

fare during the whole time of dinner, like the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Nothing is so common as to see a roast goose suddenly jump out of its dish in the middle of the dinner, and make a frisk from end of the table to the other; and we are quite in the habit of laying wagers which of the two boiled fowls will arrive at the bottom first.

N. B. To-day the liver wing was the favorite, but the knowing ones were taken in; the uncarved one carried it hollow."

ASPECT OF PERSIAN TOWNS.

Disappointed with the face of nature, the stranger seeks in vain for comfort in the appearance of the towns. Forming, it is probable, his ideas of such celebrated places as Ispahan, Bagdad, Shiraz, Bussora, or Tabriz upon a fanciful model, embellished with Oriental domes, minarets, and columns, he can scarcely be prepared to witness the shapeless mass of ruins and filth, which even the best of these cities will present to his view; while all that they really contain of wealth cleanliness or convenience is carefully concealed from the eye. Surveyed from a commanding situation, a Persian town appears particularly monotonous and uninteresting. The houses, built of mud, do not differ in colour from the earth on which they stand; and from their lowness and irregular construction resemble casual inequalities on its surface, rather than human dwellings. Even those of the great seldom exceed one story, and the lofty walls which shroud them from sight produce a blank and cheerless effect. There are no public buildings except the mosques, medressas or colleges, and caravansaries; and these, usually mean like the rest, lie hid in the midst of the mouldering relics of former edifices. The general *coup d'œil* embraces an assemblage of flat roofs, little rounded cupolas, and long walls of mud, thickly interspersed with ruins. Minarets and domes of any magnitude are rare, and few possess claims to elegance or grandeur. Even the smoke, which, towering from the chimneys, and hovering over the roofs of an English city, suggests the existence of life and comfort, does not here enliven the dreary scene; and the only relief to its monotony is to be sought in the gardens, adorned with chinar, cypress, and fruit-trees, which, to a greater or less extent, are seen near all the towns and villages of Persia. On approaching these places, even such of them as have been capitals of the empire, the traveller casts his eyes around for those marks of human intercourse, and listens for the hum of men, which never fail to cheer the heart and raise the spirits of the wayfarer; but he looks and listens in vain. Instead of the well ordered road, bordered with hedges, inclosures and gay habitations, and leading in due course to the imposing street of lofty and substantial edifices, he who approaches an eastern town must thread the narrow and dirty lane, rugged as the torrent's bed, confined by decayed mud-walls or high inclosures of sundried bricks, which shut up whatever of verdure the place can boast; he must pick his uncertain way among heights and hollows—the fragments of old buildings, and the pits which have supplied the materials for new ones. At length, reaching the wall, generally in a state of dilapidation, which girds the city, and entering the gateway, where lounge a few squalid guards, he finds himself in a sorry bazaar, or perhaps in a confusion of rubbish as shapeless and disorderly as that without, from which he has escaped. In vain he looks for streets; even houses are scarcely to be discerned amid the heaps of mud and ruins, which are hurrowed into holes, and resemble the perforation of a gigantic ant's nest rather than human abodes. The residences of the rich and great, whatever be their internal comfort or luxury, are carefully secluded by high mud-walls; and around them, even to the very entrances, are clustered the hovels of the poor.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library; Fraser's History of Persia.*

INFLUENCE OF HABIT.

The important truth, therefore, is deserving of attention, the deepest and most habitual, that character consists in a great measure in habits, and that habits arise out of individual actions and individual operations of the mind. Hence the importance of weighing every action of our lives, and every train of thought that we encourage in our minds;—for we never can determine the effect of a single act or a single mental process, in giving that influence to the character or to the moral foundation, the result of which shall be permanent and decisive. In the whole history of habits indeed, we see a wondrous display of that remarkable order of sequences which has been established in our mental constitution, and by which every man becomes, in an important sense, the master of his own moral destiny. For each act of virtue tends to make him more virtuous, and each act gives new strength to an influence within, which will certainly render him more and more vicious. These considerations have a practical tendency of the utmost interest. In subduing habits of an

injurious character, the laws of mental sequences, which have now been referred to, must be carefully acted on. When the judgment, influenced by the indications of conscience, is convinced of the injurious nature of the habit, the attention must be steadily and habitually directed to this impression. There will thus arise a desire to be delivered from the habit, or, in other words, to cultivate the course of action that is opposed to it. This desire being cherished in the mind, is then made to bear on every individual case in which a propensity is felt towards particular actions, or particular mental processes referable to the habit. The new inclination is at first acted on with an effort, but after every instance of success, less effort is required, until at length the new course of action is confirmed, and overpowers the habit to which it was opposed. But that this result may take place, it is necessary that the mental process be followed in the manner directly indicated by the philosophy of the moral feelings; for if this is not attended to, the expected effect may not follow, even under circumstances which appear, at first sight, most likely to produce it. On this principle we are to explain the fact, that bad habits may be long suspended by some powerful intrinsic influence, while they are in no degree broken. Thus a person addicted to intemperance will bind himself by an oath to abstain for a certain time from intoxicating liquors; in an instance, which has been related to me, an individual under this process observed the utmost rigid sobriety for five years, but was found in a state of intoxication the very day after the period of abstinence had expired. In such a case, the habit is suspended by the mere influence of the oath; but the desire continues unsubdued, and resumes all its former power whenever this artificial restraint is withdrawn. The effect is the same as if the man had been in confinement during the period, or had been kept from his favorite indulgence by some other restraint entirely of an external kind;—the gratification was prevented, but his moral nature continued unchanged.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

When twilight's gray and pensive hour
Bring the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine, in pale beauty, from afar;

When gathering shades the landscape veil,
And peasants shake the village-dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every bosom flies.

When evening's primrose opens, to shed
Soft vagrance round her grassy bed;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's sight;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely Nightingale;
And, from the hermitage of shade,
Fills, with her voice, the forest-glade;

And sweeter far that melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in Heaven, oh! thus, when day,
With all its cares hath passed away,
And silent hours wait peace on earth,
And hush the louder strains of mirth;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer
To Thee my spirit's offering bear:
Yon star, my signal, set on high,
For vesper hymns of piety.

So may thy mercy and thy power
Protect me, through the midnight hour;
And balmy sleep, and visions best,
Smile on thy servant's bed of rest!

MRS. HEMANS.

EXTRACT

From a New Work, by Mrs. Leman Grimstone; entitled *Cleone; a Tale of Married Life.*

"On that day Cleone was almost the last person that entered the crowded room; and she had never come into an assembly in which she more strikingly felt the absence of all moral elevation. The individuals around her were not merely vulgar from the force of mean habits and education, but from a servility of spirit, or a rude assumption of affected independence. The hunger and thirst of gain wrote meanness in all their faces, notwithstanding the broad, bloated, ribicund aspect that distinguished many of them.—Mr Carter was visibly agitated; his wife sympathised in his feelings, but did not evince it; among the motley people surrounding her, she moved with confidence and some dignity, which had the effect it was designed to have on the company. There was a refinement about Cleone, now pale and calm, that was lost on those

she never
vailed
their ri
The will
the soul wa
testament wa
eyes, and, from
With characteristic
funeral were then rehearsed, and the erection of
tomb commanded. Proud dust! thou wert giving a
habitation to the worms that were to devour thee, not
an asylum for thy body. Such a tomb rises a record of
the man that carves it, never of the man it covers!
Abel Carter and Jonathan Clarke were appointed trustees,
co-executors, and co-guardians, with Mrs Carter,
of the property and children of Fitzcain. To these
children the whole of his fortune, excepting only some
legacies of no considerable amount, was bequeathed,
on condition that their mother should separate herself
from them, and reside beyond the seas; in which case
an annuity of sixty pounds per annum was awarded
her; but in the event of her rejecting that condition,
then the property was to pass from the children to
Carter and Clarke, and their heirs for ever, in the proportion
of two thirds to the former, and one third to the latter.—
"Who says the dead are powerless!" exclaimed the young widow,
clasping her hands, and first breaking the silence that followed, when Carter ceased to read.
"Oh, might not this confined clay blush for such a record of the spirit it once sheltered? Let me see the will. Is it—can it be a good will, Mr Carter? I mean, can it be made good in law, against the claims of nature?"—"It is a formal, legal testament," replied Carter, in a low voice, "drawn by myself; and the subscribing witnesses are present."—"Oh, God!" exclaimed Cleone, "could any dictate—any draw—a deed like that?"—"Some one present muttered something about taking the Lord's name in vain. This remark moved some sympathetic heads that might have served as models for the effigies of the yellow mandarin in the grocers' windows."

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.

SPECULATION ON GHOSTS.

THIS article sets forth that a gentleman, on visiting a country town for the first time, dreamt that he walked through a street (which he had never seen) into a by-lane, and to a wretched cottage, where he saw a skeleton. On walking out all the objects but the well and skeleton presented themselves to his view. The impression made on him was so great that he spoke to a magistrate, and obtained the assistance of two constables, with whom he returned to the cottage:

"Here they were met by an old man, who, in a surly forbidding manner (upon the constables making known their intention to search his house and premises), told them 'they might do as they pleased.' They entered the abode, where every thing wore the appearance of extreme misery; they examined every place to no purpose, for they could find nothing of a suspicious nature, and every effort to discover the least sign of a well were unavailing. Having been engaged for some time in a fruitless labour, they were about to return, much to the disappointment of my brother; when it so happened that a number of people, whose curiosity had been moved at the appearance of the constables going on some official errand with a strange gentleman, followed them to the spot. By this time there were about a dozen collected, besides a proportionable compliment of children. It soon became rumoured among the wondering group that the object of investigation was the discovery of a well.—'A well? a well?' exclaimed an old woman, pressing forward—'why, what can they want with it—there has been none to my recollection for nearly forty years! I remember it, however, as though 'twere yesterday, and many a time have I and Gaffer —'s daughter amused ourselves by throwing down stones to hear the rolling echo that sounded like thunder.'—This was sufficient to call up the feelings of my brother to a fresh state of excitement. 'Where was the spot?' said he, eagerly.—'Where?' re-echoed the old woman, 'why, as near as I can guess, you are now standing over its mouth.'—'It must be so' he mentally answered. Upon this piece of information they went to work with renewed ardour, and by the assistance of the by-standers the earth was soon cleared away, till they came to some planks and brick work closely cemented. A pickaxe, however, being procured, this obstruction was soon removed, and the aperture was distinctly seen.—I thought that must be the spot, or I was much mistaken,' said the old informant, as she moved away, thinking, doubtless, it was merely some caprice of the owner in having the well re-opened: 'he was a cursed fool for blocking it up, and thus give himself the trouble of trudging a quarter of a mile every day for fresh water.'—It was some considerable time before they could fix the apparatus for the descent; but when the grappling irons were fastened, and the rope let down, there was a breathless silence in the interval; the line was drawn up several times without any thing attached to it. At length, however, something heavier than usual was laid hold on by the grapples—an uncouth box, or trunk, was drawn up, scarcely held together by reason of its damp and rotten state. They managed, notwithstanding, to land it; but when it was broken open, a sight presented itself that filled the by-standers, who were not prepared for the spectacle, with horror—it proved to be the skeleton of a child! The sensations of my brother cannot be described.—'This is a foul deed, neighbors,' observed one of the constables, 'watch the