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## THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Aug. 9, 1852. 16 : tf.

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Would inform his patrons and friends that he has just returned from New York, with a fresh supply of Jewelry, Fancy articles and Toys which will be sold cheap for cash at his old Stand on the Bridge.
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W. H. GILLMORE.
March 1, 1853. 45.

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## Poetry.

### To the Cuckoo.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome! darling of the Spring,
Even yet thou art to me,
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for thee!

Again, again the day of rest,
In gorgeous glory ushered in,
Brings joy to every Christian breast
And speaks of Christ and pardoned sin!
How many now, in sleep reposing,
Unconscious of a Saviour's love,
In somnolence their eye-lids closing,
Ne'er lift the heart to God above!
And I am risen, blessed Saviour,
And try to raise my thoughts to thee!
Do thou direct my whole behaviour,
That I may firm and pious be.
Though in myself, how weak and erring!
How cold and feeble in my love—
I hush my fears, my doubts deferring,
And try to dwell with thee above!
And *thou art God*, and in thee trusting,
And looking from this world away
I see thee every thing adjusting—
And worship at thy shrine to-day!
With those who basely dare defame thee,
And say thou wast an erring man,
I will not, must not, *dare not* shame thee—
Thou art the first born of "I AM."
Let fools asperse, while I adore thee,
Ah! what is that but blasphemy;
When they shall stand in fear before thee,
Do thou my *loving Saviour* be.
And when shall come "the king of terrors"
And close the things of time and earth,
Remember not my faults and errors,
But let it be my *Spirit's birth*.
LOUIS M'DONALD.

Victoria Cottage, }
Sunday Morning }

## Miscellany.

### Sleepers Awakened.

The phenomenon of trance is a subject almost equally interesting to the imaginative and the scientific. The world when in its infancy recorded the marvel in the myths of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and the hundred years' repose of the Beauty of Faerydom; and as these dreams of imagination faded before the awakening power of knowledge, philosophers and grave physicians took up the tale, and sought to explain a mystery still full of darkness and awe.

Now, although of late the philosophic public have appeared more interested in sending people to sleep than in waking them up—as in mesmerism and electro-biology—it is possible that two or three incidents of the natural resurrection of the supposed dead, may not be void of interest to the general reader. We will begin with a winter's tale, to which we listened, under a most favorable conjunction of domestic and friendly planets, this last Christmas; the narrator being grandson to the heroine, and of course able to vouch for its authenticity.

Once upon a time—somewhere in the reign of George II—a certain German colonel, in the service of the house of Hanover, married a young English lady of great beauty and little fortune. In accordance with a courteous modern fashion, not common, however, in those days, some noble friends of the bride offered the young couple a home during the honeymoon, in their ancient and splendid castle in the north of England. The hospitality was accepted; and, as at the end of that period the soldier was suddenly compelled to rejoin his regiment, and embark for Germany, then the scene of war, the lady's stay was to be prolonged, at the request of her hostess, till his return. That period never came. He fell in battle a few months after his departure, and his wife did not long survive him. She died after giving birth to a daughter, whom on her death-bed she commended to the guardianship and care of Lady P——.

The trust was accepted. The orphan thus cast upon their protection was reared by Lord and Lady P——as their own child in all things save one They were Romanists; but her mother having been of the Church of England, their sense of honor prevailed, and they had her educated in the reformed faith, sending her every Sunday to the clergyman of the parish for religious instruction. She grew up a beautiful woman, accomplished also beyond her sex in those days; and so it chanced that Lord P——'s third son, returning from his continental tour, was struck by the change time had wrought in his heretofore playmate, and forthwith fell in love with the portionless but bewitching little heretic. Now, it might fairly be imagined, that they who had loved and reared the young girl as their own daughter, and who had proved themselves so generous, just, and honorable, would have gladly sanctioned this union; but it was not so. Her religion—albeit she owed it to themselves—was an objection not to be overcome, even although she offered to change her faith, which, taught only at intervals, and contradicted by the habits and tone of thought of her daily associates, had not taken very firm root. Such a conversion, in truth, might justly be suspected under the circumstances, and the usual plan, therefore, was adopted—the lovers were separated. Lord P——procured a commission for his son in the army of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and sent the young lady on a trip to Portugal, under the care of the English ambassador, who was his intimate friend, trusting that she might meet with somebody abroad who would prove a successful rival to the young soldier.

If worldly prudence was not one of William P——'s virtues, its lack was not apparent in his new position. He was serving a master who was not at all inclined to think discretion the better part of valor, and who watched with admiration through his telescope the desperate and daring courage with which the young Englishman carried a difficult post in his second battle. Turning to one of the officers of his staff when the day was won, Frederick desired him to summon "that brave English captain" to his presence. He was respectfully reminded that the young soldier did not hold that rank. "He has done so from the moment I remarked his conduct," was the reply. In the same summary style of promotion, the king greeted the Englishman at the close of another battle as "Major P——," adding a gracious wish to know if there were anything the young officer desired which he, Frederick, could grant. No more unwelcome reply could have been devised than the one made to this royal kindness. Major P——respectfully requested permission to quit the service! Frederick heard him with as much surprise as displeasure; but after his implied promise to grant the request, he could not refuse. An order of dismissal was therefore drawn out officially, ending, according to the usual form, thus: "Major P——is therefore at liberty to go ——," the blank being left for the king to fill in. The angry Frederick added these words: "*au diable.* Frederick Rex." This curious dismissal and royal autograph is still preserved in Major P——'s family.

The officer did not go in the direction indicated; he merely proceeded to a country, the fiends of which are, according to a sailor's proverb, "too civil by half." He went to Portugal; and, shortly after his arrival in Lisbon, renewed, as a matter of course, his family intimacy with the English ambassador, who, having never heard of the forbidden love-passages between his fair charge and the younger son of the P——s, made him always welcome at the Embassy; and so the days glided happily away, till a letter from the ambassador communicated to Lord P—— the startling intelligence of his son's presence in Lisbon, and his frequent visits to his old friend. The reply to this missive was a positive prohibition to the intercourse of the lovers, with which the good-natured envoy was obliged to comply. Their enforced estrangement fell heavily on both, especially on the lady, whose delicate spirits became suddenly and strangely affected. She grew faint and languid, without apparently suffering pain; and finally, to all appearance, died. The ambassador's daughters, young women of her own age, were greatly touched by this tragic catastrophe of the romance. The corpse was kept beyond the usual time in warm countries; and at their earnest and tearful entreaty, the despairing lover was permitted once more to behold his far betrothed before the grave closed over her. It was the night preceding the intended interment; the coffin, which had already received its cold, still inmate, was placed upon a table covered with a black pall; the chamber was hung with black, and dimly lighted by large wax-tapers, placed at the head of the bier. Tremblingly, the young man raised the veil which covered the face of the dead, and gazed upon the calm, fixed, colorless features in silent agony; then bending down, he kissed the white lips fervently again and again—and oh, strange marvel of nature! the tale of the Sleeping Beauty became a reality;

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt; the lips trembled slightly, the eyelids moved; and the truth—enough to have turned a weaker head—flashed on him; she was not dead, but in a trance! With wonderful presence of mind, he extinguished the lights, lifted the sleeper from the coffin, and bore her into the next room, thus saving her from perhaps a fatal shock. Gradually the vital powers were restored; but no command could now keep William P—— from her whom he had thus restored from the grave.

There had been no possibility of doubting the reality of the trance. The young lady had been insensible, cold, motionless, and, in the judgment of her physicians, dead for more than a week; and a full and faithful account of this strange incident was forwarded by the ambassador—now an intercessor for the lovers—to Lord P——. But, singular and touching as the incident was, it wrought no change in the sternness of the parents' determination; and feeling that he could not again expose his betrothed to such suffering, and hoping that when the deed was irrevocable they should be pardoned, William married the fair sleeper in defiance of all prohibition, and carried her with him to England.

If happiness were to be estimated by worldly prosperity, it had been better perchance for her to have slept on. They wrote a supplication for pardon to Lord and Lady P——as soon as they reached London, but no reply was vouchsafed, no pardon ever granted, and the rash young couple found themselves in the great city friendless and destitute, the younger son's allowance having been discontinued by his father. What was to be done? Never were moral courage and energy more needed. But the fair sleeper possessed both; she was, moreover, an excellent artist, painting flowers admirably, and in those days the market for talent was not overstocked; perhaps, also, her story may have been whispered abroad, and the secret interest of the ambassador exerted in her behalf She sold her paintings and little fancy articles—the fashion of the times—screens, and baskets, and painted fans, successfully, and thus supported her husband and herself. Strange contrast must their life have presented from its earlier years! Instead of the stateliest of England's homes—the poor obscure lodging; instead of all the luxury and ease, appliances and means to boot of grandeur—the toil and the struggle for daily bread. Yet they were very happy. Both had doubtless learned the insufficiency of wealth and station to confer bliss, and found pleasures undreamed of before in the exercise of talent, in the petty needful toil, in the thousand little ties of sympathy and mutual hopes and fears, comfortings and encouragings. The fancy loves to dwell upon the interior of that home; the quaint little room with its old-fashioned furniture, the few stiff chairs, the polished table, the worked fire-screen, partially protecting the fair young artist from the blaze of the cheerful fire as she bends over her task, and groups of roses and lilies, and all the sweet old-world flowers, upon her paper, or on the velvet or tiffany destined for her lady-employers; whilst her husband, seated at her side, beguiles the incessant toil of its weariness by reading to her in a low sweet voice, or telling her of the great Frederick and of the battles fought beneath the Prussian eagle. This is the fairest side of the picture. Many a real care and harassing anxiety must, nevertheless, have haunted the mind of the sleeper awakened, especially when the birth of her child, a daughter, demanded greater exertion and larger means. But there was no end to the ups and downs in the life of the Honorable William P——. About this time, a distant relative, who had been interested by the romance of his love, died, and left him a large fortune—a greater trial than poverty to many a spirit. For a time, however, they enjoyed this sunshine of fortune—the more indeed from recent privation and poverty; but William was not—as his story thus far has shown—gifted with any great store of worldly prudence. There were numerous bubbles afloat in that day, marvellous contrivances for making—or, more certainly, marring—fortunes in an incredibly short space of time; and he was seized with the prevailing mania, entered into a wild speculation, and lost nearly all the wealth that had been so opportunely sent.

Once more the gaunt spectre, poverty, stood in the path of the sleeper, at a time, too, when the energy and spirit of youth had fled; and this time it forced the separation which nothing had been able to effect before. William P—— resolved to return to Prussia and reenter the service of Frederick; whilst his wife and their only daughter established a school for young ladies, with the money still remaining from their recent wealth. And thus years rolled by. The patient, industrious mother succeeded in retrieving some portion of their losses; the rash, eager, but generous husband won laurels and wounds in still quicker succession. The daughter married, and became ultimately the grandmother of the narrator of the story; and finally, General William P——returned a few limbs minus, and very gray, but still fondly beloved, to his home, and died, full of years and honors, in the arms of his awakened sleeper.

Let us next introduce our reader to a small chamber in a country parsonage, a little later in the same century. The room presented a perfect picture of neatness, quiet and repose. It was very plainly furnished, but manifested a certain elegance and refinement in the arrangement of the few simple ornaments on the chimney-piece, the flowers and books, and the old china cup of cooling drink that stood on a small round table by the open window, through which the warm air of summer stole softly, laden with perfume from the mignonette and stocks that flourished in the little garden beneath it. The sun's rays, broken by the fresh green leaves of a large walnut tree, cast a clear, pleasant light through the snowy dimity curtains of the bed on the face of an invalid who lay there, gazing, with the listlessness of weakness on the glimpse of blue sky visible from the open casement. It was a countenance that sunlight might be imagined to love, so good and gentle was it. Nor did its expression belie the heart within. A holy, charitable, unselfish man was that village pastor; but with the resemblance he bore—and it was a strong one—to Goldsmith's portrait of his brother, there mingled much of the thoughtlessness and improvidence of the poet himself; and the consequence of his boundless charities, and of his ignorance of money matters, had led him into embarrassments, from which he saw no escape. He would have cared little, had his difficulties affected his own comfort only; but they fell likewise on those dearest to him, and anxiety for their sakes preying on his affectionate and rather timid spirit, the probable shame of an execution in his house, and the nervous horror he felt at the idea of being consigned to a prison, had brought on his present illness, and haunted his thoughts as he lay there in solitude after many restless nights of agonized and perplexed reflection, listening to the church bells ringing for Sunday services, at which a stranger was to fill his place. From the days of Whittington to the present, the imagination has frequently given a language to those airy voices; and the poor pastor, as he lay over-powered and exhausted by long hours of painful and fruitless meditation, felt the nightmare, like a load of care which oppressed him, pass off as he listened, and a childlike faith in the goodness of Providence once more dawning to his mind. We do not pretend to interpret what they whispered; but it is certain that, soothed by the chimes, he yielded to a gentle and profound slumber, in which his wife found him shortly afterwards.

Care was at first taken not to break this desired repose; but as noon, evening, night, nay, a second day passed, and still it continued, his family became alarmed, and tried to rouse him. In vain! The awful slumber was as inexorable as that of death itself. It bound his senses in an iron forgetfulness. He could not be awakened by sound or touch. Sun after sun rose and set, and still the sleep continued. Meantime the evils he had dreaded gathered round his family. His physical condition preserved his personal freedom; but an execution was put in his house, and his wife and daughters were exposed to the direct evils of poverty. The rumor, however, of this trance-like slumber was noised abroad, and reached the lordly dwelling of a nobleman who resided near the spot, though he was not one of the clergyman's parishioners. But much given to the study of physical science, he visited the parsonage to request permission to see the sleeper, and thus learned the varied sorrow that had fallen on its gentle inmates. With equal delicacy and generosity, he proffered as a loan the means of paying the harsh creditors, assuring the poor wife that if her husband should ever awake, he would give him the means of repaying the pecuniary obligation. The offer was thankfully accepted, and the debt was dischargeed. For the following two days, Lord E—— was a regular visitor at the parsonage

Sunday morning again dawned—once more the sunlight fell on the sleeper's pillow, and the bells called men to pray. Beside the couch were seated the miserable wife and her noble friend. The faint, regular breathing of the trance-chained man deepened, and to her anxious ear the difference was perceptible, though Lord E—— shook his head, as she told him of it. She bent eagerly over the pillow; there was a slight flutter of the eyelids; she held her breath, and clasped her hands in agony of expectation and dawning hope. The hand, so long motionless, stirred; the eyes opened; she could not speak for overpowering joy. The sleeper raised his head, slightly smiled on her, and observed; "I thought I had slept longer—the bell has not yet ceased ringing!"

He was unconscious that a whole week had elapsed since its tones had soothed him to rest. The wife fainted, and was conveyed from the chamber. The doctor was summoned; he found his patient weak, but not otherwise ill. A still more extraordinary mental cure had been effected by the genius of Sleep; he had totally forgotten his threatened difficulties, and from that hour recovered rapidly. Lord E—— conferred a living of some value on him; and when he was strong enough to bear the disclosure, his wife informed him of the loan so nobly bestowed on them, and the suffering from which he had been so marvellously preserved. The lesson was not lost. The new rector henceforward strove to unite prudence with generosity; and a career of worldly prosperity, as well as the far greater blessing of an implicit and cheerful faith in Providence, attended the renewed life of the sleeper awakened.

In both these instances, the sleep or trance was dreamless and unconscious. But there is one remarkable case on record, in which the body only of the sleeper was subject to this deathlike thraldom of slumber, the mind remaining awake; and the account given by the individual who endured this interval of life in death, is very singular and interesting. She was attendant on a German princess; and, after being confined to her bed for a length of time, with a nervous disorder, to appearance died. She was laid in a coffin, and the day fixed for her interment arrived. In accordance with the custom of the place, funeral songs and hymns were sung outside the door of the chamber in which the fair corpse lay. Within they were preparing to nail on the lid of the coffin, when a slight moisture was observed on on the brow of the dead. The supposed corpse was immediately removed to a different coach, and every means used to restore suspended vitality. She recovered, and gave the following singular account of her sensations:

"She was perfectly conscious of all that passed around her; she distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death; she felt them clothe her in the garments of the grave, and place her in the coffin. This knowledge produced a mental anxiety she could not describe. She tried to speak or cry, but vainly—she had no power of utterance; it was equally impossible for her to raise her hand or open her eyes, as she vainly endeavored to do. She felt as if she were imprisoned in a dead body. But when she heard them talk of nailing the the lid on her, and the mournful music of the funeral hymns reached her ear, the anguish of her mind attained its height, and agony, mastering that awful spell of unnatural slumber, produced the moisture on her brow, which saved her from being entombed alive."

One more little anecdote of a somewhat similar kind, which was related to us on the authority of a Hastings fisherman, and we will close our paper. It occurred during the cholera. The people of England have an especial horror of this terrible scourge, and nothing will induce them to believe that the infection is in the air, and not in the person affected by the complaint; consequently it was difficult, in some places, to pursuade them to perform the last offices for the dead, and they carried the interment of the victims of the pestilence with unseemly precipitation. A poor seafaring man, who had been absent from his native land, returning home at the time it was raging, found that his wife had been dead about three days, and that her coffin had been placed in a room with those of others, who lodging in the same dwelling, had also perished of the disease. Greatly afflicted, the sailor insisted on seeing his dead wife. The neighbors would have dissuaded him, but his affection and grief disdained all fear, and he rushed into the chamber of death. There, forcing open the lid of the coffin, and bending over the beloved corpse, the rude mariner shed tears, which fell fast upon the pallid face, when suddenly a sound, something like a sigh, was emitted from the white lips, and the next instant the exhausted and deathlike sleeper opened her eyes, and gazed up in his face! The joy of the poor fellow may be imagined.

We might multiply instances of this phenomenon, but as they would probably be familiar to the reader, or have at least been told before, we shall but add a wish that the old adage, "Too much of a good thing," may not be found a practical truth with regard to his sleep; and wish

To all and each a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.

### A Dream of Petrarcha.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

When I was younger, I was fond of wandering in solitary places, and never was afraid of slumbering in woods and grottoes. Among the chief pleasures of my life, and among the commonest of my occupations, was the bringing before me such heroes and heroines of antiquity, such poets and sages, such of the prosperous and the unfortunate, as most interested me by their courage, their wisdom, their eloquence, or their adventures. Engaging them in the conversation best suited to their character, I knew perfectly their manners, their steps, their voices, and often did I moisten with my tears the models I had been forming of the less happy. Great is the privilege of entering into the studies of intellectual; great is that of conversing with the guides of nations, the movers of the mass, the regulators of the unruly will, stiff in its impurity and rash against the Almighty Power that formed it; but give me rather the creature to sympathise with; apportion me the sufferings to assuage. Allegory had few attractions to me, believing it to be the delight, in general, of idle, frivolous inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the lofty tier of their Passions. A stranger to the affections, she holds a low station among the hand-maidens of poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in mask. I had reflected for some time on the subject, when wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old mole-hill covered with grey grass by the wayside, I laid my head upon it and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of dream or vision came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me; each was winged; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed as if adapted to flight. One of them whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other: "He is under my guardianship; for the present do not awake him with that feather." Methought on hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feet of an arrow, and the arrow itself, the whole of it even to the point, although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm's length of it, and the rest of the shaft was behind his ancles.

"This feather never awakens any one," replied he, rather petulantly; "but it brings more of confident security and of cherishing dreams, than you, without me, are capable of imparting."

"Be it so!" answered the gentler; "none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously, call upon me for succor, but so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom that I venture to do more for them than whisper a few words of comfort in passing How many reproaches, on these occasions, have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly in the same terms as upon you."

"Odd enough, that we, O Sleep! he thought so alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you; the dullest have observed it."

I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love was recapitulating them; but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called upon me to decide, and choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose, and knew which was the sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might, on other occasions, have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last, before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death.

Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative; and lastly, beautiful; those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, "Go away! go away! Nothing that thou touchest lives."

"Say, rather," replied the advancing form; and advancing, he grew loftier and statelier; "say, rather, that nothing beautiful, or of glorious lives its own true life, until my wing hath passed over it."

Love pouted, and rumpled, and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrow-head; but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less, and scarcely looked towards him. The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did; but, throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand openly and benignly. I shrank on looking on him so near; and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence—my timidity; for I remember how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees, I grew ashamed of my ingratitude; and, turning my face away, I held out my arms, and felt my neck within his. Composure allayed all the throbbings of my bosom; the coolness of freshest morning breathed around; the heavens seemed to open above me; while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others; but knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily—

"Sleep is on his way to earth where many, many are calling him; but it is not to them he hastens; for every call only makes him fly further off Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one."

"And Love," said I, "whither is he departed? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him."

"He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and pass me," said the Genius, "is unworthy of the name—the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder; and ready to receive thee."

I looked: the earth was under me; and I saw only the clear blue sky and something brighter above it.

### London Literary Lions of the Day.

In a charming mansion in St. James's Place, secluded somewhat from the tumult of the great city, still lives the venerable poet of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' whose great age (ninety years having rolled over his bald ripe forehead) disqualifies him from taking his long accustomed walks about the metropolis. Mr. Rogers sat in Westminster hall when Burke and Sheridan were pouring out their invectives against Warren Hastings, and all London was ringing with the applause which eloquent Brinsley elicited on that occasion. He is therefore part and parcel of by-gone days, and very good authority on what happened during the last sixty years.

In a large fine house in Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square, sits Charles Dickens, busy as a bee over "Bleak House" and "Household Words." On an afternoon the loiterer in that vicinity may catch a glimpse of his thin hair, now sprinkled with grey, as it is tossed by the summer wind which visits his desk as he sits writing in his ample library-room. It is not an unfrequent occurrence to meet him in a rail car, rushing out of London for a few days' respite at Brighton or Bath.

Thackeray has ere this got home again, and any fine day between 12 and 2 o'clock he may be found at the Garrick Club in King street, Covent Garden, pouring over a French newspaper or chatting with Albert Smith over a mutton-chop and sherry additions. It is not an unusual thing to find him at one end of poor Charles Kemble's ear-trumpet, or vis-a-vis with Buckstone, the comedian, discussing old actors and defunct Drury Lane.

Barry Cornwall lives in Harley street, Cavendish Square, where he is spending the happy evening of his life, beloved by all who are fortunate enough to know one of the most glorious song writers in the English tongue.

Walter Savage Landor is at home in Bath, having been expelled from Italy on account of his "dangerous liberty doctrines." At rare intervals he goes up to London, and then his hosts of friends flock around him, and make his fine old face radiant with smiles at the profuse hospitality poured around him.

In the village of Twickenham, in a modest brick house by the roadside, muses Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate of England. His own publisher only meets him once or twice a year, as he eschews London and loves privacy. As you walk by the side of the Thames on a Sunday evening, at the sunset hours, sometimes the white hat of Alfred, the bard of "Locksley Hall," is visible.

The Brownings are like swallows, flitting from clime to clime, but London is often in their way, and they may be met not unfrequently at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, or at the opera. Both are so delightful to encounter; but this pleasure, like all exquisite enjoyments, is rare.

If one should *try* very hard to get a glimpse of the illustrious Thomas Carlyle, the great "Sartor Resartus" of modern Europe, he would find it a difficult matter. Thomas likes to be a lion, but he don't want anybody in his own cage beside himself. He lives in Chelsea, and often comes to town, but to *find* him often is not common even to his best friends.

Macaulay is a club man, and when he is not among his idols (the books of the British Museum) he may be met with in the brilliant halls of the "Athenæum" or the "Reform." On a lazy, hazy London day proper, he might with a certainty be counted on over a folio in a snug alcove of the "British."

Dear, kind, genial old Leigh Hunt, toddling over the pavement in the Strand towards his son's newspaper office, is a common occurrence. He lives a few miles from the dust of Fleet street, but he seems to love its dingy walls, and grows warm and eloquent over its rush and whirl. Is he the Skimpole of "Bleak House?" The knowing ones of London says he is.

On the left, as you go up Piccadilly towards the Parks, stands a neat book-shop, with "Chapman & Hall" over the door. The tall gentleman with the nose, and the waistcoat, and the elegant cravat, is Sir Edward Lytton, or Bulwer, as you may happen to call him. He is telling Mr. Chapman, who has his ear close to the Baronet's bosom, that the engraving just brought in for his inspection is not quite right in the direction of the whiskers and the shirt-collar. Spite of his dandy aspect and his affected drawl, no better-hearted gentleman wields the fluent quill than the author of "My Novel." Whenever he runs down from his excellent retreat at Knebworth to London he does so many acts of kindness for poor brother authors, that "Bulwer's guineas" are as sure as morning suns or evening stars.—*Boston Transcript.*

SINGULAR HISTORY.—Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College at New Haven, Conn., lies buried at the church in Wrexham, Wales. His monument, a plain altar tomb, bears this inscription:

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived, in London dead.
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to Heaven.
You that survive and read this tale, take care,
For this most certain exit to prepare.
Where blest in peace the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust."

The strangest fact is yet to tell It is recorded that Mr. Yale went out to the East Indies from this country as an adventurer, and, becoming wealthy obtained the Presidency of Madras, and is said to have ruled with a most oppressive authority. He caused his groom to be hanged for riding out a favorite horse without leave. For this murder he was ordered to England, where he was tried for the crime, but by some means escaped all punishment, except a heavy fine. He died in 1724.

### A Sharp Transaction.—Wall St. Shaved.

Some days since, as a well known financier was just leaving his office in Wall st. after a busy day of stock and banking operations, (which had evidently been satisfactory, since his countenance wore that pleasant expression which is compatible only with unqualified success,) he noticed a countryman, with slouched hat, homespun coat and thick mud-covered boots, driving along a cow and calf. The cow's udder was brimming full, so that fine streams of the lacteal fluid were running from her teats. The thought of pure country milk crossed the brokers's brain, and the temptation to secure a luxury induced him to pause.

"I say," cried he to the country man.

"Hello, yourself," replied the rustic.

"That's a fine cow you have there."

"Waal, yes; pretty smart animal, I reckon."

"Where do you come from?"

"Dutchess County, a leetle back of Pokeepsy. Been drivin' all day round town; consarned tired eny how."

"Is your cow for sale?"

"Don't know; hate to part with her, but mought dicker. Like to buy?"

"Perhaps so. What's your price?"

"Look here, Mister, you can't have the calf. That's half Devonshire and more'n a quarter Durham. I want him."

"Well, I don't want the calf. What will you take for the cow?"

"What a thunderin' big house," soliloquised the countryman, as his glance rested on the Exchange. "Must a cost a heap o' pewter?"

"Oh, if you won't sell, I'll go," observed the gentleman.

"Waal, I dont like to part with Old Bet; but if you'll give eighty five dollars in California shiners, you can take her. Look at that," continued the Yankee, pointing to a little pool of milk that had gathered on the pavement, "that's true Old Dutchess grass juice, tew-thirds cream and the rest sweet buttermilk."

The financier thought the price rather high, but the sight of the milk—and such a bag full—convinced him that the bargain would be a good one, and he stepped into his office and produced the gold, which the Yankee carefully counted, hefted, bit, &c., to make sure that it was good, observing that "folks were pesky sharp down here, and somebody said this was Wall st., so I'd better look out." Having satisfied himself that the gold was good he turned away with the calf, almost crying at parting with Old Bet, who, he said, he loved "more'n he did his brother."

The Wall-st. gentleman hired a Hibernian to drive old Bet to his home, across the river. That night there was rejoicing in Brooklyn. Great was the flow of pure country milk, so abundant that the broker began to think that he had tapped the Milky Way. New pans were furnished and the children were filled up like demijohns, even the cats had a lick extra, and Biddy called in all the helps around to talk over the new wonder. The proud owner and his wife congratulated each other a hundred times, and went to sleep only to dream of sailing in a huge tin pan over an ocean of milk. Old Bet was fed on corn meal, and bedded like a pet dog. Next morning, instead of fifteen quarts, she gave but three; next day about a pint, and in a week she was as dry as a treatise on logarithms.

The Wall st. financier was completely sold. The Yankee never saw Dutchess County, but had got an old "farrow" cow just drying up, borrowed a calf, set him to nursing until the flow was somewhat stimulated, then kept the cow without milking for a week, when she was in proper order to appear "on 'Change," when he dressed himself for the occasion, and made his debut in Wall-st. The done-brown broker has since sold his cow to a butcher for some twenty dollars, and taken the milk pans to his office to pitch pennies into.

LACK OF CONVERSATIONAL POWER.—Spent part of an hour in company with a handsome young woman and a friendly little cat. The young woman was ignorant and unsocial. I felt as if I could more easily make *society* of the *cat*. I was mortified and surprised at this feeling when I noticed it. It does, however seem to be a law of nature, at least of mine, that unless our intercourse with a human being can be of a certain order, we had rather play awhile with an inferior animal. Similar to this is the expedient one has often had recourse to of talking a large quantity of mixed sense and nonsense to a little child, to even an insensible infant, perhaps, from finding the toil or the impossibility of holding any rational intercourse with the parents. Fortunately, in this case the parents are often as much pleased as if one were talking to them all the while.—*John Foster.*

☞ "You bachelors ought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose matrimonial.

"I agree with you perfectly, ma'am," was the reply, "for bachelorism certainly is a *luxury*."