

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

Live tuned my harp to various themes, But ne'er before to Brass; Have racked my brain with many schemes, To claim through life a pass. But Nature made my face of clay, Which seems mistofune dire— A brazen front we need each day To help us to aspire.

CIGARS FOR TWO: OR, CURING A SMOKER.

Chapter I. SMOKES, does he? The abominable wretch! exclaimed Mrs. Volant to her friend, Mrs. Washburn, a young wife who had just gone to housekeeping. He smokes, but he is not an abominable wretch—I am sure he is not, replied Mrs. Washburn, a little startled by the hard name applied to her husband, whom she both loved and esteemed.

year after we were married, he brought home a whole bundle of cigars, and put them on the mantel-piece.—Taking one, he very coolly lighted it, and proceeded to read the evening paper. That's just the way my husband does. I was downright mad at his impudence; but I did not say a word. The next day I bought a monstrous great snuff-box, and filled it full of rappee. In the evening he lighted his cigar as before; but no sooner had he done so, than I seated myself opposite to him, and drawing out my snuff-box, I took a generous pinch, snuffing the filthy stuff into my nostrils, at the risk of sneezing my head off.

a kiss, and a tender greeting.—They were seated at the tea table; Mrs. Washburn was so full of mirth, that she came near scalding herself with the hot tea when she poured it out. Her merry mischievous laugh rang pleasantly on her husband's ear, who, poor fellow, could have no idea of the terrible ordeal through which he was doomed to pass.

That's too bad, Joseph. Mr Washburn laughed outright, and throwing down his cards, explained the event of the preceding evening. I will own up; I did it to break him of the habit. I give it up. When the gentleman had taken their leave, Mrs Washburn explained by whose advice she had adopted the plan.

FRANCIS THE FIRST'S PRISON IN MADRID.

This was a chamber in one of the towers of the citadel—a small and dreary cell, with a narrow door, a single window, doubly grated with iron deeply clasped into the stone on every side. The window was high in the wall, so that to gain a glimpse of country—even of the arid tract of Manzanarez—the prisoner was obliged to climb, when he could see, a hundred feet below his dungeon, the two entire battalions which, by day and by night, kept watch over his captivity.

CURIOUS SHOT AT A BULL ELEPHANT.

It happened that the jungle was a little thicker in this spot, and at the same moment that I observed the tree shaking almost over me, I passed the immense stem of one of those smooth barked trees which grow to such an enormous size on the banks of the rivers. At the same moment that I passed it, I was almost under the trunk of a single bull elephant, who was barking the stem with his tusk as high as he could reach, with his head half thrown back.

DUTCH DUNES.

The dykes, at first sight, strike the beholder as an extraordinary work; and it is not until we find that a considerable part of the country of Holland lies some twenty-four feet beneath the level of the sea at high tide, and that it has merely a fence of mud-banks to fortify the land against the terrors of invasion from the host of waters about it, that the mind becomes awakened to the vastness and importance of the structures. Nor is it in summer time, when the surrounding rivess are half dried up, and the ocean without is placid and beautiful as some vast lake, that we are able to arrive at a sense of the protection afforded by the belt of sea-walls to the people within them; but only during the tempests of winter, when the terrible waves are towering to the sky, like liquid mountains, and the tide has risen many feet above its usual height, owing to the immense body of water from the Atlantic having been driven by the gales across the German ocean towards the narrow straits of Dover, and there being dammed up as it were, so that the vast flood is forced back upon the Dutch coast, and leaps, with all its tremendous weight, against the ridge of dykes