

as himself, was designed to be the tool of the selfish beauty. Miss Oriel was too well schooled to exhibit any surprise at his cool manner, and as her principal object was to attract the attention of Mr. Beauchamp, she gave herself no further thought about the matter at that time.

Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp, by a kind of 'gramyze' which some ignorant people might call *impudence*, had early established himself at the head of the table, and assumed the manners of a host upon all occasions. He was in fact that most admired, and courted, and flattered of men—the Beau (*par excellence*) of a watering place. Reader, if you have ever seen such a person in such circumstances you will be able to imagine his appearance, for he was only one of a rather numerous tribe of ephemera, who appear every summer and waste their little in fashionable resort, whence they vanish with the first northeast wind, and if they do not die, at last evaporate in something like empty air. Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp (he was very proud of his name, and was known to dance in the same cotillon with Miss Phebe Pipkin, until his refined taste was smoothed by the intelligence that she was the heiress of half a million) was rather diminutive in size, with a remarkably trim figure, and very small feet. He had flaxen hair, elaborately curled, which no one would have suspected to be a wig; and he wore the softest and silkiest of whiskers, which nobody dreamed were an appendage of the self same wig, ingeniously contrived to clasp with springs beneath his chin. His cheek had that delicate peach bloom which rarely outlasts extreme youth, and in this case, certainly owed much of its richness to a judicious touch of the hare's foot. His hands were very white and loaded with rings, the gifts, as he asserted, of various fair ladies; so that he might be said to have the history of his conquests at his fingers' ends. He wore a black dress coat lined with white silk, snow white inexpressibles, embroidered silk stockings, and pumps diminutive enough to have served for a ladies' slippers. Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp was what ladies call 'a love of a man,' and he was duly grateful for their partiality. To conceal the ravages of time (alas! he had already numbered half a century) and to decorate himself in the most pleasing manner he considered a compliment due to the fair sex, while the proper display of his wealth and luxury was a duty he owed to himself.

He had been wonderfully attracted by the grace and beauty of Miss Oriel. Absorbed in admiration of her easy and modest and self possession, he forgot to ask his former favorite, the pretty and *spirituelle* Mrs. Dale, to take wine with him, and the lady was quick sighted enough to discover, and wise enough to smile at the discovery that henceforth her reign over the tilbury was at an end. She was quite right. Soon after dinner Mr. Beauchamp solicited from Cecil Forrester the honor of an introduction to Miss Oriel, and though Cecil would have been ready to fight a duel with a fellow who should thus have presumed after a three days' acquaintance, had the lady been one whom he really respected, yet he now cordially acquiesced in the wishes of both parties, and with a degree of magnanimity quite surprising to Laura, afforded her exactly the opportunity she had desired. About twenty minutes before sunset—the hour Mr. Beauchamp usually selected for his daily drive—Miss Oriel was banded into the elegant vehicle, and they drove off, leaving several gentlemen in ecstasies at her beauty as she playfully kissed her hand to her dear old fit mamma, who had bustled out with 'my sweet Laura's cashmere, lest the evening air should injure her delicate health.' Her fears were quite unnecessary. Mr. Beauchamp never drove his horses more than three miles at a time, and had no fancy for hardening his white hands by curbing their impetuosity. He was seldom absent more than half an hour, as his ambition was fully gratified by being envied as he drove off, or dashed up to the door with the best horses before his carriage and the most admired woman at his side.

[To be continued.]

TO APPRENTICES.

The only way for a young man to prepare for usefulness is to devote himself to study during leisure hours. First, be industrious—Never complain that you are obliged to work: go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will make you respected by your employer, and the community. Make it your business to see and promote your employer's interest, by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own.—Secondly, be industrious to your studies. Few persons can complain of a harder master than Franklin's, yet he

laid the foundation of his greatness when an apprentice. Success depends not on the amount of leisure you may have, but upon the manner in which it is employed.—*Gov. Hill.*

THE HUSBANDMAN.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bad and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives,
These are nature's ancient pleasures,
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, hour and season,
Land and Water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

JOHN STERLING.

WONDERFUL STRUCTURE OF THE HEART.

The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart. And how well does it perform its office! An anatomist who understood its structure, might say beforehand that it would play; but from the complexity of mechanism and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out. Yet does this wonderful machine go on night and day for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty four hours having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome: and it continues this action for this length of time without disorder and weariness. That it should continue this action for this length of time without disorder is wonderful: that it should be capable of continuing it without weariness, is still more astonishing. Rest would have been incompatible with its functions. While it slept the whole machinery must have been stopp'd, and the animal inevitably perish. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working for ever, without the cessation of a moment—without the least degree of weariness. It is so made, and the powers of the creator in so constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but by His wisdom.

Schomburgk's Fishes of Guiana.

CANOE OF GUIANA.

The canoes which are manufactured by the Indians consist of the trunk of a large tree, which has been hollowed out, partly by the axe, partly by the fire. They are sometimes from thirty to forty feet long,—and are peculiarly qualified for these rivers, as they draw but little water, and are less subjected to leaking when drawn over cataracts or coming in contact with rocks than if they were constructed of timber. A covering of palmleaves is substituted for an awning. As the largest of these canoes is seldom more than four feet wide, its load must be restricted: and the baggage is generally placed in such a manner that, arrived where a cataract opposes obstacles to further progress, it may be unloaded and carried over land. . . . The canoe is flat on the bow and stern,—and in order to prevent the water from getting into it, two pieces of wood cut according to its shape are fitted in, which the Indian never fails to ornament according to his fashion: The *coriaz* narrows to a point toward the stern and bow. Like the canoes, they are scooped out from the trunk of a tree, and have no keel—which indeed would be quite a superfluous appendage, as it would be soon knocked off by coming in contact with sunken rocks, or when drawn over cataracts.

The *pakasse*, or wood skin, is a boat nearly constructed of the bark of a tree. It is generally made of a single piece of the tough bark of the *murianara* tree, which grows to a very large size. An incision of the length the boat is to possess is made in the bark, which is removed from the trunk by driving in wedges,—when loosened from the wood, it is kept open by cross sticks, and is supported at the extremities upon two beams, in order to raise those parts of the intended boat. Vertical incisions; at about two feet apart and a few inches in depth, are then made and the parts secured afterwards by overlapping. It remains for several days exposed to the weat-

ther before it is fit for use. Though the *pakasse* is so crank that the slightest motion, when once in, renders it liable to upset, I have seen *pakasses* among the Tarumass the Cuyuwini, with five or six Indians in them. Their great advantage is, that being flat, they can float where a common corial of the smallest description cannot pass,—and are so light, that in crossing cataracts, one man can easily carry his boat on his head. When propelled by one man, he squats in the middle and paddles on either side. Great care is requisite in stepping in or out of them, as if upset, they sink almost instantly, owing to the great specific gravity of the peculiar bark of which they are built.

From Blackwood's Magazine for May.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THERE are one or two exhibitions—though it is hardly respectful to call them by that shilling-associated title—which we have postponed, for the purpose of trying to do justice to the great names with which they are associated, and the historical, classical, and personal recollections to which a visit to either of them—the ABBEY and the TOWER—give rise. But we find, with regret, the more we ponder and reflect upon all those repertoires of national monuments—whether the bones of the mighty dead in the one or their trophies in the other—whether we contemplate the scene of tears, groans, sighs, and weary nights and days of captivity in the Tower, or tread lightly over the hallowed spot

Where even the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and the oppress'd,
we feel more and more incapable of treating these memorable places in the way, and with that high tone they merit.

There is something in the system by which one is compelled to visit both the Abbey and the Tower—driven in a crowd, like a flock of sheep, before the warder or ranger who acts as shepherd, which is death to all romance, and, as Burns has it 'hardens a' within and petrifies the feeling;' then the telling down of sixpences upon the nail, as if we were going into a 'bus,' has something in it, we know not what, that reduces the current of your thoughts into a sixpenny level, and effectually puts an end to all the pleasure you proposed to yourself to derive from meditation. Your idea of the place becomes degraded into that of a sixpenny show: and when you are hustled by a crowd of curious impertinents, cockneys, private soldiers—who get in for nothing—aborigines from the provinces, and the like, we defy the utmost powers of abstraction to carry you beyond the notion that you are merely going through the vulgar routine of sight seeing; killing, in short, one of the lions.

If we could choose our time—if the Abbey and the Tower, instead of being let to small parties at sixpence a head, could be hired by the day or hour, like one of Seale's eight oared cutters, would we not have a meal of them? Yea, even a banquet; would feast, revel in recollections, and the reader should have our tediousness willingly bestowed upon him, even at the risk of a surfeit. For a visit to the Tower, we should choose the early dawn of a cold, gray, autumnal morning, when the sighing wind, detaching the yellow leaf, should gently lay it at our feet, emblem of the fate of all things human—long ere the stir of busy foot was abroad, and while yet the even tread of the sentinel on the battlements, and the answering echo of his foot-fall, were the only sounds that met the ear, would we seat ourselves pensively in the melancholy prison chamber, or spell over and over again the rude memorials of their captivity, inscribed by the faltering hands of hopeless captives—writing their own epitaphs!

The Abbey we should visit in a mild evening in spring, when the warm sun, emblem of kindling life—streams his declining rays through the tracied window, and when all the world without is springing into renewed existence. How awful the thought that here, within these walls, there is no spring—

"The spring returns, but not to them the spring,

Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's sun,
Or flocks or herbs, or human face divine.'

Here is perpetual winter—here the cold hand of death keeps down rebellious spirits that brooked not the supremacy of kings, and forbids alike monarchs to oppress, or slaves longer to succumb—all base earth, royal, noble, and simple. Kings, warriors, what are they here but cowards and slaves? What is all that is left of the greatest, mightiest, and best of them worth?—old bones, five pounds for two pence. Above those bones what remains to do them honor?—a cold stone, a noseless block, a cherub blubbery, fame blowing a noiseless trumpet, an epitaph recording every virtue they had not!

And, after all, was it for the honor of being deposited in this lofty and well proportioned bone house, that the crumbling dust below these marbles kept the world in hot water? We stamp upon the vault where lies all that the rats have left of Elizabeth our queen,

and the reverberated sound quivers around the tomb of her sister and victim, Mary of Scotland. Did the heartless old woman dream that she would rot in the next cellar?

'Drop upon Fox's tomb a tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
an' if it will, where was the use of those men keeping at such mortal distance, and interchanging words of high defence through life, when death lays them here, at heads and tails, like beggars in St. Giles? We are here, and we tell you, Edward the Confessor, Richard the Second, Elizabeth, and the rest of the royal skeletons—and you, meaner phosphates of dukes, princes, field marshals, admirals of the red, courtiers, ministers of state—and you also, crackshells of Poet's Corner—that the humble individual who has the honor to address you—we, even we, the warm blood careering merrily through these blue veins, our osteology kept together by sinewy ligaments, wrapped up in warm sar-touts, of good strong muscle, and covered with its appropriate cuticle; able to move about and go whither we list, take the air, and hear the lark carol, and look at the sun-beams dancing on the waters; yea, we consider ourself, worthier, greater, mightier than ye all!

Hark in your ear, Bess, down below—can you sign our death warrant? We should rather think not, old lady! Where are your lying poets, idolatrous courtiers, your pet dogs of humanity, your two legged poodles, yea, and your wise men—where is that old mule Burleigh; where honest Walsingham; where courtly Leicester; where gallant Essex, and still more gallant Raleigh?—Where is Anthony Radd, who preached before you, and told you that age 'had furrowed your face, and besprinkled your hair with its meal?' Where are all the poor wretches you put to death, o' ye hear?

No answer.

Lie still—ye unimportant, useless dead—what are ye now more than meanest dust? The present erier of the court at Westminster hall, over the way, is of more moment in the eyes of men than the whole lot of ye—yea, even the live beadle of Pancras parish is more gorgeous, and Coroner Wakley oftener in the mouths of men. What had you in life more than I have now? power to abuse it—flattery to be befooled in the ear with—and pomp to contrast with the dank, dark hole wherein are stowed away your miserable relics. Bah! let me live—as long as I can, as well as I can and as contented as I can; let me thank God for what I have, which is better to you than all your subterraneous majesties and graces ever had; be yours the preterite, mine the present and the future tenses; and when death comes for his debt, what can befall me worse than to be like you—buried and forgotten? Where will be then, in brief, the difference between us? no more than this—you rot within, I without Westminster Abbey.

To come down a peg or two, leaving meditations to Hervey, who understood that sort of thing, the Abbey is a pleasant lounge in warm, or we would rather say very hot weather; then it is of the temperature of an ordinary ice house, and with a pair of cork soles, a muffler, and a scull cap—without which no one who does not wish to join company with the illustrious dead should enter the fane—we can get on very pleasantly; depositing your hat and cane with a foolish faced, whisker fringed man in a black gown in Poet's corner, you dangle about, looking at the tomb of John Dryden, observing by the way that the nobleman who had the honor of contributing the stone—a Duke of Buckingham we believe—has had his own name cut in letters as large as those of the great man he professes to commemorate; this is like the picture of Jacky Tar going to heaven holding on a bishop's tail! Whitbread the brewer put up a bust of Milton in Cripplegate Church, but he had the good taste not to inscribe beneath it 'put up here by Whitbread the brewer;' however, when a duke does a handsome thing, he has a right to take care that his merit shall be handsomely acknowledged.

In that corner behold the chastest tablet and best inscription in the church,

O RARE BEN JOHNSON!

There is the tablet to the memory of poor Goldsmith, the profile of the poet—a true Hibernian profile, by the way—with the inscription from the pen of the great Sam Johnson; then there is the monument to Shakspeare, and Prior, and Gay, and—but a batch has by this time been collected, and you are desired to move onward, stopping only to deposit your 'fizzy' on the tomb of some defunct Abbey, who has the perpetual chink of silver rattling in his ear—pity the good old soul cannot hear it—and you are free of the house. The guides, as we have said conduct you at such a rapid rate, that you have no time to admire or think over what you see; in fact, each chapel would occupy with pleasure an entire day, and that of Henry VII. you would hardly thoroughly exhaust in two; when the guides leave you, however, you can