

And so Mrs Huntingdon's title came from her husband's father, and not her own father. Now to the next step. The will of the elder Judge Huntingdon, proved correctly, but for half a century stewed away in an inaccessible place, forgotten by the whole world, and by Mrs Huntingdon herself, was next produced. It was voluminous and I read it all. Farm after farm was enumerated carefully; personal securities were recited seriatim, until the immense property of the late Mrs Huntingdon was all stated and described, and then given to 'Ellen, widow of Samuel Huntingdon, my diseased son, to have and to hold the same during the term of her natural life, enjoying and using the income thereof,' &c. &c., and on her death the entire property was to be divided among her children. It was clear, distinct, and terribly forcible. Mrs Huntingdon's will was but a piece of waste paper as regarded any property, but such as she had acquired during her life time, and of such there was none. In all the lands she had only a life-estate. One half of the entire property therefore belonged to Mrs Debray, and although Stephen Huntingdon might be entitled to one half of the premises in question, yet it was manifest that he had already absorbed and squandered more than his entire share of the property, and upon partition being made he would be found penniless.

As the truth slowly came upon him in the court-room he grew pale and red by turns, whispered angrily with his counsel, clinched his fists, and at length with a yell of rage fell prostrate on the floor, and was carried out. Three months after this John Debray and his wife were installed in the old mansion, and never was it so gay and brilliant. Nor was there a shadow on any countenance, except when among their pleasure stole in a thought of the dark face of Stephen Huntingdon, who now lay confined in a private lunatic asylum, where the charity of Ellen Debray sustained him until death.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

A BRIEF PUFF OF SMOKE.

BY AN OLD SMOKER.

THE ancients knew not the Indian weed, either as a luxury or as a pest. We read of *fumigo* and *fumus*, (active and neuter,) but the terms applied equally to a sooty exhalation and the perfumes of Araby the blessed. Scullions were called *fumarii*, from the dust and smoke of the kitchen; and the word has abundant terminations, but not in a Virginian sense, except in modern lexicons.

Blackwood states that the habit of smoking is favourable to "fixity of thought."

The effect of smoking on the mind may possibly be different in different constitutions, but with myself it agrees with the statement in Blackwood.

I can walk and think, and ride and think, or lie in bed and think, but I cannot sit still and think. I must be doing something—either reading or writing—when not engaged in conversation or other affairs: and as smoking comes the nearest to doing nothing, I smoke and ruminate, as it were—the process of respiration being carried on by the functions of the physical system, as an accompaniment. I am not an interperate drinker, nor a heavy smoker, and seldom continue the use of the tube for more than five or ten minutes: that is, chiefly after the mind has been fatigued or excited. I then subside, as from a rolling sea of tumbling thought, into the gentle and quiet undulations of reflection, as though the "essential oil" had acted on and smoothed the billowy waves of mental strife. As sleep has been called the shadow of death, so may smoking be called the shadow of sleep. The mind is thus accustomed to associate the clouds of smoke with a gentle repose; or a tranquillity of the sensorium, moved only by the rippling flux and reflux of thought, through which men and things shrink into their proper and natural dimensions.

In extenuation of the habit of smoking, if I may not do more, I should say it is healthy, and add, in regard to myself, "Behold the sign;" but the legions would reply that I was begging the question, as I might have had good health "in spite of it." I can only say that I have walked intact through two visitations of the Asiatic cholera, and some scores of influenzas nearly every other year, while most of those around me in my own family were great sufferers. In the year 1802, or 1803—I cannot now say exactly which—I was taking a peditestrian tour through the central part of Wales, when an influenza prevailed very generally in England; and after descending from the cairn at the top of Plinlimmon, with a jolly companion, where we drank the health of all the pretty girls of the Principality out of the source of the Severn, we took up our quarters at the village inn of Sputty, kept by two old bachelors—one aged ninety-eight, and the other going ahead of the century. The latter was on the hills minding his sheep, and the other nervous and queer with the prevailing malady. This Boniface "the younger" told us that his brother smoked, and he thought that he should begin to learn it, for the folks said it was wholesome

in sickly times. We recommend the habit for his future length of years. In comparing notes with our ancient host of our respective experience, he would not be made to understand that we should come through Wales solely to see the country; he had been a "sore traveller" himself in former times.—*Question*—"Where had he been?" *Answer*—"He had been twice to Shrewsbury." We met with no smokers that had been afflicted with the very general complaint of that period, though we made it a point to continue our inquiry, and my succeeding experience has served to confirm my opinion that smoking is a healthy practice. Charles Mathews was spending an evening with me in the year 1830, in company with Mr Robertson, the manager of the Lincoln and Grantham Theatres. He was then living on mutton-chops and brandy-and-water, to stave off the cholera; but I could not persuade him to give the weed a trial. Brandy-and-water was his *Catholicon*. From a note of his, which I retain in my scrap-book, that related to some paragraph in the local papers, he charged us with getting up a "Joint-stock Cholera-morbus Company."

I might greatly extend my observations in reference to the healthiness of smoking, and adduce examples—though doctors may rejoice in the superior science of drugs. I have no interest in the consumption of tobacco, either as a branch of trade, or as the friend of an enormous revenue derived from the same. The Rev. Canon Hugh Stowell, one of the great guns of the new city of Manchester, was entangled in a paper war with the *Manchester Examiner* a few weeks ago, by publicly declaring that he would never appoint a curate who "smoked;" when he was reminded that his own father had been a consumer of *tobac* (*en poudre*;) but not being familiar with French, and being oblivious of snuff-line preachers he further blundered on a denial of the assertion. He was also equally opposed to the cigar, though, taking the Cuba and the tube in couples, it was only another form, so often deposed to by himself, of committing "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes!" In the next place, it was rather intolerant for a well-paid and rigidly evangelical superior to thus despotically ostracise a class of poor pastors, and deprive them of the means of killing time, while permitting the fragrant cloud to obscure in the mind and the memory the lucky inheritors of the fat stalls, in the distance of station.

With the ladies, in their pride of parlors and drawing-rooms redolent of the perfumes of the East, or with the screws of conjugal blessedness, who prescribe the habits and amusements of their liege lords, we venture not to contend. It is easy to account for the prevalence of any custom wearing its way into general habitude in a single nation; but not so with a habit that has become universal through the world, both savage and civilized. In all the four hemispheres of the earth, amid the delicious perfumes of the east, the wild woods of the west, the rigors of the north, the golden regions of the south, the blandest of climates and the brightest of skies, the smoke of mundungus bears sovereign sway as a discovered luxury of civilization! We may trace it as a resource from the high pressure of thought among many eminent men of the day. Mr Brassey, the greatest railway contractor of the day, is seldom seen without a cigar in his mouth, even while measuring districts with his eye so as to ascertain at what figure he would lay down a railway per mile, through hill and dale, mountain and moor.—Kossuth has said that the cigar is the only luxury left him; and in this he incessantly indulges while exploring his mental way with fear and trembling through new projects menacing the imperialism of two of the greatest and most powerful nations of the earth.

I shall not now stay to divide and class the different smokers of the world. We have wits and clever men, who will occasionally discourse on brilliant nonsense—men who know how to "make nonsense respected," as Lamb says: and these are among the glorifiers of the weed. But the masses of the smokers are dull dogs: and it is only by smoking with them that we can qualify their stupid talk, and mitigate our contempt of them. Hence it may be said that smoking is a great moderator of ourselves, and a tolerator of the senseless babble of others,

SCENE IN A CHURCH AT HAVANA.

A very lovely group of the invalid pilgrims who come with every winter to this latitude stood in the front line of the side aisle, waiting for the crowd to pass, when two or three of the little elegantly-dressed duodecimo Spaniards walk around, and planting themselves in front, looked deliberately into their bonnets as you would look into the open pane of a post-office window. The ladies at first raised their hands to their faces, or turned an inquiring look to their companions, evidently thinking the gentleman may have seen a wasp or tarantula—lip or cheek in danger, to call for such close investigation; but, as the stare continued, they turned their backs with evident surprise and displeasure. They were not

aware, that, by the custom of the country, they were receiving a polite tribute of admiration. The Spanish lady goes home very discontented, from promenade or public resort, if she was not walked up to and looked at. The windows of their houses are like halves of bird cages thrust out from the wall, and, as they sit out in the street with only an iron grating between them and the passer-by, they feel slighted if he does not slacken his pace and gaze deliberately into the dark eyes open to him. It is an innocent admission of what beauty is supposed to be made for, and why jewels are worn, and hair braided—to be seen. And this custom, I think, partly gives the key to what strikes the stranger as a peculiarity in the physiognomy of this people. There is no dodge in the Spanish eye. In man or woman, it comes round to you as fair and square as the side of a decanter—fearless and unwinking as an open inkstand. It has nothing to conceal or avoid. It can receive no offence from another's look—it can give none by its own. This seems to me a very great beauty. I am sorry for the twenty reasons why it cannot be a peculiarity of a "fast" country like ours, with its exciting rivalries, and highly civilized improvements upon nature. The rarest thing in New York is a calm, trusting, open, and unsuspecting eye—*A Health Trip to the Tropics, by N. P. Willis.*

YEAR AFTER YEAR IS PASSING.

Year after year is passing,
On swift but silent wing,
To every breath their pinions' wake,
A shade is sure to fling,
Which darkly falls upon the heart,
As o'er the lake's calm breast
A shadowy pall is thrown, when wake
The zephyrs from their rest.

Year after year is passing—
Our friends—oh! where are they?
Their vacant places at the board
Tell they have passed away!
How many a smile lit up the earth,
A few brief seasons flown!
How thin the closing circle now!
Where have the members gone?

Year after year is passing—
How changed the heart is now!
Far deeper lines are written there,
Than gather on the brow;
And thought grows burdening to the mind,
Though words more few become—
Oh for the happy tone and smile
That lit our childhood's home!

Year after year is passing—
On swift but silent wing,
Yet every breath their pinions' wake
A shade is sure to fling.
And darker will the shadows fall,
As roll the Seasons by;
Till, gathering thick, death's gloomy pall
On every heart will lie.

RUSSIA.

How is it that this name, whether it intrudes upon us in print, or assails our ears in conversation, awakens only feelings of repugnance and aversion? Why does the name of Russia "stink" the nostrils? The cause is flagrant. In an age when civilization is more widely extending itself than at any former period of the world's history; when the true principles of government are becoming every day better understood, illustrated, and adopted, and the divine light of Christianity is still more and more diffused; at such a time the great potentate whose dominion stretches over the half of Europe and a third of Asia, instead of bending all the energies at his command towards developing resources vast as his empire, appears upon the scene as a second Alaric; aye, even outdoes his prototype of the fifth century.—*New Quarterly Review.*

THE LAKE OF KANDY.

The lake itself, which forms so interesting a feature of the valley in which Kandy is situated, is a proof of the gigantic character of the works which the old Kandians could undertake and complete. It is quite artificial, fed from the neighbouring hills, is of considerable extent, and with the road round it, forms a delightful object to contemplate whilst one is walking, riding, or driving at the base, or on the sides, of the hills. This road round it has indeed been constituted the evening promenade of the European inhabitants of Kandy, and I doubt if any city in Europe has a more agreeable one. A house stands in the middle of the lake in a line with the palace, formerly, they say, part of the seraglio of the Kandian kings—such was its destiny; but how times are altered! John Bull knows nothing about seraglios; even Mr Bluster himself would not venture to keep one openly, in all the plenitude of his power; but John Bull knows something of the smell of powder, and the lake temple, once sacred to women and love, is now a powder magazine!—*Kingston's Forest Life in Ceylon.*

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From Blackwood's Magazine for January.

THE ABERDEEN CABINET.

That is not our conclusion, nor our belief. We believe, at all events we hope, that it was sent there for ultimate action, and we shall not be surprised to learn that it has avenged the slaughter at Sinope. But it ought not to have been there at all, unless for immediate action. What is the point at which negotiation properly ends, and war is intended, properly begins? Clearly, in this instance, when the Russians took forcible possession of Moldavia and Wallachia. Were we to abstain from making up our minds as to the proper course which Britain should pursue, until the Russians had crossed the Danube? As we have already said, it is quite possible that the Czar did not contemplate the passage of the Danube for many years to come. It may, however, be otherwise, for no man understands opportunity better; and the recent news from Persia gives colour to the idea that he is prepared, in certain contingencies, to push his advantage to the utmost. But whether he advances further or not, the offence is the same. He has violated the peace of Europe by forcible occupation of a territory which is not his own, and he has no intention of surrendering it. That, at least, is perfectly obvious. Are we to believe that he was merely jesting when he announced that all further negotiation was useless and that "La guerre" was his determination? Are we to be blind to the enormous preparations which are being made throughout Russia for military action—the levies, the enrolments, the subsidies? Such preparations are not undertaken without a commensurate object—certainly they do not point to a pacific termination of the quarrel.

What has been done is now irrevocable. We cannot make up for squandered time or for lost opportunities—we cannot take up the question as it stood before the Russians occupied Moldavia. But we have sufficient materials before us in the shape of events, to enable us to form a judgment upon the conduct of Ministers during the time when activity might have been useful in preventing actual collision. What then did the Aberdeen Cabinet? It issued a plurality of notes, for it is by no means destitute of activity upon paper; and it sent instructions and counter-instructions to all its diplomatic agents, and put itself in official correspondence with all the courts in Europe. And that they call action, alacrity, and decision! Why they could not by any possibility have adopted a course more consonant with the views of the Czar than to enter into protracted negotiation; because during the whole time these protocols and notes were being whisked through Europe by couriers, and the electrical wires kept in constant employment, he was settling himself down in the occupied provinces, and making preparation for the further conduct of the war. In real action, however, they showed themselves lamentably deficient. First of all, they directed the fleet to be moved from Malta to the Bay of Besika, where it lay inactive and useless during the time when the Russians were establishing themselves in the provinces. The absurdity of this half-measure, if it even deserves that name, assumes a darker complexion when we remember that Russia, observing the timidity of our rulers, was audacious enough to vindicate her continued occupation on the ground of the proximity of the British and French fleets. One would have thought that such an intimation might have roused the dormant spirit of our statesmen, or at all events shown them how determined Russia was in the maintenance of her attitude. But it produced no visible effect beyond a fresh flight of protocols and it was not until the Turkish and Russian armies were engaged in actual conflict on the Danube that the fleet passed the Dardanelles. Now why did it pass the Dardanelles and proceed to the Bosphorus? Was it for the protection of Constantinople? Why protect Constantinople more than any other portion of the Turkish territory? What was really and truly, the meaning of that move? It appears to have had no meaning. We do not know what instructions were given to Admiral Dundas; but if they were to the effect that he was to remain passive off Constantinople, then we must needs say that our Ministry has subjected the flag of Great Britain to contumely and disgrace. Meanwhile the Black Sea is being scoured by Russian vessels. We are told that Admiral Slade intended to carry his fleet thither, for the purpose of protecting the Turkish shores, and that he was dissuaded by the British admiral and by the British ambassador from doing so—on this ground, [among others, that he being English born, though in the service of Turkey, might endanger the progress of amicable arrangements (1) by adopting such a course. It is added with what truth we know not, that in order to deter him from entering the Black Sea, it was stated that, if he did so, the British squadron would withdraw from the Bosphorus. Is this, can this be true? If it is, Lord Aberdeen has undoubtedly much to answer for. If it is not, the sooner such a calumny is refuted the better. The state of the facts, however, looks very awkward, and appears to confirm the story. Slade did not sail as he intended. There was however, a Turkish squadron under the command of Osman Pasha, lying at the same time within the roadstead of Sinope, under orders, as it is said, to return to the Bosphorus. Such are the fruits of protracted negotiation, and of hesitating policy. Had Britain assumed in time her proper attitude—had she spoken and acted as she ought to have done, all this slaughter might have been spared; and more than that, the tremendous evils of a general war, which now appears inevitable, would have been prevented. Let us see how the news of the affair were received at St. Petersburg.

The Journal de St Petersburg says:—"In consequence of the victory, the Czar ordered that those who had admission at Court should repair to the Winter Palace for a general thanksgiving. The ladies appeared in Russian national dress, and the gentlemen in grand gala. In all other churches of the capital public prayers of thanksgiving were offered, and the population came in crowds to join the service. The most pious Czar thanked the Lord of Lords for the success of the victorious Russian arms which triumphed in the sacred combat for the orthodox faith."

After this, we presume it is hardly necessary to remark that further negotiation is out of the question. If the Aberdeen Cabinet has not determined upon a decided course, it must do so immediately. This naval engagement at Sinope occurring within two days' sail of the place where the British and French war-ships were riding at anchor, cannot be construed into anything else than a formal defiance to them to do their worst. It is said that orders