

Lottie's embarrassment of manner, and fancied she understood Mr Morton's reserve. 'They think I am some dependent relation, no doubt,' she said to herself—'these Washington people. Thank heaven, I've got a home, which is more than they seem to have, from their talk of hotels and boarding-houses.' And she worked away with nervous energy, to relieve the pain and disappointment that were swelling up in her heart.

Mrs Morton found, to her surprise, and, it must be confessed, secret gratification, her friend prepared for her journey on their return.

'My dear Anne! why, what does all this mean?' she exclaimed, with more cordiality than she had shown since Mrs Ashton's arrival. 'No bad news from home, I hope; and our party coming off on Thursday. I declare, it is too provoking!'

'I guess you will survive it,' rose to Anne's lips; but she only said, 'I thought you might be very much hurried just now, Lottie, going North and all.'

Mrs Morton saw that her plans had been discovered, from the disturbed brow and quivering lip.

'You are a dear, good soul, Anne, and I hope nothing has vexed you,' she returned, in Mrs Ashton's own 'wheedling' voice and manner. 'And, to tell the truth, is a little inconvenient just now; but, you see, Mrs Ashton—'

'Was invited and expected—I was not. But you had asked me so many times, Lottie, I did not expect—and here our poor little heroine's pride and firmness sank into a real sob, as she turned to the window, so Mrs Morton should not see her face. The sense of her double disappointment, the loss of her friend, and the pleasure of her visit rushed upon her, and SHE WAS ONLY EIGHTEEN. 'I know I'm not rich, or distinguished, or fashionable, but I did love you so dearly, Lottie, that it ALMOST breaks my heart.'

'Don't, Annie—don't cry—don't go,' said Mrs Morton, with a touch of her old feeling. 'I did mean to ask you to pass a month with us, but one thing after another prevented, and I thought I needn't mind, as it was only you, I need not be so formal, for you could come any time. Mrs Ashton was such a particular friend, and we were obliged to show her some attention, you know. I hope you don't mind my going out so much.'

Anne was too aggrieved for a reply to this attempt at consolation. Mrs Ashton was the acquaintance of months, and the young ladies Lottie had never seen before their arrival at her house.

'After all she owes us, when she had scarcely a friend in the world!' she said, indignantly, when accounting for her sudden return to her mother. 'And just because Mrs Ashton was fashionable; yes, and that wonderful blue room, I never SAW IT before she came even. Mr Morton was terribly polite when I came away, but I hardly looked at him. I never shall have the least faith in any one.'

'My DEAR child, don't run on so,' interrupted Mrs Ellis. 'Lottie is no doubt greatly influenced by her husband. I was the only one in fault. I should not have allowed you to go; for I had seen enough of the world to know that among fashionable people 'any time' is no time at all.'

CAPTAIN M'CLURE,

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

WITH regard to Sir John Franklin, all evidence tends to prove that he must have passed up Wellington Channel with his ships, out into the open sea beyond, where none as yet have been able to follow him. Mournful, most mournful, the desolate fate, the desolate death, of that brave old man—out in the desert icy plains, far away from all human aid; for though death stands face to face with every Arctic navigator each moment of his perilous progress, and many men have been laid in their snowy graves, yet the mystery that hangs over the death of these men is what makes the thought of it so darkly terrible. One hundred and thirty-six human beings disappear, and make no sign, not a line of writing, not a fragment of the stores, not a spar of the ship ever found. The whole history of Arctic navigation presents no parallel of such a catastrophe.

Thank God our brave countryman has been preserved from so awful a fate! His dangers are now comparatively over. Should he not be able to bring his ship home through Barrow's Straits, she is to be converted into a store-ship, and Captain M'Clure will return to England in the Resolute; but we trust the guiding Providence which has favoured him so far will permit the crowning achievement. Since Drake brought the Golden Hind to England, and Queen Elizabeth dined on board with the gallant admiral, no ship with such a history as the Investigator ever anchored in the Thames.

We cannot conclude without noticing, as a most strange and singular coincidence, that there exists a legend in ancient Irish history which seems to refer to our illustrious countryman with all the distinctness of prophecy. His name is identical with Manannan Mac Lir, the sea-god of Ireland and the Isle of Man; and this god is now usually called MACNANAN MAC CLURE, in the County of Londonderry, where they tell many stories of him, and assert that he will one day achieve a great fate, which will redound to the glory of Ireland. The most

probable account of this sea-god which has descended to us, is contained in King Cormac's 'Glossary' as follows: 'Manannan Mac Lir (now Mac Lur) was a famous merchant, who dwelt in the Isle of Man. He was the greatest navigator of the Western part of the world, and used to presage good or bad weather from his observations of the heavens, and from the changes of the moon. Wherefore the Irish and Britons gave him the title of God of the Sea; they also called him Mac Lir, (SON OF THE SEA); and from him the Isle of Man had its name.'

In the 'Ogygia,' the merchant's name is stated to have been Orbsen, surnamed Mac Lir, and from him Lough Orbsen, now corruptly called Lough Corrib, derives its name. This Manannan Mac Lir was one of those Carthaginian merchants who are said to have visited this part of the world at an early period, and is stated to have made the Isle of Man his principal residence and deposit. The very locality where the tradition is still current, is another link in the chain of marvels. The father of Captain M'Clure was a native of Londonderry; and he himself, when returning from his first polar voyage with Sir George Back, was driven by a tempest on the very coast which his ancestor, the Mac Lir of ancient pagan Ireland, had rendered celebrated by his commercial expeditions. When Ireland, therefore, welcomes Captain M'Clure, she welcomes back her long-expected hero and achiever of great deeds—

THE SON OF THE SEA.

From the Editor's Table of Godey's Lady's Book for July.

BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS.

AMONG the many floating articles of genius that gem the sea of literature, we have selected one worthy of our 'Book.' Let the young reader consider the sentiments as those of a mother or wise teacher, saying: 'Beware of bad books.' Does she inquire, 'Why, what harm will books do me?' Listen to the reply:—

'The same harm that personal intercourse would with the bad men or women who wrote them. That a man is known by the company he keeps, is an old proverb; but it is no more true than that a man's character may be determined by knowing what books he reads. If a good book can be read without making one better, a bad book cannot be read without making one the worse. A PERSON MAY BE RUINED BY READING A SINGLE VOLUME. Bad books are like ardent spirits; they furnish neither 'aliment' nor 'medicine'; they are 'POISON.' Both INTOXICATE—one the mind, the other the body: the thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied; both ruin—one the intellect, the other the health, and together, the soul. The makers and vendors of each are equally guilty, and equally corrupters of the community; and the safeguard against each is the same—TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM ALL THAT INTOXICATES THE MIND AND BODY.'

THE BENEFIT OF READING.

ANOTHER picture, drawn by a friend of ours, under the rather quaint title of 'Rooms,' will show the influence of good books:—

'This pleasant household word, with what dear associations is it surrounded! Dear in the log-cabin of the west, and in the 'mansions of merchants who are princes.'

'For the present, we shall stop at the door, surrounded by yonder little garden. See how the climbing plants and bushy evergreens adorn the shining windows, gilded as they are by the setting sun. When the gardens in the front are, it is just as pleasant within. The summer always seems to linger there among the hothouse flowers, the green geraniums, and the birds, which then change places. Going inside for warmth and shelter, and genial ease from gentle Aunt Sallie.

'Yet she is an 'old maid,' sad as the truth may seem to the bright young eyes which may be looking here for amusement. A sunnier head and countenance than hers I never knew.

'In the inner rooms are curious old curtains, which count a century of years, and pictures older still. Among her pets and flowers, she seems to me to bear a certain heroism about her, in the cheerful strength with which she has borne the weight of many years, and preserved the 'dew of her youth' among the frosts of age.—Her comfortable dwelling is a refuge for all distress, and the entries and outer rooms are perfect greenhouses. Here lemon and orange-trees blossom, and bear fruit, all winter through.—Each plant, and vine, and tree has a legend attached.

'Over the comfortable, but old-fashioned sofa hang portraits of those who once lived and were dear to her. Old World prints, with bright blue sky and the greenest of grass waves, and bright red ships, kept for memory's sake, are among landscapes, of real beauty and value.

'Among the bright fuchsias are blind old birds from tropical countries.

'But the charm of the house, that which, more than all the rest, has assisted her thus to replenish the fountain of youthful and affectionate sympathy with all that has beauty and life, lies in the well-stored book-cases. It is scarcely necessary to say that my favorite is unaffectedly pious. This, and her love of reading, are the secret of her superiority.

'She loves those silent friends, and they have well repaid her in the cheerful energy which

they have kept green through the winter of her life.'

A REAL LADY.

MR THACKERAY is not much in the habit of complimenting ladies; in truth, we have usually found his specimens of womankind (in novels) very disagreeable, being either 'Sharps' or of such foolish softness as took away all respect for their character. But here is an exception—a picture we are proud to show our readers, and hope an original may be found in many a household:—

'I do not mean to tell you there are no women in the world vulgar and ill-humoured, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, hypocrites; but I do respect, and admire, and almost worship good women, and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and I have no doubt in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in places in Balgravia and May Fair, in snug little suburban villas, ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlors behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent ladies in every one of these places—wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tenders and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such to you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of lady Z., that great lady; look at her charming face, and listen to her voice.—She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased Heaven to bestow all sorts of most precious gifts and worldly favors. With what a grace she receives you! with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity!—Her looks, her motions, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious, quite. See her with her children. What woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are; she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not in the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her diamonds, or of the splendour round about her—to all of which she is borne, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession—admirable and happy for her, and for us, too; for is it not happiness for us to admire her?'

A SABBATH AT PATMOS.

In a letter dated from Alexandria, June 1st, Dr. Hailey, of this city, says the Manchester Examiner, describes a Sabbath spent on the coast of Patmos, on the 23rd of May, by himself and Dr. Raffles:—'I inquired of the officer on deck, 'When shall we see Patmos?' 'As soon as we pass that headland,' said he, pointing to the extremity of the Island of Nicaria. 'After breakfast Patmos was clear and full in view on the larboard bow—a bleak and rugged island, with a precipitous coast, and several peaks rising to a considerable height. We had previously arranged with the captain to have morning service at half past ten o'clock, at which time we were just opposite the north end of the island. Had we known the exact course, we could not have fixed the time more appropriately. During the service, we were passing the ten miles of its rocky side. The town strangely built around the monastery of St. John, which crowns the summit, of a lofty hill, was distinctly in view. Not a ripple was on the sea, nor a sail on the water. We worshipped God, on the Lord's Day, with nothing earthly but Patmos in sight. The ship's crew came in their Sunday cloths, with their Bibles in their hands, and sat attentively under the awning. Two Greek passengers joined in our devotions. Even the Turks, of whom about twenty were on board—pilgrims to Mecca—looked with apparent interest upon the island, and upon our congregation. Dr. Raffles read the morning service of the Church of England, and his friends know how impressively he would read it. The captain read the responses. If ever, I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, it was on that memorable occasion. Although I had intended to speak from another passage, no text seemed so appropriate as Revelation i. 9.—'I, John, who are your brother and companion in tribulation, and the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ.'

After directing the attention of the audience to the exile of the apostle, to the rocky island on my right hand, I preached the Gospel by explaining 'the testimony of Jesus Christ,' and exhorted the sailors, if ever they again passed the isle of Patmos to associate with it 'the testimony' which was that day delivered unto them. Although, they were told, the town on the hill before them might perish, like the old popular cities which once flourished in the neighbouring continent of Asia, yet the rock would remain, it might be, a witness against them on a future day. But, even, when it shall melt away with fervent heat, the Word of the Lord will endure forever. The remainder of that Lord's Day, until Patmos faded like a shadow in the distance, was spent in thinking of that glorious revelation which Jesus then made to his servant John.'

REDNESS IN THE FACE.—A teaspoonful of gin thrown into lukewarm water will remove redness in the face produced by exertion.

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From 'Willmer & Smith's European Times' July 1.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

The movement which is now taking place to cement more cordially the French and English alliance, is one which we hope will be heartily supported by the British public. At the London Mansion-house, on Wednesday, a meeting was held for that object, and the report of the proceedings ends with this gratifying announcement: 'The meeting separated with three cheers for France and three for England.' One of the speakers, Lord Ebrington, declared that 'since the days of Henry the Fourth, of glorious memory, no monarch had set upon the throne of France who had given evidence of so much good will and cordiality towards England as the present Emperor.'

Judging from the programme at the Mansion-house, the intention is to invite over a considerable number of the most distinguished Frenchmen, and the time is certainly opportune; but to do the thing WELL will require a large sum of money, and, unless we do it in a manner becoming our national position, it would be better not to attempt it at all. The subscription in London so far amounts to £3000 only,—a sum very inadequate for such a purpose; but the pecuniary part of the question is in good hands, and, as the movement promises to be a national one, we may safely leave the cost to the consideration of those who are engaged in the undertaking.

Lord Ebrington justly observed, at the London meeting, that 'it was desirable there should be union and friendship not only between the Governments but between the PEOPLE of France and England, for the knife of an assassin, or some accident, might upon any day change the head of the government of a State, and if an alliance depended upon the life of one individual, there would be little security for its permanency.' We ought to improve the opportunity which now exists for strengthening the French alliance, for such a combination of circumstances never before occurred for doing so efficiently. The head of the French empire must necessarily, from his antecedents, have a kindly feeling towards England, which gave him an asylum when he most required one; and the state of things in the East has caused our arms to mingle in a way which was most unlooked-for a couple of years ago. Upon the people, therefore, we can make an impression more enduring than at any former period, and this cannot be better done than by the proposed compliment to their most popular orators, artists, writers, and men of science. To honor the genius of a country is the surest method of reaching the hearts of the people, and French pride cannot fail to be soothed and gratified by this recognition of the merits of the best intellects among themselves.

It will evidently be our own fault if the French alliance is not as close and permanent as we would wish it to be. In addition to the proposed invitation to the SAVANS to come over and see us, the French Industrial Exhibition of next year presents an opportunity of cultivating the good wishes of our neighbours to an extent which ought not to be overlooked. We often regret the pertinacity with which the French Government and people cling to the principle of Protection. Nothing would tend so effectually to awaken more liberal commercial notions amongst the French than for the manufacturers of this country to make an imposing display of their products in Paris next year. On the score of self-interest alone such a step would be desirable, but, looked at in the higher light of neighbourly feeling and sympathy, the movement would be warmly appreciated.

The French contributors to the English Exhibition of 1851 were numerous, and held a high position on that occasion,—displayed products which challenged a comparison with anything in the building. Surely, we are bound not to be less zealous on the forthcoming occasion in this noblest of all amiable rivalry; and therefore we hope to see the Great towns of England make an effort to stand well in the judgment of the Parisians during 1855. The Emperor will feel honoured by the attention, and his subjects will be drawn into closer contact than previously, with their English neighbours. Considering the influence which France and England united, must always exercise on the destinies of the world, and remembering the deplorable results which have taken place in preceding ages from their hostility, it is one of the most cheering sights of the time in which we live to see on the throne of France at the present moment a monarch who lived amongst us in the days of his adversity, and who, as Lord Ebrington truly said, is animated by more kindly feelings towards this country than any of his predecessors have been for centuries. The English and French alliance is the greatest event of the century.

The London meeting to which we have referred is being followed up by corresponding movements in the other large towns in the empire. Manchester Birmingham, and other important communities have already begun to stir and yesterday a preliminary meeting was held