

you must pay forty thousand pounds before I can let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me."—And she smiled at Philan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single."

"I tell you I am married."

"Where's your husband?"

"There sir!" and she pointed to the astonished barber; there he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me, sir, one instant at your peril."

The warden was dumb founded, and no wonder. Poor Philan would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C was free, and Pat Philan, her legitimate husband a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse.—The following day they had a meeting and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat forever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and wouldn't feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.

Well, you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Philan was sitting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when as sure as death the postman brought him a letter the first he had ever received, which he took to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit seller, because, you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus:—

"Go to Poneraile, and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But, as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power if you tell the story. The money will be paid to you directly you enclose me your marriage certificate. I send you fifty pounds for present expenses."

Oh! happy Paddy! Didn't he get drunk that same night, and didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen, and touch a thousand pounds! By the powers he did. And, what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know, not a hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick; and it fair, and he forgot his first wife clean and entirely, and never told any one but myself, under a promise of secrecy, the story of his "Fleet Marriage."

So, remember, as it's a secret, don't tell it to any one, you see.

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the fire is quenched and gone,

That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone;

The place where mirth and music met is hush'd through day and night:

Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that here made light!

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,

Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more;

Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's grief or mirth,

Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas! the lonely Hearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,

Or breathe, perchance in alien ears, the songs their mother sung;

Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone—

The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the bright fire quenched and gone!

But are they speaking, singing yet as in their days of gloe?

Those voices, are they lovely still? still sweet on land or sea?

Oh! some are hush'd, and some are changed— and never shall one strain

Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again!

And of the hearts that here were linked by long remembered years,

Alas! the brother knows not now where fall the sister's tears!

One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone;

For broken is the household chain—the bright fire quenched and gone!

Not so!—'tis not a broken chain—thy memory binds them still,

Thou holy hearth of other days, though silent now and chill!

The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by thine attesting stone,

Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice—the mother's prayer—the called from earth away—

With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway;

And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,

Though the loved Hearth be desolate, the bright fire quenched and gone.

My MOTHER, active, cheerful, and constantly occupied in domestic affairs, sought pleasure nowhere, and found happiness and contentment everywhere.—[Mrs Grant.]

From the Autobiography of an Orphan Girl, now publishing in the New World.

ROME.

AND this is the city of the Cæsars! and here I tread on their palaces on the Imperial mount! poor misshapen masses of broken brick! And this same Rome was once the mistress of the world, boasting her thirty-seven gates! her six hundred towers, and her four millions of inhabitants. Where are the seven hills? they are scarcely perceptible; the wide waste of crumbling antiquities has filled up the valleys and obliterated the remnants of bygone splendor! On my left the yellow Tiber flows along to the Adriatic; in the distance the cupola of St. Peter's rises over its gilded domes within the walls of the Vatican. Two great eras has this city seen: from the days of the Republic down to the days of Charlemagne, its political power was the greatest in the world; from the time when Charlemagne handed it over to the Pope to the time when Napoleon over-ran Italy, its ecclesiastical power was the greatest. The spiritual tyranny here exercised was more oppressive, and not much less extended than its former domination. The anathemas of the Pope, for some centuries, were more dreadful than the Roman legions had ever been; and his mandates, however iniquitous and despotic, were more slavishly obeyed than the decrees of the Emperors when Rome was in the zenith of its power.

On my right, are the ruins of the Colosseum, the largest amphitheatre of the ancient city, begun by Vespasian and completed by Titus, and occupying a space of nearly five acres. Its form is oval; and antiquarians tell us that it was capable of containing, in the benches, nearly ninety thousand spectators. It is said that there were secret tubes all over the building, by which the people were besprinkled with perfumes! Alas! the character of the nation was surely tending downward when luxury came to such a pass.

No city in the world, thirty years ago, excelled, or even equalled Rome for the multiplicity of fine fountains, noble buildings, curiosities, sculptures, statues, and paintings; but the French, during the Revolutionary war, according to their uniform custom, but contrary to the practice of civilized warfare, carried every excellent piece of sculpture, statuary, and painting, which could be removed, to Paris. By the treaty of 1815, these were all to be restored; but whether the lawful owners have recovered the whole without diminution or injury, has not been made public.

Beyond the Colosseum are the Baths of Titus, and, below the Viminal Hill, the Baths of Diocletian, which have been converted into a Monastery.

Behind me, is the Circus Maximus, which in its glory was capable of containing three hundred thousand spectators on the benches; and, at some distance, along the Appian Way, the magnificent ruins of the Baths of Caracalla still stand.

While the bath was used for health merely, or cleanliness, a single one was considered sufficient at a time, and that only when requisite. But the luxuries of the Empire knew no such bounds, and the daily bath was sometimes repeated as often as eight or nine times in succession—the number with which the Emperor indulged himself. It was a usual and constant habit to take the bath for exercise, and previously to the principal meal—the *Coena*: but the debauchees of the Empire bathed also after eating, in order to promote digestion and produce a new appetite for fresh delicacies! The Romans did not content themselves with a single bath of hot or cold water; but they went through a whole course in succession, in which the agency of air as well as of water was applied. It is difficult to say what the precise order may have been in which the course was taken; but there probably was no general practice more binding than the whim of the individual. After having perspired in the heated chambers, they made use of instruments called *strigiles* for removing the moisture, much in the same way as modern grooms are accustomed to scrape the sweat off a horse with an iron hoop, after he has come in from violent exercise. They were made from bone, bronze, iron, or silver; and corresponded in form with Martial's epithet "*curvo distingere ferro*." The poorer classes were obliged to scrape themselves, while the more wealthy employ their slaves for that purpose. There is a curious story connected with this fact. The Emperor Augustus, when bathing one day, observed an old soldier whom he had formerly known among the legions, rubbing his back, as the cattle do, against the marble walls of the chamber, and asked him why he used the wall as a strigil. Finding that he was too poor to keep a slave, he gave him one, and money for his maintenance. On the following day, upon his return to the bath, the Emperor found a whole row of old men rubbing themselves in the same manner against the wall, in the hope of experiencing the same good fortune from the prince's liberality; but instead of taking the hint, he had them all called up, and told them to scrub one another.

We may smile at these details; but they make us ashamed of human nature. Effeminacy is not the word to characterize such disgraceful luxury. No woman in the present day who respects herself, would have it said that she was capable of descending to such gross sensual refinements if I may be allowed the expression at first sight enigmatical. When the legionary soldiers began to use *strigiles*, it was surely high time for them to lay aside their swords.

In the valley, between the Capitoline Hill and the spot where I stand, and the eloquent Forum—the very Rostra of old Rome—and the Temple of Concord, in which Tully assembled the Senate on the occasion of Catiline's conspiracy. They are indeed but ruins, and

scarce any of the relics can be recognized with certainty, so great is the mass of rubbish that almost buries these time honoured monuments. Nothing can be obtained here without excavation. Antiquaries have set themselves to work with characteristic enthusiasm, and among others, her grace the Duchess of Devonshire, whose enterprising liberality at once makes it obvious that she is at least a woman of taste. Totilla vowed that he would convert Rome "in *pascua gregum*" into a pasture for cattle; and it is a remarkable fact, that the Roman Forum was actually obliterated, and that its site was converted into a cow field at the beginning of the fifteenth century; indeed, the sacred precincts are called *Campo Vaccino* to this day. Byron alludes to this spot in the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*:

"The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
As still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero."

THE CAPITOL.

After having been built and burnt three times in succession, this celebrated edifice was restored by the Emperor Domitian with greater magnificence than ever. It was in the form of a square, each side being about two hundred feet in length; and it contained three temples, consecrated to Jupiter, Minerva, and Juno. The ascent from the Forum was by a hundred steps, supported, by a hundred pillars. The very gilding by Domitian cost nearly ten millions of dollars: the gates were of brass; and the entire edifice was a wonder in the most wonderful city in the world. Such was the capitol in former days.

Now, what a change! Where is the domicile of all the Gods? Crowds of antiquaries pretend to know, at least, where it was; and it is a matter of exceeding doubt whether any two of them are agreed! Four temples, fifteen chapels, three altars, the Tarpeian rock, a fortress, a library, an atheneum, and an area covered with statues—all are to be arranged by topographers within a space not more than four hundred yards in length. When I wish to read myself asleep, I may peruse the works: till then I shall call the flowers in more attractive fields. On this narrow spot the revolutions of Rome generally took their rise. Here the Sabines, the Gauls, Imperialists, the citizens of *papa* Rome, have contended for domination! Few alterations have been made in this place since the pontificate of the third Paul. Michael Angelo was employed to adorn the venerable spot. The broad and easy ascent, the facade and steps of the senatorial palace, the lateral edifices, and other improvements have accomplished this object; but nothing truly ancient remains, except the site. Altogether there is very little to accord with our preconceptions of the Roman Capitol.

THE PANTHEON.

This mighty structure, now called the *Rotunda* one hundred and fifty feet in height, and as many in diameter, was built in commemoration of a victory gained by Augustus over Antony. If you are especially anxious to ascertain to whom it was dedicated, you may go into the Vatican library, and find data for your conclusions in three or four score volumes on the subject. Jupiter, Mars, and Venus have had their separate claims elaborately, if not eloquently, advanced; but, if I dare speak after what has been said by Pietro Lezeri, and Gibben, and Sir John Hobhouse, I would be inclined, to avoid partially and particularly in consideration of the etymology of the word Pantheon, to believe that it was consecrated to all the Gods. Instead of being filled with "statues of all the gods," it is now adorned with the busts of martyrs, and the illustrious in art and science: but the busts of Raphael, Hannibal Carocci, Pierin del Vaga, Zaccari, and others, to which age has lent her venerable hue, are ill assorted with the many modern contemporary heads of ancient worthies which now glare in all the niches of the Rotunda. The building has no windows; only an opening at the top to admit light. You may suppose it to be a surprising structure, when you remember that the ancients themselves, speaking of it with rapture, were wont to say, "its vault is like the heaven, and its compass that of the whole region." It stands in the Campus Martius, surrounded by ruins, and market places, and miserable huts—a monument of Augustan grandeur in the midst of degradation.

CHINESE DANDY.

The following description of a Chinese exquisite, is from a new word on China, by P. Döbel, formerly Russian Consul to China, and a resident in that country for seven years:

"His dress is composed of crapes and silks of great price, his feet are covered with high heeled boots of the most beautiful Nankin satin, and his legs are encased in gaiters, richly embroidered and reaching to the knee. Add to this an acorn shaped cap of the latest taste, an elegant pipe richly ornamented, in which burns the purest tobacco of the Fokien, an English watch, a tooth pick suspended to a button by a string of pearls, a Nankin fan, exhaling the perfume of the *scholane*, (a Chinese flower,) and you will have an exact idea of a fashionable Chinese. The Chinese Dandy, like dandies of all times and all countries, is seriously occupied with trifles. He belongs either to the Quil Club or the Cricket Club. Like the ancient Romans, the Chinese train quails, quarrelsome birds, intrepid duellists, whose combats form the subject of senseless wagers. In imitation of the rich, the poorer Chinese place at the bottom of an earthen basin, two field crickets. These insects they excite and provoke, until they grow angry, attack each other, and the narrow field of battle is soon strewn with their claws, an-

tenas and corselets. There is between the Chinese and the old Romans all the difference that there is between the combats of the crickets and the terrible combats of the gladiators."

POPPING THE QUESTION.

This important science in the economy of matrimony, is sensibly and philosophically handled by an old bachelor in *Fraser's Magazine*.

"Though it is impossible to say anything very much to the purpose about refusals generally, a little tact and observation will always tell you whether the girl who refused you would have been worth having had she accepted. I am speaking of verbal communications only; as nobody ever writes who can speak. It is usual in all cases of refusal for the lady to say she is deeply grateful for the honor you have done her; but feeling only friendship for you, she regrets she cannot accept your proposal, &c. I have heard the words so often that I know them by heart.—The words, however varied, signify little,—it is the tone and manner in which they are pronounced that must guide you in forming your estimate of the cruel one. If they are pronounced with evident marks of sorrow instead of triumph, showing unfeigned regret at having caused pain which she could not alleviate—if her voice is soft and tremulous—her eye dimmed with a half formed tear, which it requires an effort to subdue—then, I say, you may share in her sorrow, for you have probably lost a prize worth gaining; but though you grieve, you may also hope, if you are a man of any pretension, for there is evidently good feeling to build upon. Do not therefore, fly out and make an idiot of yourself, on receiving your refusal, submit with a good grace; solicit a continuance of friendship to support you under the heart-crushing affliction you have sustained. Take her hand at parting, kiss it frequently but quietly; no *outré* conduct of any kind—just a little at the expense of your own failure, without attempting, however, to deprive her of the victory. Rise in her estimation by the manner in which you receive your sentence,—let her sorrow be mingled with admiration, and there is no knowing how soon things will change.—These instructions you will perceive, are not intended for every one, as they require skill, and quickness, and feeling, in order to be appreciated and acted upon. If you want these qualities, just make love, pursue in hand; it is a safe mode of proceeding, and will answer admirably with all ranks, from *Almacks* to the Borough. There is only one class with whom it will not succeed, and that is the very class worth having.

"If, on the other hand, the lady refuses you in a ready made and well delivered speech which had evidently been prepared and kept waiting for you, then make your bow, and thank your stars for your lucky escape. If she admonishes your inconsiderate conduct, bids you calm your excited feelings, and support affliction—if she triumphs in the act, and is condescendingly polite—then cut a caper for joy, and come down in the attitude of John of Bologna's flying Mercury, for you have ample cause to rejoice. If the lady snaps at you, as much as to say, "you are an impudent fellow,"—which may sometimes be true, though it should not exactly be told—then answer her with a stanza of Miss Landon's song.

"There is in southern climes a breeze,
That sweeps with changeless course the seas;
Fixed to one point—oh, faithful gale!
Thou art not for my wandering sail."

"If she bursts out into the loud fit of laughter as I once knew a lady to do—then join her by all means; for you may be sure she is an ill-bred hoyden or a downright idiot. But if, unable to speak grief at having caused you pain makes her burst into tears—as a little Swedish girl once did when such a proposal was made to her—then join her, if you like, for the chances are that you have lost one worth weeping for.

From a Lecture by M. Raspail.

LIFE A CONTINUED WARFARE.

Every organized being lives in the midst of dangers which are every instant menacing its existence. There is not a species which is not inimical to others, and which has not its turn enemies to its own existence. Our life is a continual combat, in which we are successively conquerors and conquered, executioners and victims, frequently unjust but more commonly oppressed; and all our intelligence, all our arts, and all our activity, have no other object but to dispute with that which surrounds this frail existence, which is threatened at every step. Sometimes this war is with the elements; at others with the temperature, which is too hot or too cold; with the tempest, which crushes us beneath its force, or consumes us as a piece of chaff; with the beasts of the forest, which prowl about our dwellings with the insect, so small that it might be crushed beneath the nail, but so powerful in its invisible labour, which works our blood into a state of fever, and consumes us with an intolerable itching; lastly with our own irregularities, our excesses, and our own suicidal acts.

A CLEVER REPLY.

A servant girl in the town of A—, whose beauty formed a matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street, heard one of them exclaim to his fellows—

"By heaven she's painted!"
"Yes, sir, and by heaven only!" she very quietly replied, turning round.

The officer acknowledged the force of the rebuke, and apologized.