

Here comes the Duke de Nemours. He was the handsomest boy on horseback we ever saw, and now, dressed as a cavalry officer in the national guards, he 'is the very love of a soldier.' We do not wonder he should have won the heart of the prettiest girl in Germany, save and except the young betrothed one to the Czarovitch of Russia. 'Bless his sweet eyes,' said some English lady, as he passed us by not a moment since. We suppose the English lady thought her English was not understood, but we will not mention her name, for the best of reasons, we do not know it. The Duke de Nemours is the aristocrat of the Orleans family, that is, on the male side, as the king's sister, the Princess Adelaide, is on the female side. The Duke de Nemours regretted the events of 1830, deplored that his father was called to the throne, lamented over an hereditary peerage, which that resolution destroyed, was sorry that the Duchess of Berry was arrested and imprisoned, and is no sympathizer with the 'raw head and bloody bones' school of politics in any part of the world. The Duke de Nemours speaks in raptures of his reception in England, and with delight of Windsor Castle and its august inmates. He is now talking to the lady of a general, for whom he is said to entertain a sincere regard. How she blushes. But he is as cool, dignified, and (apparently, at least,) unconscious of the pleasure he is bestowing, as if he were not young, not handsome, not brave, not generous, and not good. She is to dance with him directly. But the general wishes him further. *N'importe*, the young duke is as gallant as he is honorable, and as chivalrous as any of these progenitors of his whose name he nobly bears.

The Duke de Nemours, though possessing a large independent fortune left him by the Prince de Conde, conforms to his father's tactics, and is dressed in the costume of the day, he is an infantry officer of the National Guards. They tell a story of this young Duke d'Aumale which is much to his credit. When the Chamber of Deputies impudently rejected, by a certain majority, the dotation asked from it by the King for the Duke de Nemours, the Duke d'Aumale drove to the palace, entered the presence of the King his father, and offered to place at the disposal of the monarch, for his disappointed brother, the very sume sum that had been asked from the country. Louis Philip embraced him and said, 'we will consider my son.' The Duke d'Aumale is rather a pensive looking young man; he has studied hard; has borne away the prizes at the College of Henri IV.; and is less fond of gay life than his brothers. But he is as brave as the best of them, and would fight right gallantly if called into the field of battle. We would rather see him, however, as we do to night, at 'a ball at the Tuileries.' The duke has asked Madame Thiers to dance. This is a compliment to herself, more than to her husband; for she is pretty, and he is by no means in love with democracy or with war. His tutor is a fustian writer in the *Journal de Debats*, and one of the most spiritual and lively. M. Thiers is a National Guardsman to night; though, if France had only such guards as him, she must raise five millions of soldiers to defend her frontiers, for England cannot be insulted long with impunity. Madame Thiers is a much pleasanter person to talk to than her very troublesome and dictatorial husband. She knows how to converse in the chit-chat style so essential to a ball room; whilst he always sets all his sails, crowds all his canvases, and blows all his bellows about politics, parties, the press, railroads, and himself. Madame Thiers dances, too, very well; whilst her admiring mother, Madame Donse courts General Jacqueminot, and makes downright love to all the princes.

The young Prince de Joinville is not here. He is seldom at home. The king has resolved that he shall be no 'land lubber sailor.' He is learning all his grades like another officer; and can climb to the top gallant mast truck as well as the best of them. It is a great pity that he is not at 'the ball at the Tuileries' to night, for he is a merry fellow, and a Prince of a dancer, but he is 'where duty calls,' and so 'good luck to him.'

The youngest of the male branch of the family is the Duke de Montpensier. He is just emerging, or rather, has just emerged, from maternal and auntly influence. Perhaps it is because he is the youngest, but Montpensier is a great favorite with the family. He is talking away there to the countess Flahault, a dear Englishwoman, and an admirable specimen too. The Orleans all speak English, and like English people, habits and feelings. The countess is married to a right good Frenchman of the best school, a true friend to Louis Philippe, and a lover of all that is just and honorable. The Duke de Montpensier will hand out the countess to the next quadrille, and we will look at them.

But here comes the King, accompanied by the Queen, the Princess Adelaide, and the Princess Clementine. Now for a good, but respectful stare. They are proceeding up, across, and round the gallery. Let us mark them well. The band is playing the *Marseillaise*. This is not the tune which the King as an Orleans, or as a gentleman, loves, but it is the tune of his guests, for the 'citizens' are here who made him a king! The king looks much older of late. Still he walks well, he smiles through his wrinkles, and looks gay in spite of his cares. He seems to know all his guests, and yet this is impossible. What does he say? He is now speaking to General Jacqueminot. He says, 'The scene is ravishing

my dear general. I am never so happy as when I am surrounded by the national guards.'

The Queen adds, in a most mild and charming manner, 'and by their families.' That is quite sufficient for General Jacqueminot; away he proceeds to repeat the King's kind sayings, and the Queen's benevolent postscriptum—and now both speeches are in the mouths of the assembled thousands, and the band strikes up the French air, 'One is never so happy as in the midst of one's family.'

The Queen smiles more than she speaks; she looks all grace and graciousness, but her smiles cannot hide her one secret sorrow. That sorrow is the fear of of poignards and pistols; not for her own life, but of those directed against her husband. Her life is one of constant, unmitigated care. At home she dreads the intrusion of some armed band; abroad she fears each sound, and sees a traitor in each face. Yet all who approach her love her.

#### THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Where mortals weep no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the west,  
Where, free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest?  
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sighed for pity as it answered 'No!'

Tell me thou mighty deep,  
Whose billows round me play,  
Know'st thou some favored spot,  
Some island far away,  
Where weary man may find  
The bliss for which he sighs,  
Where sorrow never lives,  
And friendship never dies?  
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,  
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer  
'No!'

And thou, serenest moon,  
That with such holy face,  
Dost look upon the earth  
Asleep in night's embrace,  
Tell me, in all thy round,  
Hast thou not seen some spot  
Where miserable man,  
Might find a resting spot?  
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,  
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded 'No!'

Tell me, my secret soul,  
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting place  
From sorrow, sin and death,  
Is there no happy spot  
Where mortals may be bless'd  
Where grief may find a balm,  
And weariness a rest?  
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortal given,  
Wav'd their bright wings, and whispered,  
'Yes, in Heaven.'

#### NEW WORKS.

From Bulwer's new Novel, *Night and Morning*.

##### A SIMILIE.

IF, reader, you have ever looked through a solar microscope at the monsters in a drop of water, perhaps you have wondered to yourself how things so terrible have been hitherto unknown to you, you have felt a loathing at the limpid element you hitherto deemed so pure, you have half fancied that you would cease to be a water drinker; yet, the next day you have forgotten the grim life that started before you, with its countless shapes, in that teeming globe; and, if so tempted by your thirst, you have not shrunk from the lying crystal, although myriads of the horrible unseen or emerging, devouring, gorging each other, in the liquid you so tranquilly imbibe; so it is with that ancestral and master element called Life. Lapped in your sleek comforts, and lolled on the sofa of your patent conscience, when, perhaps for the first time, you look through the glass of science upon one gabbly globe in the waters that heave around, that fill up, with their succulence, the pores of earth, that moistens every atom subject to our eyes, or handled by your touch, you are startled and dismayed, you say mentally, 'Can such things be? I never dreamed of this before! I thought what was invisible to me was non-existent in itself, I will remember this dread experiment.' The next day the experiment is forgotten. The Chemist may rarify the globe—can Science make pure the World?

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Review.

##### STATISTICS WORTH KNOWING.

IN Great Britain the number of individuals in a state to bear arms, from the age of 16 to 60, is 2,744,847. The number of marriages is about 98,030 yearly; and it has been reckoned, that in 63 of these unions there were only three which had no issue. The number of deaths is about 341,700 yearly, which makes nearly 25,592 monthly, 6,398 weekly, 914 daily, and 40 hourly. The deaths among the women are, in proportion to the men, as 50 to 54. The married women live longer than those who continue in celibacy. In the country the mean term of the number of children produced by each marriage is four, in towns the proportion is seven for every two marriages. The number of married women is, to the general number of individuals of the sex, as one to

three; and the number of married men to the of all the individuals of the male sex, as three to five. The number of widows is, to that of widowers, as 3 to 1; but the number of widows who marry again is, to that of widowers in the same case, as 7 to 4. The individuals who inhabit elevated situations live longer than those who reside in less elevated places. The half of the individuals die before attaining the age of seventeen years. The number of twins is, to the number of ordinary births, as 1 to 65. According to calculations, founded upon the bills of mortality, one individual only in 3,126 attains the age of 160 hundred years. The number of births of the male sex is, to that of the female sex as 96 to 95.

From Fox's Sermons on the Principles of Morality.

##### SECULARIZING OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE secularizing of Christianity, the making it a kingdom of this world, the blending and mixing up of its doctrines and worship with political considerations is not one of the old ways in which primitive Christianity walked. The simplicity and spirituality of the Gospel cannot be impaired or obscured without mischief. Let princes and potentates, let magistrates and senators do it reverence; their personal and official, their public and their private homage, in itself and in the persons of its constituent professors: but let them not affect to be its patrons. The only righteous and useful establishment of Christianity by law is the conducting of legislation on Christian principles. It is the upholding of justice and mercy—it is the direction of all power to the public good—it is the preservation of the weak from the oppression of the strong—it is the assertion of the rights and the advancement of the interests of mankind—it is the due apportionment of punishment to crime, so that there is only so much suffering inflicted as is needful to protect the innocent, and such suffering as best tends to amend the guilty—it is the securing to all full liberty of speech and worship, and holding an even balance between contending parties—this and this alone, is an establishment of Christianity consistent with christianity.

Now, is it not an evil, and a crying evil, that there should ever be such a political adoption of the Gospel as that its ministry is brought into suspicion of subserviency to earthly greatness, and of being pursued merely as a lucrative and honourable avocation: as that its profession has annexed to its secular advantages: as that prejudice is created against its evidences by blending them with the dictates of legal authority; and as that free inquiry into its truths is obstructed by the national imposition of certain formularies? Are we not bound to tell the Christian world, that all this is innovation and corruption: that these are not the old ways of Christians, but a devious path down a slippery steep, where, though gold may glitter by the way, religion is in sore peril of being soiled and crippled? She loses her good name: she becomes confounded with the tricks by which men have sought to blindfold their fellow men; that they might mislead and plunder them, she loses her independence and is obliged to accept the appointments of a master in her own household and to do a master's bidding—she has to learn the language of courts, and loses her simplicity of speech and manner—she loses the credit of her honest disciples, whose good works would adorn her doctrine, but who are lost in a crowd of hereditary, careless, hypocritical, or unthinking, and merely nominal professors—she appears like a thing of earth, and not a heavenly visitant. O! not thus should the glorious Gospel of the grace of God be exhibited! We should put it in contrast with it that unwieldy kingdom of Christ, which is not meet and drink but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. We should point to the new Testament annals of that band of brothers who were first called by it out of the world, and who, like their Master, were not of the world. We should drink into their spirit, and uphold their testimony, and act upon their principles, and pursue their objects. We should keep the holy name of our religion, as we should keep our own souls, unspotted from the world.

From Thomson's Domestic Management of the Sick-room.

##### ART OF PHYSICKING.

Few medicines are agreeable to the taste; but one of the principal objects of the art of prescribing is to modify their nauseous tastes as much as possible. In the domestic administration of medicines this should not be overlooked: indeed, it is most essential that in medical prescriptions, as the medicines are more frequently given in their simple form, nauseous medicines have little taste when mixed with some substance, and when they are taken the moment they are mixed. Thus the taste of Peruvian bark and that of Rhubarb, when either is mixed in milk, is completely covered, if the mixture be taken directly. The nauseous taste of castor oil is covered by warm milk, or by coffee; and it is also diminished when the oil is floated upon some cold water, and a teaspoonfull of brandy floated upon the oil. The disagreeable taste of senna is considerably less when the infusion is made with cold water, although it does not lessen the activity of the drug. The taste of the ordinary senna tea is covered by the addition of a few grains of cream of tartar, or by the mixture of common Bohea Tea. Aloes are rendered more palatable by a little of the extract of liquorice added to their solution.

From Captain Basil Hall's Patchwork. ADVANCEMENT OF THE ANCIENTS IN COMFORT.

I have alluded to the wheel tracks which are deeply cut in the stone pavement (at Pompeii,) but these are not the only marks of actual use which strikes the eye everywhere. The stepping stones at the doors, for example, are mostly worn down by the feet, and the sides of the wells are deeply cut with the bucket ropes. It is very remarkable, that even the narrowest streets of Pompeii are furnished with commodious raised pavements for foot passengers—*trottoirs*, as they are called in French. And this reminds me of an odd jumble of circumstances. They have the word for the thing, but not the thing itself, while we in England have the thing, but not the word which obliges us to use the compound expression foot pavement. What, is perhaps, still more curious, the Italians, in process of time, instead of improving, have gone backwards in this matter, for Pompeii, which must be upwards of 2,000 years old, is far better off for *trottoirs* than any modern town in Italy. It may be mentioned also that, at the crossings in the streets at Pompeii, a line of stepping stones, six or eight inches high, is always placed: a contrivance for the accommodation of foot passengers which I never saw in any other part of the world.

From the Gardener's Chronicle.

##### MANURING PINKS.

A friend manured some pinks very freely with rotten wollen rags, and the improvement in the appearance of the bloom was astonishing. In fact, it quite altered the character of the flower. To such of your readers as are fond of the pink, this may be information worth having.

Blackwood's Magazine for March.

##### AFFGHANISTAN AND THE AFFGHANS.

IN numbers, the Affghan people, taken in an aggregate sense, are supposed to reach the amount of fifteen millions, which may seem to an European reader, bringing with him our false prejudgements as to Asiatic populousness, a very slender population for an empire so territorially vast. But it is more by three millions than the population of Persia, as reported circumstantially for official purposes to Napoleon. And universally we may rest assured of this fact—that under all Mahometan governments the population dwindles. Of the three great Mahometan empires at present upon the earth—all lying in the same genial latitude, viz: between 30 and 42 degrees of north latitude; warm, therefore, unless when very elevated ground raises particular districts to a colder atmosphere; consequently under circumstances demanding a low and uncostly scale of artificial comforts, yet all on the other hand free from the most depressing effects of heat within the tropics—viz: Turkey, Persia, Affghanistan—are all deserts; as to the population they carry, miserably deserts. It is true that these three empires are all alike, so vast as to leave room for real natural deserts, in the ordinary meaning, interspersed amongst their cultivated regions:

The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large  
The prospect was, that here and there was room,  
For barren desert fountainless and dry.

But this, so far from being an apology for the Mahometan governments, is the worst form in which their vicious tendency could be recorded. It is the sloth of Mahometanism which has suffered many of these deserts to arise. Egypt, it has long been perceived, is falling continually more and more within the encroachments of the sand. And why? There was always the same power of nature at work to cause sand-drifts. But there was once a power in collision with this natural power—viz: the energy of man; and that kept the mischief in check. But this power has crooped since the Mahometan era. A country, which is the nearest fac simile of Egypt in natural conformation—viz: Lower Sind—to the west of Affghanistan, is very nearly the same in condition from the same causes. But Sweestann, which is now an integral part of Southern Affghanistan, recalls the situation of Egypt exactly, so far as it is caused by human sloth. There is no country whose beauty and fertility the Persian poets of past ages have celebrated with more enthusiasm, and it might be thought now that all was fiction. Not at all. 'The numerous ruins which it still contains,' says Mr Elphinstone, 'testify Sweestann to have been a fertile country, full of cities, which in extent and magnificence are scarcely surpassed by any in Asia.' What then has caused this dreadful change? Precisely the same cause as that which is closing up the valley of the Nile: 'The Province is surrounded by wide and dismal deserts,' 'whence every wind brings clouds of a light shifting sand,' now this sand it is which 'destroys the fertility of the fields and gradually overwhelms the villages.' At this day it is upon the rivers only that this district retains its old fertility. Napoleon noted down in Egypt this growing encroachment of the sand; he declared that he could see with his bodily eye the sand drifts as they increased their lodgements, and he predicted the gradual conversion of the whole valley into desert, except under the very circumstances which now form the exception of Sweestann, viz: the immediate vicinity of a fertilizing river. It may be fancied, certainly, that the decay of population, dependent upon other causes, has produced the de-