

wealth—to all which she is so justly entitled, in a foreign land; but I have not a shilling in the world.' Here he paused, and Mr B. thought he saw him weep. He drew out his pocket book, and unfolded a bank bill; he put it into the man's hand and said—'here is what I hope will ease you from your present difficulties—it is a hundred pounds.' The man started as he received the paper, and said in a low subdued tone, 'I will not attempt to thank you Sir. May I ask your name and address?' Mr B. gave him what he required. 'Farewell, Sir,' said the Stranger. When I have expiated my faults by a life of honesty and virtue, I will pray for you—till then I dare not.' Saying these words, he bounded over the hedge, and disappeared. Mr B. rode home, wondering at the occurrence; and he has often said since, that he never derived so much pleasure from a hundred pounds in his life. He related the adventure to several of his friends,—but as they were not all endowed with the same generosity of spirit as himself, he was rather laughed at for his simplicity, and in the course of a few years an increasing and very prosperous business drove the transaction almost entirely from his mind. One day, however, about twelve years after the adventure, he was sitting with a few friends after dinner, when a note was put into his hands, and the servant told him that the Leith carrier had brought a hog's head of claret into the hall. He opened the note, and found it to contain an order for a hundred pounds, with interest up to that time, accompanied with the strongest expressions of gratitude for the services done to the writer long ago. It had no date, but informed him that he was happy, that he was respected, and that he was admitted partner of one of the first mercantile houses in the city where he lived. Every year the same present was continued, always accompanied with a letter. Mr B. strange to say, made no great effort to discover his correspondent. The wine as I have good reason to know, was the finest that could be had, for many a good magnum of it I have drank at the hospitable table of my friend. At last he died, and the secret of who the mysterious correspondent might be, seemed in a fair way of dying with him. But my story is not yet done. When the funeral of Mr. B. had reached the Grey-friar's Church-yard, the procession was joined by a gentleman who got out of a very elegant carriage at the door of the church. He was a tall, handsome man, about 45 years of age, dressed in the deepest mourning. There was no armoial bearings on the panel of his carriage, for I took the trouble to examine them very particularly myself. He was totally unknown to all the family—and after the ceremony, during which he appeared to be greatly affected, he went up to the chief mourner, and said, 'I hope, sir, you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger, but I could not refrain from paying the last tribute of respect to an excellent gentleman, who was at one time more my benefactor than any person living.' Saying this, he bowed, stepped quickly into his carriage, and disappeared. Now, this, I have no doubt in my mind, was the very individual who had so much excited my curiosity. All I can say is, if he is still alive, I wish, when he dies, he would leave me his cellar of wine, for his judgment in that article, I'll be bound to say, is unimpeachable and sublime.

MOORS OF GRENADA.

The refined and elegant gallantry, which made the Moors of Grenada famous through all Europe forms a singular contrast when viewed in comparison with the ferocity natural to all those of Africa. Those Moslems who, in battle, esteemed it a glorious proof of their address if they could cut off with dexterity the heads of the slain, which they fastened to their saddles, and exposed bloody upon the battlements of their towns, and the gates of their palaces—those turbulent warriors, who scorned to acquire the arts of peace, and were ever ready to revolt against their kings to depose and to assassinate them—were, yet the tenderest, the most submissive, and the most passionate of lovers. Their wives, although little better than slaves, become when they were beloved, queens and goddesses to those whose hearts they possessed. It was to please them that glory was pursued. To dazzle their eyes, to win their approbation life and fortune were wasted in emulous efforts to triumph in the lists, or on the field, and to sparkle at the feast. This singular union of mildness with cruelty, of delicacy with barbarism, this passion for the meed of valour and constancy—can the Moors be supposed to have caught it by imitation from the Spaniards? or the Spaniards from the Moors? it is difficult to determine. But, when we consider that the Arabians were distinguished by no such characteristic in their native seats in Asia, and still less in Africa, in which they were naturalized by conquest, and that since the expulsion from Spain they have lost every vestige of the romantic and amiable manners of chivalry, we must rather incline to the supposition that they owed this love of delicacy of sentiment towards their women to the Spaniard. However this may be the ladies of Grenada were worthy of love: they were perhaps the most charming women in the world. An Arabian historian, who wrote at Grenada, in the year 376 of our era, in the reign of Mahomet the Old, speaks thus of those lovely females:—

'They are all beautiful. But their beauty which is at first striking, acquires more effect from their fine and graceful figures. They are above the middle size; and no where is an handsomer shape to be seen. Their long black hair descends to their heels. Their teeth are resplendently white, and the liberal use of the

exquisite perfumes gives their skins a freshness and a lustre which none of the other Moslem ladies possess. Their deportment, their dance, and all their motions have in them a graceful softness, a careless gaiety, which heightens their other charms. Their conversation is sprightly, their understanding acute, and the delicacy of their wit is often displayed in happy sallies, *bon mots*.

The dress of these woman, like that of the ladies of Persia and Turkey, consisted of a long linen tunic, bound with a girdle, a deliman with strait sleeves, large white drawers, and slippers of morocco leather. The stuffs are all extremely fine, and commonly embroidered with gold, silver, and pearls; their hair was bound in tresses, and floated on their shoulders. A small, but very rich bonnet on the head sat under an embroidered veil which flowed down to the knees.

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

WHISPER thou tree, thou lonely tree,
One, where a thousand stood!
Well might proud tales be told of thee,
Last of the solemn wood.

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green?
Stillness is sound, and noontide glows—
Tell us what thou hast seen!

I have seen the forests shadows lie
Where men now reap the corn;
I have seen the kingly chase rush by
Through the deep glades at morn.

With the glance of many a gallant spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer,
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

I have seen the knight and his train ride past,
With his banner borne on high;
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
From his gleamy panoply.

The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm branch midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,
Kneeling at vesper hours.

And the merry men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
I have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,
And the hunter songs of yore.

And the minstrel, resing in my shade,
Hath made the forest ring;
And the noble tales of the high crusade,
Once lov'd by chief and king.

But now the noble forms are gone
That walk'd the earth of old;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone—
The sunny light looks cold.

There is no glory left us now
Like the glory with the dead:
I would that were they slumber now
My latest leaves were shed.

Oh! thou dark tree, thou lonely tree,
That mournest for the past,
A peasant's home in thy shade I see,
Embow'rd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear;
For the poor man's children sport around
On the turf, with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin wall
A happy summer glow,
And the open door stands free to all,
For it recka not of a foe.

And the village bells are on the breeze,
That stir thy leaf, dark tree!
How can I mourn, 'midst things like these,
For the gloomy past with thee?

PEOPLE WITH ONE IDEA.

HAVE any of my readers the misfortune to be acquainted with some person who has but one idea, or who speaks for ever upon one subject, no matter what? There are such persons, and they are serious annoyances in society. I call them *monomaniacs*, or people who have run mad on one subject. On every thing else they will talk rationally, though only for a moment. They feel pained at the introduction into conversation of something apart from their own favorite notion, and hurry to start the idea on which they have talked all their lives, and which they will probably never leave at rest till they themselves are quiescent. Hazlitt, in one of his essays, hits off people with one idea in his happiest and most sarcastic style. —'There is Major C— (says he); he has but one idea or subject of discourse—Parliamentary Reform. Now, Parliamentary Reform is, as far as I know, a very good thing, a very

good idea, and a very good subject to talk about; but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant Major resume his favourite topic, is like law business, or a person who has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still. Like a piece of pack-thread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways and cannot proceed without it. Some school-boys cannot read but in their own book; and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not; but a sort of recital of, or preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments, for a man being of opinion with himself. It would be well if there was any thing of character, of eccentricity, in all this; but this is not the case. It is a political homily personified—a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to. It is just as if a man were to insist on your hearing him go through the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges every time you met, or like the story of the Cosmogony in the Vicar of Wakefield. It is a tune played on a barrel organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which they get, and are set down when they please, without any pain or trouble to themselves. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have, and this is what makes the matter hopeless.'

SHOCKING SIGHT.

There is a place without the city [Naples] well worth visiting by a stranger, if the nerves are strong enough to go through the rodeal,—the Compo Santo. No one could believe, without being convinced by actual observation, that a refined and polished people, as and the Neapolitans in many respects, can tolerate a usage so revolting to every feeling, so disgraceful to human nature. An immense square area, enclosed by lofty walls; around the interior runs a gallery, supported by pillars. In the pavement are as many holes as there are days in the year; these are closed by square stones, each of which, on being raised by a pulley, discloses a cave or tomb beneath. Here the bodies of both sexes, and of all ages from infancy to decrepitude, are brought and, the stone being lifted, are tumbled to the bottom in a mass, and left to repose on the vast heap of corpses, previously accumulated. As we stood in the midst of this Golgotha, where Death sits in hideous mockery, gorged every rise and set of sun with fresh victims, we observed a man proceeding into the area with a large basket on his head. On being asked what he carried, he produced his burden, consisted of a couple of dead and naked children, which he very coolly, as soon as the stone for the day was lifted, tossed into the gloomy cave beneath. We had the curiosity to request the covering of one of these universal sepulchres to be raised, and gazed down on its dreadful secrets. No field of battle, the carnage being finished, was ever half so shocking. Hosts of infants lay there, mangled—as when Herod ceased his slaughter of the Innocents. Strong men were in heaps, bowed and broken by the fall, in whose aspect every ghastly disease had feasted; and women there were many, and in youth, too, of whom the worm had not yet become 'the mother or the sister. The relatives and friends seldom even attend the farce of interment, but leave that to the hardened functionaries of the place.—*Carne's Letters*.

NAPOLEONIDE.

If the letters forming the word *veto* be struck out of the words *Revelution Francaise*, the remaining letters will constitute a very singular coincidence, for they will form, with proper ingenuity of location, the words 'Un corse la finira.' The names of the male crowned heads of the extinct Napoleon dynasty, likewise form a remarkable acrostic.

N-apoleon	Emperor of the French.
I-oseph	King of Spain.
H-ieronymus	King of Westphalia.
I-oachim	King of Naples.
L-ouis	King of Holland.

And a dissection of the compound Greek word 'Napoleon,' gives the following singular result:

Napoleon	The Lion of the Wood.
apoleon	The Destroyer
poleon	of Cities.
oleon	The desolating
leon	Lion
eon	now existent. (MDCCCXIII.)

MISERIES OF WEALTH.—It is to have a subscription paper handed you every hour, and to be called a niggard if you once refuse your name.—It is to have every college, infirmary, and asylum make a run upon the bank of your benevolence, and then rail at the smallness of the dividend. It is to pay the tailor for all his bad customers, and compensate the tradesman for what he loses by knavery or extravagance. It is either to be married for money, or to have a wife always casting up the sum total of the fortune she brought.—It is to be invited to drink poor wine, that you may give better in return.—It is to have greater temptations than others in this world; and to find the entrance to a better more difficult, than the rest of mankind.—*The Mother's Story Book*.