

and ere one could be brought, death would have entered the mansion. Ralph Brown was taken into council. He said when at home in Boston, he was leader of a Sunday school, and an elder in the Congregational church, and could not refuse his prayers to the request of the dying.

He put up a devout and solemn petition at the bed side. No Methodist class-leader could have done it better; and soon thereafter the expiring saint raised her trembling hand toward heaven, in token of victory over death, and fell asleep in Jesus.

After the solemnities were past, Laura Carroll, who had incessantly watched over her beloved parent, was the next shining mark aimed at by the king of terrors. She was laid prostrate on her couch, under the premonitory symptoms of the fatal pestilence. The major's heart was wrung with anguish for the past, and with fearful apprehensions for the future. He was about to despatch messengers as before for the medical men. Ralph Brown was evidently uneasy, and he thus unbosomed himself to the afflicted father:—

'I say, major, I've seen more of cholera than your M. D.'s down here south. I noted their practice in the late mortal case. If you commit Laura to their hands, you will be childless, major, as well as a widower.'

The major paused—was in great agitation—reflected anxiously. At length he said, 'I resign the treasure of my heart to you, Mr. Brown; and I pray the Almighty to bless the means you may employ for her recovery.'

The pedler solemnly responded, 'Amen!'

The severe medicines used in Sambo's case were administered to the suffering young lady. Ralph watched the effects with trembling anxiety. The attack was a fearful one, and for a time the symptoms were alarming; but at the end of four hours after the dose the pedler with hope and joy beaming on his countenance announced to the anxious father that his daughter was out of danger. But the fragile constitution of Laura had been so shaken by the violence of the attack, or the drug, or both, that it required skillful nursing to bring her up to health. This was pleasing employment to the young man; and his kind and considerate attentions had their due effect upon the sensitive and sincere heart of Miss Carroll. It was the first time in her life she thought had ever crossed her mind that she might possibly unite her fortunes with a 'Yankee Pedler.'

Laura was scarcely out of danger, when the fearful scourge was sweeping over the plantation its fury; and for pity's sake the traveller delayed his departure, that the power of salt and pepper might be arrayed against the cholera. He went from shantee to shantee by night and by day, as sole physician of the estate, since the major would not entrust the shabbiest of his stock to the regular faculty. And it must be said in favour of salt and pepper, that not a single death occurred where the compound was administered in due time. Not a slave holder in Virginia escaped with so little loss among his dark cattle, as did Major Carroll. But the time at length arrived when Ralph Brown would stay no longer. Laura was evidently distressed at his departure.—her cheeks were diffused and her long dark eye-lashes wet with tears, when she reached out her pale slim hand, all tremulous from a heart in commotion, to bid him farewell. Ralph felt the gentle tremor like electricity through his frame; but both were silent.

The Major followed the Pedler into the hall, and said 'I know not how to express my gratitude, Mr. Brown.'

'Never mind, major,' interrupted Ralph—'no soft sawder. Here, I want to leave a draught of two thousand dollars with you on Richmond Bank. If the banker turns out bad, and you want to use the trifle, go it, major.'

Thus saying, he was in his waggon-seat, and his horse in full motion up the avenue in a trice, while the major's heart was well nigh bursting with suppressed gratitude.

Time rolled on. Tobacco was a failure, and Major Carroll having eight hundred human beings on his hands to support, required the bank-check; and was after all a melancholy man at the loss of

his companion, and the untoward circumstances attending him. Laura on the contrary, gathered health and freshness from hope, which blooms immortal in the human breast; besides, Ralph Brown's new music awoke in her joyous soul new aspirations, new gratifications, and an inspiring emulation to show him on his return that she had breathed over every sweet note he had left behind. It need scarcely be said that such employment, spurred on by such a motive, made the hours pass lightly, while they greatly improved Laura Carroll in the art of music.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANY.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

On the 13th, the Queen, accompanied by her mother, left the old home at Kensington, to take possession of Buckingham palace. It was the middle of the day; and crowds were waiting to cheer her on her way to her regal home. She accepted the homage; but she was pale and grave; and there were none of her subjects who would not rather have seen this paleness and gravity than tokens of a gayer mood.

To some, it was not very far to look back to the May in which she was born, and the month, so soon afterwards, when the Newspapers told of the Duke of Kent's illness—how he had come in with wet boots, and beguiled by the smiles of his infant princess, had played with the baby instead of changing his boots, till it was too late and he had caught the cold of which he died. The course of years now seemed very short during which they had watched the growth and training of the princess; and here she was, out of her minority the other day and now sovereign. What they had heard was favorable. If there had been omissions in her education, there had been no misguidance and corruption. If the intellect had not been made the most of, the morals were pure and the habits correct. From an early age, the princess had been seen walking in all weathers;—sometimes in winter, with thick shoes and a warm cloak on a windy common. She kept early hours, and was active and scrupulously punctual—apologizing for being half a minute late for an appointment, when that extraordinary circumstance happened for once in her life. She had her allowance of money from an early age: her way of spending much of it was known at Tunbridge Wells, and other places of summer sojourn; but nobody ever heard of her being sixpence in debt for an hour—on the contrary, when her childish fancy was taken with some article which she wished to buy for a present to a cousin, she was seen to conclude at once that she must give it up, because she had not money enough till quarter day to pay for it. And when it was put by for her—to her great satisfaction—it was as early as seven in the morning of quarter day that she came down on her donkey to secure her purchase. These things are no trifles. The energy and conscientiousness brought out by such training are blessings to a whole people; and a multitude of her more elderly subjects, to this day, feel a sort of delighted surprise as every year goes by, without any irritation on any hand about regal extravagance—without any whispered stories of loans to the sovereign—without any mournful tales of ruined tradesmen or exasperated creditors. At first the Queen was very rich; many persons thought, much too rich for a maiden Queen, whose calls could as yet be nothing. But in the first year she paid her father's heavy debts; debts contracted before she was born. Next she paid her mother's debts; which she knew to be contracted on her account. We have seen what she did for the family of the late sovereign. Next she married, and properly enough, nothing was said about any increase of income. Now she has a large family of children, and such claims and liabilities as grow up out of twelve years of sovereignty; and still we hear nothing of any royal needs or debts. She lives on her income and pays as she goes; and

perhaps she can never know how much she gains of the respect and affection of her subjects, by a prudence and conscientiousness so unusual in royalty, but as graceful there as in any other station.

As for the domestic respectability in more important respects which might now be looked for—it was really refreshing to the soul of the nation. A new generation was now on the throne; and there was no scandal as yet, nor any reason to suppose there ever would be any. Here was no corruption bred of the royal marriage law—nothing illicit—nothing questionable; but instead, a young girl, reared in health and simplicity, who might be supposed to marry soon—making her choice for herself, so that there was every hope that she might love her husband, and be a good and happy wife. Thus far all was sound and rational; and the event has proved it so. The unsound and irrational part of the popular joy and expectation was that for which she herself was in no way responsible, and for the injustice of which towards herself her most truly loyal subjects were the most grieved. She was taken to be, not only more able and wise than she was, but more wise and able than any person of her age is ever found to be; not only more powerful than she was, but more so than any English sovereign, under our present constitution, can ever be; and there was every risk, that when disappointment came, as come it must, the innocent sovereign would be punished for the unreasonableness of her adoring subjects. The wise protested against any expectation that a second English queen would have the genius of Elizabeth, without her despotic tendencies; or her royal maternity of feeling towards her people in an age when the function itself is destroyed by the growth of the representative system, and the sovereign is no longer the political ruler of England. The wise might protest; but the people—up to the most enlightened rank of them—expected from Queen Victoria things almost as wonderful as that she should go to the Rock of Cashel, accompanied by the Virgin, St. Francis, Daniel O'Connell and Lord Normanby, and build up the old Munster Cathedral and the Catholic faith. Now that we had a virtuous sovereign, strong in the energies of youth, all was to go well:—the Lords were to work with the Commons—the people were to be educated—every body was to have employment and food—all reforms were to be carried through—and she herself would never do anything wrong, or make any mistakes. The few who pointed out that she was human, and royal, and only eighteen; that it was an infinite blessing that she was pure and conscientious, and eminently truthful and sincere; that it was enough to expect further, that she would be seriously willing to learn, careful in the choice of her advisers, and candid in recognizing her own mistakes; and that it was a cruel injustice to require of her what she could never perform, and then visit the disappointment upon her; these few were thought cold and grudging of their loyalty, and the gust of national joy swept them out of sight. In truth, they themselves felt the danger of being carried adrift, from their justice and prudence, when they met their Queen face to face at her proclamation. As she stood at the window of St. James's palace—on the morning after her accession—at a window where but few people knew that she was to appear—her pale face, wet with tears, but calm and simply grave—her plain black dress and bands of brown hair, giving an air of Quaker-like neatness, which enhanced the gravity—it was scarcely possible not to form wild hopes from such an aspect of sedateness—not to forget that, even if imperfection in the sovereign herself were out of the question, there were limitations in her position which must make her powerless for the redemption of her people, except through a wise choice of advisers, and the incalculable influence of a virtuous example shining abroad from the pinnacle of society. The comfort was at the moment, and has been more eminent, so since, that there is a corresponding security in the powerlessness of British sovereigns. Whenever the war of opinion, of which the world had been now and then reminded since Canning's time,

should overrun Europe, the danger would be for kings who govern as well as reign; or for those who really reign instead of occupying the throne through a political fiction. If such an outbreak should occur in the time of Queen Victoria, she would, if personally blameless, be perfectly secure; secure alike in her political security and her personal blamelessness. This truth, perceived and expressed at the time, has been confirmed by events sooner than some expected. While revolutions have come like whirlwinds to sweep kings from their continental thrones—our sovereign has sat safe in her island, with not a hair of the royal ermine raised by the blast. If, on the one hand, she has been wholly and necessarily unable to do many things that were expected by the unreasonable, who worshipped an idea and not herself; on the other hand we have her safe, and need fear no harm to the lightest of her Royal sensibilities. If it is no longer the privilege it once was to be a sovereign, it is something of a blessing to have some power of kingly beneficence and influence still remaining—without the fearful responsibility for a ruling power which is mainly transferred to the people, and for which they must be responsible to each other.—*Harriet Martineau.*

It needs not great wealth, a kind heart to display!
If the hand be but willing it soon finds a way;
And the poorest one yet, in the humblest abode,
May help a poor brother a step on his road.
Oh! whatever the fortune a man may have won,
A kindness depends on the way it is done;
And though poor be our purse, and tho' narrow our span,
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

ANOTHER ENIGMA.—A correspondent of ours, a few days ago, asked us to hunt up and publish the following curiosity. A friend has done it for us, remarking that his copy is from memory. The celebrated Anne Seward left in her will a bequest of £50 sterling, to be given to the person who should solve this Riddle. We believe the reward has never yet been claimed:

The noblest object in the works of art;
The brightest gem that nature can impart.
The point essential in a lawyer's case—
The well-known signal in the time of peace.
The farmer's prompter when he drives the plough,
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,
The planet seen between the earth and sun;
The prize that never yet was won;
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,
The wife's ambition and the parson's dues.
Now if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line.
By the first letters quickly will be shown
An ancient City of no small renown.

PUNCH'S CHARADE FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

I am found in the sea, I am found in the air,
I am found in a bed, I am found in a chair,
I am found in a palace, I am found in the lane,
I am found in the fields, I am found on the plain,
I am found down a well, I am found up the seeples.
I am found by myself, I am found with the people.
I am found in the cellar, I am found on the wall,
I am found very great, I am found very small,
What I am none can tell, yet I have not the least doubt,
That those who have sought me have ALL found me out.

A QUESTION AND ITS SOLUTION:—
Pray tell me why on Emma's cheek
The lilies flourish, not the rose?
Because the rose has gone to seek
A place upon her husband's nose.

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE SHOPBOARD.—
At a meeting of journeymen tailors at Cambridge, lately, relative to a strike at St. Ives, one of the speakers said:—
'What we ask for is justice, immortal and immaculate, which though all the guilty globe should blaze, would rise above the blazing pile with not one downy feather ruffled by its fiercer ss.'