

corner of the room, and burying his head in the bed-clothes, tried thus to suppress his cries.

"Mrs. Aikin, aware that the wants of these sufferers would not justify a moment's delay of the succor they needed, called the boy to her and despatched him to her husband with a note, which she hastily wrote with a pencil on the back of a letter.—While he was gone, she had leisure to observe the extreme wretchedness of the apartment, in which there was not an article of furniture, save a straw bed and its scanty covering. There were shreds of the garments strewed about the floor, the 'light stuff,' the poor crazed woman had been burning to warm her infant.

"Have you been long sick, my friend?" she asked, with the faint hope of obtaining a rational answer.

"Sick! sick!" replied the mother, "yes, a good while, I have been sick a trifle; the intermittent and the typhus, but I believe I am getting the better of it all, for yesterday I felt quite hungry."

"And did you take any thing?" asked Mrs. Aikin.

"Oh yes," she answered, drawing near to Mrs. Aikin, and whispering with an air of great self-complacency, "I did indeed take something—all I had in the house—an excellent thing to blunt the edge of one's appetite—*laudanum*—you know, Ma'am, it is doctor's stuff, and the doctors know how to cure an appetite."

"God help you, poor woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Aikin.

"God help me!" reiterated the poor creature, with a piercing cry, "there is no help for me," and she sunk on the side of the bed and wept freely."

We could have wished that the repentance of the dishonest boy had been described in more striking terms, that his sufferings might have operated as a more effectual warning. Some readers may perhaps think that the story would have been improved if the last two paragraphs had been omitted.—The present of the breast pins to children in a situation such as is described may not appear the most appropriate.

Extract from the Address of SOLOMON SOUTHWICK, Esq. delivered at the opening of the Apprentices' Library in Albany.

Let me warn you against an error, which too many apprentices fall into, who conceive that from the moment they are indentured, their parents have no further claims upon them. It is true indeed that the parent cannot claim any thing which is due to the master. But filial piety and affection are ties of nature which no artificial or adventitious ties can sever. Continue, therefore, not only to love, but to cherish, if requisite, so far as you can do so, your tender and affectionate parents; and the more especially if they are labouring under age and infirmity, and cast into the vale of poverty.—Give all the succor in your power to their wants, soothe their declining years, and their infirmities, by acts of gratitude and kindness: And beware if you would not kindle against you the wrath of your eternal Judge, in the great day of account, how you adopt any course of conduct that shall wring their aged hearts with anguish, and precipitate their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. O! never let it be

said of you, that you have with parricidal insensibility dissolved the ties of filial affection; that you have barbarously and wickedly

"Steep'd a mother's couch in tears,
And ting'd a father's glowing cheek with shame."
But rather let me anticipate, as I do with emotions inexpressible, indescribable, that you will not only never disturb the peace of a father's mind, but that your mother's shall realize the bright, the consoling picture of the sweet Poet of Hope:

"Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps,
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:—
Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine:
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul: but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past,
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh! wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my wo!"

THE TRAVELLER.

MR. CARTER, one of the Editors of the New-York Statesman, who has been for some time travelling in Europe and edifying the public with his observations, has given, in one of his last letters, an account of his visit, in Paris, "to see the king and royal family at public at the palace of the Tuilleries!"—The following is an extract:

We at length reached the dining room, which is spacious but was filled to overflowing, even to the windows, with ladies and gentlemen who had been presented at court, and were therefore *privileged* to remain during the whole banquet—a prerogative which I felt little anxiety to enjoy. Temporary boxes had been erected around the hall, overlooking the table. These were filled with ladies in full dresses, who sat all the evening patiently, watching all the important movements at the festive board. A little incident occurred, showing to what extent a taste for such scenes is carried by fashionable people in Europe. A general in the British army, who had behaved with great gallantry in several battles, and received two wounds in the service of his country, tamely suffered himself to be pushed from place to place by the waiters of his majesty, all for the sake of seeing a man, of probably not half the talent or worth of himself, munch his bread and take his soup.

The table was in a semi-circular form, on the outside of which, near the centre, the King was seated, with the Duke d'Angouleme on his right, the Duchess d'Angouleme on his left, and the Duchess de Henry on the extreme right. They all sat at respectful distances, looking cold and unsocial enough, staring at the crowd, and the crowd staring at them.—His majesty is a genteel man in his appearance, with rather a thin face, and a grey

head, with no marks of decrepitude, though now at the age of sixty-nine.—There was nothing peculiar in his dress. He seemed less embarrassed by his awkward situation, than the rest of the royal group, who sat like statues over their plates, while he handled his knife and fork with a good deal of ease and dexterity. His whole appearance is so like the Philadelphian, who accompanied us, that the latter has several times been taken for the king, while walking the streets of Paris.

All the others are a poor lot. The Duke and Duchess d'Angouleme are both coarse in their features, particularly the latter, who has a bold masculine face, and looks as if she might be a Catharine of Russia in character. She is said, however, to be a woman of talents, and to have an ascendancy in the cabinet, whence originate all the ultra measures of the Government. The king has not half the ability of Louis XVIII.—Aware of his weakness, he is inclined to relax the cords of government, and to pursue a popular course; but his authority is overruled by others. His son, the Dauphin, is now at the age of about 50, and looks as old as his father. On his shoulders, and after him, the young Duke of Bordeaux, who is now a sick child and was not at the table, the future hopes of France rest. The Duchess of Berry is a small, inferior looking woman, with nothing prepossessing in her appearance. Both of the ladies were dressed in black, with their robes profusely studded with diamonds.

Our observations were limited in time to a few minutes, occupied in passing through the room, close by the table; but by throwing our observations into joint stock, and by balancing opinions, we have probably arrived at a sufficient degree of accuracy. On the whole, this was the greatest farce I have ever attended. It is converting the palace into a menagerie, and the royal family into so many lions, for the amusement of the multitude.—Intelligent Frenchmen consider the show, which recurs annually, in the same light as I have done. It is a relic of royalty, at least two centuries behind the age, which the mere progress of reason has rendered ridiculous.

VARIETY.

The marriage of Alexander III., King of Scotland, to Margaret, daughter of Henry II., King of England, both infants of ten years of age, occasioned a display of magnificence exceeding all that had ever been seen before in England. Besides the Kings of England and Scotland, with their retinues, the queen dowager of Scotland, who resided in France, joined the company with a splendid train of the nobles of that country. Notwithstanding the rapine of the popes and the folly of the crusades, the nobles of England afforded to make a most splendid display. On the marriage day, December 26th, 1251, a thousand English knights appeared in *contises* of silk, and the day following in new and different robes. Sixty Scottish knights, and many others, were handsomely dressed, but the historian declines specifying the excessive profusion of the occasion, lest the account should appear incredible and disgusting. The archbishop of York had the expensive honor of being landlord to this jolly company, assembled from England, Scot-