

honey.—Jealousy ought to be tragic, to save it from being ridiculous.—We appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally debarred from them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.—Romance and Reality.

YES AND NO.—If the quaintness of antiquity can throw a charm and spell even over characters of a common-place order, then I may hope that the personages I am about to introduce to my readers will awaken a very keen and lively interest; for the archives of the Herald's College furnish no claims on this point by which theirs can be rivalled. Not only were their whispers heard under the vine and fig-tree of patriarchal times, but their counsels were breathed even in the sweet shades of Paradise. If their antiquity may claim our reverence, their ubiquity must excite our wonder: From the frozen regions of the pole to the burning climes of the equator they are known and listened to. They are found in the woodland council of the Indian chief, when the calumet of peace or the bloody hatchet of war is about to be sent to a distant tribe; they talk with the wild Arabs of the desert beneath their curtained tent; they are present amidst the black eyes, rich turbans, and flowing robes of the solemn dervish; they whisper to the grave and sententious Mandarins who are found in the ceremonial hall of Fum Hoam; they kindle the bright blaze of eloquence in the British forum, and inspire thoughts that breathe and words that burn; they are found near the throne of the king and in the hovel of the beggar, round the domestic hearth and in the banqueting-hall, though ranged under different banners, though competitors and rivals they frequent the same spots, and haunt the same places. These denizens of the antique world, those rangers of the earth, these dwellers in the city and the camp, the palace and the cottage; this pair united and yet separate, are known in England by the names of *Yes and No*. Their aspect and manner present a singular contrast; a smile beams in the eye and plays round the mouth of *Yes*; her countenance is open and joyous, her manner bland, playful, and gentle; and the tone of her voice music to the ear. In her happier moments she is enchanting as Calypso herself. The aspect of *No* is grave and forbidden; seldom he smiles, and then in such a sort as one who mocks himself that he is moved to smile at any thing: his manner is sedate and unbending, his voice clear but somewhat harsh. His partisans, indeed, trace the lines of thought and wisdom in his ample forehead, and discover an expression of benevolence beaming forth amidst the unattractive gravity of his demeanour; and they declare, that weakness lurks in the ever-ready smile of *Yes*, and may be traced in the cadence of her dulcet voice. Though the torch of discord is sometimes kindled by the agency of this pair, yet the parties themselves rarely come to an open rupture. Now and then then equanimity of *Yes* is disturbed by the quiet expression of triumph which appears in the features of *No*, when he has successfully played the part of privy counsellor; and she accuses him of taking a malignant pleasure in crushing the wishes of the human heart, and destroy the blossoms of hope and happiness.—*The Amulet*.

A SCENE FROM THE REVOLUTION.—On the following day, my brother was obliged to remain some time at home, to put in order some papers which my father had marked to be destroyed. He left home at three o'clock to pay us a visit, and perceived, as he went along, groups of individuals, whose sanguinary drunkenness was horrible. Many were naked to the waist, and their arms and breasts covered with blood. They bore tattered garments upon their pikes and swords. Their countenances were inflamed, and their eyes haggard; in short, their appearance was hideous. These groups became more frequent and more numerous. My brother, in his uneasiness about us, determined to come to us at all risks, and drove rapidly along the Boulevard, until he arrived opposite the house of Beaumarchais. There he was stopped by an immense mob, composed, also, of half-naked individuals besmeared with blood, and who had the appearance of demons incarnate. They vociferated, sung and danced! It was the saturnalia of hell! On perceiving Albert's cabriolet, they cried out, "Let it be taken to him! let it be taken to him! He is an aristocrat!" In a mo-

ment the cabriolet was surrounded by the multitude, and, from the middle of the crowd, an object seemed to arise and approach. My brother's troubled sight did not enable him at first to perceive long auburn tresses clotted with blood, and a countenance still lovely. The object came nearer and rested upon his face. My unhappy brother uttered a piercing cry. He had recognised the head of Madame de Lamballe. —*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes*.

FROM THE LIVERPOOL ALBION.

DELUSIVE HOPES.

THE bark rides proudly o'er the briny lake,
And, from the stooping mast, the pilgrim's eye
Looks backward o'er the vessel's foamy wake,
Haply, once more that much-loved land to spy,
Which nurtured all his dreams of bliss and love.
'Tis vain! the clouds upon the waters lie,—
With quick intensity his eye-balls rove,
And all around the ocean melts to sky.

Quickly he turns them o'er the heaving prow,
And future prospects animate his breast,
In musing mood, his hand upon his brow;
While the sun droops with glory in the west,
And lights the babbling waves with glittering show,
Tinging with warmth each cold and snowlike crest,—
His busy fancy in that heavenly glow
Pictures an earthly paradise of rest.

Thus, in life's voyage, ling'ring o'er the past,
Dimly we gaze upon our track of youth,
And fondly cling to joys that cannot last,
But fade before the sterner touch of truth.
Yet still deluding fancy loves to lave
Deep in false hopes of fitful fading light,
Till the refracted sun drops near the wave,
And, dark, our fairest visions merge in night.
Oh thou, my beautiful, my heart's first love,
Who flitted o'er my path like a bright beam
Of sunshine in a day of storm!—thou dove
Of promise, fluttering in a mourner's dream,
And pointing to the ark of happiness!—art thou,
Too, fleeting as the lovely mount in stream
That flies its native hills? Then, I will bow
To my sad fate which quenches joy's last gleam.

I do not blame thee, love. All that was thine—
Thy heart—was freely rendered up to me;
And, in the eye of Heaven thou still art mine,
For 'holy nature' was not Man's decree.
May peace and joy o'er dwell within thy breast,—
May sweetest flowers of bliss o'er spring for thee,—
May'st Thou be happy—dearest, loveliest, best,
Though I be doomed to lasting misery!

CATALANI'S AND GOETHE.—At Weimar it was Catalani's good or ill fortune to be placed at table next to the venerable Goethe. It was intended by her illustrious host as a mark of respect to the fair Italian; but the lady was little acquainted with literature in general, or any other poetry than that which the fair translator of the King's Theatre murders so exquisitely for the benefit of its British frequenters. The peculiar attention paid to her neighbour, added to his imposing appearance, attracted the curiosity of the syren; and she inquired his name. "The celebrated Goethe, madam." "Pray on what instrument does he play?" was the next interrogation. "Madam, it is the renowned author of Werther." "O! yes, yes, I recollect." Then turning to Goethe, resolved, in her turn to compliment the aged poet. "Ah! Monsieur," she exclaimed, "how greatly do I admire Werther." A low bow, answered the distinguished eulogist. "I never read any thing so truly laughable in my life. What a complete farce, sir!" "Madame! the *Sorrows of Werther*?" "Ah, sir, was any thing ever more truly ridiculous!" continued the laughable lady, as she recalled to memory—what? a parody upon Werther, produced at one of the minor theatres at Paris, where all the sentimentality of the Tentonic swain had been cruelly, but laughably burlesqued. The poet's nerves were sadly affected by the applause so equivocally lavished on his unsuspected talent, and the lady's credit was sensibly diminished at the Court of Weimar by her ignorance of Werther and Goethe-sentimentality.—*Whittaker's Magazine: Stories of Living Musicians*.

THE USURER'S DAUGHTER.—This is the title of a Novel by a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. We extract one passage from it which strongly illustrates the character of this modern Shylock. Margaret, having neglected her father's persuasions, and refused the hand of the foolish old Lord Singleton, is disinherited, and, together with Worthington, the husband of her choice, pursued with implacable vengeance by Erpingham. The wily usurer has taken advantage of Worthington's misfortunes to advance a sum of money upon his bond, for the payment of which he is now having recourse to the law; when Margaret resolves to visit her father, and sue for mercy. "Early, therefore, the next morning Margaret went to the house of her father, and the servants ebed tears when they saw her, for they knew that she was deserted. Her father refused not to see her, but bowed to her very politely, and handed her a chair and desired her to be seated. Now, though she had much presence of mind and a great deal of self-possession, and though she knew what must be the result of her visit, yet she could not immediately speak, for there was an emotion not to be subdued easily, at the thought of the inhumanity and heartlessness of him to whom she was come as a supplicant. Moreover, it suited not the complexion of her spirit to kneel and sue in an agony of tears and a convulsion of hysterical agony. Calmness she inherited from her father; but the calmness which in him was a vice, in her was virtue; for he bore with calmness the sufferings of others, but she her own sufferings. For awhile, therefore, she sat silently, and her father was the first to speak. 'You have come to me on a matter of business, I presume. Will you be kind enough to state it?' The business on which I come," replied Margaret, 'I suppose you may easily conjecture, the bond which my husband gave you—' 'Sold to me, more properly speaking Margaret, sold to me.' He had an equivalent for it.' 'Had he, indeed, an equivalent for it?' 'Ask him.' 'He told me what he had, and no doubt he told me truly, but to my mind, there was not an equivalent.' Pardon me, Margaret, pardon me," replied the usurer; 'but there we differ. In my mind it was an equivalent; and in the mind of your husband it was an equivalent. Harry Worthington was always remarked for being an acute and intelligent youth. He would never give for any thing more than it was worth. Look ye, on this table, and on this spot where you see my finger points, lay Harry Worthington's bond for one hundred pounds, and here,' pointing with the other hand to another part of the table, 'here lay seventy-five pounds, and there stood Harry Worthington; and I said to him, take your choice, and he took the seventy-five pounds, every farthing of it without abatement.' 'All that may be true sir,' replied Margaret, 'but still I must say, that you took advantage of his necessities—' Mr Erpingham smiled, and replied, 'To be sure I did Margaret, to be sure I did; what is the use of advantages of we do not take them. Go about the city, and look into the shops and counting-houses, and go into the markets, and what do you see there? Do you not see that all are taking advantages? They could not live without. At all events, they could not thrive and get rich without. The simple people who walk about the streets begging, or who abide in miserable houses starving, have not taken advantages—' 'No Margaret, perhaps he may not redeem the bond; and then you know, that the interest will accumulate, and the furniture will be the worse for wear, and may not fetch so much when sold by auction, and so I may be a loser; besides the process is commenced, and I would not rudely abstract the operation of the law.' 'Can nothing move you sir, to have a little compassion on your own child?' 'What shall I get by it Margaret,' said the usurer. 'You will have my thanks—' 'Margaret,' said the usurer, 'you were once very fond of buying thanks with your pocket-money; where are those thanks now? what is their worth?' 'They are in my heart sir; they are worth much; they console me in my present adversity.' 'Let them. You may go now. Your business is done. You ask me to stop the process of the law. I never did so yet, and never will. This is not your home; you have left it, and renounced it. You have despised my wealth, which I had hoarded up for you, and now you may depart. Go; you were foolish to make the choice, but having made it you must adhere to it. You had it once in your power to be a peeress; you would not. Your husband had his bond once in his power, but he took my money, and left his bond; and now he repents.' Margaret had heard and seen much of her father's insensibility and heartlessness, but perhaps never so much as this. It came upon her with such oppressiveness, that there was no possibility of her expressing her feelings. She was morally stunned and stupefied, and she sat for some minutes in a wild silence, scarce one remove from madness; but presently her father roused her from her abstraction, tapping her gently on the shoulder, and saying, in his usual mild tone of voice, 'Mrs. Worthington, this is not your home, and the chair on which you are sitting is not your property. I must desire you to leave it, and depart.' Margaret rose, but the shock of her father's brutality was too strong for her, and she could with difficulty prevent herself from falling. He led her to the door, and a stranger might have supposed, from the appearance of the parties, that Mr. Erpingham was affording the kind support of his arm to an invalid, for he moved very gently and considerately, and he looked anxiously at her; but when he had conducted her to the threshold, and had ascertained that she could walk some few steps without his assistance, he gently closed the door behind her, and left her to find her way to that home which was presently to be dismantled of its goods.

ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote is related in the *Evangelical Magazine*:—"An African preacher, speaking from 'What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' mentioned among other things, that many lost their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. "Many people, said he, attend meeting, hear the sermon, and when it is over, they proceed to divide it out among the congregation: this part was for that man, that part for that woman; such denunciations were for such persons; these threats for you sinners—and so, continued the shrewd African, they give away the whole sermon, and keep none of it for themselves."