

'I know not,' said the monk; but 'report speaks of her as eminently beautiful.'

'Would you recognize the name if you heard it?' I asked.

'I have heard it but once, but think I might remember it again,' said he.

'Then it is La Mercia,' I replied.

'The same—La Mercia was the name: and they say a more splendid wedding Dresden has never witnessed than this will be.'

I cannot explain why, but never did I feel at any period of my life so completely overcome, as when I listened to this report. Never before had I confessed to myself how I had felt towards La Mercia—nor even now could I tell. It was love. I had never seen her but for a brief few seconds, and yet in my heart she lived—the guiding star of my thoughts and aspirations: and though my most sanguine dreams never anticipated her calling her mine, yet I could not bear the thought that she was to belong to another. I resolved at once to set out for Dresden, and if possible to see her once before the wedding would take place. I thought it would be a balm to my feelings should I look upon her. Even she was lost to me for ever; and I longed ardently to trace, with what calmness I was able, how far the likeness with the picture was real or imaginary. With these intentions I left the monastery that evening and returned to Dresden.

When I reached home I learned that the count had been married, and found upon my table a most pressing invitation from him to his soiree at the villa that evening. At first I resolved not to accept it. The full measure of my loneliness had never so pressed on me before; for although, in reality, La Mercie was not, nor could ever have been ought to me, yet I felt as if my fate and happiness were, by some inexplicable ties, wound up with hers; and now that tie was to be broken. I had begun to believe that the extraordinary impression she had made upon my mind had entirely suggested the resemblance with the picture, which some chance trait of likeness might have contributed to, and I longed ardently to see her—but then, to see her the bride of another. These conflicting thoughts agitated me during the entire day, and I knew not what to decide on.

(To be continued.)

COWPER AS A SATIRIST.

DIFFERENT from Savage as light from darkness was Cowper as a moral creature, and as an intellectual one so infinitely his superior, that by the side of the immortal author of 'The Task,' the transitory writer of 'The Wanderer' sinks down dwarfed into the obscurest name. Cowper was a man, not only of the finest and profoundest sensibilities, but of very strong passions, which cruelly thwarted and disappointed and defrauded of their just joy in very early youth, shook the whole constitution of his being, and tainted it with melancholy and with madness, or aggravated and brought out the hereditary disease. His later life—indeed almost all his life, after he had reached the prime of manhood was so calm and quiet in its ongoings to the outward eye, and for the most part was really so indeed. The hearth at which he and Mrs Unwin sat—the Mary whose tender affection and its uncommon ties his genius had consecrated and immortalized—burned with such a seemingly cheerful and tender uniformity, except when disturbed by thoughts for which at times there was no relief not even the voice from heaven. The poet was so devoted to his flowers, and his hothouse plants, and his pigeons and rabbits, that is, to everything fair or harmless in animate or inanimate nature. His intercourse with the world was so small it being like that of some benevolent hermit who had sought refuge in retirement from the trouble that beset him in society, without being in the least ardent, or his sympathies being either deafened or narrowed with the human beings in another sphere. All his more serious studies (we make no allusion to his religion, which was more than serious, always solemn, and too often dreadful) were of a kind so remote from the everyday interests of the passing time, and even from the intellectual pursuits most popular and most powerful, for good or for evil, in the world which he had so nearly forsaken;—His ambition and love of fame, which, though deep, and strong, and pure, and high, because they were borne and sustained by the consciousness of genius, that, beyond all things else, rejoiced in interpreting the Word of God, as it is written in the fair volume of nature, and in the book which reveals what in nature is hidden, and beyond all finding out, were so linked with holy undertakings, and achievements in which God alone should be glorified, that they seem to be hardly compatible with any permanent design of busying himself with drawing-pictures of passions rife in common existence, so as to embody moral instruction in a satirical form;—Altogether there seems something so soft, so sweet, so delicate, so tender, almost so fragile in the peculiar structure of his bodily frame,—a spirit of cohesion among all his faculties both of thought and feeling so very unworldly—and such a refinement of manners about him as may not be called fastidiousness, but rather a shrinking timidity, so that, like the sensitive plant, he was, as it were, paralysed by the least touch of rudeness and, perhaps un-

known to his own heart, courted retirement the more to escape the chance of such shocks as carelessness or coarseness often unintentionally inflict.—That we are not prepared to think of such a being, if such Cowper were, standing forth a satirist of the follies and absurdities of his kind, no less than of their worst, and most flagrant delinquencies, and to see him with a bold grasp shaking the blossom of the full-blown sins of the People. Yet this Cowper did; and his satire is sublime.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

IF an enlightened foreigner on visiting England is but half as perplexed and helpless as an Englishman in Russia, he ought to be an object of the profoundest sympathy to every one who possesses the smallest spark of humanity. I cannot imagine a position much more appalling than a seat in a drosky with a wild being before you who is absolutely master of your fate, who does not understand or want to understand you, who goes on when you want to stop, and obstinately insists on knocking at the most morose-looking doors and on introducing you to a belacquered lacquey gifted with an unknown tongue when you desire to go on, who whirls you for miles through tortuous streets, studded with gilded churches, all so like that you seem to be constantly galloping past the same edifice whose fares are impossible and whose change is ridiculous, and whom you cannot force to take you back to the place whence you came, wher, choked with dust, starved, and hot, you faintly strive, by pantomime worthy of Grimaldi, to signify that you have abandoned your search after an invisible house, and want to return to your Russian home. But the position is not only morally but physically painful. No one who has not tried the adaptability of short legs to the sides of a dray horse can conceive how dolorous are the results of the first drive in one of these ingenious vehicles, whereon you sit straddle-legged behind the driver, whom you are sometimes driven involuntarily to embrace as he whirls round a corner in his mad career. The seat is about as pleasant as that on the back of an Irish jaunting car with both sides removed. There are droskies of another and more convenient form, but the Russians always engage them, and the others remain unused until the unwary stranger, yielding to the force of circumstances and the sense of novelty, mounts, and is lost for the day. In vain does he consult his vocabulary. He can find out what is the Russian for a preserve where they keep live fish, or, I trust, honoured Sir, that you possess excellent health, and many pleasant phrases for shopping and tea-drinking, but he will not discover the smallest clue to the mystery of communicating with the driver his desire to get down and have another carriage. Should heartfully construct a compound sentence, and with infinite pains give it utterance in speech, the hairy ruler of his destinies for the day shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders at the jargon addressed to him, in which a few 'schich's and tchsch's' are left out very probably, and imagining it to be some remonstrance on the score of speed urges his horse at a flying gallop over the wavy, wooden pavement. Such have been the sufferings of the man who cannot speak Russian, and who cannot get a *volet de place* in St. Petersburg; and they are, if possible, aggravated in Moscow.—*Times Correspondent.*

THE MAGICAL MANGO.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Indian jugglar's trick of producing a young mango-tree from a seed which he takes from his bag, and submits to your examination. The seed is sound and fit for planting. The juggler collects a quantity of earth, moistens it with water, and taking a mungo-stone from his bag, plants it in the earth he has prepared. Over all he places a moderate-sized round basket, upon which he spreads his cloth or a native blanket. After an interval of discordant music and incantation, the cloth and basket are removed, the muddy seed is taken from the earth, and you observe that long, slender, white fibers, forming the root, have suddenly shot out. Again it is planted, and covered as before, and the music becomes more discordant, and the incantation more furious. At length the charm is complete, and the removal of the basket displays a young and tender shoot with two opening leaves at its summit. Exclamations of surprise from the bystanders, and satisfaction from the band of jugglers, complete the second act. Again all is covered up anew and the ear-splitting music goes on. Suddenly the coverings are removed, and to the amazement and delight of all, the shoot of a young mango-tree, with its small, light-coloured leaves, makes its appearance.—Seven years ago, I was the spectator of such a scene at Madras, where I had gone on sick leave, and was glad of any amusement to relieve the monotony of a forced confinement to the house. I had a shrewd suspicion that, if I could examine this tree of miraculous growth, it would turn out a very simple affair. Acting on this idea, I suddenly seized it, and, in spite of the clamour of the jugglers, bore it off. It certainly had the appearance of a real mango-shoot.—There was the dirty stone, wet and discoloured, with the earth clinging to it. From its lower part the white fibres of the recent root streamed out with a most natural appearance—whilst

the upper side sprang a perfect young shoot, six or eight inches in height, with the leaves in their earliest growth. A basin of water solved the mystery, for, on washing the stone, I found it old and dry, and split down on one side.—From its cavity I took out a small bundle of grass-roots, one end of which was tied with thread, and withdrew the young shoot of the mango from the top of the stone. Here you have only one part of the apparatus of deception. It is perfected in the following manner:—The mango, an evergreen, grows in almost every large garden in India. A confederate first pulls a sufficient quantity of the roots of grass which are white, long, and fibrous and resemble the first growth of roots from the mango-seed. He ties them up, inserts the tied end in the cleft stone, and gives them secretly with the cloth to his chief, who plants a mungo-stone before your eyes, and whilst putting the cloth over the basket, dexterously withdraws it, and substitutes the stone with the roots. The moist earth in which it is buried removes all appearance of deception. Again the confederate is ready with his progressive slips of mango, which, at every removal of the basket, he contrives to place within reach of the operator without being seen; and the latter, in his manipulations whilst covering up the basket with cloth, slips them into the upper part of the slit in the mangostone. The same process may be continued so as to give you the fruit growing in its various stages, but this of course must depend on the trick being performed in the fruit-season. I was twenty three years in India, and never met with anybody who could explain the modus operandi of this trick though almost all—not all!—felt satisfied that it was a trick.

COMMON THINGS.

THE pleasures we eagerly anticipate, the social blessings we possess, the comforts we enjoy all emanate from one source; they are above, below, around, for air, earth, and ocean furnish them. Civilization and the adventurous manner have done much towards increasing our tangible common things; but there are others beyond all purchase, which millions cannot procure. These are the affections; feelings which animate all mankind, from the inhabitant of the sunny South, to the bleakest region of the torrid zone.

Love, the ruling principle of our lives, finds a place in every heart; and how beautifully are its operations developed when guided by the undeviating hand of reason, what difficulties it surmounts, what perils it hazards, what solitude it endures, what anguish it soothes, what forbearance it practises, what self-denial, what purity, and, lastly, what piety to Him who first loved us! Our natural affections, are appreciation of social duties, our justice, all spring from one source—love. Who would not, then, zealously train the youthful mind to foster the kindly emotions of the human heart? Where then would be the unmanly uplifting of the hand raised high by the powerful lever of passion—where the agonizing shriek, the forsaken hearth, the deserted offspring, the strong prison-hold, the final awful untimely exit, where would they be, if sufficient attention were given to the ordinary workings of the human heart? They would pass from the earth as darkness at the approach of morning, for attention to common things would secure the happy home, the thoughtful husband, the industrious helpmate the obedient family, enjoying health, possessing competence, and seeking happiness amid the refining influences of books and flowers, finding lessons of tenderness in administering to the comfort of the inferior animals, and obtaining a rich reward from the voice of an approving conscience. Such, such would be the result if old and young, rich and poor, would duly consider common things. Who is that shrouded figure hastily tottering and stumbling towards that well-closed vehicle? Her gray hairs have fallen over her shrunken features, and her withered and veiny hands are clasped in speechless agony. She has paid the last visit to the child of her bosom; her shoulder is still warm with the pressure of his burning brow, her fingers still feel the clinging grasp of that son's hand.—And why? The Gaping throng, the scaffold, answer, he must pay the penalty for having neglected what? Common things; his Common Prayer Book, his common supplication to the throne of grace, his common duty to man, his common feeling for the brute, his fiery steed his regard for common truth, and, lastly, his common feeling for his fellow man. Readers, if we would attain a happy eternity if we would avoid the sins which most easily beset us, we would study common things.

FOUR GREAT MEN.

IT is a remarkable fact, that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived, closed with some violent or mournful death.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets, dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another one for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps: after having put to flight the armies of the

mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundation quake—fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their God, and called him Hannibal, died at last by poison, administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth; was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus four men who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world called great—these four, who, each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their very simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one in lonely exile.

THE DEAD SEA.

THOUGH in breath not exceeding ten miles, the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye when looking from north to south and the murmur of waves, as they break on its flint-strewn shore together with the lines of drift wood and fragments of bitumen on the beach, give to its waters a resemblance to the ocean. Curious to experience the sensations of swimming in so strange a sea. I put to the test the accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it, and I was quickly convinced that there was no exaggeration in what I heard. I found the water almost tepid, and so strong that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up in the air at every vigorous stroke. When floating, half the body rose above the surface, and, with a pillow, one might have slept upon the water. After a time the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and on approaching the shore I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out, when lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel, they flew upwards, the struggle to recover myself sent my head down, the vilely bitter and briny water, from which I had hitherto guarded my head, now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears, and nose, and for one horrible moment the only doubt I had was whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, however, I swam to land, making no further attempt to walk in deep water, which I am inclined to believe is almost impossible.

NECESSITY OF AMUSEMENT.

SIR John Herschel, who is not too great a philosopher to be a large-hearted man, very truly says:—'There is a want too much lost sight of in our estimate of the privations of the humbler classes, though it is one of the most incessantly craving of all our wants, and is actually the impelling power which, in the vast majority of cases urges men into vice and crime.—It is the want of amusement. It is in vain to declaim against it. Equally with any other principle of our nature, it calls for its natural indulgence, and we cannot be permanently debarred from it, without souring the temper and spoiling the character. Like the indulgence of other kind of appetites, it only requires to be kept within due bounds, and turned upon innocent or beneficial objects, to become a spring of happiness; but gratified to a certain moderate extent it must be, in the case of every man, if we desire him to be either a useful, active or contented member of society. Now, I would ask, what provisions do we find for the cheap and innocent and daily amusement of the mass of the laboring population of this country? What sort of resources have they to call up the cheerfulness of their spirits, and chase away the cloud from their brow, after the fatigue of a day's hard work or the stupefying monotony of some sedentary occupation?'

THE GLORY OF TREES.

AND there is another beauty produced by a number of differently-formed trees standing on the same lawn, and each showing its separate mould and features. For as one star differeth from another in glory, and as one saint in heaven differeth from another in glory. There is one glory of the oak, which looks as if it had faced a hundred storms, and having stood them all, was ready to face as many more; another glory of the sycamore that spreads its gentle pomp its honeyed shade; another glory of the birch, so graceful in the midst of its maiden tresses; another glory of the elm, throwing out its wide arms as if rejoicing in its strength; and another glory of the lime, with its sheltered shade inviting us to enter and to linger.