

who advanced by slower stages. Like the ignition of gunpowder it lasts for one moment, and then it terminates in smoke. The fruit which is unnaturally forced to a state of ripeness within a hothouse never attains that degree of flavour which the same description of fruit would have acquired in the due course of nature, neither is the plant itself of equal strength the same effect is evidenced in the forcing of mental fruit—it becomes ephemeral instead of lasting. The first four years of a child's life should be solely devoted to the laying the foundation of a good and strong constitution; the mental faculties, not being developed, should not be forced or tutored. The infant should be treated with gentleness, and not with over fondness; it should not be pampered with luxurious food, but fed on plain and wholesome things. Nature should be allowed to use her own wise ordination in developing its powers. Care and attention, neither too extensive nor too scanty, alone is required on the part of its protectors; the paternal roof should be its only sanctuary, its first lessons in speech cannot be conveyed by a better monitor than its mother—from her should it receive its first gentle lessons. During the three following years, which bring the infant stage to a determination, it might be instructed in the rudiments of its own language, &c., and that under the form, not of a task, but of a plaything. No violent or coercive methods should be used whilst instilling into children the first principles of knowledge, and assisting in the development of their mental faculties. Their lessons should not be either abstruse or long; they ought to be short, simple, and easy. The cane or the birch ought not to exist in the neighbourhood; more will be done by pleasing, persuasive treatment, than by harsh measures. Flogging will provoke to a retortive resistance the spirits of the child, whilst kind and gentle usage will raise its endeavours, and cause it to regard the school-room as a place of pleasure rather than a jail for punishment; it will long for the precincts, and this feeling will strengthen with its years. Again, as regards the mode of tuition, the ear should not only be attracted, but also the eye; a child will sooner understand his teacher by having the aid of a pictorial embellishment. By such means its attention becomes rivetted upon the object, and it quicker and easier receives and understands the lessons of its tutor. The subjects for tuition, as we observed before, should be exclusively confined to rudimentary knowledge. The faculties of a child ought never to be prematurely forced; not that it should be checked if it evinces a desire for increased improvement, but that it should not have its mental powers brought into use with too much rapidity. Great is the responsibility which rests upon the instructors of early youth. First impressions are generally the most durable, and there is no calculating what might be the result of an unguarded expression—there is no imagining what consequences might accrue in after life from the incautions instillation of erroneous ideas and sentiments into their unformed minds. The greatest care, the most assiduous attention, should be observed, in order that the evil may not be suffered to take root in their hearts, but that their minds may be impregnated with a love and reverence for those moral, social, and religious duties, which heighten and adorn the human character.

From the 'Highlanders in Spain,' by J. Grant, Esq.

THE DESERTER'S DOOM.

It was in the month of May, 1813. The evening was a still and beautiful one. The sun was verging towards the west, and his crimson rays streamed through the deep dark dell, upon the vine clad cottages and silvan amphitheatre of Banos. Concentrated in that narrow and gloomy glen, where the immense mountains rose on every side to the height of many hundred feet, and where crags and rocks shot up in cones and fantastic spires, almost excluding the light of day from the bottom of the dell, where the seventeen infantry regiments of the division, together with the cavalry drawn up on the steep faces of the hills, so that the rear ranks might overlook the front. The *paisanos* of the secluded village, awestruck at the unusual scene, and the sight of so many thousand weapons glittering amid such dense masses of foreign soldiers, forsook their cottages and clustered together on the summit of a steep rock to behold the fatal event.

The troops formed three faces of a hollow square; the rock upon which the peasants were congregated occupied the vacant space, and on a spot the village green stretching to the foot of it, there was dug a grave—a grave for the yet living man; the wet damp earth was heaped up on one side of it; the rolls of turf and rough deal coffin lay on the other. Near these stood the brass-drum of the Gordon Highlanders; a Bible and a Prayer-book lay upon its head. The Highlanders formed the inner faces of the square. All was solemn silence and expectation. Not a whisper was heard through all that dense array; not a sound smote the ear save the rustle of the summer foliage as the evening wind stirred the tall chestnuts or rich green cork-trees which nodded from the black precipices. The general, and the staff, and the field officers, were all on horseback, but remained motionless. At last it was known that the doomed man was approaching, and the arms of the escort that conducted him were seen flashing in the sunlight as they descended from the hill-top by the winding pathway which led to the bottom of the valley. Sir Rowland Hill touched his

hat to an aide-de-camp, who then passed among the troops at a hand gallop whispering to each commanding officer; the word of command to fix bayonets and shoulder arms was immediately given, and before the varying tones of the different colonels died away, the prisoner appeared amid the square surrounded by his escort, under charge of the provost-marshal. His own corps I have said was in front, and he moved slowly along the silent ranks with downcast eyes towards the spot where his grave and coffin lay displayed. He drew near the former and cast a glance into its gloomy depth, and shuddering, turned his back upon it, muttering—I was just be sax-and-twenty the morn. Sax-and-twenty! O, it's an uncouth thing to deesae young! O, my father, my mother, he groaned aloud, farewell to you—to auld Scotland—and a! I hae looked sae lang, and weel. It will be a sair trial to my kinsfolk in Glencunaid when they see my name on the kirk doors at Braemar as a name that has deed wi' disgrace on his brood.

He was clad in his white undress-jacket and kilt, and stood bareheaded with his bonnet in his hand. He was pale and emaciated with long confinement, but his bearing was as firm and soldier-like as ever. His eyes seemed unusually bright, and at times a red flush crossed his otherwise deadly pale cheek. There were two aged monks from the San Ferdinando convent of Candabria present but the Highlander refused to hear or communicate with them; yet the honest friars were determined not to abandon him in his last hour, and withdrawing to a little distance they placed a crucifix against a fragment of a rock, and prayed earnestly with true Catholic fervour to that all-wise Power above, before whom the soul of one they deemed a heretic was soon to appear.

There was no chaplain present with the troops; but the prisoner was attended by the venerable Dugald Mhor who walked slowly beside him bareheaded, with his bonnet under his arm.

He read portions of the Scripture from an old dog-eared Bible, which he produced from his *sporran molloch*, and the low solemn tones in which he could be distinctly heard by all, so very still was the place; and as the hand of the clock approached the hour at which the soldier was to die, a deeper sadness fell upon the heart of the beholders, who, although long accustomed to all the heart harrowing scenes of war, had never before witnessed a death in so solemn and peculiar a manner. Mackie and his attendant sung together the hymn, beginning with words 'The hour of my departure's come,' and when it was concluded, the hand of the clock on the alcade's house wanted but five minutes of the hour. The soldier cast a hasty glance towards it, and falling upon his knees, he covered his face with his hands and burst into agony of prayer, from which he was only aroused by the seven strokes of the last hour he would ever hear on earth striking from the dull-toned bell. His last moment was come! When the sound ceased, Cameron of Fassfern and his field-officers, dismounted from their horses, which were led away, and the provost-marshal drew up a section of twelve soldiers opposite where the prisoner yet knelt on the turf. Many of his comrades now took their last farewell of him; and Evan Iverach, now to whom he had given seven pounds, saved from his pay while prisoner at Coira, to send to his parents at Braemar, retired to his place in the ranks with tearful eyes, because Evan had a mistaken idea that to have shown signs of deep emotion would have been unmanly. But that night in his billet, honest Evan wept like a woman for the loss of his comrade and friend, during the bandaging of Mackie's eyes, Fassfern took off his bonnet, and kneeling down commanded his regiment to do so likewise. As one man, the Highlanders bent their bare knees to the sod, joining as they did so, in the solemn psalm; which Dugald and the prisoner had begun to sing. It was a sad and mournful Scottish air, one which every Scotsman present had been accustomed to hear sung in their village kirks or fathers' cottages in boyhood. It softened and subdued their hearts, carrying back their recollections to their childhood, and to years that had passed away in eternity. Many heard it chanted then for the first time since their native hills had faded from their sight, and as the strain died away through the deep and narrow vale of Banos, it found an echo in every breast.

Dugald closed his Bible, and, placing a handkerchief in the hand of the prisoner, withdrew, and, covering his wrinkled face with his bonnet, knelt down also. Now came the duty of the provost-marshal, whose unwilling detachment consisted of twelve picked men of disorderly character, on whom, as a punishment, fell the lot of slaying their comrade. With his eyes blindfolded, the unfortunate Highlander knelt down between his coffin and his grave, and, without quivering once, dropped his handkerchief.

'Section,' cried the provost-marshal, 'ready—present—fire.' The words followed each other in rapid succession, and the echoes of the death-shot were reverberated among the hills around. A shriek burst from the females of the village. Red blood was seen to spout forth from many a wound in the form of the prisoner; he sprang convulsively upward, and then fell backward dead on the damp gravel which was so soon to cover him.

All was over now—the corpse lay stretched on the ground, and the smoke of the musketry was curling around the grave which yawned beside it. Cameron sprang on his horse,

and his voice was the first to break the oppressive silence. The shrill pipes sounded, and the rattling drums beat merrily in the echoing vale, as corps after corps marched past the spot where the body of Mackie, though breathless, lay yet bleeding, and moved by the winding pathway toward the pass of Banos, whence, by different routes, they marched to their cantonment in the villages and camps among the mountains. When all had passed away, the pioneers placed the man in his coffin and covered him hurriedly up; the sods were carefully deposited over, and beaten down with the shovel, and the grave of the man who had been living but ten minutes before presented now the same appearance as the resting-place of one who had been many years untombed. The weeds and the long grass waved over it!

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And loose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As home and friends around us.
We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we but stoop to rise them!
For things afar still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us.
But soon we're taught the earth has naught
Like home and friends around us;

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken;
Though all were night—if but the light
From Friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove that bliss on earth was this—
Our home and friends around us!

THE OLD GREY TREE.

The fine old oak hath passed away, its noble
stem hath sunk,
Till roving footsteps speeding on leap o'er
the sapless trunk;
Its glory hath departed, and the wrestler with
the storm
Is crumbled, till it yields no home to keep
the spairrel warm
But bright moss is clothing it, all soft, and
sweet and fresh,
As true as when it first entwined the sapling
in its mesh;
It leaveth not the ruin spot, but beautiful to
see,
It yet yearneth still the closer to the grey old
tree.
I know the heart must wither, and become as
a dead thing;
It will not heed the winter's cloud, nor feel
the sun of spring;
In low decaying solitude this form ere long
And moulder 'neath the green sod like the tree
in forest glade,
Oh, let me hope that some kind thought will
turn towards my name,
And glowing breasts that love me now will
love me still the same;
Like gentle memory fill the home where once
I used to be,
And cling to me like green moss to the old
grey tree.

ELIZA COOK.

New Works.

A Year of Consolation. By Mrs. Butler, late Fanny Kemble.

ROMAN SHOPEEKEEPERS.

'Returning home, I called at the shoemaker's about some boots I had ordered, and which were not finished at the appointed time—now considerably after the time, they were finished and produced—a pair of black, double soled, thick, heavy, half leather, stuff-boots. I had myself given the order for a pair of light-coloured Holland ones, with mere toes of patent leather, and the thinnest soles that could be made. The shoemaker shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and said it was a mistake, and would take the one's I did not want, and wait till such as I did want could be made. I walked out of the shop and did neither. English people are the only honest trades-people that I am acquainted with, and I say it advisedly; for Americans are unpunctual, and an appointment is a contract with time for its object, and they are as regardless, far the most part, of that species of contract as of some others of a different kind. I have now been six months in Rome, and have had leisure and opportunity to see something of the morals of retail trade; at any rate in matters of female traffic, among the shop-keeper's here. In the first place, the most flagrant dishonesty exists with regard to the value of

the merchandise, and the prices they ask for it of all strangers; but more particularly of the English, whose wealth, ignorance, and insolence, are taken by these worthy industrials, without conscience or compassion. Every article purchased in a Roman shop by an English person is rated at very near double its value; and the universal custom here, even among the people themselves, is to carry on a haggling market of aggression, on the part of the purchaser, and defence on that part of the vendor, which is often as comical as disgusting. In Nattaletti's shop in Rome, the other day, I saw a scene between the salesman and a lady purchaser, an Italian, that would have amazed as well as amused the parties behind and before the counters of Howell and James Hardings, &c. The lady, after choosing her stuff and the quantity she required, began a regular attack upon the shopman; it was *mezzavoce*, indeed, but continuous, eager, vehement, pressing, overpowering, to a degree indescribable; and the luckless man having come for a moment from behind the shelter of his long table, the lady eagerly seized him by the arm, and holding him fast, argued her point with exceeding warmth. She next caught hold of the breast of his coat, her face within a few inches of his, her husband meanwhile standing by and smiling approvingly at the thrift and eloquence of his wife. I think, however, she did not succeed. The shopman looked disgusted, which I am afraid is a consequence of their having adopted the English mode of dealing in that house, as they themselves informed me, to signify they did not cheat, lie, or steal, but dealt like honest people. I felt proud of his manner of speech. 'Madame, nous avons adopte la maniere Anglaise: nous vendons au prix juste, nous ne surfaisons pas, et nous ne changeons pas nos prix, so that to deal in the English fashion is synonymous to dealing justly. It pleases me greatly, and it is true; for in France too they have abandoned the abominable system of prices for the English; and it delights me to think that integrity, justice, truth, cleanliness, and comfort follow in their footsteps of my own people, wherever their wandering spirit leads them through the world. It is very fit and just that they should bring such compensations to the foreign people, among whom they so often introduce also habits of luxury, of ostentation, and that basest habit of bartering for money the common courtesies and amenities of life, the civilities and serviceableness which are priceless, which the continental people have, and our own have not, and which we should have learned to imitate rather than taught them to sell. I may as well mention here, that I have found Nattaletti's shop the best in Rome in every respect.'

TRANSFORMATION OF LOCUSTS.

In the summer evenings it is common to see upon the trunks of the trees, reeds or any upright object, a heavy looking, hump backed, brown beetle, an inch and a half long, with a scaly coat, clawed lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect, which latter is easily accounted for by the little hole visible in the turf at the foot of the tree, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carried them home and watched with great interest the poor locust 'shuffle off his mortal,' or rather earthly coil, and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale, soft, silky looking texture is seen, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head, with two light red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale, cream coloured, weak, soft creature very tenderly walks away from his former self, which remains standing entire, like the coat of mail of a warrior of old—the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone looking after their lost contents with a sad lack of 'speculation' in them. On the back of the new born creature lie two small bits of membranes, doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut shell; these now begin to unfold themselves—and gradually spread smoothly out into two large beautiful, opal-coloured wings, which by the following morning have become clearly transparent, while the body has acquired its proper hard consistency and dark colour; and when placed on a tree the happy thing soon begins its whirring, creaking, chirruping song, which continues with little intermission as long as its harmless, happy life.—Mrs Meredith's Sketches of New South Wales.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

How beautiful to the eye and the heart rise up, in a pastoral region, the silent green hills from the dissolving snow-reaths that yet linger at their feet! A few warm sunny days and a few breezy and melting nights, have seemed to create the sweet season of spring out of winter's bleakest desolation. We can scarcely believe that such brightness of verdure could have been shrouded in the snow, blending itself as it now does, so vividly, with the deep blue of heaven. With the revival of nature our own souls feel restored to happiness becomes milder, meeker and richer in pensive thought; while sorrow catches a faint tinge of joy, and reposes itself on the quietness of earth's opening breast. Then is youth rejoicing, manhood meditate, and old age resigned. The child shakes his golden curls in his glee—he of riper life hails the coming year with temperate exultation—and