

and avoiding as much as possible all intercourse with her neighbors, she seldom went out except for the purpose of buying provisions. Her income consisted of a small pension, which she received every six months.—In the street where she lived she was known by the name of 'The Old Nun,' and was regarded with considerable respect.

Marie Marianni usually lived in the room on the ground floor, where she spent her time in needlework; and her old servant Bridget occupied the upper room, which served as a kitchen, and employed herself in spinning.

Thus lived these two old women in a state of complete isolation. In winter, however, in order to avoid the expense of keeping up two fires, Marie Marianni used to call down her domestic, and cause her to place her wheel in the chimney corner, while she herself occupied a large old easy-chair at the opposite side. They would sometimes sit thus evening after evening without exchanging a single word.

One night, however, the mistress happened to be in a more communicative temper than usual, and addressing her servant, she said: 'Well, Bridget, have you heard from your son?'

'No, madame, although the Frankfort post has come in.'

'You see, Bridget, it is folly to reckon on the affection of one's children; you are not the only mother who has to complain of their ingratitude.'

'But, madame, my Joseph is not ungrateful: he loves me, and if he has not written now, I am certain it is only because he has nothing to say. One must not be too hard upon young people.'

'Not too hard, certainly; but we have a right to their submission and respect.'

'For my part, dear lady, I am satisfied with possessing, as I do, my son's affection.'

'I congratulate you, Bridget,' said her mistress, with a deep sigh. 'Alas, I am also a mother, and I ought to be a happy one.—Three sons, possessing rank, fortune, glory; yet here I am, forgotten by them, in poverty, and considered importunate if I appeal to them for help. You are happy, Bridget, in having an obedient son—mine are hard and thankless.'

'Poor, dear lady, my Joseph loves me so fondly!'

'You cut me to the heart Bridget; you little know what I have suffered. An unhappy mother, I have also been a wretched wife.—After having lived unhappily together during several years, my husband died, the victim of an assassin. And whom, think you, did they accuse of instigating his murder. Me! In the presence of my children—ay, at the instance of my eldest son—I was prosecuted for this crime.'

'But, doubtless, madame, you were acquitted?'

'Yes; and had I been a poor woman, without power, rank, or influence, my innocence would have been publicly declared. But having all these advantages, it suited my enemies' purpose to deprive me of them, so they banished me, and left me in the state in which I am.'

'Dear mistress!' said the old woman.

Marie Marianni hid her face in her handkerchief, and spoke no more during the remainder of the evening.

As the servant continued silently to turn her wheel, she revolved in her mind several circumstances connected with the 'Old Nun.' She had often surprised her reading parchments covered with seals of red wax, which, on Bridget's entrance, her mistress always hurriedly replaced in a small iron box.

One night Marie Marianni, while suffering from an attack of fever, cried out in a tone of unutterable horror: 'No, I will not see him! Take away yon red robe—that man of blood and murder!'

These things troubled the simple mind of poor Bridget, yet she dared not speak of them to her usually haughty and reserved mistress.

On the next evening, as they were sitting silently at work, a knock was heard at the door.

'Who can it be at this hour?' said Marie Marianni.

'I can not think,' replied her servant; 'tis now nine o'clock.'

'Another knock! Go, Bridget, and see who it is, but open the door with precaution.'

The servant took their solitary lamp in her hand, and went to the door. She presently returned, ushering into the room Father Francis, a priest who lived in the city. He was a man of about fifty years old, whose hollow cheeks, sharp features, and piercing eyes wore a sinister and far from hallowed expression.

'To what, father, am I indebted for this late visit?' asked the old lady.

'To important tidings,' replied the priest, 'which I am come to communicate.'

'Leave us, Bridget,' said her mistress. The servant took an old iron lamp, and went upstairs to her fireless chamber.

'What have you to tell me?' asked Marie Marianni of her visitor.

'I have had news from France.'

'Good news?'

'Some which may eventually prove so.'

'The stars, then, have not deceived me.'

'What, madam!' said the priest, in a reproving tone; 'do you attach any credit to this lying astrology? Believe me, it is a temptation of Satan which you ought to resist. Have you not enough of real misfortune without subjecting yourself to imaginary terrors?'

'If it be a weakness, father, it is one which I share in common with many great minds.'

Who can doubt the influence which the celestial bodies have on things terrestrial?'

'All vanity and error, daughter. How can an enlightened mind like yours persuade itself that events happen by aught save the will of God?'

'I will not now argue the point, father; tell me rather what are the news from France?'

'The nobles' discontent at the prime minister has reached its height. Henri d'Effiat, grand-ecuyer of France, and the king's favorite, has joined them, and drawn into the plot the Duke de Bouillon, and Monsier, his Majesty's brother. A treaty, which is upon the point of being secretly concluded with the king of Spain, has for its object peace, on condition of the cardinal's removal.'

'Thank God!'

'However, madame, let us not be too confident; continue to act with prudence, and assume the appearance of perfect resignation. Frequent the church in which I minister, place yourself near the lower corner of the right-hand aisle, and I will forewarn you of my next visit.'

'I will do so, father.'

Resuming his large cloak, the priest departed, Bridget being summoned by her mistress to open the door.

From that time, during several months, the old lady repaired regularly each day to the church; she often saw Father Francis, but he never spoke, or gave her the desired signal. The unaccustomed daily exercise of walking to and from the church, together with the 'sickness of hope deferred,' began to tell unfavorably on her health; she became subject to attacks of intermitting fever, and her large, bright eyes seemed each day to grow larger and brighter. One morning, in passing down the aisle, Father Francis for a moment bent his head toward her, and whispered, 'All is lost!'

With a powerful effort Marie Marianni subdued all outward signs of the terrible emotion which these words caused her, and returned to her cheerless dwelling. In the evening Father Francis came to her. When they were alone, she asked, 'Father, what has happened?'

'Monsieur de Cinq Mars is arrested.'

'And the Duke de Bouillon?'

'Fled.'

'The treaty with the king of Spain?'

'At the moment it was signed at Madrid, the cunning cardinal received a copy of it.'

'By whom was the plot discovered?'

'By a secret agent, who had wormed himself into it.'

'My enemies then, still triumph?'

'Richelieu is more powerful, and the king more subject to him than ever.'

That same night the poor old woman was seized with a burning fever. In her delirium the phantom-man in red still pursued her, and her ravings were terrible to hear. Bridget, seated at her bed-side, prayed for her; and at the end of a month she began slowly to recover. Borne down, however, by years, poverty, and misfortune, Marie Marianni, felt that her end was approaching. Despite Father Francis's dissuasion, she again had recourse to the astrological tablets, on which were drawn, in black and red figures, the various houses of the sun, and of the star which presided over her nativity. On this occasion their omens were unfavorable; and rejecting all spiritual consolation—miserable in the present, and hopeless for the future—Marie Marianni expired in the beginning of July, 1642.

As soon as her death was known a magistrate of Cologne came to her house, in order to make an official entry of the names of the defunct and her heirs. Bridget could not tell either, she merely knew that her late mistress was a stranger.

Father Francis arrived. 'I can tell you the names of her heirs,' he said. 'Write—the King of France; Monsier the Duke of Orleans; Henrietta of France, queen of England.'

'And what,' asked the astounded magistrate, 'was the name of the deceased?'

'The High and Mighty Princess Marie de Medicis, widow of Henri IV., and mother of the reigning king.'

#### NAMES.

There are being born into this great city a vast number of young people—enough babies indeed, every day, to make a great noise in the world sometime, if every one should turn out to be a Demosthenes or Cicero, an Alexander, a Caesar, or a Napoleon. But though every day may think her own the prettiest child alive, it seems to us not altogether agreeable to good taste for her to anticipate the judgment of the future in naming it after that celebrity the he or she is destined to rival or eclipse. In seriousness, the habit which prevails so generally of bestowing illustrious names in baptism, is ridiculous and disgraceful, and is continually productive of misfortunes to the victims, if they happen to be possessed of parts to elevate them from a vulgar condition. In the south they manage these things better; the Casars, Hannibals, Napoleons, Le Grands, Rexes, &c., are all to be found in the negro yards; but almost every public occasion in the north, affords an instance by which a "man of the people," bearing his name called in an assembly, or seeing it printed in a journal, is compelled to feel shame for the weakness of his parents, by which he is burthened with a name that belittles the greatest actions of which he is capable.—*International Magazine.*

#### HOME.

I have travelled some little in my day, and

I never yet saw the place over-seas where I could say, here will I live and die. My steps have been arrested by beautiful spots—by savage spots—by great and luxurious Cities; a week, a month, I could spend in many—a year in some, and spend it happily; but not life—not all my days. This may be prejudice but it is the only prejudice I have no wish to part with. I know of no pleasure that I will compare with going abroad except one—returning home. I pity English colonists wherever I find them, whether at Tours, at Pau, or Lausanne, or Brussels, or Nice, or Florence. They all talk of delightful climates, and delicious wines, and cheap living, and excellent society; and yet, I believe, there may be but two or one amongst them all, who, if they dare to appear boor, would not turn their back upon the climate, and wines, and society of foreign lands, and seek the shores of England. Travelling is a charming recreation, but, after all, England—to an Englishman—is the only country to live in.—*Tour through Switzerland.*

From the American Whig Review.

#### MASS FOR THE HUNGARIANS.

ALONE in the darkness I chanted their mass,  
The mass that a poet should roll

For the brave who have fallen in Liberty's  
pass,

Through the shadowy aisles of his soul,  
The shades of old heroes were kneeling

around;  
Tell, Washington, Emmet were there;

Their brows were with Liberty's aureoles  
bound,

And their broad, spectral banners waved out  
without sound

On the funeral breath of the air.

Alone in the darkness I chanted their mass:  
But shall that be the only one said?

Is it thus they shall slumber in Liberty's  
pass?

No! a grander mass still for the dead!  
Then again will the shades of those heroes

appear:  
Not soundless their banners shall wave;

But, like thunder storms bursting on Tyranny's  
bier,

They shall blaze while the Austrian is  
trembling with fear,

And Kossuth avenges the brave.

The tapers that light up that terrible mass  
Shall the faggots of battle flames be;

Its organ, the cannon in Liberty's pass,  
Roaring down from the ranks of the free;

The priests are fair Liberty's soldiers, who  
stand

On their soil which they swear to redeem:  
Oh, never was mass for a mortal so grand

As that to be rolled over Hungary's land  
By the blood-dripping bayonet's gleam.

Then rest, heroes! rest with the heroes of  
old!

We trample in scorn on the lie,  
That for Faction your glorious banners un-

rolled:  
For freedom alone did ye die!

Yes, rest, heroes, rest! Every zephyr that  
sweeps

O'er the battle field murmurs your fame:  
Oh, yet shall your monuments soar on the  
steeps

Of your own beloved Hungary, saved from  
the deeps

Where tyrant's would bury her name.

#### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS.

The following beautiful extracts, says the Western Recorder, we copy from an Agricultural Address, recently delivered before the Lewis County (N. Y.) Agricultural Society; by Caleb Lyon the poet.

'Permit me' said the speaker, 'to call your attention to a subject intimately connected with the comfort of your own home. I would ask in what manner an acre of ground in the common course of cultivation, can so well be employed as in a garden, or who deserves to have life's path strewed with fruits and flowers more than the farmer? All our vegetables were originally acclimated here, and Homer who composed his great poem the Iliad, five hundred years before Cadmus brought letters into Greece, making Laertes describe, in glowing colors, the bright associations that are clustered about this truest cradle of agriculture. Here it was that Plato discussed, Eve sinned, Jesus prayed.

The Chinese have floating gardens, the Persians hanging gardens, the Arabian fountain gardens, but ours are Household Gardens—and often life's happiest moments may be in the memory of the flower plucked from thence to adorn a bridal, or to grace a bier.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Adam was a farmer while yet in paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Job, the honest, upright and patient, was a farmer, and his stern education has passed into a proverb. Socrates was a farmer, and he wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy. St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox for the use of man.—Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all. Burns was a farmer, and the muse found him at his plow and filled his soul with poetry. Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and present to the world its sublimest spectacle of human greatness. To these names may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth. The enthusiastic Lafayette! the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, the fiery Randolph—all found an Eldora-

do of consolation from life's cares and troubles in the green fields and verdant lawns that surrounded their homestead.'

#### SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

Stories of the sagacity of elephants are endless; here are two which imply complicated processes of thought:

'Another elephant that was exhibited in London was made to go through a variety of tricks, and among them that of picking up a sixpence with its trunk; but on one occasion the coin rolled near a wall beyond its reach. As the animal was still ordered to get it, it paused for a moment as if for consideration, and then stretching forth its trunk to its greatest extent, blew with such force on the money that it was driven against the wall, and was brought within reach by the recoil. An officer in the Bengal army had a very fine and favorite elephant, which was supplied daily in his presence with a certain allowance of food, but being compelled to absent himself on a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration of food, and the animal became daily thinner and weaker.—When its master returned, the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure; the feeding time came, and the keeper laid before it the former full allowance of food, which it divided into two parts, consuming one immediately, and leaving the other untouched. The officer, knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been practised, and made the man confess his crime.'

#### THE FOLLY OF FRETTING.

Two gardeners, who were neighbours, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate! Do you know, neighbour, I have done nothing but fret ever since. But, bless me, you seem to have a fine crop coming up—what sort are they?" "Why, these are those I sowed immediately after my loss." "What, coming up already?" "Yes," replied the other; "While you were fretting, I was working."

#### WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

A delegation of those disgusting creatures of the feminine or neuter gender, who hold conventions for the discussion of "Women's Rights" obtruded into the presence of the wife of Kossuth, just before the Hungarian left England, with an address, which, in addition to expressions of sympathy, contained an intimation that a statement of opinions was desired respecting their efforts to achieve the "freedom of their sex." The lady replied that she thanked them for their attentions, and that, with respect to their views on the emancipation of woman, she had in earlier years confined herself to the circle of her domestic duties, and had never been tempted to look beyond it; that latterly the overwhelming course of events had left her, as might be well supposed, still less leisure for any speculations of this kind; it would, moreover (such was the conclusion of her little speech), be forgiven in her, the wife of Kossuth—a man whom the general voice, not more than her own heart, pronounced distinguished—if she submitted herself entirely to his guidance and never thought of emancipation! Probably this admirable answer has saved her the annoyance of receiving any such visitors in this country.—*International Magazine.*

#### PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

When looking back on the history of nations, we see them gradually rising from poverty to affluence; with wealth comes effeminacy, then corruption, then ruin.

History is said to be an index of the future, as well as a record of the past: tho' opposed to the common notion, I venture to say this is untrue; and in this point lies the grand distinction between ancient and modern civilization, for which we are indebted to the influence of christianity. In all old communities, as wealth and numbers increase, there is at the same time formed a fearful mass of poverty in the lower strata of society, Pent up in dark alleys, good and bad together; misery breeds sin, which reproduces itself in wretchedness, and rags, and dirt: into this Augean stable are plunged the crime, recklessness, and ruined debauchery of the classe, above, the dry rot gradually creeps upwards till the whole mass is rotten, and is bawn down and cast into the fire.

Gibbon, in summing up the chances of old communities being swallowed up by barbarians, as Rome was, lays most stress on the improvements in the mechanical arts of defence, and on the fact that barbarians have first ceased to be so, before they could cope with the arms and arts of wealthy nations. But we have a safer defence than these: we have reached that stage of our existence when enormous wealth stands side by side with gaunt poverty and misery in its most revolting forms—so appalling, that thinking men stand aghast at the spectacle. But, as I said before, thanks to christianity, the very horror of the spectacle has opened men's eyes to the danger of its continuance—the truth has forced itself on all minds, and begins to operate for good. This is the master topic of the present day and will be so for many a year: we see at last that evil must be grappled with, or it will destroy us also; that we must drag this mass of ignorance, poverty and vice up, or it will drag us down, so we have 'sanitary reports,' 'labor and the poor' questions, 'theories of education': the overpowering feeling begins to show its effects on our buildings: we have baths and wash-houses for the million, ragged schools, soup kitchens, model lodging houses, and model