

whose green leaves partly draped the windows, and there was a small collection of choice books. Two or three articles contrasted with the rest of the furniture and spoke of the past. Mary's noble piano was there, and at times it seemed, as Sarah said, to be full of singing angels. Against the wall of Mary's room hung two exquisite pictures. One was a landscape and the other a striking likeness of Mary, in the character of Rebecca, in *Invanhoe*. Through all their recent fortunes Mary had clung to these pictures as though they were a part of her life.

And why had she done so? Why had she preferred these pictures to several others which were associated the name and fame of the "grand old masters?"

Reader, they were productions of Herbert Cleveland. He had painted them in the days of his passion; and now Mary loved them and preserved nothing else so choicely. This fact will explain one, at least, of the changes within her, more clearly than any words.

One cold winter evening Mrs Dunbar had retired, and Sarah was absent on some errand to a poor family in the neighbourhood. Mary sat in her room thoughtful and silent. She gazed awhile at her own portrait which hung opposite and there was a touch of sadness in her voice as she murmured to herself—

"What a change! Yet even he would not despise me if he knew how deeply I have suffered."

She went to the piano, and after playing a rapid and spirited bravura, she began to sing. It was an impromptu song, which Herbert Cleveland in the days of his devotion had written on a blank leaf of one of her music books on hearing her express a wish that people might be always young and fair. Experience had led her to feel its truth—but, like all experience, it came too late to save her from past error. There was warmth in her heart and truth in her expression as she sang:—

Wealth, rank and splendor
Charm thee to day,
Fleet as yon cloud, love,
Pass they away,

Beauty and loveliness
Smile and decay,
Vain is their power, love,
Time to delay.

Where dwells the magic
Time to disarm?
Warm in thy heart, love!
Seek there the charm.

Bright revelations,
Instincts divine,
Teach us this truth, love—
Love conquers time.

While the last tones of this melancholy air, to which she had set the words, died away, she leaned her hands heavily on her clasped hands, and tears dropped on the polished keys of the piano. Hitherto Mary had struggled bravely and successfully on in the way of patience, self respect and self command; but hours like this would come—hours when her heart commingled with the past until it grew lonely and dark.

She was roused by the entrance of a woman who occupied the lower floor. She came to say, that a sick gentleman, her lodger, begged the favour of an interview with Miss Dunbar.

"Your lodger, Miss Kirk? I did not know you had one. Who is he? Is he very ill?"

"He is quite poorly, Miss Dunbar. He came nearly week ago, and has been confined to his bed almost ever since he came. He is very patient and quiet, and speaks so gently that it is a pleasure to wait on him. It is about the music he wishes to see you, I suppose, for when he heard you sing, he insisted on getting up, though he is very weak and trembled so that he could hardly stand."

"But who is he? Mrs Kirk. What is his name?"

"His name is Cleveland. H. Cleveland it is on his trunk. He has just come from France, he says."

"Herbert Cleveland! Oh, hasten—let me go to him," Mary cried, as she sprang past the astonished Mrs Kirk. But we will not behold their meeting. It is enough to know that they were reconciled—that during that interview they loved each other, as none can save such as unite forever.

Cleveland had come home to die. A rapid and hopeless consumption was hurrying him to the grave. And it was now, when he stood on the threshold of eternity, that he first learned what a wealth of affection was garnered up for him in the heart of her whom he had so fondly worshipped. For a time he seemed better. From Mary's presence he seemed to draw new life; and she, catching at every gleam of hope, spoke confidently of his recovery. But he was not deceived; and looking calmly at death, talked to her of immortality; of their reunion beyond the grave.

His last sigh was breathed out on her bosom; and as she received his last earnest look of love, and listened to his last utterance of her name, she felt that she now began to understand her destiny and that she had not lived in vain. She began to find freedom from darkness and uncertainty. She had seen and accepted her true relations, and henceforth she felt where her duties lay, and knew what to live for. He to whom she was united had gone before to the bright land; but she ceased not to commune with him.

Mary Dunbar is still a disciple in the great school of life. Each experience teaches her

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

From the same.

THE SUMMER IS COMING.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Oh! the summer is coming,
When beauty and mirth
Shall sport with the swabeam
Around the green earth.

Oh, the summer is coming,
When love and the flower
Shall mingle their sweetness
In wild wood and bowyer.

When bees with fresh honey,
And birds with wild song,
Will the graces and pleasures
Of nature prolong.

When the hearts of the youthful
Shall beat with fresh glee,
And tell young love's story
Beneath the green tree.

When the streamlet in gladness
Makes music and mirth,
As Flora's soft carpet
Adorns the glad earth.

Thrice welcome, sweet summer,
Come, lead on thy train
Of young fairy pleasures
O'er mountain and plain.

I will rove through the garden,
Now scented and gay,
And weave from its blossoms
A lovely bouquet.

Of all its rich offerings,
Give me the red rose,
Where, mantled in freshness,
So sweetly it blows.

Loved emblem of beauty,
Of gardens the gem,
Come blend in my garland
Thy green mossy stem.

Ere the chill blast of autumn
Shall bring to the earth
Thy dew spangled bosom
Of fragrance and worth.

So mid life's rude storms,
Sink the gifted and fair,
And the soft heart is broken,
Or chill'd by despair.

As the rose bud—young beauty
Must wither and die,
And the lustre be quenched
In the love laughing eye.

Why comest thou, autumn,
With blight in thy breath,
To doom all the bright ones
Of earth unto death?

Affections are broken,
Love's visions depart,
Thorns lurk with thy roses,
Whoever thou art.

And the bright rainbow hues
That once lit thy day;
Shall fade from thy sight,
As a vision, away.

Art thou young? youth must pass;
Art thou rich? riches fly;
Art thou strong? thou wilt sicken;
The stoutest must die.

Is thy form cast in beauty's
Ethereal mould?
Thine eye like the violet?
Thy tresses of gold?

The violet must whither,
The gold must consume,
And thy proud beauty sleep
In the dust of the tomb.

As the stream to the ocean,
Life speeds to its close;
Our pleasures are scattered,
Like leaves from the rose.

New Works:

From White's Excursion in Constantinople.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

The risk of fire arising from several hundred thousand lighted pipes or pieces of charcoal and tinder, burning in every direction throughout the wood-built city is sufficient to justify the attempts made by divers sultans to abolish smoking. But no sovereign waged war upon pipes and their attendant coffee more inveterately than Murad IV. He hunted down smokers' coffee drinkers, and opium esters, with relentless severity. If delinquents, high of

low, were caught in the act of smoking, their heads inevitably paid the forfeit. Murad often went forth tebdil (disguised), on purpose to watch if the police did its duty, or to see if he could fall in with individuals bold enough to infringe on his edicts. On one of these occasions he is said to have met with an adventure, calculated to diminish his passion for these experiments. Having disguised himself as a simple citizen, he passed over to Scutari in a common kayik, and prowled around the caravansaries, where strangers arrive from the interior. Not having discovered a single defaulter, he took his place, to return, in one of the large passage boats, by the side of a sipahy, who had come from Kutaya to claim arrears of pay. In the course of the passage the trooper produced a short pipe, lit it and commenced smoking. Upon seeing this, Murad could scarcely contain his anger; but as the man was in his power, he resolved to amuse himself at his expense, so he leaned aside, and said to him in a whisper, "By the Prophet's head, yoldash (comrade) you must be a bold man! Have you not heard of the Sultan's edicts? Look, we are within sight of the palace. Take care of your head!" "If the Sultan neglects to pay his soldiers, or to furnish them with more substantial food, they must needs sustain themselves by other means," replied the sipahy; "the Prophet has said that starvation by other hands is homicide; by one's own suicide, which is worse than homicide. My tobacco is good—it is raya tribute. Bismillah! it is at your service." Upon this, Murad, pretending to look around, as if in fear of being detected, drew his pelisse over his face, took the pipe, and smoked away lustily; then, returning the forbidden luxury to the soldier, he exclaimed, "Kardash! (brother) you seem to be the most liberal man! It is a pity you are not more discreet. To speak truth, however, I am also fond of my pipe, and laugh at the Padishah's beard in private. But heads are heads after all, and do not sprout like young figs. So take my advice, and be cautious when you reach the city." "Man can die but once, and each has his appointed," retorted the sipahy. "I may as well die my mouth filled with smoke, as with an empty stomach. It is well for him who wants neither bread nor salt to deprive others of this substitute for food; but the day will come, when, Inshallah, he will broil for it."

"Allah, Allah! this is a most incorrigible rebel and blasphemer. He shall be impaled with his own pipe stick!" ejaculated the Sultan aside; then, he added in a half whisper "Speak lower—speak lower, Effendimiz (our Lord) has long ears." "And so have all the asses in Stambol," retorted the sturdy trooper; "but his braying may not keep him from following the road taken by Sultan Osman." The boat now touched the shore, and it was nearly dark. The sipahy jumped on land, closely followed by Murad, who, when they had advanced a few paces, stopped the soldier, saying, "your looks please me, and your language proves you to be a brave man. You are a stranger. I will find you lodging. Come; I and my friends care not the huk of an almond for the Sultan: we will enjoy our pipes." The trooper looked round for a moment, and, seeing no one near, answered thus—"Hark, ye friend! do not like your looks. I have heard of this Sultan's pranks. He shoots men with arrows as others shoot dogs. There is honey in your speech, but gall in your eye. You are either a spy, or the Sultan himself. If the first, you merit a rope; if the other worse than a rope. None but rascals would put starving men to death. But whether spy or Padishah, you shall have your deserts." Whereupon he took forth his short mace, and administered a most severe cudgelling to the despot. Then, bounding away with the speed of a gazelle, he disappeared among the narrow streets, leaving Murad foaming with rage, and with half broken bones. Having rejoined his attendants who were waiting at an appointed spot, the Sultan, concealed his adventure and retired, bruised and infuriated, to the Seraglio. There he forthwith issued orders for beheading the chief of the police at Tophana, and for bastinating all his tohaosh for not being upon the watch. Next morning he sent for the vizir, and, without disclosing what had happened, commanded him to issue a proclamation, offering ten purses of gold and free pardon to a sipahy, who, on the previous night, had beaten a citizen near the landing place of Tophana, provided that he would present himself forthwith to the Bostanjy Bashi. But the sipahy, recollecting that heads did not sprout like green figs, never made his appearance, and Murad thenceforth took care not to stir out, unless closely followed by his bash tebdil and other disguised and confidential guards.

The above reads almost like a lost leaf from the adventures of Heron of Raschid.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

SCENERY OF SOUTHERN AFRICA.

No man can set his foot upon the wilds of Southern Africa, without feeling himself to be in a country totally different from all others. This is the case throughout every part of the vast continent; but more especially in that southern horn which formed the scene of Sir Cornwallis Harris's sporting excursions. It consists of a most strange assemblage of mountains and plains, of spots lovely and picturesque beyond description, and gifted with inexhaustible fertility, and of seemingly boundless plains, where barrenness reigns so completely paramount, that the very principle of vegetation appears to be extinct. At a certain distance from the colony, we enter upon regions over which the most delightful clouds of ignorance—almost the only clouds one meets with—still brood. We traverse large rivers, which rise no one knows where, and envelope their exists in equal obscurity. Ranges of moun-

tains, also, with appellations uncouth, and hiding God knows what treasures of the animal and vegetable kingdoms in their unvisited recesses, sweep before us along the verge of the horizon, dim, blue, and shadowy, like so many fragments of fairy land. And if the great outline of the landscapes be original and bold, the filling up and colouring are no less so. Every thing upon which the eye rests, has the appearance of having been cast in a mould, nowhere else made use of in the system of nature. Among the terrestrial animals, what bulk and fantastic formations! How numerous and strikingly contrasted are the groups that present themselves! In their character and habits, what extremes appear to meet! How unaccountably lavish seems to be the waste of vitality! Yet who will dare to say, that, in this prodigious outpouring of animal life, there is a single creature that does not enjoy and adorn the scene on which it moves? If there be anything we should be disposed to think out of place, it is the stunted representatives of humanity, which, under the name of bushmen, roam in indescribable misery and degradation over these sublime savannahs. To a man of imagination, nothing more inspiring can be conceived than climbing one of the breezy peaks overlooking that strange wilderness, at the moment that the dawn is busily unfolding all its varied features. From every tree the heavy dew-drops pour like rain; streams of white mist, smooth and glassy as a tranquil river, float slowly down the valleys, reflecting from their surface the trees, and cliffs, and crags, on either hand. Here, through openings between feathery mimosa, weeping willows and tall trembling reeds, we catch a glimpse of some quiet lake, the haunt of the hippopotamus; while a herd of graceful purple antelopes are seen drinking on its further margin. There, amidst thick clumps of camel thorn, we behold a drove of giraffes, with heads eighteen feet high, browsing on the tops of trees. Elsewhere the rhinoceros pokes forth his long ugly snout from a brake; while the lion, fearless in the consciousness of his own strength, parades his tawny bulk over the plain, or reclines in sphinx-like attitude beneath some ancient tree.

THE LION'S STRENGTH.

Of this noble animal two varieties (the yellow and the brown or black) exist in South Africa, both, however, retreating before the progress of European colonisation; the dark colored is the strongest and fiercest; their strength is prodigious. Well authenticated accounts prove that a lion will carry off an ox or a horse with nearly as great ease as a fox would a goose. A young lion has been known to carry a good sized horse a mile from the spot where he killed it, and an instance occurred in Seneburgh where a lion carried off a two year old heifer, and when his track was followed by the hunters for five hours on horseback, throughout the whole distance the carcass was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground. Spearman says he saw a lion at the Cape take a heifer in his mouth, and though its legs trailed on the ground, he carried it off as a cat would a rat, and leaped a broad dike without the least difficulty. Like all the feline tribe, the lion lays in wait for his prey, crouching among the grass and reeds near the pools and fountains, or in narrow ravines; he will spring from nine to twelve yards at a bound, and can repeat these springs for a short time. Denied, however, the fleetness of the hound or wolf, the lion, by a few quick and amazing bounds, can seize even the tall giraffe or camelopard by springing on the haunches of the latter. Instances have been known of a giraffe thus carrying a lion twenty miles before sinking under the attacks of the destroyer.

AN INTERESTING FACT IN HISTORY.

A poor country girl travelled from Gee Cross, near Manchester, to London, during the troubles in the time of Charles the First, to seek a place as servant. Failing in this object of her ambition she engaged herself as what was called tub-woman to a brewer—that is, she carried out the beer from the brew-house. Pleasured with her healthy, handsome face, the brewer, raised her to the position of his servant—then to that of his wife—finally, to that of a widow, with a handsome dowry. She engaged Mr. Hyde, then celebrated as a clever lawyer, to settle some puzzling money matters for her, and, as his own money matters happened to be not only puzzling, but in a hopeless state just then, he proposed to the rich widow and married her. Mr. H. became Lord Chancellor, and Earl of Clarendon.

The only daughter of the marriage became the wife of James II, and mother to the Princess Mary and Anne; and so the poor tub-woman ended her life as Countess of Clarendon, wife to the Lord Chancellor of England, and mother to one, and grandmother to two Queens of England.

"What is meant by alluvial deposit?" said an honest fellow who had just come from the York Geographical Festival the other day.

"Oh," replied his friend, "how can you ask such a question? The meaning is as clear as mud."

An officer being dreadfully wounded in battle, as he was lying on the ground near a soldier who was making a terrible howling, exclaimed "what do you make such a noise for, do you think nobody is killed but yourself?"

A lady of fashion stepped into a shop not long since, and asked the keeper had he any matrimonial baskets, she being too polite to say cradles.

Never tread on the tail of a cat, or tell a woman she is not handsome, unless you are fond of music!