

the bank, defining the dark outlines of the tumbling multitudinous billows on the horizon, as distinctly as if they had been pasteboard waves in a theatre.

"Is that a sail to windward, in the clear, think you?" said Mr Splinter to me in a whisper. At this moment it lightened vividly. "I am sure it is," continued he—"I could see her white sail in the glance just now."

I looked steadily, and at last caught the small dark speck against the bright background, rising and falling on the sea like a feather.

[To be concluded in our next]

**A CURE FOR GALLANTRY.**—A young officer of the National Guard has just received a check which will probably cure him of gallantry for life. He had tormented the pretty wife of a dyer during a long time with letters and compliments, followed her about like her shadow, and at last became so terribly importunate, that she revealed the affair to her husband, who desired her to give him an appointment. Hardly had the conference begun, when the dyer and several of his workmen appeared, and seizing the unhappy lover, gave him a good sousing in a tub of indigo. Then, in order that the dye might be durable, they made him stand before a large fire till he was entirely dry. Unfortunately, he was obliged to attend parade the next day, and in consequence he made such plentiful use of soap and eau-de-Cologne that the tint of indigo disappeared, but it was to give place to a beautiful sky blue.

**DEAN BRIDGE, SCOTLAND.**—The stupendous structure of Dean Bridge, says "The Scotsman," which forms one of the most splendid ornaments of our city, is now nearly completed. It may perhaps be interesting to our readers to give them some general description of it. This bridge has been erected almost at the sole expense of John Learmonth, Esq. our present Lord Provost, from a design by Mr. Telford, and executed by Messrs. John Gibb & Son, contractors, from Aberdeen, in a style superior to anything we have seen. It consists of four lower arches, each 90 feet span and 80 feet rise, springing from pillars at the height of 70 feet above the bed of the water of Leith. These arches are surmounted by other four arches, of 96 feet span each, and only 16 feet rise, projecting 5 feet over the lower arches on each side. The latter carry the foot-path, and give that elegantly light effect to the whole facade which appears to us quite unequaled. From the roadway, which is at the enormous height of 120 feet above the level of the river below, there is a most extensive view of the Firth of Forth, with the adjacent coasts of Fife and East Lothian. This bridge will form the principal approach from the north, and affords direct access to the fine building-ground on the Dean estate, and which, we understand, has been one of the principal objects of the bridge. As such splendid operations are rarely to be met with in private individuals, we sincerely hope that the spirited proprietor will meet with all the success which he can wish.

**BEAUTY OF THE POLISH JEWEES.**—The beauty of the Polish Jewesses has a character quite the reverse of that which constitutes the charm of the Christian females. Dignity, feeling, tender melancholy, and not unfrequently, deep-seated sorrow is expressed in the features of the fair daughters of Israel, whose notions of virtue and decorum are as right as the laws of their forefathers. But, of course, this rule, like every other, has its exceptions. Few will deny, that beauty consists less in the form than in the expression of the features; and many women who are pronounced beautiful produce but little, or, perhaps even an unfavourable impression, merely from the want of intellectual spirit. The utmost beauty of form, combined with expression, leaves nothing to be wished for. This will be acknowledged by all who have beheld the Jewesses of Poland. Their faithful adherence to their national costume serves to heighten their natural attractions. Wherever the French fashions prevail, they generally have a pernicious influence on the female mind. French fashion introduces French coquetry, French corruption, and all its baneful consequences. —Harro Harring's Poland under the dominion of Russia.

**REMORSTRANCE WITH TIME.**—Many authors have remonstrated with time; we question if any one ever rated him so soundly as the author of *The Affianced One*.—"Time seems to pass, even to the unfortunate upon leading pinions, yet he travels as rapidly and pursues his sullen destiny with a swiftness as unvarying when, fluttering upon silken wings, he gently carries us

down the stream of existence. Old Time! the weary call to thee to speed. Oh, laggard Time! how heavy is thy measured pace! how slowly dost thou toil along the barren wilderness of life! They call, but there is no answer; while the lengthening years of sorrow and of suffering revolve wearily and tardidly! But hark, gentle Time, the gay and the happy, a small and joyous band, call upon thee to stay! Oh! rosy-fingered Time! carry us not on so swiftly, though it be merrily over the flowery fields of life; stay thy light steps, and let us cull the roses which bestrew our path, and weave bright garlands of love and joy. What answers the stern tyrant? Behold, he plants one iron foot upon the cheek of beauty, another upon the neck of princes. In his mighty march he annihilates empires and builds up kingdoms. He turns smiles to tears of bitterness and sorrow, though, more rarely into joys. Will he, the destroyer of nations and of words, listen to the sighs of the fair or of the brave?"

FROM THE LONDON ATHENEUM.

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THOU'rt false to me—thou'rt false to me,  
And Pride should teach me to forget;  
But still my heart beats warm for thee—

I love ye yet, I love thee yet!

I thought to still

Each burning thrill.

I thought to drown each fond regret;

But ah! my soul

Forbids control—

I love thee yet, I love thee yet!

Still 'midst the gay I'm seen, I'm heard—

My mother joys to hear me sing;

Nor dreams that, like the wounded bird,

I bear the shaft beneath the wing!

But in my bower,

At twilight hour,

I mourn o'er hopes forever set;

And tears might tell,

How much too well

I love thee yet, I love thee yet!

JAJA-EL.

**INTERESTING ANECDOTE.**—"One day," says Massena, "being at Buzzenghen, I perceived a young soldier belonging to the light artillery, whose horse had just been wounded by a lance. The young man, who appeared quite a child, defended himself desperately, as several bodies of the enemy lying around him could testify. I immediately despatched an officer with some men to his assistance, but they arrived too late. Although this action had taken place on the borders of the wood, and in front of the bridge, the artilleryman alone had withstood the attack of the small troop of Cossacks, and Bavarians, whom the officer and men I had despatched had put to flight. His body was covered with wounds inflicted by shot, lances, and swords. There were at least thirty. And do you know, madame, what this young man was?" said Massena, turning to me. "A woman! yes, a woman, and a handsome woman too! although she was so covered with blood, that it was difficult to judge of her beauty. She had followed her lover to the army. The latter was a captain of artillery; she never left him; and when he was killed, defended like a lioness the remains of him she had so ardently loved. She was a native of Paris; her name was Louise Bellet; and she was the daughter of a fringe-maker in the Rue du Petit Lion."—*Memoirs of the Duchess of d'Abrantes.*

**LIFE OF AN M. P.**—The life of the regular House of Commons' man is not a bed of roses. It is scarcely possible, at the first sight, to conceive any existence more wearisome. At half-past three he goes down to prayers, he takes his seat among cold, desolate benches; petitions come on; long, unsensational speeches ensue; then, perhaps, the question is hunted down into the corner of a detail, where it is worried, mouthed, mumbled for three or four hours, and finally escapes, at last, to be hunted again at the next opportunity. At seven, perhaps, our assiduous senator escapes up stairs to a plate of cold meat and a glass of brandy and water; and, in half an hour afterwards, he is fairly re-seated till two, nay three, o'clock in the

morning. And, perhaps this laborious gentleman never speaks himself; has no particular interest in the subjects discussed; has no ambition to gratify; no purpose to answer. Perhaps for him all the pleasures and luxuries of life await; cheerful society, music, books, wine, love, all that riches can purchase and youth enjoy. What induces the choice he has preferred? Heaven only knows! And yet the more wearisome a pursuit at the beginning, the more seductive it often becomes at the end. Business grows upon man more than pleasure; only, indeed, to men who do not enter into it themselves, the daily work of the House of Commons is scarcely business:—"totius negotii caput ac fontem ignorant." But it may be observed, that of all pursuits, those which lead to public speaking generally engross and tyrannize the most. At the universities, the members of a speaking club rarely think of any thing else but the club. On the stage, how invariably do actors herd together; how invariably their conversation turns on the arts and its professors. So in regard to the house. A party of members, met at dinner, fly at once to "that interesting debate,"—"Mr. Stanley," "Sir Charles Wetherell," "the sugar refiners," and the indomitable "bill." This, it is that makes the society of members dull to the gay world, and insipid to women in particular. Few ladies, however ambitious in general, long preserve much sympathy with the parliamentary ambition of their husbands. And here is a marked difference between the French and the English woman. The rewards which social distinction bestows in France are much more gratifying than those which it can grant to England; yet, in France, women value public reputation and political honours much higher than the honours of the *salon*; and it would be well for England if here it was the same.—*New Monthly.*

**A GENUINE KAINTEUCK.**—The Americans are as skilful in hitting off the ridiculous in their own countrymen as Mr. Mathews himself. In a little dramatic piece, now playing there with great success, the principal character is Nimrod Wildfire, who, to use his own language, is a *screamer*. Some idea of his peculiarities may be formed from the following slight sketch which he gives of an affair between himself and a raftsmen:—"I was ridin' along the Mississippi in my waggon, when I came across a fellow floatin' down stream, settin' in the stern of his boat, fast asleep! Well, I had'nt had a fight for ten days, felt as though I should have to kiver myself up in a salt barrel to keep, so Wolfy about the head and shoulders. So says I, 'Hullo, stranger! if you don't take care your boat wil run away with you.' So he looked up at me slantindicler, and I looked down on him slantindicler: he took out a chaw o' tobaccor, and says he, 'I dont vatee your tantamount to that!' and then the vermin flapped his wings and crowed like a cock. I ris' up, shook my mane, crooked my neck, and neighed like a horse. He run his boat plump headforemost ashore. I stopped my waggon, and set my triggers. 'Mister,' says he, 'I can whip my weight in wildcats and ride straight through a crab-apple orchard on a flash of lightning. Clear meat—ax disposition, the best man: if I an't I wish I may be tetotacionally ex-luneted!' The two belligerents join issue, and the colonel goes on to say, 'He was a pretty severe colt, but no part of a prining to such a feller as me. I put it to him mighty droll; in ten minutes he yelled 'Enough!' and swore I was a rib-staver! Says I, 'An't I the yellow flower of the forest, and I'm all brimstone but the head, and that's aquafortis!' Says he, 'Stranger, you're a beauty, and if I only know'd your name, I'd vote for your next election.' Says I, 'My name is Nimrod Wildfire, (half horse, half alligator, and a touch of the earthquake,) that's got the prettiest sister, fattest horse, and ugliest dog in the district, and can outrun, outjump, throw down, drag out, and whip any man in all Kaintuck.'"

**THE PRESS.**—Every man, however mediocre in genius, who writes without prejudice and without fear, is at this moment possessed of some portion of that magnificent power, the power of influencing public opinion. And never, since England "plumed her wings" against the usurpations of Charles Stuart, was there a moment when he who holds such power ought to pause more cautiously before he exerts it; to strike