knew no bounds; she entered heart and soul into the affair and with all a woman's tenderness and tact, devised and invented a thousand plans to improve on the crudeness of one's own benevolence.

I departed with the alacrity of a boy to impart the pleasing negotiation to the dear girls, taking care to order dinner for three, and particularly mentioned a 'sweetbread' as one of the side dishes.

Clara was in extasies at the proposal, but Gertrude received it with more reserve and caution, evidently weighing the consequences of such a step in all its bearings—the world's censure, the possibility of my repenting such generosity, and the misery of resuming poverty after tasting such luxury.

I read these painful and conflicting sentiments on her varied and ingenuous countenance, which was a mirror of truth and candor. My advanced age completely vanished the first objection.

'Go or stay, my dear children, as you please; your decision will make no difference in my final arrangements respecting you both, as I intend leaving all I possess between you at my death, having no relations to injure by so doing, and knowing no human beings so deserving—and I humbly bless God for living long enough to be so useful at last—only you might, Miss Graham, had you felt so disposed, have made the short remnant of an old man's existence serene and happy.'

It was the first time I had ever used the formality of addressing her--as Miss Graham; she felt it sensibly, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed, 'My dear, kind benefactor, forgive my cold calculations, but it was more for Clara's sake than my own that I hesitated. She is so young and beautiful, that if I can only keep her fair fame untarnished, she must settle fortunately in life. O, dear sir, that has been the sole hope of my heart now more than ever strengthened, for I shall never, never marry now.'

A younger and vainer man than myself would have been apt to apply the conclusion of this speech most to the satisfaction of his self love; in fact, I knew from Gertrude's peculiar tone and manner, but too well what it meant; but having gained my point exactly as I wished I affected the most profound ignorance as to what caused her, a young and pretty woman, to make so strange a resolution.

Nothing could exceed the exertions of the good Mrs Williams during my absence, nor the cordiality of her welcome to the 'sweet young ladies,' and never did three happier persons sit down to dinner together. No longer was I compelled, by dire necessity, to linger out my unsocial meal, for the sake of deferring that period when, left entirely alone for the evening, I must turn to a book, whether so inclined or no, to steal me from the oppressive sense of my own loneliness and ennuie.

Gertrude's painful remembrance of and Clara's joyous and sanguine anticipations of the future, kept up a pleasing and varied conversation to a very protracted hour, alternating from melancholy to gladness, as all in life should be, that we may neither be too much depressed by the one, nor elated by the other. Again the light laugh of women echoed in that large gloomy room; again her lighter step fell lightly on my ear; and again did my heart open its flood gates of long-pent-up affections, which gushed forth with an overpowering sense of felicity. almost too much to bear. There certainly is, to the feeling mind, a degree of pain attached to supreme happiness. which casts a momentary weight of sadness on the spirits, and awakens more often tears than smiles to express it by.

Clara received all the favors I heaped upon her with a profusion of the liveliest thanks, which delighted me, as there could be no doubt of the dear child's being perfectly happy, but Gertrude's sense of obligation was of a more exalted and heartfelt kind. It was evident, from the devotedness of her attentions, and the watchfulness of her manner, that she studiously sought every opportunity of repaying them to the utmost of her power, her heart was noble and generous; but it was proud to the last degree; and every word and sentiment too plainly expressed that her happiness would have consisted in conferring, and in not receiving favors.

Their two characters, so opposite, yet both so truly amiable and feminine, furnished me with continual food for reflection. When Clara kissed me, and called me her dear second papa, I felt it was the artless effusion of almost infantile affection—the heart responded a blessing at her innocent happiness, and then subsided into a state of serenity amounting nearly to forgetfulness. But when Gertrude silently and warmly pressed my hand, while her dark reflective eyes swam in tears, I felt, indeed, it was from the irrepressible emotion, drawn from the mighty indwellings of woman's loving heart, and the impression defiled the power of oblivion to efface it.

'Yes, yes, brilliant and volatile, my lovely Clara, like the gaudy and heedless butterfly, must excite the desire of instant pursuit, but when obtained would she, alas! be more prized? While Gertrude, in the unobtrusiveness of her retiring nature, when once known, must be for ever loved and esteemed.

I had no profligate son, or artful, designing nephew, to bestow my darling Clara and ten thousand pounds upon. But she spared me the embarrassment of finding a husband for her, choosing one for herself, in the son of her father's old commander, a lieutenant in the navy; and never was there a finer specimen of a frank, open-hearted, honorable young man than George Forrester.

Many may think this was not so good a match as her beauty and fascinations entitled her to;—perhaps not, where riches and a high-sounding title are considered, how mistakenly, the only essentials to happiness; but for my part I do not know to whom one could entrust the real happiness of a fond, artless girl so securely, as to a generous, noble-minded, affectionate, young sailor.

Finding all my advice about the propriety of his taking another voyage, at least, before the wedding, quite disregarded, I gave my consent for it to take place early in the spring, and a very gay affair Clara is determined to make of it, or rather them; for I find it is the intention of Mr Thomas and Matha to be married, too, on the same day as 'dear Miss Clara and Mr George.' And if I cannot retain my admirable Gertrude on any other terms, I think I shall make up my mind to be called 'an old fool' by the world, and secure myself a charming friend and companion for life.

Let no one imagine, after reading this simple tale, chiefly founded on facts, that he is too old to exercise an active benevolence; indeed, as we approach nearer to the grave, our feelings of universal charity ought to increase with every receding year; as in a short time, we must appear before that Being, who is all goodness, to render an account of the manner we have employed the 'talent' entrusted to us, and receive its final reward or punishment.

From the Lady's Book for March.

THOUGHTS AT GRASSMERE.

Ho! dark Helvellyn, prince amid the hills,
That each upon his feudal seat maintains
Unwav'ring sovereignty—hast thou a tale
For gentle Grassmere—that thou thus dost droop
Thy plumed helmet o'er her face, and look
So earnestly into her mirrored eyes?
A tale of love, perchance—for she, methinks,
Dost listen coyly, while the flitting cloud
Leaves mingled light and sunshine on her brow.
She listeneth down, through all her crystal depths;
And the lone emerald that adorns her breast
Trembleth.

And sure, 'tis fit that ye do hold
Some speech of tenderness in scenes like these,
Where from the very beauty of his works
God doth bespeak Man's love for Him, and all
Whom He hath made.

And who can musing roam
'Mid such exuberance of glorious charms,
Nor find his heart expanding with new warmth,
And kindliness to all? Humbled it takes
The cup of blessing from a Father's hand—
Half satiate, though unworthy of its bliss—
And in o'erflowing charity would fain
Grasp every creature.

Author of our joys!
So give this charity in us to grow
And bring forth fruit, that, wheresoe'er we roam
On this wide earth, all whom we meet may seem
The children of one Parent—and to us
Brethern and friends.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

NEW WORKS.

From Blackwood's Magazine for February. Kinnear's recent Travels through Syria and Egypt.

JOURNEY THROUGH ARABIA.

The traveller left Cairo in February with a party, composed of Mr. Roberts, (the distinguished artist,) who had just returned from Upper Egypt with a fine collection of drawings of all the principal objects of taste and antiquity; Khanafee Ismael, an accomplished oriental, and a Mr. Pell, who had been with Lord Lindsay at Palmyra. Their Bedouin guides waited for them outside the gate, armed with matchlocks; the gentlemen rode dromedaries. At night they encamped, and slept at the entrance of the desert of Suez. The night was bitterly cold, though in Arabia. Next morning, the way was melancholy enough; the sky had none of the lustre which romance gives so indefatigably to the eastern heaven. The earth was a sheet of grey sand, diversified only by red rocks; the skeletons on either side of the road were the substitutes for milestones, except that they were much more frequent; interspersed with the still more expressed piles of stones covering the bodies of pilgrims who had died on their journey. Their evening place of encampment was a sandy hollow, where a few prickly shrubs and tufts of coarse grass offered temptation to their camels.

But, next morning, they were more fortunate in seeing that most curious phenomenon of the desert, mirage. A range of barren hills skirted the horizon, and between them and the party, apparently three or four miles off, was spread a beautiful lake, with trees on its banks, and on a small island in its pure and glassy surface. It continued for an hour as they advanced, and then gradually became less defined, until at last it totally vanished, and a thin grey vapour floating over the place, was the only vestige of this very interesting and singular illusion. But, if they had hitherto enjoyed illusion; they were now to encounter reality of a much more unpleasant order.

Clouds had been hanging heavy round the view in the forenoon, and at length covered the sky. The air was still, and the European portion of the party recognized the usual signs of a squall. But the Bedouins insisted on it that nothing of the kind ever occurred in their country at the season, and were inaccessible to the fear of being drenched, especially when it took the shape of preparation. 'Inchallah! not a drop of rain would fall,' and so they left the tents on the backs of the camels.

However, the storm began to move toward them in defiance of the Bedouin predictions. A flash or two of angry lightning tore its way through the clouds, and the thunder began to growl. Skepticism was now at the end and, reluctant as the Araba might be, the tents were ordered to be pitched. But the manœuvre was still unlucky. The storm burst upon them in the act. The tents were beaten down, the pegs torn up, and the party left nearly naked to a most tremendous crash of rain, wind, thunder and lightning. To add to their misery, the Arabs would, or could, give them no help. They were either so much astonished, or so much chilled, that they were unable to do any thing. After holding on by the wet canvass, until their hands were nearly frozen, and being exposed till they were half drowned, the English got up their tent at last, and, when they had succeeded in lighting a charcoal fire, the Bedouins came drooping and cowering in, with their teeth chattering, as if they were in the cold fit of the ague. Next day, however, they made their way to Suez where all was well again.

But the scene changed when they reached the wilderness of Shur. The desert of Suez gives but an imperfect impression of the wilderness; it has become a regular thoroughfare. Mr. Kinnear smartly defines it, 'sixty miles of bad road, with three very bad inns, where gentlemen in hats and pea-jackets drink bottled porter and smoke cheroots,' but the desert of Shur derives a grandeur from its extreme solitude. Here were no traces of passage: the whole vast grey expanse seemed as if it had never been tracted by the foot of man. At night, the camels were placed so as to form the ramparts of a rude fortification, or a shelter from the storm, if such should come. They were now advancing toward Sinai, and the country continually became more rugged, their route laying among wild crags of limestone. There was no trace of life, except where the little grey lizards darted across their path. The sun was burning, the air firey, and stagnant; and all began to feel the pain of thirst, which was not to be appeased by the fetid and lukewarm water which they carried along with them in skins. The walls of rock here sometimes rose perpendicularly, with their summits sprinkled or crumbled into the most singular forms; melancholy valleys sometimes shot out on either side, leading the eye to an immeasurable distance, in some places the sand drifting and laying in long waves.

On the third day they came within view of a part of the range of Sinai, and on the 18th entered the rocky pass of El-Raha. They were now within the limits of ground sacred alike to the Mahometan, the Israilite, and the Christian. As they ascended the mountain, they found small heaps of stones, which had been raised by the Christian pilgrims. The ascent grew so precipitous, that they were obliged to dismount and lead their dromedaries; but they were now approaching the convent where they expected quarters for the night, and they pushed on with better nerve. The sun went down before they had reached the end of their journey; but the moon rose in great magnificence, and covered the granite peaks and battlements of the mountain with lavish silver. At length the convent of Sinai was in sight, and, as they rode up the ravine in which it stands, they first observed lights moving about the building, then a long bearded head was thurst out from a window high in the wall, then another window opened above, and a group looked down with lights in their hands, and dropt a rope for their letters. They were sent up, and after a long conversation the rope was let down again for themselves. All this precaution is against the Arabs, who are never suffered to enter the convent. The mode of entry is curious, and even rather hazardous. The rope has a loop at the end, in which the visiter seats himself; he then holds on firmly with his hands, used his feet from being bruised against the wall, and in this state is slowly wound up to the summit, by a windlass worked by the monks above. On arriving at the summit, he swings for a while like a bale of goods hanging to a crane, until the good fathers can lay hold of him, and deposit him within the window. The Superior of the convent was a courteous old man, who regretted that they had arrived on a meagre day, but pledged them in a glass of excellent arrack, gave them for supper a pilaff, with some fine dates, and, what they enjoyed as the highest luxury of all, after that burning journey, water from the coal and crystal well of the convent. This building has all the honors of antiquiry. Its church dates its foundation so far back as the Emperor Justinian. It has some prizes, well worthy of the Arab taste for plunder. Thirty-four silver lamps hang from the roof, and the altar has a showy display of crosses and chalices, set with precious stones. It has its treasures, too, for more unsubstantial admiration; relics and fragments of dead sanctity; and, among the rest, the bones of St. Catharine, found by miracle, and worshipped with the veneration due to so illustrious a virgin. One of the specially sacred spots is the chapel of the 'Burning Bush,' of course undeniably built on the site of the Divine visitation. St. George, The English hero, has his chapel, in which he is gallantly charging the dragon on his white horse, according to the approved tradition. Historic doubts on such subjects are uncivil things, and to unhorse the monks, when mounted on a legend which they have rode for ages, would be as difficult as it would be an ungrateful return for their arrack, pilaff, and urbanity.

The desert has other dangers than either its solitude or its population. On leaving the convent the travellers were involved in a sand shower, which came over them like vapor, or a descending cloud. They had no resource but to wrap their heads in shawls, and trust to chance and their Arab guide to guide to carry them through this singular storm. It had so far blinded them, that, instead of keeping along the shore, they found themselves riding into the sea. The sand had penetrated everywhere; it had filled eyes and ears, it had even worked its way into the portmanteaus; and, more perplexing than all, had mixed with their provisions. Their teeth ground sand in everything. At length they reached Akaba, or rather a group of hovels, one of the stations for the Hadji caravan, where a few irregular troops of the Pasha are kept, who have nothing else to do spent their time in shooting at egg shells.

After all, Akaba has the fame of being on the site of Elath, the city of the Edomites, taken by David in his conquest of Edom. It then passed thorugh the hands of all the successive masters of a country which has been ploughed and harrowed with war. Near it was Eziongaber. Both are now swept away.

Tippo Sultaun; a Tale of the Mysore War. By Captain Meadows Taylor.

Here is a corner in a battle-piece—a passage of deep interest, illustrative not merely of ten thousand similar melancholy incidents in the war between the English and the Indians, but of incidents that occur in every skirmish, and are so frequent as to make little impression except upon those immediately concerned:—

As they spoke, they passed through the sally port into the open space beyond; where many a poor fellow lay writhing in his death-agony, vainly crying for water, which was not immediately to be found. Many men of Herbert's own company, faces familiar to him from long companionship, lay now blue and cold in death, their glazed and open eyes turned upwards to the bright sun, which to them shone no longer. His favourite sergeant in particular attracted his notice, who was vainly endeavouring to raise himself up to breathe, on account of the blood which nearly choked him.

'I am sorry to see this, Sadler,' said Herbert kindly, as he seated him upright.

'Do not think of me, sir,' said the poor fellow; 'Mr. Balfour is badly hurt. I was with him till I received the shot, but they have taken him yonder behind the rock.'

'Then I must leave you, and will send one to you;' and Herbert and Dalton hurried on.

Behind the rock, almost on the brink of the precipice, and below the wall, there was a