itself. His estate therefore, although assigned, is directly or indirectly taxed to procure bread for a family, whose head is unable to procure it from any other source. We would not impute oppression to all creditors, nor will we plead that all debtors are honest; but, that there are oppressive creditors, who hold an iron hand over honest debtors, no one can doubt who opens his heart to conviction.—And that one or two creditors can at any time defeat a proposition on the part of a debtor to surrender, is equally true; thereby sacrificing the interests of other creditors, as the debtor lives upon the estate while he is indulging in unavailing efforts to do equal justice to all. The estate is suffered to decay from the want of that succor which is the result of an active prosecution of its concerns. At length, one or more creditors commence suit: to avoid a forced sale of property, the debtor assigns, and prefers such creditors as are confidential or lenient, who exhaust all the estate in paying themselves, and in paying attorneys and agents, of whom the debtor becomes a principal one himself. The debtor, by becoming an agent for the assigner, procures for himself a revenue, the continuance in which may be prolonged by means more easily understood than defined. This is an evasion of the letter and spirit of the law; but necessity knows no law when urged by the pressing wants of nature.

There is no time at which so much can be made of an insolvent estate, as at the time it is declared such. An immediate and vigorous prosecution of its affairs will insure to creditors the utmost dollar. Beyond the effects of the estate no practical remedy exists. The means of accumulating property, on the part of the debtor, vanish the moment he becomes insolvent, and with them vanish the means of paying debts. Instances are numerous and gratifying, where debtors have paid old debts after being discharged. Can any man cite an instance of an insolvent debtor having paid a debt of any considerable amount, without having first been rendered capable of calling his own earnings his property? If so, we will yield to an everlasting silence upon this topic. What then becomes the interest of creditors? Is it not to grant a discharge to debtors upon the faithful surrender of all their property for their benefit? The inducement to conceal, or live upon the estate, ceases with the debtor, as he becomes free. He re-enters the world with new hope, with improved experience, disdaining the idea of clinging to the shattered remains of his estate; and if successful in his enterprise, there remains some hope that he will remunerate his injured creditors. Few men are dishonest from choice. Outward circumstances are almost invariably the incentives that turn the human heart from the paths of rectitude into the flagrant acts of villany. A bankrupt law, containing compulsory and voluntary provisions, will make it the interest of all parties to act in concert in relation to the affairs of an insolvent estate, thereby securing equal benefits to creditors. A compulsory provision would enable creditors to arrest the affairs of a debtor, before they became exhausted in fruitless struggles to sustain them. A voluntary provision would enable an honest debtor by an original process to surrender his assets for the equal benefit of creditors, and the discharge contemplated in the act, will secure his efforts in making a full exhibit of his affairs. But if his books and accounts should be so badly kept, as to not satisfactorily account for his losses, let him be deprived of the benefit of a discharge; and if any concealment or attempt at fraud appear, let him be punished as a felon.

☞ If the General Bankrupt Law is to be obtained from the hands of our Legislators, it can only be done by efficient action on the part of the bankrupts themselves. If the hosands of bankrupts in this city, who have been for years our most enterprising and active merchants and mechanics, will not come forward and press upon Congress the necessity of granting them their just rights, is it to be supposed that the creditor interest will do it? If creditors are so lenient as to do this, why ask for the Law? If they will petition Congress, praying them to pass an act that will grant you relief, they certainly will release you whether you have a Bankrupt Law or not. If the bankrupts wait for creditors to act, (as many are doing) they may rest assured that nothing but death will strike their shackles from them. As soon will the southern slave-holder free his slaves without compensation, as the majority of creditors will petition Congress for a Law that will release an honest, unfortunate man from his debts upon the surrender of all his property for the benefit of his creditors.

The Constitution has authorized Congress to pass a Bankrupt Law; and the people in calling upon their Representatives to carry out this provision of the Constitution, ask only for what justly belongs to them. If their prayer is refused, certainly one of the most essential of its provisions remains as it has done for the last forty years—a dead letter. That it is one of the most important cannot be denied when by the enactment of a Law guaranteed by it, full one-tenth of the population of this country would be released from a state of slavery and bondage, and restored to the enjoyment of that freedom which ought to be the right of every citizen of these United States.

We would say then to Bankrupts, if you would be free, exert yourselves. Let the enterprise, activity and talent displayed by you in past years when wealth and station were the prizes to be won, urge you on to a still more important undertaking—the recovery of your freedom. Press upon Congress in every way in your power the justness of your cause. Let our Legislators know that five hundred thousand of their fellow citizens with families dependent upon them, are in chains; and that they are calling upon them to set them free. Depend upon it, that if every bankrupt uses the influence he possesses, the Bill will not die as it did at the last session of Congress, an account of the utter apathy and indifference of the members upon the subject.

INCONVENIENCES OF THE LATE STORM.—We learn from the Philadelphia Inquirer, that about seventy persons left New York in the Pilot Line for that city on the afternoon of the 5th, among them fifteen ladies and three children. They got along very well until about 9 o'clock, when they were between Trenton and Bordentown, when they met the train which left Philadelphia at the same hour that they left New York. There being but one track on the road, it was determined that the Philadelphia train should be pushed baek to Bordentown. This was a task of the greatest difficulty and labor, and was not effected until one o'clock on Sunday morning. In the meantime, two of the engines became disabled, ran out of wood and water, and froze up The passengers from New York were thus left amidst the storm, and unable to proceed a foot onwards.

As soon as intelligence reached Mr. Stevens of the disaster, he hastened to Bordentown, where he arrived early on Sunday morning. All the means in his power were then obtained, but as a preliminary step, it was found necessary to remove from the track the two disabled engines, before

any assistance could be rendered to the New York passengers. Thus further and serious delays took place, and the individuals who left New York at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, did not reach Bordentown until 3 P. M. on Sunday. During the whole of that period, they were without a morsel to eat or any thing to drink. The gentlemen bore it well enough, but the ladies suffered considerably. They remained at Bordentown all night, and as already mentioned, arrived at Philadelphia about one o'clock on Monday.

THE MARKET LAWS.

We copy and endorse the following just and true views from the Evening Post of Wednesday, with much satisfaction. We have on various occasions alluded to the oppressive operation of the iniquitous monopoly created by the existing market laws in this city—and we regretted that no other paper assisted us in endeavoring to elicit the true state of the public mind on a subject so important to house-keepers. Concerning these laws, as they now exist, the Post remarks:—

The inconvenience which they occasion the community are beginning to be so sensibly felt, that a strong current of feeling is setting in against them. Men are at a loss to understand why the Corporation should create an aristocracy of butchers, any more than an aristocracy of tinmen, shoemakers, or tailors. The reasons which are now urged in defence of the one, might be urged with the same propriety in behalf of the other; and we should then have public markets for the disposal of cast-off-clothing or worn out boots, as well as for the sale of meats. What benefit this would be to any, but those who enjoyed the monopoly, it were difficult to tell.

These laws, prohibiting the sale of meat except at certain stalls, which are parted with by the city at very great prices, are relics of the old restrictive system under which the kings of England were accustomed to let out certain exclusive trading privileges, for the purpose of raising revenue. They are imposed for another object, but are liable to the same objections, and should be regarded in as odious a light as the revival of the ancient restrictions on trade.

They operate injuriously in several ways: In the first place, they throw a great many inconveniencies in the way of house-keepers, who might, if there were no such laws, procure the articles they wanted near their own doors, at the saving of a great deal of trouble and time. To compel those who attend markets, to trudge a long mile or two every morning, before they can procure what they wish for dinner—which must be done in many cases—is an intolerable hardship, especially in a season of such severity as this.

This, however, might be borne, if the consequence of so much additional labor, was, that meat could be obtained at a cheaper rate than otherwise. But the fact is just the reverse. The markets are held by monopolists, who sell at monopoly prices. Paying a large premium to the city government, for the use of the stalls, they can only indemnify themselves by raising prices. This rise of course falls upon the customer. Nor is it a trifling tax. Butchers have been known to pay four or five thousand dollars for the possession of a single stall. How are they enabled to advance such a sum, except by drawing it from the pockets of those who deal with them? Would they offer that amount as a gratuity to the public? When we reflect upon the fact that the market price of meat is often twenty-five and fifty per cent higher than the price of it, when sold from the country wagons, there can be no doubt as to the persons who really bear the expenses of the market regulations. They fall upon the community at large, and in the aggregate constitute an immense sum. A difference of two or three cents on each pound of meat sold in a day would make an annual difference of millions of dollars. A sum, certainly too large to be paid to any body of men, merely because they have multiplied the trouble of those who are called upon to pay it.

Other offects of these regulations, on which we have no room to dwell at present, are, that they prevent young and enterprising butchers from engaging in their business, from an inability to meet the expenses of the market, thereby stripping them of employment, and preventing a salutary competition; that the market rights are disposed of in such a way as to become a sort of perpetuity in the hands of the possessors; and that they are of dangerous precedent in a society whose best security from exaction and outrage is in the perfect equality and universal justice of the laws.

MODESTY AND IMMODESTY.

The following remarks from the Boston Courier upon the nature of modesty, are philosophical and true, and present a marked contrast to the ignorant cant, which many of our newspapers are accustomed to put forth relative to public dancers and dancing.

Mrs. Adams, wife of the late President Adams, wrote from France, to a female friend, in 1785:

I have found my taste reconciling itself to habits, customs and fashions, which at first disgusted me. * * Girls (at the opera) clothed in the thinnest silk and gauze, with their petticoats short, springing two feet from the floor, poising themselves in the air, with their feet flying, and as perfectly showing their garters and drawers, as though no petticoat had been worn, was a sight altogether new to me * * Shall I speak a truth, and say, that repeatedly seeing these dances have worn off that disgust which I at first felt, and *I see them now with pleasure?*

Comment.—Ladies are better at description, than in reasoning and reflecting. They are not very deep philosophers. Because her taste and feelings had changed, Mrs. Adams concluded that they had become depraved. She forgot, or never knew, that her first feelings, her first taste, her first notions of modesty and propriety, were the production of mere habit, neither good nor bad in themselves. Modesty, in this kind, if not in every thing, is conventional, acquired, not innate. It is the result of education, instruction, imitation, habit. Originally, there was no feeling of this nature, with regard to dress, and the concealment or exposure of the person. Hence we see, in different nations, different standards of modesty and propriety.

In most of Europe, the face of the female is left uncovered without immodesty; while in Turkey it is carefully concealed, and its exposure is deemed as immodest as that of the bosom or the lowest limbs. In our warm Southern States, I am told, the young slaves of both sexes are unclothed, and run about the yards or around the houses entirely naked; and this without any ideas of immodesty in the slaves themselves, or in the whites around them. Even in *our* modes of dress, there is no *reason* whatever that it should be perfectly modest for a *man* to exhibit his lower limbs, covered with pantaloons or drawers, and at the same time highly immodest for a *woman* to expose them in a similar manner.

There is, in fact, *separate from custom and habit*, no more indelicacy for a woman to discover her ancle and leg clothed in a stocking, than for a man to do it. There was, *originally*, no more immorality or impropriety in the one case than in the other. Custom, habit, education, constitute the sole difference. Indeed, so far as reason is concerned, it is frequently *more* immodest for men to appear in pantaloons, than for the other sex to do it. I have often seen men elegantly dressed, on the stage, in tight pantaloons, exhibiting their persons most perfectly, and even grossly; yet no appearance of wounded delicacy was shown by the audience, nor is there any hesitation in gentlemen's carrying their wives and daughters to such exhibitions. It is not the thing itself, it is *fashion* which governs a lady's notions of modesty and propriety. This shows, I think, that the feeling is not innate—and that Mrs. Adams's apprehensions about her growing depravity were mere moonshine. Whatever is established by custom, habit, education, and long-continued general usage in a nation, with regard to dress, and to the concealment or the exposure of the person, in either sex, is perfectly modest, proper and unexceptionable.

Perhaps there is no better test of the vagueness or the arbitrary nature of modesty than certain cases which sometimes occur on the stage. When a female appears, dressed in men's or boys' clothes, no sensation of impropriety is shown by the audience in relation to such an exposure of the lower limbs. But let a *man* appear, as is sometimes the case in farces, perfectly clothed in male attire, but having over it a woman's gown or petticoat, and a bonnet instead of a hat, and then let him fall down, as if by accident, exposing his legs, and the audience is all in a titter, the ladies hiding their faces, and appearing wonderfully shocked. Such is the uncertain nature of modesty and immodesty, even among the puritans of New England. There was, unquestionably, as much modesty and delicacy, and less immorality, in Adam and Eve, when "they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed," as, when, after their disobedience, "they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons."

In making these remarks, I do not mean to say that opera dancing in France, in all its minutiæ, is perfectly modest and unexceptionable. If the customs of the nation elsewhere were uniformly the same as at the opera, with regard to dress and dancing, then, indeed, there would be no impropriety. But it is not so. Such public exhibitions would not be tolerated in good society, among its own members. They are at war with general usage, and are, in a degree, immodest even in France. But so far as custom and habit reconcile us to such things, dispel all indelicate feelings, and enable us to behold them with perfect indifference, so far they are not immodest to *us*; and this indifference, or even pleasure, is not to be ascribed to any growing depravity of taste and feeling, or to any deterioration of the moral sense.

English Critical Sagacity.—From a labored review of "Sparks' Life of Washington," in the last number of the Foreign Quarterly, we extract the following morceaux. "Washington's first visit on arriving at Philadelphia, was to Franklin, *President of that State.*" "A national bank during Washington's administration, somewhat famous in modern days, not to use a worse epithet, was commenced, and taxes were laid on ardent spirits distilled in the States." The ignorance of the reviewer displayed in confounding the original national bank with a state institution of the present day, will be obvious to all. With the following admirable specimen of true John Bull self sufficiently, we conclude our extracts. "The actual loss to England (of the North American Colonies) was more than compensated by valuable East India possessions, and the expense of government, which is a far more costly thing in England than America, would have produced to England but small pecuniary advantages, if any, from holding these provinces.—Their subsistence in their present form is impossible; and though extensively occupied in mercantile transactions, the merchants of the United States, New York especially, have shown themselves so little affected by the great leading laws of honorable acquittance of obligations, that the American trade has sustained a blow that it will take nearly another century to recover."

☞ At Augusta, Me., on Wednesday last, the thermometer stood at eleven degrees below zero!

MERCEDES OF CASTILE, by J. F. Cooper. Lee & Blanchard, Philadelphia. 2 vols. 20mo.

It is a hopeless task; and we give it up. We have taken it in hand three several times with the desperate resolution of reading it, but the thing is impossible—the task is beyond our power. We have not read it. We cannot read it. We have made our last effort, and there 'e an end of the matter. Not having read it, we are unable to give an opinion of its merits. Yet, by way of avoiding a libel-suit, we may say, hypothetically, that Mereedes of Castile, under certain circumstances, might be (or may be) the most bold, graphic and original effort of its bold, graphic and original author; abounding, perhaps, in striking scenes, and filled with profound philosophy; not indeed exceeding in poetical beauty the most triumphant achievement of Walter Scott, yet certainly surpassing in speed and bottom the triumphant epic of Blue Beard.

THE NEW WORLD.—While all the World is exclaiming that the New World is one of the most interesting and instructing periodicals that has ever been presented to their notice, we seize the first opportunity afforded us, and join in the general chorus of encomium. And no one with the last number before him, can be surprised at this unanimity of praise. There is not an article in it from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," but what possesses an excellence adapted to the taste and disposition of the reader; and every subject is clothed in a style both classic and alluring. The sketches, if short, are vigorous; the disquisitions are masterly, though fragments; and the mind is consequently not oppressed with that weariness which is apt to steal over flesh and spirit in toiling through formal treatises, or solemn histories. Above its other estimable qualities do we relish this Journal for the good natured mock gravity, the ironical reverence, and the lively wit with which manners and things are described. But alack! of what consequence is our commendation to one who is already enjoying an unexampled heyday of popularity—the delight of the young, and the solace of the aged—the favorite of the fair, and the companion of the wit—a Journal for the student, and a text book for the humorist.

Of what consequence? Of the very first, we assure you, good cousin. How could such hearty praise come from a more desirable or respectable source than a journal of the high character of the *Fulton County Republican?*

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—The Berks and Schuylkill Journal states that a shocking accident occurred in the borough of Reading a few days since, in the family of Major Muhlenberg—paymaster in the United States Army, now absent from home. A bucket of boiling water, intended for some domestic purpose, was standing by the kitchen stove, when the youngest daughter of Mr. Muhlenberg, an interesting child about two years old, entered the room, and, falling against, or into the bucket, overturned the whole of the scalding contents upon her person. The sufferer lingered in great agony until Saturday evening, when death came to her relief.

ATROCIOUS CRIME.—A horrible case has been before the Criminal Court of Massachusetts in Salem, in which a man named Goodhue has been tried for rape and incest. His own daughter was the victim. We regret to see the sickening details of this affair spread before the public in one of the Boston papers. We learn from the Bay State Democrat that the case was given to the Jury at 12 o'clock, on Wednesday, and at 7 in the evening they returned a verdict of guilty of INCEST, and the prisoner was sentenced to *three days solitary confinement, and twenty years hard labor in the State's Prison.*

MARINE DISASTER.—Sch. New Bedford, Perry, from the Kennebec for New Bedford, was capsized off Boon Island on Monday night last, and the mate, John Gibbs, and a boy belonging to Boston, were drowned. The crew were taken off by sch. Eliza Ellen, from —— for Cuba, and afterwards put on board schr. Notus, from Wareham, via Salem, which arrived at Boston Thursday morning. One of the men is badly frostbitten.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT PORTLAND.—A daughter of widow Hannah Hall, a colored woman, was left at home on Sunday, while her mother went to church, in charge of a younger child two years old. On the return of the mother, she found the room full of smoke—the youngest child safe, but the oldest in the bed burnt to death, the clothes burnt off, and the bed-clothes partially burnt. The house was on fire, but was easily extinguished.

VIRGINIA U. S. SENATOR.—On Tuesday the House of Delegates of Virginia resolved to go into the election of a U. S. Senator to succeed Mr. Rives, on Monday next, 14th inst. In the Senate of this state the two parties have each an *equal* number, and the fate of the resolution is uncertain.

OHIO RIVER.—The Wheeling Times of Thursday the 10th inst. says: "The river still remains in good navigable condition, and boats are running briskly, though not heavily laden."

THE LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA assembled at Richmond on Tuesday last. Gen. W. Munford, Esq., the late Clerk of the House, was re-elected. Valentine W. Southall, Esq., was elected Speaker of the House. Gov. Gilmer's message is five columns long; one of the subjects it treats of is the duties imposed by foreign notions on tobacco from the United States.

SHIPWRECK.—The Portland Advertiser states that the schooner Free Trade, Bowe, (late Hacker,) of Portland, arrived at that port on Saturday morning, a complete wreck, and the crew in a distressed condition. She had a cargo of molasses, and was bound for Boston. She left Havana on the 14th October last, and came on to the coast inside of Cape Hatteras, on the 1st of November, since which time she has experienced a continued gale of wind. November 6, the Captain, Isaac Hacker, was lost overboard, but the gale was so severe at the time, that no means could be used for his recovery. On the same day, a part of her cargo was stove, in order to save the vessel. The crew had been on a small allowance about a fortnight, and had used the last drop of water yesterday morning. Capt. Hacker was a worthy and industrious young man, and has left a wife and one or two children in Westbrook, with numerous other friends to lament his loss.

FLOUR AND WHEAT.—The quantity of flour and wheat delivered frem the Erie Canal during the fourth week in November, at the places named below, is as follows:

	Brls. flour.	Bush. wheat.
Schenectady.....	4,657.....	1,200
West Troy.....	31,853.....	15,612
Albany.....	101,773.....	11,257
Total.....	138,283	28,069

IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.—The Assistant Vice Chancellor of the First Circuit has recently decided in a case before him, that a mortgage of goods and chattels, unaccompanied by an immediate delivery, and not followed by an actual and continued change of possession, is in the absence of all fraud, good and valid as against creditors, &c., where the same or a true copy thereof shall have been filed, pursuant to the provisions of the statute of 1833.—This decision is of much importance, as the Supreme Court of this state has expressed a different view.

☞ The Mexican Congress passed, on the 17th October, a law to the following effect: That the government is authorised to contract a loan of $2,000,000, pledging for the payment thereof the 17 per cent. duty; and the President may issue bonds for that amount, which shall be sold to the best bidder, within thirty days—two-thirds of the proceeds of said loan to be expended in acquiring a marine and other necessaries for prosecuting the war against Texas.

☞ The Georgia House of Representatives has passed the bill requiring the Banks of that State to resume specie payments on or before the 1st day of February next, under penalty of a loss of their charter.

ELECTIONS.—The official majority in Virginia is 1843; Illinois, 1939; Michigan, 1837; Missouri, according to a Jefferson correspondent of the Missouri Republican, 6288.

MELANCHOLY.—The St. John (N. B.) Chronicle of 27th ult. says: "We are informed that a vessel which left St. John, evening of 23d, for Boston, was totally lost, and that every soul on board, nine in number, perished."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Abner P. Johnson was killed at Barre, on Tuesday last, by a tree falling on him, which one of his companions was cutting down. He was 28 years of age.

ADVICE THAT MAY BE SAFELY FOLLOWED.—Praise the fineness of the day when it is ended—a sword when you have proved it—a maiden when she is married—the ice when you have crossed it—and a newspaper *when you have read and* PAID *for it.*

☞ The Boston Post (good authority) issues the following order for the regulation of the movements of his party:

Passengers from Salt River MUST call at the *capen's* office before landing.

☞ The following toast from the Boston Atlas is decidedly too good to be lost:

"Col. Greene of the Boston Post—like all other greens, best when dished."

SHOCKING AFFAIR.—The Upper Marlboro Gazette of Tuesday, relates the following shocking occurrence:

SHOCKING.—An affair of a most painful nature occurred in the neighborhood of Bladensburg, in this county, on Saturday last. We learn that a misunderstanding had for some time existed between Clement T. Hillery and a young man named Albert Magruder, and that on Saturday morning they met at the church near Hillery's house, where they resumed the quarrel.

Some threats, it is said, were passed between them, when Hillery went to his house, got his gun, and when within a few yards of Magruder, discharged the gun at him—three of shot, as we hear, taking effect in the forehead, the remainder passing through the hat. [We have no desire to prejudice public opinion against Hillery—we therefore state hat at this stage of the affair there are contradictory statements in circulation; one is, that Magruder approached Hillery *before* the shot, and another that he advanced *rfter* he was shot. There were, we believe, two white witnesses of the whole matter.]

We have yet to record the most shocking part. After shooting the young man, we learn that Hillery ordered one of his negroes to hold him, while he, with the butt end of his gun, literally *knocked out the man's brains!*

Hillery has heretofore stood fair in this country, and has many respectable relatives. There are, we suppose, some extenuating circumstances attending this bloody deed, as his honer Judge Stevens permitted bail in the case. The amount of bail required was $6,000.

LATEST FROM FLORIDA.—We find in the Globe of Tuesday, the following official communication from Gen. Armistead to the Secretary of War:—

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF FLORIDA,
Fort King, Nov. 24, 1840.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter ot the 10th inst.

The whole army is now, and will remain, in pursuit of the enemy. Every inducement is, however, held out to them to treat. The bands of Halick Tustenuggee and Tiger-Tail are pursued by a detachment of the 2d Infantry. The 7th is now in the field. The Dragoons, of which six companies are on the upper St. John's, are actively employed in that section. The 8th regiment leaves this morning for Tampa, scouring the country on the route, embracing the Wahoo und the other hiding places on the Withlacoochie. The 6th regiment is in the country between the Hillsborough and Withlacoochie. The first regiment is scouting along the Gulf shore below Tampa, with boats, accompanied by a steamer and two schooners.

I have deemed these movements necessary, as the entire bands of the enemy have confined themselves to the swamps and along that coast, from whence they make predatory excursions; and it is there, and there alone, that they can be most annoyed.

To the north of Fort King they make occasional inroads, but to bring them to a sense of what they ought to do, their families and strongholds must be broken up.

The delegation are in utter astonishment at the manner in which Halick Tustenuggee and his party left them, as they had given me and the party repeated assurances of their determination to emigrate. This want of faith has not deterred me from using exertions to communicate with the Seminoles, and I have despatched three of the delegatian, with their consent, to hold intercourse with their relations and friends.

I will continue every exertion to fulfil the requirements of the Government by treaty or otherwise.

I shall leave this place in a few days for Tampaco, where my head quarters will be established; please direct accordingly. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obd't. serv't.

W. K. ARMISTEAD,
Brig. Gen. Com. Army of Florida.

The Hon. the Secretary of War.

TWENTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

MONDAY, Dec. 7, 1840.

IN SENATE.—The Vice President of the United States and the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, both being absent, the Senate was called to order by its Secretary, A. Dickens, Esq., who having announced that a quorum of members were not present, the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, at 12 o'clock.

The Senators present were as follows:

Messrs. Allen, Benton, Buchanan, Crittenden, Fulton, Huntington, Linn, Lumpkin, Porter, Prentiss, Smith, of Indiana, Tappan, Wall, Wright, Young.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—This being the day fixed by the Constitution for the annual meeting of Congress, at 12 o'clock, M., the Hon. Robert M. T. Hunter, one of the Representatives of Virginia, and Speaker of the House, took his seat and called the house to order.

One hundred members were present, (although the Clerk reported to the Speaker but ninety-four.)

The Delegates from Territories were not called, but it is believed Mr. Charles Downing, from Florida, and Mr. A. C. Dodge, of Iowa, were present.

A quorum, consisting of a majority of the whole House, not being present—

Mr. Lewis Williams, of North Carolina, rose and observed that as no business could be done, he would move an adjournment, which motion was carried in the affirmative, and the House adjourned until to-morrow, at 12 o'clock.

TUESDAY, Dec. 8, 1840.

IN SENATE—In addition to the Senators named yesterday, there appeared to day the Hon. Wm. R. King, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, and Messrs. Clay, of Kentucky, Merrick, of Maryland, Norvell, of Michigan, and Robinson, of Illinois.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—At 12 o'clock, the Speaker, the Hon. Robert M. T. Hunter, took the Chair. The Clerk called over the roll of the absentees, when fifty-four members in addition to those who appeared yesterday being in attendance, a quorum was announced by the Chair as being present.

Whereupon, on motion of Mr. Taliaferro, a committee was appointed, on the part of the House, to wait upon the President and inform him that Congress was ready to receive any communication he should be pleased to make.

The Clerk was directed to notify the Senate that the House was organized and ready to proceed to business.

Mr. Adams gave notice that he should to-morrow offer a resolution to repeal the 21st rule of the House relative to the reception of abolition petitions, prohibiting the reception of any memorial, resolution, &c., praying the abolition of slavery in the District, or any State or Territory of the United States.

There being no quorum in the Senate, the House adjourned till 12 o'clock to-morrow (Wednesday.)

MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.—During the fire on Friday morning, at the corner of Moore and South streets, Mr. Charles W. Case, of the firm of Birdsall and Case, who occupied a small store adjoining, incautiously ventured into his counting room to secure his books. While there, the wall of the burning building fell and crushed Mr. Case beneath the ruins. His remains were found amid the ruins on Saturday afternoon, and were then in so disfigured a state as to be only recognized by the color of the hair, a portion of which was preserved, and a gold watch, which was partially melted. Mr. Case was a young man, 27 years of age, universally esteemed and respected. He was a native of Southold, L. I., where his father, Judge Case, still resides. The coroner held an inquest on the remains, at the residence of the deceased, 124 Essex street, which resulted in a verdict of accidental death.

We are informed that James S. Brown, whose storm was burnt at ihe same time with that at which the above melancholy accident occurred, was fully insured.—[Express.

The population of Massachusetts is 739,306, being an increase of 129,292 since 1830.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Freeman Forbes, a young man of the town of Brooks, in this State, started from home for Belfast, on Saturday morning last, with a load of bark He had not driven more than half a mile, before he fell under the sled and was crushed to death. Judging from appearances and the circumstances of the case—he was walking behind the sled with the oxen proceeding regularly along. On approaching a brook, an accustomed watering place, the oxen, it appears, turned off the road to drink. Freeman, knowing the danger of upsetting his load if the oxen turned off with the load attached to it, rushed from behind to stop them. But he was too late. In stepping off of the causeway, he blundered and fell prostrate, to be completely covered up and crushed to death by his overturning load.

He was a steady and industrious young man, and his death is lamented by parents, brothers and sisters, and friends.—[Belfast Journal.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—The Members of Congress who arrived yesterday from the South bring information of one of the most extraordinary accidents and hair-breadth escapes that we ever heard of. which occurred to Gen. WADDY THOMPSON, the distinguished Representative in Congress from South Carolina. The scene of it was on the railroad, a few miles south of Petersburg, in Virginia.—Gen. Thompson, with several other Members, weary of the tedious progress of the train of steam-cars, which made their way with great effort and difficulty through the snow, had got out of the cars and walked ahead, along the track. The motion of the cars becoming freer, they came down upon him more rapidly than he expected, and, the engineer not being able to check them, they struck Gen. Thompson, knocked him down, and the whole train, engine, cars, and all, *passed over him!* Every one will suppose, of course, on reading this, that the accident was fatal in its consequences. On the contrary, we are happy to say that, if bodily injured at all, it was not to such an extent as to leave any alarm as to the consequences on the minds of his friends, one or two of whom staid behind with him at Petersburg.—[National Intelligencer, Dec. 9.

ACCIDENT AND DEATH.—Daniel Polhemus, a youth of about 20 years of age, son of Peter Polhemus, of Hillsborough, (says the Somerset Messenger,) was killed on Friday last, near Boundbrook, by the passing of a large wagon over his body. He, in company with some others, had got into the wagon, and when it had proceeded as far as he wished to go, attempted to jump out. In this he failed, and falling before the wheel it passed over his chest, producing so much injury as to cause his death within a few hours.

As a remarkable fatal coincidence, we mention what we learn as a fact, that a brother of the deceased, of the same name, met his death by the wheel of a cart passing over his body. The son so lately deposited in the grave was named after his unfortunate brother, and, strange to say, thus early in life has met the same fate.

SPLENDID ENTERPRISE.—Probably a more magnificent project has never been conceived on the American continent, than that of the Railroad communication between Boston and St. Louis—an enterprize which, when completed, will throw open to the citizens of this Commonwealth the rich and exuberaut resources of the great western country to an extent, and with a prospect of increasing wealth and importance, almost exceeding the powers of calculation.—The prospect of accomplishing so vast an undertaking, at even a remote period of time, could not fail to excite in our citizens a very high degree of interest; but the subject becomes immensely more important to them, in view of the great progress that has already been made in the work, and of the certainty that it will, within a very few years at most, be terminated.

We learn that the whole line of the road is chartered—that of the whole distance from Boston to St. Louis—about twelve hundred and seventy-five miles, that from Boston to near the southern line of Michigan, six hundred and sixty-three miles, being more than half the whole distance, and and embracing two-thirds of the expense, will be completed next year. The remainder, it is said, will be put under contract so soon as the necessary funds can be raised.

MRS. KINNEY'S CASE.—The Supreme Court room was crowded this morning with eager expectants of Mrs. Kinney's appearance, to designate her Counsel and the assignment of a time for her trial. The illness of a member of Mr. Choate's family occasioned the postponement of several important cases in which he was engaged, for an indefinite period. A few minutes after eleven, Mrs. Kinney was brought in, and Judge Putnam remarked that he had received a note from her, requesting the Court to appoint counsel for the trial, and he then named Messrs. Franklin Dexter and George T. Curtis. Mrs. K. was asked if this was agreeable to her, to which she answered in a low, sweet tone of voice, that she submitted all to his Honor's discretion. Franklin Dexter, Esq., then stated that it was uncertain if a professional engagement at Philadelphia, would not within the ensuing fortnight take him to that city, and as the Attorney General pressed hard for a speedy trial, he must decline the honor, unless he should be at liberty during the next three or four days to determine whether he could accept the appointment or not. The Court granted his request, and thus the matter rests. Mrs. Kinney's appearance is certainly prepossessing, although her long confinement has of course effected the delicacy of complexion for which she was so much celebrated.—[Boston Bay State Democrat, Dec. 7.

APALACHICOLA, Nov. 21.

THE INDIANS.—Capt. Smith reports having seen several signs of Indians, a few miles above Iola. Their rafts indicate that quite a number of the enemy have crossed to the West side of the Apalachicola.

The Quincy Sentinel says: It is rumored that two Indians were killed a few days since, by a scouting party of ten soldiers, belonging to the company of Capt. Burney, now quartertered at Jackson's bluff, on the Ocklockonnee.

MELANCHOLY.—Mrs. Worthington, wife of the Hon. J. T. H. Worthington, member of Congress from Baltimore county, was so severely burned on Tuesday night, by her clothes accidentally taking fire, that she died on Wednesday morning.

ECLIPSES.—There are to be four eclipses of the sun next year, and two of the Moon. None of the former will be visible in this country, and even where largest they will only be partial. Both the lunar eclipses will be total, and visible throughout the United States. One occurs on the 5th of February, the other on the 2d of August.

MR. VAN BUREN.—A correspondent of the Boston Courier, writing from Washington, says, in allusion to the manner in which the next *Ex*-President endures his late defeat:—"To all appearance he bears his misfortune with all the indifference of an ancient Stoic, and all the gravity of a modern Turk. He smiles as affably as ever, and a stranger, who should be introduced to him, would not discover by any tale-telling of the countenance, that he is not President for life.

THE NEW WORLD.
QUARTO EDITION.

On Saturday, the second day of January, will be issued the first number of the Second Volume of the QUARTO NEW WORLD. This form, being convenient for binding and preservation, has been and is much preferred by great numbers of our readers in city and country. Each number of the Quarto Edition contains the same articles as the Folio, with the exceptions only of the advertisements and a few unimportant news-items of no permanent interest. The second volume of the Quarto is commenced with the new year for the accommodation and convenience of new subscribers, who, at that period, geuerally determine on the character and kind of periodicals best recommended to their attention, and best worthy of their patronage.

The NEW WORLD was begun in the large, or folio size, in October, 1839. It immediately acquired a circulation unprecedently great. It was ordered to be sent to all parts of the country; it was sold in great numbers in the principal cities of the Union. The plan upon which it was conducted, was novel and striking. Its distinguishing feature was, that it republished, with unparalleled dispatch the most attractive portions of new English literature. On its broad and ample pages were displayed, in rapied and brilliant succession, the latest prodnctions of the most popular authors of the day. Their names formed a galaxy, which shed a fascinating lustre around the new and copious journal. Our star differed from another star in glory, but they were all stars. Not many of the miner lights were admitted into their splendid company, DICKENS, BULWER, TALFOURD, MITFORD, AINSWORTH, DEWEY, SEDGWICK, LONGFELLOW, have few compeers in their line and few are worthy of being ranked with them.

It was not to be wondered at that the NEW WORLD became a great favorite with the intelligent and reading public. There was only one objection made to it—and that was to its size. The Folio form was the most popular but not most convenient for those, who consider the works which it contained too valuable to be thrown aside. For such readers, the Quarto was commenced in June last, aed for such it will be contiuued.

For the new volume, commencing in January, we ask the subscriptions of all lovers of pure and elegant literature throughout the country. *We ask them too to favor us with their names immediately, that we may not fall short of the number that will be required in this form.* The reasonableness of this request will be understood when we state that orders are every day received for back numbers which cannot be supplied. Ten times the subscription price would now be cheerfully paid by those, who delayed to send early orders. The scarcity of old numbers is an admirable proof of their value; in them are contained works sold for sixpence and one shilling, which cost in the original editions one dollar and sometimes five dollars.

The NEW WORLD will be conducted as it has been, with those improvements and additions, which time and experience have not failed to suggest. It will be complete in all the departments of a first-rate literary journal. From the extensive acquaintance enjoyed by the Editors with all the best writers and critics of the country, this will be no very difficult task. It will continue to be edited by Park Benjamin and Epes Sargent.

This form of the NEW WORLD will be rendered more elegant in its external appearance. It will be embellished with engravings and music, chosen by a distinguished professor.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS a year, (same as the folio,) or FIVE DOLLARS for two copies, payable in advance, postage free. Where postage is not paid, it will be deducted from the remittance.

☞ All postmasters in good standing are authorized to act as agents, and may receive subscriptions at $3 a year, and retain 25 per cent. thereof for commission, and remit the balance ($2 25) in funds current in New York. If not current here, fifty cents on each $3 subscription may be retained. Address, J. WINCHESTER, Publisher.

☞ Local agents of integrity and punctuality wanted in every principal town in the United States, where such are not already established.

Editors who will give the above an insertion, or otherwise notice the same, will be entitled to and receive the New World in exchange.

Married,

On the 8th inst, by the Rev. Dr. McElroy, Mr. George Mackenzie and Jane L., eldest daughter of Mr. Peter Brown, merchant, N. York.

On the 8th instant, by Rev. Dr. Milnor, Col. John Dean, of North Stamford, Ct., and Miss Sarah A. Tillman, of this city.

On the 9th instant, by Rev. E. Mason, Rensselaer Ten Broeck, Esq., and Mary Monroe, daughter of J. H. Terry.

On the 8th instant, by Rev. Wm. Demarest, Mr. Henry Demarest and Miss Sarah, daughter of Charles Hopper, Esq., all of this city.

On Sunday evening, 6th instant, by Rev. Charles G. Summers, Mr. Russell W. Wescott and Miss Cornelia Miller, all of this city.

By Rev. J. T. Balch, at St. Bartholomew's Church, on Tuesday, 1st instant, Henry K. Richardson, Esq., aad Mary, daughter of E. Ives, jr. all of this city

On the 3d instant, by Rev. Dr. Sawyer, Peter F. Barrough and Catharine A., daughter of James Hennigar, all of this city.

On the 2d inst., by Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, Rev David H. Short, of Danbury, Ct., and Miss Mary E., daughter of the late Isaac Purdy, of North Salem, Westchester Co.

At Manhattanville, 3d inst., hy Rev. Mr. Bayley, Daniel M. Edgar and Julia, daughter of the late Jacob Lorrillard, of this city.

On Tuesday, 1st instant, in this city, by Rev. John Proudfit, William Forbes, A. M., Surgeon Apothecary, and Miss Susan Hagart, daughter of Robert Sheppard, Esq., both of Scotland.

On the 1st instant, by Rev. John M. Krebs, Mr. William J. Syms and Miss Rachel Ann Jackson, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by Rev. Mr. Raynor, Mr. James Hall and Miss Catharine J. Patcher, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by Rev. Dr. Patton, Mr. Charles Ruland and Miss Rebecca Shepard, both of this city.

On the 2d instant by Rev. Dr. Skinner, R. T Haines, Esq., and Miss Francina E. H. Wilder, daughter of S. V. S. Wilder, Esq.

On the 1st instant, by Rev. Wm. Richmond, Mr. Thomas W. Dowd, of Madison, Conn., and Miss Mary H. Cleland, of this city.

At Salisbury Centre, N. Y., on Thursday evening, the 3d instant, by the Rev. Wm. S. Bartlett, George C. Smalley, merchant of this city, and Miss Susan Maria Bartlett, recently of Buffalo.

On the 6th instant, by Rev. Charles G. Summers, Mr. Russell W. Wescott and Miss Cornelia Miller, all of this city.

Peekskill, Dec. 6, by Rev. Dr. Westbrook, Mr. Harrison W. Smith, of New-York, and Miss Rachel Ann, daughter of Col. John Williams.

In Albany, on the 1st instant, hy Rev. Dr. Sprague, W. Egbert Barnum, of this city, and Miss Caroline M., daughter of Lewis Benedict, Esq., of Albany.

On the 6th instant, by Rev. Mr. Guilder, Mr. Humphrey Williams, of this city, and Miss Mary Ann Scofield, of Stamford, Ct.

Salisbury Centre, N. Y., on the 3d inst., by Rev. Mr. Wm. S. Bartlett, George C. Smalley, of this city, and Miss Susan Maria Bartlett, formerly of Buffalo.

On the 1st instant, by Rev. John A. Selleck, Mr. Selleck S. St. John, (firm of S. Comstock & Co.) and Miss Mary A. Seymour, all of New Canaan, Ct.

Died,

In this city, on tha 5th instant, Edwin B. Theall, youngest son of Benjamin R. and Mary Theall.

In this city, on the 7th instant, after a short illness, Mrs. Eliza J. Lord, wife of David N. Lord.

In this city, on the 8th instant, of inflammation of the chest, Amy Brown, wife of Samuel Brown, aged 80.

In this city, on the 8th instant, Peter Stagg, jr., aged 31.

In this city, on the 3d instant, of a lingering illness, Mr. Isaac Hatfield, aged 75.

In this city, 3d instant, Mr. Richard J. Tucker.

In this city, 3d inst., after a long illness, Timothy Driscoll, aged 56.

In this city, 1st instant, Mrs. Julia Betts, wife of Isaac Deforest.

In this city, 1st inst., Mrs. Margaret Steele, aged 60.

In this city, 2d inst., after a lingering illness, Joseph Knox, aged 40.

In this city, 2d inst., Mr. John Odell, aged 52.

On the 3d instant, in this city, Miss Ann Mullen, aged 21.

On the 3d, in this city, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of J. L. Fowler, aged 33.

On the 2d, in this city, John B. Bell, aged 41.

On Saturday evening, of typhus fever, Horton Bethune Farrell, aged 7 years and 4 months.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. Anna Dalton, aged 77.

In this city, 6th instant, Eve Anna Jane, wife of Wm. H. Richards and daughter of the late Dr. John Huyler.

In this city, on the 7th instant, Mr. Benjamin Blacklidge, aged 33.

In this city, on the 5th instant, Joseph Ridgeway, aged 36.

At the Sailor's Home, 220 Cherry st., 7th instant, Mr. Richard Arnold, aged 47.

In this city, 6th instant, Mrs. Mary Gouldy, aged 66.

In this city, 6th instant, Mary Ann Graves, daughter of Capt. Andrew Clark, sen. deceased, of Portsmouth, N. H., and wife of C. L. Graves, aged 30.

At Burlington, N. J., on the 30th ult., after an illness of several weeks, Abigail Barker, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, and widow of the late Peter Barker.

At Bloomfield, N. J., 27th ult., Eliza S., daughter of Mrs. H. B. Cooke, one of the principals of the Bloomfield Female Seminary.

At Somerville, N. J., 3d inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Dumont, relict of Dr. Peter Dumont, late of this city, aged 73.

At Rochester, 30th ult., of apoplexy, Mrs. Ruby Gould, consort of Gen. Jacob Gould, formerly of Andover, Mass.

At Fort Winnebago, 2d ult., Lieut. Samuel Whitehouse, of the 5th infantry, only son of Samuel Whitehouse, Esq., of Newport, R. I., in his 25th year.

In Philadelphia, 20th ult., Nicholas Stinebeck, U. S. Navy, aged 56.

At Sabine, Texas, 5th ult., Mr. George W. Martin, son of the late Governor Simeon Martin, of Newport, R. I.

At Stockbridge, Mass., 25th ult., Mr. James Davidson, formerly a merchant of this city, aged 86.

At Brooklyn, 3d instant, Mr. William Thornton, aged 59.

At Buffalo, 16th ult., Mr. Edmund Emery Smith, a native of New-Hampshire, aged 29.

On the 6th instant. Miss Mary D. Meeker, daughter of Andrew and Margaret Meeker, of Morristown, N. J., aged 19.

Lowville, N. J., 19th ult., Capt. Isaac Perry, a patriot of the Revolution, aged 81.

Quincy, Mass., 29th ult., Miss Betsey Bent, aged 87, leaving a maiden sister aged 90, and another sister, a widow, aged 97.

In Ipswich, Mass., Mrs. Elizabeth Blood, aged 35 years, wife of Mr. Samuel Blood, of this city.

At Lockport, on the 27th ult., Rev. Adam Leckner, aged 34.

At Newark, N. J., 1st inst., Dennis McDevit, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 84.

In Trinidad, 9th ult., Capt. Parsons, master of brig Crusoe, of Wiscasset.