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HUMILITY.

BY SINGING SYBIL There's a quaint and quiet corner, In my soul has sat all day, With her white hands softly folded, And her robe of sober gray— But in vain have brighter dwellers

Sought to frighten her away. Once, to-day, a radiant sparkler, With a face of roguish gice, Glided up and asked, demur-What the comer's name might be-

And she raised her eyes and answered Low and soft—"Humslify." And the little dancer wondered That she had such lovely eyes; And almost wished her crimson lips Could make such soft replies; Yet such a face with such a dress. Still filled her with surprise.

She scorned the quiet comer With the brown and braided hair, For her own flowed down in ringlets, And was looped with flowers fair. And she did not like a sober robe, When her's with gems shone rare

So no one sought the stranger With the sweet head bowed so low, With the fair and placid forchead. And the hands as pure as snow-But she smiled to be neglected As the rest glanced to and fro.

But the evening now is coming When'my heart shuts up its halls-When the silvery voice of reverie To the evening worship calls
All the thousand flitting dwellers That have been within its walls.

The dancing and the singing ones Are weary of their play-They come with lingering footsteps, And tones no longer gay, And gather sad and silently In mute and tired array.

And some, the dark and restless ones, Have wandered off and died; And many grand and lofty ones Have yielded up their pride-With broken wing and broken lute, They gather side by side

And now the meek-browed comer, In her robe of pensive gray, With a face of holy lovelines Bends quietly to pray, And from her form the mantl

Of meekness falls away. And underneath is flowing A tobe like sunset fair And her golden wing unfolding She floats into the air-And now I know I've "entertained An angel unaware,"

Choice Miscellann.

CLARA FIELDING; THE PRIMA DONA.

Did it ever occur to our readers, as they sat in a . concert-room, that the warbling beings in the orchestra were white-gloved hands be wrung with anguish? We think not: contented to gaze and to listen, we vaguely imagine the dark-eyed signora, and ringletted English girl, live only to sing; that they dwell forever in a sort of mysterious musical existence - vox et præterea nihil. The contrary is, however, sometimes forced on the spectator's

Clara Fielding was born with the finest musical capabilities. Her mother died almost in Clara's infancy, and the child was educated by her remaining parent, amidst poverty and difficulties of various kinds. Himself a pubthe singer, though not of celebrity, his life had been one long struggle with penury; whilst the mortifications to which a second-rate public performer is inevitably and constantly subjected, had soured his temper, and rendered him but a harsh preceptor. He had a son, three years older than Clara, who was brought forward as one of those "wonderful children," who are so frequently offered up to the parental Moloch. The diminutive spectres of the past will sweep before my readers-perhaps the victims they have seen, applauded, and involuntarily aided to destroy-George Aspull, the infant Lyra, and a crowd more, whose innocent voices cry from their untimely graves.

Alfred Fielding, however, was indeed a boy of aston ishing musical abilities; at seven years old he had his concerts, where crowded hundreds who listened in amazement to his instrumental performance, and hung with delight on the melodious sounds that issued from his infant mouth. Sometimes the attenuated form and pallid cheek were remarked to the father, who instantly replied by an assurance that he was in perfect health, and "never so happy as when playing." This last assertion was in a great measure correct. Besides a natural passion for music, vanity and promature ambition had been instilled into his little heart, and there was no degree of application to which he would not have submitted, rather than

At five years old, Clara made her first appearance before the public; rather to inure her early to their gaze, than from any display of which she was then capable.-She was a beautiful, clever, but very velatile child, and it required great occusional severity to oblige her to a sul-

ficient diligence for her father's future plans. Four years Fielding continued to reap a golden and abundant harvest. He went on the continent with his children, and Alfred was admired and caressed by the potentates of Europe; he returned to his native country to be still more celebrated; and after appearing for a fourth season before a London audience, who did observe (for people hare hearts) that he looked paler and thinner than ever-that "his voice was certainly going"-and that they "never saw a boy with such large eyes"-it was answered that Alfred Fielding had a cold: and he was taken down to liastings, where in six weeks he was laid in his silent grave, and the sea-mow dips her white

Clara was now alone. It has been said and sung, that the tears of childhood are forgotten as soon as shed; but such is not always the case; the brother and sister had truly be said, that in Alfred's grave Clara's vivacity was skill in self-dejusion which every mortal possesses so exquisitely, Fielding easily persuaded himself that a cold variety of purely accidental causes, had occasioned the boy's death; and turned, with redoubled arder, to cultivate his little daughter's talents. As an instrumental performer, she seemed never likely to equal her brother; but her voice promised to be of most surpassing beauty, and by the carnest advice of his professional friends, he refrained from any public exhibition of it during her child-

Over these years we will pass; they were marked by

poverty; for Fielding, with the usual carelessness of his with tenderness, and, except an Italian greyhound, that a foreign prince had given her brother, Clara had nothing else on earth to love. At length she approached womanhood, and, in spite of toil and privation, grow up tall and handsome, if not blooming; her hair and eyes were so dark, and her general turn of features so Italian, that at one time her father meditated bringing her out as a native of that country. But an idea that still greater interest would attach to her as the sister of the celebrated Alfred Fielding, occasioned this plan to be finally relinaaished.

Cl. ra was not quite sixteen when she made her debut. It was a most brilliant one: constant and judicious cultivation from her infancy had given every possible perfection to a splendid voice, of unusual power, of almost unrivalled compass, of unearthly aweetness. She also possessed all the sensibility indispensable for a truly great singer-a sensibility that, having little else on which to expend its power, exhaled itself in music with irresistible charm and pathos. Although Laturally timid and retiring, early habit had so familiarized her to the public gaze, that her self-possession was almost that of a veteran: her elegant figure and handsome face had, doubtess, their share in producing the rapturous reception with which the young aspirant was almost overwhelmed. The exulting father anticipated golden days once more: and felt tempted to fall at her feet and worship her.

From this moment began that dazzling, that intoxicating career, which has been run so often, and which has sometimes termimited in a night as sudden, as profound, as the early burst of morning was splendid and astonishing. Public and private concerts; musical festivals at York, at Birmingham, at Manchester; private exhibitions for the especial behoof of royalty; suppors at the duke of this, and breekfasts at the marchioness of that; visits, and invitations, and fetes, and verses, and gold bracelets clasped with emeralds, and bouquets of flowers, and baskets of fruit, crowded on each other, leaving Clara scarcely time to breathe. Hardly more complete s the change experienced by the poor little unsightly worm, that, after a two years' residence in the mud, one summer's morn climbs a stem of grass by its native water, and then becomes, it knows not how, a splendid insect, glittering like a jewel, and pursued, as it floats through the air, by the coveting eye of admiration.

Without a mother, or any other female protector, the youthful Clara was beset by dangers, to which she had no advantages of education or example to oppose. Fielding was not exactly a bad man, but he had no guiding principles, save interest and self-indulgence; nor had he ever attempted to warn his inexperienced child of the precipices she must approach. But there are some soils so excellent, that although no careful hand has ever sought to cultivate them, scatter but a few grains of good seed, and they will produce a luxuriant harvest. There are also hearts thus constituted—and such a heart was Chara's: In addition to this inestimable possession, notwithstanding her natural and inevitable enjoyment of her own fame, there would at times come over her inmost soul, amidst the glare and the glitter, the mighty rush of the orchestra behind her, the waving sea of uplifted faces, the ringing of plaudits in front, or even while the titled stoward was handing her up to the orchestra as if she were a queen, a feeling that her position and her triumph genuine fellow-ere itures? that those plumed and jewoled heads might acho, those eyes flow with tears, those mility and sense of insecurity had been acquired when, as a little child, at Hastings, she pillowed her dying brother's head on her bosom, and heard him faintly whisper, "Clara, it was that last concert that killed

> This triumphant career had continued for a year, and Fielding, grown wiser, carefully amassed their earnings and lived economically. During this period, incessant labor in her profession, combined with late hours and all the vicissitudes of a public singer's life, had materially impaired Clara's health, whilst cares of a different nature oppressed her mind. A nobleman, whose years might lrave enabled him to be her grandfather, pursued and annoyed her by attentions, by presents, by a thou. sand polite arts of persecution. For a considerable period she abstained from her usual reserve with him, because she was perfectly ignorant of his views, which in a younger man she might have suspected; and when she became aware of their nature, she knew not how to shelter herself from his assiduities. Her father was no protection to her; the ladies of rank, who invited her to their houses, never dreamed of extending to Clara the shield they held over the young femules of their own class, "She, you know, is a singer," was enough to make such neglect intelligible. But there was one perford her succor. .

Aldovini, the first tenor of the day, frequently sang with Clara; he was as celebrated as herself, and had enjoyed his fame much longer. It was condescension to sing with any but a countrywomen, and Clara felt flattered by the distinction. They practiced and rehearsed together, and an intimacy naturally grew up between them; she formed her taste by his opinion, and it was amazing how her expression increased when she sang with Aldovini. On his part, he appeared sometimes entirely to forget that he had any other anditor; for, il primo tenore had a profound contempt for everything English, from its climate to its music-Clara Fielding, perhaps, being the sole exception. Respecting the duke. Aldovini had no greater pleasure than exhibiting to his grace the sense of his own superiority, and shielding her completely from his attentions. He could always pretend, as foreigner, not to understand what the duke said, and his grace felt that he could not conveniently quarrel with such a person; so that there were few objects in creation more hateful to him than Aldovini's falcon eye, raven whisker, and aquiline nose, relieved by the fair pale fore-

head of Clara. The poor girl herself, thus thrown on his protection, and ardently grateful for the readiness and address with which it was always afforded, speedily learned to look up to him, to trust him, to obey him-to love him. A sort of sentimental, Platonic connection was gradually established between them: a mere amusement to the Italian: to Clara the only real source of happiness she possessed on earth. This attachment, such as it was, was never interfered with nor commented on by her father, beyond satrical smile, with which he sometimes looked at

Under these anspices, Clara's second London season commenced; her health was impaired, but her father was loved each other with uncommon affection; and it might not a man to consent to any relaxation in her efforts, and of joining the concert-room, and gazed around in speech ate ger spirits had risen, and supplied any lack of strength. less impatience for Aldovini, The night before, he had of the ordinary height, magples in tongue, babooons in buried; she was never reproached for it again. By that | Early in the year her fresh career began; "Miss Fielding's first morning concert" was duly announced and and, perchance, the marquess' claret was unusually advertised; all the difficulties, and heart-burnings, and caught at his last concert, or a damp bed at an inn, or a quarrellings ensued, that invariably precede the public ly over before he appeared; and the vocal part of the Mogellan. production of harmony, vocal or instrumental. But, at length, everything was satisfactorily arranged; the primadona of the day, at Aldovini's carnest request, consented to sing once "for the chalk-faced child;" whilst he acceded to all Fielding wished, except permitting Clara to sing a duet with anybody, but himself; on that one point he was inexorable.

The very night before the concert, when Clara, ex-Over these years we will pass; they were marked by hadsted by the fatigues of the day—the consings, and dovint; It was one which the public were never weary ing of the telegraph, the French provincials do not know nary warfare followed, with various includes and without of the Rophy Mountains, on the ground that it is unworthy not the enjoyments peculiar to that season of existhe practical was really of listening of the telegraph the french provincials do not know nary warfare followed, whether they are governed by a King or a President.

A rench was now will pass; they were marked by hadsted by the fatigues of the Rophy Mountains, on the ground that it is unworthy not the practical form their voices; and the signing of the telegraph, the French provincials do not know nary warfare followed, whether they are governed by a King or a President.

tence. Alfred's death had reconsigned the family to herself in a little sitting-room called her own, her father tones floated round the room, rising and falling-now came hastily in, with a bewildered air of consternation, caste, had saved but little; so that poor Clara's time was and an open letter in his hand. Its contents were specdivided between the laborious pursuit of her future pro- dily communicated. A professional friend of Fielding feasion and the severest household drudgery. Yet, au- had induced him to vest the large profits of the precedthoritative and exacting us her father was, she loved him ling your in a theatical speculation in which he had en- her away, she entreated him man eager whisper, to speak most affectionately; for here was a heart overflowing gaged. This man had become a bakrupt and fled; and Fielding was, in all probility, liable to a share of his reeither Fielding or Clara: they were familiarized to it; ofents of the preceding evening. and morover, they both felt that she had the power of commanding affluence; but this personal liability was can I avoid this terrible... Oh, Aldovini! you are so something vague terrible. Not a word of reproach passed Clara's lips, although she had combatted this manner | pity's sake!" of appropriating her earnings with as much firmness as she had ever ventured to exhibit, in opposition to her father; but she was overwhelmed, like himself, by the idea of what exasporated creditors might attempt. After & short pause, Fielding, who was traversing the room with hasty steps, approached his daughter, and said, in a low. hoarse voice. "You can save me, Clara; and you must." "Me! I!" she cried, in surprise and half-awakened joy, while she sprang from the seat. "Can I? tell me

"Yes, you can; I have sometimes thought of speaking to you about it before, but I was unwilling; and, besides, you were so young, and-and-so-. But now it must be done. The duke. Clara, has often offered me almost any sum I required, to use my influence over you to treat him more graciously and I really feel it to be a duty now, both to you and myself, to accept his proposals .-Therefore Don't look at me in that way, Clara, and shudder, as if it was something monstrous and unheard of. Let me tell you, such offers have been made me more than once; and I believe that I have been a fool to befuse them. Only that I was certainly proud of your being so correct; and had you continued as particular with regard to all others, you should never have heard a word on this subject from me, come what might. But after this silly connection with that follow, Aldovini, I don't see why I am to be more scrapulous than other people."

"Father!" shricked Clara, who had hitherto stood entranced in horror. "you are not in earnest! you cannot mean what you say! Aldovini! there is nothing, I swear to you, father, wrong between us. Oh! how can you think so ill of your child?"

"Clara, Clara! don't, when I am half distracted, drive ne quite mad! It may be very well to talk in this way with your fine ladies, though they ain't a bit nicer than you, perhaps, after all; but to mel No, no; you may fancy, foolish child, that you are very cunning! but you cannot deceive me. What! make me believe that Aldoving, who can live with the nobles in the land, and has them all at his bock, comes and sups with you on bread and butter and radishes, only to sing duets! Clara, I think it my duty not to allow you to throw yourself away: and, therefore, I shall tell the duke."

"Father," rejterated Clara, "you will kill me if you

talk in this way." These words, and the voice of agony in which they vere uttered, arrested Fielding's attention; and perceiving from her ghastly countenance, that he must try different methods, he softened his tone, soothed or rather endeavored to soothe her, and began a gentle enumeration of

the duke's many claims upon her attention. "Be merely civil; but at present you are really quito rude to him. And then there is Dr. Grimsworth always

saying you sing too much; and all that." Clara had sunk on a seat; she arose, and in a faint hollow tone said, "Let me go now, father. I cannot talk to-night any more. To-morrow-;" and seeming unable to utter another word, she quitted the room.

Fielding immediately proceeded to some persons enter into an arrangement with them as to his affairs .-A representation respecting the concert, procured him a promise of personal immunity for the following day; and by the ready bows of the various instruments, slipped Fieldin g returned home, resolved, in the course of it, to conclude such a treaty with the duke as should relieve him effectually from his present horrid anticipations .-Long habituated to live by expedients, he revolved many schemes in his mind for his extrication. One was to fly with Clara to the continent the moment the concert was over, and thus avoid forcing her to a step for which she evinced so violent a repugnance. In justice to Fielding it must be said, not without a severe struggle, not till a prison stated him in the face, had he resolved on sacrificing his daughter. How far he really was influenced by her supposed weakness with Aldovini, in yielding to the duke's proposals, cannot be said; at least, it formed part of the unction he laid to his soul on the occasion. While Fielding was thus occupied, Clara sat on the floor of her own chamber in a state of mind difficult to be described. A blow had been struck to her very heart, and a souse of her atter helplessness, of being a lonely, wretched, enslaved creature, bowed to the son in the world who always could, and always did, afpriving her of all energy, all power, even of thought-The pecuniary embarrassment was forgotten-one sole image stood before her-her father! One sound rung in her ear-these words, never to be forgetten-these unut terably hideous words! Clara had dearly loved that sole parent; she had even respected him; and now the overwhelming sense of his loathsome baseness was paramount to every other. Hours passed unhoeded, during which she shed no tears, but sat motionless as a statue, gazi ng ou vacancy. At length she partiallay recovered the first stunning shock, and began to think. She had only one friend on earth to consult in her extremity; and to that one she knew the most unsupportable part of her grief would occasion no surprise. Aldovini had more than once uttered mysterious expressions, which Clara now understood but too well. A single ray of hope, too, where the most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, of a kingdom. In the thirteenth century it connected gleamed faintly on her benighted soul: it was possible that there was even happiness in store for her; but she be discorned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser becomming a member of the Hanseatic League; and ventured not to dwell on this vision. Towards morn ing exhausted nature sank into a brief oblivion.

She awoke somewhat refreshed, and comparatively dreams. Her brothers's form had hovered before her, said. "Fear nothing, Clara, you shall be happy to-mor-

row."
The following morning, the actual business of the concert pressed on both father and daughter so engressingly, that they had no time for conversation. Clara, accustomed from infancy to share in such labors, moved statue in the last two hundred years! Magalhaen afmechanically through her duties; only an occasional firmed them to be nearly twelve feet high, Cordova and convulsive shudder and the wandering of her eye, be- Sarmiento at least nine, Auson about eight, and our own traying the perturberation and anguish within. All the school geography, full seven. In truth they measure about machinery being in order, her toilet completed, a soupcon six feet, and are very strongly built. Whether time tears of rouge on her wan cheek, the transparent bonnet tied down tallness from men or from fables, is a point for loosely under her chin, even the bouquet and pocket conjecture. These Horse Indians as they are commonly handkerchief ready, she repaired to the apartments ad- called, from their equestrian life, are friendly and very been engaged to sing at a fete given by a ludy of rank. tempting. Be that as it might, the overture was actualconcert was to open with a duet between Clara and himself. When she saw him, when she heard his voice, a

sudden sense of peace and accurity came over her; New York, was filled with surprise at the sight of a girl her eyes lit up, and her "O. Aldovini! how late you milking a cow. "I didn't know you did it in that way." are!" was uttered with somewhat like a smile. In ano- she said, with round eyed wonder. "I thought they took ther moment she was facing a brilliant audience, and bold of the cow's tail, and pumped the milk out of her. tumults of applause were echoing round her. She bad frequently sung the appointed duct with Al-

singly in melodious stream-now blending in one mingling gush of harmony-all listened in breathless, entranced delight, nor dreamed of the throbbing anguish beneath the veiled bosom of the siren. As Aldovini led to her alone; they entered a small apartment adjoining the one where refreshments were placed; and in a few sponsibility. More proverty was not greatly dreaded by nearly inarticulate broken words, she communicated the

> Advise me-for I am almost out of my mind. How much more experienced than I am! Advise me, for

"More experienced, indeed," replied Aldovini, with a smile and a sigh; "I thought something was the matter. Stay-let me think; and don't tremble, peverina; but sit down-remember the cavatina is still to be sung."

She sank in a chair. After manifest disturbance and even embarrassment, he approached, and taking her cold hand, said, "You have only one refuge, Clara, if you will accept it. Here!" and he struck his breast. "Come with me, Chiarina mia; it will be better than being sold to that old scelerato. Come to Italy with me cara funciulla. My ongagement is broken with those opera fools; and within a week I will be ready. I hate the country, and shall rejoice to quit it. I have lost two notes since I came, You, mean-while-"

"But my father," interrupted Clara; "he would never consent." "Consent!-to what? Consent to what. Clara!"

"To-such a thing; he has so great an aversion to my marrying a foreigner."

At these words, Aldovini suddenly withdrew the arm he had thrown round Clara; and, drawing back, looked earnestly upon hor. The whole expression of his counquivered for a moment on his lip. Then he said, in a tone of great feeling. "And is it indeed so? is it possible?" Still he remained gazing fixedly upon her; while he stood in breathless surprise and anxiety. A struggle was visible on his countenance; a second change succooded; and then, as if resolved, he returned to her side, retook ber passive hand, and said:

"I might deceive you, but I will not, Clara. Un sol baccio; perhaps it is the first and the last you will ever even when the summer came, was still but a melancholy give me, for, cara, mia," though it appears you have ne- savage, living like the hear upon the roots and fruits of ver heard the fact-I am married. Cara mia," he repeated in alarm, as she sprang buck with a faint, suppressed

cry, and sank on her scat.
There was a pause; Clara uttered not a word; and after a moment, Aldovini continued:

Anm nearly twenty years older than you, Clara, and have been married these dozen years. My wife is a beauty; and has the voice of an angel. She likes the Prince of Hesse Brennenberg botter than pour Giulio Aldovini, the singer; and you-you-dear and innocent child, are I fear-"

At this moment, several eager voices called on her for her attendance in the orchestra.

"Clara forgive me!" whispered Aldovini, as he raised her from her seat. Still silent, a convulsive shudder was her only reply. Her father appeared, calling her hastily and stornly. She stopped quickly forward and followed dition consisted of two thousand canoes, with eighty

The noonday sun shone full on Clara as she appeared was put into her hand, and the symphony began. It terminated with a single trumpet note, and the thunder roll of the kettle drums. At that instant she started, and Clara's lips parted for the first note of the recitative. A shrick—a single blercing shrick issued from them; and she fell forward in the orchestra. The utmost confusion mightier conqueror. instantly provailed; a strange discordant sound produced hurriedly down the strings, mingled with the surrounding voices. The unhappy girl was carried off, and some began to circulate. At length, it was currently reported in the concert-room that Miss Fielding was dead.

"Dead! you don't mean to say that she died in the orchestra?" exclaimed a lady of very high rank, in an indignant tone. "I rather think she did."

"Oh! then it is quite time to give up concerts, if the singers are to be so devoid of decency as actually to die before ones's very face!" said the very same lady. Rumor, for once, spoke truly. Clara had, indeed, ex-

pired as she fell; although the fact was not ascertained tor some time afterwards.

Aldovini, as he rushed past every one else, and lifted this terrible event; but he recalled her look when that a mightier conquest stopped him on his way, and the fatal word escaped his lips—her total silence afterwards; Tartar died. and now he gazed on her livid constenance, and felt all was indeed over.

"Back, old man!" he exclaimed to the duke. "Back, fiend!" he repeated to her father, as all his Italian passions roused to freezy, he struck him away.

Then clasping her in his arms, he continued in a bro-Clara, Clara, pray for me in your bright abode, and forgivo me."

of the sharpest rezor or lancet with a microscope, it will the chief depot of the northern Asiatic commerce with even, and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly own, with which it suffered not even the Khan of the small needle resembles an iron bar; but the sting of a Tartars to interfere. Its population amounted to four capital, and brought in to lodge with you, in case it can be bee seen through the same instrument exhibits every hundred thousand—then nearly equal to the population of any use; here it is;" and he handed a bundle of bankshining, and every where equal. The smallest dot that God and the great Novgorod?" calm. She had been visited with strange but soothing is made with a pen appears irregular and uneven. But clad in long glittering garments, and, smiling on her, found to be the most accurately circular. How magnifi- Turk, until he was fool enough to throw away the turban, cent is the system of Naturo!

THE PATAGORIANS. -- At San Nicholas's Bay we saw a fair specimen of the Patagonians. This is that singular race of men which have so inexplicable lost half their stupid. The Terra del Fengian, or Canoe Indians, are countenance, and imps in treachery. Many conflicts have taken place between them and sealing vessels. They are best seen at a distance,-Letter from Straits of

LT A friend tells us that a little girl from the metropolis, who had visited a town not a thousand miles from What's she got so long a tail for?"

A French wag says that when the fogs hinder the work-

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

ITS HISTORY TO THE TIME OF PETER.

Russia is the most extraordinary country on the globe, the four most important particulars of empire-its hisory, its extent, its population, and its power. It has for Europe another interest—the interest of alarm

he evidence of an ambition which has existed for a hundred and fifty years, and has never paused; an increase f territory which has never suffered the slightest casuality of fortune; the most complete security aganst the retaliation of European war; and a government at once despotic and popular; exhibiting the most conndless authority in the sovereign, and the most absolute submission in the people; a mixture of habitual abedience, and divine homage: the reverence to a monerch, with almost the prostration to a divinity.

Its history has another superb anomaly: Russia gives the most memorable in stances in human annals, of the power which lie within the mind of individual man. Peter the Great was not the restorer, or the reformer of Russia: he was its moral creator. He found it, not as and left it marble;" he found it a living awamp, and left it covered with the fertility of la ws, energy, and konwledge he found it Asiatic and left it European; he remove it as far from Scythia as if he had placed the diameter of the globe between; he found it not brick, but mire, and he transformed a region of huts into the magnificence of empire.

Russia first appeared in European history in the middle of the ninth century. Its climate and its soil and till then retained in it primitive barbarism. The sullenness of its vinter had prevented invasion by civilized nations, and the nature of its soil, one imense plain, had given full scope to the roving habits of its half-famished tribes .tepance changed; his cyclids dropped; a softened smile The great invasions which broke down the Roman empire, had drained away the population from the north, and left nothing but remnants of clans behind. Russia had no sea, by which she might send her bold savages to plunder or to trade with Southern and Western Europe. And, while the man of Scandanvia was subduing kingdoms, or carrying back spoils to his northern crags and lakes, the Russian remained, like the hears of his forest in his cavern during the long winter of his country; and his ungenial soil.

It was to one of those Normans, who, instead of steering his bark toward the opulence of the south, turned his lreary adventure to the north, that Russia owed her first onnection with intelligent mankind. The people of Novgored, a people of traders, finding themselves overpowered by their barbarian neighbors, solicited the aid of Rurie, a Baltic chiestain, and of course, a pirate and a robber. The name of Norman had earend old roknown in the north. Ruric came, rescued the city, but paid himself by the seizure of the surrounding territory, and found a kingdom, which he transmitted to his descendants, and which lasted until the middle of the sixteenth century. In the subsequent reign we see the effect of the north-

ern punilage; an expedition, in the style of the Bultic oxploits, was sent to plunder Constantinople. The expethousand men on board. The expedition was defeated in the orchestra; her numerous admirers looked at her latter times. They fought stoutly for their capital, and for the Greeks had not yet sunk into the degeneracy of and were struck by her bewildered air. The cavatina rousted the pirates in their own canoes, by showers of the famous "Greek fire."

Those invasions, however, were tempting to the idle, ness and poverty, or to the avarice and simbition of the gazed wildly around. One soft sound from a flute, and Russians; and Constantinople continued to be the great object of cupidity and assault, for three hundred years.-But the city of Constantine was destined to fall to

Still, the northern barbarian had now learned the road to Greece, and the intercourse was mutually beneficial. Greece found daring allies in her old plunderers, and in the eleventh century she gave the Grand duke Valdimir minutes elapsed; several of the audience inquired at the a wife, in the person of Anna, sister of the emperor Baentrance to the private apartments, and strange rumors sil II., a gift made more important by its being accomparied by his conversion to Christianity.

> A settled succession is the great secret of royal peace but among those bold riders of the desert, nothing wa ever sattled save by the sword; and the first act of all the sons, on the decease of their father, was, to slaughter each other; until the contest was settled in their grave, and the last survivoquietly ascended the throne.

But war, on a mightier scale than the Russian Steppes had ever witnessed, was now rolling over Central Asia. The cavalry of Genghiz Khan, which came, not in squadrons, but in nations, and charged, not like troops but like thunderclouds, began to pour down upon the valley of the Wolga. Yet the conquest of Russia was not her from the ground, was the first who even imagined to be added to the triumps of the great Tartar chief:ain;

His son Tohusi, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, burst over the frontier at the head of half a million of horsemen. The Russian princess, hastily making up their quarrels, advanced to meet the invader; but their army was instantly trampled down, and before the middle of the century, and the provinces and all the ken voice, "She is at rest! you cannot harm her now! cities of Russia, were the prey of the men of the wilderness. Novgorod alone escaped.

The history of this great city would be highly interes-PERFECTION OF NATURE.—Upon examining the edge ting, if it were possible now to recover its details. It was appear full as broad 'as the back of a knife-rough, un- Europe; it has a government, laws, and privileges of its blemish or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to itself still more effectually with European commerce, by than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors .- the wonder and pride of the Russians were expressed in But a silk worm's web appears perfectly amouth and the well-known half profune proverb, "Who can resist

There is always something almost approaching to picthe little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are turesque grandeur in the triumphs of barbarism. The was the most showy personage in the world. The Araba under Mahomet, were the most stately warriors, and the Spanish Moors throw all the pomp, and even all the romance of Europe into the shade. Even the chiefs of the "Golden Hords" seemed to have had as picturesque a conception of supremacy as the Saracen. Their only city was a vast camp, in the plains between the Caspian hands of the native princes, and enjoyed themselves in the manlier sports of hunting through the plains and mountains, and commanded that every vassal prince should attend at the imperial tent to receive permission Russian princes should lead the Tartar horse by the bridle, and give him a feed of oats out of their cap of state!

> those gigantic executioners who seem to have been sont, from time to time to punish the horrible profigacies of Asia, now rose upon the north. Timour Khan, the Tamariane of European story, the invincible, the lord of the Tartar world, rushed with his countless troops upon the soveringnties of Western Asia. This universal conconquerer crushed the Tarter dynasty of Russia, and then burst away like ar inundation, to everwhelm other lands. But the native Russians again made head against

In the fifteenth century Russia began to assume form. Ivan III. broke off the vassalage of Russia to the "Golden Horde." He had married Sophia, the niece of the Greek Emperor, to which we may attribute his civilization; and he received the embassies of Germany. Venice, and Rome at Moscow. His son, Ivan IV. took Novgored, which he rained, and continued to fight the Poles and Tartars until he died. His son, Ivan, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was crowned by the title of Czar, formed the first standing army of Russia named the Strelitzes, and established a code of laws. In 1598, by the death of the Czar Feeder without children, the male line of Ruric, which had held the throne for seven hundred and thirty-six years, and under fiftysix sovereigns became extinct.

Another dynasty of remarkable distinction ascended the throne in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Michael Romanoff, descended from the line of Ruric, by the female side, was declared Czar. His son Alexis was the father of Peter the Great, who, with his brother Ivan was placed on the throne at the decease of their father, but both under the guardianship of the Princess Augustus found Rome, according to the old adage, "brick was sent to a convent, Ivan, who was imbecile in mind and body, surrendered the throne, and Peter became sole sovereign of Russia.

The accession of Peter began the last and greatest poriod of Russian history. Though a man of fierce passions and barbarian habits, he had formed a high couception of the value of European arts, chiefly through an intelligent Gonevese, Lofort, who had been his tutor .-Black-wood's Magazine.

THE SEVEN-SHILLING PIECE.

It was during the panic of 1726 that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Thompsen, was scated with something of a melaucholy look in his dreary backroom, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit: there existed perhaps, in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs Thompson and Co., but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability, was looked to; a general distrust was felt. and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be to late, forgetting entirely that this step was that all of others the most likely insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watchng the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listning to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness'as he saw continual rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong-box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a mement at the bewildered banker, cooly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him .-You will pardon me sir, for asking a strange question but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the

point." "Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the other. "I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?" "It is truo?" "Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extrardinary query, If, however, you have any money in the

yourself: our cashier will instantly pay you:" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw. "Far from it, sir: I have not one sixpence in your

bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy

hands.' "Then may I ask what is your business here?" "I wished to ascertain if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

*Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small de-The money-dealer started.

"You seem surprised you don't know my person or my motivo. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?" "Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honored by a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect

"Not I, my friend." "No, sir; few such men rememder their kind deeds, but those who are benefited by them seldem forget them. I am perhaps prolix: listen, however, only a few moments and I have done. !!

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assen-

"Well, sir, as I said before. I throw open the gatk for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. "Thank you, my lad," replied you-"thank you; and the same to you: here is a trifle to make it so; and you threw me a seven-shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall 1 forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left tha part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on your present brought good fortune with it: I am comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidennotes to the agitated Thompson. "In a few days I'll call ngain;" and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll; it contained £.30,000! The stern-hearted banker-for all bankers must be sternburet into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a milionaire sobbed -he could not holp it. The firm is still one of the first in

The £.30,000 of the turnpike-boy is new grown in some £.200,000. Fortunate has well disposed of her gifts.

WISE COUNSEL.-The Home Journal gives the folowing extract from an address of the venerable Dr. Nott. president of the Union college, N.-York:

"I have been young, and am now old; and in review and the Wolga; and while they left the provinces in the of the past, and the prospect of the future. I declare unto you, beloved pupils, were it permitted me to live my life over again, I would, by the help of God, from the very outset, live better. Yes, from the outset I would frown upon vice; I would favor virtue; and lend my into reign, or perhaps to live; and that even, when they fluence to advance whatever would exalt and adorn busent their Tartar collectors to receive the tribute, the man nature, alleviate human misery, and contribute to render the world I lived in, like the heaven to which I aspire, the abode of innocence and folicity. Yes, though But another of these aweeping devastators, one of I were to exist no longer than the ephemera that sport away their hour in the sunbeams of the morning; even during that brief period I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars, than droop to the earth and lick the dust with the reptile, and having done so, bed my body with my memory in the gutter."

A Texas paper gots off the following hit at "Northern anatics:"-A Yankee patriot has recently petitioned their Tartar masters, and a contary and a half of sangul. | Congress to pass a bill for the demolition of the great chain