

I was hartily glad to find that, as he concluded his harangue, he suited the action to the word, and led the way to the boats; for however true his sentiments and prophecy might be, assuredly that was neither the time nor place for giving a proper degree of attention to them. The night which at the commencement of our conversation had been bright and clear, was now becoming dark, dreary, and cold, as a chill breeze swept up numerous heavy lowering clouds from the southward. As we neared the boats Staunton paused again, and looked steadily up at the sky, and then once more broke out rather wildly; 'I left the scene of gaiety, and worldly mirth and pleasure, to seek in the calm stillness of the night, for some sign which should be as a type to me of my hereafter. Lo! one has been vouchsafed to me. Blessed father in heaven, I accept the omen!'

'Psha, nonsense my good fellow!' said I out of all patience: 'do go to bed, and let a sound sleep be the omen of your awaking to-morrow with a clear head, and an undisturbed imagination.'

'You laugh,' he replied, 'aye, and scoff, for it is a part of man's weak nature to do so at that which, not understanding, he disbelieves; but mark my words and treasure them in your recollection. As that bright and starry firmament has become suddenly overclouded, as the surface of this river late so calm and placid, has now become troubled and tempestuous in a moment, till utter darkness shrouds them both,—so will the sunshine of my life pass away. I have said, I accept the omen, and I repeat it. Ere three months pass over you will be summoned to attend my death bed. Good night.'

I had been several days absent from home, and returned on the afternoon of the—of May, and was listening to the news of what had occurred in my absence, while my *sirdar* bearer divested me of my boots, when the *harranny* entering informed me that Mr Staunton had gone mad, though inconceivably shocked I cannot say that I was much surprised at this intelligence. On further inquiry it appeared that he had been taken ill with fever, that he sternly refused either to go into the station for medical advice or to take any medicine, while he threatened all his servants with his most serious anger, if they dared to send word to any body that he was unwell. Things went on in this way for some days, for said Blackey. 'Its master's pleasure; what can we do?' But when they found him becoming delirious, they had taken the alarm, and sending word to me, who was his nearest neighbor, they put two jars of water into his bed room, and went off to their respective villages, leaving the factory deserted, and their sick master alone in his weakness and misery. Intelligence of this had reached my house on the preceding day, and I lost little time in re-equipping myself, and mounting a fresh horse, rode over to his factory at once. Strange, thought I as I galloped off, my mind recurring to the conversation before recorded, very strange. Can it be possible that he believed in what he professed to consider as a sign of his coming fate? At least it is likely to prove one, for if what I heard be true, I fancy he must be beyond the power of human aid ere now. Pondering thus, but at the same time riding hard and fast, as men will do when their feelings are excited, even though they feel that they are too late to be of any service, a short half-hour brought me to Staunton's bungalow. The *jaumps* were all closed, and my first impression was that he was dead; dismounting quickly, I tethered my horse to one of the posts of the verandah, and pushing open the nearest *jaump* entered the bungalow. All was dark and still; grouping about I at last succeeded in finding the bamboos for supporting the *jaumps*, and propping them up, let in light and fresh air, and assuredly not before the latter was grievously required. The slight noise I made disturbed the slumbers of the sick man, and guided by the sound, I entered an inner room, upon a bed in which he lay dozing. He was evidently suffering under unquiet dreams, for the first words that I heard, lo! indeed, but startlingly distinct, were 'No! no! it is not blood, I tell you, not one drop from his veins fell on me! And if it were what then? He deceived and then scorned me, and his bullet grazed my temple at the moment that mine clove his heart. Ha, do you doubt me. Here, here, is the scar, I bare it with me to my grave,' and as the light which the open door admitted fell upon his countenance, he sprang up in bed, and then, bursting

into a hollow laugh, sank back upon his pillow. Horror struck, and shuddering, I advanced and gazed upon the countenance of the dreamer. One look sufficed to tell me that the straggle was nearly over. He had apparently, in some moment of returning sanity endeavored to shave his head, and succeeded but partially in the attempt, had inflicted several serious gashes on his skull: the blood from which, clotted and matted with his remaining hair, presented a ghastly contrast to his sunken eyes and pale sallow complexion, that was perfectly appalling. Sickening, I turned from the dreadful spectacle of human weakness, but his thoughts had taken another turn, and he murmured plaintively 'Home, ah, my dear happy home, I shall never see you again, never again list the solemn tone of the bell, which summons us to our devotions, when the cares and troubles of the week are ended. Never again feel the soft and fond pressure of my mother's hand, as she bleases her too wayward son, and prays him at the last minute to abandon all his plans, and stay, and cheer the fire-side of his parents in the winter of their life. Never never.' There was something so heart broken in the cadence with which the last word died away that I sobbed audibly. Staunton started at the sound and awoke; for some time he gazed intently at me, with his hands pressed upon his forehead, as if endeavoring to recall my face to his recollection; at last he said—

'This is kind, very kind of you to come un-called, to cheer the sickbed of your friend. But you are too late.'

'Nay, I hope not said I, 'now that the delirium has left you.'

'You are too late. Said I not that, ere three months elapsed you would be summoned to attend my death bed? Now, I say you are too late. I have been delirious—mad—I know not what, and my return to reason is but the precursor of my death. Nay, interrupt me not, I feel it, and grow weaker as I speak—water, water.' I gave him a little in a tea cup, and after a pause, he resumed;—'I must be brief, for my time approaches; I have noted down the chief incidents of my life, in anticipation of the scene you are now witnessing; you will find the packet in my desk addressed to you, and may it serve to guide you clear of some of the rocks in the stream of life on which I foundered; but mark me. Whatever I may have raved about in my delirium, whatever you may find there written, as I am a dying man, I have done nought which, were I to live again, I'd not re-act. One thing, and one only presses on my mind. Tell me, and here his voice grew lower; 'Is that man a suicide—who—who—refusing to avail himself of the means at his command, dies miserably and by inches, but yet dies a natural death? Tell me, is he so, for thus have I acted, and the thought preys heavy on my heart?' Fearfully did he look into my face, as if he would have read there my inmost thoughts; I knew not what answer to make, and suggested a reference to that book which never fails the humbled and the penitent; I rose to seek it, and he sank back muttering, 'Too late! too late!' I was some time ere I found what I sought, and on my rejoining him saw that it was indeed 'too late.' His delirium returned, and he now spoke clearly and distinctly, while his eyes flashed with unearthly brilliancy: 'Julial' he exclaimed 'Julial you have deceived me, falsely, cruelly deceived me. I was happy, oh! how happy, and you have made me miserable; but I forgive you, I forgive you'—as he spoke the last words, he stared convulsively; his eyes glared wildly for a moment ere darkness settled upon them for ever; his jaw dropped, and the soul of the poor sufferer fled to the realms where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY R. H. DANA.

The virtuous tendencies of our youth might run to vice, and our early feelings grow cold, were there not in us affections of quieter nature, resting on objects simple and near at hand, receiving more happiness from one being than from a thousand, and kindling a light within us, making one spot a perpetual brightness, and secretly cheering us through life. These affections are our domestic attachments, which are refreshed every evening, and grow daily under a gentle and kindly warmth, making a companionship for what is lovely, at the same time leaving it all the distinctness and intensity of our highest solitary joys. We may suffer all the hopes and expectations which shut up wild and disorderly in our young imaginations, to live about our homes; and leaving them their savor and bright hues, may sort each with its kind, and hedge them round with the close and binding cords of family attachments. It is true, that this reality has a narrower range, and an even surface, than the ideal,—yet there is a rest, and an assured and virtuous gladness in it, which makes a harmonious union of our feelings and our fancies.

Home gives a certain serenity to the mind, so that every thing is well marked, and sparkling in a clear atmosphere, and the lesser beauties are brought out to rejoice in the pure glow

which flows over and beneath them from the earth and the sky. In this state of mind afflictions come to us chastened,—and if the wrongs of the world cross us in our door path, we put them aside without anger. Vices are every where about us, not to lure us away, nor make us morose, but to remind us of our frailty, and keep down our pride. We are put into a right relation with the world,—neither holding it in proud scorn, like the solitary man, nor being carried along by shifting and hurried feelings, and vague and careless notions of things, like the world's man. We do not take novelty for improvement, nor set up roguery for a rule of conduct,—neither do we despair, as if all great virtuous had departed with the years gone by, though we see new vices, frailties and follies taking growth in the very light which is spreading through the earth.

Our safest way of coming into communion with mankind is through our own household. For there our sorrow and regret at the failings of the bad is in proportion to our love, which our familiar intercourse with the good has a secretly assimilating influence upon our character. The domestic man has an independence of thoughts which puts him at ease in society, and a cheerfulness and benevolence of feeling which seems to ray out from him, and to diffuse a pleasurable sense over those near him like a soft, bright day. As domestic life strengthens a man's virtue, so does it help to a sound judgment, and a right balancing of things, and gives an integrity and propriety to the whole character. God, in his goodness, has ordained that virtue should make its own enjoyment, and that wherever a vice or frailty is rooted out, something should spring up to be a beauty and delight to the mind. But a man of character rightly cast has pleasures at home, which, though fitted to his highest nature, are common to him as his daily food. He moves about his house under a continued sense of them, and is happy almost without heeding it.

Women have been called, angels in love tales and sonnets, till we have almost learned to think of angels as little better than women. Yeta man who knows a woman thoroughly, and loves her truly—and there are women who have been so known and loved—will find, after a few years that her relish for the grosser pleasures is lessened, and that he has grown into a fondness for the intellectual and refined without an effort, and almost unawares. He has been led on to virtue through his pleasures; and the delights of the eye, and the gentle play of that passion which is the most inward of our nature, and which keeps much of its character amid the concerns of life, have held him in a kind of spiritualized existence, he shares his very being with one who, a creature of this world, and with something of the world's frailties, is

—'yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel light.'

With all the sincerity of a companionship of feelings, cares, and enjoyments, her presence is as the presence of a purer being, and there is that in her nature which seems to bring him nearer to a better world. She is as it were, linked to angels: and in his exalted moments he feels himself held by the same tie.

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

What maketh music, when the bird  
Doth hush its merry lay?  
And the sweet spirit of the flowers  
Hath sighed itself away?  
What maketh music when the frost  
Enchains the murmuring rill,  
And every song that summer woke  
In winter's trance is still?

What maketh music when the winds,  
In strong encounter rise,  
When ocean strikes his thunder-gong,  
And the rent cloud replies?  
While no adventurous planet dares  
The midnight arch to deck,  
And in its startled dream, the babe  
Doth clasp its mother's neck.

And when the fiercer storms of fate  
Wild o'er the pilgrim sweep,  
And earthquake voices claim the hopes  
He treasur'd long and deep,  
When lo! the threatening passions roar,  
Like lions in their den,  
And vengeful tempests lash the shore,  
What maketh music then?

The deed to humble virtue born,  
Which nursing memory taught  
To shun a boastful world's applause,  
And love the lowly thought;  
This builds a cell within the heart,  
Amid the blasts of care,  
And tuning high its heaven-struck harp,  
Makes midnight music there.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

From Captain Grey's Journal.

A PIECE OF SEA PAINTING OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The sea birds held their holiday in the stormy gale. The lordly and graceful albatross, whose motion is a very melody, swept screaming by upon the blast. The smaller Cape pigeons followed us fast, passing and repassing across the vessels track. At last one of them spies a fragment on the waters; which has been thrown overboard: a moment it hovers above, then plunges down. But the other birds have seen it too; and all, pouncing on the spot, move their wings confusedly,

and seem to run along the waters with a rapid and eager motion. Now is there discord wild amongst them. A screaming and diving, swimming and running, mingled with a chattering noise. No sooner does one gain the morsel than another tears it from him. Who will be the victor here? The albatross; for he sweeps triumphantly over all, swoops down, and with a scream, scares off the timid little multitude; whilst high above his head he holds his arching wings and now in pride and beauty he sits upon the waters, and, drifting fast astern, gradually fades in the twilight. What wonder that a sailor is superstitious! separated in early youth from his home, ere he has forgotten the ghost stories of childhood, and whilst the young and simple heart still loves to dwell upon the marvellous, he is placed in such scenes as these: in the dark night, amidst the din of waves and storms, he hears wild shrieks upon the air, and by him float huge forms, dim and mysterious, from which fancy is prone to build strange phantoms; and oft from aged sailors he gathers legends and wondrous tales suited to his calling; whilst the narrator's mysterious tone and earnest voice and manner attest how firmly he himself believes the story.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE FOX-HUNTER AND HIS WIFE.

We trust the following example will not be lost on such wives of fox-hunters as are fortunate (or, according to Mrs. Gore, unfortunate) enough to be possessed of pin-money. A few years back, when the country was depressed and rents came in slowly, Mr. Ward (of Hampshire) told his lady he feared he must give up his hounds. 'Oh, no!' said she, 'don't do so, the times, perhaps, may mend.' Going shortly afterwards to his banker's, he found the sum of a thousand pounds placed in his credit by a friend to fox-hunting. This friend to fox-hunting was Mrs. Ward, and the sum was paid out of her own purse. Now for the application, 'Hear this, ye married ladies, and do not forget the moral! If you wish to retain the affections of your husbands, encourage, but do not thwart, his favourite pursuits. Your beauty may fade in his eyes; your charms may pall upon the sense; but such conduct as this can only be forgotten in the grave.'

A Lady's Residence on the shores of Baltic.

A STROLL ALONG THE NEVSKY.

Here it is that Russians of all garbs and ranks pass before you. Here stands the *Ischvourchik* loitering carelessly beneath the trees of the avenue, who, watching your steady gaze, starts up and displays a row of beautiful teeth beneath his thickly bearded lip, and, pointing to his *droshky*, splutters out, 'Kodi vam ugodno?' or 'Whither does it please you?' Here stalks the erect Russian peasant, by birth a serf and in a gait a prince, the living effigy of an old patriarch, bearded to the waist, his *kaftan* of sheepskin, or any dark cloth wrapt round him, the ample front of which, confined at the waist by a belt of bright colours, contains all that another would stow in a pocket, literally portraying the words of Scripture, 'full measures shall men pour into their bosom.' Contrary to all established rule, he wears his shirt, always blue or red, over his trousers, his trousers under his boots, and, doubtless, deems this the most sensible arrangement. And look! here go a posse of Russian foot soldiers, with close shorn head and face and brow beat look, as little of the marshal in their dusky attire as of glory in their hard lives, the mere drudges of a review, whom Mars would disown. Not so the tiny Circassian, light in limb and bright in look, flying past on his native barb, armed to the teeth, with eyes like lobsters, which the cold climate cannot quench. Now, turn to the slender Finn, with teeth of pearl and hair so yellow that mistake it for a lemon coloured handkerchief peeping from beneath his round hat; or see, among the whirl of carriages three and four abreast in the centre of the noble street, that handsome Tartar coachman, his lips and beard jet, sitting gravely, like a statue of Moses, on his box while the little postillion dashes on with the foremost horses, ever and anon throwing an anxious look behind him, lest the ponderous vehicle, which the long traces keep at half a street's distance, should not be duly following; and within lolls the pale Russian beauty, at whose careless bidding they are all hurrying forward, looking as apathetic to all the realities of life as any other country would do. These are the pastimes which the traveller finds in the streets of Petersburg, which makes the hours fly swiftly by, further beguiled by the frequent question and frequent laugh, as you peep into the various magazines, listen to the full mouthed sounds, and inhale the scent of Russian leather, with which all Petersburg is most appropriately preganated.

By Jean Dubois, M. D.

OLD MAIDS.

Old maids are the creatures not of choice but of circumstances; nor is to be wondered at, for I have good reason to know that the struggling wife of the poorest peasant, if she