

Linton's well enough in his own way, I've no doubt.

Happy Mr. Linton! who visited and courted Miss Longford, exchanged rings with her, read poetry, and took rambles and drives with her into the country, and whom Laura smiled upon, till her return from Miss de Wolskey's, when the unpolished truth said to her that Mr Linton was a plain, unassuming youth, with nothing but his profession of a solicitor to recommend him, and not to be compared to the dashing guardsman! Happy Mr Linton! who, wearied with Laura's coquetry and scorn, her romance and dignity, her polish and affectation, her want of heart and love of show, her vanity and uselessness, felt love grow cold and admiration wane with him, and turned to Emily, wondering how he never discovered the mine of intelligence and truth, that quiet girl owned! Happy Mr Linton! who, wearied of the tulip's insipid colors, fled to the lily's fragrance.

But does papa know anything of Mr Craven? Inquired Emily.

Papa know! Why should he? I suppose I'm my own mistress at least in some things, and one of them is, that I don't consider myself bound to be so awfully dutiful, as to run home every day with 'Oh papa, I saw and spoke to Mr and Miss So-and-so.'

Emily refrained from further remark—silent with a painful consciousness of something wrong in her cousin's moral notions.

Mr Craven, or Captain Craven, Emily frequently saw again, sometimes while walking with her cousin, who appeared to grow daily more intimate; sometimes at places of public resort; sometimes not far from her uncle's house; once or twice speaking to Laura over the garden hedge; but never in the house. She felt very unhappy in the possession of the secret, and resolved on submitting it to Mrs Longford. She did so one night of Laura's absence at a party, to that good lady's amazement and consternation. 'That very night she would speak to Laura—indeed she would; she would let her know whether captains and military men were to be her society; and if she was to keep company in such an underhand, clandestine way, it would not be telling her—indeed it would not.' Mrs Longford's first intentions were over-ruled by prudential considerations, however. Laura was late of returning. She did not get an opportunity of making a charge out of the knowledge of Mr Longford, which she desired not, and was obliged to defer her purpose till next day. Next day people looking over the columns of the Morning Post, saw then and there—*Romance in C*—This morning the village of C—, usually so quiet, undisturbed and unexcited, was thrown into a state of extraordinary commotion by the following romantic circumstance:—About six months ago, the daughter of a respectable retired city merchant dwelling in C—, an only child, came home from the boarding school, and about the same time came thither also, on leave of absence, a certain gallant captain, who cast his eyes on the damsel. He passed her window often and saw her then; he met her on her walks; and at church languished at the pew she sat in. Finding he could treat with her, and her heart beat responsive, and her eyes 'looked love to eyes that spoke again,' he plied his suit. Applying a ladder 'neath the moon's pale glimmer, to her window, repeated interviews were stolen; the result of which was, that on Friday night last, she consented to put on her bonnet and descend the ladder in her Lathario's arms. Near the village a vehicle was waiting, and the pair urged their flight towards the borders. When the day dawned, some passer, with an inquisitive eye, detected the flight in the unremoved ladder and open window, and communicated within the tidings. A hot pursuit was determined on by the irate father. Horses were ordered, and he, with a couple of friends, are now on the fugitives' track, with what success to-morrow will declare. We have heard it rumoured that the gallant captain struts in borrowed plumes, and the army list is innocent of his name!

The paragraph had a stratum of truth.—Laura was gone—gone with jackdaw Captain Craven. There was romance in the captain's whiskers, honour in his epaulettes, love in his tenderness, and heroism in his gasconade. How could she resist the wiles of such a duck of a fellow! and how withstand the delightful excitement of an elopement—the very acme of ambition to all the young ladies under Miss de Wolskey's fostering care? A few days, and mama would reconcile papa, and she would be restored to favor again, the happy wife of the noble captain; all would go off ultimately as agreeable as the third act of a drama, and as satisfactory to parties interested as spectators.

But the drama reached only the second act, when the fugitives were overtaken by the pursuit. The captain was denounced as an impostor, and ruthlessly kicked down stairs of the inn where they had halted, made an inglorious exit along the highway; and fainting Laura was bundled into the coach and driven home again. It was many weeks, many months indeed, before she recovered of her disgrace and crept forth amongst her friends. The elopement was the last of her accomplishments; they all vanished with it, and she has sunk down to a plain, useful young lady, first from sheer necessity, now from absolute conviction that duty is happiness, and happiness is best purchased when

'Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.'

Mr Linton has married Emily. If any bachelor has thoughts of Laura in her altered and improved condition, the writer shall be happy to communicate further information.

As people do not always draw the inference desired from a parable, let us submit that no charge is meant against the education or accomplishments of our sisterhood in the abstract or in the practice, where the training of the heart and mind are made subservient to the glitter of external cleverness. Unfortunately, we believe that the popular training of woman is more calculated to make her a toy for man than a companion for him—a fireside ornament than a household god—a jewel to be kept in a casket, rather than a being to be loved and revered; and with such a belief we cannot but think that, till woman is educated with a better aim, the blessings of her high mission will not be defined and felt.

MY OWN PLACE.

Whoever I am, wherever my lot

Whatever I happen to be,

Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot

That Providence orders for me;

No covetous straining and striving to gain

One feverish step in advance—

I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain

To hazard a change and a chance!

I care for no riches that are not my right,

No honor that is not my due;

But stand in my station, by day or by night,

The will of my master to do;

He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,

And set me my business here,

And whether I live in his service, or die,

My heart shall be found in its sphere!

If wealthy I stand as the steward of my King,

If poor, as the friend of my Lord,

If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring,

If stalwart, my pen or my sword;

If wisdom be mine, I'll cherish his gift,

If simpleness, back in his love,

If sorrow, his hope shall my spirit uplift,

If joy, I will throne it above!

The good that it pleases my God to bestow,

I gratefully gather and prize;

The evil—it can be no evil, I know,

But only a good in disguise;

And whether my station be lowly or great,

No duty can ever be mean,

The factory cripple is fixed in his fate,

As well as a King or a Queen!

For Duty's bright livery glorifies all

With brotherhood, equal and free,

Obeys as children the heavenly call

That places us where we should be;

A servant—the badge of my servitude shines

As a jewel invested by heaven;

A monarch—remember that justice assigns

Much service, where so much is given!

Away then with 'helpings,' that humble and harm,

Though 'bettering' trips from your tongue;

Away! for your folly would scatter the charm

That round my proud poverty hung;

I felt that I stood like a man at my post,

Though peril and hardship were there—

And all that your wisdom would counsel me

most

Is—'Leave it—do better elsewhere.'

If 'better' were better indeed, and not 'worse,'

I might go ahead with the rest,

But many a gain and a joy is a curse,

And many a grief for the best;

No! duties are all the 'advantage' I use;

I pine not for praise or for pelf,

And as to ambition, I care not to choose

My better or worse for myself!

I will not, I dare not, I cannot! I stand

Where God has ordained me to be,

An honest mechanic—or lord in the land—

He fitted my calling for me;

Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,

With honor, or swat, on my face,

This, this is my glory, my strength, and my

song,

I stand like a star, in MY PLACE.

Extract from a Review in Chambers's Journal

of Macaulay's

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Mr Macaulay shows that the proportion of the people which received parochial relief in the reign of Charles II. was larger than even now. He admits that the laboring people of that age derived some advantage from commons now closed to them; but against this he places advantages of a different kind, proper to the present age. 'Of the blessings which civilization and philosophy bring with them, a large proportion is common to all ranks, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the laborer as by the peer. The market place which the rustic can now reach with his cart in an hour, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him. The street which

now affords to the artisan, during the whole night, a secure, a convenient, a brilliantly-lighted walk, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset, that he would not have been able to see his hand; so ill paved that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck; and so ill watched, that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down and plundered of his small earnings. Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, now may have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant-prince like Clayton, could not have purchased. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science, and some have been banished by police. The term of human life has been lengthened over the whole kingdom, and especially in the towns. The year 1685 was not accounted sickly; yet in the year 1685 more than one in twenty-three of the inhabitants of the capital died. At present, only one inhabitant of the capital in forty dies annually. The difference in salubrity between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century, is very far greater than the difference between London in an ordinary season, and London in the cholera.

'Still more important is the benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the mollifying influence of civilization on the national character. The ground-work of that character has indeed been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the groundwork of the character of an individual may be said to be the same when he is a rude and thoughtless schoolboy, and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have in the course of ages become not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no other way of imparting knowledge, but by beating their pupils. Husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stifford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brickbats and paving stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it to the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galloped horse, or an over-driven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence, which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has in our time extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age—in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly, and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless.'

These are things worth pondering upon by the working population of our time, and those who call themselves specially their friends. There is a prevailing disposition to attribute all the evils endured by the humbler class of people to political and social evils bearing with undue severity upon them, and peculiar to the present time. When you tell any man that he is subjected to external evils beyond his own control, he is extremely apt to overlook those which it depends on himself to remedy. It is to be feared that the present manner of addressing the working population is mainly of the kind which soothes them with the idea that they are victims who cannot help themselves. The very efforts everywhere making to furnish them with baths, reading rooms, superior houses, &c., must help to foster this notion. The con-

sequence is, that the working population loses the opportunity of doing any good for themselves. They live for the day, when, by a proper husbanding of their resources, they might take a far higher place, socially and morally, than they do. Such facts as those brought out by Mr Macaulay shew at once how much less evil they now suffer, and how much more they might now do for themselves, than at any former period.

We now fairly conclude by jotting off a few pithy expressions of opinion on general subjects, which we find scattered in Mr Macaulay's volumes:—'In every age, the vilest specimens of human nature are to be found among demagogues.' 'The common people are sometimes inconstant, for they are human beings. But that they are inconstant as compared with the educated classes, with aristocrats, or with princes, may be confidently denied. It would be easy to name demagogues whose popularity has remained undiminished, while sovereigns and parliaments have withdrawn their confidence from a long succession of statesmen. When Swift had survived his faculties many years, the Irish populace still continued to light bonfires on his birth day, in commemoration of the services which they fancied that he had rendered to his country when his mind was in full vigor. While seven administrations were raised to power, and hurled from it in consequence of court intrigues, or of changes in the sentiments of the higher classes of society, the profligate Wilkes retained his hold on the affections of a rabble whom he pillaged and ridiculed. Politicians who in 1807 sought to curry favor with George III. by defending Caroline of Brunswick, were not ashamed in 1820 to curry favor with George IV. by persecuting her. But in 1820, as in 1807, the whole body of working men was fanatically devoted to her cause.' 'Representative assemblies, public discussions, and all the other checks by which, in civil affairs, rulers are restrained from abusing power, are out of place in a camp. Machiavel justly imputed many of the disasters of Venice and Florence to the jealousy which led those republics to interfere with every act of their generals. The Dutch practice of sending to an army deputies, without whose consent no great blow could be struck, was almost equally pernicious. It is undoubtedly by no means certain that a captain, who has been intrusted with dictatorial power in the hour of peril, will quietly surrender that power in the hour of triumph; and this is one of the many considerations which ought to make men hesitate long before they resolve to vindicate public liberty by the sword. But if they determine to try the chance of war, they will, if they are wise, intrust to their chief that plenary authority without which war cannot be well conducted. It is possible that, if they give him that authority, he may turn out a Cromwell or a Napoleon; but it is almost certain that, if they withhold from him that authority, their enterprises will end like the enterprise of Argyle.'

From the Halifax Mirror.

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

Scraps are occasionally met with, which suggest thoughts, worthy of recollection, although the scraps themselves may not appear every way suited for quotation. The substance of a few such scraps may be hastily expressed as follows:

Failure, respecting proper endeavors, may not be always a proof, humanly speaking, that failure is deserved, in reference to intention or effort. There may be causes above efforts;—there may be constitutional reasons for failure;—the mind may be willing and the physical powers weak,—the path may be mistaken,—failure may be for ultimate benefit. Failure, as such, is not thoroughly experienced, while the mind maintains its integrity and fortitude. Strength may result from worthy conflict. Enthusiasm respecting worthy causes, respecting righteous endeavors, is itself success. To admit, when failure occurs, that we deserve to fail, may be, frequently, in accordance with philosophy and religion;—still, in one sense, success may frequently appear above our efforts,—except that kind of success, alluded to before, which is comprised in noble aspirations, and worthy principles. The machinery which drains a mine, may be adequate and well planned, although it may not exhaust a river. The work we mark out, may be disproportioned to our ability. So sometimes it may be with the worthy man. But the righteous conquer finally:—conquer in the earthly course—at its termination, at least, and viewed as one course—although the road, at several of its stages, may be marked by failures. Pious enthusiasm, as is intimated, respecting a right cause, is success, of one valuable kind.—Failure has not crushed, if the mind's citadel remains free and strong. Failure may be considered trial; we may succeed as regards the latter, although our own schemes meet with apparent defeat. What are the results? is not always the question,—but, what were the desired results?—what the intention? the faithfulness?

TRUE TOLERANCE.—We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help; were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at a man for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.—Pope.

KNOWLEDGE OF IGNORANCE.—It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.—Bishop Taylor.

DO OR DON'T.—I hate to see a thing done by halves: if it be right, do it bodily; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gipsin.