

fell on the dazzling uniform of a British officer of high rank.

"By all that's good!" he said, advancing, "this is a discovery. A British officer in the —"

"Hush, my dear fellow," said André, affecting the voice and manner of an exquisite—"a—a—you see a—Mr. Smithson—that we young fellows, a—that is you know—we like to dress gaily—"

"Well."

"Why—a—foolish vanity, a—that is all—nothing more I assure you—I thought I might fall in with some of the pretty rustics—Ha, ha, ha! you understand me Smithson, my good fellow, ha?—and so I borrowed this coat of an old acquaintance. You take, ha?"

"Confound your gibberish," muttered Smithson, and then added in a tone of supreme contempt: "Yes, I understand." From that moment, Mr. Smithson set down Mr. Anderson as one of the genus between the orang-outang and human. Whether the young man succeeded in blinding him altogether was doubtful; but he made no further remark, and went into the house with the gorgeous uniform in his hands, and returned with a claret colored-coat, and nankeen waistcoat, which André put on, covering his head with a round hat, and wrapping himself again in his blue over coat. In a few minutes the horses were ready, and mounting, they moved away from the house at a fast trot, and in the direction of King's Ferry.

To be continued.

Original.

TO THE MEMORY OF LUCY HOOPER.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"The Lady's Book of Flowers and Poetry," was prepared by the lamented Lucy Hooper in her last hours of illness, and was not published 'till after her death. Those, who knew and appreciated the unpretending goodness, and womanly gentleness of the gifted author, cannot fail to regard the Book, appearing under such circumstances, with a most melancholy interest.

The gladsome bird is with us, and the flower,
That Lucy loved, smiles in its sunny nook—
We look abroad, and then in Lady's bower
Where lies that last sweet offering, Lucy's Book—
While she, who dying, left this record here,
Pure as the gentle soul that gave it birth,
Hath pressed, with lilies crowned, the early bier.
No tears for thee, sweet minstrel, for our earth
Were all too cold and shadow-like for thee—
Its hopes too fleeting, and its love a dream—
Why should'st thou learn how weary it may be
To hearts that feel, where others only seem!
Oh, rest! although thy song should be forgot,
Yet Maiden, rest thee well! for sweet hath been thy lot.

HUMILITY is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet every body is contented to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servants, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.—Selden.

Original.

FEMALE KINDNESS.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

"I have observed among all nations, that the women are ever the same kind, civil obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay, timorous and modest. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. In wandering over the plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was idly, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."—Ledyard.

BEYOND the ever-rocking deep,
O'er deserts bleak, and regions green,
From month to month, from year to year,
Unwearied still my way hath been.
My pilgrim staff hath cross'd the snows
O'er frozen Labrador that roll,
And scaled the icy pinnacles
Far up the wintry northern pole.
Upon the iceberg's glassy top,
Upon the glacier's crystal crest,
 Oft-times my tempest-beaten head
Has found a pillow for its rest.
Along the bare and sandy waste,
That borders Afric's yellow shore,
These limbs from dawn of day 'till eve,
Have oft their weary burden bore.
On every shore, in every clime,
In tropic or in frigid zone,
Wearied and fainting by the way,
Famished, athirst, and sick and long,
In woman's soft and melting heart,
A sympathetic balm I've found,
A spirit ever prompt to heal
The smarting pang and galling wound.
The wintry day was chill and bleak,
And to its setting sank the sun,
When worn with travel, faint and weak,
I faltered o'er the dreary waste.
Across the wide champaign of France,
My toilsome way all day had led,
And long the heavy road did seem
To lengthen to my weary tread.
At length, exhausted, I reposed
Where fast a little hamlet stood,
By many a flowering hedge enclosed,
E'en bosomed in a drooping wood.
Nor long upon the cheerless sod,
The stranger's fainting form reclined,
For forth from an old cottage grey,
(Its lattice with green vines entwined,
A dark-eyed damsel of the land,
Came with a light and dancing step,
And soon with hospitable hand