

to steady his nerves, he met the lady at a West-end pastry cook's.

After a few words (for all the material questions had been settled by correspondence) she stepped into her brougham, and invited Frank to take a seat beside her. Elated with a compliment of late years so rare, he commenced planning the orgies which were to reward him for weeks of enforced fasting, when the coachman reverentially touching his hat, looked down from his seat for orders.

'To ninety nine, George street, St. James,' cried Fisherton, in his loudest tones.

In an instant, the young lady's pale face changed to scarlet, and then to ghastly green. In a whisper, rising to a scream, she exclaimed, 'Good heavens! you do not mean to that man's house' (meaning me). 'Indeed, I cannot go to him, on any account; he is a horrid man I am told, and charges most extravagantly.'

'Madam,' answered Frank, in great perturbation, 'I beg your pardon, but you have been grossly misinformed. I have known that excellent man these twenty years, and have paid him hundreds on hundreds; but never so much by ten per cent. as you offered me for discounting your bill.'

'Sir, I cannot have anything to do with your friend.' Then, violently pulling the check-string, 'Stop,' she gasped; 'and will you have the goodness to get out?'

'And so I got out,' continued Fisherton, 'and lost my time; and the heavy investment I made in getting myself up for the assignation; new primrose gloves, and a shilling to the hair-dresser—hang her. But, did you ever know anything like the prejudices that must prevail against you? I am disgusted with human nature. Could you lend me half a sovereign till Saturday?'

I smiled; I sacrificed the half sovereign, and let him go, for he is not exactly the person to whom it was advisable to intrust all the secrets relating to the Honorable Miss Snape. Since that day I look each morning in the police reports, with considerable interest; but, up to the present hour, the Honorable Miss Snape has lived and thrived in the best society.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

ENGLISH IN FRANCE.

It was Thomas Hood, if we remember rightly ('poor Tom's a-cold' now) whose 'Bridge of Sighs,' and 'Song of the Shirt,' both of them the very perfection of pathos, will be remembered when his lighter productions are forgotten, or have ceased to charm—it was Tom Hood, we repeat, who described, in a characteristic poetical sketch, the miseries of an Englishman in the French capital, who was ignorant of the language of that self-styled 'metropolis of the world.' He drew a very amusing picture of the *désagrémens* such as one would be sure to encounter, and among others the following:

'Never go to France
Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
You'll repent, by Jingo!

'Signs I had to make
For every little notion;
Arms all the while a-going,
Like a telegraph in motion.

'If I wanted a horse,
How d'you think I got it?
I got astride my cane,
And made believe to trot it.'

There was something very ridiculous, he went on to say, we remember about the half-English meaning of some of the words, and the utter contradiction of the ordinary meaning in others. 'They call,' said he,

'They call their mothers *mares*,
All their daughters *filles*!

and he cited several other words not less ridiculous.

The celebrated Mrs Ramsbottom, and her accomplished daughter Lavinia, the cockney continental travellers, those clever burlesques of John Bull, were the first, some thirty years ago to take notice of this discrepancy, and to illustrate it in their correspondence. The old lady, writing from Paris to friends in her peculiar circle in London, tells them that she has been to see all the curious things about the French capital; and she especially extols the bridges, with their architectural and other adornments.

'I went yesterday afternoon,' she wrote, 'to see the statue of Lewis Quinzy, standing close to the end of one of the *ponts*, as they call their bridges here. I was told by a man there that Lewis Quinzy was buried there. Quinzy wasn't his real name, but he died of the quinzy sore throat, and just as they do things here, they called him after the complaint he died of. The statue is a more superior one to the one of Henry Carter (Henri Quatre,) which I also see with my daughter Lavinia. I wonder if he was a relation to the Carters of Portsmouth, because if he is, his posteriors have greatly degenerated in size and figure. He is a noble looking man, in stone.'

The same old ignoramus wrote letters from Italy, which were equally satirical upon the class of would-be 'travelled' persons, to whom she was assumed to belong.

Speaking of Rome, and certain of its wonderful and ancient structures, she says:—

'I've been all through the *Vatican*, where the Pope keeps his bulls. Every once in a while they say he lets out one, and they occasion the greatest excitement, being more obstinate, if anything, than Irish ones. I have been, too, to see the great church that was built by Saint Peter, and is called

after him. Folks was a-looking and talking about a *knave* that had got into it, but I didn't see no suspicious person. I heard a *tedium* sung while I was there, but it wasn't any great things, to my taste. I'd rather hear Lavinia play the 'Battle of Prag.' It was very long and tiresome.' Not a little unlike 'Mrs Ramsbottom,' is a foreign correspondent of the late Major Noah's paper, the 'Times and Messenger,' who writes under the *nom de plume* of 'A Disbanded Volunteer,' from Paris. He complains that the French language is very 'onhandy to articulate;' that the words won't 'fit his mouth at all,' and that he has to 'bite off the ends of 'em,' and even then they are crumbles.

'The grammar,' he says, 'is orful, specially the jender, and oncommon inconsistent. A pie is a *he*, and yet they call it *PATRY*, and a loaf is a *he*, too, but if you cut a slice off it, that's a *she*! The pen I'm a driving is a *she*, but the paper I'm a writing on is a *he*. A thief,' he goes on to say 'is masculine, but the halter that hangs him is feminine;' but he rather likes that, he adds, there being something consoling in being drawn up by a female noose. *F-e-m-m-e*, he contends, 'ought to spell *feumy*—but I'm blowed if they don't pronounce it *fam*.'

Like the English cockney travellers, he was pleased, with the public monuments, particularly one in the 'Plaster La Concord,' built by Louis Quinzy, so called, in consequence of the kind of stone used in its erection. The 'Basalisk of Looksir,' and the 'Jargon da Plant,' also greatly excited his admiration. No one who has ever studied French, but will be reminded by the 'Disbanded Volunteer's' experience of the difficulty encountered in mastering the classification of French genders.

From the London People's Journal.

'WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY.'

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

Work while the day is,
Wait not for to-morrow;
Life else a prey is
To dreaming and sorrow.

Doing and duty
Will gladden the hour,
Giving earth beauty
And joy for the dower.

Twelve hours are given;
Then faithfully use
The bounty which heaven
To none doth refuse.

The storms of life breasting
As swimmers the sea;
'Untiring, unresting,'
Thy motto should be.

No talent concealing
In darkness and dust;
God giveth no feeling
For mildew and rust.

No effort withholding,
A brother may bless;
'Tis heaven unfolding
Thus onward to press.

Free leisure is doing
The duties of life;
Working is wooing
Sweet peace from the strife.

Then work while the day is,
Wait for no morrow;
Life else a prey is
To dreaming and sorrow.

RELIGIOUS CHARITY.

Religious charity requires that we should not judge any sect of Christians by the representations of their enemies alone, without hearing and reading what they have to say in their own defence; it requires only, of course, to state such a rule to procure for it general admission. No man can pretend to say that such a rule is not founded upon the plainest principles of justice—upon those plain principles of justice which no one thinks of violating in the ordinary concerns of life; and yet I fear that rule is not always very strictly adhered to in religious animosities. Religious hatred is often founded on tradition, often on hearsay, often on the misrepresentation of notorious enemies; without inquiry, without the slightest examination of opposite reasons and authorities, or consideration of that which the accused party has to offer in defence or explanation. It is impossible, I admit, to examine everything; many have not talents, many have not leisure, for such pursuits; many must be contented with the faith in which they have been brought up, and must think it the best modification of the Christian faith, because they are told it is so. But this imperfect acquaintance with religious controversy, though not blameable when it proceeds from want of power and want of opportunity, can be no possible justification of violent and acrimonious opinions. I would say to the ignorant man, 'It is not your ignorance I blame; you have had no means, perhaps of acquiring knowledge: the circumstances of your life have not led to it—may have prevented it; but then I must tell you, if you have not had leisure to inquire, you have no right to accuse. If you are unacquainted with the opposite arguments, or, knowing, cannot balance them, it is not upon you the task devolves of exposing the errors and impugning the opinions of other sects.'—Rev. Sydney Smith.

New Works.

FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD, FROM MARATHON TO WATERLOO. By E. A. CREASY.

The most strenuous advocates of the principles of peace, while they deprecate the continuance of the terrific and melancholy system of war, bequeathed us by the savageism of the past, as a means of settling national difficulties or proving national power, must still acknowledge the important results that have been, and may yet be again—for the world grows better slowly—decided on the field of battle, and that a powerful interest is attached to those scenes of strife and carnage, where the victory or defeat of an armed force has advanced or retarded, for centuries, the onward march of a higher degree of freedom and civilization.

Mr Creasy has selected the particular battles, that in the history of the world, appear to him the turning points in the destiny of nations, and have most affected the fortunes of posterity. He has the rare power of generalising in description with fine artistic effect. The great points of interest are brought out in bold relief, unincumbered by voluminous subordinate details. The relative positions of the parties engaged, and a comprehensive view of the whole matter and course of action are clearly understood, without aid of further illustration than his written pictures afford.

The first four of these "signal deliverances" take place anterior to the christian era.

Marathon, where the superiority of the European over the indolent Asiatic was first established: then the defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse; where Athens reversed the positions that won our sympathies at Marathon, and, secure in her own independence, appears as the aggressor of the rights of others;—and where it is said, "had that great expedition proved victorious, the energies of Greece during the next eventful century would have found their field in the West no less than in the East; Greece and not Rome, might have conquered Carthage; Greek instead of Latin might have been at this day the principal element of the language of Spain, of France, and of Italy; and the laws of Athens, rather than that of Rome, might be the foundation of the law of the civilized world."

The third is the battle of Arabella, where the hero of Macedon, whom Napoleon cites as one of the seven generals "from the study of whose campaigns the principles of war are to be learned," not only overthrew an Oriental dynasty, but established European rule and rulers in its stead: "and broke the monotony of the Eastern world, by the impression of Western energy and superior civilization." And the battle of the Metaurus, of which Mr Creasy says; "Scipio at Zamo trampled in the dust the power of Carthage; but that power had been already irreparably shattered in another field, where neither Scipio nor Hannibal commanded. When the Metaurus witnessed the defeat and death of Hasdrubal, it witnessed the ruin of the scheme by which alone Carthage could hope to organise decisive success—the scheme of enveloping Rome at once from the north and south of Italy by two chosen armies, led by two sons of Hamilcar. That battle was the determining crisis of the contest, not merely between Rome and Carthage, but between the two great families of the world, which then made Italy the arena of their oft-renewed contests for pre-eminence."

The fifth is the victory of Arminius over the Roman legions under Varus, the importance of which is thus estimated: "had Arminius been supine or unsuccessful, our Germanic ancestors would have been enslaved or exterminated in their original seats along the Eyder and the Elbe. This island would never have borne the name of England, and we, this great English nation, whose race and language are now outrunning the earth, from one end of it to the other, would have been utterly cut off from existence."

The discomfiture of Attila at Chalons is the sixth; "There the Christian Visigoths of King Theodoric fought and triumphed at Chalons, side by side with the legions of Attila. Their joint victory over the Hunnish host not only rescued for a time from destruction the old age of Rome, but preserved for centuries the power and glory of the Germanic element in the civilization of modern Europe."

Then the battle of Tours, where Charles Martel won his mighty victory, and delivered the Christians of the West from the yoke of Islamism.

The eighth, the Conquest of William at Hastings; and even that the author agrees with M. Guizot, in the somewhat paradoxical view, that the Norman triumph over England's freedom secured her permanent liberty; believing the British Constitution needed the development of the united Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman mind for its foundation. The triumph of Joan of Arc at Orleans, 1429, where the extinction of the sovereignty of France was saved by an enthusiastic woman, and a superstitious soldiery, is the next illustration of the points of paramount importance in history.

Then the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, with the consequent rejoicing of Protestant Europe.

Then, in 1704, Malborough's triumph at Blenheim. "That" in the words of Alison, "resounded through every part of Europe, at once destroying the vast fabric of power which it had taken Louis XIV., aided by the talents of Turenne and the genius of Vauban, so long to construct."

Then, in 1709, the battle of Pultowa, "where fortune left the Royal Swede, and where an opposite result to the contest of that disastrous day, had whelmed, perhaps for ever, the great Muscovite power." We quote from this chapter the parallel drawn between Russia and Rome.

"Orators and authors, who have discussed the progress of Russia, have often alluded to the similitude between the modern extension of the Muscovite empire and the extension of the Roman dominions in ancient times. But attention has scarcely been drawn to the closeness of the parallel between conquering Russia and conquering Rome, not only in the extent of conquests, but in the means of effecting conquest. The history of Rome during the century and a half which followed the close of the second Punic war, and during which her largest acquisitions of territory were made, should be minutely compared with the history of Russia for the last one hundred and fifty years. The main points of similitude can only be indicated in these pages; but they deserve the fullest consideration. Above all, the sixth chapter of Montesquieu's great treatise on Rome, should be carefully studied by every one who watches the career and policy of Russia. The classic scholar will remember the statecraft of the Roman senate, which took place in every foreign war to appear in the character of a *Protektor*. Thus Rome protected the *Ætolians* and the Greek cities against Macedon; she protected Bithynia and other small Asiatic states against the Syrian kings; she protected Numidia against Carthage; and in numerous other instances assumed the same specious character. But woe to the people whose liberty depends on the continued forbearance of an over-mighty protector! Every state which Rome protected was ultimately subjugated and absorbed by her. And Russia has been the protector of Poland—the protector of the Crimea—the protector of Courland—the protector of Gorgia, Immeritia, and the Caucasian tribes, &c. She has first protected, and then appropriated them all. She protects Moldavia and Wallachia. A few years ago she became the protector of Turkey from Mehemet Ali; and since the summer of 1849, she has made herself the protector of Austria.

"When the partisans of Russia speak of the disinterestedness with which she withdrew her protecting troops from Constantinople and from Hungary, let us here also mark the ominous exactness of the parallel between her and Rome. While the ancient world yet contained a number of independent states, which might have made a formidable league against Rome, if she had alarmed them by openly avowing her ambitious schemes, Rome's favourite policy was seeming disinterestedness and moderation. After her first war against Philip, after that against Antiochus, and many others, victorious Rome promptly withdrew her troops from the territories which they occupied. She affected to employ her arms only for the good of others. But, when the favourable moment came, she always found a pretext for marching her legions back into the coveted district, and making it a Roman province. Fear, not moderation, is the only effective check on the ambition of such powers as ancient Rome and modern Russia. The amount of that fear depends on the amount of timely vigilance and energy which other states chose to employ against the common enemy of their freedom and national independence."

The 13th chapter has for its motto the following fine verses from Bishop Berkeley:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;

The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offering is its last.

The passage of history here commemorated affects us more nearly, for its subject is the victory of Burgoyne over the Americans at Saratoga. The spirit of impartiality and generosity that mark the preceding chapters, and that give the height of value to Mr Creasy's statements, are in this equally manifest. He says:

"The war which rent away the North American Colonies from England is, of all subjects in history the most painful for an Englishman to dwell on. It was commenced and carried on by the British Ministry in iniquity and folly, and it was concluded in disaster and shame. But the contemplation of it cannot be evaded by the historian, however much it may be abhorred. Nor can any military event be said to have exercised more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind than the complete defeat of Burgoyne's expedition in 1777; a defeat which rescued the revolted colonies from certain subjection, and which by inducing the courts of France and Spain to attack England in their behalf, insured the independence of the United States, and the formation of that transatlantic power which not only America but both Europe and Asia now see and feel."

The battle of Valmy, where the masses of the French first awoke to the consciousness of their giant strength and instinctive soldiership—that preluded the tide of triumphant success that led them to Vienna and the Kremlin and the renowned field of Waterloo, in 1815, with its terrible defeat closes the list.

A GREAT IDEA.—It surely is not impossible that to some infinitely superior being the whole universe may be as one plain, the distance between planet and planet being only as the pores in a grain of sand, and the spaces between system and system no greater than the interval between one grain and another.