burst, and was broken in uncontrolable sighs and convulsive sobs, and, sinking back into a chair, he covered his face with his hands, and burst into a violent and hysterical passion of weeping. Davenport was amazed. 'What in heaven's name, is the cause of this excessive grief?' said he. 'I beseech you to confide it to me, and, if it admit of consolation, I swear to do my utmost to assuage it and to promote your happiness.' The stranger returned a look of gratitude, and made strong efforts to control his emotion. He rose, and advanced towards Davenport, and, in performing this action, his hat, which he had not hitherto removed, and which Davenport had remarked was worn rather awkwardly, slipped from his head, and down fell, in clustering profusion, 'black as the wing of a raven,' the glossy curls of a female. Davenport started, and uttered an exclamation of astonishment. He was not less struck with the revelation which this slight accident had effected, than with the sparkling and highly-charactered beauty of the being who stood before him. A thousand thoughts flashed, with the quickness and evanescence of lightning through his brain, as he tried to catch a glimpse of the meaning of an adventure so strangely romantic. Self is always predominant in the best regulated minds, and the leading idea, as prompted by his vanity, seemed to ask him, if such a disguise as this were the result of some unknown attachment to himself. These thoughts, however, were but the tumultuous crowding of a few seconds. Meanwhile, the stranger, seeing herself discovered, stood confused and agitated. Burning blushes of conscious impropriety suffused her lovely cheeks, which were, the next instant, with the revulsion of feeling, pale and bloodless as alabaster; and such seemed the overpowering nature of her emotion, that, if Davenport had not stepped forward and caught her, she would have fallen to the floor. 'Tell me,' said he, 'I beseech you, and tell me calmly and candidly, who you are, and what is the meaning of this disguise?' 'Oh, sir, what must you think of me?' cried she, endeavouring to hide her face, which was again covered with blushes. 'There is something in your countenance sir, and in your manner which tells me, that you are a man of honour, and that you feel for me; I will therefore, without any affectation, briefly relate to you the painful situation in which I have placed myself. I was obligated either to do something similar to this, or to submit to that which would have been worse than death. My father is a cold and haughty-tempered man, who would sacrifice every feeling of his nature to the enhancement of his worldly consequence. Since the death of my mother, which happened when I was very young, I have experienced but little affection from him. He has latterly, however, set his heart upon my union with an aged peer, who promises to advance his political influence, and whose cupidity, I imagine, has been excited by the fortune which I inherit through my mother. But, as I would rather die than be made the victim of a compact so mean, I straight, though perhaps, very undutifully, told my father so, and the consequence has been, a rigorous confinement ever since, joined to treatment so harsh, with a view, no doubt, of harrassing me into compliance, but showing so little affection on the part of my parent, that I resolved, if I could by any means make my escape, to quit him, and proceed to London, where I could claim the protection of my deceased mother's family, with whom my father has long been at variance. He, suspecting, I suppose, an occurrence of this kind, kept me totally without money, and it was with the greatest difficulty I procured this disguise, in which, fearing an energetic and immediate pursuit, I thoughtlessly, and, now I see, imprudently left my father's house, and now that I begin to perceive the consequences of the step I have taken. I know not how to proceed, unless you, sir," she said, hesitatingly, "will be generous enough to protect me till I am safe with my relations in town, when I can promise you that your goodness shall not go unrewarded." "There is so much nobleness of mind," said Davenport, "in your refusal of your father's improper proposal, and so much spirit in your execution of your plan for evading it, rash as that plan was, that I cannot, for a moment, hesitate." The truth is, that the novelty of the situation into which he was thus suddenly thrown, as protector of a lone female, flying from the tyranny of an ambitious parent, had irresistable charms for a mind so moulded as was that of Davenport. He immediately proposed, as a matter of prudence, and to stop the venom tongue of slander, if this adventure should, by any chance, become known, that Miss S——, by which initial we shall designate the stranger, should immediately become the guest of his sister, who had lately become the bride of a clergyman at no great distance, and to whom he was, at that time, on a visit. To her, he said, he would relate the whole matter, as he could depend implicitly on her prudence. Miss S—— joyfully and thankfully accepted this offer, and a coach was forthwith ordered, and thither they proceeded. Davenport, on their arrival at the vicarage, lost no time in informing his sister of his strange recontre, and, as the latter possessed a heart not less kind than his own, she willingly installed Miss S—— as her *protege*. The latter, of course, was soon transmuted into her *propria persona*, and, as she entered the room in her female attire, the heart of Davenport palpitated as though the "love-shaft" of Cupid had been "loosed smartly from his bow," and had, already, empierced his bosom. And if, in the vanity of youth, he thought that the eyes of Miss S——, as she expressed her thanks, beamed upon him with an expression warmer than that of gratitude,—will he be blamed? The next morning he set out for London. On his arrival there, after having informed the relatives of Miss S—— of her peculiar situation, he wrote an expostulatory letter to her father. The reply was, a furious demand, that his daughter should be immediately and unconditionally restored to him. The letter concluded with sundry threats of vengeance of the law, in case of refusal.

Davenport was now at a loss how to proceed; but, having got intelligence that Mr. S—— was posting up to London, he forthwith determined to avoid him by posting back to his sister, leaving the exasperated father to dissipate his rage as he best might.

The latter, on his arrival in London, made immediate inquiries for Davenport, of whom, much to his chagrin and disappointment, he could learn no tidings. He then went to the relations of his diseased wife, but they would give him no satisfaction. Through the medium of his lawyer, he was directed to the country residence of Davenport, whither he proceeded. On his arrival there, he was again disappointed, for he found the house meerly in keeping of the steward, who informed him that his master had not resided there for six months past. In similar fruitless and anxious inquiries, he spent nearly a quarter of a year; for no one thought of directing him to the vicarage where the sister of Davenport and her reverend spouse led a very retired life. He was in despair. It seemed as though his daughter were lost to him for ever, and, for the first time in his life, as this thought crossed his mind, he felt like a father. He was sitting in his study, upbraiding himself for the unkind coldness with which he had ever treated her, and pondering upon what steps he should next pursue, when a servant entered, and presented him with a letter. It was from Davenport, requesting, in the most respectful terms, that he would take into consideration the unhappiness which must necessarily be the lot of his daughter, if he sacrificed her to the arms of one whom she must ever dislike and despise. It concluded by requesting the favour of an immediate interview at the vicarage, a direction to which was added. As Mr S—— perused this letter, some of his former harsh feelings returned upon him. It was difficult to be endured, that a mere stranger should take the liberty of dictating any part of the conduct which he was to pursue with respect to his daughter. He, however, lost not a moment in proceeding to the place of interview. It was about three o'clock on the day subsequent to that on which he had received the letter that he arrived at the vicarage of ——. On his entrance, he was immediately conducted by the attendant to a drawing-room, where, the first object which struck his sight was his daughter, standing at a window, leaning fondly and affectionately on the arm of a gentleman, whose noble features beamed with love as he gazed, with a delightful expression, upon her face. On perceiving her father, she rushed forward, and, kneeling at his feet, exclaimed, "Forgive me, forgive me, my dear father. Oh, sir, I fear I have now *doubly* offended you." Mr S violently curbed the flow of affection which would have prompted him to raise and embrace her, and said, sternly, "I forgive you, Emily, on condition that you immediately give your hand to the Earl of C——; not otherwise." The gentleman before mentioned, who had stood a calm observer of this scene, now stepped forward, and, bending the knee beside her, said, 'your condition is impossible to be performed, sir. We both need your pardon for having, though unavoidably, proceeded without your approbation. Your daughter, sir, is now Mrs. Davenport, my wife.' Mr. S—— stood for a few moments amazed. 'Is this so, Emily?' he at length inquired. 'Even so, sir,' faltered she, hiding her face on the white arm which rested on her husband's shoulder. 'And pray, sir,' said Mr S——, the man of the world, predominating and peeping out through his struggling affections, 'what may be your income and prospects? Are they of sufficient weight to balance against the large fortune which my daughter will bring you, and which, I am sorry to say, I have no controul over?' 'My income, sir, said Davenport, raising Emily from her knee, 'is clear four thousand per annum; and my family, political connexion, and influence are powerful and extensive.' The last clause settled the point. 'Emily,' said Mr S——, 'give me your hand. Until you parted from me, I knew not how much I valued,—how much I loved you; and now I find you but to lose you again. However—Mr. Davenport, your hand; there, take her; God bless you! may you be happy.' Davenport, with tears in his eyes, thanked his future parent enthusiastically, and Emily threw herself on her father's neck and wept.

Never, never was union more happy than this which was so strangely brought about: and this *true story* will serve as one more instance, added to the many, of *the romance of real life.*

Anecdote of a French Officer at El Bodon.—At the charge made by the whole of the French cavalry at El Bodon; on the square formed by the 5th and 77th regiments, a French officer had his horse shot under him, and both fell together. The officer, although not much hurt, lay on the ground as if dead, and, in this situation would in all probability have escaped, as the French infantry were fast advancing to the relief of their cavalry, had it not been for a German hussar, one squadron of whom were engaged in the conflict, who rode up to the spot, and made a cut at the officer lying on the ground; on which he instantly sprang up, and, with his sword at the guard, set the German at defiance. Another of the King's German Hussars then galloped up, and desired the French officer to surrender, which he refused to do. The appearance of the officer in this position was truly heroic. He stood without his cap; his head was bare, and some marks of blood were on his face. From the fine attitude he presented, and being a tall, athletic man, he strongly impressed the beholders with the belief that he would defend himself against both the hussars. At this time, Ensign Cauch, of the 5th, ran out of the square, and was proceeding rapidly to the place, in the hope of inducing the officer to surrender himself a prisoner; but the hussars, finding they were baffled in, and could not subdue this brave man with the sword, had recourse to the pistol, with which they killed him, to the great regret of the British regiments that were looking on. This affair took place about half-way between the square already mentioned and the French cavalry, who were still hovering about after being repulsed by the 5th and 77th regiments. We were informed by a prisoner taken at the time, that the officer who had so gallantly defended himself against the two hussars, was an Irishman, and the major of his regiment—*United Service Journal.*

POLITICAL EXTRACTS.

SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH JOURNALS.

London Evening Mail. Some very sensible observations on the Reform Bill have appeared in a recent short pamphlet, entitled How will it work? or, Considerations on the probable Effects of the late Act of Parliament for Amending the Representation of the People. This publication, which bears the name of J. G. Lemaister, is printed at Cheltenham, and shows what interest the inhabitants of all parts of the country take in the success of a measure to which it was lately asserted the great body of the people were perfectly indifferent. The author is a great admirer and warm supporter of the Reform Act, and has proved, with force and talent, the certainty of its future beneficial operation on the government of the country. We refer the reader to the pamplet itself for the development of Mr Lemaistre's ideas, and in the mean time shall take the opportunity of making a few remarks of our own on the question which it proposes to solve.

It cannot be too frequently repeated, or too constantly borne in mind, that the great Act of Reform, or the change in our electoral system, is not an end in itself, but the means to an end. The object to be attained is good government and wise laws, through the controul which reform gives the people in the choice of their own lawgivers, and the management of their own affairs. It is not, therefore, a change in their political condition, but the means of a change, which their own intelligence and activity may render beneficial or inefficient, according to circumstances. It is a new and a powerful instrument placed in their hands for the protection of their dearest interests and the promotion of their political improvement. That instrument—thanks to their own magnanimity and firmness—they have wrested from the hands of their oppressors and placed beyond the reach of future capture. In every county and in every town of the kingdom its possessors are now organizing their forces, and discussing the qualifications of their agents. Every where they are making preparations for its use. The natural question, therefore, is, 'how will it work?'

In the first place, it is almost needless to say (whatever may be the faith of some reform believers), 'that it will not work' miracles,—that it will not, all at once, change the social and civil condition of the nation,—that it will not instantly either increase property or alter its distribution,—and that in its mode of operation it holds out no prospect that the exaggerated hopes of its friends, or the extravagant alarms of its enemies, can be realized. If any body, therefore, was so absurd as to expect that it could alter the course of the seasons,—that it could give every man the fruits of industry without the toils of labour,—that it could maintain our national establishments without national taxes,—that it could wipe off our national debt without creating greater national misery than it could relieve,—that it could instantly destroy pauperism and poor rates, without altering the present occupation of landed estates,—that it could equalize property without destroying all the motives to its acquirement,—in short, that it could regenerate our countrymen, and give us the order, the plenty, and the happiness of a millenium, without borrowing any thing from the visions of Mr Irving, or the Apocalypse,—such persons, we say, will be disappointed. If, on the other hand, 'the prophets of evil,' in resisting the Reform measure, really believed their own sinister auguries,—if they really dreaded that the next House of Commons would be a Jacobin convention, to which the members would come with red cays and wooden shoes, to decree the abolition of monarchy and the suppression of the upper house of Parliament,—if they apprehended that the property of the rich would be confiscated for the benefit of the poor,—that the church would be suppressed without regard to the religious feelings of the people or the rights of the existing clergy, that the national credit would