

AMERICAN
LADIES' MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY.

No. 2.

CHARACTERS.....No. I.

BY MRS EMMA C. EMBURY.

‘WHAT’S in a name?’ A great deal. Much has been gained by giving a fine sounding name to the heroine of a five-volume romance. Now, gentle reader, what think you of the title which has been bestowed upon the lady whom I am about to describe,— ‘Aunt Silly,’— only think what a name!— you are tempted to turn over the leaf, and leave poor Aunt Silly without casting another glance at her fortunes. But when I tell you that she is Miss Celestina Lenox, ‘a change comes o’er the spirit of your dream,’ and your imagination immediately invests the possessor of so charming a name with all those beauties and graces which so plentifully adorn the pages of an old fashioned novel. So much for a name— now for the lady.

Miss Celestina Lenox is now ‘some fifty, or by’re lady, inclining to threescore’ years of age. I have been told she was once a beauty, but *I* cannot remember that she was ever young, and my memory would be sadly at fault if I were to attempt recalling the time when she was handsome. Tall and thin, with stooping shoulders, and feet so much attached to each other from long acquaintance, as to be unwilling to separate, thereby subjecting themselves to the significant epithet of parrot-toed; a skin resembling an old law paper, for the many fine wrinkles which are imprinted on her face bear

no small resemblance to the half obliterated characters on a musty parchment ; a mouth of somewhat formidable dimensions, in which the teeth are ' too many, yet how few ; ' — and eyes of feline keenness, as well as color — such is the picture of Aunt Silly.

Celestina Lenox began life with a determination to be a beauty and a belle. Her father died when she was about eighteen, leaving her the heiress of some eight or ten thousand dollars, with which she immediately turned her back upon the little country village where she was born, and hastened to New York, which she hoped to make the scene of her triumphs. Had she been content to improve her own natural advantages, without affecting graces and accomplishments which she never possessed, she might have succeeded to her wishes, and gained the great prize which she proposed to herself, viz.— a husband. But, unfortunately, she had plenty of fine sense without one grain of common sense. She had been a miracle of learning in her native place, and she now tried to create a great sensation in the three-fold capacity of beauty, heiress, and bluestocking. It was soon discovered that her beauty was of a kind which would not bear too close an inspection — that her fortune would not pay for her caprices, and as for her learning it was with Orlando's wits — in the moon — that general receptacle of unexistent matter.

Day after day, month after month, and finally, year after year passed on, and yet Celestina had not gained the husband for which she sighed. Her two sisters — both younger than herself — fat, rosy, country girls, whom she looked upon as the very quintessence of vulgarity — found husbands without the least exertion. One married a rich farmer, the other came to the city to spend the winter — stared with genuine Yankee curiosity at all the wonders — showed her white teeth upon all occasions, without caring about the vulgarity of a loud laugh, and before spring she was the wife of a prosperous New York merchant. All this was wormwood to the spirit of poor Celestina. She redoubled her efforts to please, but without success, and the reason was a very obvious one. Celestina possessed a very unamiable temper ; — quick to take offence, violent in her resentments, bitterly sarcastic in her reproofs : — is it any wonder she was not beloved ? It is true she tried to conceal the defects in her temper, but she did not attempt to conquer them, and it requires great talent in dissimulation, to veil the outbursts of a passionate tem-

per. In fact, she was a perfect impersonation of the '*fortiter et suaviter.*' Nothing could be more bland than her manner when in society, — nothing more harsh and overbearing than her conduct among her every day associates.

Deeper and deeper grew the lines about the face of the disappointed Miss Lenox. The rouge which tinted her cheek could scarcely hide its furrowed surface, and the false ringlets which floated over her brow could with difficulty conceal the silver threads beneath them, when lo! a lover came at last. Poor Celestina might almost have exclaimed in the words of the Prince of Denmark — 'Thou comest in such a *questionable* shape that I must speak to thee,' for the short, fat, pursy Mr Grindwell Timkins was very unlike the lover of her early dreams. Mr Timkins was a widower, with one daughter; he wanted some one to take care of his hoydenish girl, and after calculating the expense of a governess, he came to the conclusion that it would be most prudent for him to marry some middle aged woman with a small fortune. He fixed upon Miss Lenox because she was some forty years of age, and because the interest of her ten thousand dollars would be an addition to his yearly savings. Celestina was almost as much distressed now by the acquisition of a lover as she had been by the want of one — to marry a fat little shoemaker and become Mrs Grindwell Timkins! — the alternative was a dreadful one — she must wed the man of leather, or she must be an old maid. After many struggles with her still fondly cherished dreams, after many tears shed over the image of the beautiful youth of six feet two, who had so long been worshipped in imagination, she finally determined that when Mr Timkins called again she would announce her consent to become a blushing bride. It so happened that Mr Timkins, who was economical of time as of money, came at an earlier hour than she had expected him. The servant ushered him into a room which bore striking evidences that the hand of the housemaid had been wanting. The honest wooer accidentally took a seat which allowed him to look out into the hall, without being seen by those who might be passing through it. He heard a harsh voice raised to its highest pitch, in a perfect ecstasy of scolding, but he could not believe it to be the same that had recently breathed gently in his ear. He was not long in doubt — the sounds approached — Celestina passed through the hall — not the blooming Celestina whom he had parted with on the preceding evening, radiant with smiles and

fluttering with ribbons, but an ugly old woman in a dirty mob cap, wrapped in a dressing gown which might have been more suitably thrown in the washing tub, and worse than all, in a towering passion. Hastily advancing to the poor little servant girl, she raised her hand and a violent blow fell full upon the little creature's cheek, just as she exclaimed, 'Oh Madam — the gentleman!' Deaf to everything in her fury, Celestina repeated her blows until Mr Timkins, with all the indignation of a kind heart, stepped forward to rescue the child. Here was a scene for a caricaturist. The terrified girl — the indignant lover — the mortified vixen. That blow lost her a husband. The years that have passed since then have soured her temper as much as they have changed her face. She is no longer the dashing Miss Lenox, but compelled to take up her abode with her merry-hearted sister, since no one else would tolerate her ill temper. She is now the torment of the nursery — the plague of the servants — and everybody's Aunt Silly.

Do not think, reader, that I mean to ridicule old maids. No one respects the virtues of a spinster more than I do — but it is Aunt Silly's bad temper that makes her a fair object of ridicule. My next sketch shall be the picture of Aunt Mabel — dear, kind Aunt Mabel, and you will then see how much I admire and love a kind-hearted, good tempered old maid.

HINTS TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

A GREAT majority of the children of healthy parents are born free from disease or deformity, and the primary object of good management is to keep them so. The stomach of an infant is extremely sensitive, and not capable of receiving, without injury, anything differing materially from its appropriate aliment. Never think, then, while your child is well, that a little of this or a little of that will do it good. A healthy infant needs nothing but the simple nourishment which the God of Nature has provided for it in the bosom of its mother.

PARTING OF THE LATE REV. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN,
WITH HIS LITTLE SISTER.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

It was remarked by those who were privileged to witness the last scenes of the life of the Rev. Edward D. Griffin, whose early death was deplored by the friends of genius — of learning, and of piety — that his parting with his *little sister* of four years old, — was unutterably affecting.

She was exceedingly amiable, and of cherub beauty, and he had doated upon her with surpassing fondness. It was feared that his farewell to her might be agonizing; — but it was marked with a sainted calmness, — with the benignity of the habitants of that eternal temple, on whose threshold of glory he then stood. — It was written in the counsels of infinite wisdom, that she should soon slumber by his side in the tomb.

She came, — with cherub arms outspread
In stainless beauty fair;
And at her dying brother's bed,
Stood still, with mournful air; —
She, whose sweet tone and fairy tread
Oft cheer'd his studious hours,
Whose infant innocence had led
His thoughts to angel-bowers.

He mark'd the brightly blending rays
Of Childhood's sceptred sway —
And with one long, calm, tender gaze,
Turn'd his pale brow away. —
Oh, wherefore? — to his soul so dear,
The idol of his race;
Where was the bitter, parting tear,
The agonized embrace?

Pure, sainted Soul! — so soon to soar
O'er all material things,
Did earth's affections, priz'd no more,
Recede on faded wings? —
Or burst there from the verge of heaven,
That strong, prescient ray, —
That light to mortals never given,
While held in bonds of clay?

Breath'd Death's dark angel to thine ear,
In mystery divine,
His icy promise soon to bear
That darling soul to thine?
And therefore, was thy parting hour
From all emotion free,
Thou dweller mid the blest above,
Say, — was it thus with thee?

DOMESTIC SKETCHES.....No. II.

BY A SOUTHERN PEN.

THE 'Pencil Sketches' of Miss Leslie present to the mind pictures as faithful and as vivid as those of her distinguished brother do to the eye. They have been objected to, as light and unfinished, and devoid of interest. With equal justice might the same objection be made to the outlines of the landscape painter, before they are transferred from his sketch book to his canvas, because they are not finished pictures. The writer of this amusing volume assumes not the intention of revealing the secret recesses of the heart; of developing the governing motives of human conduct; of portraying the passions in their darkening or brightening influences; she aims only at sketching the most obvious and characteristic traits of the surface of society; its manners, customs, fashions, without examining into the causes by which they have been formed and modified; and completely has the design, announced by its modest title, been fulfilled. Yet still, though written with a spirit and vivacity which evidence original and fine talents, one of the objections made to the *Pencil Sketches* must be allowed to be just, — which is, the choice of the subjects selected for delineation. They certainly give unfavorable and unjust views of American society, so far at least unjust, as a painter would be, who in presenting views of the scenery of our country, should combine in his pictures, dusty high-roads, dirty-taverns, weedy gardens, and sluggish canals, instead of our noble and beautiful rivers, wooded mountains, fertile valleys, and verdant plains. There may be such selfish and ignorant Misses as the 'Escorted Lady,' — wealthy vulgarians, such as 'Mrs Washington Potts,' and girls as silly and ridiculous as the 'Miss Vanlears.' Parties of pleasure as horridly uncomfortable as the 'Pic-nic at the sea-shore.' These, and the other articles in this volume, may have been sketched from life, but we will venture to say, such characters are so rare that, to the generality — to the majority of readers, they are wholly unknown, and must be considered as exceptions to a general rule, and although they may be introduced for the sake of contrast, should not constitute the whole picture. Both taste and feeling revolt from such an aggregation of disagreeables, and patriotism and national pride are wounded by

the transmission of such views of American society, to the already prejudiced judges of Europe. The pencil that has drawn the simple and beautiful home scene, in the *Travelling Tinman*, might, with equal spirit and fidelity, have presented sketches of manners and characters far more agreeable, and certainly far more prevalent and universal, than those on which she has bestowed her time and talents.

'*Sociable Visiting*,' as far as the experience of a long life, and the knowledge derived from a domiciliation in many of our cities can decide, appears one of the most unjust views of our social system; and the deductions, made from the story, most adverse to the best and sweetest pleasure, of social intercourse, namely, that both the *visitor* and *visited* would enjoy more satisfaction, from having visits formally announced and prepared for. *Fashion* is so rapidly and triumphantly marching through our land, and throwing its shackles of form and ceremony over the habits of society, that its chilling, deadening influences, should rather be opposed than abetted. Such *contre-temps*, as are enumerated in this *Sketch*, are surely of too rare occurrence, to serve as laws to govern social intercourse, at least in society south of Philadelphia, whatever may be the case in that great and flourishing city. There, Miss Leslie's accounts of *Social Visiting* may be true, which can be more readily conceived, if other things that have been asserted of the state of society in that place are believed; such as that the most, if not only agreeable parties, are those from which the ladies are excluded; called, indeed, *literary*, but where literature and science constitute as small a part of the entertainment, as they do in the circles where the frivolities of females and fashion are admitted. *Literary parties*, where, if report speaks truth, refreshments of an intellectual kind are not those in most request, it having been found by experience that philosophers and literati have as keen a sensibility as that of the most delicate *belles*, to sweets and confections of every description, and that the variety and abundance of viands introduced to inspire the insipidity, and fill up the void which prevails in coteries of fashion, are equally indispensable in those of the literati. Another circumstance mentioned as characteristic of the social system of that place, is, that the evening parties are seldom frequented by professional or literary men, or gentlemen of a *certain* age, but only, by inconsequent young men — in other words, *beaux*, who have still a few years to throw away on the frivolities of female society;

and so little taste, as to prefer music, dancing, and gay converse, to the more staid and dignified pleasures of suppers, card-clubs, &c, &c, in which their elders participate.

Such, and many other similar things are said, and if true, are of as anti-social a character as the circumstances described by Miss Leslie.

In the following *Sketches by a Southern Pen*, there is no design to contradict her statements, but to contrast them with some views of social intercourse, such as it exists in our more southern and warm-hearted region.

* * * * *

‘Once a gentleman always a gentleman,’ say the French, and by the same rule, ‘once a lady, always a lady,’ said my wife, as she sat down by me, on her return from a long walk.

‘Is that a new discovery?’ asked I.

‘Not to you or me, nor to many others as good and rational as you are; but to the generality,—the commonality of society, to judge by their conduct, it is a verity totally unknown,—to such, gentility and poverty seem an impossible union.’

‘In this country, where wealth confers rank and consequence, it is natural it should be so, but what has made you so particularly sensible of the truth of your apothegm at present?’

A visit I have paid to my old friend Mrs Vinton. Never when she was in the height of fashion — when surrounded by all the appendages of wealth, — when she received company in her splendid drawing-room, have I been more struck with the elegance and dignity of her manners and appearance, than I was today when she received me in her poor little dwelling, in a coarse calico wrapper, with a colored handkerchief tied round her head.’

‘A coarse calico wrapper and a colored handkerchief — Mrs Vinton?’

‘Even so, and I dare say this description conveys to your fancy the idea of vulgarity. But so far from this, in spite of the materials, these articles were put on with such taste and worn in such a manner, that she positively had the same air of fashion by which she was always distinguished.’

‘Your imagination, Catherine, must have lent some of its usual embellishment.’

‘No, truly — it had no time so to do — I was taken by surprise, and felt, as I looked at her, “once a lady, always a lady,” was in her case proved to be truth. She met me with

the same ease and frankness, mingled with that mild dignity, so peculiarly her own, with which she used to do, in the time of her prosperity. Change of circumstances have produced no change of manners, and if she feels depressed or degraded by poverty, she does not show it.'

'What, is she as cheerful as she used to be?'

Not exactly, perhaps; yet I am wrong, it is only sprightliness that is missing — cheerfulness of a more mild and softened character remains.'

'In the state of dreadful destitution in which she and her sister were left, she deserves great credit for such equanimity. Have they any comforts or decencies remaining?'

'In comparison to her former circumstances, I should answer in the negative. Yet, everything around her has not only an air of comfort — of decency — but of taste.'

'How is this possible? After the sale of the house and furniture, we were told, nothing remained, but articles so worthless, so injured by time or accident, that they would not sell.'

'And this account was true. Yet with these wrecks — these old and mutilated articles, she has contrived by her ingenuity and industry, to give to her little rooms the appearance of being well furnished. The old pieces of mahogany have been rubbed until they reflect like mirrors. The chairs look as if freshly varnished, though she says their polish has been given solely by a little wax and much labor. Pieces of carpet, which, in their large house, would scarcely have been visible, make a great show, indeed, cover the whole floor of the wee bit parlor. A broken sofa has been repaired by the aid of a few nails and pieces of wood, and its pretty dimity cover is manufactured out of some of her former dressing gowns. Neat little foot-stools, or foot-cushions rather, she has made with her own hands, the nice muslin window curtains were dresses now useless to her. A small pine-table, formerly belonging to a servant's room, she has transformed into an uncommonly tasteful and pretty fancy work-table, by the aid of colored paper, flowers painted by herself, and a few cents' worth of varnish. It is really a beautiful thing; and then, what gives to the whole room a charming and cheerful appearance, are the flowers with which it is profusely adorned. I declare there is not a room in this house, that is to be compared to it, in pleasing effect.'

'Why, Mrs Vinton must be a perfect magician.'

‘As perfect a one, as a strong mind, a happy temperament, and an inherent gentility can make. She took me over the whole of the house — if house it can be called — the wee bit room, adjoining the wee bit parlor, is an eating-room, working-room, and kitchen. Kitchen! — poor soul, she has little use for a kitchen, for would you believe it, my dear husband, this excellent woman and her sister never have a piece of meat to cook. It is really a fact.’

‘On what do they subsist then?’

‘Little more than tea and bread, with a little butter, cheese, and such like trifles. And yet she would insist, in spite of all my excuses, to my taking tea with them, and notwithstanding my resistance, the table, a *pine-table*, was set out, covered with a plain linen, no longer a damask table cloth — but it looked so white, so nice! A bound girl, whose time not being yet expired remains with Mrs Vinton, met me in the kitchen, or eating room, with so smiling a look of welcome, that she seemed more like a daughter, than a servant of the family. I could not help casting my eyes around the room — it was neatness itself. The floor was covered with a nice rag-carpet — not *ragged*, — you never saw a rag carpet, husband, but I assure you it is quite a pretty manufacture — I mean to have one myself, Mrs Vinton is going to show me how to make one. A small, close stove, which serves all their purposes, both of heating and cooking, stood before the closed-up chimney-place. On a few board shelves were disposed tin-utensils, that looked like silver — and some cups, saucers, plates, &c, so arranged as to serve for ornament as well as use. Mrs Vinton nodded significantly to the girl, saying, “while we walk in the garden, Betty, get tea ready.”

‘Garden! Has she a garden? When I saw the hovel, for it was little better, it stood on the open common.’

‘Well, my dear, you would hardly believe your own eyes, were you to see it now. That hovel is a pretty cottage, and the ground they have enclosed around it, is a charming little flower garden, with its grass plot, its neat gravel walk — its trellises, and even its fruit trees. There is magic for you!’

‘You really astonish me. With not a farthing but what she and her sister earn with their own hands, how has all this been accomplished?’

‘With Mrs Vinton, to will is to do. She is a wonderful woman. I too exclaimed, how has all this been accomplished? She explained the mystery. The ground, of course, cost

nothing ; any one is at liberty to enclose as much of the common as they choose ; this spot happened to be rich soil, covered with a fine green sward. Thus her grass-plot was ready made to her hand, as well as the grass edgings ; the beds and borders were dug up by an old black man, long an indulged servant of the family, whose labor she repaid by sewing for him. The inclosure, too, was his work and contrivance. Among the refuse that remained, after the sale at the *great house*, as he called it, were a great many empty casks and barrels ; these he knocked to pieces, and with their staves made a really neat paling — treliss, &c. Less than a bushel of lime whitewashed the paling and the cottage ; and a very little green paint, which Mrs Vinton put on the window shutters herself, gave it the nice look it now wears. The locust trees in front, were half grown when the old man planted them, and the soil being very good, thrived so well as to afford a complete shade round the cottage, while up the sides, and round the windows and door, are trained flowering vines and roses.'

'So much for having taste,' I observed ; 'without it, a palace would be vulgar.'

'And with it,' continued my wife exultingly, a *hovel* may be made charming. But remember, such taste is the offspring of refinement and gentility — a common person would never have dreamt of such things.

'Mrs Vinton's acquaintances and neighbors have lavishly contributed shrubs and flowers. A cheap charity to be sure, but the only kind that she would accept. This garden she cultivates with her own hands. It is, she says, her greatest delight — her only relaxation from the labors of her needle — she should die without it. But these flowers cheer and sooth her mind — exhilarate her spirits, and she declared to me, she on the whole was happier than she had formerly been. She used often to feel time a burthen — to suffer from ennui and low spirits — but now the day is never long enough, and she is too busy to feel ennui. She never before, she says, knew the value of money — never cared for it — but now, every shilling she earns is a real gratification, and has a power of pleasing, independent of its intrinsic value.

'While she was explaining all these things to me, and culling for me this beautiful nosegay, we forgot how time passed, till we were called to tea by the smiling Betty.

'How I wish you had been with us, — but no, it would have put you out of conceit of our tea-table, with its china

and silver equipage, and so on. I told you before, the table was covered with a cloth as white as driven snow. On it was a plate of soaked crackers — another of nice bread and butter, — a little saucer of chipped beef, and a smoked herring of delicious flavor. The tea-things, indeed, were of common ware, but of a neat, pretty pattern. “One luxury I have retained,” said Mrs Vinton, — “silver tea-spoons — I am ashamed of my weakness — but I really could not dispense with silver spoons.” To be sure not, I replied — for, thought I to myself, how could Mrs Vinton have put an iron spoon into her delicate lips? It was common tea, and I thought a glow came over her face, as she said, I can only offer you *brown sugar*. But perhaps the glow was in my eyes, and not her face, for she seems completely superior to little things, which seems great only to little minds. Her sister, a grave silent woman, who had been too busy in her own room to come down before, now poured out tea, but as usual had little to say. My long walk had given me quite an appetite, and had I not seen the real pleasure I gave, I should have been ashamed of eating at the rate I did. Everything looked so nice — everything tasted so good — I could not help saying I never relished any meal so much — never had been so pleased with any tea drinking — there was something so racy, so sociable, so comfortable.’

‘And so *elegant*, interrupted Mrs Vinton, playfully. Why not, in your agreeable flattery, add *so elegant*?’

‘Because,’ I replied, ‘here is something better than elegance, something that pleases me more, which I have proved by action, and not words, not to be flattery.’

‘She seemed gratified by my earnestness, and tenderly pressed my hand, and her eyes were suffused with tears, as she said, ‘continue, my dear friend, to prove by your actions, that it will be agreeable to visit us — by coming frequently in this kind manner. You know in my days of ceremony, I always loved *sociable visiting*. Now I more than love — I am grateful for it.’

‘I could have wept downright — but instead of so doing, I smiled and chatted as gaily as I could, to hide the regret I felt. Yet why feel regret? Is she not really happier than she was? A childless widow as she has long been, could she enjoy affluence and splendor, without husband, without children, to share it with her?’

‘You forget, my dear, how many she made happy with her wealth.’

‘True,—yet of that number how many were ungrateful, and what suffering is more poignant than what ingratitude inflicts? Small as her means now are, she contrives still to assist those more destitute than herself. She works for the poor and the infirm, and it was with deep sensibility she related to me how much these poor people had done for her in return. How grateful they had been. The alacrity and assiduity with which the old black man had done up the garden. The gravel for the walk had been brought in a wheelbarrow, by a little boy, whose mother she had attended in a fit of sickness, and two poor girls whom she taught on Sundays, every day called and brought water from the pump, to water her flowers—another child and scholar last autumn, rose at dawn of day to gather her mushrooms off the common, a basket of which she brought her every morning. While others, in the summer, gathered blackberries and whortleberries, which she offered as a small return for the instruction she received. So you see we are never too poor to be benevolent, and such benevolence excites, it seems, more gratitude, than the ostentatious and lavish charities of the rich. In truth, dear husband, I have returned, so charmed with my visit, that I almost wish we too were poor.’

I pressed my warm-hearted Catharine, and told her we would first try if we could not be equally rich and happy.

But whilst I think of it, I must describe a charming, sociable visit we paid this spring in the country, to the family of my favorite Helen, whose winter hospitalities I have before given an account of. It was about the first of April—Easter Monday—and I knew no way we could enjoy a holiday more, than by a ride into the country. Our friends, who always left the city early in the season, had invited us to visit them in a sociable way, without waiting for any fixed day, or formal invitation. So I sent for a carriage, and with my wife and little girl, set off in high spirits.

Is there anything more delightful, after being shut up the whole winter within brick walls and muddy streets, than of a fine, soft, warm spring afternoon, to ride into the country? The new springing grass on the commons, which herds of cows are pasturing on so contentedly—the flocks of sheep—the geese and goslings who are promiscuously nibbling the tender herbage, and bleating and cackling in amusing discord. Horses, turned out for fresh air and food, flying across the plains, or rolling on the green-sward, and neighing for very glad-

ness. The bright blue sky — the light fleecy clouds — the birds soaring amid them, and circling the wide expanse — the budding trees — the rippling streams, freed from their icy fetters — things animate and inanimate, all appear so happy, that as my wife said, nature itself seemed keeping holiday. When we arrived at our friend's house, or cottage rather, the whole family came to the door to meet us, and with such smiling faces, that we felt certain of our welcome without any verbal assurances.

Mrs Tennant bade the coachman to drive round to the stable, which she pointed out to him, and told him to supply himself with hay, as none of the servants were at home to attend to him. 'For,' said she, turning to us, 'Easter Monday is a great holiday with slaves, and we never keep any of them at home who wish to go out, and it so happens, that to-day every one has gone.'

'I fear, then,' said my wife, 'our visit will be very malapropos, and we had better return and come another time.'

'Not at all,' replied the good lady, 'you will be the only sufferers. We cannot give you hot bread or biscuits, at tea, which you know we Southerners deem indispensable — but you Northerners *can* make out to eat *cold* bread.'

'It is what we always use from preference,' replied Catharine.

'Well, then, all difficulty is removed. Come in, come in, and you shall see what a real farmer's wife and daughters we are in the country.'

'Helen, you will draw Mr Vernon some cider, and Eugenia, you will get us some of those fine apples you have saved with so much care — quite a rarity at this season, I assure you, Mrs Vernon.'

'And what shall I do mamma?' said little Kitty.

'Why, let me see; — we shall want the tea-kettle boiled, and you may go and gather some chips at the wood-pile, and the coachman looked so good natured that I dare say he will fill the kettle and hang it over the fire for you.'

'Permit *me* to do that,' said I.

'O, no, no,' cried Kitty. 'I will manage it without you. Stay with mamma.'

And away she ran with as much delight as if she were going to play.

I again offered, but Mrs Tennant assured me it would be depriving the child of a real pleasure. 'It is quite a frolic for

her — anything new — for novelty, you know, is in itself a pleasure. I am sorry my husband is from home; you will have to content yourself with keeping holiday with us.'

'The weather is too delightful and the country, to us city prisoners, too great a rarity, to stay within doors. I really cannot sit still,' said my wife.

'Come, then,' said Mrs Tennant; 'and though neither leaves nor flowers are yet out, I can shew you some fine growing lettuce, raddishes, cabbage plants, peas, and other things in my garden, of which I am very proud, and afterwards we will sit under our old cedar trees and eat our apples.'

And so we did. Even our little one, whom I carried in my arms, seemed to share in the hilarity of the party.

When we returned to the house the young ladies were setting the tea-table. Little Kitty was running to and fro in high glee, bringing the things that were wanted; — now a plate of fine butter, and pitcher of cream from the dairy — now the loaf of bread from the pantry — knives, forks, plates, &c; and at last, although her sisters begged her not to make the attempt, she insisted on bringing in the tray on which the tea-cups were set out. But unluckily, in her eagerness and haste, her foot slipped and down fell Kitty and waiter and all — the broken cups and saucers flying in every direction. Poor Kitty burst into tears, and hiding her face with her apron was running out of the room, but her mother called her back, and bade her not mind it — she would soon learn to do better — that every one must pay for what they learned — and as waiting was a new trade to her, this mishap was only paying for her apprentice fee.

We all assisted her in picking up the fragments of broken cups, which she held out her apron to receive. Seeing her still looking sorrowful and mortified, the good mother said kindly to her, 'Now shew our friends, Kitty, that you can be careful and handy, and go and arrange what other cups and saucers you can find, and bring them in — only come slower — there is no excellence in briskness, on all occasions.'

'But, mamma,' whispered the little girl, 'there will not be enough of the best tea-cups.'

'Well, my dear,' replied her mother aloud, 'then bring our common cups.'

When she again entered with the tray, she came so slow and cautiously, that I feared her over care might lead to the same catastrophe, and rose to take it from her; but Mrs Ten-

nant winked to me in a prohibiting manner. 'Let her alone,' she whispered — 'her accident will be a lesson, well worth the loss of my china — let her alone; she is too heedless; but will learn in time to be more careful. "Rome was not built in a day."' "

The nice apple-pie — the plate of transparent honey — of grated cheese — of butter, with a fine loaf of bread in the centre of the table, were all arranged. The good natured hack-driver brought up the tea-kettle and chafing dish, and bowing to the thanks bestowed on him by Mrs Tennant, withdrew to the piazza, where Kitty, after we had done, took care to serve him with a bowl of tea and a well heaped plate. I filled the tea-pots for the young ladies, and sliced the bread. Kitty would hold our little one, while its mother drank her tea.

I really wonder,' said my wife, 'that we plague ourselves with servants, when we can do so well without them.'

'Very well indeed, on a holiday,' said Mrs Tennant, 'but as an every-day business, you would soon grow weary of service.'

'Perhaps so,' replied Catharine. 'Your managing every thing so charmingly this afternoon, put the notion in my head.'

'I told you,' said Mrs Tennant, 'you would find us transformed in the country, into a farmer's family; though, had the same emergency occurred in the city, you would have found my girls equally able and equally willing to supply all deficiencies of service.'

'Some young ladies, however, would be quite shocked by such a requisition.'

'Not really genteel young ladies,' replied the good mother — 'not such as are well born and well bred. It would be only those who, holding an uncertain rank in society, are afraid to compromise their gentility by submitting to these occasional or accidental services. Your remark puts me in mind of an incident that occurred to me once. Accustomed as you know to social and uninvited company, it so happens that our parlor is sometimes excessively crowded. One evening a great deal of company came in, while I was making tea. The servant boy who waited, had left the room for more toast, or something or other, and I asked a young gentleman who was one of our domesticated visitors, to fill the tea-pot. He colored scarlet, and said with emphasis, 'the *servant* will be back presently.' I was instantly relieved from the embarrassment

I felt by Mr —— promptly rising and handing the tea-kettle. Now this Mr —— had just arrived from Europe. He was the lion of the day — the rage, the ton. My young gentleman again colored scarlet, and never forgot the lesson of real gentility set him by this favorite of fashion.'

The sun was setting — the holiday was closing, and we were obliged to leave our kind friends, who made us more than ever in love with *sociable visiting*.

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY.

AN institution, called the Royal Lewes School of Industry, has lately been established at Sussex, England, under the patronage of the queen. It is intended for the reception of boys and girls above six years of age, and its object is stated by the committee to be, 'to continue the methods of instruction used at Infant Schools, and to provide the children whose future lot is to live by labor, with a variety of useful occupation, and it is hoped with a judicious alternation of works of head and hand; convinced that habits of persevering industry are essential to the attainment of moral excellence.'

The girls are employed three afternoons of the week, at needlework, making and mending their clothes, knitting, netting, or making list-shoes. On one afternoon the superintendent will take the girls by turns into her house, and show them how to clean a house and keep it in order. The boys are to be employed in making baskets, learning the use of the thimble, and the awl, cleaning knives and forks, and as soon as possible in cultivating a garden.

A School on some such a plan is needed in every city of our Republic. Juvenile education has hitherto been confined to *words*, while all the knowledge useful in real life, and all facts have to be learned after *education*, as it is called, is finished. Infant Schools and Schools of Industry can alone remedy these evils.

FLATTERY.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

—
 'The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
 And this is of them.' — *MACBETH*.
 —

MADELINE.

OH, do believe me, Julian! woman's heart, —
 A true, proud, loving, woman's, — ne'er was won,
 By that most worthless bubble, Flattery.
 Your thoughtless words betray their own light falsehood,
 For we are very sure, when lips o'er praise,
 The mind must undervalue our true worth,
 And wrong our intellect, — deeming we try,
 With childlike eagerness and love, to catch
 Your bribe for hearts, — your rainbow-lit illusion.
 Why, 't is a heartless insult! that doth call
 For all a woman's spirit to resist; —
 'T is saying, with light words and lighter smiles,
 'Sweet lady, vanity has dimmed your eyes!
 You see the charming thing, — you cannot pierce
 The glittering veil that hides its hollowness, —
 And fondly deem Love sits within its circle,
 And flings, from his own radiant eyes, the light,
 That colors it with hues so beautiful!'
 This were poor praise, — yet this your words imply.
 Now — in our injured cause, — I dare ye all! —
 And fling our gauntlet proudly at your feet; —
 But once o'erstep Truth's pure and holy limit,
 And from that hour, your eloquence is lost —
 Your worship scorned — your sweetest whispers vain,
 As the fair eastern fruit that looks so rich,
 And tempts the lip, with its bright nothingness.

JULIAN.

' There, there — my petulant, my precious one!
 I will not flatter, so thou wilt not pout
 That little lip, upon whose beauteous arch
 Sit dimpled grace and sweetness, trembling now
 For their bright empire, — and that ruby throne
 So quivers with my Madeline's resentment,
 They well may fear. I will not even praise thee,
 So thou wilt calm that radiant brow and smile

With those blue, seraph eyes, whose very hue
Should tell thee what they 're made for — love, not anger.

MADELINE.

Methinks that flippant tongue has said its all,
At last, — and I have listened patiently.
Now hear *me*, Julian: — when I met with you, —
Do you remember, love, that happy ball? —
It was my first! How my young heart had throbb'd,
That long, long day, in visions of delight!
And when the dazzling light and the rich music
Burst on my raptured senses, oh, I thought,
'T was fairy land, and I — a spirit, winged,
And full of power and joy unutterable!
You smile; — I was indeed a giddy girl.
At length my heart grew calm, and I was led
To join the dance. How soon the vision fled!
Fancy had lent it its own poetry; —
Alas! 't was nothing, — nothing, — worse than nothing!
The simpering smile — the light, unmeaning laugh
Of folly — the poor jest — the envious sneer;
And more, oh, *more* than all, — the flattery
Of fools! — how I did hate it! One by one
Came by: to break the spell. Many I saw,
Listening, like me, with faint, forced smiles, and minds
That scorned the trifler; and I turned away,
Weary at heart, and met — those eloquent eyes.
Nay, that's not flattery! — they then *were* eloquent
With intellect and feeling; — then you came
And talked with lips that did not *always* smile,
And words, not *always* followed by a laugh,
But sometimes *serious*; — not as if you thought me
A painted idol, for the eye to worship,
But what I'd always thought myself, — a woman,
With an immortal soul; that might, perchance,
Weary of pleasure's honeyed, cloying cup,
Nor all too weak to bear, at times, a draught
From the rich spring of knowledge and of truth.
'T was this, that won my love! You stood aloof,
Till the light crowd of flatterers were gone,
And when you came, your voice was low and calm,
And your words few, but they exalted me —
Taught me to know myself. Even reproof
From you, was dearer than the praise of others,
And made me prouder than their adulation; —
And when they went — your presence was to me,

Flattery.

What the still starlight was, — do you remember ?
 When we had left together that gay scene :
 'T was this, that won my love ! Now mark me, Julian !
 Wrong not my nature, as but now you did,
 Or by the strength, your own high influence wakened,
 The untold strength of a proud woman's mind,
 I will turn from you, calmly, and forever.

JULIAN.

Why, this is queening it, indeed ! And yet —
 Oh, I do love thee all the better for it !
 How pride becomes thee, my own Madeline !
 Those eyes — how glorious in their scorn they look !
 An 't were not flattery, I'd tell thee, sweet,
 Thy lips do seem like Cupid's bended bow,
 Thy words his arrows, ———

MADELINE.

——— And my heart his string,
 Which love, with fond and faithful hand, has drawn,
 Till not an arrow's left, to hurt thee with !

JULIAN.

Dear Madeline ! And so he'll make the bow
 A fairy lute henceforth — his sweetest one ; —
 His voice shall warble, where his arrows sped,
 And his soft fingers play upon the string —
 Tenderly ever, that they harm it not.

MADELINE.

Yet heed thee, dearest ! — some light word of thine
 May hush that music, and the lutanist
 May find another arrow lurking there :
 Oh, the frail string, too often strained, may break !
 Or Love grow weary of his lute and bow, —
 The lute, you will not listen to, — the bow,
 Whose string's so weak, its arrows cannot reach thee, —
 And yield them to a colder hand, — to Pride.

MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON. *

THE following 'Rules of Civility and Behaviour in Company and Conversation,' were found in a manuscript written by Washington when he was about thirteen years old. The source from which they were derived is not known. Forming, as they do, a code for building up the habits of morals, manners, and good conduct in the young, we think them an appropriate offering to our readers, who, we hope, are zealously devoted to the cause of education.

The maxims which contributed to form such a perfect character as that of our Washington, must appear precious to every American mother.

'1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

'2. Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

'3. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

'4. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

'5. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door, or any straight place, to give way for him to pass.

'6. They that are in dignity, or in office, have in all places precedency; but whilst they are young they ought to respect those who are their equals in birth, or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

'7. It is good manners to prefer those to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort we ought to begin.

'8. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

'9. In writing or speaking, give to every one his due title, according to his degree, and the custom of the place.

'10. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others, with modesty.

'11. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art he himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

'12. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him who did it.

'13. In reproving, show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

'14. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

'15. *Mock not*, nor *jest*, at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharpbiting, and if you say anything witty or pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

'16. Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

'17. Use no reproachful language against any one; neither curse nor revile.

'18. Be not hasty to believe flying reports, to the disadvantage of any.

'19. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

* The Writings of George Washington, &c. By Jared Sparks. Vol. II. 1834.

'20. Play not the peacock, looking every where about you, to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly and clothes handsomely.

'21. Associate yourself with people of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone, than in bad company.

'22. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature: and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.

'23. Utter not base and frivolous thoughts amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions on subjects among the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.

'24. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.

'25. Break not a jest where none takes pleasure in mirth; laugh not aloud, nor at all, without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there be some cause.

'26. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

'27. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

'28. Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

'29. If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your own opinion; in things indifferent be of the major side.

'30. Reprehend not the failings of others, for that belongs to parents, masters, and superiors.

'31. Speak not in any unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.

'32. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily; but orderly and distinctly.

'33. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended.

'34. Make no comparisons; and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.

'35. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

'36. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those who speak in private.

'37. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

'38. When you deliver a matter, do it without passion, and with discretion, however mean the person be you do it to.

'39. When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not, neither speak, nor laugh.

'40. In disputes be not so desirous to overcome, as not to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion; and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.

'41. Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

'42. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

'43. Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

'44. Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to

be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

'45. Set not yourself at the upper end of the table; but if it be your due, or the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you trouble the company.

'46. When you speak of God, or his attributes, let it be seriously in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

'47. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

'48. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called *conscience*.'

NO STEAMBOATS—A VISION.*

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

FIFTY centuries have passed away, and yet the noblest designs of Providence remain concealed from human understanding. Creation changes its forms,—the world decays with time—the foundations of the earth are shaken, and a race disappears before the deluge. The creature of ocean's depths is drawn from its caverns and hermetically sealed in the heart of the solid rock. Generations are born, die, and are forgotten. Empires arise, pass away, and leave only their remembrance. Cyrus and Alexander, the Ptolemies, and Solomon, Greek and Roman, Confucius and Zoroaster, perform their parts, and quit the stage. But the last, the most sublime of all the acts of the Drama, is yet to come.

Earthquakes swallow up kingdoms; volcanoes bury palaces, towers, and cities; the fertility of Africa withers beneath the heat of a scorching sun. Hills are formed where lakes once spread; the plains are cumbered with fragments of mountains; and rivers are lost in burning sands. Animals yield to the influence of Time. The mastodon is known only by his bones; the ferocity of the wolf is lost in the docility of the dog; the bounding zebra becomes an ass. And the veil remains before the eyes of man!

Art, knowledge, power, pass from the East to the West. Barren deserts occupy the places once revered as the seats of science; the tiger prowls in the school of the philosopher; lizards sport on the noblest monuments of art; and the serpent leaves his slime in the halls of kings. The moment arrives, the signal is given, Columbus is born, and the East acknowledges the existence of the West.

There is joy from the pillars of Hercules to the North Sea! Heaven has given to Europe a rich tributary. The head of the church distributes the New World with a liberal hand; the nobles of the earth rejoice in the acquisition; America will be an inexhaustible treasure. Christians of every nation go with the sword, the blood hound, and the cross. The sun of civilization rises upon the Western hemisphere. Montezuma is laid upon his bed of roses, and the soil is enriched with the blood of the Incas. The gold of Peru and Mexico flows like water, and Brazil yields her precious stones. There is joy from the pillars of Hercules to the coasts of Norway!

* From '*Le Livre Des Cent-un-un*,' Vol. IX. Paris. 1832. This 'Vision' was written in French, by our distinguished countryman, and has never, we believe, been published in America. We trust the high-toned, patriotic feeling with which it is imbued, will make it a favorite with our readers, even through the disadvantages of our imperfect translation. The French editor allows it to be an exquisite irony on the European ideas of America and our institutions.

The mysteries of God are inscrutable. A dark cloud overshadows the land of the Powhattans and the Metacoms. Neither prince, nor count, nor baron, nor even a *sire de Coucy*, will there couch his lance. No gold glitters there!

A bark, bearing the colors of Christ, departs, enters the cloud, and is seen no more. A century and a half passes away, and Europe has forgotten the existence of these simple and devoted Pilgrims. The march of time is ever onward; the mines of Mexico have become exhausted, — Peru yields only blood. Europe begins to awaken, and gazes upon America. The seed cast upon that unknown shore has taken root; the shrub has become a tree. A nation has risen there, strong by its position, its labors, its principles. The world is agitated, examines, is alarmed, and —

* * * * *

There is heard a low murmur in the *rue Saint Dominique*. The sound approaches and stops before the court of the *hôtel Villemont*.

In the little study of M. Cooper reigns a tranquil silence; the fire blazes in a chimney truly Parisian; the red hangings, the gildings of the style of Louis XV,— the laughing Cupids, the *tableaux vivants*, are revealed by the mysterious light. The violin of the worthy M. Alerme of the grand Opera, lies upon the table. The door is opened by the faithful Swiss.

‘Messieurs, *de Trois-Idees-Europeennes* wish to come up.’

‘And all this racket caused by an Idea!’

‘Monsieur is mistaken; — there are *three* of them.’

‘Oh! they are quarrelling. I understand. What sort of a people are these gentlemen?’

‘*Ma foi*. I cannot say. Their footmen call them abstractions.’

‘Oh! they have footmen then! They come in a carriage?’

‘Although Monsieur has travelled a great deal, I do not think he has ever seen such a droll vehicle! It is nothing but an enormous wheel, which is pushed forward by a multitude of people on foot, who get along as they can, through thick and thin; while these three gentlemen, seated astride the beam, guide the wheel.’

‘And this goes on well?’

‘Pretty well. — For better, for worse, as it may be.’

‘How old are these Ideas?’

‘They have the appearance of gentlemen a little worn, and fitted up with new wigs.’

‘And their names?’

‘One is called *M. de Portefeuille*, the second *M. de l’Hérédité*, and the third *M. Blouse*. The last is a great talker.’

‘Let them come in.’

* * * * *

The strangers entered. At the first glance there appeared a striking resemblance between *M.M. de Trois-Idees*. But there was as striking a difference in their dress; though all three wore robes which concealed their true proportions. The head of one was deeply buried in a *portfolio* which he wore like a three cornered hat; another had his head adorned with a well powdered periwig, and nothing else — and the third was mostly in plush, (*blouse*;) but I perceived that beneath this he wore silk stockings and fine linen.

‘Gentlemen, I am happy to see you, and regret only that my study is not more worthy of receiving such guests. But as you have the appearance of being very obliging, I hope to be able to entertain you.’

‘M. Cooper,’ — returned M. Blouse, ‘we are not persons who allow ourselves to feel incommoded in any situation whatever. You see how admirably we agree together; we are like fluids which always find their level.’

The purpose of our visit is noble, grand, vast — in a word truly IDEAL. I wait your permission to explain myself more clearly.'

'The clearer the better, Monsieur.'

'M. Cooper,' continued M. Blouse, 'we are *Messieurs de Trois-Idées-Européennes*. The study of the great interests of man constitutes our occupation, their improvement our duty as well as our pleasure; we are true philosophers devoted to the general interest. We are not like you *Americains* who think only of yourselves; but after paying suitable attention to our own affairs, we are at the disposal of the world. We have thoroughly examined every question, discovered every truth, and drawn all the just and profound consequences that logic, philosophy, grammar, geography, in a word, the seven sciences, and all that the arts, individual politics, and human knowledge can obtain. But, M. Cooper, what a dreadful picture of your unhappy country has been brought to light by our philosophical investigations! In America we see the people in possession of powers which naturally belong to the nobility; the consequences are frightful; corruption stalks undisguised; selfishness reigns supreme. A social chaos confounds all classes; the Christian is a savage; the savage a Christian. The blacks are whites; the whites mulattoes, and the water itself is changed to rum!'

Here M. Blouse seemed almost overcome with his emotions; M. de l'Hérédité covered his eyes with his hand, and gave a condoling bow; M. du Portefeuille disappeared for an instant at the door. I learned afterwards that this short absence was only to despatch couriers to the different courts with intelligence of the profound effect produced by this first *coup parlementaire*.

'M. Cooper,' resumed M. Blouse, laying his hand upon his heart, like a man deeply convinced of the truth of his own words; 'we are not of the prejudiced class; we have abandoned the opinion of the natural inferiority of America to Europe; in this matter we are more than philosophic — we are just.'

'Then you do not believe us to be negroes?'

'We do even now, throwing aside all diplomatic reserve, declare in the face of the universe, that the ancient European writers were in the wrong; that in America men have really beards, fishes scales, monkeys tails, and tigers claws. Yes, in all cases we must be just; if there be any difference between these embellishments and those which are found in our old Europe, it is only the natural difference which exists between the productions of a new hemisphere and one already experienced. Yes, we must be just. America, in this matter, has only her youth to blame. Time will relieve her of all these embarrassments.'

'M. Blouse, the unexpected liberality of this concession convinces me that I have the pleasure of speaking to enlightened men.'

'Yes, we must be just. The monkeys of America have really tails. But, M. Cooper, my very dear, very esteemed, and too well beloved friend, we are touched to the heart by the danger of a people possessing but *one idea*; an idea so selfish that it confounds an entire nation with itself. We see your perils, moral, social, and pecuniary, and have resolved not to abandon you to your own movements without one effort to show you the gulf into which you are about to fall. We directed our agents in America to send us, without loss of time, the documents necessary for a complete *exposé* of the mournful state of your dear and unhappy country. We can speak with authority; we have just received from New-York a multitude of these documents, by the last steamboat which arrived at Havre.'

'M. Blouse, I breathe again. As there is no steamboat which navigates the ocean between Europe and America, it is possible that you are deceived with regard to facts more important to my country.'

'No steamboats!' cried M. Blouse, casting upon me a look of pity mingled with grief. 'M. Cooper, your patriotic spirit is too easily alarmed.'

I had not the slightest intention of making any unpleasant allusion, although these steamboat enterprises are eminently republican. By a moment's reflection you will see the impossibility of disproving a fact recognised by all Europe from the Mediterranean to the White Sea.'

'It is precisely because the evident falsehood of what you call a fact is seen, so to speak, in your own ports, that I am induced to believe you may be mistaken with regard to things less evident.'

'M. Cooper, you are a seaman.'

'Enough of one to know the difference between a steamboat and a ship. M. Blouse, you may be assured that the packets between Europe and America are not steamboats.'

'No steamboats!' exclaimed M. de l'Hérédité.

'Pray do not suffer yourself to be disturbed on account of a denial arising from a transport of patriotism,' said M. Blouse. 'It is of no consequence. Here, M. Cooper, are the documents which concern your country, in whatever way they have arrived.'

Here the gentlemen of 'The Three Ideas' emptied their pockets of a quantity of books, pamphlets, and newspapers. I observed the names of Buffon, Balbi, Basil Hall, Saulnier, Jeffrey, the *British Review*, *Quarterly Review*, and the work of Mrs Trollope, among a hundred others.

'We have here,' continued M. Blouse, 'proofs, mournful and incontrovertible proofs of the condition of your wretched country. At least one fourth part of these documents is from the United States of North America, themselves.'

'M. Blouse, there is no country which is called the United States of North America.'

'You deny facts, so to speak, consecrated in the mind of all Europe! And you think it possible to reason in this strange manner!'

'It appears to me that all the merit of our discussion must depend upon facts. You bring forward heavy charges against my country; I think it important to prove that you are misinformed respecting a very familiar subject, and that you are ignorant of its very name.'

'Monsieur, you attach a very undue importance to facts; you, the champion of rational liberty, to circumscribe the bounds of logic in this manner! However, we are not to be driven from our position by dogmatic assertions. Where is our last European work on the subject? Oh, here it is! You see, Monsieur Cooper, there is no mistake. It is the edition of 1832, of 1832, my dear Sir. Hear the words of the author when he speaks of your miserable country:—'Thus then, this confederation is known by the four names of the '*Anglo-American Confederation*,' which appears to us the least improper, because it can be applied to no other federative state;—of the '*United States, of North-America*;'—of the '*Union par excellence*,' and of the '*United States*,' properly so called; the last is the official name, and is employed in all political transactions.'

'I find myself obliged to deny all four of these names. It is true that we often call our country the *United States*, by way of abbreviation. As to the '*Anglo-American-Confederation*,' and the '*United States of North America*,' these names are entirely unknown in my country. We say '*the Union*,' as you say '*the Kingdom*,' in Europe.'

'But, M. Cooper, you forget our high authority!'

'It is weighty. I see the necessity which I am under of meeting you armed with an authority, at least as valid, or of yielding the ground.' Here putting my hand in my pocket, I drew forth the '*Constitution*,' and read the first clause with the boldness of a man at least half assured of his fact:—The title of this confederation shall be the *United States of America*.'

'Well, now!' exclaimed M. Blouse; 'that is inconceivable—very strange! Oh, the *Constitution* is wrong! Many honorable Americans have assured us that there are innumerable mistakes in the *Constitution*.'

'No Steamboats! M. Blouse.'

‘M. Cooper, you appear to be very much concerned about that trifling mistake we made respecting steamboats.’

‘No — it is not worth a thought.’

‘I beg you wont think of it. Ideas that come in direct male line are often as absurd. It is clear the Constitution is wrong.’

‘As you will, Monsieur.’

‘Being then agreed concerning these preliminary facts, let us pass to the main argument. It is evident from the interesting documents received by the last steamboat from the United States of North America, that your Republic sleeps upon a volcano, and that you pay in taxes just six dollars and eightytwo cents and a half, each man.’

‘Volcanoes are natural phenomena; and respecting the taxes, as they come from ourselves, it is hardly probable that we pay more than is necessary, and for our own benefit.’

‘A fatal error! The tendency of every popular movement is to excess; and if we leave with the people the right of taxing themselves, the people will tax themselves to the last cent. Is it possible, my dear M. Cooper, that you have not read the work we have lately published on this interesting subject, — the development of a spirit of finance entirely abandoned to itself!’

‘Monsieur, I have given some attention to that ingenious development.’

‘Very well; and I doubt not that a man of your intelligence will understand it as clearly as the author did. But I have the honor to propose to you still farther research in these political axioms. At the present day there are but two great systems of government — the first, which rests upon the slender and unstable foundation of the people; the other, which depends upon three consequent and well-balanced ideas. It is difficult to believe that you do not see the immense difference between these two categories.’

‘It appears to me to be the same difference as that between a man who stands upon his feet, and a man who stands upon his head.’

‘No North America!’ exclaimed M. l’Hérédité.

‘My dear M. l’Hérédité,’ continued M. Blouse, ‘all the questions have been decided in our favor. Let us proceed to facts. Behold, M. Cooper, a truly popular oppression. What dreadful tyranny! What a dreadful effect of the supremacy of a people over itself. You chain up the streets on Sunday; and this in a country which calls itself free! Poor streets! how wretched you must be! Would that you were European streets, so clean, so wide, so dry, so well furnished with side-walks; in short, so free! Poor American streets! — how cruelly you are oppressed.’ And M. Blouse wept sorrowfully, and the tears gathered in one eye of M. du Portfeuille; he never permitting more than one half of any human sympathy to appear.

‘Dry your tears, gentlemen, I beseech you; the injury to the streets is not fatal. We are protestants, and the service of our religion demands quiet; during certain months of the year, on account of the climate, the windows of our churches are left open, and to prevent the rumbling of carriages, a chain is stretched across the streets in places where the noise might create disturbance. But no person is prevented from travelling on foot wherever he pleases; and even carriages draw up to the doors of all without exception. Besides, this custom is rather Protestant than American, and is found even in countries most favored by the government of the “Three Ideas.” You chain up your streets, too, very often with swords and bayonets, that the courtiers may come easily to pay their respects to princes; — we stretch a chain across our streets that the pious may worship God in tranquillity. Our sentinels eat nothing, and compared with your soldiers, we think, at least, our chains most economical.’

‘It has required an insurrection of the people to make your steamboats run on Sunday. — Poor oppressed steamboats!’

‘M Blouse, your amiable tenderness of feeling for streets and steamboats transports you beyond the bounds of reason. The government of the United States being truly republican, our laws are only the reflection of public

opinion; and an insurrection of the people is by no means necessary to alter them. It is true that a controversy has been carried on respecting the employment of steamboats on Sundays. I recollect a caricature representing clergymen and zealots endeavoring to hold one of these steamboats by the means of cords, and the people pushing it on. Perhaps, M. Blouse, you have taken this little engraving for a well authenticated fact. Will you have the goodness to examine your documents, it is possible you may find the caricature among them?'

* * * * *

'Look on this picture!' said M. Blouse. 'See the degradation to which the principle of universal suffrage has reduced even the fair sex among you.' He reached me an engraving; it represented a very ugly woman, a mirror, and upon a chair some articles of dress at present useless.

'M. Blouse, this looks like the Palais Royal.'

'Not at all, — it has been furnished from the personal observation of a delicate and refined lady, well imbued with the 'Three Ideas.' She lately made the tour of your country, and you see what she has discovered! This is not all. She states that your women pass their evenings in drinking tea with spruce young missionaries, while their stupid husbands are engaged with newspapers at their reading rooms. When the ladies are sufficiently intoxicated with tea, they go to the Dorcas Societies, and stay till midnight, making shirts for the poor! Think of the immorality of these Dorcas Societies!'

'And all these philosophical truths come from this lady?'

'There are many such truths. She was called an 'old woman,' even to her face.'

'Perhaps that insult is the cause of her misrepresenting my fair country-women in this manner.'

'Your suspicion is unjust. The impartiality of Madame Trollope is above all reproach. Hear her own words. — "The Ladies of America are the most beautiful in the world, but the least interesting."'

'As there is a striking contradiction between the engraving and the assertions of this excellent and impartial observer, and as you have allowed to me all the dignity of a man with respect to the *beard*, it seems to me we should do well to allow this portion of the controversy to be settled by the contrast which exists between the book and its embellishments.'

'Horrible infamy! A Dorcas Society of shirts!' exclaimed M. l'Hérédité.'

'I entreat you, M. l'Hérédité, not to interrupt me any more!' — said M. Blouse.

'Be indulgent, M. Blouse,' said I. 'When we speak before empty vaults we must always, by the laws of acoustics, expect a response; and an Idea like you ought to know that echoes always lose a certain portion of what is said.'

'Of what consequence is a word more or less to the subject?' inquired M. Blouse. 'There are many other circumstances against your country. For example, such is the false delicacy of your ladies, that they refuse to dance the *dos-a-dos* in quadrilles; here you see the fact formally stated by a very refined Englishman, who is but too indulgent towards you.'

At this moment the Violin of the worthy M. Alerme, of the Grand Opera, began to play. After a few melodious strains, the following words are sung most charmingly. — 'Gentlemen, the assertion of M. l'Angloise is an infamous folly. This traveller was ignorant of the customs of ball-rooms. The *dos-a-dos* is already Gothic; having been out of fashion six weeks before the departure of this Vandal for America!' — Here the Violin executed a *finale* in great style.

'M. Cooper,' — said M. Blouse, not in the least disconcerted, — 'attend now to a decisive fact. Two members of the American Congress fought with swords and pistols, on horseback, in the senate chamber. It is even

stated that the batteries were prepared by the respective friends of the combatants, and that three pieces of cannon, with ammunition, had just reached the lobby, when the speaker succeeded in establishing order.'

'The fact is a little exaggerated. It is true that a man who is not a member of Congress, did make an attack with his cane upon another who was a member; this happened at a short distance from the Capitol, in the open air. It is likewise true that the aggressor, finding himself at the mercy of his insulted adversary, did fire a pistol. Both the actors in this affair were immediately brought to justice. But respecting the two members of Congress, the swords, the cavalry, the cannon with ammunition, all that is merely one of those rumors which always follow great combats.'

'The mortal strife of two members of Congress, is a fact already consecrated in the minds of Europeans!'

'Of course, Monsieur. The minds of Europeans are very acute when Americans are the objects of their contemplation.'

'At any rate, there was a pistol fired, and against a real member of Congress. You acknowledge that fact, M. Cooper, and that is a great deal.'

'Unfortunately, that is but too true, and that is a great deal. Nevertheless, similar outrages often happen under the influence of the "*Trois-Idées-Européennes*.' In England, the country most *idealized*, according to your system, king George III. was twice fired at. M. Percival, prime minister of the same country, was killed in the passage to the House of Commons. King William IV. was lately hit by a stone on the forehead. M. Calemard de Lafayette was assassinated while leaving the Chamber in the Square of Louis XV. about three years ago.'

'Give yourself time to breathe, my dear M. Cooper, I entreat you. Let us forget this unlucky pistol shot. We have a multitude of overwhelming facts against your unhappy country. We are assured that you are altogether without taste. You have neglected, with a truly anarchical spirit, to build magnificent castles, and lay out beautiful parks along the banks of the Columbia river, and even upon those of the charming lake of the Woods. What delightful sites thus suffer by your low, grovelling selfishness.'

'Time will remedy these evils!'

'You have no politeness.'

'That will come with the castles.'

'You are ignorant of the rules of good-breeding.'

'We shall learn them hereafter.'

'You are rotten before you are ripe.'

'It is the precocity of a rich nature.'

'Your ancestors were only European felons.'

'It is a pity there are no more of the same sort.'

'Your merchants are cheats.'

'What would you have them be?'

'Magnanimity, honesty, and all the noble qualities are wanting in your people.'

'They are doubtless *ideal* monopolies.'

'You are eminently low and vulgar.'

'Lend us some of your high polish.'

'Were it not for the pure virtues of simplicity, your social compact would be broken tomorrow.'

'Our *virtues*, then, do us good service.'

'You are eternally employed in disseminating your opinions.'

'Truth is always so.'

'Our agents, even to those who are but eighteen years old, and who are entirely qualified to decide the question, write us from Washington, that your "Union" will be broken up next Monday, at three quarters after two, by the clock.'

'It will last a week longer.'

' It said, moreover, that your government is nothing but a compromise.'
 ' So is every government — or something worse.'
 ' Your institutions are ideal.'
 ' There is something to your taste.'
 ' You are devoted to common facts.'
 ' There is something to ours.'
 ' You love General Lafayette!'
 ' We have our reasons for this.'
 ' You are young.'
 ' So much the better.'
 ' You will never become old.'
 ' Better still.'
 ' You have only *one idea*, instead of having three.'
 ' But that *idea!*' —
 ' You are not refined like us.'
 ' No — thank heaven!'
 ' You are laughed at by good society.'
 ' Very true.'
 ' You are found to be plain speakers.'
 ' We shall be feared the more.'
 ' You reason without sententiousness.'
 ' It is our way.'
 ' Nobody loves you.'
 ' I am sorry for that.'
 ' You continue, from generation to generation, in the same institutions.'
 ' Our originality is the cause.'
 ' Monsieur, you are' — here M. Blouse collected all his powers to pronounce the word — 'a Republic!'

' And every means of depreciating that is righteous in your estimation.'
 A pause ensued. The colleagues of the orator hastened to congratulate him, and pay their compliments with tears in their eyes.—— I remained with folded arms, like a deputy under a volley of hisses.

M. Blouse, after sipping with dignity, a little sugared water, recommenced his search among his documents. He spoke again, but with less warmth.

' After my excellent speech, my dear M. Cooper, my speech, so truly pathetic and philanthropic, and which must astonish a man like yourself, born and educated in a society so rude, justice demands that I produce the articles which support some of my propositions, which are not, perhaps, yet established with sufficient clearness. Do me the favor to examine that document, and I expect from your candor, that you will pronounce it truly disgusting.'

I cast my eye over the article. It was the proof of a journal entitled the *New York American*, bearing date June, 1832. My glance was arrested by a criticism on the *Bravo*, a novel of which I bore the opprobrium. The review was written, of course, in English, and the writer speaks as an American, *par excellence*; the following are some of his words, — ' If Mr. Cooper would avoid the contempt of his fellow-men, let him write no more books like *The Bravo*. If this work is successful, I shall blush for *my country!*' I felt myself lost; how dreadful to be the cause of disgrace to twelve millions of innocent souls, to fourteen even, including the slaves! But I recovered a little and taking courage examined the article again. I soon found the ornaments of the 'Academy.' I found, also, certain foreign idioms, very badly rendered in our language; farther on, some English words of the most common kind, and perfectly *idomatic*, marked as quotations, although it would be difficult to say from what author these had been taken. All this has the appearance of a translation very badly performed. I then examined the title of this work, the name of the publisher, &c, and found

the following : ' *The Bravo, a Venetian Story.* By J. Fennimore Cooper. Baudry rue Coq Saint-Honoré, Paris.' Doubtless this little *contre-temps* arose from the ignorance on the part of the writer that the art of printing in English was understood in the United States of North America.

I returned the paper to M. Blouse.

' Monsieur, there is some little mistake in this. One of your arguments on the financial controversy has slipped, perhaps by chance, among the newly arrived documents.'

At this observation the gentlemen of the ' Three Ideas ' were agitated in such a manner as caused the violin to believe they desired to dance ; this amiable and complying instrument immediately began to play the air, ' *Bon Voyage, mon cher Du Mollet,*' and my guests disappeared with a crash, altogether worthy of their high commission.

* * * * *

The violin ceased — the Present passes away — the Future approaches ! By degrees the dark cloud which covers the land of the Powhattans and the Metacoms is dissipated, and the world begins to see clearly. The age of miracles is over ; man is there with his weaknesses, his passions, and his vices ; — but man is there with his best powers and faculties in action. The progress of free principles is mighty. Ideas return from their long pilgrimage towards the West, simple and purified, devoid alike of extravagance, and meanness. Now begins the reign of *one Idea* — and that Idea is — *the happiness of all !* Man no longer expects what is impossible ; he no longer denies that the sun shines in heaven. He now begins to know himself, — the two hemispheres embrace, — the world is in reality but one common country.

I awoke and my vision was ended.

CAUSES OF INSANITY.

FIRST, — too constant and too powerful excitement of mind, which the strife for wealth, office, political distinction, and party success produce in this free country.

Second, — the predominance given to the nervous system, by too early cultivating the mind and exciting the feelings of children.

Third, — neglect of Physical education, or the equal and proper development of all the organs of the body.

Fourth, — the general and powerful excitement of the *female mind*. Little attention is given, in the education of females, to the physiological differences of the sexes. Teachers seldom reflect, that in them the nervous system naturally predominates ; that they are endowed with quicker sensibility, and far more active imagination than men ; that their emotions are more intense, and their senses more alive to delicate impressions ; and they therefore require great attention, lest this exquisite sensibility, which when properly and naturally developed, constitutes the greatest excellence of women, should either become *excessive* by too strong excitement, or suppressed by misdirected education.

This excessive sensibility should be counteracted by exercise, or *personal labor* — which is the best exercise. — *Brigham.*

COMPLAINT OF HARALD.

IMITATED FROM AN ICELANDIC SONG.

My gallant ship a rich freight bore
 Around Sicilia's tideless shore ;
 Laden with gold and warriors brave
 With rapid keel she ploughed the wave ;
 We woo'd the fresh'ning breeze in vain —
 I mourn a Russian maid's disdain !

Strong in the pride of youthful might,
 Stern Dronheim's troops I quelled in fight ;
 Dire was the conflict, 'mid the throng
 While pealed the war shouts loud and long,
 I slew their chieftain ; — still in vain
 I mourn a Russian maid's disdain !

I've stemmed the troublous ocean's tide,
 And met the tempest in its pride ;
 When darkly scowled the foaming deep,
 My bark has cleft the billows' sweep.
 Full dangerous were my toils, and vain ;
 I mourn a Russian maid's disdain !

With graceful arm I rein the steed,
 Unmatched in courage as in speed
 I skim the ice ; and dextrous wield
 The dripping oar, and lance and shield.
 I forge the weapon ; yet in vain,
 I mourn a Russian maid's disdain !

I'm skilled to lead the hunter's chase,
 Each Runic character I trace ;
 I bear the gift of godlike fire,
 To wake the glories of the lyre.
 Its magic chords but speak in vain ;
 I mourn a Russian maid's disdain !

Stern Norway's highlands claim my birth ;
 My arms have conquered Southern earth.
 In desert wilds my banners play,
 And the wide seas confess my sway.
 A reckless victor still in vain,
 I mourn a Russian maid's disdain !

E. F. E.

GOOSE-FARE BROOK.

ABOUT two miles from the pleasant village of S—— the by-road that leads to the sea is crossed by a beautiful translucent stream, called *Goose-fare Brook*. At the end of the bridge, on the farther side, like an ostrich egg half buried in the sand, lies a little cottage. Its one low door, with a wooden latch, worn as smooth and bright as polished ivory, opens towards the sunny south, and looks down the yellow sand-bank that leads to the brook. In the rear is a wide plain, overrun with blueberry bushes, and dotted with occasional clumps of the shrub pine.

There is nothing in the aspect of the cottage — its high and narrow casement, chequered with an occasional wooden square, or its low-top chimney, scarcely issuing from the sunken ridgepole, that would appear particularly attractive; and yet I believe the postillions of *Madame de Staël* exclaimed with scarcely a higher degree of pleasure at the first appearance of the *Cupola of St Peter's*, than scores of young voices have habitually exclaimed and responded as they first drew in sight of this cottage — ‘there is *Aunt Ben's!*’

The sea, which is two miles distant from this place, is bordered at low water with a beach of extraordinary width and solidity, which, extending three or four miles, like an immense pavement of marble, affords in summer as delightful a ride as can be imagined. Besides the fine open view of the ocean; that most sublime scene that has ever opened on human vision this side eternity; there are many objects of interest scattered around, which altogether constitute a beautiful and variegated scenery. The distant vessel receding in silence on the vast expanse of waters — a speck to the eye — interrupting the immensity of space; like a period of time, remote as thought can reach — interrupting the idea of endless eternity. *Staten Island*, reposing in sublime solitude on the bosom of the mighty deep, the home of the sea-gull and heron, and the play-ground of the seal. *Wood Island*, too, with ‘its light-house blaze,’ to the mariner’s eye on a starless night, ‘looking lovely as hope,’ and the few scattered houses at *Winter Harbor*, lying in their desolateness as if to make the idea of solitude palpable.

But there is reason to doubt whether the scene or the ride, fine as they are, have been anticipated with warmer ardor, or

enjoyed with higher zest by the volatile parties of young people, who in the summer months have habitually resorted there, than the return to the cottage of Goose-fare Brook. There in the half-open door, the mistress of the mansion was sure to be found;— a short, thick dame, with her arms a-kimbo, and an air of earnest impatience, as if fully prepared and fully determined to be as agreeable, and to make them as happy as they could desire. The tea, the coffee, and the blueberry cakes were already prepared, and the cups and saucers neatly arranged on the white pine table, and the thrice welcome guests were solicited, again and again, ‘to help themselves freely, and enjoy themselves.’ This they never failed to do, for the coffee and tea were certainly very refreshing after a three hours’ ride on the beach, and ‘Aunt Ben’s blueberry cakes,’ were celebrated for their superiority, many miles round. But it was not the hearty, clamorous welcome, nor the tea and blueberry cake, that procured for Aunt Ben’s cottage the preference as a ‘half-way house,’ from all the young and gay and romantic ones, who frequented the S— beach. Aunt Ben was a gossip — a tale bearer — ‘a busy-body in every one’s matters;’ but she was artful and ingenious, intriguing and cautious; — apt to suit her conversation to the taste, and quick to vary her endeavors to amuse according to the varied inclinations of her heterogeneous parties of visitors. There was no tale of romance or of scandal current in the village — no report of an incipient engagement, a secret attachment, or a probable disappointment afloat among the youth, but she was quick to suspect, to hear, and communicate; and eager, with her characteristic adroitness, as the case might require, to baffle or promote.

Here, the ‘Nullifiers’ of parental authority, might protract the pleasure of a clandestine ride by the pleasure of a clandestine tete-a-tete; and the little lassie of thirteen, impatient at the tardy development of her fate, might, by a mystical whirl of her tea cup, obtain from the oracular prescience of Aunt Ben — avowedly in joke, but by a joke most pernicious in its tendency to the young devotee — the probable result of her first flirtation. Here, in full perfection, was that dangerous, that infatuated experiment too often

‘tried,
How mirth will into folly glide
And folly into sin.’

While this dangerous woman was thus insidiously corrupting the morals, and loosening the principles of the youth of

both sexes; partly because those habits were singularly congenial with her character and taste, and partly because she in this way obtained an accession of comforts to her scanty store; she in turn was stimulated to transgression, and encouraged in sin, by the equivocal example and liberal reward of her more indecorous and volatile visitors. A habit of occasional intemperance thus formed, clung to her through life, and habits of gossip and slander could hardly appear to her criminal, while the exercise of them was encouraged by the respectable, and were, apparently at least, agreeable to those who were 'above suspicion' of crime.

But the conscience of no one, perhaps, sleeps always — so did not Aunt Ben's. She has been surprised, when not expecting company, with her spectacles on, reading her Testament, and said, on an occasion like this, 'I ain't so bad as you think I am.' At another time, she said the good people thought her so wicked they would not come to see her, and she dared not go to meeting, but, added she, with some sensibility, 'I have my thoughts.' At another moment of compunction she said to a serious friend, 'There is such a thing as religion, why can't I get it?'

Numbers of those who have passed hours of giddy mirth at the Goose-fare Cottage, are settled in various remote regions, most of them among the respectable, and many of them among the refined and pious, even of the communities where they reside; but will not a pang of remorse visit them, accompanied by many melancholy reminiscences, when they read in the Gazette of December 3d: — 'Died in S——, Mrs Ben. — She fell into the fire in a fit, as is supposed, and was so badly burnt that she died in a few hours.' She recovered her senses when taken from the fire, and declared she fell in in a fit of intoxication, though the physician doubted it; but the style of her conversation, the few brief hours that remained to her, was in perfect keeping with that of her life, and like most of her fellow-creatures who have passed into eternity, she died as she had lived.

Methinks on her grave-stone should be engraved the injunction of the apostle, 'Be ye not partakers of other men's sins.'

ELIZA —.

LIFE. — A FRAGMENT.

TIME, in his rapid march, is sweeping before him, with more than a stoic's apathy, our fondest hopes, the cherished objects of our best affections.

Over obstacles, the very thought of surmounting which, ere they rose fully to view, was enough to make our blood run cold, and our spirit quail ; and through perils without number, as well as along the level places that are strown with flowers, we are inexorably hurried onwards with ceaseless rapidity. Every successive moment, as it takes its flight, is constantly impelling forward on the current of events, our fragile bark, freighted with our dearest hopes. Its sails now swelled with the favoring breezes of Heaven, it pursues the even tenor of its way through a flow of light, which with a glittering beauty is channelling out in long perspective our voyage of life. Now on a sudden its course is arrested by a struggling blast ! Clouds, with a threatening aspect, are seen rolling up from opposite paths, of the lowering sky. The howling blast, concentrating in its fearful rush, the little breezes which but a moment before were hovering over us as harbingers of good — comes sweeping on ! Our frail bark, the sport of winds and waves, now towers upward as on a mountainous brow ; now is buried in ocean's profoundest depths. And the conflicting elements, the requiem of all we hold precious, rings in our astonished ears.

Then, when despair is about to seal in endless night our blighted prospects, an angel-spirit, hope's welcome messenger, whispers peace, and all is still. The warring elements cease their angry strife. The spirit of God is seen moving upon the face of the agitated waters ; and the 'Sun of Righteousness,' with healing in his beams, bursts forth from behind the lowering cloud — and all is *peace*, and *beauty*, and *joy*, and confidence, and hope !

Such are the vicissitudes of Life ; such the rapid course of Time ; such the changes and trials which it carries in its train ; and such the power of Religion, or a perfect confidence in God.

AN HOUR IN A PAINTER'S STUDY.

OUR cold climate has one advantage over the sunny South — its winters effectually banish the demon of ennui from among us. People cannot saunter listlessly in their walks; they are compelled either to take brisk exercise or to bear a load of clothing, when they go abroad; the quick motion naturally imparts a liveliness to their ideas, and the wrapping up, which is a real inconvenience, prevents them from framing imaginary horrors.

Then the days have hardly sufficient length for our ordinary avocations, so that the dull, vacant hour is unknown; and the various amusements to enable us to pass a long day are wholly unnecessary. Picture Galleries are closed, and sight seeings are limited to the theatre.

But though the spirit of idle curiosity, or rather of restless ennui is checked, the tone of feeling consonant with real improvement of mind, becomes invigorated by the bracing atmosphere; the short days impel the active thought to redoubled energy; and now is the time when works of taste and genius, whether of pen or pencil, can be most truly appreciated by those whose opinions are worth recording.

So we thought, while passing an hour in the study of our citizen artist lately returned from Italy, we listened to the expressions of admiration, and the discriminating encomiums bestowed by judges who do not praise in words merely. Did you ever notice how very eloquent the eye of a connoisseur in painting becomes when steadfastly examining a picture which captivates and fills the soul of the beholder? Words are weak praise to such a spirit-enjoying contemplation! And such may be enjoyed at the rooms of Mr Alexander. He has some splendid original paintings by the old masters of the 'art divine' — and a large collection of copies and likenesses which he himself executed while at Venice and Rome.

Among the originals is a Madonna by the immortal Raffaëlle — and that it is genuine, its exquisite perfection, its heavenly grace, seems to guarantee. Oh, with what a blended expression of maternal love, and holy aspiration the face of that picture beams, as, regarding her child, the mother appears absorbed in the gush of divine emotions, which the thought that he is also the 'Son of the Highest,' is awakening!

There is also a Magdalen by Guido — a most sacred sadness pervading the beautiful face of the disconsolate mourner. And the two angels are real personifications of *soul*, as we understand it to mean intellectual and moral goodness. Not a shade of the animal propensities, which mingle in human nature, tarnishes the pure beauty of these celestial messengers.

But we must leave these old creations of art, and turn to the kindred productions of the American Artist. There is the head of a Magdalen executed by Mr Alexander while at Rome — a wonderful sketch, and such as we think the accomplished artist could have done only at Rome, where the atmosphere is, as it were, pervaded with the faith and penitence of saints and martyrs.

The Magdalen is represented in earnest prayer; the elevated eye seems looking into heaven; the parted lips all but speak, and the clasped hands are tightening with the emotions of the spirit that, broken and humbled, is yet pouring itself forth in ardent faith to that God who never rejects the truly penitent.

This picture, we have been informed, attracted particular notice from Sir Walter Scott. When he was at Rome, during his last journey, he visited the study of Mr Alexander, and sitting down before this picture of the Magdalen, regarded it for some time, with deep attention. 'She has been forgiven!' said he emphatically, as he rose up and turned towards our artist;—'She has been forgiven!'

PRINTING USED FOR THE BLIND.

The specimen inserted will give our readers who have never had the privilege of visiting the School for the Blind, an idea of the manner in which books are prepared for those who read with their fingers. The pupil learns, in a few months, to read in this way with accuracy, and considerable facility; and the evident pleasure which this new exercise of the intellectual faculties conveys to these poor benighted children is a most interesting feature in the character of the School.

The history of the 'Boston Institution for the Blind' is, thus far, one of the most noble and glorious indications of that spirit of philanthropy in man which is to 'work together with God' for the improvement and happiness of the human race, which our age has exhibited.

THOMAS H. PERKINS has set an example to the rich which can hardly be too often urged, or too highly extolled. He has not waited till his gold was loosened from his grasp by the palsy of death, — but he has opened his hand wide, and given largely, while his own eyes can witness the happiness which his benevolence diffuses, and his heart can enjoy the testimonies of regard which his good deeds merit. Surely this is something better, even for this life, than that hoarding Hugio spirit which goes on increasing its stores till the last gasp.

Had Stephen Girard founded his College for orphans twenty or even ten years ago, he would indeed have merited a statue for his beneficence — now he will never be considered other than a mere money-maker. When death would deprive a man of the possession of his property, there can be no benevolence in his having given it away. True, many such bequests are benevolent in their operation, and some doubtless are so in intention, but then the 'last will and testament' must harmonize with the previous character of the individual.

No truly good man ever waited till he made his will for an opportunity of doing good.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

MRS WILLARD'S JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

WE return again to this excellent work, and give an entire letter, as the most just and effectual mode of impressing the author's sentiments on some subjects of the deepest import to our sex, and to our country.

'LETTER TO MRS ———.

'PARIS, MARCH 22d, 1831.

'DEAR MADAM,— You wish to know, when I speak of the danger into which our young American women may fall in Paris, what I mean; and whether anything appears, on the face of society, other than the most perfect decency.

'Not generally, unless you reckon as out of its pale, very low-necked dresses, and such dances as the waltz and gallopade. These dances may do for girls, who are guarded as the French females are before marriage; — never being left alone, with those who might seek to repeat, in private, the freedoms taken with their persons in public.

'But the danger lies in associating with those, who, while they are living in the transgression of God's commands, have all the fascinations of accomplished manners; and whom they see received exactly as others. They may occasionally, too, hear shocking principles uttered, by those whose opinions they see no reason for not respecting. We never hear characters scanned in Paris, as with us, as to the moral tendency of their actions. The standard of good society has nothing to do with such trifling circumstances; and it is the height of impertinence to inquire into them, or make any remarks concerning them. Not that a French woman does not take into consideration respectability — right and wrong; but respectability concerns a person's connexions, style of living, &c, and right and wrong relate to the right and wrong of caps and hats, dresses and ribbons.

'In this state of affairs, if we go into promiscuous society, you see how impossible it must be for a young woman, to form any kind of judgment, as to the real character of those she may meet. Perhaps among the splendid dames I met at court, was she who was once Madame Tallien: now married to an Italian prince, and, as I am told, well received there. You will, I dare say, recollect her as the infamous woman who was drawn shamefully through the streets of Paris, during the old revolution, to personate the goddess of reason. I heard a respectable lady speak of her, and laughing at so witty a story, relate how she used to introduce to her visitors, her numerous group of children, (no two of which she probably named after the same father) telling them to "look at her little sins."

'A single lady, of great personal elegance, whom I often met, I learnt, by indubitable circumstances (which came to my knowledge many weeks after my introduction to her) was the *chère amie* of a married man: and among my acquaintances, other cases of the same nature, as far as morality is concerned, rose to my suspicion, if not to my knowledge.

'In general, however, nothing can be more modest than the demeanor, in society, of all we meet. But once in a while, one may chance to see

an adroit manœuvre, of a different complexion. Once, in a room where few were present, I saw by a sudden turn, a lady of whom I never heard ill, touch her lips to the neck of a gentleman, as he stooped for some object beside her.

‘As a specimen of the principles one may chance to be edified with in Paris, I will tell you what I heard said by a French lady, who was perhaps piqued by the rude remark of a gentleman, who, after praising the American females, said he would not dare to trust French women as wives. The lady, whose own correctness I never heard impeached, observed:—Well, I own I am no friend to marriage—how absurd to make one promise to love the same person forever! Why, it is impossible. Give me nothing to eat, but a leg of mutton all my days, and I should starve to death.

‘Is not this enough to show you, that American women, especially if young and inexperienced, are better off at home, than here. True, a young woman, under the care of a watchful matron, and guarded by dignity of manners and innate purity, may escape these dangers.

‘Yet heaven forbid, that I include all French women in this censure;—and as I have before remarked, there are some better signs in these times. The two families now most placed in the public eye, are those of Louis Philippe, and La Fayette. The Queen is believed by all, to be a pattern of conjugal virtue; and nothing appears, but that her daughters will emulate her worthy example. The La Fayettees are as much American, as French, in their manners, and could they give the tone to society, France would be not less indebted to them, than to the venerated Patriarch of the family. And many other ladies, I know, of whom I am equally confident, that their cast of moral character is such, as cannot dwell with depravity in its vilest form.

‘That I am not severe beyond truth, a fact which stares in the face of a stranger, as soon as he opens his guide book, is sufficient evidence. More than one third of the children, born in Paris, are born out of wedlock. And what is wedlock here, in too many instances, but a license to sin with the greater impunity? Yet, while thus iniquity is abroad, the obligations of virtue are known, and tacitly acknowledged; else, why the hypocritical decency which the general face of society presents? Why the convenient accommodations to give privacy to sin, and to its consequences?

‘How shocking are those consequences to the innocent beings who are cursed for their parents’ guilt! Never did I see a sight which so afflicted my heart, as the infants at the Hospital of the Foundlings. Here were hundreds of babes ranged along in little beds, or laid on inclined couches to receive the warmth of a stove. Young nurses were feeding them with pap, or standing carelessly around; while moanings and shriekings were in my ears, from the little pallid sufferers, which, as it were, withered my soul within me. And where, ye little innocents, I mentally exclaimed, where are the fathers, who should have shielded your helpless infancy! Where the mothers, whose bosoms should have warmed and fed you! Perchance they shine in the court, or are charioted along the streets, engaged in new intrigues. Surely, God will bring these things into judgment.

‘In walking through an apartment where were many beds for the infants, I came to one place, where were thirty or forty, which had the white curtains, suspended from the frame work above, dropped; and the little bed was entirely enclosed. These, said a lady, who pulled me by the sleeve, as I was about to raise one of the curtains,—these contain the dead! I turned away, heart-stricken, and left the Hospital as soon as I could. It is true, these dismal sights were sometimes relieved, by a Sister of Charity, who seemed really intent upon her charge: and here and there an infant, apparently healthy, smiled, unconscious of its condition, and the life of servitude and degradation, to which it was abandoned.

‘I know that benevolent intentions were in the hearts of those who founded this institution; and now actuate those devoted women, who thus

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give their days and nights to labor and watchfulness. It is said, these Hospitals prevent the crime of infanticide. But they cannot save the lives of the infants, who perish by hundreds, deprived of their natural aliment. If we urge that such institutions encourage crimes of another kind, we are told that these infants are often the children of the virtuous poor, who cannot support them. Why, then, if they are the children of the virtuous poor, are they thus mysteriously received in a basket, at the entrance, and no questions asked? I am no friend to disguises -- they betoken no good -- and think it is wrong in the outset to encourage them. Let vice wear her own colors. The virtuous part of society are not responsible for those crimes which they denounce and discourage; but when men undertake to do, or countenance evil that good may come, they always, in the long run, do more hurt than good.

'The French are certainly worthy of imitation, in the facility with which persons of either sex, adapt themselves to their situation. No matter who their relations are, or what their former situation may have been, -- if poverty comes, or if they see it approaching, they betake themselves to some profitable occupation, not concealing their situation, and living on in splendor, at the expense of others.

'Much evil among us, originates in a prejudice from which the French seem, in a great measure, free; -- that there is something degrading in a woman's doing anything to earn money. In families with us, where the father employs his hands from morning till night in cutting off yards of calico, in tying up pounds of tea, not for charity, -- but for profit, -- his daughters would consider it a shocking degradation to employ theirs, to earn money, by making caps, or hats, or dresses for others.

'Though I have been sometime in Paris, and I have not been an inattentive observer of the frame of society here, especially in cases where my own sex are concerned, yet I am sensible that I do not understand it sufficiently, to pronounce with decision on points, in which, as a woman, desirous to promote the good of my sex, I feel an interest. Women here, as is well known, act a more conspicuous part in business affairs than is common in Great Britain or America. The laws, too, are different; a married woman not being here a nullity. In so far as this may lead to profligacy of manners, I should condemn it.

'But in order that the experiment should be fairly tried here, it would be necessary that Paris should be divested of other causes of profligacy, and then we should know whether a woman's coming forward in mercantile and other business, would of itself produce it. Take from the city its indecent pictures and statues. Let men take their consciences into their own hands. Let them no longer believe that sin can be paid for in money; but believe that it is an account to be settled with the just and omniscient Judge, every man for himself, without other Mediator than the man Jesus Christ; and see then if the useful, though it may be the more public industry of women, than that which is common with us, would produce disorders in society. I do not say it would not, but of this I am confident -- that in our frame of society, by going to the opposite extreme, the evils are often produced, which it would seem to be the leading tendency of our customs to avoid.

'For example, suppose with us a young man with sufficient experience in business to conduct it, but without property, becomes acquainted with a young woman, it may be well educated, but also without property. He loves her, but it checks the native impulse of his affections, because he fancies that his pretty wife must be kept dressed like a doll, and in an elegant parlor, and he has not the means. So he looks out for a woman who has money, and marries her, though he loves her not -- or he lives unmarried -- but in either case, he is the man to resort to the haunts of vice -- perchance to seduce the innocent. And the woman he loved -- perhaps had understood the language of his eyes -- felt that his heart was hers, and

given her own in return ; — and she now secretly pines in solitary celibacy. In a country like ours, where industry is rewarded, such things betoken something wrong in custom concerning our sex. Our youth thus throw away their individual happiness ; and incur the chance of becoming bad members of society. And the fault does not lie with the men, other than this, that they seem not to have the courage to endeavor to break wrong customs. They are willing to be industrious in their calling, but custom prohibits the woman from becoming that meet and suitable help to the man, for which her Creator designed her. An educated woman might become to a merchant, his book-keeper, and as it were a silent partner in his business — keeping a watch over other agents during his absence — giving him notice of important events, which concern the state of markets ; — and in fine, she might render a thousand important services in his affairs, without neglecting the care of her household concerns, the drudgery of which might be performed by uneducated persons, the value of whose time would be trifling to the family, compared with what hers might be made. Understanding the business affairs, and taking an interest in the advancement of the family property, more than in the finery of her dress and furniture, she would need no stern mandate to keep in the ways of economy. If her husband is taken away by death, he parts in peace, as to the condition of his wife and children, for she will know how to settle his affairs, or continue his business.

‘ These reflections I have been led to make by what I remark here. There are shops which I frequent to make purchases, where great order prevails, and which I am told are wholly under the direction of the mistress, in their interior arrangements. One I recollect, a little out of the north-western Boulevard, where there are two rooms — one below, and the other above. The mistress, a grave and decided woman, keeps her stand behind a counter on one side the door, with a female assistant by her side. They do all the writing in the books. The clerks, of whom there are several, do the selling part ; but whatever articles I bought, they were not made into a parcel, till they were carried with the bill, and the money to her, and the three compared. Then she and her assistant put down in their books the articles, and the accounts received. And I am told that the whole is compared with the state of the shop, before it is closed, so that the clerks have no chance of purloining goods or money. I asked where were the husbands of these women, and was told that they were abroad making purchases — attending to the payments, and watching the state of the markets. Now I do not believe that a woman in a situation like that, industriously employed, is in a more dangerous place than when she is idle in her parlor, or reading novels, or receiving calls from gossips, or lounging fops. But I think a middle course between public exposure and the utter uselessness of some of the wives of our shopkeepers, especially those who board, instead of keeping house, might be devised ; particularly where they are women of intelligence and education.

‘ But this is a subject on which I could write a book, if I had time. Indeed, this letter will become one, if I do not bring it to a speedy close.

‘ Adieu, dear Sister.’

MRS INCHBALD.*

MRS INCHBALD, take her all in all, was, by her character and genius the most remarkable Englishwoman of a remarkable period. She was the friend of Godwin, Holcroft, and John Kemble ; and is seen at this distance as the ‘ bright peculiar star’ in that constellation of female genius which illustrated the closing years of the last century, and shed a farewell radiance

* See an article in Littell’s ‘ Museum of Foreign Literature, Science and Art,’ for December, 1833.

on the dawning of the present. There is a pleasure in dwelling on the names of these lights — the lesser and the greater : Anne Radcliffe, Johanna Baillie, Mary Wolstoncroft, Harriet and Sophia Lee, Charlotte Smith, Letitia Barbauld, Mrs Hunter, Amelia Opie — in ways how different ! — Hannah More, and the unfortunate Mary Robinson ; and, first in the brilliant cluster, Elizabeth Inchbald. Our blue-stocking ladies have disappeared as rapidly as our great poets. But Mrs Inchbald was never a blue-stocking, save in a single night of her eccentric life, at a masquerade, when dressing the assumed character cost her nothing.

Mrs Inchbald was an uneducated country girl, a strolling actress, early left to her own guidance, and endowed with the gift, so perilous in her condition, of great personal beauty, who achieved for herself fame and fortune, and established a reputation for genius and talent which her memoir proves were surpassed by moral greatness ; by the magnanimity, candor, and independence of her mind ; and by her singular goodness of heart. Yet Mrs Inchbald was no impossible piece of perfection ; she had faults enough, and to spare ; some of them the offspring of her virtues. With her acute intellect, and fine genius, were combined even to excess, the qualities of a *very* woman. She was largely endowed with all the instincts of the sex ; its thousand vagaries, caprices ; its genius for coquetry ; love of admiration ; and the romance, generosity, caution, frankness, sensibility, timidity, and daringness which distinguish woman.

Accident made the social discipline of this lady a tolerably fair experiment of what a female may be made who shares in manly education. We mean that education which commences when the spelling-book is closed, and is carried forward by the actual business, and the buffetings and conflicts of life. Seventy years since, the boys and girls of a small Suffolk farm must have been trained exactly alike ; and Mrs Inchbald never was at any school, nor received any education, save English reading, picked up in some furtive way. From this position she passed to the stage, where there is a complete breaking down of the thin party-walls which, in humble life, separate the arena in which the sexes are trained, and an entire leveling of all those bulwarks by which our social forms protect and sequester women of higher station, shutting them up alike from the knowledge of good and of evil. If there be originally no essential difference in the mental and moral nature of the sexes ; if man, the Bread-Winner, be not always inherently different from woman, whether the thrifty manager, or the graceful dispenser of the Bread, then ought there to have been no distinction between the tastes and tendencies of Mrs Inchbald and those of her male friends. But there was wide distinction, though no fairer experiment in training could, as society is constituted, have been made. The result was a noble, self-relying character, and a high-toned consistent morality, but, we hesitate to say it, a not very amiable woman. For this, her domestic and social position were more in fault than her peculiar training. Mrs Inchbald, a youthful beauty, with a high spirit, and the requisite share of vanity, had hardly done wrangling with the respectable, but unsuitable gentleman to whom she was rashly married, and taken to that habit of living well with him which, with two-thirds of the world, forms the useful substitute of impassioned affection, when she was left a childless widow. It does not appear that, though an affectionate and most liberal and dutiful relation, she ever loved any one, as happier women love ; or that any portion of her lonely, though active life, was spent under the sweet influences of an entirely confiding and relying sympathy with those among whom she moved. Failing the natural charities, she found their substitute among the beings of imagination, and wedded Dorricort, and loved with Agnes Primrose and Rebecca. But the most creative and subtle imagination cannot, from ideal abstractions, draw the humanizing uses of the real beings of one's own heart, who may be kissed and chided, frowned at and wept over, sinned

against and pardoned for sinning. Her womanly education was never completed; and so far the experiment is not fair. As it was she showed with equal genius, and under greater difficulty, ten times the common sense of most of her literary brethren; and enjoyed and dispensed far more social happiness.

Mrs Inchbald was accused of excessive parsimony; and it must be confessed her manner of living unless it had been ennobled by a generous motive, would have been mean indeed. But that motive! — hear her own account of the matter:

‘I am now fiftytwo years old, and yet if I were to dress, paint, and visit, noone would call my understanding in question; or if I were to beg from all my acquaintance a guinea or two, as a subscription for a foolish book, no one would accuse me of avarice. But because I choose that retirement suitable for my years, and think it my duty to support two sisters instead of one servant, I am accused of madness. I might plunge in debt, be confined in prison, a pensioner on the ‘Literary Fund,’ or be gay as a girl of eighteen, and yet be considered as perfectly in my senses; but because I choose to live in independence, affluence to me, with a mind serene, and prospects unclouded, I am supposed to be mad. In making use of the word affluence, I do not mean to exclude some inconveniences annexed: but this is the case in every state. I wish for more suitable lodgings; but I am unfortunately averse to a street, after living so long in a square; but with all my labor to find one, I cannot fix on a spot such as I wish to make my residence for life; and till I do, and am confined to London, the beautiful view, from my present apartment, of the Surry hills and the Thames, invites me to remain here, for I believe that there is neither such fine air nor so fine a prospect in all the town. I am, besides, near my sisters here; and the time when they are not with me is so wholly engrossed in writing, that I want leisure for the convenience of walking out. Retirement in the country would, perhaps, have been more advisable than in London; but my sisters did not like to accompany me, as I did not like to leave them behind.’

The penurious habits of Mrs Inchbald must not, therefore, be mistaken for sordidness or blind avarice, nor sneered at as meanness. She had, ladies, refused a coach, a rich husband, and a settlement of £500 a year! If the love of independence formed the basis of the noblest points of her remarkable and really magnanimous character, frugality was the great prop of this and of all her virtues. The parsimony which was the foundation of her generosity, in her deserves the nobler name of self-denial.

Her courage was nobler than her genius: its example ought to be more beneficial. In all civilized communities, what is meant by garrets, — self-denial to wit, and the moral energy by which independence may be maintained on the narrowest means, — is indefeasibly allied with honor and integrity. Half the moral courage of Mrs Inchbald would have saved Edmund Burke from the misery of a debtor; the remorse of a conscious swerver from the truth; and the shame of being the pensioner, and accounted the bribed tool of corruption. With her clear spirit, accurately distinguishing real dignity from the glare of ostentation, Sir Walter Scott had avoided the only error of his life; and, lacking a castle, an establishment, and the honor of entertaining Mrs Coutts, and the other Princes and Princesses of Mammon’s and Fashion’s Empire, would have escaped the anguish which tortured his noble mind, and broke his nobler heart, and laid him in the grave in the unfinished agony of an ineffectual struggle to correct one grievous miscalculation of that in which man’s true honor consists, — leaving his memory to the regret of thousands, but also to the implied ignominy of a tardy subscription.

How much of female purity and happiness have been undermined and

wrecked, from women being trained to believe that there is degradation in living, (or being able to live,) like Mrs Inchbald, on a very few shillings a week; or in washing their children's clothes, like Mrs Siddons; and from *not* being trained to believe and to feel that useful duty, however lowly its sphere of exercise, is compatible with the highest cultivation, and is the most inalienable attribute of dignified character. How much bright promise has been blasted — how much plain honesty subverted, because young men are trained, alike by example and precept, to believe, that to be distinguished, and to gain influence, and have success in public life, they must, by some means or other, accumulate like Huskisson, or revel like Sheridan, or shine among, though not of, the noble and the gay, like Canning! Memories like theirs should be viewed as beacons, warning from the sunken rock or the whirlpool, not regarded as the steady guiding lights pointing the only safe track into port.

EUPHEMIO OF MESSINA: A TRAGEDY. *Translated from the Italian of Silvio Pellico.* New York, Monson Bancroft. 1834.

Those who have read the 'Memoirs of Silvio Pellico,' will feel interested in his dramatic productions. The work before us breathes the spirit of love and piety, and in the final predominance of the latter, we see exemplified the beauty of goodness, which so strikingly pervades the 'Memoirs' of the writer. The story is simple, and developed without any attempt at artifice or mystery. Euphemio, a brave, proud, and ambitious man, has been raised by his own good deeds, and the favor of Theodore, king of Sicily, to the rank of leader of the Sicilian army. He becomes enamored of Ludovica, the daughter of the king, and as she an only child is heir apparent to the crown, a marriage with her will gratify both his love and ambition. He has the good fortune to secure the affection of the princess, but the old king, indignant at the presumption of a subject, who owes all to his favor, deprives Euphemio of the command of the army, and imprisons him on a charge of treason. Euphemio escapes, and making his way to Africa, joins the Saracens, renounces his religion, and vowing vengeance against his own country, leads the Moors against Messina. It is at this scene the tragedy opens. An interview takes place between king Theodore and Euphemio, in which the latter learns that Ludovica has consecrated herself to the service of her God. He determines to storm the city, and tear her from the convent, unless she is given up to him. In the meantime, she has been wrought upon by the priest to undertake the assassination of Euphemio, in the true Judith style of heroic devotion to God and her country. But when she meets him love triumphs over her resolution; and she consents to become his bride. But the christians break the truce, and in the exterminating battle that ensues Theodore the king is mortally wounded. The Saracens gain a complete victory; and it is amid the carnage and the smouldering flames of Messina that Ludovica and her father meet. Missing her, Euphemio becomes furious, and it is in the paroxysm of his rage that he discovers how little the purpose of the will can change the settled habit of nature, the feelings of the heart — he is at once a Sicilian and a Christian. — (Almanzor is a Saracen.)

Enter EUPHEMIO furiously; — his sword bloody.

ALMANZOR.

Thou art safe — yet speak ; —
Thy sword still drops with blood, and anger chokes
Thine accents.

EUPHEMIO,

Bajazet, the slave, dies yonder,
Laden with gold the felon sought the ships :
I seized him, and demanded at his hands
The princess, to his charge so lately trusted.
He told me that in haste to share the spoil,
He had abandoned her ! — I plunged my blade
Deep in his coward heart. Oh useless vengeance !
Our search is vain. — In yon dark waves perchance
The slave has cast her. — Tigers of the desert,
Ye, who exult and joy in Christian slaughter,
Ye slew her !

ALMANZOR.

Madman — canst thou doubt our faith ?

EUPHEMIO.

What faith, when rebels to my sovereign mandate,
Ye did not pause from massacre ? I wished not
The sacrifice complete. — When I had humbled
Messina's lofty gates, and planted there
My conquering foot, red with her citizen's blood,
My rage was satiate. — Pity, long a stranger,
Sprung in my bosom, as I heard the groans
Of prostrate multitudes — and saw around me
My boyhood's comrades — aged, virtuous men,
Maidens and mothers — each imploring me
By the dear name of brother or of son,
To save — not theirs — but others' lives ! 'Forbear !'
In vain I cried, to check your rage. 'Your chief
'Was born within these walls — and they are sacred !'
Madness ! unknown to your inhuman breasts
The love each son of Europe must preserve
Forever, for his native land. — A love
Transmitted from our sires, and from our birth
Nourished with kindling lessons, and memorials
At every step, of heroes of the past.
A spirit of deep love for fame and freedom,
Which nought can quench. Vainly in pride of conquest
The haughty Moor shall sit on yonder hills ; —
Vainly essay to tame with cruelty,
To lull in error's sleep, that vanquished race ; —
It cannot be ; hidden, but quenchless still,
The fire of glory and of patriotism
Burns in those hearts, — deeper, and fiercer far,
Because concealed.

The conclusion is sufficiently tragic — Ludovica becomes insane — and Euphemio destroys himself — after giving his dying charge to Almanzor that the distracted maiden shall be conveyed to some Christian shelter. — The Tragedy is better framed for the closet than the stage, as it owes its chief excellence to sentiment, not the — for stage effect. The translation is a chaste and beautiful transcript of the original.

FEMALE COLLEGE OF BOGOTA.

We are happy to see the February number of the *Annals of Education* make its appearance, and sincerely do we hope it will be sustained by the friends of education. We take the following interesting intelligence from its pages; and hope that the time is not far distant when similar institutions for females will be endowed by our own state legislatures.

‘The Female College, established last year at Bogota, held its first public exhibition on the 31st of June, (if we mistake not,) after it had been in operation eight months. The programma of this institution we perused with peculiar interests, as it is, we believe, the only one of the same name and destiny, under the patronage of any government in the world, and is likely to exercise a most extensive influence in South America.

‘It may, perhaps, hereafter affect Spain, whence a degraded plan of female education was received, and whose example has tended to discourage the intellectual elevation of women. The President is a lady. There are three classes; the first with five pupils, the second with six, and the third with ten; total twentyone.

‘The first class debated the question — ‘What instruction ought a well educated woman to enjoy?’ This subject was divided under several heads: — The general duties of women; their private duties; their disadvantages in society, and the means of removing them; how they may improve their condition in society, and perform their duties; false merit; external accomplishments; real merit; intellectual qualities; domestic arrangements, and cultivation of the intellectual faculties. The other exercises of the first class were in Castilian grammar, French, Christian Morals, Manners, Arithmetic, Drawing, and Music.

‘The intention of the government is, to add to the funds, the professorships, and the branches of study in this institution, as soon as circumstances shall allow; but to those who are acquainted with the state of society in South America, it will be perceived that it is already as important a step, comparatively speaking, as a well endowed female university would be in the United States. We hope to give more hereafter in relation to it.’

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will S. F. W. favor us with another prose article?

The ‘Sonnets,’ by E. L. E. are very welcome.

The beautiful Poem ‘To my Brothers,’ in our next.

The lines by H. are accepted.

A ‘Sketch,’ by C. is inadmissible.

The ‘Roman,’ has too much of the patrician for our Republican taste.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lilly, Wait, & Co. Boston —

Life of St Paul; With a Map of the countries travelled, and the places visited by the Apostle.

Parent's Cabinet of Instruction and Amusement, for the benefit of Children and Youth.

Carver's History of Boston; A *new* and delightful volume, with Engravings from original designs.

The Evergreen, or Stories for Youth.

Boy's Book of Sports.

Paul and Virginia; with pretty wood Engravings.

Clapp, & Broaders. Boston — In Press :

Scripture Worship; A collection of Select Chants, harmonized with a close accompaniment; to which are adapted selections from the sacred scriptures, of suitable length for public and social worship, and pointed to facilitate their application to the chants. By an Amateur. The harmonies carefully revised by G. J. Webb, associate professor of the musical academy, and organist of the Old South Church.

History of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. By J. S. Memes. LL. D., — cloth.

The Money Box, or Henry and Anna; an English Tale, revised for American Children. Edited by the author of 'The Young Man's Guide.'

Childs' Pilgrim's Progress; abridged from Bunyan, and adapted to Young Persons; — with Twentyeight Engravings.

Missionary Voyages among the South Sea Islands; with Engravings from original designs.

Lincoln, Edmands & Co. Boston—

Memoir of Roger Williams, the Founder of the State of Rhode Island. By James D. Knowles, Professor of Pastoral Duties in the Newton Theological Institution.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

The Young Ladies Sunday Book.

Moral Influence and Use of Liberal Studies.

The Book of My Lady.

Oran the Outcast.

The Aristocrat; an American Tale.

German Parables.

The Invisible Gentleman. 2 Vols.

The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry.

Lights and Shadows of German Life.

The West Coast of Africa.

The Vegetable World.

The Modern Cymon.