

reveries. At the sight of his sister, who thus rudely interrupted his agreeable idleness, the sleepy beatitude of his visage, gently illumined by the remembrance of his best days, took suddenly a resigned expression, which did not escape the old woman's observation.

'My presence annoys you, brother,' said she, in a voice choked by anger; 'but grave motives lead me to you, and will not suffer any delay. A shameful scandal dishonours your house; and if you do not immediately put an end to it, there remains nothing for me to do but to leave it.'

'Would that you did,' thought the bishop; but instead of expressing that idea by words or looks, he pushed an arm chair to the countess and turned to her to listen. Dame Penevent was, however, too agitated to sit quietly down. She walked about the room stamping her feet violently on the floor, for without this movement, her wrath would have stifled her voice; as it was, she was nearly unintelligible.

'Mary!' cried she, at last—'Mary!—Mary, your protegee! I have just surprised her exchanging signs at the window of her room with a young man—with the draper, Jehan Pastelot. I have taken her from that window, and I have shut her in my bed chamber, having first rebuked her for unworthy conduct as she merited; and I have come—What! you smile at this? You appear pleased at the shame thrown on your house? By Saint Lydorie, my patron, it is enough to drive one mad!'

In truth, the Bishop's face had brightened at Dame Lydorie's words; and when she recounted Mary's intrigue with the draper, he rubbed his hands, and drew nearer to the hearth to warm more agreeably his two large feet. The only discontent that appeared on his features, was when the countess spoke of the violent measure she had used.

'You have spoiled everything—you have spoiled everything, my sister,' said he, with importance, yet still smiling. 'If you had feigned not to see anything, in fifteen days I should have received a visit from Master Jehan Pastelot, who would have come to ask very humbly Mary's hand in grand ceremony. Jehan Pastelot is an honest lad, incapable of loving a girl except to marry her, especially when under my protection; he is pious, sedate, and furnishes all the velvets and linen for our episcopal house. But by your cries and awkward violence, you have spoiled everything. I repeat to you, that you have terrified the gentle birds, who had begun to warble their love-song, and we shall have much trouble to teach them to recommence it.'

'What do you mean by this language?'

'I say that Mary cannot find a fitter husband than Jehan Pastelot, and I will try to repair the mischief you have done by your severity; and that I hope to arrange things once again.'

'Since you show yourself thus negligent of the honour of your house, and so little understand your duty, I know myself what I have to do!' cried the countess. She then rushed from the room, banged the door with such force that it seemed as if a cannon had exploded.

The bishop, without paying attention to this violence, took a silver whistle, and at the sound one of his pages entered. 'Go to the Red Tree—to Master Pastelot, the draper, present my salutations to him, and beg him to come and speak to me immediately,' said the bishop. Ten minutes had scarcely passed before Master Pastelot obeyed the prelate's orders, who could not help remarking the young man's serenity. 'Oh, oh,' thought he, 'the gallant is less a novice than I believed him, and does not want assurance. The game will be more difficult to play than I conceived.' 'Health to Master Pastelot,' said he gaily bestowing his blessing on the young man, and signing to him to rise and sit near him. 'Well, my lad, how are your honoured mother and your pretty sister Jane?'

'My lord, you honour them and me also,' replied the draper.

'You only want a wife and child to be the happiest of men.'

'My lord you are right.'

'Why do you not marry, then?'

'Because I am still young enough to wait; and, besides, it is not so easy to marry.'

'Why not? You are a handsome man, of gallant mien. There is not a shop in all Soissons has better custom than the Red Tree. I know, too, you have four houses of good connexion. There is no citizen's daughter, nor even noble young lady, who would not esteem herself fortunate to have you for a husband. You have but to demand the hand of her who pleases you best, and the day you name your choice, you have a betrothed.'

'My lord, you are too good. May I know for what purpose you sent for me?'

'See the skillful and cunning fellow,' murmured the prelate. 'Come, hide it no longer, friend; everything is known. You have been seen exchanging signs and looks with a pretty girl who is well worthy of your choice.'

'I do not comprehend one word of what you are saying to me,' said Pastelot.

The bishop felt himself struck by Jehan's self-possession. 'What,' said he, 'were you not just now casting glances at my pupil Mary?'

The draper could not help smiling at this. 'My lord,' replied he, 'a short time since I was amusing myself in my garden with my mother and sister; Jane saw at a window of your palace a lady looking at us, and we ceased from our sports, for we were ashamed to be surprised at such trifling by your honoured sister Madam the Countess of Penevent. It was afterwards we recognised Miss Mary.'

It was now the bishop's turn to smile; but this smile was accompanied by a suppressed sigh, for he knew what Jehan Pastelot, said was true. 'I see there is an error in all this, and that there were no glances exchanged either with my sister or my pupil. Master Jehan, excuse me. I will send my tailor to your shop to-morrow to furnish me with cloth for a new cassock. Adieu!'

[To be continued.]

From Tait's Magazine.

MAY-DAY.

BY ELIZABETH P. ROBERTS.

Good-morrow to thy dawn, sweet May!

A welcome of "langsyne,"

Of flowerets bright, and minstrelsy,

And joyous words, be thine!

Good-morrow to the rising sun,

Whose brightest early beams

Shine on the waters as they run

In blue and bounding streams.

Good-morrow to the king-cup's bride!

He's donn'd his golden crown;

And by the brooklet's murmuring tide

He bends his face adown.

Good-morrow to the bursting leaves

Which deck the woodland scene,

To the glorious wreath which Nature weaves

In coronet of green!

Good-morrow to the black-bird's song,

The thrush's wood-notes clear,

Which pass in melody along

To hail the opening year!

Good-morrow to each tiny voice

That sings its notes of praise,

And bids our hearts like theirs rejoice

The matin-hymn to raise!

Good-morrow to each opening flower

That lifts its lustrous eye,

To bless the glorious sunrise hour,

And greet the azure sky!

Good-morrow to the thrilling sound

Which greets thy early dawn;

Where childhood's merry footsteps bound

As lightly as the fawn!

Thou hast a host of pleasant things,

Sweet May, to hail thy birth;

But none such joyful feeling brings

As the tone of children's mirth.

Good-morrow to ye, all and each,

Ye blessed voices of Spring;

What precious lessons ye may teach,

What memories ye bring!

Good-morrow to thy dawn, sweet May!

A welcome of "langsyne,"

Of flowerets bright, and minstrelsy,

And loving words, be thine!

From Campbell's Lives of Chancellors.

SUMMARY OF THE CHARACTER OF LORD BACON.

PATTED on the head by Queen Elizabeth—mocking the worshippers of Aristotle at Cambridge—catching the first glimpses of his great discoveries, and yet uncertain whether the light was from heaven—associating with the learned and gay at the court of France—devoting himself to Bracton and the Year Books in Gray's Inn—throwing aside the dusty folios of the law to write a moral essay, to make an experiment in natural philosophy, or to detect the fallacies which had hitherto obstructed the progress of useful truth—contented for a time with taking 'all knowledge for his province'—roused from these speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition—playing all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favour—entering the House of Commons, and displaying powers of oratory of which he had been unconscious—being seduced by the love of popular applause for a brief space, becoming a patriot—making amends by defending all the worst excesses of prerogative—publishing to the world lucubrations on morals which show the nicest perception of what is honourable and beautiful, as well as prudent, in the conduct of life—yet, the son of a Lord Keeper, the nephew of the Prime Minister, a Queen's Counsel, with the first practice at the bar, arrested for debt, and languishing in a sponging-house—tired with vain solicitations to his own kindred for promotion, joining the party of their opponent, and, after experiencing the most generous kindness from the young and chivalrous head of it, assisting to bring him to the scaffold; and to blacken his memory—seeking by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes—on the accession of a new sovereign offering up the most servile adulation to a pedant whom he utterly despised—infinitely gratified by being permitted to kneel, with 230 others, to receive the honour of knighthood—tracking to a worthless favourite with the most slavish subserviency, that he might be appointed a law officer of the Crown—then giving the most admirable advice for the compilation and emendation of the laws of England, and helping to inflict torture on a poor parson, whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon—attracting the notice of all Europe by his philosophical works, which es-

tablished a new era in the mode of investigating the phenomena both of matter and mind—basely intriguing in the meanwhile for further promotion, and writing secret letters to his Sovereign to disparage his rivals—riding proudly between the Lord High Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of nobles and judges, to be installed in the office of Lord High Chancellor—by and by, settling with his servants the account of the bribes they had received for him—a little embarrassed by being embarrassed by being obliged, out of decency, the case being so clear, to decide against the party whose money he had pocketed, but stifling the misgivings of conscience by the splendour and flattery which he now commanded—struck to the earth by the discovery of his corruption—taking to his bed and refusing sustenance—confessing the truth of the charges brought against him, and abjectly imploring mercy—nobly rallying from his disgrace, and engaging in new literary undertakings, which have added to the splendour of his name—still exhibiting a touch of his ancient vanity, and, in the midst of pecuniary embarrassments, refusing to be stripped of his feathers.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE HUMAN SKIN.

'THE influence of the diet on the health of the skin' is the part of the subject next treated of. 'The temperature of health,' we are told, 'is a genial summer over the whole surface; and when that exists, the system cannot be otherwise than well. This brings me to the rule of health which I wish to establish; namely by food, by raiment, by exercise, and by ablution, to maintain and preserve an agreeable warmth of the skin. Everything above this is suspicious; everything below noxious and dangerous.' After showing in what way food contributes to the heat of the body, and insisting on the necessity for its soundness and freshness, combined with moderation in eating, Mr. Wilson discusses the question of clothing, which 'in itself has no property of bestowing heat, but is chiefly useful in preventing the dispersion of the temperature of the body. . . . Our garments retain a stratum of air, kept constantly warm by its contact with the body; and as the external temperature diminishes, we increase the number of layers by which the person is enveloped. Every one is practically aware that a loose dress is much warmer than one which fits close, that a loose glove is warmer than a tight one, and that a loose boot or shoe, in the same manner, bestows greater warmth than one of smaller dimensions. The explanation is obvious: the loose dress encloses a thin stratum of air, which the tight dress is incapable of doing.' In the remarks on the suitability of various articles of clothing, we learn that a greater warmth of thick woollen textures over thin ones of the same material, consists in the retention of a greater body of air in the covering. . . . has its objections: it is a good conductor, and bad radiator of heat, and therefore the very opposite of a warm dress, which should be a bad conductor and good radiator.' Although cotton does not impart that feeling of 'freshness' to the skin communicated by linen, it is far preferable as a covering; it absorbs less moisture, and maintains the body at a more equable temperature. 'Wool is one of the worst conductors and best radiators of heat, and is on this account a valuable and indispensable means of preserving the bodily heat in the winter of cold climates like our own; and even in the summer it is a serviceable defence against colds and rheumatism.'

Mr Wilson urges the necessity for regulating the amount of clothing in accordance with the season and external temperature; and gives a table to show, by comparison, the greater age attained by those whose circumstances enable them to attend to this particular. Of one hundred persons of the richer and poorer classes respectively, from the age of eighty, to ninety, the common rate of mortality being nineteen and a fraction per cent, while the whole hundred of the latter died, only thirteen died of the former. The fatal effects of cold, both in infancy and old age, are pointed out. 'The mortality of infants during the first year of their life amounts, in Paris, to nearly nineteen per cent; in the whole of France, to twenty-one and a half per cent; in Philadelphia to twenty-two per cent; in Berlin, to twenty-five per cent; and in St Petersburg, to thirty-one per cent.'

The author justly animadverts on the folly and cruelty of dressing children as 'young Highlanders,' or in any other insufficient and fantastic manner. 'There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful idea than that of rendering children, "hardy" by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently. . . . One-sixth of the deaths of young children, it must be remembered, result from cold.' In connexion with this part of the subject, we find observations on the dangerous consequences of long exposure to a low temperature, and the suppression of perspiration, in producing derangement of the internal organs.

Mr Wilson has some sensible remarks on the influence of exercise on the skin. His idea of exercise is, that it should embrace the mind as well as the body. 'What is it,' he asks, that makes the difference between the exercise of youth and that of the felon on the treadmill; between the pedestrian in the Isle of Wight, or Switzerland, and the pedestrian from Chelsea to the Bank; between the light and quick footstep wending to Greenwich park, and the dull tread of the nursery-maid at home? Is it not mind? Is it not the young and buoyant

joy of the schoolboy that inspirits his laugh and his leap? Is it not the novelty or the beauty of the scene, the pleasant weather, or the immunity from customary labour, that gives spirit to the pedestrian's tour, as compared with the dull, desultory repetition of the same sights, same persons, same things, and same path, from and to business? . . . In mind lies the great secret of beneficial exercise; and without it, exercise is a misnomer, a fraud upon the constitution. . . . The injurious effects of neglected exercise cannot be better illustrated than in the medical history of those who are compelled to lead a sedentary life. In such persons we find a pallid and discoloured skin, depressed spirits, incapacity for exertion, headache, frequently palpitations of the heart, dyspepsia, tendency to biliousness, and general imperfection and irregularity of the alimentary functions.' The absurdity of repressing the noisy and boisterous sports of childhood is too obvious to require comment. The equally absurd custom of confining young girls in stays, and of repressing their merry games and their appetites, with the view of rendering them 'ladylike,' cannot be too forcibly reprehended.

'Walking, when practised with a proper regard to physical condition, bestows all the advantages which are to be derived from exercise. It favours digestion and nutrition, facilitates respiration, stimulates the skin, and promotes its action; increases the temperature of the body, and invigorates the physical and mental powers.'

At this point we come to the remarks on the influence of ablution and bathing on the health of the skin, to which the preceding chapters serve as a substructure. We have already seen the scarf-skin is constantly thrown off in minute scale; the clothing, however, retains them in contact with the surface of the body, where they mix with the unctuous and saline excretions forming a crust, which while it collects dust and dirt chokes the pores and impedes transaction. There is also the risk of absorption of the effete matter while it remains on the skin, in which case the lungs, kidneys, liver or bowels are called upon to perform double duty, to rid the system of the noxious accumulation; by which means these organs frequently become diseased: while on the other hand, the obstruction of the pores interferes with the chemical processes of nutrition, the animal temperature is lowered, and cutaneous eruptions are engendered.

'With such considerations as these before us,' says our author, 'ablution becomes necessity which needs no further argument to enforce strict attention to its observance.'

Mr Wilson enters into the subject of the various methods of ablution recommends training to those unaccustomed to wash the whole surface of the body daily, beginning with warm or tepid water, as most agreeable to the sensations, and gradually diminishing the temperature, until quite cold may be constantly used. practice must be persevered in to insure the whole moral and physical effect. 'Those with whom it is a daily habit, can alone appreciate "the warm glow," while "the thrill of health which follows is positively delicious."

MILK OF HUMAN NATURE.

THE milk of human nature appears under as many different modifications in the dispositions of men, as the substance to which it is compared undergoes in the dairy. In some men of an impenetrable good humour, it has all the oiliness and consistency of butter; in those of a liberal and generous disposition it has all the richness of cream; in men of a sickly habit of mind it has all the mawkish insipidity of whey; and in a large portion of the community it possesses all the sourness of buttermilk. —Wolfe.

SAVINGS' BANKS.

A correspondent, signing himself 'An Englishman,' makes a few remarks on the paper on Savings' Banks which appeared in the Journal of January 17, being chiefly an abridgment of a paper by Dr Chalmers in the North British Review. This gentleman laments that, in that paper, the view of advantages from little accumulations to the working man should be so much limited to provision against sickness and old age. He contemplates, and it appears to us with justice, benefits gliding and improving the general current of the labouring man's existence, as a possible result of saving. In many circumstances 'a labourer,' he says, 'having realised a few pounds out of his wages, may rent an acre or so of land, buy an additional pig, take advantage of a right of common for a cow or sheep; as he goes on, he may add field to field, till he has almost a farm.'

Such things are done; and undoubtedly not only is a better style of living so attained, but even greater security is made against evil days of every kind, than by continuing to hoard in savings' bank. In other circumstances men may improve their condition by similar means. Hundreds of suitable expedients suggest themselves to the frugal and vigilant man who possesses a little money. I remember some remarkable instances of colliers advancing themselves, by dint of little savings, from the common working situation to that of renters of levels, and that while they were still young men. I know an instance of a young man, who, from an occupation yielding one pound a week, raised himself to one bringing in five hundred per annum; and what were the means for effecting such a change? A lady gave him £16 to rent a level in the railway construction; which was speedily repaid with gratitude.