The Leisure Hour.

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We are Seven.

BY WORDSWORTH.

—A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in Heaven?"
The little Maiden did reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead, those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

The Execution of Mary Stuart.

[From the seventh volume of the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland, by Agnes Strickland."]

At six o'clock on the fatal morning of the 8th of February, Mary Stuart told her ladies "she had but two hours to live, and bid them dress her as for a festival." Very minute particulars of that last toilette have been preserved, both by French and English historians, and a contemporary MS. in the Vatican contains a description of it from the pen of an eye-witness of her death. It is there stated that she wore a widow's dress of black velvet, but spangled all over with gold, a black satin pourpoint and kirtle, and under these a petticoat of crimson velvet, with a body of the same color, and a white veil of the most delicate texture, of the fashion worn by princesses of the highest rank, thrown over her coif, and descending to the ground; also, which is not mentioned in any other account, that she had caused a camisole of fine Scotch plaid, reaching from the throat to the waist, but without a collar, to be prepared the night before, that when her upper garments should be removed, she might escape the distress of appearing uncovered before so many people.

While her ladies were assisting her to dress, she, with the feminine delicacy of a really modest woman, earnestly entreated them to be watchful over her in the last terrible moment, when, observed she, "I shall be incapable of thinking of this poor body, or bestowing any care upon it. Oh, then, for the love of the blessed Saviour, abandon me not while under the hands of the executioner!" They promised, with streaming eyes, to be near her and to cover her body as she fell.

Then she entered her oratory alone, and kneeling before the miniature altar, at which her almoner had been accustomed to celebrate mass, opened the gold and jewelled ciborium in which the Pope had sent her a consecrated wafer with a dispensation to do what had never before been permitted to one of the laity—administer the Eucharist to herself preparatory to her death, if denied the ministration of a priest. It is impossible for a Protestant biographer to describe the feelings with which Mary Stuart performed her lonely communion, under circumstances so strange to a member of the Roman Catholic Church. No mortal eye beheld her in that hour; but the following Latin prayer is well known to have been extemporized by her during her last devotions on the morning of her death:

"O Domine Deus! speravi in te;
O care me Jesu, nunc libera me.
In dura catena, in misera pœna; desidero
Languendo, gemendo et genu flectendo
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!"

"My Lord and my God I have hoped in Thee;
O Jesus, Sweet Saviour, now liberate me.
I have languished for Thee in afflictions and chains;
Lamenting and sighing through long years of pains.
Adoring, imploring, on humbly bowed knee,
I crave of Thy mercy, by grace set me free."

The wintry morning had dawned before Mary left her oratory. She then concluded her letter to her royal brother-in-law, Henry III. of France, by adding several earnest petitions in behalf of her faithful servants, and the final date: "The morning of my death, this Wednesday, 8th February. Signed MARIE R."

She returned to her bed-chamber, where, seating herself beside the fire, she began to console her weeping maids, by declaring the comfort she felt in her approaching release from her long afflictions, and reminded them "that her uncle, the late Duke of Guise, had told her in her childhood 'that she possessed the hereditary courage of her race, and he thought she would well know how to die;'" yet he had never anticipated the possibility of her suffering the terrible death by which she was about to verify the truth of his prediction. She spoke of the transitory nature of human felicity, and the vanity of earthly greatness, whereof she was destined to serve as an example; having been Queen of the realms of France and Scotland, the one by birth, the othe, by marriage; and after being at the summit of all worldly honors, had to submit herself to the hands of the executioner, though innocent, which was her greatest consolation—the crime alleged against her being only a flimsy pretext for her destruction.

At the foot of the stairs—which, on account of her lameness, she descended slowly and with great difficulty, supported on each side by two of Paulet's officers, who held her up under her arms—she was met by Andrew Melville, who was now permitted to join her. He threw himself on his knees before her, wringing his hands in an uncontrollable agony of grief, the violence of which almost shook the majestic calmness she had hitherto preserved. "Woe is me," cried he, weeping bitterly, "that ever it should be my hard hap to carry back such heavy tidings to Scotland as that my good and gracious Queen and mistress has been beheaded in England." "Weep not, Melville, my good and faithful servant," she replied, "thou shouldst rather rejoice that thou shalt now see the end of the long troubles of Mary Stuart: know, Melville, that this world is but vanity and full of sorrows. I am Catholic, thou Protestant; but as there is but one Christ, I charge thee in His name to bear witness that I die firm to my religion, a true Scotchwoman, and true to France. Commend me to my dearest and most sweet son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice him in his realm, nor to disparage his dignity; and that although I could wish he were of my religion, yet, if he will live in the fear of God, according to that in which he has been nurtured, I doubt not he shall do well. Tell him, from my example, never to rely too much on human aid, but to seek that which is from above. If he follow my advice, he shall have the blessing of God in Heaven, as I now give him mine on earth." She raised her hand as she concluded, and made the sign of the cross, to bless him in his absence, and her eyes overflowed with tears.

"May God," continued she, "forgive them that have thirsted for my blood as the heart doth for the brooks of water. O God, who art the author of truth, and the truth itself, thou knowest that I have always wished the union of England and Scotland." One of the commissioners, doubtless the pitiless Earl of Kent, here interrupted her by reminding her "that the time was wearing apace." "Farewell," she said, "good Melville. Farewell. Pray for thy Queen and mistress." The passionate grief of her faithful servant brought infectious tears to her eyes. She bowed herself on his neck and wept; and, with like sensibility as her cousin, Lady Jane Grey, had kissed and embraced Feckenham on the scaffold, so did she vouchsafe, as sovereign might, without disparagement to regal dignity, or departure from feminine reserve, the like affectionate farewell to that true subject who had shared her prison, and was following her to death. She who had experienced the ingratitude of a Moray, a Lethington, and a Mar could well appreciate the faithful love of Andrew Melville.

Another gentleman came to kiss Mary Stuart's hand, and bid her farewell on her way to execution, with demonstrations of deep respect and tender sympathy, together with expressions "of regret and indignation that her blood should be cruelly shed while under his roof." This was Sir William Fitz-William, of Milton, who at that time held Fotheringhay Castle on lease from the Crown. Of a very different spirit from Sir Amyas Paulet, this fine old English gentleman had shown the royal prisoner all the kind attention in his power. Mary thanked him for his "gentle entreatment of her while in his house," and begged him "to accept, and keep as a memorial of her grateful appreciation of his courtesy, the portrait of the King, her son, which he would find hanging at her bed's head, being her last remaining possession that she had not bequeathed."

The procession proceeded in the following order: First came the sheriff and his men; next Mary's keepers, Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury; the Earl of Kent and Beale; then the Earl of Shrewsbury, as Earl Marshal, bearing his baton raised, immediately preceding the Royal victim, who, having rallied all the energies of her courageous spirit to vanquish bodily infirmity, moved with a proud, firm step. She was followed by Melville, who bore her train, and her two weeping ladies, clad in mourning weeds. The rear was brought up by Bourgoigne, Gourion, and Gervais, her three medical attendants.

A platform twelve feet square and two and a half high, covered with black cloth, and surrounded with a rail, had been erected at the upper end of the great banqueting hall at Fotheringhay, near the fire-place, in which, on account of the coldness of the weather, a large fire was burning. On the scaffold were placed the block, the axe, a chair, covered also with black cloth, for the Queen, with a cushion of crimson velvet before it, and two stools for the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury. About one hundred gentlemen who had been admitted to behold the mournful spectacle stood at the lower end of the hall; but the scaffold was barricaded, and a strong guard of the sheriff's and earl marshal's men environed it to prevent the possibility of a rescue.

The dignified composure and melancholy sweetness of her countenance, in which the intellectual beauty of reflective middle age had superseded the charms that in youth had been celebrated by all the poets of France and Scotland, her majestic and intrepid demeanor, made a profound impression upon every one present when Mary Stuart and her sorrowful followers entered the hall of death. She surveyed the sable scaffold, the block, the axe, the executioner, and spectators undauntedly as she advanced to the foot of the scaffold. Then she paused, for she required assistance, and Sir Amyas Paulet tendered her his hand, to aid her in ascending the two steep steps by which it was approached. Mary accepted the proffered attention of her persecuting jailor with the queenly courtesy that was natural to her. "I thank you, sir," said she, when he had helped her to mount the fatal stair; "this is the last trouble I shall ever give you."

Having calmly seated herself in the chair that had been provided for her, with the two earls standing on either side, and the executioner in front holding the axe, with the edge towards her. Beale sprang upon the scaffold with unfeeling alacrity, and read the death-warrant in a loud voice. She listened to it with a serene and even smiling countenance; but, as before, bowed her head and crossed herself when it was concluded, in token of her submission to the will of God. "Now, madam," said the Earl of Shrewsbury, "you see what you have to do." She answered briefly and emphatically, "Do your duty." Then she asked for her almoner that she might pray with him; but this being denied, Dr. Fletcher, the dean of Peterbourgh, standing directly before her without the rails, and bending his body very low, began to address her. "Mr. Dean, trouble not yourself nor me," said the Queen, "for know that I am settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman faith, in defence whereof, by God's grace, I mind to spend my blood." "Madam," replied the dean, "change your opinion, and repent you of your former wickedness." "Good Mr. Dean," rejoined she, "trouble not yourself any more about this matter. I was born in this religion, and am resolved to die in this religion." The earls, perceiving her resolution was not to be shaken, said, "Madame, will you pray for your Grace with Mr. Dean, that you may have your mind lightened with the true knowledged of God and his word?" "My lords," replied the Queen, "if you will pray with me, I will even from my heart thank you; but to pray with you, in your manner, who are not of the same religion with me, were a sin." The earls then bade the Dean "say on according to his own pleasure." This he did, not by reciting the beautiful office for the dying, or the burial service from our Anglican Church, but in a bitter polemic composition of his own, tending neither to comfort nor edification. Mary heeded him not, but began to pray with absorbing and tearful earnestness from her own breviary and the psalter, uniting portions from the 31st, 51st, and 91st Psalms. She prayed in Latin, in French, and finally in English, for God to pardon her sins and forgive her foes; for Christ's afflicted church; for the peace and prosperity of England and Scotland; for her son, and for Queen Elizabeth; not with the ostentation of a Pharisee, but the holy benevolence of a dying Christian. At the conclusion of her last prayer she arose, and holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O Christ! were extended on the cross, even so receive me into the arms of Thy mercy, and blot out all my sins with Thy most precious blood," "Madam," interrupted the Earl of Kent, "it were better for you to eschew such Popish trumpery, and bear Him in your heart." "Can I," she mildly answered, "hold the representation of the sufferings of my crucified Redeemer in my hand without bearing him, at the same time, in my heart?"

The two executioners, seeing her preparing to make herself ready for the block, knelt before her and prayed her forgiveness. "I forgive you all and all the world with all my heart," she replied, "for I hope this death will give an end to all my troubles." They offered to assist her in removing her mantle, but she drew back, and requested them not to touch her, observing with a smile, "I have not been accustomed to be served by such pages of honor, nor to disrobe before so numerous a company." Then beckoning to Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who were on their knees in tears below, they came to her on the scaffold; but when they saw for what purpose they were required, they began to scream and cry, and were too much agitated at first to render her the assistance she required, so that she began to take out the pins herself, a thing to which she was not accustomed. "Do not weep," said she, tenderly reproving them, "I am very happy to leave this world. You ought to rejoice to see me die in so good a cause. Are you not ashamed to weep? Nay, if you do not give over these lamentations I must send you away, for you know I have promised for you."

Then she took off her gold pomander, chain, and rosary, which she had previously desired one of her ladies to convey to the Countess of Arundel as a last token of her regard. The executioner seized it, and secreted it in his shoe. Jane Kennedy, with the resolute spirit of a brave Scotch lassie, snatched it from him, and a struggle ensued. Mary, mildly interposing, said, "Friend, let her have it, she will give you more than its value in money;" but he sullenly replied, "it is my perquisite." "It would have been strange, indeed," observes our authority with sarcastic bitterness, "if this poor Queen had met with courtesy from an English hangman, who had experienced so little from the nobles of that country—witness the Earl of Shrewsbury and his wife."

Before Mary proceeded further in her preparations for the block, she took a last farewell of her weeping ladies, kissing, embracing, and blessing them, by signing them with the cross, which benediction they received on their knees.

Her upper garments being removed, she remained in her petticoat of crimson velvet and camisole, which laced behind, and covered her arms with a pair of crimson velvet sleeves. Jane Kennedy now drew from her pocket the gold-bordered handkerchief Mary had given her to bind her eyes. Within this she placed a "Corpus Christi cloth," probably the same in which the consecrated wafer sent to her by the Pope had been enveloped. Jane folded it cornerwise, kissed it, and with trembling hands prepared to execute this last office; but she and her companion burst into a fresh paroxysm of hysterical sobbing and crying.

Mary placed her finger on her lips reprovingly. "Hush," said she, "I have promised for you; weep not, but pray for me." When they had pinned the handkerchief over the face of their beloved mistress they were compelled to withdraw from the scaffold; and "she was left alone to close up the tragedy of life by herself, which she did with her wonted courage and devotion." Kneeling on the cushion, she repeated in her usually clear, firm voice—"*In te Domine speravi.*" "In thee, Lord, have I hoped; let me never be put to confusion. Being then guided by the executioners to find the block, she bowed her head upon it intrepidly, exclaiming as she did so, "*In manus tuas.*" "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." The Earl of Shrewsbury raised his baton, in performance of his duty as earl marshal, to give the signal for the *coup-de-grace*, but he averted his head at the same time, and covered his face with his hand to conceal his agitation and streaming tears. A momentary pause ensued, for the executioner's assistant perceived that the Queen, grasping the block firmly with both hands, was resting her chin upon them, and that they must have been cut off or mangled if he had not removed them, which he did by drawing them down and holding them tightly in his own, while his companion struck her with the axe a cruel but ineffectual blow. Agitated alike by the courage of the royal victim and the sobs and groans of the sympathizing spectators, he missed his aim and inflicted a deep wound on the side of the skull. She neither screamed nor stirred, but her sufferings were too sadly testified by the convulsion of her features, when, after the third blow, the butcher-work was accomplished, and the severed head, streaming with blood, was held up to the gaze of the people. "God save Queen Elizabeth!" cried the executioner. "So let all her enemies perish!" exclaimed the Dean of Peterborough; one solitary voice alone responded "Amen!"—it was that of the Earl of Kent. The silence, the tears, and groans of the witnesses of the tragedy—yea, even of the very assistants in it—proclaimed the feelings with which it had been regarded.

Byron's First Love.

In alluding to the death, at Brighton, on the 6th ultimo, of Mrs. Mary Duff, widow of Mr. Robert Cockburn, the Glasgow Herald says:—"We believe this lady, whose husband was a brother of the late Lord Cockburn, was Lord Byron's first love. The noble poet mentions, in one of his letters, that when a little boy, residing with his mother in Aberdeen, he and 'Mary Duff' used to walk together under the charge of their female attendants, and that the feeling he then cherished towards her was the first dawn of that passion which, in more mature years, glowed with sufficient intensity. His famous 'Mary,' Miss Chaworth, to whom he addresses that impassioned poem, the 'Dream,' died more than twenty years since. No wonder Byron, in another poem, writes, 'I have a passion for the name of Mary.'"

ROYAL POLITESSE.—A Scotch newspaper, which evidently is deficient in the feeling commonly known as "loyalty," among the English, profanely has a cut at "Her Most Gracious Majesty," Queen Victoria. It appears that, accompanied by her husband and some of her children, Victoria lately visited the town of Leeds, on the way to Scotland, with the expressed purpose of opening a magnificent Town Hall, which the Leeds' people have lately built. The Glasgow Examiner says:

"Among the curiosities of royal life it may be worth while to state that, though the Mayor of Leeds gave up his mansion to the Queen, and spent £ 10,000 in entertaining her, his lady was not allowed to dine with her or *even see her*. The Mayor himself had commenced his dinner with a neighbor, when he was commanded to dine with the Queen; but *the lady was not admitted to her own house to sit, at her own table*—*Press.*

Selections from Wordsworth.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bears her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a Nation who, henceforth must wear
Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be,
Who, even the best, in such condition, free
From self-reproach, reproach which he must share
With Human nature? Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that manly Feelings, manly Powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine,
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
Fade, and participate in Man's decline.

From the North-western (Am.) Quarterly.

The Age of Mirth.

The present has often been pronounced the age of mechanical discovery—of great economical and political appliances—the age of steam, of free trade, of reform; but a more appropriate title, seems to us, would be the age of mirth or comicality. Certain we are, that joking is carried to a height which it never reached at any former epoch. The literature of the day, instead of being merely enlivened with occasional sprinklings of fun—with a refined and delicate humor, which does not spring from words alone, but has intense meanings underneath the grotesque sounds—is consecrated to "Laughter holding both his sides," to Momus and broad grins. Joking has, in fact, become a trade. The cap and bells which once, like greatness, were "thrust upon" a man, because he had a genius for jesting, are now assumed with cold-blooded calculation. Wit, that splendid zigzag of the mind, which defies accurate analysis, though it electrifies all that it touches, is manufactured, like Sheffield hardware, at a fixed tariff. From the Thomas A'Beckets, who write "Comic Blackstones" and "Comic Histories of Rome" and "England," down to the "used up" Doesticks *et id omne* who edit Picayunes and Yankee Notions, all the writers of the times are in a daily or hebdomadal agony to say witty things. That, under such circumstances, the dreariest trash should be put forth for humor, is to be expected; but this is the smallest evil that flows from the effort to be facetious *invita Minerva*—at fixed times, with "malice pretense," and at so much per sheet. A greater mischief is, that in the state of intellectual bankruptcy which speedily ensues, the Petronii of our newspapers soon cease to discriminate between the real and the spurious, and mistake slang for wit. Unable to wield the weapon of Aristophanes and Horace, of Shakspeare and Moliere, they indulge in low buffoonery, and thus, much of our newspaper literature "vibrates between the pinched-up Puritanism of the North and the bull-mouthed savagery of the Southwest."

But we purposed to speak, not so much of this literary scrofula, which afflicts the authors and the journalists of the day, as of the jesting spirit, the *persiflage*, and mocking tone, which pervades the circles—and especially the youthful circles—of society. It is no exaggeration to say that one may now pass a whole evening in company, and hardly a word in earnest—nothing but a rattling fire of "quibs and cranks, and wanton wiles"—from tea-time to midnight. Generally, the leader on such occasions—the master-spirit who pitches the key of the conversation—is some smart young man who has hoaxed himself into the belief that he is a wit by nature and has a turn for "the funny." Of all the grovelling and disagreeable animals that infest society, and make it the Sahara that it sometimes is, we know of none more annoying to every person of sense that comes within earshot of him, than a youth with such a conceit. When once this flea gets into his ear, it revolutionizes the whole man. Henceforth, instead of trying to cultivate and improve his brains by study, he sets up for a second Hood, and crucifies them unceasingly to maintain his reputation as a buffoon. Fancying that the world depends upon him for its fun, that the slightest wagging of his tongue is the signal for a universal splitting of sides, the summit of ambition, the polar star to which his intellectual energies point with undeviating constancy, is a low joke, and its recognitory grin. Becoming at last a confirmed and hardened joker, he lets not the most innocent remark escape harmless; he pounces, hawk-like, on every poor, luckless word which, by any twisting, can be placed in a ludicrous *juxta position*, or by any torturing can be made susceptible of two meanings. No reverence has he for high and solemn things; no admiration for the noble, or love for the beautiful; high, solemn, noble and beautiful, are qualities he appreciates only because they can be turned into the broadest burlesque, just as the sweetest cider makes the sourest vinegar. The gravest themes of human contemplation he studies only with a vew to suggesting comical images and associations, and a remark as gloomy as death, will, in passing through his mind, acquire the motley livery of a harlequin.

There are certain moods of mind in which a jest is as nauseous as a pill: but your cold-blooded, hardened wit would crack a joke by the bed-side of a dying friend, would greet the sunrise from the peak of Mont Blanc with a pun, and tickle your ribs at the foot of the cataract of Niagara. Nay, even in the hour of his own dissolution, the *vis comica* is still triumphant; and, like that dying man who, when asked by the priest that had come to give him extreme unction, "Where are your feet?" answered, "*At the ends of my legs, to be sure,*" his last breath is a jest, his last aspiration a wish to provoke laughter.

Now, we are not one of those who would frown at a jest always, and look scowlingly upon every indication of mirth. We are no hater of such delicacies when indulged in sparingly, and cannot consider them, as some do, as much out of place on a thoughtful man's lips as on a gravestone or in a ledger. Without a sprinkling or two of fun, nonsense and frivolity, pray, what would become of us all in these days of suicide, war, shipwrecks, tight money markets, failures and bank explosions? Say what you will of this "solemn world," and such, alas! it too often is, a little of the Sherry must be mixed with the bitters of life, to help us to digest our dinners and sleep o' nights; and a little of the "*vanitas vanitatum*" will intermingle gratefully with the sterner alarums of existence. It has been wisely said that our graver faculties and thoughts are much chastened and bettered by a blending and interfusion of the lighter, so that "the sable cloud" may "turn forth her silver lining on the night;" while our lighter thoughts require the graver to substantiate them and keep them from evaporating. There must be some folly, or there could be no wisdom; some broad grins, or even tears would lose their meaning; and it will detract none from the music of life, if now and then, in the world's orchestra, the notes of the penny-whistle are heard over those of the deep-toned basson. But although we may not approve the taste of those who

"In arioso trills and graces
Never stray,
But gravissimo solemn basses
Hum away;"

and though we may deem "Laughter holding both his sides" as infinitely preferable to

"——— loathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,"

yet, surely, life was not intended to be a perpetual joke, one long holiday of fun and laughter.

Miss Landon never uttered a truer sentiment than when, in one of her novels, "Francesca Cerrara," she said, "Too much love of the ridiculous is the dry-rot of all that is high and noble in youth." Like a canker, it eats away the finest qualities of their nature; and there is no limit to the sacrifices made to it. "I have seen many," says Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's counsellor, "so prone to quib and gird, as they would rather lose their friend than their jest. And if perchance their boiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travail to be delivered as a woman with child. These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit."

The richest, rarest, most exquisite humor, is more nearly connected with a tear than with a broad grin. Besides, it should be recollected by the professed joker, that though a keen witticism "hath an ear-kissing smack," as Lamb says, which breaks the monotony of life, yet the mood which is necessary to the full relish of it, is rarely of long continuance. A succession of surprises decreases in force at every shock, and the jest that is anticipated loses half its power. Whoever, therefore, would have his wit *tell*, should be as charry of it as of his Sunday suit, and not let loose his bagged fox in every crowd, else his pleasantries may soon become stale, and himself, not they, the object of "inextinguishable laughter."

Another Princess, after the fashion set by the Princess Belgioioso, is set in the ranks of the journalists. *La Gazette de Paris* prints a letter from Beranger all about Madame Bonaparte's (Wise's) daughter, the Princess de Solmes, who now edits at Aix en Savoye a weekly paper called *Matinees d' Aix*. She appears to have been a favorite of Chateaubriand and Madame Ricamier. Beranger describes her as at his house making coffee for Lamennais, and delighting his humble abode by the brilliancy of her wit. The interest he takes in her is on account of her grandfather, Lucien Bonaparte, who was his earliest patron and benefactor.

There is no printing press at Aix (in which it resembles Dungarven,) and the "Copy" is struck off at Chamberry, but the *Matinees* receive contributions from Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, General Klapka, Ponsard, Alphonse Karr, Lamartine, and Princesse Belgioioso.—*N. Y. Times.*

From the Home Journal.

A good story

—— We take much pleasure in Home Journalizing the following capital story from the racy pen of our old friend James F. Otis, the correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune:—"One of the most distinguished parties that have made tour to the White Mountains, this season, was one composed principally of the *savans* connected with Harvard University. Among them was the famous Agassiz, always intent on scientific research; and there were the professors of botany, and geology, and chemistry, with Professor Felton, the well known Grecian, and Dr. Holmes, the witty poet, and 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' was of the party, which was so numerous as to require a special conveyance for their transportation from Conway to the Crawford House. This conveyance was a large country wagon, drawn by a team of fine Green Mountain horses, and driven by a sturdy son of the Granite Stat. Felton sat on the front seat with the driver, and the rest of the company stowed themselves away in the body of the wagon as they most conveniently could, and so the distiguished party jogged cosily along the road to the Notch. The day was one of the finest of the season, and admirably adapted for such an excursion, and every one, after his speciality, seemed to take the keenest delight in its incidents. Occasionally, the geologist would spy out some curious conformation or remarkable specimen of rock, and would insist on the driver's stopping to allow him to alight and investigate it. This would often consume much time, while the geologist would descant to his companions upon the nature and peculiarities of his discovery, and it more than once occurred that the impatient Jehu was obliged to remind the deeply absorbed party that the day was wasting, and that they had a long ride before them. But scarcely had they resumed their seats in the wagon, before the botanist was struck with the apparition of an unfamiliar looking flower or plant by the wayside, of which not forthwith to possess himself were a grievous deprivation to himself, and it might be an irreparable loss to sicence. So there was another stop, followed by another general debarkation, another consultation of the *savans*, another scientific disquisition, and, of course, another protracted delay; of which last the honest driver (perplexed in the extreme to know what all these sudden stoppages, and these mysterious consultations over pebbles and weeds, could mean) was louder and more intense in his complaints, the oftener they occurred, the longer they lasted, and the nearer the party approached the end of the journey. In the height of his impatience, the depth of his despair, and the extremity of his perplexity, he turned to his companion on the box—for Professor Felton, I should remark, had taken no part in the scientific researches of his brethren, but had contented himself meanwhile with the quiet perusal of some favorite Greek poet, or with silently admiring the majestice scenery by which he was surrounded—, What on arth's the matter with them men, squire?' sinewhat petulantly demanded the bothered Jehu.—'What are they abeout, stopping the team and jumping out every time they come across a loose stone or a big dandelion, or thistle, in the road? Who air they, anyhow, squire?' he exclaimed, in an agony of mingled curiosity and impatience.—Oh!' quietly remarked our absorbed Grecian, 'they are naturalists.'—A few days after this, the same team was engaged for this identical trip by a party of Bostonians. None of them were particularly scientific in their tastes or habits, and they did not in any great degree share in the fondness for geological or botanical research which characterize the eminent gentlemen who had gone before them, and whom, being acquaintances and friends, they were expecting soon to meet among the mountains. As they rattled along the turnpike through the Notch, one of them said to the driver, who was delightedly ruminating on the contrast between his present orderly company and the troublesome party he had been so perplexed with a day or two before, 'Good deal of travel along here this summer, eh, driver?'—'Wal, considerable this week or so,' was the reply.—'I suppose you have about as much as you can do, now-a-days, carrying people to the mountains—don't you?' continued the tourist.—'Pretty nigh,' replied our Jehu of the wagon. 'I had a queer party along, the other day—the the last before you. I never see such a set of fellows!'—'What were they like?'—'Like? Like loonatick, more'n anything else I know on! Why, I thought I should never git up to Crawford's. Every once in awhile they'd stop the team, and jump out, and pick up a stone, or pull up a weed, then one of 'em would preach a long sermon, and when he'd done, all the rest would chatter over it; and it was e'en a mosh as much as I could do to git 'em into the wagon agin'; and as it was, it was, daylight-down before we got ter Crawford's.'—'But who were people?' inquired the whole company of listeners, in a breath. 'Did'nt you find out?'—'Wal, not exackly. I axed their *keeper* who they were, and he told me they were *naturals!*'—Some laughing about this time, as you may reasonably suppose; but how was the merriment increased when the tale was told to the actual heroes of it, that night, at Crawford's."