

and happy, but as he felt that he owed some reparation to the father he enclosed him a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds.

"Bless me; what a generous noble gentleman," exclaimed the pawnbroker. "She must have been a cunning gipsy—what a fortunate man farmer Merriwood was."

Now he trembled as he held out the thin piece of paper, his lips moving evidently with curses on them, but no sound being heard. Cousin Janet, he said at last, "come with me upstairs; you shall witness what I do! We went up and to my surprise he went into what had been Caroline's bedroom. 'This is a thousand pound note,' he said, which that ruffian thinks would reconcile me to shame. I won't touch it, and I won't let him have it back—to employ it perhaps in tempting some one else. At the girl he took away from me is ever in want, you will know where to find money for her support. It shall lie beside all the other things that remind me of her behaviour. No one shall touch it till I die! And so saying he pulled out the secret drawer at the top, and laid the note lengthways on its back, and shut it up with a bang, and gave me the silver pin that touches the spring. From that hour no one has ever opened it, and there it lies, with the printed face upwards, a bank note for a thousand pounds."

And I sold it for thirty shillings! shrieked Mr Benson, to a miserable old woman—a ruined man. I've lost a thousand pounds. The young man was too much for me. I hated him from the first—but vengeance will pursue him for his iniquity. Amen?

And why was the sale so hurried? continued cousin Janet. I left Cecil Green six years since, but I have kept the spring opener carefully—carefully. I heard he was ill—he wrote to me that he did not expect to live long, and that all was as he had left it in the drawer. I couldn't get up from Yorkshire for some days. In the meantime he died, and was buried, and the furniture sold, and the money lost. Go, give what sum you like, but get me back that wardrobe, and we shall divide the money.

Equally! exclaimed Mr Benson, starting up; where is that silver pin? Give it me—it is not too late to make the attempt tonight.

Oh yes, it is, though, said the woman. I'll keep the key. What you have to do is to recover the wardrobe; or if you will tell me the purchaser's address—

No, no—I'll keep that to myself, replied the pawnbroker with a cunning look. We'll open it in presence of each other.

I will be here at nine to-morrow morning, said Cousin Janet. We understand the arrangements—it's getting on for one o'clock—good night. So saying she slipped along the gangway, and got once more into the carriage. What a fool to think a drawer can't be opened with a hatchet in the absence of a silver pin, said Benson. Amen, Good night.

The rain continued all the night through. Mr Benson heard it as he lay awake flooding on roof and garret window. As soon as the dawn began to force its way through the watery air, he sprang up and put on his clothes. Rapidly he pursued his way to number two, Abbeyfield Lane, and standing before the door felt his pockets that the rouleaux of golden sovereigns were safe—for he fancied the sight of the yellow metal would have more effect than a mere promise to pay, or even a roll of notes. They were all right—three of a hundred pounds each. He knocked. Is Mr Truman down stairs yet? he asked through the key-hole. There was no answer, but in a short time he heard the rap of a small hammer. He knocked louder—and the rat, tat, tat of the hammer ceased. The door was opened. The person who opened it was Mrs Truman's nephew.

Hallo, he said, who expected to see you at such an early hour?

Business, my dear sir. I find I made a little mistake last night. I sent your dear aunt the wrong article. I hope the old lady is well.

Yes, she's very well, said the nephew, a little tired with sitting up so late, but delighted with the wardrobe, I assure you. I was just trying to fit the drawers a little closer. The top one seems loose.

I find the want of it destroys the set, said Mr Benson; would you do me the favor to give it back to me? I will replace it with the best article in my shop.

By no means, replied the youth. I haven't had time to rummage it over, yet. I told you fortunes were sometimes found in old family furniture.

There was a long pause; Mr Benson was forming his calculations. He recommenced the conversation in a whisper, urged his plea with all the eloquence in his power; and, finally, was again seen proceeding through the falling rain with a richly endowed wardrobe on his back. Harriedly trotting up the High Street he dashed into his shop, set his burden on the ground, tore the top drawer out upon the floor, and saw a small piece of paper pasted on the back. Was it the thousand pound note? He rubbed his eyes, he looked closer and he read the three following words:—Quits George Evans.

Not a bad stock in trade, said the same young gentleman whom we encountered at the beginning of this story, Aunt Truman and cousin Janet all at once, as he (for George Evans, the young actor, had played all three parts) replaced certain articles of female apparel in his trunk in the little bedroom of the Pigeon's Arms. There goes in my aunt's little black mantle there goes in cousin Janet's crumpled bonnet. When I have paid for the hire of the cottage in Abbeyfield

Lane, and the carriage, and the wardrobe, and sixpence to old Benson for bringing it down, I think it will leave that old ruffian's conscience clear, for he will exactly have paid me the two hundred and thirty pounds he borrowed from my father with interest for nine years.

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.

WHERE ARE YE NOW?

Dim shadows of the happy past,
I sadly miss you now;
Visions and dreams that faded fast,
Hopes bright, but ah! to fair too last,
Where are ye now?

Scenes, whose remembrance swells my breast,
And clouds my furrow'd brow,
Coming, in sorrow's garments dress'd,
To rob the weary heart of rest,
Where are ye now?

Dark eyes, before whose melting gaze,
My heart would yielding bow,
Whose glance spoke more than human praise,
When love approving lent its rays,
Where are ye now?

Soft hands, which oft I've clasp'd in mine,
When love's low whisper'd vow,
Told me round mine own heart would twine,
As round the fair woodbine,
Where are ye now?

Dear voices, whose bewitching tone
Chain'd ear and heart; ah how
Has your once tuneful music grown
So silent? Whither has it flown?
Where are ye now?

And thou, more loved than all the rest
Of the beloved, thou
The brightest, gayest, loveliest, best,
That reign'd within this wither'd breast,
Where art thou now?

Gone, where no more wife's weary task
Can mark the throbbing brow;
Gone, where joy wears no heavy mask;
Gone, where love reigns. I need not ask,
Where art thou now?

Scenes, hopes, friends, loves, of early years—
I miss you sadly now—
Why have ye fled? and why appears
This cold dull cloud of sorrow's tears?
Where are ye now?

R. H. S.

From Godey's Philadelphia Lady's Magazine.

DRESS, AS A FINE ART.

We have seen that Jenny Lind could introduce a new fashion of wearing the hair, and a new form of hat or bonnet, and Madame Sontag a cap which bears her name. But it would be against all precedent to admit and follow a fashion, let its merits be ever so great, that emanated from the stronghold of democracy. We are content to adopt the greatest absurdities in dress when they are brought from Paris, or recommended by a French name.

The eccentricities of fashion are so great that they would appear incredible if we had not ocular evidence of their prevalence in the portraits which still exist. At one period we read of horned headdresses, which were so large and high that it is said the doors of the palace at Vincennes were obliged to be altered to admit Isabel of Bavaria (queen of Charles V. of France) and the ladies of her suite. In the reign of Edward IV., the ladies' caps were three quarters of an ell in height, and were covered by pieces of lawn hanging down to the ground, or stretched over a frame till they resembled the wings of a butterfly. At another time, the ladies' heads were covered with gold nets like those worn at the present day. Then, again, the hair stiffened with powder and pomatum, and surmounted by flowers, feathers, and ribbons, was raised on the top of the head like a tower. Such headdresses were emphatically called "Tetes." But, to go back no further than the beginning of the present century, what changes have we to record! The first fashion we remember was that of scanty clothing, when slender figures were so much admired that many, to whom nature had denied this qualification, left off the under garments necessary to warmth, and fell victims to the colds and consumptions induced by their adoption of this senseless practice. To these succeeded waists so short, that the girdles were placed almost under the arms, and as the dresses were worn at that time indecently low in the neck, the body of the dress was almost a myth.

About the same time the sleeves were so short, and the skirts so curtailed in length, that there was reason to fear that the whole of the drapery might also become a myth; a partial reaction then took place, and the skirts were lengthened without increasing the width of the dresses, the consequence of which was felt in the country, if not in the towns. Then we see those who had to cross a ditch or a style! One of two things was inevitable: either the unfortunate lady was thrown to the ground—and in this case it was no easy matter to rise again—or her dress split up. The result depended entirely upon the strength of the materials of which the dress was composed. The text variation, the gigot sleeves, namely, were a positive deformity, inasmuch as they gave an unnatural width to the shoulders, a defect which was further increased by the large collars which fell over them, thus violating one of the first

principles of beauty in the female form, which demands that this part of the body should be narrow—breadth of shoulder being one of the distinguishing characteristics of the stronger sex. We remember to have seen an engraving from a portrait by Lawrence, of the late Lady Blessington, in which the breadth of the shoulders appeared to be at least three-quarters of a yard. When a person of low stature, wearing sleeves of this description, was covered with one of the long cloaks which were made wide at the shoulders to admit the sleeves, and to which was appended a deep and very full cape, the effect was ridiculous, and the outline of the whole mass resembles that of a haystack with a head on the top. One absurdity generally leads to another; to balance the wide shoulders, the bonnets and caps were made of enormous dimensions, and were decorated with a profusion of ribbons and flowers. So absurd was the whole combination that, when we meet with a portrait of this period, we can only look on it in the light of a caricature, and wonder that such should ever have been so universal as to be adopted at last by all who wished to avoid singularity. The transition from the broad shoulders and gigot sleeves to the tight sleeves and graceful black scarf was quite refreshing to a tasteful eye. These were a few of the freaks of fashion during the last half century. Had they been quite harmless, we might have considered them as merely ridiculous, but some of them were positively indecent, and others detrimental to health. We grieve especially for the former charge; it is an anomaly for which, considering the modest habits of our countrywomen, we find it difficult to account.

It is singular that the practice of wearing dresses cut low round the bust should be limited to what is called a full dress, and to the higher and, except in this instance, the more refined classes. Is it to display a beautiful neck and shoulders? No; for in this case it would be confined to those who had beautiful necks and shoulders to display. Is it to obtain the admiration of the other sex? That cannot be; for we believe that men look upon this exposure with unmitigated distaste, and that they are inclined to doubt the modesty of those young ladies who make so profuse a display of their charms. But, if objectionable in the young, whose youth and beauty might possibly be deemed some extenuation, it is disgusting in those whose bloom is past, whether their forms are developed with a ripe luxuriance which makes the female figures of Rubens appear in comparison slender and refined, or whether the yellow skin stretched over the wiry sinews of the neck remind one of the old women whom some of the Italian masters were accustomed to introduce into their pieces to enhance by contrast the beauty of the principal figures. Every period of life has a style of dress peculiarly appropriate to it, and we maintain that the uncovered bosom, so conspicuous in the dissolute reign of Charles II., and from which, indeed, the reign of Charles I. was not, as we learn from the Vandyck portraits, exempt, should be limited, even in its widest extension, to feminine youth, or rather childhood.

(To be continued.)

EFFECT OF DISTANCE IN THE PHYSICAL AND MORAL WORLD.

To all those who are conversant in the scenery of external nature, it is evident that an object, to be seen to the greatest advantage must be placed at a certain distance from the eye of the observer. The poor man's hut—though all within be raggedness and disorder and all around it be full of the most nauseous and disgusting spectacles—yet, if seen at a sufficient distance, may appear a sweet and interesting cottage. The field where the thistle grows, and the face of which is deformed by the wild exuberance of a rank and pernicious vegetation, may delight the eye of a distant spectator by the loveliness of its verdure. That lake, whose waters are corrupted and whose banks poison the air by their marshy and putrid exhalations, may charm the eye of an enthusiast, who views it from an adjoining eminence, and dwells with rapture on the quietness of its surface, and on the beauty of its outline—its sweet border fringed with the gayest colouring of nature, and on which spring lashes its finest ornaments. All is the effect of distance. It softens the harsh and disgusting features of every object. What is gross and ordinary, it can dress in the most romantic attractions. The country hamlet it can transform into a paradise of beauty, in spite of the abominations that are at every door, and the angry brawlings of the men and the women who occupy it. All that is loathsome or offensive is softened down by the power of distance. We see the smoke rising in fantastic wreaths through the pure air, and the village spire peeping from among the thick verdure of the trees which embosom it. The fancy of our sentimentalists swells with pleasure, and peace and piety supply their delightful associations to complete the harmony of the picture.

From the London Working Man's Friend.

THE PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.

It is asserted by Erdil, who has bestowed considerable attention on the habits of the crustacea, that he has seen the cancer moenas play with little round stones and empty shells, as cats do with a ball of cotton. Fancy a young crab at play on the sea shore! Dogs, particularly young ones, are carried away with the impulse of their own good tempers, and roll over and chase each other in circles, seizing and shaking objects of anger, and eliciting even their masters to join in their

games. Horses, in freedom, gallop hither and thither, snort and paw the air, advance to their grooms, stop suddenly short, and again dash off at a speed. A horse belonging to one of the large brewing establishments in London, at which a great number of pigs were kept, used frequently to scatter the grain on the ground with his mouth, and as soon as a pig came within his reach, he would seize it without injury and plunge it into the water trough. The hare will gambol round in circles, tumble over, and fly here and there. Brehin, the naturalist, witnessed one which played the most singular antics with twelve others, coursing round them, feigning death, and again springing up, seemed to illustrate the old saying of mad as a March hare. The same thing occurs with rabbits, and many others of the rodentia; and on warm days fish may be seen gambolling about in shallow water.

Carp, in early morning, whilst the mist still hangs on the water, wallow in the shallows, exposing their broad backs above the surface. Whales, as described by Scoresby, are extremely frolicsome, and in their play sometimes leap twenty feet out of the water! Small birds chase each other about in play; but perhaps the conduct of the crane, and the trumpeter (*Psophia crepitans*) is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws summersets. The American's call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavours to catch them again, or pretends to avoid them as if afraid.

OLD DRINKING HABITS IN IRELAND.

If on any occasion a guest left the room, bits of paper were dropped into his glass, intimating the number of rounds the bottle had gone; and on his return he was obliged to swallow a glass for each, under the penalty of so many glasses of salt and water. It was the practice of some to have decanters with round bottoms, like a modern soda water bottle, the only contrivance in which he could stand, being at the head of the table, before the host. Stopping the bottle was thus rendered impossible, and every one was obliged to fill his glass at once, and pass the bottle to his neighbour on the peril of upsetting the contents on the table.

A still more common practice was to knock the stems off the glass with a knife, so that they must be emptied so fast as they are filled, as they do not stand. Sometimes the guests as they sat down pulled off their shoes, which were taken out of the room; and the emptied bottles were broken outside of the door, so that no one could pass out till the carouse was over.—Ireland Sixty years ago.

TIME.

The soberer of all that is extravagant—has much the same effect upon a finely-constituted mind, that it has upon a finely painted picture. It does not obliterate a tint in the one, but it mellows, refines, and blends them. In the other, it does not blot out a hope, an aspiration, or a feeling; but it sobers down their extravagances. Experience, the fruit of time, acts, in short, like a gloze, or medium-tint, upon the hues, which youth has spread with too much brilliance, or passion has touched with too vivid a light.

DEATH.

A messenger whose visits we imagine will always be confined to our neighbours. We care not how old a man may be; he has no idea that an obituary notice will ever be needed for him. The last steamer to Australia had two octogenarians on board, each bound to the mines, for the purpose of getting the means of enjoying life. How unaccountably absurd! In less than five years, little boys will be playing leap-frog over their tomb stones!

DOMESTIC DEFINITIONS.

Home—The place where children have their own way, and married men resort when they have nowhere else to keep themselves. **Wife**—The woman who is expected to purchase without means, and sew on buttons before they come off. **Baby**—A thing on account of which its mother should never go to the opera, consequently need never have a new cap. **Dinner**—The meal is expected to be in exact readiness whenever the master of the house happens to be at home to eat it, whether at one or half-past six.

It is an unreasonable thing to expect the same consideration in adversity as in prosperity, and no wise man either expects it or complains of its absence. The fact is, men as naturally love sunshine, and as naturally draw to it, as do their fellow insects flies.

WHENEVER it happens that the two differ, believe your heart rather than your head.

SOME things seem as if they had been absolutely created to serve the most insignificant purposes.—For instance, if we had no corks what the plague should we stuff our bottles with?

A CLOSE RUB.—See there! exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride his tail hat with a bullet hole in it. Look at that hole, will you. You see that if it had been a low-crowned hat, I should have been killed outright!