

time any way,' thought Corney as he advanced toward the voice.

It continued, "Soul of a mortal, why hast thou sought our presence?"

"May it please yer majesty," Corney began to stammer out, "because I was a trifle unaisy in me mind." "What about?"

"In regard of the scarcity of money, please your reverence."

"What is your trade?"

"A shoe-maker, sir."

"Cobbler, you mean," said the voice severely. "No lying here; recollect your poor miserable naked soul stands before us."

Corney thought of the height he'd have to fall, and trembled.

"You can't get work I suppose," the voice returned.

"Too much of it, if it please yer honor. I niver have a minute to spare."

"For what?"

"Why, yer honor, to—"

"Remember the punishment of prevarication. To what?" "To take a drink."

"Then you have no home?"

"Oh yes, but I have, sir."

"But tis pleasanter to lounge in a tap room."

"A trifle, maybe, your honour."

"Perhaps you have no wife to make your home comfortable?"

"Haven't I though; the best that ever drew the breath of life," cried Corney, with a loving remembrance of Mary.

"Poor fellow," continued the voice; "your situation is deplorable, it appears. You have a comfortable home, and yet you are discontented."

Corney felt himself resolving into a leaden bullet.

"One question more," said the voice; "When did you first feel dissatisfied?"

"Why to tell you the truth, yer honor, as soon as that fellow, Phil Blake, began to build his big brick house opposite to my little mud cabin. Before that I was as gay as a lark, but it stood like a great cloud between me and the sun."

"Envy was the cloud, envy that gloomiest of all earthly passions. Why do you covet this man's fortune?"

"Because, sir, he always looks so smillin', and jinks his money about, an' despises the poor boys he used to be friendly with."

"Foolish, foolish soul!" said the voice, in accents of commiseration, "but not yet wholly tainted. Thy love of home hath partially redeemed thee. Listen to me. Dost thou see yonder piled up mass of rainbow-tinted clouds. Do they not look gloriously as the rising sun flings his beams through them, as though reveling in their embrace? Wouldst thou not like to behold such magnificence closer?"

"Nothing in life better, yer majesty," said Corney.

"Then away; a wish will place you in their midst—a thought return you here."

So with the wish and thought Corney went and came back.

"Well, what didst thou see?" inquired the Fairy King.

"The devil a haperth," replied Corney, "but a mighty black and most unwholesomely damp cloud."

"What should that teach you?"

"Never to travel without an umbrella, yer honor. I suppose," answered Corney, who to say the truth, was a little obtuse.

"Fool," said the fairy, "since I cannot lesson thee, go to thy kindred earth, and learn experience from realities. Proceed to the chamber of the man whose good fortune thou enviest; then to thine own, and if thou art not satisfied with thy condition, seek me again, and meet with thy reward. Away!"

As if by magic, the brilliant assembly dispersed like clouds of gold-dust floating on the wind, and Corney was left alone.

"That's a mighty high sort o' chap," said Corney, "but I suppose I'd better do what he would me for fear'd he'd turn spiteful."

So Corney wished himself within the chamber of Blake, and there he saw the most piteous sight earth can produce: a young mother weeping tears of agony over the body of her first-born. A man stood beside her with features set and hard as though turned to stone by hopeless grief.

"My God," thought Corney, "and these are the people whose lot I have envied, and my own blue-eyed darling, is he safe? Home, home," cried he, and with the wish was there. In his little cradle lay the beautiful boy steeped in the angel watched, the holy sleep of infant innocence; while Mary on her knees mingled her prayer for him, and for her absent husband. Corney was rushing towards her, but suddenly remembering himself: "What a fool I am," thought he, "I forgot I was a sperrit, at all events I can kiss the baby." With that he bounded into the cradle, and nestled on the boy's lip. Mary seeing the child smile in its sleep exclaimed, "Good angels are putting sweet thoughts into your head, my blessed babe," and she softly kissed him too.

"Oh! murder," thought Corney, "this will never do; I must go and look after my body and bring it home. Thanks to the good fairies, I've larned a lesson that shall last my life and my boy's too, if I have any influence over him."

So saying, Corney wished himself in the meadow where his tangible proportions were extended, and having kicked and got in, shook himself carefully to see if he had obtained absolute possession.

"It's all right," said he, "I've come back."

Looking up and around him, he was surprised to see the bright sunlight of morning, and still more so to observe Mary trudging through the churchyard to meet him.

"Oh, well," said Mary anxiously when they encountered, "what luck?"

"A power of knowledge, but no money," said Corney sententially.

"Did you see the fairies?"

"Did I see them! bedad, I was one myself."

"Oh! be aisy!"

"The devil a doubt of it, wasn't I at home a bit ago, unbeknownt to you. Answer me this, didn't you kiss the baby just before you came out?"

"As true as life I did," said Mary slightly awestruck.

"I was there and saw you do it."

"Where were you, Corney?"

"Sittin' on the end of his nose."

Of course that was proof positive, but as much as Mary always did kiss the boy before she left the house, the coincidence becomes less remarkable.

It only remains for me to say, that the circumstance made a very favorable chance in Corney's disposition, or rather dissipated the cloud which obscured his real character. Mary found her account in it, by an increase of industry on his part, and he was rewarded by a corresponding anxiety in her, to make his home happy. Many and many a time would he give an account of his aerial journey, religiously convinced of its reality; once only, Mary just ventured to insinuate that it might possibly have been a dream, but the I-pity-your-ignorance-look which Corney gave her, made her heartily ashamed of having hazarded so stupid an opinion, and as a matter of course she soon believed as implicitly as her husband, the wonderful adventure of 'The Fairy Circle.'

From Graham's Magazine.

THE SPELLS OF MEMORY.

It is strange—perhaps the strangest of the mind's intricacies—the sudden, the instantaneous manner in which memory, by a single signal, casts wide the doors of one of those dark store-houses, in which long passed events have been shut up for years. That signal, be it a look, a tone, an odor, a single sentence, is the cabalistic word of the Arabian tale, at the potent magic of which the door of the cave of the robber Forgetfulness is cast suddenly open, and all the treasures that he had concealed displayed.—JAMES.

It was but the note of a summer bird,  
But a dream of the past in my heart is stirred,  
And wafed me far to a breezy spot,  
Where blossomed the blue forget-me-not.  
And the broad green boughs gave a checkered gleam  
To the dancing waves of a mountain stream,  
And there, in the heat of a summer day,  
Again on the velvet turf I lay,  
And saw bright shapes in the floating clouds,  
And reared fair domes, mid their fleecy shrouds,  
As I looked aloft to the azure sky,  
And longed for a bird's soft plumes to fly,  
Till lost in its depths of purity.  
Alas! I have waked from that early dream,  
Far, far away is the mountain stream,  
And the dewy turf, where so oft I lay,  
And the woodland flowers, they are far away.  
And the skies that once to me were so blue,  
Now bend above with a darker hue,  
And yet I may wander in fancy back  
At memory's call to my childhood's track,  
And the fount of thought hath been deeply stirred  
By the passing note of a summer bird.

It was but a rush of the autumn wind,  
But it left a spell of the past behind,  
And I was abroad with my brothers twain  
In the tangled paths of the wood again:  
Where the leaves were rusting beneath our feet,  
And the gales of October were fresh and sweet,  
And the merry shout of our gleesome mood  
Was echoed far in the solitude,  
As we caught the prize which a kindly breeze  
Sent down in a shower from the chestnut trees.  
Oh! a weary time hath passed away  
Since my brothers were out by my side at play;  
A weary time, with its weight of care,  
And its toil in the city's crowded air—  
And its pining wish for the hill-tops high,  
For the laughing stream and the clear blue sky—  
For the shaded dell, and the leafy halls  
Of the old green wood where the sunlight falls.  
But I see the haunts of my early days,  
The old green wood where the sunshine plays,  
And the flashing stream in its course of light—  
And the hill-tops high, and the skies so bright—  
And the silent depths of the shaded dell  
Where the twilight shadows at noonday fell—  
And the mighty charm which hath conjured these  
Is nought save a rush of the autumn breeze.

It was but a floweret's faint perfume,  
But it bore me back to a quiet room,  
Where a gentle girl, in the spring-time gay,  
Was breathing her fair young life away.  
Where light through the rose-hued curtains fell,  
And tinted her cheek like the ocean shell,  
And the southern breeze on its fragrant wings  
Stole in with its tale of all lovely things.  
Where love watched on through the long, long hours,  
And friendship came with its gift of flowers;  
And death drew near with a stealthy tread,  
And lightly powdered in dust her head,  
And sealed up gently the lids so fair,

And damped the brow with its clustering hair,  
And left the maiden in slumber deep,  
To waken no more from that tranquil sleep.  
Then we laid the flower her hand had prest,  
To wither and die on her gentle breast,  
And back to the shade of that quiet room  
I go with the violet's faint perfume.

MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

From Arthur's Magazine.

THE SEVERITY OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

We have recently read a harrowing instance of the effect of a blow on the head, inflicted with a ruler. Dr. Wigan, in whose work on the Duality of the Mind the account is found, states that he knew the parties, and can vouch for the general accuracy of the narrative. We give merely a brief summary, as a warning against severity, and especially against blows on the head.

Two children of respectable family, one five and the other ten years old, showed for years a remarkable attachment for each other, such, that after several trials it was decided to be dangerous to separate them, and they were sent away to school together.

At first all went well; the ardent affection continued, and their education to be attended with the happiest results.

In the midst of this happiness, news arrived from the schoolmaster, that from some unexplained cause, the elder boy had begun to exercise a very unreasoning and tyrannical authority over the younger; that he had been repeatedly punished for it; but that although he always promised amendment, and could assign no cause, reasonable or unreasonable, for his conduct—he soon relapsed into his usual habits, and the schoolmaster requested to know what was to be done. The father immediately sent for both boys, and entered upon a long investigation. The little one was almost heart broken, and exclaimed, "He might beat me every day if he would but love me; but he hates me, and I shall never be happy again."

The father now resorted to severe measures of chastisement, long incarceration, and days together with only bread and water for his diet, but all to no purpose. The boy promised amendment, but upon the first occasion resorted to all his former violence, and finally attempted the child's life with all the fury of a maniac.

The family next called in medical advice, and years passed in hopeless endeavors to remove a disposition obviously depending on a diseased brain. Had they taken this step earlier, these floggings and imprisonments would have been spared, as well as the father's heart-rending remorse.

The youth now advanced toward manhood. When about the age of fifteen, he was taken with a violent, but Platonic passion, for a lady more than forty years of age, and the mother of five children, the oldest elder than himself. His paroxysms of fury now became frightful; he made several attempts to destroy himself; but in the very torrent and whirlwind of his rage, if this lady would allow him to sit at her feet and lay his head on her knee, he would burst into tears and go off into a sound sleep, wake up perfectly calm and composed, and looking up into her face with lack-lustre eye would say, "Pity me; I can't help it."

Soon after this period he began to squint, and was rapidly passing into hopeless idiocy, when it was proposed by Mr. Cline to apply the trephine, and take away a piece of bone from the skull in a place where there appeared to be a slight depression. "The indication is very vague," said he, "and we should not be justified in performing the operation but in a case in which we cannot do any harm; he must otherwise fall a sacrifice."

It was done, and from the under surface grew a long spicula of bone piercing the brain! He recovered, resumed his attachment to his brother, and became indifferent to the lady.

The disease which led to these terrible results had its origin in a blow on the head with the end of a round ruler—one of the gentle reprimands then so common with schoolmasters.

New Works.

From the Tiara and the Turban. By S. S. III.

ANECDOTES OF THE SLAVE MARKET AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

A fair Abyssinian now made her appearance. She passed over the threshold of the cell with the unsteady step of one that was ill, or under the pressure of mental agony as deprived her of perfect consciousness of what was passing. Fortitude, the power of the soul by which her sex have often conquered the more terrible judgments of fortune, under which men, whom we see superior in active, rather than passive virtue, have bowed down the head and yielded up the spirit, was plainly struggling with disadvantage against the feelings that should be natural to every human being, when subjected to cruel insult, and to a degree of contempt scarcely shown by the same monsters, to creatures beneath us in the scale of the Creator's works. She seemed, however, as she felt the full effects of the air, a little to regain her self-possession; and she seated herself at the corner of the form without. It was the first moment that I saw the bitterness of slavery; and who is there so immoveable, that would not have turned from the reality, with at least as much sympathy as that which possessed our great sentimental writer, when he turned from the pictures which his fancy, when awakened by the poor

bird in his cage, had so sensibly presented to his mind. When the slave had seated herself, I informed my Armenian guide, that so much her appearance had interested me, that I was very desirous of knowing, if possible, her history, or at least so much of it, as immediately related to her being now here: and while these inquiries were making, I perceived distinct changes come over the countenance and features of the fair Abyssinian, which partook less of the self-possession which seemed a moment before triumphant over sufferings, which might be such as no physical appliances or tortures could inflict. What did she now indeed feel? What was the character of those feelings which her feelings portrayed? What should be the passion that was working within her? A little tale, which embraces the principal incidents of her history, as it was related by the communicable Hebrew, is the only explication that could be obtained. We were told by the good Israelite, that she had been brought from Abyssinia, at the very age of first womanhood, and that she was, at least, among the two or three first taken into the harem of a young Bey, for whom she had been bought at this very market—that she had there remained about 15 or 16 years—that, however short the period that she had been the special favorite of the harem, she had lived happily enough, even amidst younger favorites, until now—that she had been sent for sale, by him whom she had not seen since she heard the news of her cruel fate—to be sold for his account!—that this was the third day of her exposure for that purpose—that no one had offered to purchase her, although she was to be sold for whatever might be obtained—that the nominal price which had been put upon her was the same as that which was asked for the young negro girls with which the Jew had placed her, and she had nothing to hope but their common fate, which is, usually, to perform the meaner domestic offices, or to attend upon younger beauties in such an apartment as that which she had, doubtless, so long adorned.

Yet she could not but be beautiful still, in the eyes of every one whose natural feelings were not weakened, through the excesses that are practised by the more faithful of the children of their most amatory prophet. It was not necessary to know any more of her history, to account for the feelings that had been visible in her countenance when she came from the cell. From the secret contemplation of excess of degradation and misery, her mind had been suddenly awakened to the near prospect of its reality. It was impossible to dwell longer upon a case of such shocking interest; and we passed on. As we proceeded, we came to a stall, unfurnished without, with any victims of the barbarous traffic. But I perceived a white, or nearly white, woman within, who was sitting upon a stone, or mud bench, dressed and veiled after the manner of the Armenians, and with a young child in her arms. She sat directly opposite the door; and, with her head bent she seemed to have her eyes fixed upon the ground. But as we approached the entrance of the cell, she raised her head, and regarded us; yet it was but for a moment, and she resumed her former attitude. The Jew vender would have called her to come forth, as had been done with the other; but I had been enough, and did not wish another of her kind to be tortured before our eyes.

From Travels in North America, by C. Lyell. THE CONDITION OF SLAVES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Arriving often at a late hour at our quarters in the evening, we heard the negroes singing loudly and joyously in chorus after their day's work was over: On one estate, about forty black children were brought up daily before the windows of the planter's house, and fed in sight of the family, otherwise, we were told, the old women who have charge of them might, in the absence of the parents, appropriate part of their allowance to themselves. All the slaves have some animal food daily. When they are ill they sometimes refuse to take medicine, except from the hands of the master or mistress; and it is of all tasks the most delicate for the owners to decide when they are really sick, and when only shamming from indolence. After the accounts I had read of the sufferings of slaves, I was agreeably surprised to find them, in general, so remarkably cheerful and light hearted. It is true that I saw no gangs working under overseers on sugar-plantations, but out of two millions and a half of slaves in the United States, the larger proportion are engaged in such farming occupations and domestic services as I witnessed in Georgia and South Carolina. I was often for days together with negroes who served me as guides, and found them as talkative and chatty as children, usually boasting of their master's wealth, and their own peculiar merits. At an inn in Virginia, a female slave asked us to guess for how many dollars a year she was let out by her owner. We named a small sum, but she told us exultingly, that we were much under the mark, for the landlord paid fifty dollars, or ten guineas a year for her hire. A good hired butler, at another inn in the same state, took care to tell me that his owner got thirty pounds a year for him. The coloured stewardess of a steam ship was at great pains to tell us her value, and how she came by the name of Queen Victoria. When we recollect that the dollars are not their own, we can hardly refrain from smiling at the child like simplicity with which they express their satisfaction at the high price set on them. That price however, is a fair test of their intelligence and moral worth, of which they have just reason to feel proud, and their pride is at least free from all sordid and mercenary considerations. We might even say that they labour with higher motive than the