

quick growing greatness. Mr. Brown sat at his breakfast; and if he was at all affected by the pouting of his wife (that first pouting), it only made him of still sterner stuff!—His heart, like his reams of demy, became cold-pressed. Nevertheless, he continued to sip his tea, and having finished the cup, repeated, as he slid it up to the pot, 'I tell you, Mrs. Brown (this time he omitted, 'my love'), the thing is too dear.' Mrs. Brown was fond of dress; it is the failing of the sex. Some learned theologians have charged it upon Eve as her second fault. Was it to be expected that Mrs. Brown should escape?—not that she was so much attached to finery—she wore it more for the respectability of her husband, than for any personal pleasure. And this self-evident truth Mr. Brown was dull enough not to appreciate. 'I tell you ma'am, the thing is too dear.' This was the third intimation of Mr. Brown's opinion; and some notice may be given of the character of Mr. Brown—of the late Richmond enthusiast—when we state that the article which he had thrice branded as a thing 'too dear,' was no other than a peculiarly beautiful—an extraordinary Bird of Paradise, which Mrs. Brown was anxious to wear at the ball, in order that she might support her husband's respectability, on her first public introduction to the Worshipful Company of Stationers. The bird was a very phoenix, and yet its price was but a poor twenty guineas. It was in vain that Mrs. Brown continued to pout—it was in vain that she pushed, rather than handed to Mr. Brown his replenished breakfast-cup. The husband was lost in the man of thrift: the Bird of Paradise was ordered to be returned, and a plume of ostrich feathers sent in its place. 'They will make a greater show than the other thing, and ar'n't above one fourth the price.' Thus reasoned, or rather declaimed, Mr. Brown, and the Bird of Paradise was straightway cast from the domestic Eden. Mr. Brown thought he had conquered.—Vain man.

The auspicious day arrived. Mrs. Brown was all sweetness and condescension. Never since the day of her marriage had she been more amiable. Mr. Brown blessed himself as a man happy in his spousals, and in the uxoriousness of his heart, thought how lovely his wife would look in ostrich feathers. The ball was to commence at eleven; at seven o'clock, Mrs. Brown departed for her sister's. Brown was busy about a large order, and would meet his wife at the hall. The hour arrived, dancing commenced, Mr. Brown was present, but his wife had not yet arrived. Many enquiries were made. Perhaps Mrs. Brown had altered her mind? Was she fond of dancing? Perhaps, she had a will of her own? A thousand such half questions were asked and looked; to all of which Mr. Brown replied with very significant avowals of his own domestic supremacy. To particular friends he declared that Mrs. Brown was the most dutiful of wives. He had, however, not known what happiness meant until his marriage with Mrs. Brown. So meek—so modest—so entirely his own in every thought; she was the pattern of wives. Mr. Brown looked at his watch—still Mrs. Brown did not come. Mr. Brown danced another quadrill, still keeping his eye on the way of entrance. At length—it was one o'clock—a brother stationer informed Mr. Brown that his wife, his wife's sister, and a very young lady—a fourteen year old cousin, from a farm house in Lancashire—were approaching the ball-room. The news flew among Brown's friends, and a hundred eyes followed him, as he unceremoniously released himself from the arm of Miss Cox, and made his way down the hall to receive his wife. She entered, and—Mr. Brown started back! The colour rose to his cheeks, his brows were limited, his eyes flashed fire, and he only prevented the escape of a vulgar oath, by suddenly biting his lip. Mrs. Brown caught the expression of her husband's face, and became flustered. Mrs. Brown's sister looked at the couple with astonishment; and Mrs. Brown's niece from Lancashire looked at her white kid gloves. Every body remarked the confusion of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The lady, however, suddenly bridled up and with the instinctive generalship of her sex, endeavoured to smile away the gloom from Mr. Brown. It would not be; Mr. Brown suddenly turned up the hall, his wife's arm lying coldly on his, and the ladies anxious for an introduction to Mrs. B., were left to wonder at the scene. The young ladies could not make it out—the elder fair, at least some of them, made shrewd guesses. However, dancing went on; but in a short time it was discovered that Mr. Brown had gone off. Mrs. Brown was quite astounded at the news: one tear came to each eye, and she half resolved to go home immediately. She would doubtless have followed this suggestion of wedded love, had not her sister advised her to remain, and show her spirit. Mrs. Brown did remain, and displayed her spirit by dancing quadrills until four in the morning, with the particular friends, all of them brother stationers, of her husband, then sulky and in bed. Of course, Mrs. Brown's sister remained. She had been a widow a twelvemonth and a fortnight—hence, her knowledge of what constituted female 'spirit.'

Mrs. Brown returned home. We pass over the heart-rending scenes of the domestic drama, and come at once to the catastrophe. Mrs. Brown declared her husband was a "vile man;" and, ere the honey-moon had waned, the young heart-broken bride had taken refuge from the cruelty of her spouse, at the house of her mother at Hoxton. Whilst we write, she resides there.

And now, it may be asked,—what caused the ball-room scene—what divided the husband and wife, "ere a month, a little month, with wings of down," had flown? We answer, the bird of Paradise. Our readers will remember that Mr. Brown had forbidden the outlay of twenty guineas for that costly yet beautiful ornament. As a make-peace he offered ostrich feathers. Mrs. Brown's sister, however, advised the wife 'to shew her spirit.'—She did. She purchased and wore the Bird of Paradise; and, for the ostrich feathers, gallantly offered by Mr. Brown, she placed them on the head of the stunted little niece from Lancashire. Hence the surprise and indignation of Mr. Brown when his wife entered the ball-room: hence his sulky and sudden departure for bed; hence brawling for two or three days at the fireside of the Browns; and hence the present exile of Mrs. Brown at the residence of her mother, Hoxton.

However, we must not omit to state that the Bird was greatly admired at the ball. It was considered the most beautiful specimen ever seen. In fact, Mrs. Brown was known throughout the night by the name of the Bird of Paradise.

But, ladies, what is the use of being deemed a Bird of Paradise at balls and routs, if to gain that title we sacrifice, for a week—a day—an hour—the substantial Eden of our own homes?

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

Fable respecting the rebuilding of Palencia.—The ancient city of Palencia had been so ruined by the Moors, and, perhaps, by Alfonso the Catholic, in the fear that they should inhabit it, that nothing covered its site beyond grass and brambles, which afforded good shelter to the wild beasts. One day, while Sancho was absent on an expedition against king Bernardo of Leon being in the vicinity of this once noble city, he resolved to hunt in the mountains. His attendants soon raised a wild boar, which Sancho pursued with great heat, until it took refuge in a cave, which had once been a hermitage. He dismounted, and pursued the beast into the cave; it had sought an altar, which appeared in one corner, half in ruins. Without thinking of the sanctity of the place, he raised his arm to dart his hunting spear when suddenly his arm stiffened so that he could not move it. In great surprise, he enquired what place this was, and hearing that it had been a hermitage of the holy martyr San Antonino, he fell down on his knees, and devoutly asked pardon of the saint for the sacrilege he had been about to commit; and if the holy spirit would restore the use of his arm, he vowed to rebuild, in his time, the church of St. Palencia. The vow was heard, for his arm was immediately restored to its right use; and the king right faithfully performed his vow. *History of Spain and Portugal.*

Chivalry of Count Raymond.—There was an Emperor of Germany who married a daughter of the King of Bohemia. And by some principle courtiers she was accused of being in love with a certain noble page. And the emperor shut her up in an apartment like a prison, saying, that if in a year and a day, no knight came forward to do battle in her behalf, she should be burnt to death in sight of the whole people. And never could the afflicted empress find any one to do battle for her, so great was the power of her accusers. One of her servants pitied her so much, that he came all the way to Barcelona, and related the affair to the Count. And hearing that there was no one in Germany who would fight for so noble a lady, he resolved to go in person and do her need. And the champion of the accusers was a gentleman of Provence. So the Count reached the Emperor's court only three days before the battle; and he obtained permission to see the Emperress, and she proved her innocence to him. So when the day arrived, a great fire was made, and a great company gathered together; and the Count prepared himself for the battle, and the champion fled, and the Count engaged to fight the two chief accusers, one after another. And when he had killed one, the other feared to come forth, and owned himself vanquished; and the false testimony was confessed, and the Queen declared innocent. And the Count, after his victory, immediately stole from Germany, as if to avoid the praises and rewards. And the Emperress followed him with a noble heart and brought him back; and right nobly may be said of the Emperor, who gave him the Marquisate of Provence. *History of Spain & Portugal.*

Galvanism.—The spectacle was truly horrid. When I entered the room where the experiments were to take place, the body of a man named Carter, which had been cut down from the gallows scarce half an hour,

was lying on the table; and, the cap being removed, his frightful features, distorted with the agonies of suffocation, were visible. The crime he had been hanged for was murder; and a brawny, desperate ruffian he looked! None of his clothes were removed. He wore a fustian jacket and drab knee breeches. The first time that the galvanic shock was conveyed to him will never, I dare say, be forgotten by any one present. We all shrank from the table in consternation, with the momentary belief, that we had positively brought the man back to life; for he suddenly sprang up into a sitting posture; his arms waved widely; the colour rushed into his cheeks; his lips were drawn apart, so as to show all his teeth, and his eyes glared at us with apparent fury. One young man, a medical student, shrieked violently, and was carried out in a swoon. One gentleman present, who happened to be nearest to the upper part of the body, was almost knocked down with the violent blow he received from the left arm. It was some time before any of us could resume our experiments.—*Diary of a Physician.*

VIEW OF AN ORIENTAL CAMP AT NIGHT.—On a moonlight night, (it is difficult to conceive the beauty of a full moon in this country,) the groups dispersed among the trees, chatting and smoking, with the picturesque appearance of the tents, and the women drawing water from the tank, which shines like a lake of silver, afforded a delightful picture. The coolness of the night air, after the parching day that has just gone—for the hot winds have already begun—make us all anxious to continue the enjoyment of it to the last moment; and when, at length, it is time to seek for rest, a veil is not drawn over the scene, for, merely changing the arrangement of the figures, all seems as full of interest as ever. The simple couch of the Eastern is soon prepared; rolling himself up in his shawl, he stretches his limbs on the spot where he was sitting in company a few moments before, and instantly falls asleep. It would be an easy matter to surprise a camp so situated; and, when no soldiers are of the party, it is necessary to have several chuckedars, or watchmen, from the adjoining village. They come to their posts at night-fall, and sitting on their haunches, shout out at intervals until day-light an "All's well," that conveys little notion of melody and permits little indulgence in sleep. The propriety of setting a thief to catch a thief is often acknowledged in these distributions of sentinels, for many of them are most expert robbers, and, when not bound by their honour to protect your property, would, in all probability, be engaged in transferring it to themselves. So irregularly and thickly are the sleepers scattered about the ground, that it is with some difficulty you can walk through the camp in the night without stumbling over them. In such a careless encampment it must have been that Medoro and his friend, in "Orlando Furioso," slaughtered the sleeping Christians, when in pursuit of their master's body. However deficient in chivalrous appearance by the day it may be, I always fancy some resemblance at night to the arrangement of the heroes and heroines of Tasso and Ariosto.

"When, sunk in heavy sleep,
Our careless bands the watch no longer keep."
There is an air of fiction in every oriental scene that it is some years before an European can quite shake off. I have not yet been able to do it.—*Skinner's Excursions in India.*

THE HUMAN BRAIN.—The brain has been examined by Vauquelin and John; and, in this difficult analysis, a surprising coincidence between their results may be observed. It is a curious fact, that, in the brain of man, no less than 80 per cent of the weight is water. According to the analysis of Vauquelin, 100 parts of human brain consists of 80 parts of water; 4.53 of white fat; 0.7 of red fat; 1.12 of osmazome; 7 of albumen; 1.5 of phosphorus, united with the fats; 5.15 of sulphur, biphosphate of potash, phosphates of lime and magnesia, and other salts. Of such materials is the thinking organ of man composed. The spinal marrow and nerves are similarly constituted. The ratio of water in the brain of the calf is also 80 per cent.—*Donovan's Chemistry.*

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—The following interesting anecdote is well authenticated:—"Two eagles, in the wildest parts of a neighbouring county, had, for some time, depredated on the neighbourhood, and bore away lambs, kids, &c. for the sustenance of their young. Some peasants determined, if possible, to obtain the young birds, and ascended the mountains, but found that the nest was in a part of the perpendicular rock, near one hundred feet below the summit, and about three hundred above the sea, which, with terrific appearances, dashed against its base. They had provided themselves with ropes, and a lad, armed with a cimeter, was, by this means, lowered by the rest. He arrived in safety at the nest, where, as he expected, he was attacked, with infinite fury, by one of the old eagles, at which he made a stroke with his sword, that nearly cut asunder the rope by which he was suspend-