

felicity; but such was by no means the case. Mr Stanfield was nervous, sensitive, or, to use a plain, but expressive term 'fidgety'; these qualities seldom decrease with age, and they had much increased since his second marriage: loving his wife so fondly he thought that his greatest proof of affection was to make himself very unhappy about her every hour of the day; if she sat near an open window, he dreaded all the horrors of consumption; if she seemed out of breath, he anticipated a complaint of the heart; and if she returned from a walk a little later than usual, his fancy, and generally very vivid conjured up a terrific phantom, a magaria of footpads, mad bulls, and gypsies, and runaway horses. Mrs Stanfield was annoyed by this over care, as every clever woman must be; but she had set out in her matrimonial career with the golden rule of looking at all the good of her situation, and disregarding, as far as she could, all the evil of it; and by dint of sometimes rallying and sometimes reasoning with her too anxious husband, she contrived to keep his inquietude within tolerable bounds, and to avoid the fate of being quite killed with kindness. A year passed on in peace and satisfaction; at the end of that period Mrs Stanfield was looking decidedly ill, and much out of spirits. The Westford Æsculapius was rejoiced; he hinted a hundred inquiries as to her symptoms, but Mrs Stanfield evaded them all—she would not confess herself to be ill. Strange to say, Mr Stanfield, with all his nervous anxiety, did not feel uneasy about her when there appeared real cause to do so; perhaps, however this inconsistency is not very remarkable; those who waste their attention on trifles of any description, usually denude their energies to a degree that renders them indifferent to matters of real importance. All that Mr Stanfield feared was that his wife had caught cold, and as this verified his constant predictions that she would do so, he felt some self-satisfaction in his own wisdom, and contented himself with anathematizing his dear Sophia's thin shoes, and loading her with presents of sable boas, peleries, and mantillas, which would have qualified her, had private theatricals been the fashion at Westford, to have taken the part of the heroine of a Russian melodrama, dressed quite in keeping with the character, Mr Stanfield might be blind to his wife's illness, but Miss Sowerby was not; the quick apprehension of hate far exceeds that of love.—Mrs Stanfield would not have recourse to medical advice: it was evident, then, that her disorder was on the mind, and Miss Sowerby was only anxious to find out the precise nature of it. She knew that her troubles could not proceed from disagreements with her husband for Miss Sowerby had luckily a spy in the Elbury establishment. Soon after Mr Stanfield's marriage, his housemaid followed his example, her place was vacant in consequence, and Miss Sowerby's laundress was anxious to see her daughter promoted to the situation. Miss Sowerby promised her interest, but like many patrons of higher posts, made it a condition that her protegee's little services should be at her command, or, in other words, that every little dispute, trouble, or misunderstanding which might occur in Mr Stanfield's house from the basement to the attics, should forthwith be conveyed to Miss Sowerby to disperse all over Westford, or not, as it seemed best to her discriminating judgment. Nothing, however, occurred and as Martha Wilson was not a fashionable novelist, or a penny a line contributor to a newspaper, she could not make an interesting story without any materials for it; at length however, she paid a visit to Miss Sowerby's parlour, and poured a welcome tale of scandal into the ears of her delighted patroness.

[To be concluded.]

From a Note to Nicholson's History of Galloway.
DESOLATION OF THE VICINITY OF ROME.

Miss Sedgwick, the American traveller presents us, on approaching the 'Eternal City,' with the following vivid picture of the desolation which surrounds it:— 'Our last posts were through the dreary wastes that encompass Rome. The campagna is not, as I had ignorantly believed, a level, but presents an undulating surface, without morasses, or stagnant water, or anything that indicates unwholesomeness except its utter desolation. The grass looks rich and rank, as if it sprung from a virgin soil, and its tints are glowing even at this season. There are scattered here

and there large flocks of sheep, with haggard and half clothed shepherds, and there are herds of oxen of a very large and fine species. But with these exceptions there is no life. From the summits of the hills, and there are considerable hills, the eye stretches over a wide reach of country, extending for miles in every direction, and here and there an old barrack like dwelling, a crumbling tower, a shrine or a crucifix, but no cheerful habitations, no curling smoke, no domestic sounds, nothing that indicates human life and 'country contentments.' It is one vast desolation, a fit surrounding for the tomb of nations. As we caught the view of St. Peter's, and the domes and spires of the 360 churches of Rome, it seemed as if life were still beating at the heart of the body doomed to die first at the extremities.'

THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF OLD.

Oh for the days of Chivalry!
 Those glorious days of old,
 When 'ladyes fayre' were won by arms
 And deeds of battle bold;
 When prancing steed and burnished lance,
 And helmets gleaming bright,
 And nodding plumes and banners fair,
 The warriors did bedight.

The days—those glorious days—of old
 Will never come again,
 When knight met knight in tourney gay
 On hill, or vale, or plain;
 And shivered lance, and broken mail,
 And sword, and battle cry
 Betokened thy romantic reign,
 Gay goddess—Chivalry!

Oh for the days—those glorious days—
 When swept the wild crossado,
 And low in old Jerusalem
 The Pilgrim warrior prayed.
 And bright eyed wandering troubadours
 Sang feats of love and war,
 And minstrels fair in camp and hall
 Attuned the sweet guitar!

Oh for those days when loving maids
 Knew but to win or die,
 When broken hearts were more than words
 And healed not by a sigh;
 When Anchorites in desert caves,
 Who fled from maids and wars,
 Had ought to do but feed on roots
 And gaze upon the stars!

Had we lived then, in those famed days—
 Those glorious days of old—
 Thou shouldst have been my 'ladye fayre,'
 And I thy warrior bold;
 And spite of dwarfs and castle walls,
 I would thee thence have freed,
 And borne thee, sweetly blushing, off
 Upon my gallant steed!

I would for thee have fought the Moor
 And slain the Saracen—
 Have broken the weird enchanter's wand,
 And conquered giant men,
 And proved on knight with mace and lance,
 The magic of thy name,
 While fair haired minstrels should have sung
 The story of our fame!

But ah! I now, a luckless wight,
 Must woo like other swains,
 With vows and sighs, and get perchance,
 But sorrow for my pains!
 But 'ladye fayre,' believe me, when
 I say, with courage bold,
 I love you just as much as if
 I lived in days of old!

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THOUGHTS ON TRAVELLING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE advantages of travelling are not upon the surface, to be seen and grasped in a moment. They cannot be resolved into the pleasure of locomotion, the excitement of varied scenery, the improvement of health, or the added knowledge of human nature. Neither do they rest principally on the benefit derived from the works of art; for so well have these been delineated, both by pen and pencil, that some who remain at home, and make such descriptions their study, acquire a more accurate idea of them, than many travellers whose actual observation is subject to haste, and inattention and fatigue.

High and sacred, indeed, are the emotions with which we press the spots that antiquity has hallowed. This delight is doubtless more intense to the inhabitants of a young nation, whose historic legends point no farther than to the storm driven sails of the May-Flower, or the savage court of Powhatan. We roam with unexpressible interest, among ancient monuments of bards and sages, especially those of the Mother Land, a portion of whose fame we are pleased to claim as our own birthright. We gaze with breathless awe on the mouldering traces of the Roman invaders; on the low browed arches and ruinous crypts of the Saxons; on the ivy crowned turrets of the Norman nobles; on the abbeys, cathedrals, and baronial halls, which, though of more recent date, show the ravages of centuries and

revolutions, and teem with the dim traditions of a buried race.

Another gratification for the traveller, and one of an exquisite nature, is the sight of the living, who, by deeds or writings, have made mankind wiser and happier. We avail ourselves of this privilege, with the greater zeal, from the consciousness that it must be fleeting. We find gray hairs sprinkling the temples of the master of the lyre, and feel that another year might have been too late to clasp his hand, or hear the music of his voice. We perceive the statesman and philanthropist, bending beneath the weight of years, and thank God that we came, before the cold column should have told us where they slumbered. We see the roses thickly blossoming in the garden of the man of genius, who so oft led us captive, while time passed unheeded. But where is he? Where is he? There is no reply, save a sighing sound through the branches of the trees that he planted, and we drop the tear of the mourner, in his deserted halls.

Yet a sojourn in foreign climes is fraught with other advantages, and among them, is a more correct appreciation of ourselves. At home, we are led to feel, perhaps to magnify, our own importance. Our goings out and comings in may be movements of interests to the villagers who surround us; our step be listened for by the ear of love; the casual paleness of our cheek be anxiously noted by the domestic circle. These marked attentions and fond observances may unconsciously foster the opinion and they are fully deserved, at least they create a habit of expecting them. But you, who are thus garnered up in exclusive regard and self esteem, go pitch your tent among people of strange language, walk solitary along their crowded streets, be sorrowful, be sick, and recover, where no man careth for your soul. Go forth among the millions, and weigh yourself, and let the humbling result remain with you through life, atom as you are, in God's creation.

With this increase of knowledge is often mingled an enlargement of mind, a deepening of charity. Dwelling less in one spot, contemplating the same objects through the same narrow vista, trifles assume under magnification, prejudices deepen, dislike become permanent, trains of morbid thought cut their way down into the heart, and the mind verges toward monomania. A natural antidote for these evils is to study human nature on a broader scale, and to become an interested observer of masses of men, as modified by climate, circumstance, and degrees of cultivation. Perceiving a nature whose springs are touched like our own, by joy or sorrow, by want, decay, and death, we enter into more intimate brotherhood with the great family of earth, and live more 'tremblingly along the line of human sympathies.' We discover goodness and nobleness of mind, where we had least anticipated them; disinterested virtue in those who were pronounced heartless; kindness and grateful attachment among menials, and learn with the heaven instructed Apostle not to call any one 'common or unclean.' Ere we are aware, some polemic tendency—some militant feature which had been interwoven with our faith, is laid aside, and we find it impossible to love those of differing tenets, and to respect every form in which the Supreme Being is sincerely worshipped.

Travelling teaches the value of sympathy, the tone of kindness, the smile of welcome, are never prized according to their worth, till we meet them, or vainly sigh for them, in a foreign land. Sickness, in such a locality, strongly teaches us what is meant by the 'heart of a stranger.' Suffering and helplessness among those, who without the tie of national affinity, serve you only for money are lessons not to be forgotten. From the coldly rendered service, measured and meted out by the expectation of reward, you may perhaps have been transferred to the care of those, who through born under a foreign sky, have been taught by a true spirit of a Christian's faith, to 'love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.' Then during those periods of convalescence when the events of a whole life swept like visions through the soul, did you not resolve, if you were once more mercifully brought to your own tabernacle in peace, faithfully to obey the divine precept to 'love the stranger,' to 'use hospitality without grudging,' and, like the woman of Shunem, who sheltered the lonely prophet, 'to have a chamber on the wall for the man of God.'

Travelling should create a warmer, and more enduring patriotism. The depth of the amor patriæ is never fully revealed, till we see the misty line of our native hills recede, while we toss painfully upon the boisterous deep; or till after long absence, we thrill with ecstasy, as their faint outline gleams upon the horizon, like an angel's wing. Then, when every remembered dwelling reaches forth to us a loving hand, all the pleasure we have shared, all the knowledge we have gathered in absence, we long to pour out at the feet of our blessed land of birth. Every usage of order and beauty, every germ

of improvement and glory, which dignify other climes, we desire to transplant to her forests, and to see flourishing around her hearth stones. We feel willing to have been an exile, if we may bring back with us, some proof of loyalty, if only a leaf of olive for the garland that enriches her brow.

The love of home is unfolded to us, in all its length and breadth, while we are dwellers in the tents of strangers. How often, when gazing at the pictured canvases of some ancient master, at the clustered columns of some gorgeous temple, has the green vine that waved over our own door, seemed to interpose itself; or the chirping from the callow nest among its branches, even the tiny peeping of the chickens that our little ones had nurtured, stolen over the boundless wastes of ocean, and overpowered the burst of the most sublime oratorio. As these modes of feeling gain ascendancy, we continue our researches less for our own gratification than for the sake of dear ones far away. We sustain fatigue with the spirit of a martyr, we search out the spots which history has consecrated, we adventure ourselves upon the mouldering tower, we thread the mazes of the ruined cloister, we ascend the mountain, we explore the mine, not for personal enjoyment, but that we may be better able, should Heaven restore us to our home, to enliven the fireside, to cheer the friend, or to instruct the child.

Travelling might not only invigorate patriotism, and strengthen the disinterested affections, but advance the growth of piety. Especially, those who visit foreign climes, after the strongest ties are bound around the heart, and leave the objects of their warmest attachments behind, find it a deep discipline to the spirit. And the assemblance of joy, it operates as a perpetual sorrow, as a balance check everything like exultation or vanity. Who can tell, amid his most earnest and fortunate pursuits, whether the hue of the tomb may not be overspreading some face dearer than life itself. So is he driven to an intensity of prayer, that he never before knew. His risks, his perils, his uncertainty of their fate, from whom a thousand leagues fathomless ocean divide him, force him to a stronger faith, a more entire humility, a more self abandoning confidence in the Rock of Ages. Thus the pains of separation, the privilege of visiting ancient and classic climes and the unutterable gratitude of return, seem all to conspire in fostering a deeper sense of dependence, a more cordial and adhering trust in the 'God of salvation, who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.'

From a late English paper.

AMOY.

Amoy is a fertile island at the entrance of a navigable river on the coast of China, about four hundred miles to the eastward of Canton; it is the chief town and port of Fokien; its extent and population is equal to that of Canton. The harbour is formed by an indent in the main land, and sheltered by several small islands; the anchorage is good, and all the navies of Europe might lie there with perfect safety at all seasons; the harbour is easy access, and may be entered without a pilot. The native trade of the place is very considerable, which they carry on with Japan, Manila, and the Philippine Islands. Their vessels (junks, as they are called) are numerous, and some of them as large as six or seven hundred tons; and we counted more than a hundred Government, or war junks, in the harbor. Amoy was formerly a place of trade for Europeans; the English had a factory here until the year 1800, when, by an Imperial edict, they were compelled to confine their trade with the natives to the port of Canton. We found here raw and manufactured silks, nankeens, and other China goods, very much cheaper than at Canton, and the natives equally civil and willing to trade with strangers. The island is of moderate height, sloping towards the sea; the whole seemed highly cultivated and was studded with villas and pagodas with but little woodland.—The main land near the sea is low, and well cultivated, but in the distance it looks ragged and barren, resembling the Cumberland mountains north of Kendra. Mr. L. was at Amoy during the months of August and September. Provision of all kinds, and fruits, were abundant and cheap; fish was also plentiful, and seems to form a considerable branch of their trade, for between the island and the coasts of Formosa we passed many hundred, of the fishing junks. Amoy is considered healthy, and not subject to any epidemic disease whatever; and from its capacious and safe harbour, with many other advantages, it is unquestionably the most eligible place on the China coast for extended British commerce.

From Robinson's Researches in Palestine.

JEW'S PLACE OF WAILING.

In the afternoon of the same day I went with Mr Lannean to the place where the Jews are permitted to purchase the right of approaching the site of their temple, and of