LITERARY EXAMINER.

Life's Journey.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

It were a happy thing to dwell
On expectations merely,
Without one fear to quench or quell
Desires we nurse so dearly;
And looking aye on pleasant things,
And seeing still beyond them
Skies brighter far than even these are,
Filled with bright waves to respond them.

But, well-a-day! 'tis only youth
That waiteth thus, undreading
The shock of time, the death of truth
Beneath the false world's treading;
For there is that within the mind
Which warns us not too boldly
To look before, nor yet behind,
Where cold ghosts gibber coldly.

The eye, which for an instant takes
Rose-visions from the future,
Beholding there all that is fair,
Finds Reason soon to tutor,
And teach it all, that glows so bright
Is born of the ideal,
While o'er the prospects gloomy night
Brings darkness dense and real.

We cannot tread the smallest space
Without Hope's help to cheer us;
But we should look toil in the face,
Nor faint to find it near us;
Nor in our need too largely draw
From Expectation's fountain:
Alas for him who fails in limb
When half way up the mountain!

Hope not too much—nor yet despair
By backward looks, that weaken
Those energies which make us bear
The burdens we have taken:
The memory of the past should be
A thing to nerve, not scare us—
Our hopes no flimsy phantasy,
But staff to onward bear us!

Time, as it flies, upon its wings
Takes joys as well as sorrows:
The rose that dies, in dying flings
Faint perfumes for to-morrows;
But though the fragrance of the past
May rise like incense o'er us,
Let's hail it as a welcome cast
By flower-beds on before us!

Then do thy task—thy journey go—
Nor waste thy time lamenting
For misspent hours, whose memories show
But grounds for sad repenting:
Welcome the waves that come to take
Our steps from deserts lonely!
The surge which bears away the past,
Brings back its memory only!

Dasee Lewellyn's Wish.

'Oh, father! how delightful it would be if you were an outlaw, or a rebel, or something of that sort; *then* I might be like Ellen in the Lady of the Lake; there would be danger and excitement, and daily sacrifices to make for you! Nay, if you were but an old blind harper, papa, I would be content! Leading you over the hills, as in the olden days of chivalry; in lighted halls and Beauty's bowers to be welcomed everywhere.'

Such was the observation made one day by young Dasee Lewellyn, the daughter of a Welsh squire, and my very intimate though eccentric friend—a compound, as I sometimes thought her, of Die Vernon and Anne of Gierstein. I was at the time on a visit to Swan Pool, the picturesque residence of Squire Lewellyn, and though Dasee had often amused me with her flashes of sentiment, I felt that her present wish to see her father either a rebel or a beggar was rather *too* romantic.

'Thank you, my darling: I am much obliged to you,' said the squire; 'but as we *are* already welcomed by our neighbors most heartily, whenever we go amongst them, I much prefer the conveniences of a comfortable carriage, with the inestimable blessing of eyesight, to toiling on foot afflicted and wayworn.'

'But,' vehemently urged his daughter, '*then* we should be welcomed for the sake of genius and the love of art; *now* it is because you are the Squire of Swan Pool, and I your heiress, and that we give good dinners in return, and a ball at Christmas.'

'Don,t talk any more nonsense, Dasee,' answered her father impatiently. 'I like sentiment well enough, but not sentiment run mad, as yours seems to be. Why don't you take a lesson in common sense from your friend Miss —— there;' pointing to me as he said so. 'However, we need not say any more about that just now. So come and kiss me, like a good, sensible girl, and tell me what you think of Mr. Smith, our new pastor?'.

'Why,' said the 'good, sensible girl,' 'he is a great deal too fat and ruddy for a clergyman, and too young and happy-looking. What with his commonplace name, and commonplace appearance, I can't bear him.'

'But, my dear,' added Dame Winny, the squire's sister and housekeeper, 'a good young pastor, well and conscientiously performing his manifold duties, *ought* to look happy, if a quiet conscience and peace of mind can give happiness; and as to being ruddy and robust, what fault is that of his? I am sure he is a most excellent young man, and we are very fortunate in having such a successor to our lamented Mr. Morgan.'

'I should think we were much more fortunate,' saucily rejoined the foolish, heedless, Dasee, 'if Mr. Smith had been a Mr. anything else, and a pale interesting, miserable looking person whom it would have made me weep to listen to, thinking of the sad tale that doubtless formed his history!'

'Right glad should I be, if he had a tale to tell *thee*, thou foolish Dasee!' said the fond father. 'But if thou art so full of folly, depend upon it that Mr. Smith will never think of thee.'

'Mr. Smith think of *me* indeed!' indignantly exclaimed the heiress: 'I would not have him, even if he grew pale and thin, and elegant to-morrow!'

On my *second* visit to Swan Pool, Dasee herself reminded me of these words, and also of the following incident, which took place in the churchyard:—

The burial-ground was situated on a hillside facing the lake; ancient trees spread their branches above the grassy mounds, many of which were ornamented with beautiful flowering plants, placed there by the hand of affection, and carefully tended, for the Welsh peasant attaches peculiar interest to these sweet memorials of the departed. It was evening time, and all was hushed around as Dasee Lewellyn and myself sat down to rest on a projecting stone. A woman, clad in mourning garb, entered the churchyard, and, not seeing us, presently knelt down by the side of a newly made grave, on which the flowers, but lately planted, were struggling to regain elasticity and strength. We saw her tie them up, and pluck off the faded leaves; we heard her deep sobs, and her fervent ejaculations reached our ears. Dasee was very pale, silent, and thoughtful, looking on the mourner with deep interest and absorbing attention; and when at length the poor woman left the burial-place, she arose and sought the new-made grave, with clasped hands and an earnest manner softly exclaiming, 'Oh I wish that I too had a grave to tend!'

Admonition, warning, or reproof was alike useless. We silently left the spot, nor exchanged a word till within the warm cheerful rooms of the old house once more. We found the squire and Dame Winny busily engaged with a disputation at cribbage; but I fancied I guessed Dasee's feelings as she sprang into the arms of these dear ones, embracing them again and again with unwonted demonstrations of affection even for her, warm and affectionate as she was. Her heart perhaps smote her, but the idle words could not be recalled.

Our sojourn in the pleasant Welsh valley at length terminated; and many years passed away, bringing changes to us all, while still at intervals of time we continued to receive tidings of our valued friends at Swan Pool.

Dasee's letters were piquant and artless productions, but affording subjects for serious contemplation, as marking the gradual change of disposition wrought by time, change of circumstances, and the development of feelings which had hitherto lain dormant.

With heartfelt sorrow we heard from Dame Winny of the worthy squire's affliction—namely that he had become a palsied, sightless old man: but then Dame Winny spoke of 'Niece Dasee's beautiful demeanor and dutiful love towards her father;' and we shrewdly opined also that the reverend gentleman of 'the ruddy countenance and odious name' was beginning to find favor with the heiress. She herself wrote to us of his many amiable qualities, of his assiduous attentions towards her poor father, who, from his past habits and pursuits, most bitterly felt his present deplorable condition, so that, when the final news reached us of her princely patronymic being lost forever in the commonplace one of 'Smith,' we were not much astonished.

After this event our correspondence became irregular. *Our* wanderings, vicissitudes, and sorrows, and *her* increasing family, accounted for this; while dear Dame Winny had so much upon her hands, so many calls upon her time and attention, that writing, which had always been a laborious task to her, now became an almost impossible one.

Destiny, however, conducted us once more to Lewellyn's home; and at the period of our second visit to Swan Pool, when we gained the summit of the hill, and gazed down on the valley beneath, it might have seemed as if the summer-time of our *first* visit had come again, only that the summer of the heart had departed, and many wintry blasts impressed reality too vividly for fancy to hold its sway. All was unchanged without: there reposed the sparkling lake, over which Dasee used to skim in her fairy shallop, the ancient trees, the mountains, the old house, and the church spire rising amidst the dark foliage; all were there as in the days of yore! As we passed the burial-ground on the hillside, an impulse which I could not resist impelled me to alight and to enter the sacred precincts alone. How many new graves there were; how many brilliant flowers clustering around them, as the last rays of the setting sun illuminated the rainbow tints; thus telling of glory for the departed, and whispering hope to the survivors, seeming to say, 'I shall rise again to-morrow; the flowers will bloom another and another summer; and the inmates of these quiet graves are not dead, but sleeping!'

'I was aroused from a deep reverie into which I had fallen, by the soft sound of infancy's sweet engaging prattle: and on looking up, I saw a portly lady with two fair children standing beside two little grassy mounds, and answering their questions in an earnest, impressive, and tender manner. That voice—I knew it at once! But how could I recognise the identity of the sedate and portly matron, the anxious nursing mother, and the wild, giddy, aerial sylph of the mountain-side. But it was Dasee herself, and she smiled when I called her '*Mrs. Smith*,' and the tears came into her eyes as we spoke of her numerous offspring: *then* I knew her again; for the smile was the saucy smile of yore, and the eyes wore the same touching and gentle expression which so often in girlhood had given promise of better things.

The little children watched our movements; their prattle ceased; and they looked awed, holding by their mother's hands with trustful love, as she pointed to the graves beside her, turning towards me a glance which I well understood, for the same remembrance flashed simultaneously on our minds. 'You do not forget; ah! I see you do not,' she whispered, 'those thoughtless words once spoken here, when I heedlessly exclaimed, 'I wish that I too had a grave to tend!' *Am I not answered?* For here sleeps my first-born, and by his side a golden-haired cherub babe—a second Dasee!' She meekly bowed her head; and silence was the only and the best sympathy I could offer as we slowly approached the old gabled house—the beloved home of her early years, the scene of so many wild exploits.

I have already said that *without*, all remained unchanged; *within*, the same, but oh, how altered!

The white-headed squire was gently led about, not by his daughter—she had other pressing duties to attend to—but by his granddaughter, Winny Smith; and if Winny Smith's papa had been fat and ruddy on our former visit to Swan Pool, what was he *now!*—while of his hilarity and happiness there could be no doubt: it was perfectly heartfelt and decided. Dame Winny, too, was as active, as kind, as fidgetty, and talkative as ever; but withered and shrunken, and slightly deaf (only *slightly* she said;) going about with a tall silver-headed stick, stumping loudly up and down the stairs and passages; ever giving warning of the dear old lady's approach unknown to herself.

There were so many tiny Smiths running about, that it seemed unlikely there was any real danger of their being individually spoiled by grandpapa or Aunt Winny. We observed that they all wore black sashes, and that Dasee also was attired in mourning, thus giving notice of a recent loss; we found on inquiry, that she had not long buried the second child she had lost; her eldest born, a promising boy of seven years old, had been taken from her a few years previously, and she had mourned his loss nearly to the death; but this last bereavement found the mother calm and resigned, prepared to render back the priceless treasure unto Him who gave it.

Many visits in company together, Dasee and myself paid to the burial-ground on the hillside, with her pretty children frolicking around us; and I believe, were the usual tenor of our conversations analysed, and the pith of the matter extracted, the condensation would be comprised in a small space, the following quotation of few words amply expressing our volumnious reminiscences—'Experience is the best of schoolmasters, only the school-fees are heavy.

A Wife.

The fruit of a pious and somewhat severe education; of dignity without luxury, economy, without parsimony, strong affection without romantic sentiment, housewifely care without narrowness of spirit, domestic discipline and order, piety to parents, reverence of husbands, a large charity, and a serious devotion to God.

An Ancient Looking-Glass.

I can never forget my perplexity and astonishment the first time I saw a specchio in the hall of the Archæological Society. I saw a number of the members gathered in consultation round a thing which I took for an ancient sacrificial instrument; I thought it was a frying-pan. It was small and shallow; but it had a rim remaining, and a handle, and seemed very fit for the purpose, only somewhat corroded with rust, and worn down by time. I saw the wonder it excited; and I had no doubt that it was a treasure most curious and rare; and it might have fried either fish or eggs, or any other sort of thing represented in the tombs. It was presented to me, in my turn, for inspection, and I timidly asked its name. One of the gentlemen said, "A 'specchio,'" and smiled, "A specchio," I repeated, and considered within myself—a *specchio* is the Italian for a looking-glass; but, perhaps, it may also be the learned name for some of those mystical instruments, of which the use is not known. It was certainly not a glass. No one could see themselves in that thick unpolished metal; the convex side would make a distorted face; and the concave, the surface of which was but slightly hollowed, and a figure scratched upon it. I looked again to see if it was a costume; but it was a genuis winged and naked—not, therefore, as it appeared to me, a model for female fashions. I asked the professor what it was. He opened his eyes, and answered: "A specchio!" There was evidently no one there who could conceive the existence of a being so ignorant as not to know the history, date, and use of a specchio; so I was silent. One person said to me, "How would you like such a looking-glass?" and believing his speech to be a joke, I laughed. Another good humoredly observed—"You will see it on the vases." For a whole week I was engaged in finding out the meaning of a specchio, and peeped in every shop window in Rome to see if I could find it on a vase. I did fortunately see it on my vases; and in due time, arrived at the knowledge I desired. After puzzling out my lesson I could not help thinking what a pity that you learned men, who, give public lectures, should not have amongst you one poor ignorant being; who having felt, like me, the difficulty of groping her way to the days of the flood, and the origin of nations, could have had compassion upon another in distress, and have said—"A specchio means a looking-glass, and this is one. You will find that all the ancient nations used them of this form, and of brass, or of bronze, till about two centuries before the Christian era, when they were made of polished steel, which custom continued until superseded by glass. A very fine one of steel, purchased by Caprenisi, was lately dug up at Avignon, of the time of the empire; and glass was known and used along with steel at the time of the destruction of Pompeii, as you may see in the toilet cabinet of the Naples museum. This bronze, though it looks to you so dull and dingy, was once very finely polished, and specimens are occasionally found on which the polish still remains.—Specchii of brass or bronze (for the words mean the same thing) are mentioned in the book of Job, at a time probably 184 years prior to Abraham. We know, therefore, that they are of the very highest antiquity, and most probably were invented by Tubal Cain, and used by the ladies in Noah's ark. They are chiefly, if not wholly, now found in the graves of Etruria, and the number known is about five hundred." Had any lady taken this compassion upon me, I should have thanked her more than I did that day either the wit or the charity of the learned men. By the time Campanari brought these specchii to Rome, I was wise enough to have stared myself at a question about them, and to have answered, that "a specchio meant a specchio." I never heard what became of them, but they are among the very finest that have ever been found, and must have belonged to some eminently rich person.—*Mrs. Gray's Tour to Etruria.*

Talmudical Allegory.—The Spirit of Solomon.

A venerable old man toiled through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field with his own hand, and in strewing with his own hand, the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of the yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a divine vision. The old man was struck with amazement. "I am Solomon," spoke the phantom in a friendly voice; "what are you doing here, old man?" "If you are Solomon," replied the old man, "how can you, ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious, and to gather. What then I learned I am following out to this hour." "You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn from that animal to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."—*Jewish Chronicle.*

Keat's Burial-place, the Protestant Cemetery, Rome.

One of the most beautiful spots on which the eye and heart of man can rest. It is a grassy slope, amid verdurous ruins of the Honorian walls of the diminished city, and surrounded by the pyramidal tomb which Petrarch attributed to Remus, but which antiquarian truth has ascribed to the humbler name of Caius Cestius, a Tribune of the people only remembered by his sepulchre. In one of those mental voyages into the past, which often precede death, Keats had told Severn that "he thought the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers;" and another time, after lying a while still and peaceful, he said: "I feel the flowers growing over me." And there they do grow, even all the winter long—violets and daisies mingling with the fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, "making one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."—*Keat's Remains by Mr. Monckton Milnes.*

Confide in your Mother.

To the daughter we would say, that no favorite can love you with an affection so disinterested as your mother. Deceive her, and your feet will slide in due time. How many thoughtless daughters receive addresses against the wish of their parents, receive them clandestinely, give their hand in marriage, and thus dig the grave of their early happiness. He who would persuade you to deceive your parents, proves himself in that very deed, unworthy of your confidence. If you wed him, you will speedily realise what you have lost. You will have exchanged a sympathysing friend, and an able, judicious counsellor, for a selfish, unfeeling companion, ever seeking his own accommodation and his own pleasure—neglecting you in health, and deserting you when sick. Who has not read the reward of deserted parents in the pale and melancholy features of the unlutiful daughter?

Personal Appearance and Habits of the Pope.

I had the honor of two interviews with Pius IX.; the first as a member of the committee appointed for a humane purpose; the second with a private party. I believe the committee was the first body of Englishmen who waited on the Pope; and certainly, as Mr. Harfourd spoke his sensible address, his Holiness seemed highly pleased and affected. His manner is frank, and even simple. There is not the slightest tincture of pride or stateliness in his deportment. Pius IX., addressing his fellow-men, utters like a man of sense what he really at the moment, thinks and feels. There was no written reply, couched in terms of cold formality to what was kindly said, but a cordial, spontaneous expression of feeling, outspoken at the moment. The Pope said something courteous to several individual members presented to him; hearing I was a lawyer, he remarked that an English advocate had lately sent him a book on legislation, which he was sure contained much which would be desirable for him to know, but unfortunately being unacquainted with the language, he could not read it—a very sensible, but unkingly observation. Common kings never admit their ignorance of anything. Dull pomposity is not congenial to the disposition of Pius IX. His manner, was, however, a little unsteady. He is not what some would call dignified; he appeared as if his royalty sat awkwardly upon him; in appearance very unlike the portraits of Pius VI. The countenance, stout figure, and whole bearing of Pius IX., denote plain, vigorous sense, resolution and manliness of character, and true benevolence, more than refined or polished taste, lofty dignity, royal pride, or grandeur of thought. Strip him of his robes of state, he never would be mistaken for a subtle Jesuit or crafty priest, but would pass all the world over for a sagacious, clear-headed, English country gentleman. Such was the opinion I formed on my first interview with Pius IX. The second time I had the honor of being received, the Pope was quite at his ease; and when the party of English ladies and gentlemen were grouped around him, spoke with unaffected kindness what he deemed most suitable. He inquired anxiously about Ireland, and spoke in terms of hearty admiration of the exertions made by the parliament in England in relief of the Irish famine. The vote of ten millions seemed to astonish his Holiness. On this occasion the manner of the Pope was fatherly; and undoubtedly, I must say, rooted as I am in the Protestant faith, the unaffected behavior of Pius IX. towards people of all nations is that becoming an ecclesiastic aspiring to be considered the head of the Christian church.—*Whiteside's Italy in the Nineteenth century.*

Woman's Sphere.

From an excellent article on the "Education of Woman" by Dr. Hodgson, in the *Educational Times*, we give the following: It may be that in every succeeding phase of our social condition woman's sphere is proportioned to woman's merit. Let us increase the merit of woman, then and trouble not ourselves about her sphere; it may be safely left to provide for itself. It is a problem—like most of our social problems—to be wrought out, not talked out, written out, or thought out. Again: as it has been well said, it is one thing to enlarge a sphere of action, and another thing to change the sphere. It is the former, not the latter, that I would propose to do. With a richer culture, a deeper consciousness of duty, outward acts visibly the same, are, in spirit, widely different. It is the loftiest spirit, that will best "on itself the lowliest duties lay." Herbert says:

"A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for God's laws,
Makes that and the action fine;"

and so work of all kinds will be better done when its real significance is understood and felt, when the agent loses the oppressive sense of isolation and inutility, and feels himself, however humbly, a fellow-worker with the best and greatest. Let us, then, be careful that we concede not too much to habit, to changing habit, in our notions of woman's fitting sphere. In times not long past, for a woman to write and publish books was as unfeminine as, in the minds of some, it is now for a woman to lecture; and even now, many ladies, who feel no compunction at beholding or hearing their sister-woman sing at public concerts, whose nerves it would not shake to hear her soundly hissed, shrink from encouraging a lady lecturer, no matter though like Mrs. Balfour, she utter worthy thoughts, in worthy language, all good taste and gentleness.

Death of the Flowers.

BY BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbits tread:
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves,
The gentle race of flowers,
And lying in their lonely bed,
With the fair and good of ours;
The rain is falling where they lie,
But cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wild flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their wintry home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light,
The waters of the rill;
The south wind searches for the flowers,
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died—
That fair meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

Real greatness is not greater for the praise of men—it is what it is in spite of them.

Sublimities of the Toe.

What is worth doing at all, deserves to be done well! Aim to surpass every one in the line of life you have adopted, and success is scarcely doubtful! Such appear to have been the maxims that guided the elder Vestris in his grand efforts to put himself at the head of the dancing world. Was Vestris wrong? Certainly not; he not only carried off the highest honors of his profession, but was able to inspire his son Auguste with a proper spirit of emulation. A notice of a few traits of the character and history of this remarkable man may amuse a leisure moment.

Vestris was the son of a painter of some merit at Florence, and coming to Paris in the latter half of the eighteenth century, soon became the idol of the public, as well as of the court of Versailles, where he acquired the flattering cognomen of *Le Dieu de la Danse.*

Auguste Vestris was also a favorite at court, and sometimes presumed so far on the kindness of his royal protectress, Marie Antoinette, as to decline dancing on very slight and frivolous pretexts. This occurring once when Marie Antoinette had expressed her purpose of being present at the Opera, he was instantly arrested. His father, alarmed at the consequences of such folly and imprudence, hastened to intreat the queen's pardon through the medium of one of her ladies-in-waiting.

'My son,' said he, 'could not surely have been aware that her majesty meant to honor the house with her presence, otherwise, can it be believed that he would have refused to dance before his generous benefactress? I am grieved beyond the power of expression at this misunderstanding between the Houses of Vestris and Bourbon, which have always been on the very best terms since our removal from Florence to Paris. My son is *au desespoir* at so unhappy an occurrence, and will dance like an angel if her majesty will graciously command him to be set at liberty.'

The young man was instantly restored to freedom; and on appearing before Marie Antoinette, surpassed himself in the graceful exercise of his talent. The queen applauded him; and as she was about to leave her box, the elder Vestris presented his son, who came to return her thanks.

'Ah, Monsieur Vestris!' said Marie Antoinette to the father, 'you never danced as well as your son has done this evening.'

'That is very likely, madame,' replied the old man; 'for, please your majesty, I never had a Vestris for my teacher.'

'Then,' rejoined the queen smiling, 'the merit, doubtless, is chiefly yours; and indeed I never can forget your dancing the *Minuet de la Cour* with Mademoiselle Guimard; it was quite a gem of art.'

Whereon the veteran artist raised his head with that grace which was quite peculiar to himself; for, filled as he was with *amour propre* to a ridiculous degree, this old man had the noblest manners possible. Many a grand seigneur might have envied him the graceful and dignified ease with which he was so eminently gifted by nature; and several scions of nobility placed themselves under his tuition, to learn the secret of that courtly address which was so essential to their rank and position in life. On such occasions he would often make observations full of originality, and which indicated a subtle discernment of the follies and weaknesses of the great world. One of his pupils happening to be present at a lesson which he was giving the Prince de Lamarck, was so much diverted at the tone and style of his instructions, that he noted down his words, which have been transmitted to us in the memoirs of a contemporary; and they are so characteristic of him as to carry us back to the princely *salon* where Vestris discoursed with all the gravity of a philosopher on those minutiæ of etiquette, which, in the eighteenth century, were regarded as matters of deep importance.

Let us then hold up our heads, and lend a docile ear to the courtly maxims of '*Le Diu de la Danse*,' as he was wont to call himself in his broad, Italianised French.

'Let us see, Monsieur le Prince. There, there—very well. Salute first—salute—her majesty, the empress of Germany. Ah! lower, sir—lower (the last word in a quick, impatient tone.) You must remain three-quarters of a second, sir, before you attempt to rise. There—that will do very well.—In rising, sir, you must turn your head gently and modestly towards the right hand of her imperial and apostolical majesty. Kiss that hand which bears the sceptre (without, however, presuming to raise your eyes to the august countenance of the sovereign.)

'You must not, sir, give any sort of expression to your physiognomy, while saluting so great a princess. A certain air of respect, and even of fear, should pervade your whole person, and in so awful a moment, will not diminish aught from the gracefulness of your figure.

'You may represent to yourself so many dazzling crowns, magnificent titles, dominions, supremacies; so many past ages of power, mighty victories, and other sublime thoughts. until you are penetrated with veneration. That is all, sir.'

'Now, Monsieur le Prince, salute Madame le Landgrave de Hesse Darmstadt. Ah! that is too low—too low by four inches. You salute her as if she was a queen. Shade! sir—shade! Begin again if you please, Ah, that is well! *Bravissimamente!* You must not forget that it is but a landgrave you are saluting, after having just quitted the imperial court of Luxemburg. Now let your eye rest a moment on the venerable lady-in-waiting, and say to her by your courteous glance and smile, "Apart from the trammels of etiquette, I offer you, Madame la Comtesse, all the respectful homage which is due to your virtues, your age, and the position, you occupy at court."

'Now, sir, I should like to see you salute the Constable de Rome. Ah! my prince, how you do pain and trouble me! Is this the fruit of so much care and experience—of all my zeal and labor? That is not the way, Monsieur le Prince; it is too low for you—a great deal too low for you—a great deal too low! One would suppose that you mistook an excellency for a royal highness, and that you were bowing as humbly to her as if you were a gentleman from Poitou. Let your frank open air express to her agreeably: "Princess, I am really rejoiced that my visit to Rome enables me to form the acquaintance of so illustrious a lady, the flower of Italian dames, and one who does honor to her country by protecting the *beaux arts.*" Then turn quickly towards the Prince of Palestrina, the Constable's eldest son, who will doubtless have hastened into his mother's gallery on hearing of your visit at the Colonna Palace Alas! alas! *sango di me!* What do I behold? Can I believe my sensea? How, how! poor young man? You salute him with that stiff melancholy English countenance, which is only suited to almsgiving among the galley-slaves! So, sir, that is the way you would reward him for his polite *empressment!* And what is the consequence, my prince? He looks coldly on you; he will criticise and avoid you; perhaps become your enemy; there is no help for it!

'Let not this lesson, sir, be thrown away upon you; and when you see his brother Don Gaetano Colonna approach you, take care that your amiable manner should at once express to him, 'I am truly happy to make your acquaintance; I desire your friendship, and I offer you mine; and (here a little pride and self-possession will not be amiss)—it is worth having.'

'Always be cordial without *empressment*, Monsieur le Prince. Believe me, it is the best plan, The modern fashion of stiffness is never proof against an affable manner: one in which dignity is blended with kindness is the most suitable.

'Now, sir, let us descend a few steps. Salute some famous virtuoso: salute him frankly, cordially. Take care what you are about, Monsieur le Prince; do not be in a hurry, Behold in this celebrated artist the delight of a whole empire; a man of nothing exalted to the skies!—one whom monarchs cherish, whom they ennoble and enrich. Represent to yourself old Vestris honored with a pension, decorated with the black ribbon, which I would have there now, sir (pointing to his breast,) if it were not for this Lucifer revolution. Behold in me the Chevalier Vestris! Salute, sir—salute; a little lower if you please, sir; there, that will do.'

The dearest object of Vestris' ambition was to be decorated with the black ribbon of the order of St. Michael; and it was impossible to enlighten him as to the unsuitability of such an honor being conferred upon a public dancer, even though he were the most distinguished of his profession.

At the time when the aged Marechal de Richlieu was lying on his death bed, Vestris was continually in his ante-chamber urgently requesting to see him on a matter of great importance. Being at length admitted to the marechal's presence he entreated of the dying man to obtain for him the joint solicitations of the four first lords of the bed-chamber, begging of the king to bestow upon him the honor he so much coveted. 'Signor Vestris,' replied the marechal, 'it is not fitting that I should write on this subject to the king; but I promise you that on my first attendance at Versailles, I will speak to his majesty concerning you.'

'Oh! my lord, may I hope that?'——

'I can answer for nothing, but for my speaking of it to the king, if ever I leave my bed again; and you may depend upon it my request will make him smile.'

The marechal died, and Vestris never attained the object of his fond ambition.

He was also subject to the lesser vanity of desiring to conceal his age, and took incredible pains to deceive others in this matter. A celebrated *danseuse* having one day acknowledged, amid a large circle, her obligations to him as her teacher—'*Oh! mignonne Rosette!*' he replied, 'you talk of having taken lessons from me; but, my dear madame, *you* were a teacher yourself long before I had any pupils. I really do believe,' continued he, addressing the friends who were present—'I really do believe she takes me for Old Saturn, or for the Destiny of Homer.'

Such were the foibles of this eccentric man, who united the utmost *niaiserie* and chorographical fanaticism with an extraordinary degree of acuteness of perception and originality of mind. Not only was he looked upon as one of the singularities of the eighteenth century, but also was he esteemed by those who knew him on account of his many amiable qualities; and we do not detail his weaknesses in a spirit of mockery or ridicule, for who among us can boast of being free from the petty foibles of humanity? Happy those who are not tainted by worse follies than the inoffensive ambition and the harmless vanity which marked the character of this clever master of the dance.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Legend of the Seine.

This is the incident to which the name of the river is so prettily traced in one of St. Pierre's prose idylls. He tells us that Seine, a nymph of Ceres and a daughter of Bacchus, having been in attendance on the goddess in her search after Proserpine; begged that these charming meadows might be bestowed upon her; a request which was granted, with the power to make corn and fruit grow wherever she trod. She accordingly took possession of the country, and the nymph Heve was specially charged with her guardianship, that she might protect her against the dangerous advances of her neighbor the god of the sea. Seine was one day very innocently amusing herself on the beach, and sporting with the waves, when Heve caught a glimpse of the white hair, dark face, and azure mantle of Neptune, advancing among the billows. She immediately warned Seine of her danger; but it was too late. Neptune urged forward his sea-horses, and caught the fair creature as she was endeavoring to escape into the meadows. Seine called for help upon Bacchus and Ceres, who immediately interposed, and the moment Neptune seized her, she dissolved into that river which now flows through the meadows in which the nymph loved to disport herself. But, notwithstanding this metamorphosis, by which it might be supposed she had effectually evaded her imperious lover, Neptune still continues to chase her, and she to fly from his dripping arms. Twice a day he comes panting and roaring up to this spot, and each time Seine retreats to take refuge in her meads, the stream rushing back wildly to its source, in utter disregard of the natural laws by which the course of rivers is usually governed.—"*Wayside Pictures,*" *in Bentley's Miscellany.*

English Character.

The English are a rational people, most emphatically. Nothing is more apparent in small things than their strong, useful common sense. All the arrangements of daily life go on with a perfect system, which is unthought of among ourselves. It is curious to look at ourselves from this side the water. What a headlong, shifting, mercurial, impulsive, imitative, unfinished people we seem to be, compared with the steady, reasonable, stolid, self-complacent English, who, having been a thousand years busily engaged in discovering the best way of doing everything, are quite sure they have found it; and that everybody who does anything in any other way must certainly be wrong! The excellence which has been the result of their patient effort, leads to their obvious self-sufficiency and prejudice; our consciousness of deficiency, and willingness to learn, drive us into servile imitation, and a disposition to think whatever is new must be an improvement upon the old. Yet the English are evidently, in spite of themselves, imbibing something of the American spirit, which we take to be the spirit of this age: let us hope that we shall settle into whatever is good and stable of the olden *regime*. A short residence in London cannot but inspire one with great respect for the English character.—*Mrs. Kirkland—Union Magazine.*

The Mission of the Angel of Death.

BY MRS. E. W. JEWETT.

"Go forth," said the heavenly father,
To one of his seraph train;
"Go forth on an errand of mercy
To the world of trouble and pain.

"Loosen the galling fetters,
That bind the weary and worn;
And bear to their glorious mansions,
The souls that for bliss are born.

"And away from earth's noxious vapors,
Some buds of beauty bring,
To bloom in the heavenly gardens,
'Neath the smile of perpetual spring."

And the angel with wings resplendent,
Went out from the heavenly band,
'Midst a chorus of joyful voices,
Resounding at God's right hand.

In the street of a crowded city,
An old man, beggar'd and poor,
Hungry and sick, and sorrowing,
Sank down by a rich man's door.

Sleep weighed down his heavy eyelids,
And feebly he drew his breath,
As beside him, with look of compassion,
Alighted the Angel of death.

Then he thought of the years long vanished,
The lovely, the lost, and the dear,
Till borne on the wings of sweet visions,
He woke in a happier sphere.

There were none on earth to sorrow,
That the old man's days were o'er,
But myriads bade him welcome,
As he neared the heavenly shore.

Slowly night's gathering shadows,
Closed round a mother mild,
Who, tearful and heavy-hearted,
Watched by her dying child.

Fevered and restless and moaning,
On his little bed he lay;
When the bright-winged angel drew near him
And kissed his last breath away.

So softly the chain was severed—
So gently was stayed the breath—
It soothed the heart of the mourner,
And she blessed the Angel of Death.

For she knew that the soul of her darling
Had gone to his father above—
Clasped in the arms more tender
Than even her fondest love.

And still on his holy mission,
Did the heaven-sent messenger roam,
Gathering God's wandering children
To their eternal home.

Those only, whose souls were blighted,
And withered by sin and shame,
Saw no light in the path of the angel,
And knew not from whence he came.

And those, only, who close their spirits
In wilful blindness here,
From the light of God's nearer presence
Need shrink with distrust and fear.

Popular Recreation.

Can anything be more lamentable to contemplate than a dull, grim, and vicious population, whose only amusement is sensuality? Yet what can we expect if we provide no means of recreation; if we never share our own pleasure with our own poorer brethren; and if the public buildings which invite them in their brief hours of leisure are chiefly gin palaces? As for our cathedrals and great churches, we mostly have them well locked up, for fear any one should steal in and say a prayer, or contemplate a noble work of art without paying for it; and we shut up people by thousands in dense towns, with no outlets to the country but those which are guarded on both sides by dusty hedges. Now an open space near the town is one of nature's churches: and it is an imperative duty to provide such things. Nor, indeed, should we stop at giving breathing-places to crowded multitudes in great towns. To provide cheap locomotion as a means of social improvement should be ever in the minds of legislators and other influential persons.—Blunders in legislating about railways, and absurd expenditure in making them, are a far greater public detriment than they may seem at first sight. Again, without interfering too much, or attempting to force a 'Book of Sports' upon the people, who in that case would be resolutely dull and lugubrious, the benevolent employer of labor might exert himself in many ways to encourage healthful and instructive amusements amongst his men. He might give prizes for athletic excellence or skill; he might aid in establishing zoological gardens, or music meetings, or exhibitions of pictures, or mechanic's institutes. These are things in which some of the great employers of labor have already set him the example. Let him remember how much his workpeople are deprived of by being confined almost to one spot; and let him be the more anxious to enlarge their minds by inducing them to take interest in anything which may prevent the ignorant present and its low cares from absorbing all their attention. He has very likely some pursuit or some art in which he takes especial pleasure himself, and which gives to his leisure perhaps its greatest charm; he may be sure that there are many of his people who could be made to share in some degree that pleasure or pursuit with him. It is a large, a sure, and certainly a most pleasurable benefice, to provide for the poor such opportunities of recreation or means of amusement as I have mentioned above. Neither can it be set down as at all a trifling matter. Depend upon it, that man has not made any great progress in humanity who does not care for the leisure hours and amusements of his fellow men.—*The Claims of Labor.*

Domestic Training.

Permit us to say, to those mothers who interest themselves in the education of their children, be assidious early to implant domestic tastes in the minds of your daughters. Let your little girl set by your side with her needle. Do not put her from you when you discharge those employments which are for the comfort of the family.—Let her take part in them as far as her feeble hand is capable. Teach her that this will be her province when she becomes a woman. Inspire her with a desire to make all around her comfortable and happy. Instruct her in the rudiments of that science whose results are so beautiful.—Teach her that not selfish gratification, but the good of a household, the improvement of even the humblest dependent, is the business of her sex. When she questions you, repay her curiosity with clear and loving explanations. When you walk out to call on your friends, sometimes take her with you. Especially if you visit the aged, or go on errands of mercy to the sick and poor, let her be your companion. Allow her to sit by the side of the sufferer, and learn those nursing services which afford relief to him. Associate her with you.—Make her your friend. Purify and perfect your own example for her sake. And while you mingle with domestic training, and with the germ of benevolence, a knowledge of the world of books, to which it will be a sweet privilege to introduce her, should you be able to add not a single fashionable accomplishment, still be continually thankful in shielding her from the contagion of evil example.

No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts.

The best pledges a man can offer are found in the history of his whole life.