

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

His corpse was embalmed and sent to Greenwich, where it lay in state for some days. On the 4th September 1657, the Thames bore a solemn funeral procession, which moved slowly amid salvos of artillery, to Westminster, where a new vault had been prepared in the noble abbey. The tears of a nation made it hallowed ground. A prince, of whom the epigram declares, that if he never said a foolish thing he never did a wise one—saw fit to disturb the hero's grave, drag out the embalmed body, and cast it into a pit in the abbey yard. One of Charles Stuart's most witless performances! For Blake is not to be confounded—though the merry monarch thought otherwise—with the Iretons and Bradshaws who were similarly exhumed. The admiral was a moderate in the closet, a patriot in the widest sense.

In the chivalric disposition of the man, there was true affinity to the best qualities of the Cavalier, mingled sometimes with a certain grim humour, all his own. Many are the illustrations we might adduce of this high minded and generous temperament. For instance, meeting a French frigate of forty guns in the Straits, and signalling for the Captain to come on board his flag ship, the latter considering the visit one of friendship and ceremony, there being no declared war between the two nations—though the French conduct at Toulon, had determined England on measures of retaliation—readily complied with Blake's summons; but was astounded on entering the admiral's cabin, at being told he was a prisoner, and requested to give up his sword. No, was the surprised but resolute Frenchman's reply. Blake felt that an advantage had been gained by a misconception, and scorning to make a brave officer its victim, he told his guest that he might go back to his ship, if he wished, and fight it out as long as he was able. The Captain we are told, thanked him for his handsome offer, and retired. After two hours' hard fighting, he struck his flag; like a true French knight, he made a low bow, kissed his sword affectionately, and delivered it to his conqueror. Again, when Blake captured the Dutch herring fleet off Bochness, consisting of 500 boats, instead of destroying or appropriating them, he merely took a tithe of the whole freight, in merciful consideration towards the poor families whose entire capital and means of life it constituted. This characteristic act of clemency, was censured by many as Quixotic, and worse. But, as Mr Dixon happily says: 'Blake took no trouble to justify his noble instincts against such critics. His was indeed a happy fate: the only fault ever advanced by friend or foe against his public life, was an excess of generosity towards his vanquished enemies! His sense of the comic is amusingly evidenced by the story of his *ruse* during a death in the siege. Tradition reports, that only one animal, a hog, was left alive in the town, and that more than half starved. In the afternoon, Blake feeling that in their depression a laugh would do the defenders as much good as a dinner, had the hog carried to all the posts and whipped, so that its screams, heard in many places, might make the enemy suppose that fresh supplies had somehow been obtained. According to his biographer, never man had finer sense of sarcasm, or used that weapon with greater effect—loving to find expression for its scorn and merriment in the satires of Horace and Juvenal; and thus in some degree relieving the stern fervour of Puritan piety with the more easy graces of ancient scholarship.

The moral aspects of his character appear in this memoir in an admirable light. If he did not stand so high as some others in public notoriety, it was mainly because, to stand higher than he did, he must plant his feet on a bad eminence. His patriotism was as pure as Cromwell's was selfish. Mr Dixon alludes to the strong points of contrast, as well as of resemblance between the two men. Both, he says, was sincerely religious, undauntedly brave, fertile in expedients, irresistible in action. Born in the same year, they began and almost closed their lives at the same time. Both were country gentlemen of moderate fortune; both were of middle age when the revolution began. Without previous knowledge or professional training, both attained to the highest honors of the respective services. But there the parallel ends. Anxious only for the glory and interest of his country, Blake took little or no care of his personal aggrandisement. His contempt for money, his impatience with the mere vanities of power, were supreme. Bribery he abhorred in all its shapes. He was frank and open to a fault: his heart was ever in his hand, and his mind ever on his lips. His honesty, modesty, generosity, sincerity, and magnanimity, were unimpeached. Cromwell's inferior moral qualities made him distrust the great seaman; yet now and then, as in the case of the street tumult at Malaga, he was fain to express his admiration of Robert Blake. The latter was wholly unversed in the science of nepotism, and happy family compacts; for although desirous of aiding his relatives, he was jealous of the least offence on their part, and never overlooked it. Several instances of this disposition are on record. When his brother Samuel, in rash zeal for the Commonwealth, ventured to exceed his duty, and was killed in a fray which ensued, Blake was terribly shocked, but only said: 'Sam had no business there.' Afterwards, however, he shut himself up in his room, and bewailed his loss in the words of Scripture: 'Died Abner as a fool dieth!' His brother Benjamin again, to whom he was strongly attached, falling under suspicion of neglect of duty,

was instantly broken and sent on shore. This rigid measure of justice against his own flesh and blood, silenced every complaint, and the service gained immeasurably in spirit, discipline, and confidence. Yet more touching was the great admiral's inexorable treatment of his favourite brother Humphrey, who, in a moment of extreme agitation, had failed in his duty. The Captains went to Blake in a body, and argued that Humphrey's fault was a neglect rather than a breach of orders, and suggested his being sent away to England till it was forgotten. But Blake was outwardly unmoved, though inwardly his bowels did yearn over his brother, and sternly said: 'If none of you will accuse him, I must be his accuser.' Humphrey was dismissed from the service. It is affecting to know how painfully Blake missed his familiar presence during his sick and lonely passage homewards, when the hand of death was upon that noble heart. To Humphrey he bequeathed the greater part of his property.

In the rare intervals of private life which he enjoyed on shore, Blake also compels our sincere regard. When released for a while from political and professional duties, he loved to run down to Bridgewater for a few days or weeks, and, as his biographer says, with his chosen books, and one or two devout and abstemious friends, to indulge in all the luxuries of seclusion. He was by nature self absorbed and taciturn. His morning was usually occupied with a long walk, during which he appeared to his simple neighbours to be lost in profound thought, as if working out in his own mind the details of one of his great battles, or busy with some abstruse point of Puritan theology. If accompanied by one of his brothers, or by some other intimate friend, he was still for the most part silent. Always good humoured, and enjoying sarcasm when of a grave, high class, he yet never talked from the loquacious instinct, or encouraged others so to employ their time and talents in his presence. Even his lively and rattling brother Humphrey, his almost constant companion when on shore, caught from long habit, the great man's contemplative and self communing gait and manner; and when his friends rallied him on the subject in after years, he used to say, that he had caught the trick of silence while walking by the admiral's side in his long morning musings on Knoll Hill. A plain dinner satisfied his wants. Religious conversation, reading, and the details of business, generally filled up the evening until supper time; after family prayers—always pronounced by the general himself—he would invariably call for his cup of sack and a dry crust of bread, and while he drank two or three horns of Canary, would smile and chat in his own dry manner with his friends and domestics, asking minute questions about their neighbours and acquaintance; or when scholars or clergymen shared his simple repast, affecting a droll anxiety—rich and pleasant in the conqueror of Tromp—to prove, by the aptness and abundance of his quotations, that, in becoming an admiral, he had not forfeited his claim to be considered a good classic.

The care and interest with which he looked to the well being of his humblest followers, made him eminently popular in the fleet. He was always ready to hear complaints and to rectify grievances. When wounded at the battle of Portland, and exhorted to go on shore for repose and medical treatment, he refused to seek for himself the relief which he had put in the way of his meanest comrade. Even at the early period of his cruise against the Cavalier corsairs of Kinsale, such was Blake's popularity, that numbers of men were continually joining him from the enemy's fleet, although he offered them less pay, and none of that licence which they had enjoyed under Prince Rupert's flag. They gloried in following a leader *sans peur et sans reproche*—one with whose renown the whole country speedily rang—the renown of a man who had revived the traditional glories of the English navy, and proved that its meteor flag could 'yet terrific burn.'

From Godey's Philadelphia Lady's Magazine.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

MAN is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there that her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointments of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospect of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can 'fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.'

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and, if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation?

Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away in the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent.—Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cover and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—'dry sorrow drinks her blood,' until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to 'darkness and the worm.' You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

From Godey's Philadelphia Lady's Magazine

SINGLE SOLITUDE.

ALONE she sits in the old homestead,
And dim her faded eye;
Her once brown hair is white with years—
Two score and a half have gone by.
In those hollow rooms no sound but the tick
Of the old house clock, that rings
A solemn knell to departed hours,
Born off on the night's dark wings.

From the lightest step an echo falls
Like the earth clod in a grave—
On all things lies a sullen gloom,
Deep as a funeral wave.
Still there she sits, and muses long,
And thongs memories come
From the long waste of desert years,
To people that old home.

The father in his old arm chair
The mother's voice again,
In the lone heart, is breathing low
As music's lingering strain:
The happiness of childish hours,
The light and joy it brings,
Come crowding back upon the heart,
Like the rush of waving wings.

And kindred spirits hover near,
As in the fairest youth,
But vanish soon; each lovely form
Is changed to cold, cold truth.
The buds and blossoms of the heart,
Affection's dewy flowers,
Will fade and sadly perish too,
For want of care of ours.

When gone forever, no fond eye
E'er glances to our own:
While desolate, we live unblest,
Unloved, and e'er alone!
Oh! to be thus when all has fled,
And love and joy are gone—
How poor were earth, if on it doomed
To live and die alone!

From the Westminster Review.

WATER.

SOME four fifths of the weight of the human body are nothing but water. The blood is just a solution of the body in a vast excess of water—as saliva, mucus, milk, gall, urine, sweat, and tears are the local and partial infusions effected by that liquid. All the soft solid parts of the frame may be considered as ever temporary precipitates or crystallisations (to use the word but loosely) from the blood that mother liquor of the whole body; always being precipitated or suffered to become solid, and always being redissolved the forms remaining, but the matter never the same for more than a moment, so that the flesh is only a vanishing solid, as fluent as the blood itself. It has also to be observed that every part of the body, melting again into the river of life continually as it does, is also kept perpetually drenched in blood by means of the blood-vessels, and more than nine-tenths of that wonderful current is pure water. Water plays as great a part, indeed, in that little world, the body of man, as it still more evidently does in the phenomenal life of the world at large. Three fourths of the surface of the earth is ocean; the dry ground is dotted with lakes, its mountain crests are covered with snow and ice, its surface is irrigated by rivers and streams, its edges are eaten by the sea; and aqueous va-

por is unceasingly ascending from the ocean and inland surfaces through the yielding air, only to descend in portions and at intervals in dew and rains, hails and snows. Water is not only the basis of the juices of all the plants and animals in the world; it is the very blood of nature, as is well known to all the terrestrial sciences; and old Thales, the earliest of the European speculators, pronounced it the mother liquid of the universe.

From Harper's Magazine.

SCRAPS.

THERE is a good story of Moolraj, the native East-Indian general. His followers stole from the English a lot of hermetically sealed provisions in tin cases, and not having seen any thing of the kind before, he mistook them for canister shot, and fired nothing from his guns for three days, but fresh lobsters, pickled salmon, and other delicacies, supplying the English camp with a shower of the freshest English provisions.

This incident reminds us of an old Dutch admiral, who, in the progress of a prolonged and sanguinary naval engagement, all at once found, to his great consternation, that his store of cannon balls had given out. All at once, however, he bethought himself of a substitute for the death dealing iron. On board the ship, among its stores, were some thousand or more of those round Dutch cheeses, just about the size of a cannon ball. They were very old and as hard as brick-bats. There was an amusing dialogue on board the vessel engaged by the Dutch admiral:

'What in the name of Mars is he firing now?' exclaimed the opposing commander. No sooner had the words passed his lips, than another of those novel balls hit the main mast, split in two parts, one of which killed a sailor standing near, and the other seriously injured a second.

Taking up a piece of the new war like missile, the commander answered his own question with:

'As I'm a living man,' said he, 'he is firing Dutch cheeses!' And then, and there was much merriment at so odd a weapon of war. But the commander afterward laughed at the other side of his mouth; for he was absolutely compelled to strike his flag amidst a cloud of cheese-balls!

From the London Working Man's Friend.

CHARADE.

GEWED with the dews of night,
When all the stars of heaven had shed
Their sweetest influence on its head,
Waiting its incense to the early light,
I pluck'd my First from its ambrosial bed.

It graced her bridal brow,
Whom eighteen happy years before
A sweet and smiling child I bore,
To plight at holy font a christian's vow,
And gain my Second, the meek name she wore.

Alas! for youth's vicissitude!
Ere she had pass'd her bridal year,
She died—and on her youthful bier,
Amidst funeral herbs my Whole was strew-
ed.
Mingled with flowers and wet with many a
tear.

PUZZLES.

What two numbers are those whose product is equal to the difference of their squares, and the sum of their squares equal to the difference of their cubes.

When and by whom was England divided into parishes? and when arose the practice of hanging churches and dwelling houses with holly and evergreens at Christmas?

What causes the snow to appear white? What were crowns originally, and who may be said to have worn the first golden one?

Divide the number 13 into three parts, so that their squares may have equal differences, and the sum of their squares may be 75.

The distance between the centres of two wheels, (to turn each other) is 10 inches, and the number of teeth in one wheel is 40, and the other 30. It is required to find their diameters.

I am a verb. Head me with C and I am to struggle; with an H and I am the sunshine of life; with an M and I appear full of gloom; with an R and I am indispensable to seamen and builders; begin me with a T and end me with an R and I represent a character by which no man would care to be known.

Three persons are disputing about their money. Says A to B and C—'If eleven sovereigns were added to my money, I should have as much as you both.' Then replied B, 'If eleven sovereigns were added to my money, I should have twice as much as you both?' And then said C, 'If eleven sovereigns were added to my stock, I should have three times as much as you both.'—How much had each?

A poor old apple woman bought a certain number of apples at four a penny, and the same number at three a penny. She sold them all out at the rate of seven for twopence and to her great surprise she found that she had lost sixpence. How many apples of each kind did she purchase?

Two persons have incomes of the like sums; A saves 1-5th of his; B spends £80 per annum more than his friend, and finds himself at the end of four years £220 in debt. Required the income and expenditure of each.

How many kings have been crowned in England since the conquest,