

she may teach her children a knowledge of their letters and some outline of Christian duty and belief. Of this, however, the people of the glen are wholly ignorant. The few who have had intercourse with Ewen represent him as strongly attached to his family, and of this we had indirectly a sort of proof on the day we were in the glen. One of Ewen's children had died—died in his solitary Patmos, which was destitute of neighbourly aid or consolation. Overwhelmed with grief, the old man took his boat and crossed to a shepherd's hut, begging the shepherd to assist him in making a coffin for the dead child, as he could not steady his hand under the blow of this calamity. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' says Shakspeare. The assistance was freely given; some birch staves were formed into a coffin and the child will, in a day or two, be interred in a spot exactly suited to Ewen's tastes and character, for the ancient churchyard used by the simple people of Glenquoich is also an island, small in extent, which rises out of the waters of the Ruoich, near its junction with the lake. This incident is keeping with the whole history of this wild unconquered Highlander—one of the last types of a fierce and hardy race, in whose nature strong passions were mingled, both for good and for evil.

From Blackwood's Magazine. TENDENCY OF MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

It is remarkable that almost every invention of our day has a tendency to increase the enjoyments of the multitude. The inventions of the seventeenth century were chiefly scientific and intended for the philosopher; the inventions of the century before were chiefly in the art of war, and intended for the soldier; the inventions of the fifth century were of the great arts which distinguish the modern world from the ancient, and were evidently intended to civilize the half-barbarous state of European nations. But the inventions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have been all for the comforts of the people. The uses of steam—that new principle of power put into the hands of man for a new mastery over nature—have been exclusively turned to the general increase of those means of enjoyment which especially concern the multitude;—to the production of better clothing, the draining of mines, the relief of labour in the more toilsome and unhealthy occupations, and in later years the more easy, rapid, and regular intercourse of remote portions of countries. The remaining imperfections of the machinery exhibit only the imperfections of human skill; but the power is there, and it is exhaustless and irresistible. We are probably still only in the infancy of means which may be destined, in times when the minds of men and the treasures of nations shall be turned to the true purposes of society, to change the face of the world—to raise the valley and level the mountain—to cover the soil with the treasures of its depths, and realize the visions of the primeval age.

It is singular that all attempts to convert steam to the direct purposes of war have been totally abortive. Steam guns, and similar projects for employing steam in the field have failed; and the most powerful and yet obedient element of which man has knowledge, hitherto refuses to exert his giant strength in the service most prized by his passion, and highest in the scale of his ambition.—Intercourse is, in all instances, the chief civilizer of nations, and on this claim we should rest the greatest value of the two greatest inventions of the age—the steamboat and the railroad. The steamship rushes out in the tempest, forces its way through the surge, and crosses the ocean in less time than it would once have taken to coast from one harbor in the channel to another. The railroad, by a still more marvellous achievement, reduces the transit, which was once a waste of days, to a work of hours—brings the ends of the kingdom together—places every portion of it within the reach of every man—and, uniting the most extraordinary powers of speed and strength, formerly so opposite, gives us the flight of a bird, and a force to which the sinews of an elephant are straws. These are great promises for the coming age. Such powers cannot have been given merely to terminate in cheapening calico, or carrying passengers from Liverpool to London in less time than the stage. They are meant to co-operate in the great scale of nations. They are in statistics what the great machinery at the mint is to striking dies by hand. They must it is true, be supplied with the material by the national vigour; the machine must have gold before it can stamp the coinage; but it is a noble and

powerful invention to meet by a new circulation, the new necessities of a more populous, and busy, and energetic generation of mankind.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THE plan of our social world is peculiarly favorable to its daily happiness, as well as to its general beauty, and seems to have been devised with express reference to its agreeable effect. All nature would have made life a mere counting-house of business, or an arena of warfare; all aged would have weakened and saddened it; and youth alone would have disordered it; and childhood only would have converted it into a baby-house of whim and folly. But on the scheme which has been adopted and realized, there is always enough of the elder, for the most important offices and substantial realities, to secure the stability of the social fabric; and this being provided for, and thus upheld, all the others become agreeable ornaments and exhilarating companions to it. The scattered groups and moving forms of the younger are always pleasing: it is they who cause the story of life to be so often poetical and pathetic. Living chiefly on their fancy and their feelings, and fond of activity, it is from the ardent, adventurous, fearless, hoping, restless, day-dreaming, and struggling youth, that the most moving, agreeable, and startling incidents originate. Ever pursuing meteors of their imagination; often like shooting-stars themselves; elastic in nature and bounding from disappointment; their wishes, passions and projects are always infusing into the world they mingle with, a vivacious and invigorating influence. But the inexperienced Telamachus wants perpetually his Mentor; and the aged supply, in daily life, the presence and service of the Palladium sage. The Homeric fable, so intellectually continued and expanded by Fenelon, is a parable of our living world. Youth, guided, lessoned, and guarded by age, is a dramatic representation of the plan on which our social economy has been framed, and is still conducted. The aged are thus indispensable elements of human life, and are so arranged as never to be absent from it.—Sharon Turner.

NEW WORKS.

Tippoo Sultan. A Tale of the Mysore. By Captain M. Taylor.

AN ORIENTAL MOONLIGHT.

It was now midnight, and the storm had passed away. In the bright heavens, studded with stars, through which the glorious moon glided, almost obliterating them by her lustre, there existed no sign of the tempest by which it had been so lately overcast. The violent wind had completely lulled, if indeed we except the gentlest breath, which was hard enough to stir lazily here and there the leaves of an enormous Peepul-tree that occupied an open space in front of the Patel's house, and which also appeared sleeping in the soft light; while on every wet leaf the rays of the moon rested, causing them to glisten like silver against the sky. The tree cast a still shadow beyond, partly underneath which the servants of the Khan and the bearers of the palanquin all lay confusedly—so many inanimate forms, wrapped in their white sheets, and reposing upon such straw or other material as they had been able to collect to protect them from the damp ground. In the broad light the camels of the Khan were sitting in a circle around a heap of fodder, into which every now and then they thrust their noses, selecting such morsels as they chose from the heap; while the tiny bell which hung round the neck of each, tinkled gently, scarcely disturbing the stillness which reigned around. Beyond, the moonlight rested upon the white dome and minarets of the small village mosque, which appeared above the roofs of the houses, and the Hindoo temple also caught a share of her beams, revealing its curious pyramidal form at some distance, among a small group of acacia trees. Far away in the east, the cloud which had passed over still showed itself,—its top glistening brightly against the deep blue of the sky; while from it issued frequent flickerings of lightning, which played about it for an instant and disappeared; and a low and very distant muttering of thunder succeeded, showing that the tempest was still proceeding on its threatening yet fertilizing course. The cloud and the distance all seemed in one, for the light of the moon did not appear to illuminate much beyond Kasim's immediate vicinity.

Grateful for the rescue of his wife, the Khan becomes the patron of Kasim Ali, and they proceed together towards Seringapatam, but on their road are exposed to a night attack of the Mahrattas, who are first discovered plundering a neighbouring village:—

NIGHT ATTACK OF THE MAHRATTAS.

The now blazing village was upon a gen-

tle slope, hardly a mile from them; the light caused the gloom of night to appear absolute darkness. In the midst of this there was one glowing spot, upon which every eye rested in intense anxiety. Around the ill-fated village was an open space, upon which bright ground were the dark features of the Mahratta horsemen in constant motions; while the black forms of persons on foot—evidently the miserable inhabitants striving to escape,—became, as they severally appeared, objects of fearful interest. Now many would rush from among the houses, pursued by the horsemen; several would disappear in the gloom, and they supposed had escaped, whilst others but too plainly fell, either by spear thrusts, or under the sword cuts of the horsemen. They could even see the flash of the sword when the weapon descended; and sometimes a faint shriek, which was heard at an interval of time after a thrust or blow had been seen, plainly proved that it had been too successful.

We turn to the Khan's interview with his first two wives, after they had been informed that he was bringing home a third partner.

THE KHAN AND HIS THREE WIVES.

The two ladies who had expected his arrival, and who employed a person abroad to inform them of it, were sitting on a musnud smoking at one end of the room, with their backs to the door. As he entered, the gurgling of their bookas became doubly loud; a few slave girls were standing about the apartment, who made low salaams as he approached them; but the ladies neither rose nor took the slightest notice of him. The Khan was surprised at seeing them together, as when he had left them they were bitter enemies, and he stopped suddenly in his approach. It was evident at once to him that they had heard of his marriage, and made common cause against him, he was justly enraged at this, and the want of respect, nay insult, with which they now received him.—'Kummoo-bee! Hooroot-bee!' he cried, 'women, do you not see me? Where is your respect? How dare ye to sit as I approach? Am I a man, or am I less than a dog, that ye take no more notice of me than if I were a stone? Speak, ye ill conditioned!—Ill conditioned,' cried Kummoo-bee, who, though the youngest wife, was the worse tempered, and who led the reply—'ill conditioned, Allal Alla! a man who has no shame—a man who is perjured—a man who is less than a man—a poor pitiful, unblest coward. Yes,' she exclaimed, her voice rising with her passion, as she proceeded, 'a namrud, a fellow who has not the spirit of a flea, to dare to come into the presence of women, who, Inshallah! are daughters of men of family!—to dare to approach us, and tell us that he has come, and brought with him a vile woman—an unchaste!'—'Hold, cried the Khan, roused to fury as the words fell on his ear, advancing and seizing a slipper which was on the ground; 'dare to say that again, and I will beat thee!'—'Yes, beat us, beat us,' cried both breathlessly at once; 'beat us, and our cup of shame will be full. Beat us, and you will do a valiant deed, and one that your new mistress will approve of,' cried Hooroot:—'Allal Alla! an old man with white hairs, to bring a new mistress to his wives' house! Shame, shame, shame!' vociferated Kummoo—'I tell thee, women, she is my wife,' roared the Khan. 'Ye will receive her as such this evening, and cool your tempers in the meanwhile, or by Alla and the apostle I swear that I will send ye both to my relations, and they may keep ye or not, as they please, for I will not; so bethink ye what ye do; this is my house, and Inshallah, I will be its master; and so saying, and not waiting to hear any reply, he left the apartment.

From the February No. of Boz's Master Humphrey's Clock.

THE SINGLE GENTLEMAN'S HISTORY.

Meantime the two gentlemen inside, who were little disposed to sleep, beguiled the time with conversation. As both were anxious and expectant, it naturally turned upon the subject of their expedition, on the manner in which it has been brought about, and on the hopes and fears they entertained respecting it. Of the former they had many; of the latter few—none perhaps beyond that indefinite uneasiness which is inseparable from suddenly awakened hope, and protracted expectations.

In one of the pauses of their discourse, and when half the night had worn away, the single gentleman, who gradually became more and more silent and thoughtful turned to his companion and said abruptly.

'Are you a good listener?'

'Like most other men, I suppose,' returned Mr Garland, smiling. 'I can be if I am interested; and it not interested, I should still try to appear so. Why do you ask?'

'I have a short narrative on my lips,' rejoined his friend, 'and will try you with it. It is very brief.'

Pausing for no reply, he laid his hand on the old gentleman's sleeve and proceeded thus.

'There were once two brothers, who lov-

ed each other dearly. There was a disparity in their ages—some twelve years. I am not sure but they may have insensibly loved each other the better for that reason. Wide as the interval between them was, however, they became rivals too soon. The deepest and strongest affection of both their hearts settled upon one object.

The youngest—there was reason for his being sensitive and watchful—was the first to find this out. I will not tell you what misery he underwent, what agony of soul he knew, how great his mental struggle was. He had been a sickly child. His brother, patient, and considerate in the midst of his own high health and strength, had many and many a day denied himself the sports he loved, to sit beside his couch, telling him old stories till his pale face lighted up with an unwonted glow, to carry him in his arms to some green spot, where he could tend the poor pensive boy as he looked upon the bright summer day, and saw all nature healthy but himself; to be in any way his fond and faithful nurse. I need not dwell on all he did, to make the poor weak creature love him, or my tale would have no end. But when the time of trial came, the younger brother's heart was full of those old days. Heaven strengthened it to repay the sacrifices of inconsiderate youth by one of thoughtful manhood. He left his brother to be happy. The truth never passed his lips, and he quitted the country hoping to die abroad.

The elder brother married her. She was in heaven before long, and left him with an infant daughter.

If you have ever seen the picture gallery of any old family, you will remember how the same face and figure—often the fairest and slightest of them all—come upon you in different generations; and how you trace the same sweet girl through a long line of portraits—never growing old or changing—the Good Angel of the race—abiding by them in all reverses—redeeming all their sins—

In this daughter the mother lived again. You may judge with what devotion he who lost that mother almost in the winning, clung to this girl, her breathing image. She grew to womanhood, and gave her heart to one who could not know its worth. Well? her fond father could not see her pine and droop. He might be more deserving than he thought him. He surely might become so with a wife like her. He joined their hands and they were married.

Through all the misery that followed this union; through all the cold neglect and undeserved reproach; through all the poverty he brought upon her; through all the struggles of her daily life, too mean and pitiful to tell; but dreadful to endure: she toiled on in the devotion of her spirit, and in her better nature, as only woman can. Her means and substance wasted, her father nearly beggared by her husband's hand, and the hourly witness of her ill usage and unhappiness—she never, but for him, bewailed her fate. Patient, and upheld by strong affection until the last, she died a widow of some three weeks' date, leaving to her fathers care two orphans; the one a son of ten or twelve years old; the other a girl, such another infant child, the same in helplessness, in age, in form, in feature, as she had been herself when her young mother died.

The elder brother, grandfather to these two children, was now a broken man, crushed and borne down, less by the weight of years than the hand of sorrow. With the wreck his possessions, he began to trade—in pictures first, and then in curious ancient things. He had entertained a fondness for such matters from a boy, and the tastes he had cultivated were now to yield him an anxious and precarious subsistence.

The boy grew like his father in mind and person; the girl so like her mother, that when the old man had her on his knee, and looked into her mild blue eyes, he felt as if awakening from a wretched dream, and his daughter were a child again. The wayward boy soon spurned the shelter of his roof, and sought associates more congenial to his taste. The old man and the child dwelt alone together.

It was then, when the love of two dead people who had been nearest and dearest to his heart, was all transferred to this slight creature; when her face, constantly before him reminded him from hour to hour of the too early change he had seen in such another—of all the suffering he had watched and known, and all his child had undergone; when the young man's profligate and hardened course drained him of money as his father had, and even sometimes occasioned them temporary privation and distress, it was then that there began to beset him, and to be ever in his mind, a gloomy dread of poverty and want. He had no thought for himself in this. His fear was for the child. It was a spectre in his house and haunted him day and night.

The younger brother had been a traveller in many countries, and had made his pilgrimage through life alone. His voluntary banishment was misconstrued, and he had borne slight and reproach, for doing that which had wrung his heart, and cast a mournful shadow