

her towards the secluded spot called the grove.

William's worst fears now appeared likely to meet with immediate confirmation. How much more then, when, next evening, she returned home later than she had ever been before, refusing to him and to her mother, any account of where or with whom she had been. The next, he determined at once to come to a conclusion. He watched her as she left the factory gate, and dogged her up the footpath, where he saw her joined by Southern, and walk with him towards the place I have before alluded to.

His passion was now roused to madness. He attacked Southern in the most frantic manner, but in the hands of his handsome and muscular rival, found himself but as an infant. The latter with a bitter sneer, mastering his hands, lifted him from the ground and plunged him up to the neck in the reservoir, holding him down till he was nearly suffocated, while she stood by, pale and much agitated, without uttering a word.

Williams scrambled out and slunk away, hearing, as he went, the loud contemptuous laugh of his hated and triumphant rival—what were his feelings I will not attempt to say. Next day Southern called at the school to dismiss him from his situation, but found the door locked, and the children playing around it. He had been anticipated—poor Williams was gone; after his ignominious defeat, he could no longer look upon a known face, and had gone off, wet and dripping as he was, to hide his shame in the great solitude of London.

But now comes the bitter portion of my task. Dear reader, had I been sure of your sympathy, or of your forgiveness, I could have found it in my heart to have lingered longer upon the banks of the beautiful Westwater; to tediousness I could have dwelt upon the perfection of the widow's lovely daughter. Yet a little could I have tarried, describing even the scaly splendour of the serpent Southern, but it can be protracted no longer.

Alas, alas for you fair Jane Granton! whither could have wandered the truant seraph that should surely have hovered watchful, round the brow of one so beautiful and young?—why is your spirit changed; why is the head that used to sit so proudly upon that graceful neck bowed down in blushing humility to the ground? Woe worth the day!—you are in love, Cheeny! and it is a love you are ashamed of. No soft, tender emotion is your love, poor lost girl; it is a passion—a madness, an ever glowing fire within you, consuming to ashes every other thought and feeling.

Williams's departure and its cause were soon the theme of all lips in Westwater, and every eye was fixed, though covertly, upon Jane, and him, the dreaded overseer, by all hated and by her loved—oh, how deeply.

Many days had not passed when she appeared completely abandoned to her new passion. Every evening might she be seen stealing away in the direction of that fatal footpath to enjoy the pernicious bliss of an hour with him—whose every thought by day and night was the accomplishment of her ruin; and every evening was the chain of his fascination girded more strongly around the heart of the poor devoted girl—she appeared to live only in his presence—to have no enjoyment but in his society. At all other times she was absent and thoughtful, avoiding the gaze of all she saw, appearing to be dreaming over in her mind the delights of her next meeting with him, when all the scoffs of her companions and all the upbraidings of her wild fanatical mother, would be compensated by one kind look from his dark eye, by one gentle pressure to his manly bosom.

I remember observing them often, his arm around her waist, while she with her hand upon his shoulder, so fondly and confidently walked slowly along, with a look of mingled love and wonder—a kind of devotion—that gave her features an expression altogether new to them and most beautiful to see. But after some days I remarked that this changed. Southern himself now appeared actually to feel a degree of the passion he had so powerfully excited in her, though it seemed to wear too much of the voluptuous aspect to come within the category of genuine love.

[To be concluded.]

SLEEP.

Youth and young adults (says Dr Elliotson) will habitually sleep soundly and uninterruptedly for eight or nine hours. Infants and old people sleep for short periods. Some persons are constitutionally sound and long sleepers; others slight and short sleepers. Infants sleep far more in the twenty four hours than adults,—when very young, having but recently come in the waking state from the womb, they are awake but for short periods,—and for very many months require to go to sleep several times, and for the first two or three years more than once in the 24 hours. Old people sleep lightly and frequently; and altogether but little, unless lethargic diseases come upon them, which is very common. I heard Baxter the

coachmaker declare he never took more than 3 hours sleep during the most active period of his life. The celebrated General Elliot never slept more than four hours out of the twenty four, and his food consisted wholly of bread, water, and vegetables. Sir John Sinclair mentions a James Mackay 'a remarkably robust and healthy man, who died in Strathnaver in 1797, age 91, and only slept on an average, four hours in the 24.' Frederic the Great, as he is called, and the truly great John Hunter slept only five hours in the same period. Dr Macnish, to whom I am indebted for these instances says—'I know a lady who never sleeps above half an hour at a time, and the period of whose sleep does not exceed 3 or 4 hours in the 24, and yet she is in the enjoyment of excellent health.' Sir Gilbert Blane says General Pichegru informed him that 'in the course of his active campaigns, he had for a whole year not more than one hour of sleep on an average, in the 24 hours.' Sleep varies so much in intensity that a dead sleep of an hour may be an equal repose to any ordinary sleep of many hours. The celebrated De Moivre slept 20 hours of the 24 hours; and old Thomas Parr latterly slept away by far the greater part of his existence.

From the London Athenæum.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

WHERE may that glorious Land be found

Which countless bards have sung;
The chosen of the nations, crowned
With fame forever young?
A fame that filled the Grecian sea,
And rang through Roman skies:
O! ever bright that land must be,
But tell us where it lies!

The Rose-crowned Saviour ceaseless shines
On orient realms of gold,
The holy place of early shrines,
The fair, the famed of old:
But ages on their flood have borne
Away the loftiest fame,
Yet left upon the lands of Morn
A still unbroken chain.

The West, O! wide its forests wave,
But long the setting sun
Hath blushed to see the toiling slave
On fields for freedom won:
Still mighty in their seaward path
Roll on the ancient floods,
That miss the brethren of their youth,
The dwellers of the woods.

The north, with misty mantle lours
On nations wise and brave,
Who gather from a thousand shores
The wealth of land and wave;
But stains are on their boasted store—
Though Freedom's shrine be fair,
'Tis empty,—on thy brow before
A gilded idol there!

The South—the cloudless South—expands
Her deserts to the day,
Where rose those yet unconquered bands,
Who own no sceptre's sway:
But wherefore is the iron with
Our golden image blent,
For, see, the Harem bars reach forth
Into the Arab's tent!

O! Earth hath many a region bright,
And Ocean many an isle,
But where on mortals shines the light
Of Freedom's cloudless smile?
The search is vain, from human skies
The Angel early fled,—
Our only land of Freedom is
The country of the Dead.

FRANCES BROWNE.

SANSON, THE HEADSMAN.

WE translate from a German paper, the 'Gash of Zeitung,' the following sketch of Sanson, the Parisian executioner, who certainly has some claim to be regarded as a hero. History cannot point to another who has bereft so many of his fellow creatures of life. Slaughter was the only trade he knew, and it was his fortune to wield the axe in times when scores of heads fell of a morning. He was no vulgar Jack Ketch to strangle thieves and assassins. Kings, queens, princes, statesmen, politicians, demagogues, all ranks of society, bowed before his fatal presence, and never rose again.

'Have you read the French papers? Do you know who is dead? Let me enlighten you. There died in Paris on the 20th August last, an old man of 87, named Henri Sanson, Headsman of the Department of the Seine. Methinks I see you turn up your nose, and wonder of what consequence whether there is one executioner more or less in the world. But this Henri Sanson, my indifferent reader, was no common despatcher of low assassins, incendiaries, coiners, and such rabble; he was the headman par excellence, the Nemesis of the French nation, the last act of the bloody drama of 1789. In him has a portion of France's blood-inscribed story sunk to the grave: for he was, during the first Revolution, the *Executeur des hautes œuvres*, through whose hands passed the heads of nearly all those who at that period perished by the guillotine in the *Place de Concord*. Henri Sanson was at that time an active young man of 20 years, attached to no party, and he struck off to-day the head of

an ardent royalist, with the same composure that he would the next day that of a suspected republican. History can tell of no second executioner who has separated from their shoulders so many world-renowned heads, or marshalled so much of life 'the way to dusty earth.' In the times when the guillotines *en permanence* held the French populace in check, from thirty to forty heads daily have been known to fall beneath his axe—it is not therefore to be wondered at that he should have acquired an unerring skill in his bloody art. Let us take a hasty peep into his day-book of terrors, and let pass in review the bloody ghosts which rise out of the catastrophe of that time, to remind us of the horrors of the past.

'First meets our eye the shade of the 24th January, 1791. It bears a broken crown, and what is sadder still, a broken heart. This crowned shade is Louis XVI., King by the grace of God, who stalks a warning example through the ranks of God's anointed, and calls to them—'Be just and firm!'

'Next rise the pale manes of the 16th October, 1793. The pallid features marked by sorrow, deep indeed, but which still has not been able to extinguish the brightness of their beauty. On the snow-white neck rests the blood drops of the guillotine. The lovely head, which, once adorned with a diamond crown, now bears one of thorns, is that of Maria Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa, sister of the Emperor Joseph, and the unhappy Louis's consort.

'Now flits across the scene a shadow whose aspect fills us with disgust. The bald head, with its load of sin, fell on the 6th November, 1793. It is Philip d'Orleans, Philip Egalite, the aim at his brother's Crown. Two years before, as Louis lost his crown upon the scaffold, Philip had from his cabriolet gazed through his opera glass upon the execution of his royal brother, as an opera dilettante would view the pas-seul of a Fanny Elssler. His shade may serve as a warning beacon through centuries to come, reminding us of the fowler caught in his own snare.

'Next rises from the darkness of the grave the giant shade of the 13th April, 1794. His powerful frame, and fierce aspect, which even in death still startled all around, point out to the Jupiter Fulminans of the revolutionary Olympus, the herculean Danton, whose voice has been compared to the thunder's roar, and his oratory to the scorching lightning's flash. Man of terror who brought thee to the axe?

'Next flows the shade of the 28th July, 1794, that of Maximilian Robespierre, and close upon his heels those of his brothers, Augustin, St. Just, Coathon, Lebas Henriot, and seventeen others of their associates. The ninth Thermidor, the holy-day-eve of the French Revolution, was a hard day for our headsmen. As he had once shown to them the fair head of their king, so did he on this day exhibit to the exulting populace the distorted features of the dictator; and as they shouted their approbation each one thought to himself: 'Now can we sleep in peace, without the fear of being awakened by the hangman!' But on that night when exhausted, Paris gave itself up to sweet repose could Sanson, who had annihilated the head of the reign of terror, close no eye, for Robespierre, and the whole train of revolutionary victims, gathered in a bloody circle around his bed, and chased the sleep from his eyelids; then did he fold his arms and pray:—'Father in heaven, forgive me—I was but the instrument!' From that day the *Executeur des hautes œuvres* rested from his labors; he wiped the blood from his axe, and with a sigh, laid his hands in his lap.

'After a lapse of forty two years, during which he had successively seen rise and pass away, the Directory, the Triumvirate, the Consulate, the Emperor Napoleon, Louis XVIII, and Charles X, he was again called by Louis Philippe to the place of execution, to try his axe's edge anew on Fieschi and his confederates, and shortly afterwards on young Alibaud. He brushed the rust from his guillotine, and carried it into effect, with the same impartiality as heretofore, the decrees of the law. Louis XVI's head was one of the first, and Alibaud's the last which fell beneath his hands.

'The Nemesis of France, Henri Sanson, now sleeps tranquilly in the church-yard.'

EXTRACTS

From James's New Work of Morley Ernstein.
At the age of One and Twenty years—
It is a beautiful age, full of the spring, with all the vigor of manhood, without one touch of its decay; with all the fire of youth, without one touch of its feebleness! Oh! one and twenty! bright one and twenty! wilt thou never come back to me again? No, never! The cord of the bow has been so often drawn that it has lost its elasticity; there have been a thousand flowers cast away that have withered in the dust of Time's sandy path; there have been a thousand fruits tasted that have left but the rind in my hand; there have been a thousand travel stains acquired that never can be washed off until the journey is done. That which has been lost, and that which has

been gained, have both been gathered into the two baskets of the past: and whatever the future may have in store, one and twenty, with its many hopes, its few fears, its buoyancy of spirit, its elasticity of limb, its eagerness of expectation, its activity of pursuit, its aspirations, its desires, its faith, its confidence its frankness, its garden of visionary flowers, and its atmosphere of misty light, can never, never come back to us, where we to whistle till we broke our hearts. No, no, in the sad arithmetic of years, multiply by what numbers you will, you can never get at one and twenty more than once.

'Of what was it he thought. Was it of his mother? No! Time had healed the only wound that fate, within his own memory, had inflicted on him, and his thoughts were of no external kind whatever. It was that the spirit of the soul then, for the first time, made her voice heard strongly. She might have whispered before, but now she spoke aloud. It was as a warning at the gates of life; it was as if some hand, for a moment, drew back the glittering veil with which pale reality covers her wrinkled front, and had shewn him, instead of the bright young features he expected to see, nothing but deformity and age. Unhappy is it—at the time, most unhappy—for the man, in whose mind age and youth can change places, even for an hour. God wills us, while we are young, to view things youngly, and when the thoughts of age force themselves upon us in youth, we are like the living clasped in the cold arms of the dead.'

'Whenever we grasp life's flowers with too hot a hand, they are sure to wither almost ere they reach our bosom. He had not felt as much joy as he had expected, he had been happy certainly, but he had discovered that even happiness is not the bright thing he had thought it, and now he sat and mused, the spirit of the soul seeming to tell him, that thus he would still find it throughout the whole of life; that there is a rich ingredient wanting in the cup of mortal joy which never can be found on earth.'

'There was a dull oppression on his heart that he could not account for: there was a voice rang in his ear, telling of the emptiness of all human things. 'But a few short years ago,' he thought, 'here moved my father, filled with plans and purposes, hopes and expectations—here crowded around him the gay, the bright, the beautiful, the wise, the good—here honor waited, wealth supported, renown followed him—here too, my mother spent days of joy and sorrow—here she looked with tenderness upon my cradle—here she watched with pride my growing years—here she often talked of the bright future with her beloved son. And they are gone: their shadows no longer cross the household floor; the roof-tree no longer echoes back their voices; their tongues are silent, and their smiles are cold; and the place where they once dwelt, now knows them no more. Thus, too, shall it be with me ere many years have passed; my joys, my hopes, my affections, shall soon be in the dust with theirs.'

The song had a great effect upon Lieberg, too: it made him sad, though it excited him; it seemed like the voice of an angel singing to a fallen spirit, mourning over his degradation and loss, and drawing from his heart tears of regret, though not of repentance—the glow of shame, though not of contrition. For, as the inspired writer says—'There is a shame that bringeth sin, and there is a shame which is glory and grace.' There were moments with him, as with all others like him, when he felt the bitterness of wrong, but without even a dream of turning unto right: and one of the times at which that feeling was most strong upon him was when he heard plaintive music—not the music of the opera, of the concert, or the oratorio, for those are places in which it is easy to cast aside one's heart, and become the mere connoisseur—but the song sung in private, the piece of music played by a delicate hand, and breathing softly to the ear, like the low, still voice of conscience, or like the tongue of memory, speaking to us of early days—of innocence—and of peace.

Silence maintained her reign for about a quarter of an hour, during which time Lieberg gazed out on a scene which was well calculated to afford high and holy thoughts, had his been a breast to receive them. The beautiful orb, which, like woman's love to man, follows this earthly sphere through all its wandering course, was shining bright and pure, in her highest glory. The green lawn, the dark yew trees, the sloping upland, the well trimmed hedges, caught the rays as they fell, and deep shadows, like those which must ever fall to the eye of memory over various spots in the past, when we look back from the end of a long life, were cast over the turf from every rising object. Round about, at a distance from their queen, in the blue heaven,—for those that were near were swallowed up in her light,—the bright attendant stars filled up the glory of the sky, and spoke to man's heart of the majesty of that God who made a thousand worlds, and yet bows himself to regard the lowest being on the earth.

'The climate, not the heart, he changes who flies across the wave.' So said the old Roman, some thousand years ago, and doubtless what he said was true, both in his own day, when men cultivated a firm, fixed spirit within them, and also in the present, in the