

to Bath; and, my Lord, till I am proved guilty, give me your protection; I will go with you."

The energy with which this was said strengthened the impression which so many circumstances had made. It was unlike the gentle and retiring Maria to show herself so decisive. The journey to Bath was arranged as she proposed; the landlady at first made some scruple, but it was stifled by the words 'you must,' from Maria. We travelled all night, but slowly, as it was desired, or rather ordered, by Maria, that we should not reach Bath till an advanced hour in the morning, and that no opportunity should be afforded for her to have any further communication with the landlady. I was spell bound—I could not divine her intent; but she appeared animated by some extraordinary purpose, and she never once appeared to notice me.

When we reached Bath, instead of proceeding to any hotel, she directed the chaise to a particular house in Pultney-street, and ours to follow. On reaching the door, the instant that it was opened she directed her father to come in with her, and the landlady and me to follow. She then, with the same apparent equanimity, ordered the servant to bid Lady Heatherstone, his mistress, to come to her for a single moment. We were still standing when the lady entered.

The landlady, on seeing her ladyship, started, and, turning suddenly to me before any other could utter a word, said, with an agitated voice, "This is the Mistress Osprey!"

The lady instantly turned pale, and, gazing at the landlady, whom she at once recognised, said,

"You mistake—I am Lady Heatherstone."

"Oh, why did you add the guilt of falsehood to your sin," cried the contrite landlady; "you told me yourself your name, on the vile morning of that night when you and the other lady stopped at our house."

Lady Heatherstone rejoined—"You are in some mistake; but what does this mean?—why, ladies and gentlemen, are you here? and what is the object of these questions?"

Lord Baronsdale said nothing, but, with his mouth open, seemed waiting some result.

"Madam," after a momentary pause, said I, "when I last saw your friend, Sir Mandeville Webster—"

"Oh, Webster! do you know him?" was her exclamation of astonishment, and she flung herself on a sofa, and covered her face with her hands.

I rushed towards Maria to catch her in my embrace, but her spirit was gone—I had only her corpse in my arms.

From that hour I have but existed. Our two children are both dead. Had they lived, perhaps I might have endeavoured to resume my profession; but the eldest only survived a year, and the second scarcely survived another. Since that time I have been but a breathing thing—an abstract of humanity—and the solitude of the cloister has been my home. Had we possessed any such asylum in England I had not come to Sicily. But it matters not—all places are now alike to me.

INTERESTING TO SCIENCE!—Bets to a considerable amount have been offered by Capt. Browne on the efficiency and capability of the following novel invention:—*Railroads*. By means of a railroad, on an entire new construction, and by the adoption of a propelling power not hitherto made use of on railroads, it will be proved, that under the supposition of a continued ascent of 100 miles, at thirty degrees of elevation, with a carriage containing eight persons, the distance may be accomplished in two hours. To be decided by a board of scientific men!—*Balloons*. It will be proved, that a balloon, directed to any spot or quarter of the compass, may be driven there by the wind from either of the three other quarters. This has been a theory often held, but which has always failed in practice for want of a counteraction below. Also to be decided by a board of scientific men.—*Cavalry*. It will be proved, that, by a scientific invention adaptable to cavalry, the latter may break through masses of infantry with but little loss. This is to be decided by a board of officers. This invention has been tendered to Government, but it appears that at the Horse Guards they are not empowered to offer any reward for new inventions.—*Infantry*. Captain Browne will undertake to prove, that by his new invention, three hundred raw recruits, say working men or Irish labourers, with a few days' drilling, and only armed, offensively with pikes, or spits, and at an expence under two pounds per man, will beat the same or double the number of regular troops. This is to be decided by a board of officers. The test to be, supposing two bodies of troops to encounter in a street, which would have to

give way. It will be proved, that, should the regulars stand the charge, a great slaughter of them must ensue, while a few, if any of the pikemen or spitters would suffer from the fire or bayonet.—*Literary Gazette*.

FROM THE HARTFORD REVIEW.

THE STRANGER.

I saw him, Lucy, only once—as down the lighted hall
We moved to music playfully—a stranger to us all—
A stranger with a pale white brow, and dark and meaning eye,
Which flashed like lightning on my own when'er he passed
me by.

That soul like eye! it haunts me still!—so passionately deep,
Like those which sometimes beam on us in visions of our sleep—
So sad as if some shadowing grief had o'er his spirit gone,
Yet brightening strangely as it caught the answer of my own!

I knew him not—yet even when I turned me from the dance
I saw his dark eye follow me—it could not be by chance—
I knew him not—and yet his tones were breathed upon my ear
So sweetly low and musical, I could not choose but hear.

He spoke of sunny Italy—of Venice and her isles—
Of dark mustachioed cavaliers and fair Signora's smiles—
Of music melting on the sea—of moonlight upon bowers,
Of fair hands wreathing silken curls with gay and pleasant
flowers!

And when he spoke of lovely ones—or praised a soul like eye,
His deep full glance was fixed on mine, as if it sought reply.
The flush was deepened on my cheek—my voice grew faint and
low,
I trembled at his earnest gaze—'twas foolishness, I know.

We parted at my father's door—the moonlight sweetly shone,
And I was standing at his side—my arm was on his own;
He sighed, dear Lucy, how he sighed! my eyes grew strangely
dim,
It pained my heart to hear his sigh—I could have wept for him!

He spoke of disappointed hope—of dreams that faded soon,
The dew drops of life's joyous morn, which van where its noon—
He spoke of the loneliness of heart—of weariness and pain—
And murmured that a life like his was desolate and vain!

He said his father's castle frowned upon a foreign shore—
(A castle, Lucy, think of that—he is a count or more!)
That solitude was in its halls—chill, prison-like and lone,
Ungladdened by the smile of love or woman's kindly tone.

And then dear Lucy, blame me not, we wept with one another,
You would yourself have pitied him and loved him as a brother,
So handsome and so sorrowful—so haughty yet so kind,
O dear—I cannot keep his look one moment from my mind.

He pressed my hand at parting, and tonight he will be here,
While Pa is at his game of chess, and Ma is nowhere near;
Excuse me, dearest Lucy, now—indeed I cannot write,
Tomorrow I will tell you more—he will be here to-night.

P. S.—Oh, dearest Lucy, pity me—I really think I'm dying—
My heart is like a heart of lead—my eyes are red with crying—
But yesterday the Bank was robbed, and of a large amount,
My father tried the robber and oh!—IT WAS MY COUNT

THE PRESS.—It is in the issues from the periodical press that the chief influence of literature in the present day consists. Newspapers alone, if no other evidence were to be adduced, would prove incontrovertibly the immense and hitherto unappreciated superiority in point of mental culture, of the existing generation over all their forefathers since Britain was invaded by Julius Cæsar. The talents, learning, ingenuity, and eloquence employed in the conduct of many of these; the variety of information conveyed through their columns from every quarter of the globe to the obscurest cottage, and into the humblest mind in the realm, render newspapers, not luxuries, which they might be expected to be among an indolent and voluptuous people, but absolute necessities of life—the daily food of millions of the most active, intelligent labourers, the most shrewd, indefatigable, and enterprising tribes on the face of the earth. Compare an ordinary provincial journal of last week, with the best that was published in the metropolis fifty years ago, and the step which refinement has made in the interval will at once appear. The periodical publications of the first half of the last century,—the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, and their successors, did much towards increasing an eager relish for elegant literature, as well as rendering the most useful and popular kinds of knowledge accessible to every body. But, except in their master-pieces, which may be equalled, though never excelled, there are hundreds of articles in every week's newspapers, which may at least rival the com-

mon run of essays in some of the most celebrated works above alluded to.—*James Montgomery, the Poet, in the Metropolitan*.

A CHARACTER.—Mr. Lushington was one of the number. As a child, he cried over his pap, his washing, and dressing, and himself to sleep—for the mere sake, as his nurse asserted, of plaguing her: at school, though neither tyrant nor telltale, he was hated—for his comrades always found his opinion opposite to theirs, a shadow thrown over their hopes, and a sneer affixed to their pleasures. At a very early age he went to India; lived for years in a remote station, where he was equally derided and disliked, and finally came home to adjust the balance of comfort between a hundred thousand pounds and a liver complaint. He made morning calls, for the express purpose of telling the ladies of the house how ill they looked after the fatigues of the night before, and dwelt emphatically on the evils of late hours and ruined complexions;—he dined out to insinuate the badness of the dinner, and take an opposite side in politics to his host,—he was not the least particular as to principles, always supposing them to be contradictory; and he went to balls to ask young damsels who had no partners why they did not dance, and to make a third in every *tele-a-tete* that seemed interesting. In short, he was a modern incarnation of an Egyptian plague, sent as a judgment into society; but then he was single, and single men may marry;—but then he had a hundred thousand pounds, and he must die and leave them behind him. Vain hopes! He had too large a stock of tormenting to confine it to any one individual, even though that individual were his wife; and as to his money, when he did die, which he was a long time about, he left one of those wills which realise the classic fable of the golden apple thrown by the goddess of discord—for his heir not only spent the whole property in chancery, but some thousands of his own.—*Romance and Reality*.

FROM THE LIVERPOOL ALBION.

THE last number of the Quarterly Review contains a long, and somewhat heavy, article entitled the 'Progress of Misgovernment.' The reform bill is the prominent object of the writer's attack; but, in the course of his essay, he accidentally notices a variety of other topics. It is not our intention, nor is it worth our while, to reply to the arguments, or rather, to the stale sophisms which the reviewer urges against reform generally, and against the new bill in particular. The sophistry has been exposed again and again. The people of England understand the question of reform in all its bearings; and it will require something more powerful than the sophistry of the reviewer to convince him, that reform is NOT necessary. We intend merely to notice the contrast which the reviewer institutes between the income of the clergy of the United States and the clergy of England. The following is the passage:

"Next, as to the ecclesiastical expenses:—We find it stated by Dr. Cooper, in his late publication, that the clergy of all sects throughout the United States, receive at the rate of about 1000 dollars each per annum, exclusive of the expense of the churches, and of what he calls irregular exactions and fees; and that they are in number about thirteen thousand; constituting an aggregate charge on the public of 13,000,000 of dollars, or about £3,081,650, for their salaries only,—and for each clergyman £231 10s! While here in England, where of late we have been hearing of nothing else but the intolerable gaucherie of tithes and the expense generally of our church establishment, it appears, from very satisfactory evidence, that the total amount of tithes in the hands of the clergy does not materially exceed 2,215,000l. and that, if the tithes were equally divided among all the livings, each clergyman would have only about 200l. per annum!—nay, more, than even with the addition of the cathedral property, and of the income of the bishops, you cannot establish an aggregate of more than 2,673,500l! It is true, indeed, that, to make the comparison with America complete, it would be necessary still to add to this sum the incomes of the English dissenting clergy, which, no doubt, are considerable, and might probably, for aught we know, be more than sufficient to make up the difference."

Now, if the income of the clergy of the Church of England were even greater than the reviewer states it to be, we know not that any person whose mind is imbued with the spirit of religion,—at least, not a member of the establishment, would object to its amount. 'The labourer is worthy of his hire,' an axiom which holds good in religious as well as in secular affairs. It is to the Unequal Mode in which the revenues of the church and distributed among her sons, and not to their aggregate amount, that the people object, and which they wish to see remedied. They cannot think it right, that, while some of the dignitaries of the church receive princely incomes, the bulk of the clergy should be compelled to work for a stipend so miserable as scarcely to be sufficient to keep body and soul together; much less, to enable them to bring up and educate their families in decency and respectability. The people certainly object also to the mode in which a considerable portion of the income of the church is raised, namely, tithe. They think, that it might be raised in some other mode, a mode which would not check agricultural improvement, at the same time that it irritates and exasperates the feelings of the agricultural classes, who have, or imagine they have, too much reason to view the clergy in the light of taxgatherers, rather