

patiently watching for more than an hour. No one appeared; the clock struck twelve, and Julia began to grow tired. She was almost on the point of giving up the adventure, when her ear was attracted by a slight noise in Josephine's room.

Julia softly pushed open the door, and by the light of her lantern, she saw Josephine dress herself in her morning gown, walk directly to her table, arrange her painting materials, select her colours, seat herself before the glass, and begin to paint her own miniature. But what was most astonishing, she worked without any light, which Julia did not at first remark, having her own lantern beside her in the passage. She entered the chamber as softly as possible, and placing herself behind Josephine's chair, she looked at her as she painted, and was astonished at the ease and skill with which she guided her pencil, asleep and in darkness.

Julia Dorival was twenty years old, and with a large fund of general information, she was not, of course, ignorant of the extraordinary phenomenon of somnambulism, and of the most remarkable and best authenticated anecdotes of sleep-walkers. But among all that she had heard and read on the subject, she recollected none more surprising than the case now before her. She knew, also, that persons under the influence of this singular habit should never be suddenly awakened; as the shock and surprise have been known to cause in them convulsions or delirium. She therefore carefully avoided disturbing Josephine, and gliding quietly out of the room, she looked at her for some time from the passage, and then gently closing the door, she left her to herself and retired to her own apartment.

Next morning, Julia excited great surprise in her mother and sister, by informing them of what she had seen. They agreed to witness together that night this interesting spectacle, and of course, not to mention a word on the subject to Josephine, who, when she innocently enquired of Julia the result of her watching, was answered that she should know all to-morrow.

They were much affected at the idea that this young girl's earnest and praise-worthy desire to excel in the art which was to her future profession, should have so wrought upon her mind, even in the hours of repose, and to enable her to prosecute her employment with more ardor, and even with more success, in darkness, and in sleep, than in the light of day, and with all her faculties awake.

At midnight the three ladies repaired with their lantern to the chamber door of Josephine. The sleep-walker was putting on her gown. They saw her seat herself at the table and begin to paint. They approached close behind her without the smallest noise, venturing to bring into the room their lantern; of its dim light Josephine was entirely unconscious. They saw her mix her colours with great judgment, and lay on the touches of her pencil with the utmost delicacy and precision. Her eyes were open, but she saw not with them; though she frequently raised her head as if looking in the glass.

Somnambulist see nothing but the object on which their attention is decidedly fixed; yet their perceptions of this object are ascertained to be much clearer and vivid than awake. If addressed, they will generally answer coherently, and as if they understood and heard; and it is possible to hold a very rational dialogue with a sleep-walker. But when awake, they have no recollection of any thing that has passed during the time of somnambulism.

Julia ventured to speak to Josephine in a low voice, "Well," said she, "my dear Josephine, you now know who it is that paints in the night at your pictures. You know that it is yourself. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Does my presence disturb you?"

"No, Miss Julia."

"But to-morrow, Josephine, you will not believe what I shall tell you."

"Then it will be because I do not remember it."

"Will you write on this piece of paper something that I wish to dictate you?"

"Most willingly."

Josephine then took up a lead pencil, and wrote these words as Julia prompted her:—

"Midnight.—Talking with Miss Julia Dorival, and painting at a miniature of myself."

JOSEPHINE VERICOUR.

Julia took the paper, and prepared to retire, cautioning the young artist not to fatigue herself by painting too long.

"Do not fear," replied Josephine, "I always return to bed as soon as I begin to feel weary."

The three ladies left the room on tip-toe, as they had entered it, their minds wholly engrossed with admiration at the phenomenon they had just witnessed. Next morning, Julia had some trouble in convincing Josephine of the fact, but the certificate in her own writing was an undeniable evidence. As there is something strange and awful, and frequently dangerous, in the habit of somnambulism, no one wishes to possess it; and Josephine was anxious to get rid of it as soon as possible, even though it enabled her to paint better than when awake.

She would not trust her painting apparatus in her chamber at night, and she dismissed all thought of her miniature from her mind as soon as she went to bed; and was consequently enabled to rest there till morning as tranquilly as one of her school-mates, all of whom were much amazed when they heard the singular explanation of the Mysterious Picture.

This explanation once given, Madame Dorival prohibited its becoming a subject of conversation. Josephine made vigorous efforts to conquer her timidity in presence of her master, and in a short time she was able to paint as well under his inspection as she had done when alone and asleep in the gloom of midnight.

ELIZA LESLIE.

LORD THURLOW.—Of the eloquence of Lord Thurlow, and of his manner in debate, Mr. Butler has given a striking account:—"At times Lord Thurlow was superlative great. It was the good fortune of the Reminiscent to hear his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, during the inquiry into Lord Sanwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital.—His Grace's action and delivery, when he addressed the House, were singularly dignified and graceful; but his manner was not equal to his manner. He reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission into the peerage; particular circumstances caused Lord Thurlow's reply to make a deep impression on the Reminiscent. His Lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience. Under these circumstances, he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. He rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House; then fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasps the thunder, 'I am amazed,' he said, in a level tone of voice, 'at the attack the Noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords,' considerably raising his voice, 'I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The Noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some Noble Peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertion in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these Noble Lords the language of the Noble Duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the Peerage more than I do,—but, my Lords, I must say, that the Peerage solicited me, not I the Peerage. Nay more, I can say, and will say, that as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this Right Honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of His Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the Noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered,—as a man, I am at this moment as respectable,—I beg leave to add,—I am at this time as much respected, as the proudest Peer I now look down upon.' The effect of this speech, both within the walls of Parliament and out of them, was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no Chancellor had ever possessed; it invested him, in public opinion, with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people."—Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

CURIOSITY.—Florida abounds with lakes or ponds from a few yards to a mile in diameter—the banks are sometimes sloping, but generally abrupt. The water is often of great depth.—A circumstance occurred a few days since which shows the manner in which they are formed. This country is based on a porous shell rock of the most recent, or tertiary formation, which is penetrated in every direction by streams of various magnitudes, from the rivulet to the navigable rivers. The Waccissa, which rises in Jefferson county, is supposed to discharge a larger quantity of water than James River at Richmond. The Wakkulla is also a considerable river at its first appearance. It is supposed to discharge the waters of Lake Jackson and the Lamonia. Between the fountain of the Wakulla and these lakes, a number of smaller ones occur at intervals. The water is deep and transparent at all seasons, indicating a constant supply and discharge by subterranean channels. About four miles southwest of Tallahassee, in their vicinity a lake of about an acre in extent was recently formed. We are told that a party were fire hunting deer, and had passed the spot but a few moments previously.—The earth which was covered with large trees, fell with a tremendous crash, and the frightened huntsman fled in consternation. The spot has since been visited by some gentlemen from this place—they state that it is from forty to fifty feet from the surface to the water, the depth of which was not ascertained. The banks are nearly perpendicular. The sink is surrounded by high sand ridges.—Tallahassee Floridian.

REVIEW.

FOR THE GLEANER.

RUSSIA AND PERSIA.

Concluded.

"On the third day since their admittance into the house, the two women expressed their willingness to return to their country, which was Karakelleseah, a village on the frontier of the province of Erivan. It is impossible to assert that they were sincere in this declaration; for, by means of the Persian sentries placed over the apartment, they kept up a constant communication with the followers of Ali Yar Khan, who continually hovered about the house.

"Our departure was positively fixed for the 7th or 8th of Shabban; and on mid-day of the 5th, by the directions of Rustum, the women were conducted to a bath, which, though distinct, formed a part of the premises. No step could have been more highly injudicious. The bath, or bathing, is one of the most important ceremonies before a Mahomedan marriage. The domestics of Ali Yar Khan endeavoured to carry off the women by force, on their return from the Humman. If M. Grebayedoff was ignorant that the women had been taken to the bath, the scuffle that ensued on their quitting it apprized him of the circumstance. I learnt that he menaced and uttered vain reproaches against those of his retinue, whom he should have perceived were daily, even hourly, rendering his situation more perilous. Like wild-fire, reports were spread throughout the city unfavourably to the reputation of the envoy. The priesthood were at length appealed to; and Meerza Mussech, on the same evening, held a meeting of the Moolahs at one of the principal mosques. They declared, that further forbearance was impossible; their religion had been reviled, their monarch insulted, their most sacred rights trampled upon, and unanimously it was decided, that a portion of the Moolahs should immediately wait on the Prince-governor Ali Shah, to inform him, that if the Russian envoy could not be induced to surrender Meerza Yakoub and the two females, they would be forcibly dragged from his house by the populace. His highness requested that all acts of violence might be postponed until he had held further communication with the envoy."

"Apprized of what had passed in the mosques, I made my report to Meerza Nerriman in such terms as I conceived likely to impress him with the approaching danger. I was laughed at for my pains. 'We,' he said, 'are camels of the Zoomburuck' (a small piece of artillery) 'corps who are accustomed to the report of gunpowder.'

"Well do I recollect another conversation I held with this ill-fated person. Being a scribe by profession he showed me an official note he had, at the envoy's request, addressed to the ministers of the court. The subject was of little importance, but the word Shah, without any preceding titles caught my eye. I observed, 'that surely there would be no impropriety in writing 'His Majesty the Shah,' or 'The King or Kings,' or 'The Protector of the World,'—epithets used in mere courtesy, and assumed by the monarchs of Persia from days of antiquity. Other European nations, particularly the English, always mentioned the king's name with every proper respect. Why should not the agents of Russia be equally courteous?"

"Ah!" replied the Meerza, "you do not fully comprehend the business. Russia is in a situation to command, while England can only obtain her objects by courtship and obsequiousness."

Events now thickened around them, and while the Shah and his ministers were endeavouring to devise means to prevent the rising of the populace, and thereby a new rupture with Russia, the same populace was vindicating his honour and religion. A crowd of about four or five hundred persons, armed with clubs and swords, had advanced to the envoys residence, and made a desperate attack which was but faintly repelled by his Persian guard of honour. The narrative says,

"The strangers were encircled by the web of fate. I could neither see them display the stern resolution to expire in desperate defence, nor sufficient presence of mind, by instantaneous compliance with the known purpose of the mob, to avert the impending danger."