

other than Sir Henrick De Lisle, I know, by that proud bearing and self-sufficient air,' and again her lovely face was wreathed in smiles—again her dark eyes were glancing, in all their witchery, upon her devoted victim.

'Who is that splendid affair—all bright glances and jewels?' asked an *exquisite*, of a bystander.

'You must be more definite in your description, or I shall fail to enlighten you: all have bright eyes—many have jewels,' was the reply.

'I mean that living Goconda—that undefinable ape of royalty.'

'You mean that fair lady opposite the pier-glass, who is so rapidly exchanging glances between *yourself* and the *mirror*.'

'Exactly,' replied the flattered dandy, giving a twist to his luxuriant moustache. 'Exactly, sir.'

'That lady is no other than Edna Newell, the beautiful heiress.'

'Ah! indeed,—rich, they say—immensely rich; do you know her?'

'There are those who do, to their sorrow,' was the reply. 'She is said to be a heartless coquette—vain as she is beautiful,' and the gentleman turned away, as if already wearied of the subject.

'I must obtain an introduction,' thought the *exquisite*, as he drew his perfumed handkerchief across his mouth. 'She must have a *key to the needful*—as for the heart, that can be excused.'

Edna believed this interesting stranger to be no other than the 'Southern Nabob,' and was prepared to receive his self-introduction with the sweetest affability. Politely did he apologize for his presumption—humbly did he hope for forgiveness, while Edna, blinded by vanity, and intoxicated by her success, was in high spirits. Her laugh was gayest—his voice was the sweetest, thanks to her beauty and bright tiara.

Let us turn to yonder pleasant little group, apart from the crowd and the excess of light. See that sweet maiden robed in snowy white;—while her hands are filled with flowers, a gentleman by her side has purloined a few stray blossoms, and seems begging permission to retain them. A slight blush suffuses his cheek, as she half reproachfully raises her soft brown eyes to his handsome face. His fingers entwine, as if unconsciously, a sprig of myrtle, with the modest heartsease, which he presents to her, saying—

'These will I resign to you, in exchange for that sweet mossy bud, that is nestling on your bosom—surely, you will not refuse so slight a boon?'

She drew the long-forgotten flower from her belt, and laid it in his hand. He pressed the little bud to his lips, while a glow spread over his lovely features, for the warmth of which, the guileless maiden was unable to account. Not so, Sir Henrick De Lisle,—for it was he. Long had he loved the sweet Rose Newell, but this was unknown to her. Now for the first time, had he seen her since she was a little laughing fairy of ten years old, the idol of a widowed father, now no more. Seven long years he has passed in the sultry South, where he has amassed a princely fortune, and but now returned to claim his little bride. But changes have been wrought since his departure. Now she is a portionless orphan, dependent even for a home upon the charity of a wealthy uncle—the father of the beautiful Edna. So sweet and amiable was ever her demeanor, that she failed not to win every heart. Even the capricious heiress herself found the society of her pretty little cousin anything but wearisome, while her sweet timidity and natural modesty shut out all fear of rivalry, from the heart of the vanity-enthralled Edna.

It was a bright morning that dawned upon the two lovely cousins, after the narrated events of the preceding evening. Rose had long been up, and the fresh morning breeze had given a glow to her cheek, and a lustre to her eye,—even more than usually brilliant. Upon the dining-table stood a little vase of flowers, faded and drooping; while in her hand lay a sprig of myrtle and heartsease. A light tap was heard at her door, and the tell-tale flowers were crushed into her bosom, while an equally expressive blush crimsoned her cheek.

'Good morning, sweet Coz; not reading, eh?' said Edna, with a silvery laugh. 'I came to congratulate you upon your conquest last eve—and to beg an early introduction to your enamored swain; but away with those sweet blushes, and tell me what you think of my inamorate, Sir Henrick De Lisle? Say, Coz, did I reckon without my host, think you, when I donned that gay attire? Say, now, would you scorn the man who has *thus* been won? But why open those sweet eyes so wide—lower those lovely lids, while I say that I have done with coquetry for ever. Now I mean to marry this haughty nabob—this proud Sir Henrick De Lisle.'

A ring at the door, and the gay belle danced from the room, singing—'*Haste to the wedding*,' while the astonished Rose sat confounded by her strange communication. She knew that the gentleman who gave her those flowers was Sir Henrick De Lisle, for his card was twined among them. What could Edna mean?

A few moments elapsed—and Edna returned. But ah! what a cloud of vexation and disappointment shadowed her beautiful brow.

'Rose, your presence is requested in the parlor,' she said, presenting a gilded card bearing the address of her late imaginary spouse.

Edna retired to her room, there to give vent to her bitter mortification in an agony of tears. The victim of her mighty conquest appeared in good time, but the pre-

sumptuous dandy rejoiced no longer under a title not his own.

Suffice it to say that the artless Rose Newell won, without an effort, a truly noble heart, while the brilliant heiress, the unblushing coquette, lived to regret her mistaken wiles, and to mourn over the wreck of her brightest hopes upon the shoals of Vanity.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

Emotion—susceptibility of profound emotion—is, in a common physical sense, almost universal; but even in the sense subservient to poetry, it cannot be pronounced rare. Nearly all men are capable of deep feeling, in matters that directly concern themselves, and most minds of any cultivation—many even apart from all cultivation—are capable of experiencing considerable emotion in cases, whether real or imaginary, that are merely submitted with vividness to the view of imagination, and that have no personal bearing whatever. Every delighted reader of poetry is an instance. The Arab by this his desert fire, hanging on the mysterious tale of Afrit, Gin, and Goule, with brow contorted and pausing breath—still possessed by the fancied terrors of the story, however often heard—is a primary instance.

All perfect poetry must tend to re-produce the emotion that produced itself; on the success of this operation its claims wholly depend. The poet propagates poets without end, momentary sharers of his own inspiration; his soul undergoes a sort of perpetual transmigration, through an infinite series of enraptured students. The reader is himself the poet of the moment; feels as he felt—nay, often more deeply, because *more suddenly*, and, therefore, more forcibly than the author himself, in the process of production, felt. This is that earthly life after death so many great spirits have coveted and found. The divine hour (wherever, whenever, it was—why can no token guide the pilgrim to such haunts, or the chronologist to such hours?) when the awful form of 'the Archangel ruined' first grew up before the sightless eye of Milton; the hour when Shakspeare first caught a sight of tempted, terrible Macbeth; or Dante looked through the prison grating, and beheld the starving father among his dead sons; or saw with stern pity that lost Francesca stooping with her lover over the same perilous page: or yet more mournful—his Madonna della Pia, dying amid the pestilential solitudes of the Maremma—that hour is not perishable; it is mirrored in ten thousand thousand other hours, where the same picture rises unchanged before other mind, and moves to similar emotions; faintly or fully as it may be, here hardly awaking the dormant soul to feeling, here arousing, stimulating, transporting; as with him (Lyttelton, if we remember rightly) who, when he came to those stupendous lines describing the acclamations of the infernal host at the close of their leader's harangue, cast down the book, unable to proceed until he had worked off the excitement of the tremendous vision they evoked before his imagination.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

DR. CHALMERS.

A hundred pens have already leaped into a hundred ink-bottles to celebrate the mighty Christian apostle and champion; let one be taken up to set forth the man as he was, morally and intellectually. His nature was so rich and so thoroughly noble, as to carry everything before it, even where there was no strong sympathy with the peculiar views and objects that principally occupied him; no man could know him without loving him. The peculiarity of character in which lay his power of attaching the hearts, and commanding the wills, of other men, was independent of his particular speculative opinions. If he had never adopted those convictions upon the subject of religion which inspired all the latter part of his career, but had continued to hold to the end of his life the creed with which he began it, his faculties might have missed the most favourable field for their exercise, and he would probably have made much less noise, and exerted a much less extensive influence, in the world; but he would not have been less the delight of a narrower circle, nor would he have wielded an ascendancy less marked over the few than he has done over the many. His ardent temperament, however, would certainly have driven him into the positive and practical in some other direction, for his soul was as little fitted to find either sustenance or rest in the region of mere negation and indifference as that of any man who ever breathed.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

"OH, THIS LOVE—THIS LOVE!"

'Love,' observed Venerable Joe—'love's a himposition. There's been more people himposed upon by that ere vord than by all the professional swindlers in natur. It's a gross, a universal himposition; and its own werry wonderful to me that it aint long ago been hexpunged. A gal says she loves yer—Werry well; but are you consequentially obligated to make a fool o' yourself? No, you've only got her her hi, s, dixsy, and vot's the good o' that? Marry her, and you'll werry soon see 'how sweet's the love as meets return.' But arout that, look ear ony just for instance: a gal loves a soger—vich they all do; its reglar: he's a private; still she loves 'im—oh! hout and hout! Werry well; dont yer think she'd give im up for a hoffer? In course she

wood! And why? Why, cos it 'ud be a better chance. Has for love, its the vickedest, the swindlinst himposition as is.—The chances is vot gals look out for. The only question vith them is, 'Is it a good chance?' If it is, they'll have it; if it aint, they wont, unless they can't get nothing better. Its the deadest take in is that love ever heered on; a deader do never was hinwented. You take my advice, and dont be foozled. Venever yer ear the vord love, always view it as a gross himposition. Hif yer don't you'll be done, and ony find out the difference ven its too late. Look at me just for instance. I was sixty two in Jenewerry last; look at that! Sixty two, and I aint done yet. I'm invited to all the parties. I'm never forgot. There's the old uns as is single a hoglin of me reglar; and the old uns as is married a settin their darters upon me; it ud be sich a chance! and all, in course, cos I m single. Why, d'yer think they'd care about my company perwided I was married? Does it all stand to reason they'd inwite me as they do, hif they didnt believe I was yet to be done? Not a bit of it! not if I was vorth a matter of fifty times more than I ham. But, as it is—as I've escaped the himposition—there am I, never missed, allus thought on, looked up to and respected; vich let me tell you, is a werry great advantage.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

HAIR LOVE.

The absent daughter, married and far away, sends home a tiny curl in a letter—it is that of her first-born! 'The softest, silkiest, brightest hair, she verily believes in all the world! And its dear little head is quite covered with it, like so many rings of gold.—Ah, if they could but see it?' Why it seems but yesterday she was a child herself, the merriest of the household band—the most mischief-loving, provoking and yet fascinating being one can well imagine.—Threats and reproof were alike thrown away upon her; but a fond word would bring her to her mother's side in a moment, all penitence and humility, although ten to one, the next she was as wild as ever. But she became grave all of a sudden, married, and took to housekeeping by instinct as it were, for she could have had but little previous experience in these matters; but love makes us apt scholars; she became a very pattern wife and mother. We need not say how that tiny curl will be kept and prized by the happy grandmother, who wept for joy as she remembered all this. Mindful, at the same time, with the sad experience which is the heritage of old age, of the precariousness of all human felicity, and how many as bright a bud of fair promise as that golden-haired child were now among the angels of heaven! The young soldier, perishing on the field of glory, prays with his dying breath that a lock of hair may be cut off and sent in remembrance of him to his mother and his dear Mary. And when it reaches them, having travelled perhaps hundreds of miles, how sacred and how holy is such a relic! We can fancy the aged mother's tears and kisses, and 'his Mary' laying it on her heart, and never been known to smile again on earth, although she continues meek and patient until the last. The death of a beloved object seldom fails to sanctify and make us better—to wean us gently from earth to heaven; such at least is the intention of all our afflictions, if we could but think so; while change and estrangement harden and petrify the affections until they seem turned to stone!—'It is a perilous thing,' says Frederica Bremer, 'when the beloved image in the heart of man is destroyed, since with it the best of his life is annihilated.' The lover sends a lock of hair to his mistress, friend to friend, parent to child, child to parent. We verily believe this same hair love to be universal, and pregnant with a thousand romantic and touching episodes.—*Fraser*.

AN EDITOR NOT A GENTLEMAN.

Macracan, editor of the *Dayton Transcript*, who has been travelling some, tells the following good story of his experience. It will do for one of the stories, and will make the craft laugh as well as others:

'We have travelled some 1500 miles within the last few days by land and by water. The tavern keepers, steamboat captains, &c. &c. have uniformly chalked our hat and indignantly refused to permit us to pay our way. In short, upon the raging canal, upon the expensive lake, the packets, hotels and floating palaces of Lake Erie, we have had a 'free blow' and uniformly been regarded among the 'dead heads.' This you will regard as very pleasant, and certainly a very agreeable and advantageous way of travelling. But there was one 'free blow' we received which came near knocking us into the middle of next week. The incident is so comical that we will relate it, if the joke is at our expense.

While on board one of the splendid steamers which ply between Buffalo and Chicago, the fuz of our chin grew rather longer than was agreeable, and we repaired to the barber's shop on board to have it taken off. The fellow did it up in first rate style. After he had combed and oiled our head, brushed our clothes, and slicked us up fine, we felt gratified—pulled out a dime and proffered it to him as a reward for his services. He drew himself up with considerable pomposity—

'I understand,' said he, 'dat you is an editor.'

'Well! what of it?' said we.

'We never charged editors nofin.'

'But, my woolly friend,' said we, 'there are a good many editors travelling now a days, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business.'