

"Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will harm you," said old Amy in an encouraging tone.

"And was not good King Henry VI. murdered here also by that same wicked Richard?" continued the little girl, whose imagination was full of the records of the deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally-celebrated place, many of which had been related to her by Bridget Holdworth, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower on a charge of high treason.

"But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?" pursued the child as they began to ascend the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

"Hush—hush! dear child you must not talk of these things here," said Amy, "or they will shut us both up in a room with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my lord your father."

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined, when, forgetting everything else in her joy at seeing him again, she sprang into his arms and almost stifled him with kisses.

Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his daughter; and overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, his own anguish at the thought of his approaching separation from her, and the idea of leaving her an orphan at her tender age (for she had only just completed her ninth year, and had lost her mother, he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears.

"Why do you cry, dear papa?" asked the innocent child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And why will you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own hall again?"

"Attend to me, Lucy, and I will tell you the cause of my grief," said her father, seating the little girl on his knee. "I shall never come home again, for I have been condemned to die for high treason, which means an offence against the king, and I shall not leave this place till they bring me forth on Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over London-bar or London-bridge."

At this terrible intelligence Lady Lucy screamed aloud, and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears.

"Be composed my dear child," said Lord Preston, "for I have much to say to you, and we may never meet again on this side of the grave."

"No, no! dear papa," cried she, "they shall not kill you, for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they shall not be able to cut your head off; and I will tell them all how good and kind you are, and then they will not want to kill you."

"My dearest love, this is all simple talking," said Lord Preston. "I have offended against law as it is at present established, by trying to have my old master, King James, restored to the throne, and therefore I must die. Do not you remember, Lucy, I took you once to Whitehall to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you?"

"Oh yes, papa; and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said I was like what his daughter the Princess of Orange was at my age," replied Lady Lucy with great animation.

"Well, my child, very shortly after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who married his daughter came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom, and the people made him and the Princess of Orange King and Queen in his stead."

"But was it not very wicked of the Princess of Orange, to join with her husband to take her father's kingdom from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her," said Lady Lucy earnestly.

"Hush—hush? my love, you must not talk so of the Princess of Orange, for perhaps she considered she was doing right in depriving her father of his dominions, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a King of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I did not believe she would have consented to sign the death-warrants of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him," said Lord Preston with a sigh.

"I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition," said old Amy Gradwell, advancing towards her master; "and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon were very earnestly entreated of her by some of your friends."

"Alas, my good Amy, I have no one who will undertake the perilous office of soliciting the royal grace of an attainted traitor, lest they should be suspected of favouring the cause of King James."

"Dear papa! let me go to the Queen and beg for your pardon," cried Lady Lucy with a crimsoned cheek and a sparkling eye. "I will so beg and pray her to spare your life, dear papa, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Simple child," exclaimed the father, "what should you be able to say to the Queen that would be of any avail?"

"God would teach me what to say, and He has power also to touch her heart with pity for a child's distress, and to open her ear to my earnest petition."

Her father clasped her to his bosom, but said, "Thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the Queen, even if thou shouldst be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to the Queen, papa?—for even if she would be angry with me and answer me harshly, I should be thinking too much of you, father, to mind it: or if she were to send me to the Tower and cut off my head, she could but kill my body, but would have no power at all to hurt my soul, which is under the protection of One who is greater than any king or queen upon earth."

"You are right, my child, to fear God, and to have no other fear," said her father. "It is He who hath perhaps put it into your heart to plead with the Queen for my life; which, if it be His pleasure to grant, I shall feel it indeed a happiness for my child to be made the instrument of my deliverance from the perils of death, which now encompass me; but if it should be otherwise, His will be done! He hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and he will not forsake my good and dutiful child when I am low in the dust."

"But how will Lady Lucy gain admittance to the Queen's presence my lord?" asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of the scene between the father and the child.

"I will write a letter to her godmother, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter."

He then wrote a few hasty lines to that lady, which he gave to his daughter, telling her she was to go the next day to Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of Lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the Queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell. Though the little girl wept at parting with her father, yet she left the Tower in a far more composed mind than she entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope. She had silently committed her cause to God, and she trusted that He would dispose the event prosperously for her.

The next morning, before the lark had sung her matins, Lady Lucy was up, and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a daughter whose only surviving parent was under the sentence of death. The servants who had been informed of their young lady's intention to solicit the Queen for her father's pardon, were all assembled in the entrance hall to see her depart; and as she passed through them, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary and the old butler, they shed tears, and bade God bless her, and prosper her in her design.

Lady Lucy, arrived at Hampton Court, was introduced into the Countess of Clarendon's apartments before her ladyship was out of bed, and having told her artless tale with great earnestness, delivered her father's letter. Lady Clarendon, who was wife to the Queen's uncle, was very kind to her young god-daughter, but plainly told her she must not reckon on her influence with the Queen, because the Earl of Clarendon was in disgrace, on account of being suspected of carrying on a correspondence with King James, his brother-in-law; therefore she dared not to solicit the Queen on behalf of her friend Lord Preston, against whom her Majesty was so deeply exasperated, that she had declared she would not show him any mercy.

"Oh!" said the little girl, "if I could only see the Queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me, for I should plead so earnestly to her for my dear papa's life, that she could not refuse me, I'm sure."

"Poor child! what could you say to the Queen?" asked the Countess compassionately.

"Only let me see her and you will hear," rejoined Lady Lucy.

"Well, my love, it were a pity but what thou shouldst have the opportunity," said Lady Clarendon; but much I fear thy little heart will fail thee; and when thou seest the Queen face to face, thou wilt not be able to utter a syllable.

"God will direct the words of my lips," said the little girl, with tears in her eyes.

The Countess was impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her little god-daughter, and she hastened to rise and dress, that she might conduct the child into the palace-gallery, where the Queen usually passed an hour in walking, after her return from chapel, which she attended every morning. Her Majesty had not left the chapel when Lady Clarendon and Lady Lucy entered the gallery; and her ladyship endeavoured to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend, by pointing out to her the portraits with which it was adorned.

"I know that gentleman well," said the child, pointing to a noble whole-length portrait of James II.

"That is the portrait of the deposed King James, Queen Mary's father," observed the Countess sighing; "and a very striking likeness it is of that unfortunate monarch. But hark! here comes the Queen with her chamberlain and ladies from chapel; now, Lucy, is the time. I will step into the recess yonder, but you must remain alone, standing where you are; and when her Majesty approaches near enough, kneel down on one knee before her, and present your father's petition. She who walks a little in advance of the other ladies is the Queen. Be of good courage, and address yourself to her."

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart fluttered violently when she found herself alone, but her resolution did not fail her; and while her lips moved silently in fervent prayer to the Almighty for his assistance in this trying moment, she stood with folded hands, pale, but composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the Queen's approach; and when her Majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt, and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, and the touching sadness of her look and manner, and above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the Queen's attention and interest: she paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her colour rose. She frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on; but Lucy who had watched her countenance with a degree of anxious interest that amounted to agony, losing all awe of royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping the Queen's robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father—my dear, dear father, royal lady!" Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things, but she forgot them all in her sore distress, and could only repeat the words—"Mercy, mercy for my father, gracious Queen!" till her vehement emotion choked her voice, and throwing her arms round the Queen's knees, she leaned her head against her Majesty's person for support, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were more than commonly affecting. It was a daughter, not beyond the season of infancy, overmastering the timidity of that tender age, to become a suppliant to an offended sovereign for the life of a father. Queen Mary pitied the death of Lord Preston as a measure of political necessity; she, therefore, told Lucy mildly, but firmly, that she could not grant her request.

"But he is good and kind to every one," said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the face of the Queen.

"He may be so to you, child," returned her Majesty; "but he has broken the laws of his country, and therefore he must die."

"But you can pardon him if you choose to do so, madam," replied Lucy; "and I have read that God is well pleased with those who forgive; for he has said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

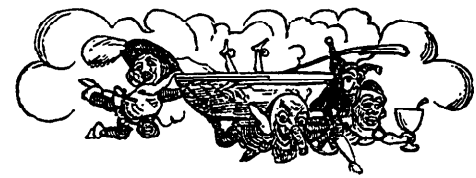
"It does not become a little girl like you to attempt to instruct me," replied the Queen gravely. "I am acquainted with my duty: and it is my place to administer justice impartially, it is not possible for me to pardon your father however painful it may be for me to deny the request of so dutiful a child."

Lucy did not reply; she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the Queen, and then turned expressively on the portrait of King James, opposite to which her Majesty was standing. There was something in that look that bore no common meaning; and the Queen, whose curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child, could not refrain from asking wherefore she gazed so earnestly upon that picture?

"I was thinking," replied Lady Lucy, "how strange it was that you should wish to kill my father, only because he loved yours so faithfully!"

This wise but artless reproof, from the lips of infant innocence, went to the heart of the Queen; she raised her eyes to the once dear and honoured countenance of a parent, who whatever were his political errors as a King, or his offences against others, had ever been the tenderest of parents to her; and the remembrance that he was an exile in a foreign land, relying on the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she and her husband were invested with the regal inheritance of which he had been deprived, pressed upon her the thought of the contrast of her conduct as a daughter, when compared with the filial piety of the child before her, whom a sentence of hers was about to render an orphan. It smote upon her heart, and she burst into tears.

"Rise, dear child," said she, "thou hast prevailed—thy father shall not die. I grant his pardon at thy intreaty—thy filial love has saved him!"



A Bowl of Punch.

NOT ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE.

My dear *Punch*—I am sure you will be very sorry to hear that the parson's pig is dead. Nothing was left undone after the administration of Holloway's pills and ointment, but it was found to be not infallible. Now it may be that the parson's pig being a spotted one the medicine had not the effect that it might have on a pig of another colour; I conceive that, with all due deference to your superior judgment, this being no ordinary pig, you ought to write an elegy on him, which I do not think is beneath your dignity, as you will perceive he died with benefit of clergy, consequently within the pale of the Church—and I can assure you with more attention than some human beings in the same parish.

Your's most truly,

PHAON.

THE PUFF PANTOMIME.

The Stage represents an Irish Earl lying prostrate on a bank, in the enchanted gardens of Surinam. In the back-ground is a view of Alborough Castle.

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

Gentle spirits treading lightly,
Guard thee from terrestrial ills:
To thy pillow bringing nightly
Boxes of the welcome pills.
Ah! well-a-day, sing Holloway;
Sing hey dey, merry!
Well-a-day! sing Holloway,
Ding dong, deery.

The Spirits disappear, and the Irish Earl rises. He rubs his eyes and seems refreshed.

THE EARL.

What's this? Where am I? What are they about?
I dreamt that I was torn by fiends of gout;
And then methought a spirit came to cheer:— [Sees a box.
It brought relief. Ha! ha! what have we here?
There's an inscription too. What does it say? [Reads.
"To him who might or would." That means, I may,
[He takes the lid off.

Within the box there's an inscription too.
"Fear not too many, but avoid too few.
Whoever would be free from earthly ills,
Will take, each night and morn, six of these pills."
Already it is morning by the sun:
I'll trust the Genius, and I'll swallow one. [Music.

The Earl takes a pill. He gradually throws down his crutches. Tribes of Fairies advance, who unroll the bandages from his legs, and he dances the Cellarius, to the following Chorus of Good Spirits.

Well-a-day, Holloway!—Who would shun,
All through life terrestrial ills,
Must take, at the rising of the sun,
One of the celebrated pills.
Ah! Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
Holloway—Holloway!

Lara la la la!

As the Fairies disappear the words "Holloway" and "Well-a-day" are heard in the distance, and the scene changes.

The preceding scene is chiefly designed for recommending Holloway's Pills, and the happy idea of spiritualizing the bolus by fairy agency is quite sufficient to take off any disagreeable sensation that might be caused by making medicine so prominent. In the American Romances the medicine-man is one of the most interesting features of fiction, and there is no reason why the medicine, as well as the man himself, should not be brought forward as an agent for dramatic purposes.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Among the novelties in dress that ingenuity has lately brought forth, is a garment consisting of collar, cravat, shirt-front, and waistcoat, all in one. It is said to be "a saving of time and money, and material, in dress," but this is an economy that can be just as well achieved with an ordinary waistcoat, by buttoning it closely up, and omitting all the other articles by which it is usually accompanied. We have known several ingenious gentlemen who have anticipated the inventor of the costume described, by making one item of dress do the duty of half a dozen. In this way we have known a boot serve the additional purpose of a stocking; and other portions of costume have been put upon double or treble duty, in the manner we have hinted at.

ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT ADDITION.

Madame Tussaud is in treaty for the six houses adjoining her exhibition in Baker-street. This increase of room, it is said, is required to do proper justice to the growing importance of the group of the Royal Family.

RIVAL STORY-TELLERS.

The fertility of Alexander Dumas in romance, has, till lately, been esteemed unrivalled among his countrymen. It is now clear that M. Guizot beats him hollow: he is a much better hand at telling stories than M. Dumas.

EMIGRATION.

As emigration is being carried out on a very large scale in Ireland, could not the Smith O'Brien party be induced to leave their country? We are not particular where they go to, providing it is as far away from Ireland as possible. Government might present them with some snug little island at the Antipodes, where they might make speeches to the natives as much as they pleased, and be allowed to legislate for themselves. We are confident, if this scheme was properly carried out, it would be the greatest boon to Ireland that has happened since the day when St. Patrick "drove out all the varmint."

Memoranda of Men and Things.

ADVENTURE WITH A PANTHER.

The following particulars of an encounter with one of these animals are from the pen of a gentleman who witnessed it:—"I was at Jaffna, at the northern extremity of the Island of Ceylon, in the beginning of the year 1819, when, one morning, my servant called me an hour or two before my usual time, with 'Master, master! people sent for master's dogs—tiger in the town!' Now, my dogs chanced to be some very degenerate specimens of a fine species, called the Poligar dog, which I should designate as a sort of wiry-haired greyhound, without scent. I kept them to hunt jackals; but tigers are very different things. By the way, there are no real tigers in Ceylon; but leopards and panthers are always called so, and by ourselves as well as by the natives. This turned out to be a panther. My gun chanced not to be put together; and while my servant was doing it, the collector and two medical men, had recently arrived, in consequence of the cholera morbus having just then reached Ceylon from the Continent, came to my door, the former armed with a fowling-piece, and the two latter with remarkably blunt hog-spears. They insisted upon setting off, without waiting for my gun—a proceeding not much to my taste. The tiger (I must continue to call him so) had taken refuge in a hut, the roof of which, like those of Ceylon huts in general, spread to the ground like an umbrella; the only aperture into it was a small door, about four feet high. The collector wanted to get the tiger out at once. I begged to wait for my gun; but no—the fowling-piece (loaded with ball, of course) and two hog-spears, were quite enough. I got a hedge-stake, and awaited my fate from very shame. At this moment, to my great delight, there arrived from the fort an English officer, two artillery-men, and a Malay captain; and a pretty figure we should have cut without them, as the event will show. I was now quite ready to attack, and my gun came a minute afterwards. The whole scene which follows took place within an enclosure, about twenty feet square, formed, on three sides, by a strong fence of palmyra leaves, and on the fourth by the hut. At the door of this, the two artillery-men planted themselves; and the Malay captain got at the top, to frighten the tiger out, by worrying it—an easy operation, as the huts there are covered with cocoa-nut leaves. One of the artillery-men wanted to go into the tiger, but we would not suffer it. At last the beast sprang. The man received him on his bayonet, which he thrust apparently down his throat, firing his piece at the same moment. The bayonet broke off short, leaving less than three inches on the musket; the rest remained in the animal, but was invisible to us. The shot probably went through his cheek, for it certainly did not seriously injure him, as he instantly rose upon his legs, with a loud roar, and placed his paws upon the soldier's breast. At this moment the animal appeared to me to about reach the centre of the man's face; and I had scarcely time to observe this, when the tiger stooping his head, seized the soldier's arm in his mouth, turned him half round staggering, threw him over on his back, and fell upon him. Our dread now was, that, if we fired upon the tiger, we might kill the man. For a moment there was a pause, when his comrade attacked the beast exactly in the same manner as the gallant fellow himself had done. He struck his bayonet into his head; the tiger rose at him; he fired, and this time the ball took effect, and in the head. The animal staggered backwards, and we all poured in our fire. He still kicked and writhed; when the gentlemen with the hog-spears advanced, and fixed him, while he was finished by some natives beating him on the head with hedge-stakes. The brave artillery-man was, after all, but slightly hurt: he claimed the skin, which was very cheerfully given to him. There was, however, a cry among the natives, that the head should be cut off; it was; and, in so doing, the knife came directly across the bayonet. The animal measured little less than four feet, from the root of the tail to the muzzle. There was no tradition of a tiger having been in Jaffna before. Indeed, this one must have either come a distance of almost twenty miles, or have swam across an arm of the sea nearly two in breadth; for Jaffna stands on a peninsula, on which there is no jungle of any magnitude."

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

The fighting had been maintained, without any intermission, from 5 in the morning till half-past 8, and the slaughter on both sides was extensive, but the enemy's loss in killed and wounded vastly exceeded ours; and, what was not less flattering, his troops appeared dispirited and dismayed. They made no further movement during the next three hours, and the sound of firing ceased throughout the field. At this juncture it was a question whether we should advance, and in turn become the assailants, or remain quietly where we were, and await the result. It was a fortunate circumstance that Sir Arthur Wellesley determined on following the latter course—for, about half-past 11, heavy clouds of dust were discerned, announcing the approach of the French, and a renewed attack upon the different points of our line. They had now ascertained the exact station which the English army occupied, and rightly judging that if it were shaken, the Spaniards would fall an easy prey, they bore down upon it with the whole weight of their force. Four heavy columns, each strongly supported by artillery and cavalry, came on; the first against that part of the line where the British and Spanish troops joined; the second, against the guards and Cameron's brigade; the third, against the Germans and Mackenzie's division; while the fourth, protected by a mass of cavalry, moved up the valley, to the left of General Hill. It may be necessary to observe here, that Hill, having received a severe wound in the early part of the morning, had quitted the field; and that the command of the troops which

occupied the oft-contested height, had devolved upon General Tison. The advance of French columns is invariably announced by a general fire of artillery throughout the whole extent of their position; and the ordinary custom was not omitted. A murderous cannonade spread havoc among our ranks, whilst the columns, covered as usual by clouds of tirailleurs, pressed forward with firmness and regularity. Our people had received instructions to reserve their fire till the enemy should have closed—and, after giving it with effect, to bring the bayonet into play immediately—and these orders were obeyed to the letter. The heads of the enemy's columns were close upon our line before a musket was discharged, and then a crashing volley was delivered with a precision which must have astonished those against whom it was directed. A conflict now ensued, more desperate—because more completely hand to hand—than possibly the annals of modern warfare record. General Campbell's division, on the right, not only repelled the attacking column, but, rushing on them when broken by its fire, drove them before it in gallant style; and, charging a battery from which it had suffered severely, took, at the point of the bayonet, thirteen pieces of cannon. The enemy, however, were veteran troops, accustomed to be broken and to recover their ranks again; and, as our soldiers could not venture far in pursuit, the fugitives were enabled to rally, and resume the offensive. What might have been the consequence of a renewed assault, it is hard to say. The captured guns, at all events, would have been recovered; but, just as the French were preparing to rush forward, they were taken in flank by a regiment of Spanish cavalry, and again overthrown. In the meanwhile, the second and third of the French columns, reckoning from their left, bore in full weight upon our centre, and made a desperate effort to pierce it. They were met and beaten back with the same gallantry which marked the opposition of General Campbell's corps; but the guards, eager to emulate the example of the 7th and 53rd regiments, pushed on, unfortunately, somewhat too far in pursuit. The enemy were not slow to take advantage of this. Observing a chasm in our line, they threw in a tremendous fire upon the Germans, who, for an instant, were thrown into confusion. Here the battle, for some minutes, was most obstinate, and, probably, doubtful; for the enemy's right column had understood and repulsed a charge of Anson's light cavalry, and had he promptly availed himself of the advantage, a result might, perhaps, have occurred different from that which crowned the operations of this glorious day. But Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was every where, saw how matters stood. He ordered up the 48th, which had been held in reserve, to support the broken Germans and cover the retrograde movement of the guards; and that regiment, by its steadiness, retrieved the disorder. The Germans were speedily rallied—General Sherbrooke re-formed the guards—and the French were beaten back, with terrible slaughter, from every point which they had assailed. At this moment our troops were successful in all parts of the field, and it needed but a forward movement on the part of the Spaniards, to render the victory of Talavera the most decisive of any upon record. Had it been possible to bring them up from the right of their line, to gain by rapid marching the Alberche, on which the enemy's flank appeared, one half of the French army must have been sacrificed. But, unfortunately, this could not be done. The Spaniards, miserably disciplined, and totally unaccustomed to change their formation in the face of an enemy, were immovable. There they stood, as they had been originally drawn up; and to attempt any manœuvre, however simple, would have served only to throw them into confusion, without being productive of any good effect. The consequence was, that the enemy were enabled to commence and to continue their retreat in excellent order, carrying off with them much of their artillery, the whole of their wounded, and the greater part of their material. We could not venture to follow, for even yet they more than doubled us in numbers; and they escaped in better plight than usually attends an army which has suffered a repulse so decided and so bloody.

Miscellaneous.

THE TIMES OF INNOCENCE AND SIMPLICITY.—Tacitus says—"In the early ages man lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this a critic remarks—"When was this period of innocence? The first woman went astray. The very first man that was born into the world killed the second. When did the time of simplicity begin?"

TIGHT LACING.—The fact of diseases of the lungs and heart being more prevalent among the fair sex, may be partly accounted for from the baneful practice of tight-lacing, which happily has now often been exposed. The importance of a regular and full expansion of the chest for preserving the organs it contains, as well as the influence through these organs on the entire system, must be at once evident to any one who will give the subject one moment's consideration. The lungs require a healthful exercise, equally with the limbs and other parts; and if we desire to maintain them in a vigorous state, they must be unfettered in their action, either by dress or position, to insure a healthy fulfilment of their allotted functions. But how can the chest perform its required duties when impacted in the common stay? When thus dressed, the muscles which expand and contract the chest, cannot be brought into action, and the due dilatation of the lungs is prevented; the respiratory and circulating organs being impeded, congestions take place in the vessels of the lungs and the heart, and elsewhere, as in the arteries of the head, from which a numerous train of diseases follow.

SHELLEY.—From his early days he hated all tyranny, baseness, vice, and wrong; while he loved every created thing. His sympathies were so acute that the sufferings of the poor and oppressed all over the world were anguish to him. His fine imagination brought them before his eyes, clothed in all their pitiful forms, and thus fed his ardour for a reformation. Nor was he like many of wise sympathies, unable to see what was near him. Wherever he has lived for any time, there he is remembered as the friend of the poor and comforter of the unhappy; while his generosity to his friends seriously impaired his fortune. He had an unquenchable ardour for truth, and so perfect a sincerity, that, with him, "to believe" and "to declare his belief" were one and the same. Hence, when in early youth he was a searcher into the mysteries of life and Deity, and put forth his questionings; and when, because all he found around him concerning the Deity in men's notions and deeds was low and unworthy, in comparison with the great idea floating over his own spirit—he only styled himself "Atheist," he fixed a brand on his name which gave his enemies a handle through which to persecute him throughout his mortal course; and because they persecuted him in the name of Christianity, and he saw that all the like persecutions of centuries had been conducted in that name, he was an enemy to it, while his own spirit was moulded in its very essence. The name is nothing. "It is the Spirit that giveth life,"—and this Shelley had.

Great misery restores the man to nature—it breaks through the restraints of habit and imagination—and levels before its mighty force all the magic entrenchments which confine us within our allotted spheres.

THE PLEASURE OF GOING TO EVENING PARTIES.—On entering the room full of company, most of whom neither know nor care about you, you are placed in the front of a blazing fire, the sides of the room being occupied by ladies; you drink strong tea or coffee, or perhaps both, then take your place at a whist table with a cross-grained partner, who plays much better than yourself, and who, on finding himself losing his money, insults you during the game by some rude remark; then sit down to supper and drink more wine than is beneficial, come out of an intensely hot room, thinly clad, into the cold air, go home to bed, and by the strong tea or coffee, together with the excitement of the evening, keep awake all night; get up in the morning with inflamed eyes, caused by the blazing fire, and, to crown all, find you have caught a violent cold, or influenza.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.—There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan, in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife.

CONSCIENCE.—When conscience is enlightened and refined, of course it is an excellent guide for a man's conduct, but not otherwise. Notwithstanding this, the conscience of every man is generally better than his actions. It is a step or two in advance, even in the most ignorant and depraved. There is a still small voice that tells the thief and the swindler that what he is doing is not right. The voice he cannot still; and it makes him a sneak and a coward, in spite of himself. He feels that he would be a more expert knave without it; and would, perhaps, gladly silence it, for the invigoration of his nerves. But it haunts him for ever. Even on the scaffold, or in the garret, when he drinks the poison, or applies the loaded pistol to his mouth, it is still there—something better than himself—a counsellor to whom, had he always listened, he would have been a better and a happier man.

PLEASURE OF IMAGINATION.—Fools of Fancy, who suffer themselves, like Malvolio, to be cheated with their own vision, have nevertheless, this advantage over the wise ones of the earth—that they have their whole stock of enjoyments under their own command, and can dish for themselves an intellectual banquet with the most moderate assistance from external objects. It is to be sure, something like the feast which the Barmecid served up to Alnaschar—we cannot be expected to get fat upon such diet; but then, neither is there repletion or nausea, which often succeed the grosser and more material revel.

WEALTH.—He is a great snipetion, who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it creates more wants than it supplies. Keen are the pangs of hunger, and sad is the spirit of him who is sinking into an early grave, for want of the common necessities of life; but not less keen are the mortifications and cares of him, who, nursed in ease and luxury, is thrown by circumstances into dark perplexities, which his mental indolence cannot unravel, and who is reduced even to an apprehension of the want of those luxuries which were to him more than life.

A MARRIAGE CHOICE.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance—it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing-room, and attract the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a help-mate to a man, and to "train up a child in the way it should go."

To enter with seeming candour into the society of ladies, and then to mistake the mere amenities of good breeding for special attentions, is the part of pitiable vanity; but to affect to maintain such kindness for feelings of deeper interest, and then to make these assumed conquests the subject of boasting in other quarters, is the part of a mean and dishonourable man, in whose face the menials of respectable families should be instructed to shut the door. He is beneath the attention of fathers and brothers, and the natural protectors of weakness and innocence.

SIGNALS.—We may notice that contrivances were adopted for a more speedy transmission of intelligence than by the fleetest couriers long before the dawn of the historical period. Fire signals were used by the Hellenes in the earliest times. One of the grandest of the Greek tragedies opens with a scene on a watch tower, occupied by a watcher, whose eyes are directed towards the beleaguered Ilium from which a chain of signals on the mountain heights had been prepared; he had strained his sight in vain for ten long years. At length the long-expected signal appears. It is night, and the ruddy flame shoots up against the dark sky and the black summits of the mountains beyond; and the important announcement is made that Troy has fallen. With some modification, the fire signal continued in use until a comparatively recent period. England is covered with eminences which are crowned with the remains of ancient beacons, or with traditions of their existence there in the middle ages. But this method was exceedingly inartificial in character, and vague in general expression. Only one idea could be so transmitted, and that only according to a previous arrangement. The sign and its signification had to be determined beforehand—a thing only possible with an event long expected, and to which the general attention was pointed. Subsequently rockets came into use. Their number introduced a system—for the moment the signal became complex, expressing more than one idea, it became a system. The problem was to make the signal explain itself on the instant, so that sudden and unexpected events might be communicated by it. The semaphore and other modern contrivances in part realised this; but they were still comparatively slow in operation, and were, moreover, subject to stoppage at night, and in dark weather to other disadvantages.

To our riper age belongs the wisdom derived from experience, the maturity of judgment which attends on years. The objects which were dear to our youth, which seized our minds when our imagination was yet fresh, will always cling to our fancy. We may dwell with pleasure on the stories of the nursery—we may cherish the recollection, but we must not allow them to influence our conduct: these off-sets of the imagination must not break in on the realities of life. If we continue to hanker after the amusements of our childhood, we shall remain for ever children.

In France the land pays one-fourth of the whole taxation of the country; in Austria, one-third; in Prussia, one-fifth; in Sweden, two-thirds; in Russia, four-fifths; and in England it pays only one twenty-fourth.