

As it was fashionable to spend the honeymoon in the country, I thought I might try to spend at least a quarter of a moon, one whole week, somewhere out of the everlasting din of Cheapside. But this involved the awful necessity of asking stern old Wilhelm Vokthen. I knew his disposition well. He would grant no request, and yield to no solicitation until everything connected with the matter in hand was fully and clearly before him. He had no poetry, no imagination, no faculty of anticipating what one would say; but, once fairly in possession of every particle of information, he seemed to put the thing in a pair of scales, and it the balance turned in your favor he was all benevolence, all smiles. So it fortunately happened in this case, after sundry grunts and ughs, and references to my 'goot uncle, Herr Crowther, who had too much good sense to get married. Well, Emily and myself now became one—spent a whole week at Richmond—you smile, but I assure you that answered the purpose as well as Paris. The second day after our return and settlement in our furnished lodgings an old lady in mourning called on dear Emily; gave her name as Mrs Brown; said she had intimately known her excellent mother, Mrs Grove; expressing her earnest prayer for our prosperity, and departed, leaving a sealed packet addressed to me. Emily felt rather uneasy about this visit, and hastened to put the parcel into my hands as soon as I returned. On opening it I found an inner wrapper addressed to my dear wife. Of course I handed the packet to her, saying: 'This is for you, love.' She begged me to open it; I did so. It contained a letter to Emily, and, to our utter astonishment, no less than forty Bank of England notes, value fifty pounds each. In great agitation I read the letter. Of course I have the original, but I remember it word for word. It ran thus:

'Dear Mrs Brompton,—I thank God that, for your master's sake, as well as for your own, it is in my power to help those whom I greatly esteem, and who ought to have no need of my help, if my late respected master had not been ill-advised by a bad man. This man, knowing that master did not wish Mr Alfred Brompton to marry, but to be a bachelor like himself, and knowing, too, that master had made a will, leaving most of his money to his nephew, told a number of false things about him, and about you, dear young lady. This man, rogue as he is, wanted to get the money to himself. Well, as I had been thirty years in Mr Crowther's service, and had been, indeed, his housekeeper for most of the time, he sometimes told me, when he was in good humor, what he intended to do with his money. When I heard that he was not to leave anything for Master Alfred, I was in great trouble; but as it was no use trying to change his mind, it occurred to me that I should try to prevent the worthless fellow who was at the bottom of all this having it all his own way. So, one evening, when I brought in the hot water after tea, and put down the tobacco, and made everything as cheerful as possible, hoping that he would speak pleasantly, I said, 'Please, sir, is there anything else I can do for your comfort?' 'No; comfort, eh? Thank you, Betty; what's the matter?' I had put my hand to my head; it was really aching with thought about your dear husband, as he now is. 'Not much, sir,' I replied. 'Come, out with it; what is it, Betty?' 'Oh, sir, I have been wondering what I am to do, should I grow unwell, and not be able to work, and have to leave your service where I have been so comfortable for—' 'How long, Betty?' 'Nearly thirty years, sir.' 'Bless me! Is it possible? How time flies. But you surely have saved something, Betty, haven't you?' 'Very little, sir; but I darsay it'll be enough, as time is very uncertain, and—' 'Time! Don't preach. Old maids never die. I shall be dead first; and now, mark—don't interrupt me—your long and faithful services shall be rewarded. Go now! This was enough; I knew that his word would be kept. The very next day the lawyer called. Well, when master died and the will was opened, the lawyer said to me, 'Betty, I congratulate you. You are now a lady for life. Mr Crowther has generously left you a legacy of two thousand pounds.' I was speechless with surprise and joy—surprise that he should have left so much to me, and joy that I should be the means of helping you to begin the world with something. The money is not mine: it is yours. May a blessing go with it! I have as much saved as will keep me, for I need very little; and should I ever need help, I will call upon you; but you need not seek me. I beg you will accept my boon. With many fervent prayers for your prosperity, I am your humble servant,

BETTY BROWN.

'Thus, my friend,' said Mr Brompton, 'you see the meaning of the letters B. B. B.—Betty Brown's Boon.'

#### IMPORTANCE OF MORAL EDUCATION.

UNDER whose care soever a child is put to be taught during the tender and flexible years of his life, this is certain: it should be one who thinks Latin and languages the least part of an education; one who, knowing how much virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of learning or language, makes it his chief business to form the minds of his scholars, and give that a right disposition; which, if once got, though all the rest should be neglected, would in due time produce all the rest; and which, if it be not got, and settled so as to keep out ill and vicious habits—all other accomplishments will be as nothing.—Locke.

#### MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

ONE of the present female wonders of the world is Madame Ida Pfeiffer, Vienna, who has probably, within a few years, travelled more extensively than any other individual—man or woman—that can be named. A writer in Sharp's Magazine, who sometime since, met this extraordinary woman on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and who recently again saw her in London, gives the following account of his interview with her.

I reached the house, hurried up two flight of dirty stairs, tapped at the door of an office differing in no respect from the thousand dark and dingy ones in the city. 'Come in,' was the response; and on entering, in the shadow of the room was, sure enough, the well remembered face of my old fellow traveller, who rose and received me with satisfaction. I, too, was rejoiced, to find no change for the worse in the appearance of my friend after so severe an ordeal as a journey round the world.

There is little in the person or bearing of Madame Pfeiffer to mark her out as a heroine. Her age may be (for in such cases we may only presume to guess) verging, perhaps upon fifty, her stature is small, her figure slight, her features plain, her dress homely, and her whole appearance the very reverse of commanding. Her manner is remarkably quiet, not to say even humble; and it is only in conversation with her, when her dark eye kindles into animation over the recital of some passage in her travels, that one perceives any outward manifestation of the courage and enthusiasm that so remarkably distinguish her.

After exchanging our mutual congratulations, the conversation (which was carried on in French, Madame speaking English but very imperfectly) naturally turned upon the subject of her recent journey. Reminding her of our original meeting on the shores of Palestine, and of the indifference with which she endured fatigue and hardship on that occasion, I playfully observed 'that I considered she had served her apprenticeship to myself, and that I had always boasted of a pupil who had left her tutor so infinitely behind.' She admitted that it was even so, and that her power of bearing privation, tested in that journey, together with the taste for travelling she then acquired, had led her to meditate still more extensive wanderings.

'It was after my journey to Iceland, which followed that into Palestine—'

'Iceland! my dear Madame,' I exclaimed, with a sudden start. 'Why, I had not the slightest notion you had ever visited that country.'

'Oh yes, and published a book about it,' was her quiet reply; and she immediately resumed. 'After this Iceland journey, then, I left Vienna and embarked at Hamburg for Rio Janeiro, and after remaining some time on the coast of Brazil, penetrated into the interior, visiting the savage tribes, and crossing the continent of South America, reached Valparaiso, which as you know, is on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Thence I crossed over to the Island of Tahiti, where during my stay, I was upon the most intimate terms with the Queen Pomare. Leaving that beautiful spot I crossed the wide Pacific Ocean to Canton, with which city I was much delighted.'

'Of course,' I remarked, 'you do not mean the interior of the Chinese quarter, into which Europeans are not allowed to penetrate?'

'Indeed I do,' was her reply. 'I am, perhaps, the only person that has gone through it. I must admit that the attempt was rash, but I could not overcome my curiosity. Madame Gutzlaff, the missionary's wife, assured me she had never ventured to think of such a thing.'

'But how did you contrive to accomplish it?' I inquired.

'I hired two native Chinese to show me about,' was her reply. 'On reaching the prohibited entrance of the city, it occurred to me that if I paid them there they might go off and leave me. I was therefore obliged to resort to a little stratagem. Making a sign therefore that I had no money, but showing an order upon one of the English houses of business, expressing in the same way my desire to go through it to the English quarter, they consented to accompany me through the streets. Such a sight had never been seen in Canton before. The people gathered in crowds; the women held up their children as I passed along, the curiosity and amusement of the people were prodigious, and your gracious Queen on the opening of the Exhibition, could hardly be more run after than was my poor magnificent self.'

'And were you not horribly afraid?' I enquired. 'Not in the least,' was the reply.

'And did you meet with no insults?'

'Not the slightest. Nothing could exceed the civility of the people. After traversing the city, my Chinese guides brought me to the house of the English merchant, who would scarcely believe that I had come out scathless from so unprecedented an enterprise. Well, from Canton I visited several of the principal parts of China; and thence touching at Singapore made my way to Ceylon, where, not satisfied at remaining at Point de Galle, I visited the capital, Kandy. Calcutta was the next point of my journey. I ascended the Ganges on the deck of the bungalow, went far into the interior, examined the antiquities, visited the courts of some of the native princes, by whom I was kindly received, and, satisfied with my survey of India, returned to the coast, embarked for the Persian Gulf, and then ascending the Tigris,

looked in upon Dr. Layard in the midst of his excavations at Nineveh.'

Such a narrative of adventure, and from the mouth of a female, might well take away one's breath. I really seemed to be dreaming as I looked upon the frail little body before me, and heard her describe a devious career like this, with far less excitement of manner than the mistress of a cockney boarding school would throw into her account of the perils of a Journey to Bologna. 'What next?' I inwardly exclaimed, as Madame, renewing her narrative, quietly went on.

'I entered upon a rather dangerous journey among the countries occupied by the wandering tribes of Kurdistan. Here I more than once fell into the hands of robbers.'

'You surely were not alone on this occasion?' I exclaimed.

'Entirely so,' she replied, 'and to that cause I probably owed my complete immunity from outrage. What could they do? They saw before them a poor, unprotected woman, advanced in years, and with all she possessed in the world done up in a small bundle. They would stop my horse, gaze upon me with astonishment, and then suffer me to pass on unmolested. On one occasion, being exhausted with thirst, I begged for water from the leathern bottles they carry about in, and they gave it to me immediately.'

'Then there are many more Robin Hoods than have ever been commemorated in song; there is honor even among thieves. Human nature is the same in the forest of Sherwood and the wilds of Kurdistan?'

'Well,' she resumed, 'after I had done with the Kurds, I made my way through Persia and Circassia to the shores of the Black Sea, along which I sailed to Constantinople; thence to Greece, Sicily, and Italy, and so back to my own door at Vienna, after an absence of three years. And now guess, what do you think this journey cost me?'

Having already observed the simple and self-denying habits of my old companion. I was prepared for a rather low estimate. But when I considered the mere distance she had gone over, without allowing her anything to eat, I mentally named a figure (a sum of several hundreds) which some experience in travelled me to fix upon as the very minimum of the expense. What was my surprise then, when she declared that she had performed this extensive series of wanderings into the interior of so many countries, for the insignificant sum of a hundred and fifty pounds!

The next time I met Madame was at the hospitable house of a friend. She had been making the most of her short stay in London, had visited the principal objects of interest, and been present at the inauguration of the Glass Palace by her Majesty. She confessed that the vastness of London oppressed her, and it is not one of the slightest instances of her courage and self-reliance, that she boldly sallied forth one morning to make her way on foot from Hackney to Piccadilly, with nothing but an address card, and the meiest smattering of English, to guide her in her devious course.

The conversation turned upon her present plans. Far from her taste for travel having been satisfied, it seemed only 'to have grown by what it fed on,' and she was already preparing for a second voyage around the globe. Although scientific research was not to be expected from a solitary woman, yet her travels had not been without fruit, since she had made collections in botany and entomology which formed a valuable addition to the museum of Vienna. The Austrian Government had not merely paid her for these, but had made her a present of a hundred pounds towards the prosecution of her further adventures, while the professors had given her instructions in the best mode of preserving specimens, and collecting objects of value to science.

Her present views were to go by the Cape to Australia and New Zealand, and thence to Borneo and the Islands of the Indian Archipelago. She had already taken passage and was to sail during the following week.

Reverting to the manner in which I had rediscovered her, I observed that it was through a New York newspaper, under the head of 'What is talked about,' stating that she was in that city, after performing her voyage round the world. What was my surprise to learn, then, that she was never there in all her life, and that the statement was a pure mystification, like so many others in which our transatlantic brethren seem to delight. 'It was this account,' I remarked, 'that has combined your adventures with a robber; stating, moreover, that you had valiantly defended yourself, and cut off one or two of your adversary's fingers with a knife, and that I suppose is also an invention of the editor's.'

'On the contrary,' she replied, 'it is strictly true. I was travelling through the wild interior of Brazil, in company with Count —, whom, you remember, made one of our party to Mar Saba and the Dead Sea. We were attended by a single servant, and having understood that the road was safe, had neglected to provide ourselves with defensive weapons. On passing through a secluded spot, we were suddenly attacked by a powerful negro, armed with a sword! He rushed upon the count, who, being unable to parry the blow, received a severe wound, when I drew forth a clasp knife which I carried about my person, and in the excitement of the moment rushed upon the robber and cut him desperately in his hands. The servant flew on the robber, the robber attacked the count, whom I in my turn sought to defend, though drawing down vengeance on myself, but as our adversary was powerful and well armed, the issue would have been fatal to us all, had

not some travellers, attracted by our cries, hurried up to the spot, whereupon the negro fled.'

'Did you receive no injury in the conflict?' I inquired.

'Far from it; I bore away with me a lasting memento,' was the reply, as she then extended her arm, enveloped in a muslin sleeve, and invited me to make an examination of it. As I did so, my hand sunk with sickening sensation into a hollow, the token of a deep and ghastly wound which she will carry to the grave.

Reminiscences such as these filled up the remainder of our interview. I was disappointed in my hope of seeing this extraordinary woman again. She has set sail upon her long and perilous enterprise at a time of life when more persons are only anxious to repose calmly by the fireside for the remainder of their days. Notwithstanding the old proverb concerning the 'pitcher and the well,' let us earnestly hope that she may return safe and sound to her home, and add another chapter to the record of her most marvellous experiences.

From the Inverness Courier.

T. B. MACAULAY,

THE HISTORIAN.

THERE is a common pedestrian of London streets well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilities. He is a short, stout, sturdy, energetic man. He has a big round face, and large staring, and very bright hazel eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity. He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes, and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in exciting and impulsive thought, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is his figure, and not particularly fine the features, there is an unmistakable air of mental power and energy, approaching to grandeur, about the man. He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop to stare when he is passed. But he heeds no one—seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is not alone in his privacy, and pushes on, unwitting of the many who stare and smile, or of the few who step respectfully aside, and look with curiosity and regard upon Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Occasionally however, the historian and the poet gives still freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him. A friend of mine lately recognised him dining in the coffee room of the Trafalgar Hotel at Greenwich—a fashionable whitebait house, which it appears he frequently patronises. He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted by his peculiar muttering and fidgetiness, and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreamings. All at once—it must have been towards the climax of the prose or verse which he was working up in his mind—Mr Macaulay seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such hearty good will that the solid crystal flew about in fragments, while the numerous parties dining round instinctively started up and stared at the curious iconoclast. Not a whit put about, however, Mr Macaulay, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and then, pulling with a couple of jerks, his hat and his umbrella from a stand, clapped the one carelessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other.

Special Judgments.—'Do you believe in special judgments, husband?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'Did ever any of them happen to you, husband?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'What was it husband?'

'When I married you, my dear.'

A Doctor once returned a coat to a tailor, because it did not fit him. The tailor afterwards seeing the doctor at the funeral of one of his patients, said to him—

'Ah, doctor, you are a happy man.'

'Why so?'

'Because,' said the tailor, 'you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands.'

'Father, what does the printer live on?' Why child? 'Because you said you hadn't paid him for four years and still take the paper.' 'Wife, spank that child.'

Noble Reply of a Little Boy.—It is related that when the children of Kossuth were ordered to be brought into the presence of the tyrant Haynau, the youngest son, a boy of five years, could not be prevailed upon to speak while in his presence, but quietly folded his arms and looked calmly into the face of the haughty man; when asked by his friends why he was silent, he replied, 'Do you suppose that I would speak to that bloody man?'

'Tell the mistress that I have torn the curtain,' said a gentleman lodger to a female domestic, 'very well, sir, mistress will put it down as rent.'

It does one good to look at you, as the fox said to the chickens, when he found the wall too high to leap.

Before thou marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.