

ENVIABLE POVERTY.

I glance into the harvest field,
Where, 'neath the shade of richest trees,
The reaper and the reaper's wife
Enjoy their noon-day ease.

And in the shadow of the hedge
I hear full many a merry sound,
Where the stout, brimming water jug
From mouth to mouth goes round.

About the parents, in the grass,
Sit boys and girls of various size;
And like the buds about the rose,
Make glad my gazing eyes.

See! God himself from heaven spreads
Their table with the freshest green;
And lovely maids, his angel band,
Bear heaped dishes in.

A laughing infant's sugar kiss,
Waked by the mother's kiss, doth deal
To the poor parents a desert,
Still sweeter than their meal.

From breast to breast, from arm to arm,
Goes wandering round the rosy boy,
A little circling flame of love,
A living, general joy.

And strengthened thus for father toil,
Their toil is but joy fresh begun;
That wife—oh, what a happy wife!
And oh, how rich is that poor man!

New Works:

The Grandfather. A Novel, by the late Miss Ellen Pickering.

The "Grandfather" owes its name to an obdurate, stern-hearted old man, who unrelentingly casts off an only daughter for the offence of an indiscreet marriage, leaving her to perish in penury and disgrace, while he cherishes throughout a long life, a feeling of revenge against another lady, for being guilty of the contrary fault, of having, through a cold feeling of worldly interest, first encouraged his own early addresses, and afterwards rejected him in favour of a titled and more wealthy suitor. Amy Fitzalan, the heroine, is the orphan child of his daughter's unhappy union, and by a succession of events, comes under the protection of the Countess of Castle Coombe, the aristocratic dame who is the object of her grandfather's hatred. The following well described scene between Mr Ormington, the Grandfather, and the Countess of Castle Coombe, is from the third volume.

The Countess, magnificently attired, and still beautiful even in her declining health, reclined upon one of the silken couches, but the regal pride had departed from her high white brow, and the small jewelled hands were clasped hopelessly together. Mr Ormington sat on a high-backed chair, exactly opposite, his feet scarcely touching the floor, while his slight attenuated form was bent eagerly forward, and his keen, flashing eyes, riveted upon her changeful countenance. "Shall I trouble you to draw closer that blind?" said the countess to her companion. "The light dazzles me." Mr Ormington smiled slightly as he obeyed her, and then once again resumed his former place and attitude. "You wanted to speak to me, did you not?" said he at length, breaking the silence which had until then reigned between them. "I did," and then again the countess paused, and gasped for breath. "Do not hurry yourself," replied her strange companion. "I can await your leisure." "No; I must speak to you now—this suspense is destroying me day by day! How is this all to end?" "How do you think?" "That you will be merciful!" replied the countess, raising her dark eyes imploringly to that story countenance, and then averting them again in despair. "Aye, as merciful as you were when I prayed and supplicated thus to you; and you drove me from you with scorn and bitter mockery, making merry of the old man's presumption among your friends: but the laugh will be all his own now." The countess buried her face in the silken pillows of the couch, and answered not. "Henrietta, I loved you as my love but once. You knew it, and smiled, and lured me on until a richer suitor came, dismissing me with words which burnt into my very brain. I cursed you in my wild despair! For more than four and twenty years I prayed for vengeance, and then, all at once, the boon became unexpectedly mine. Forgetful of the past, the Earl, your husband, forced himself into my presence—for hitherto I had shunned him as I would a pestilence; but he had heard that I was rich, and reckless, and thought to win the old man's money. We played, it was his wish, night after night, even until the grey dawn broke in upon us, desperately—madly at last—for fortune favoured me, and he was well nigh frantic with his losses. Until in the end, even the very house of his forefathers, the rich heritage of Castle Coombe became mine—his enemy's! and after that he was my slave. Rich and old, with neither kith or kin in the whole world, it seems he flattered himself that I would soon die and leave it to him again, or withdraw all claim to the estate, as I have done more than once to others who were my debtors, but they never injured me. He knew not that those lands were more precious to me than the wealth of worlds! And no doubt this prayer was on his lips, this hope in his heart, when he died." "And does not this move you?" "Only to rejoice that I was not by to destroy it, and so prevent his departing in peace. I owe him no grudge now that he is in his grave." "But his son—you love his son," said the countess eagerly. "Could I forget that he was yours, I might." "Then let the blow

fall on me only, and spare him. Are you not satisfied now—nay, for his sake, I will supplicate upon my knees for forgiveness of the past! Oh, shall men dare to be less merciful than God!" And the proud countess wrung her hands in agony. "Thus did I kneel once to you," replied Mr Ormington, in the same cold measured tone, while a gleam of triumph passed over his aged face. "And how was I answered?" "Forgive me—I was young, proud and wilful." "And I am old, and vindictive—and revengeful. Henrietta, as you spurned and scorned me then, so do I now thy request!" The countess rose up instantly, and her face was calm, although fearfully pale. "When do we go?" asked she in a hollow voice. "Nay, I am in no hurry to be bid of my guests, and should indeed find the old place somewhat dull without them." "This is mockery," replied his companion. "When do we go?" "Never, if you will be guided by me. But the deed shall be destroyed, and the past buried in oblivion!" "Proceed," said the countess, bending eagerly towards him, while the keen eyes of the old man gleamed with malicious triumph. "Name your conditions, there is nothing from which I will shrink for his sake." "Perhaps you would not spurn this withered hand with the same scorn that you once did?" The countess shuddered. "Nay, fear not. I would not wed you now, beautiful as you still are, while I am old and grief-stricken. The love of the past is turned to hatred! And yet it is of a marriage that I would speak to you—of Dunorvan's." "Time enough," said the countess fearfully, "he is but young yet." "I doubt whether he think so. I have, however, some strange and original ideas upon this subject, and am determined that he shall marry for love. You did not think I had been so romantic, Henrietta? But much of our future happiness I am convinced depends upon it. Have you ever had cause to suspect that he has a penchant for any one in particular?" "I think not," said the countess hurriedly. "Dunorvan has too much pride—he loves me too well to deceive me." "I had given you credit for being more keen sighted. He loves Amy Fitzalan—the unknown orphan—the dependant upon your bounty! I too have taken a fancy to this merry-eyed, but somewhat wilful little enchantress, and her dowry shall be the broad lands of Castle Coombe!" "Mr Ormington," exclaimed the countess, while a sudden light broke over her mind, "it may be that the mystery of her birth is not unknown to you—and she is worthy of Dunorvan's love! Oh! tell me in mercy if it be so!" "Yes, I knew her father once," said the old man. "And he—?" "Was the greatest villain that ever walked the earth!" "It is enough," said the countess proudly. "My son may lose his rich inheritance; he may become a beggar and an alien from his native land, but the noble blood of our race shall never know taint or disgrace."

"And you would have Dunorvan marry her? You would leave her your wealth in preference to the son of one whom you once professed to love?" The voice of the countess faltered slightly as she spoke, but her companion remained unmoved. "Aye, in preference to the son of her who scorned and despised that love! But in good truth, I like the girl; she never shunned me as others did, or passed me by like the Lady Anne, with a toss of her graceful head, or laughed and mocked when my back was turned, like her more sprightly sister; and in return for all this, she shall be heiress of Castle Coombe!" "And have you told her so?" "Not yet; I would hear your decision first." "I have already decided!" replied the countess hastily. "But what if the matter be referred to Dunorvan, and he chose to act for himself?" "Then much as he may love this girl, he will scorn to buy back his lost heritage thus—to owe all to his wife, even if she were a princess instead of a nameless and base-born beggar!" "I believe you are right," said the old man in the same unmoved tone, "and therefore you shall decide for him, and save his proud and sensitive spirit from the knowledge of that which would so deeply wound it. He does love Amy Fitzalan, and you know it. His happiness rests in your keeping." "It is in vain that you urge me thus," said the countess, pressing her hands convulsively to her temples, as if to still their wild beatings, while every throbbing of agony, was one of triumph to her companion. "He shall not marry her!" "Nay, you will change your mind." "Never, never, I tell you!" "At any rate I will not hear your decision now, but give you one week from this day." "Be it so," said the countess eagerly, and with a wild, vain hope that he might relent before then; but she knew him not when she dreamed thus. "But you will not mention it even to her until that time be past?" "No, your secrets are safe for the present. It is safe for ever, if you will be guided by me." The countess motioned him haughtily to leave her. "It was thus you once before bid me depart," muttered the old man between his closed teeth, "only you smiled then, and now you weep." "Forgive me!" exclaimed the grief-stricken woman in a humbled tone. And as she stretched forth her white, jewelled hand, he almost started to see how it had faded since then. "Yes, you have been fearfully avenged," she added, reading his thoughts with all her sex's quickness. "Are you not satisfied even yet?" "Not yet," repeated his companion in a cold, deliberate tone. "The suffering you have endured for months only, was the bitter portion you bestowed on me for four and twenty long and weary years." The countess turned despairingly away, and flinging herself upon the couch, wept long and passionately; while Mr Ormington, after lingering a moment with something between a smile and a sneer upon his pale, quivering lips, departed with noiseless steps.

Eothen; or, Traces of Travel, brought home from the East.

THE WOMEN OF SMYRNA.

"As you move through the narrow streets of the city at these times of festivity, the transom-shaped windows suspended over your head on either side are filled with the beautiful descendants of the old Ionian race. All are attired with seeming magnificence; their classic heads are crowned with scarlet, and loaded with jewels or crowns of gold, the whole wealth of the weavers; their features are touched with a savage pencil, which hardens the outlines of eyes and eyebrows, and lends an unnatural fire to the stern grave looks with which they pierce your brain. Endure their fiery eyes as best you may, and ride on slowly and reverently, for facing you from the side of the transom, that looks longwise through the street, you see the one glorious shape transcendent in its beauty; you see the massive braid of hair as it catches a touch of light on its jetty surface—and the broad, calm, angry brow—the large black eyes, deep set and self-relying like the eyes of a conqueror, with the rich shadows of thought lying darkly around them—you see, then, their fiery nostril, and the blood line of the chin and throat disclosing all their fierceness, and all the pride, passion, and power that can live along with the rare womanly beauty of those sweetly turned hips. But, then, there is a terrible stillness in this breathing image; it seems like the stillness of a savage that sits at night, and brooding day by day upon some fearful scheme of vengeance, but yet more like it seems the stillness of an immortal, whose will must be known and obeyed without a sign or speech. Bow down!—bow down and adore the young Persephonie. Queen of Shadeg!"

THE FLEAS OF THE HOLY CITIES.

"Except at Jerusalem, never think of attempting to sleep in a holy city." Old Jews, from all parts of the world, go to lay their bones upon the sacred soil; it follows that any domestic vermin they may bring with them are likely to become permanently resident; so that the population is continually increasing. No recent census had been taken when I was at Tiberias, but I know that the congregations of fleas which attend at my church alone must have been something enormous. The fleas of all nations were there! The pert jumping "puce" from Hungary—France—the wary, watchful "pule," with its poisoned stiletto—the venereal "pulga" of Castile, with its ugly knife—the German "floh," with his knife and fork, insatiate, not rising from the table—whole swarms from all the Russias and Asiatic hordes unnumbered—all these were there, and all rejoiced in one great international feast. I could no more defend myself against my enemies than if I had been "paua discretion" in the hands of a French patriot, or English gold in the claws of a Pennsylvania Quaker.

THE DEAD SEA.

"I went on and came near to the waters of death; they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me and all around, as far away as the eye could follow, black hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb for ever the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no life that hummed in the forbidden air; but, instead, a deep stillness—no grass grew from the earth—no weed peered through the void sand, but in mockery of all life there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these grotesquely planted upon the foison shore spread out their grim skeleton arms all scorched and charred to blackness by the heats of the long, silent years."

THE VILLAGE OF BETHLEHEM lies prettily coiled on the slope of a hill. The sanctuary is a subterranean grotto, and is committed to the joint guardianship of the Romans, Greeks, and Armenians, who vie with each other in adorning it. Beneath an altar gorgeously decorated, and lit with everlasting fires, there stands the low slab of stone which marks the holy site of the nativity; and near to this is a hollow, scooped out of the living rock. Here the infant Jesus was laid. (Near the spot of the Nativity is the rock against which the Blessed Virgin was leaning when she presented her babe to the adoring shepherds. Many of the Protestants who are accustomed to despise tradition, consider that this sanctuary is altogether unscriptural—that a grotto is not a stable, and that mangers are made of wood. It is perfectly true, however, that the many grottoes and caves which are found among rocks of Judea were formerly used for the reception of cattle, they are so used at this day; I have myself seen grottoes appropriated to this purpose.")

THE SPHYNX.

"Near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else, in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely sphynx. Comely the creature is; but the comeliness is not of this world. The once-worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty, some mould of beauty now forgotten,—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytheres from the flashing foam of the Aegean, and in her image created new forms of beauty; and made it a law among them, that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very sphynx. Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one re-

gard the stone idol bears an awful semblance of Diety—unchangeableness in the midst of change the same seeming will, and intent for ever, and ever inexorable: Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings; upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors; upon Napoleon dreaming of an eastern empire; upon battle and pestilence; upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race; upon keen-eyed travellers, Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day; upon all and more this unworldly sphynx has watched, and watched like Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away; and the Englishman leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful, and still that sleepy rock will be watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlastingly. You dare not mock at the sphynx."

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

"I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped gradually, that I was not only forced to "sneak in," but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt a dive, the salts held in solution, made my eyes smart so sharply, that the pain which I thus suffered, according to the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments; but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water; but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace: my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake, that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear; its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore; and before I began to dress, I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly incrueted with sulphate of magnesia."

The Politician.

From the London Punch.

WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.
We regret to say that the Gallic Cock has again been crowing over the British Bull Dog in a manner that complicates the question between the two countries much more than hitherto. The British Bull Dog, in the person of a commercial traveller by the Dover Railway, applied to the Gallic Cock—represented by a French waiter at the Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone—for a bed, when the Gallic Cock, with a grin of malicious satisfaction, announced that every bed was full, to the immense annoyance of the British Bull Dog, who went on by the next train to Dover. It will hardly be believed that, notwithstanding this occurrence, the harbour of Folkestone is sometimes left in the middle of the day, when the steamers are all out, with no other force than a casual cohort to protect British interests. The landlord of the hotel is a Frenchman, and of course secretly devoted to France; so that the English may be put into the top-rooms, and get the worst places at the table d'hôte, and obtain the least attention when they ring the bell; while the foreigners, arriving from perfidious Boulogne, are well boarded, lodged, and waited on. British blood will, of course, boil furiously; and every English pulse assume the violence of a sledge hammer at the contemplation of these facts. Yet Sir Robert Peel sleeps in his bed, and the Earl of Aberdeen takes his wine after dinner as usual.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF TANGIER.

H.M.S. Warspite, Bay of Tangier, August 7, 1844.—Mr. Punch: There was a good deal of fighting here yesterday, but after all nothing to what I've seen at half-price at Ashtley's. At half past seven the French steamers got their steam up, and took Admiral Joinville and other ships in tow before the batteries of Tangier. It was plain, however, to be seen, that the ships did not much like the business, for some of 'em went in all sort of confusion; and if the Moors hadn't had pity on the poor things, Lord! how they might have peppered 'em. Our gunner's mate went mad with disappointment, and has been in a strait jacket ever since. Well, at about half past eight, the Suffren and Junapies fired away, but with a good deal of dignity like and consideration. They were at it till about two in the afternoon—the Moors hanging away for dear life. Then the ships sheered off and the Moors left their flags a flying, and there was such a roar of laughter aboard of us, you'd have thought it was pay day. Bless your heart while the fight was going on, you should have seen some of our men. They looked at the Frenchmen, for all the world, as you may have seen boys look through the pastry cook's window at the tarts—their mouths watering, but not being able to get at 'em. There has been a good deal of talk about the bad gunnery of Joinville. Poor young man! I dare say he did quite as well as he could. But when you remember that he was making his first appearance before a British audience, who knew what was what, you must allow it was trying to his nerves. I've seen young fellows in his state at the Coburg, and I always cried out "bravo" to encourage 'em. The French, however, did fire slow—but I am sure they only did so for the best of feelings. How could it be otherwise? Isn't it enough to make a human creature sick to go banging at walls and houses