

forehead, and then dashed out of the door in a very theatrical agony indeed.

Isabella Ellison was sitting in as pretty a boudoir as any little lady might desire to own—whether she herself belonged to court or commoner. Old Ellison had always been a profusely indulgent father, and his daughter in her own luxuriant little chamber was surrounded by many a mark of his open hand. Her buhl cabinet, her rich mosaic table, her silk couches and hangings, and her velvet-like carpet, besides innumerable costly books, and a few highly-finished pictures in gorgeous frames, and Dresden vases full either of perfumes or flowers, being all so many proofs of his unsparing expenditure.

And here sat Isabella threading pearls on the evening after her devoted lover's interview with her inexorable father. As yet she was ignorant how exceeding unkind and unfeeling her papa had behaved, and she was consequently as good tempered as young girls generally are who have everything in the world to please them. Isabella Ellison looked very pretty as she sat on her crimson silk couch, and there were two reasons for this; in the first place, nature had turned her out of her manufactory a well-executed piece of workmanship, very well finished, that is, painted, enamelled, and embellished, and polished, as the great artist alone knows how to manage, having an exclusive patent for such works, and carefully keeping the whole process secret; and in the second, being very prettily and tastefully dressed; in fact, Isabella was attired for a party, and her white satin robe, with its long pointed bodice, and its voluminous skirt spreading wide around her, and its elbow sleeves with their blond falls, served to set off both her form and face, and as she stooped with her glossy ringlets over her lady-like labour, she looked almost as pretty as her own picture—which is a very rare thing for a lady to look.

'I wonder,' thought Isabella, 'if he will be there to-night. If he is, I won't dance with anybody else—that I'm determined. I wonder how I look; but white satin is so becoming in the complexion. I shouldn't like to be ugly, that must be so very disagreeable. If I were ugly, I would never look into a glass. It must be disagreeable to look in a glass if you are ill-looking. If I were so, I think I should turn Catholic, and go into a nunnery—that would be the best thing, because no one would see you. Yet after all, the dress is very becoming if people are only handsome. When I go to a masquerade I will be dressed like a man; but papa does not like masquerades—that is so odd of papa, to be prejudiced, I hope I shall never be prejudiced—it is so narrow minded. Lieutenant Lincoln is not at all prejudiced—and then he is so handsome. He looks quite divine in his regimentals. I looked about everywhere for him to-day, but I could not find him; and when I got nearly home I made them turn back, and drive all the way to Piccadilly, and pretended to have forgot something, thinking that perhaps one might find him somewhere, but we did not, though I looked at everybody all the way, and held the check-string in my hand. I put on my new hat, with feathers too—the milliner's girl said that I looked well in it, and I suppose I did, for I saw two or three gentlemen stand still to look at me every time I got in and out. I wish I had met him, but I dare say I will to-night.'

Such was a little sample, a sort of shred of the lady's thoughts, as they meandered on her during her pearl-threading employment, and it was at this fraction that old Ellison sauntered in from his wine.

'What doing, Isabella,' asked the merchant.

'O papa, only turning my necklace into a bandeau for my hair.'

'What, too poor to buy one?'

'La, papa! I can't make money go farther than it will!'

'A truism, my dear—but do you make it go as far as it will?'

'Papa, you really don't know what a great many things I have to do with my money.'

'But, dear, I gave you your quarterly allowance only last week.'

'Yes, but then I had to pay Howell and James's, and my milliner, and for all my gloves, and then I wanted some lace.'

'Not one of which things you could do without?'

'La, papa, how could I! As it was, I had to go without a great many things that I wanted.'

'Then I suppose you could spend an allowance as large again.'

'O, papa, if you really would be so kind! I was thinking of asking you, only I did not like.'

'But are you sure, Isabella, that you can't do without it?'

'I really don't know how, papa. I have such lots of terrible bills to pay.'

'You have a hundred a year.'

'Yes, papa—but what is it? Really it goes before I know where I am.'

'Do you think you could manage with a hundred and fifty?'

'O, papa, that would be so kind!'

'But are you sure that you cannot do with less?'

'Dear papa, I have tried, and I cannot find the way how.'

'But before you decide upon this; I have something else to say to you.'

'What is it, papa?'

'You know, Isabella, that I put great confidence in

your discretion. Instead of watching you, I trust you.'

Isabella blushed, face, and neck, and all.

'Of course you have too much good sense to encourage any of the idle lounging, penniless young men who hang about you in society. Of course I may fully trust you in that respect.'

'There are dozens whom I never wish to see again,' said Isabella.

'But there is *one* whom you do wish to see again?—'Tis of no use reckoning by dozens.'

Isabella blushed more deeply than before, and hung over her pearls.

'I beg your pardon, Isabella,' said the merchant; 'I really beg your pardon. Indeed I meant nothing serious. I never have put any constraint upon you, because I rely entirely upon your good sense and right feeling. I should never suspect you, my dear, of forming any silly girl-like attachment like a silly boarding-school miss. Oh, no! Ha! ha! ha! Only think, my dear, how perfectly ridiculous to suppose you, who looked so pretty dressed in white satin and stringy pearls—to see you, I say, in a cotton gown, and boiling potatoes.—Ha! ha! ha!'

Isabella looked as if she did not at all enter into the jest.

'Well my dear, and so you find that you can't do with less than a hundred and fifty pounds a year for your own little personal expenses. Well then, I suppose you must have it. I like to see you with lady-like tastes, and I don't like to see you obliged to fudge for a few pearls. Really you look like a perfect Dulcinea as you sit there stringing those pretty globules. Ah, by-the-bye, I thought I had something to say to you, but it was so trifling that I had almost forgotten it. However, it will serve to make you laugh. Ha! ha! ha!—Only think, Isabella, I have had an offer for you from one of those poor shabby fellows that I have been warning you against. Yes, indeed, you may well look amazed—from a poor fellow that can hardly afford to pay the tax for a cab, much less to keep one. Really it is too laughable. Ha! ha! ha!'

Isabella hid her face; she did not at all see what there was to laugh at.

'Well my dear, I would not balk you of a jest, or else I don't think I should have remembered to have told you, and as it was I nearly forgot. But don't tell anybody. People might fancy that you had encouraged him—and such proposals as these are rather discreditable than otherwise. But, I see you want to finish your pearls, so I won't hinder you, Good bye, dear. Pleasant evening to you.'

'But, who was it, papa?' Isabella mustered up the courage to ask.

'Who was it,' repeated the merchant as he half-turned round at the door. 'Who was it? ah, let me see!—which of those danglers was it that had the impudence? It was a red-coated fellow, whose whole income, every farthing of it, is not quite as much as your own little personal allowance, my dear. Only think of a man's selfishness and folly in supposing that you would degrade yourself into the condition of a beggar to humour his presumption—a little mean income that would not pay the item of sundries in our kitchen alone, and that you say that you could not possibly do without for your own private little bills, my dear. By-the-bye, I will just give you a quarter in advance—I dare say that you can't do without it—and don't bore your eyes over those pearls any longer, Isabella. You are getting quite flushed with fatigue. I will send you in two or three bandeaux, that you may choose. But you asked me for this poor fellow's name—his name,—ha! ha! ha!—I think if I were charitable I should not expose his folly even to you, my dear. Why, let me see. Yes it was,—yes, my dear, the poor presumptuous simpleton that thought you might dress in a printed gown, and live in a lodging of some twelve shillings a week, and do your own cooking, and look after your own washing—though I am almost angry with him, yet I cannot help laughing at him—ha! ha! ha!—was no less—but don't think too hardly of him—it was Lieutenant Lincoln.'

The merchant clapped the door after him with a laugh that most probably prevented him from hearing some musical sobs from Isabella, and seeing the extravagance of her scattering all her pretty pearls on the floor in an agony of—something.

[To be concluded next week.]

MISCELLANY.

DREAM OF THE OPIUM EATER.—The dream commenced with a music which now I often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipses, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I know not where—somehow, I know not how—by some beings, I know not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting—was envolving like a great drama or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its

nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement,) had the power, and yet had not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantes was upon me, or the oppression of inexorable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive.—Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened.—Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I know not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clapped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—'I will sleep no more!'—*De Quincy.*

MANUFACTURE OF GAS FROM WATER.—We were much pleased, says the *Mining Journal*, with a descriptive lecture at the Polytechnic Institution, accompanied by a working model of a new hydro-carbon gas apparatus, patented by Mr. Stephen White, for the manufacture of gas from water and common tar, or resin, &c. The apparatus consists of three retorts placed in a stove, two of which are filled with charcoal and thin pieces of iron, and the other with iron chains, hanging from a centre bar. The first two retorts are for the decomposition of water, which is regularly supplied by means of a syphon pipe, through and into the centre of the retort; the water, in passing through the heated material, becomes converted into pure hydrogen and protide of carbon. It then passes into the third retort, to receive its dose of bi-carburet of hydrogen, which is prepared from common tar, resin, or similar substances, passing, or dropping, off the red hot chain, from a syphon tube, which regulates its supply. This causes the tar of melted resin to throw off an abundance of bi-carburet or hydrogen gas. The gasses being mixed in this manner are immediately conveyed into the gasometer for use, without any purifying vessels whatever, none being required. The great advantages arising from this invention appear to be the small, simple and cheap apparatus required, and the beautiful, clear and bright light produced, surpassing the ordinary coal gas; also, its perfect purity, being free from any nuisance in its manufacture, and, above all, so pure and innocuous, that it may be burnt in any private room, without the least ill effects or smoke resulting from it. The apparatus may be used, and the gas made, in any private mansions, churches or manufactories, and on any scale, from 5 to 1,000 lights or more, as well as for cities and towns. This gas can be made and supplied at a price considerably less than that of coal gas. Thus we see accomplished the foretelling of that eminent chemist and philosopher, the late Sir Humphrey Davy, "that at some future time gas would be generated from water for general purposes, surpassing coal gas in brilliancy and purity."

ASTRONOMY.—Contemplated as one grand whole, astronomy is the most beautiful monument of the human mind, the noblest record of its intelligence. Seduced by the illusions of the senses, and of self-love, man considered himself, for a long time, as the centre of the motion of the celestial bodies, and his pride was justly punished by the vain terrors they inspired. The labour of many ages has at length withdrawn the veil which covered the system. Man appears upon a small planet, almost imperceptible in the vast extent of the solar system, itself only an insensible point in the immensity of space. The sublime results to which this discovery has led may console him for the limited space assigned him in the universe. Let us carefully preserve, and even augment, the number of these sublime discoveries, which form the delight of thinking beings. They have rendered important services to navigation and astronomy; but their great benefit has been the having dissipated the alarms occasioned by extraordinary celestial phenomena, and destroyed the errors springing from the ignorance of our true relation with nature; errors so much the more fatal as social order can only rest on the basis of these relations. *Truth, Justice*; these are its immutable laws. Far from us be the dangerous maxim, that it is sometimes useful to mislead, to enslave, and to deceive mankind, to ensure their happiness. Cruel experience has at all times proved, that with impunity these sacred laws can never be infringed.

APPEARANCES AT NIAGARA FALLS.—The *Rochester Democrat* says:—"Business at the Falls is becoming of more importance than heretofore. The unlimited water power is beginning to be made of service in various branches of manufacture. In less than one year, the number of mechanics has increased nearly two hundred. A magnificent hotel is soon to be commenced on the site now occupied by the superstructure of the one commenced over ten years since. It will front on the two streets, being 330 feet on one, and 300 feet on the other. The dining room is to be 150 by 50 feet, and 20 feet high; the parlors 64 by 46 feet, and the