

progeny secure, until she has defended her nest in the manner of a regularly fortified town, with ramparts, intrenchments, and covert-ways. "In some part of these defenses she posts herself as an advanced guard; and, should a beetle venture to intrude within her fortifications, she pounces on him, and, giving no quarter, kills him without mercy." When disturbed out of their nests, the mole-cricket appears dull and helpless; and during the day time they seldom use their wings, but, as night advances, they become very sprightly, and often wander on long excursions. When the weather is very fine, about the middle or end of April, as the evening draws on, they amuse themselves by making a low, dull, jarring noise, which is not very unlike the chattering of the fern-owl or goat-sucker, and which they continue without intermission for a long time.

Anatomists tell us, that *all* crickets, when carefully examined, are found to possess three stomachs; a small one; behind that, a large one, wrinkled and furrowed inside; and lower down, a third. They, therefore, think it not improbable that they chew the cud, or ruminate, like the cow and many other quadrupeds. They are not, however, satisfied entirely to subsist on vegetable diet, but prey upon underground insects, and sometimes even *undermine* plants to get at them.

Before taking leave of the cricket family, it may not be amiss to mention that, in various parts of England, they are called fern-cricket, churr-worm, and wee-churrs—all very appropriate names.

THE RIGHT ONE.—A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

"DO you know, with any certainty, in what language Adam declared his love to Eve?" inquired I, one day, from a philologist of my acquaintance. I put my question with so much earnestness, that he answered, quite seriously, "Yes, to be sure, he made his declaration of love in precisely the same language as that in which she accepted him."

A profound answer! The only pity is, that I was not much wiser for it. But it is altogether a pity—a very great pity—that we know so little about the love-makings before the Flood. If any body could meet with a love-story of that date, it would have more freshness and novelty in it than can be found in any of our modern novels. And really that love-making in the morning of time, in the groves of Paradise, it must have been quite out of the common way!

Ah, there breathes still in this world—several thousand years old though it be—a gentle gale of the spring-time of Paradise, through the life of every man, at the moment when he says, "I love! I am beloved!"

Yes. It thrills through every happy son of Adam at the moment when he finds his Eve. But Adam himself was, in one respect, better off than any of his sons; for as there was only one Eve, he could make no mistake; neither could she, on her side, have either choice or repent-

ance. But we—our name is Legion, and it is not easy for us to discover who, in the swarm of the children of Adam, is the right partner for us. If every one would seriously confess his experience in this respect, it would no doubt be both instructive and amusing. And as I know no other way in which I can instruct or amuse the world, I will now sincerely confess what mistakes I made when I searched for my Eve, whom I first adored in the person of Rose Ervan.

I want words to describe her. She had fascinated me when I was but a cadet; she bewitched me before I had left the fourth class. And, of a truth, there never did exist a young lady more dangerous to a youth of lively imagination. Her coquetry was so natural, so mixed with goodness and childish grace, that it was impossible to regard it as any thing more than the most angelic innocence. At the Military Academy, I saw in my books her name and nothing besides. If I drew plans of fortifications and fortresses, Rose stood in the middle of my circles and quadrants, and the only line that I perceived clearly was the road that led to her home: the verdurous Greendale.

Greendale was a cheerful place, where there were always guests and parties. And when the young people wished to have an excursion on the water, or any other entertainment, I it was who always planned every thing, and proposed it to the old baroness, the mother, for whom all the children entertained a very considerable and wholesome respect. On these occasions she used to say, "My dear sir, if you are with the children, I will permit it; for I trust to you, and I know that you will take care of them."

"Yes, to be sure," I replied, though the truth was, I could not take care of myself; and never took notice of any body, or of any thing, excepting Rose.

Many a one was fascinated just as I was fascinated; but I persuaded myself that I was the only lucky fellow who had her preference. Once I was terribly jealous. A certain Mr. T. (a professor of languages, I believe) came to Greendale, played, sung, and chattered French; and immediately Rose forgot me, to chat, and play, and sing with Mr. T., making herself altogether as charming to him as she had hitherto been to me. I was desperate; went away over meadows and fields; saw neither hedges nor gates, stumbled into ditches and brooks, and reached home furious as a blunderbuss. But, behold! Mr. T. was gone, and Rose was again charming to me, and I was instantly as much under her fascination as ever, fully convinced that it was all my fault, and that I was a Turk, a monster—nay, quite an Othello of jealousy.

After I had sighed and burned a considerable time, I made up my mind to proceed to the declaration of my love. It is true I was still very young, not three-and-twenty; but I thought myself quite old enough, being a lieutenant, the son of a father who always spoke of "my wife" as the greatest happiness of his life; besides which I had derived from my home the most beautiful

impressions of domestic life. Hence I always represented to myself the highest good in the world under the image of "my wife."

Having duly considered the various forms of love proposals, I went one fine day to Greendale, carrying with me, and near to my heart, a moss-rose in a garden-pot. The roads were execrable, and I was well-nigh shaken to pieces; but the smile of my beautiful Rose would, I was well assured, reward me for all my trouble. In imagination I heard myself constantly asseverating "I love you!" and heard her as constantly replying, "I love you!" As regarded our domestic establishment, I had not as yet thought as much about it as one of our favorite bards, who, before he married, provided himself with a cask of flour, a coffee-pot, and a frying-pan. I thought only of "a cottage and a heart." I saw around my cottage multitudes of roses, and within it, my Rose and myself. As for every thing else, all would be provided for by my excellent father.

As soon as I arrived at Greendale, I found there two other gentlemen quite as much in love, and quite as much enchanted by the fascinating young lady, as I was. I pitied the unfortunate youths, because they had infatuated themselves with the hope of a happiness which no one, I believed, should aspire to but myself. We were all old acquaintances; and, as it is not our habit to put our light under a bushel, I was determined to give my rivals a little hint of my advantageous prospects.

I raised, therefore, somewhat the vail which had concealed my modest confidence. But then came curious revelations! My rivals, animated by my example, lifted likewise the vail from their respective prospects; and, behold, we all three stood in precisely the same position. We all sighed; we all hoped; we all had *souvenirs* that we kissed in secret; and they all were, as it were, serpents, and bit their own tails.

At these unexpected revelations we all exclaimed, "Ah!" and left Greendale together, each going his own way. My father was a little surprised to see me return so soon.

"My dear Constantine," said he, "I thought you intended to stay at Greendale a much longer time?"

"Yes," I replied with a pensive air, taking at the same moment, a large mouthful of bread-and-butter; "yes; but I altered my mind when I got there."

With this the conversation ended, and the charm was broken, once and forever. But with it was also broken one link out of the rosy time of my life. I began to regard all roses whether real or typified, with angry and suspicious looks, and to speak of the "illusions of life," and of "giving them up," &c. &c. I made a solemn vow with myself that the next object of my affections, the next choice I would make for "my wife," should, in all respects, be the very reverse of the fascinating but traitorous Rose. I had been deceived, as I imagined, by the poetry of life; now I would keep to the sober prose.

Ah! in what a noble form did my new ideal

present herself to my eyes, as one evening I entered the hospitable saloon of Mrs. A., the wife of the celebrated judge. Abba, her daughter, stood ready to officiate at the tea-table; her features, her figure, her manners were dignified and full of propriety. She looked like personified Truth, in contra-distinction to the fantastical bewitching Rose. I instantly fell in love with this beautiful image of Minerva, and thought of "my wife."

Abba, however, seemed only to think of the tea, and looked neither to the left nor the right. When tea was poured into all the cups she slowly turned her splendid head, and I heard, at the same moment, a bass-voice exclaim, "Sundholm!"

Ah, Heavens! was that her voice? Was it not rather that of the Angel of Judgment, who, in the middle of Mrs. A.'s evening party, summoned the sinner Sundholm to hear his final doom? I could have believed any thing rather than that such a voice could issue from the beautiful lips of Abba. But, when I beheld Sundholm advance to the tea-table and receive the tea-cups on his tray, I saw that the resounding bassoon-voice belonged to no other than the sweet lady whom I had just adored, and whom I had, in my heart, already called "my wife."

It required some little time before I could reconcile my mind on this point. "Sundholm!" sounded awfully through my ears for many a long hour. I began to reason on the subject. If, said I, Nature has bestowed a bass-voice on this beautiful young lady, is it not noble and excellent of her not to try to conceal or embellish it? Does it not prove her love of truth; her strength of character, and her greatness of soul? How easy it would have been for her to cry "Sundholm!" in falsetto; but she would not be false, even in this! Not willing to assume a disguise, even for the sake of winning admiration, she summons Sundholm in the voice which God has given her. Is there not something grand in all this? One who thus calls out "Sundholm," will not deceive an honest fellow with hollow words or pretended feeling, but will play an open game with him, and let him understand the truth at once.

I was introduced to the handsome Abba. There was no denying that the voice was not fine; but, when you were accustomed to it, it ceased to be so very disagreeable; besides which, her words were so simple and candid, and her face so beautiful, that by-and-by I was completely dazzled. My ears crept, as it were, into my eyes, and gazing, day after day, on Abba's faultless profile, I was conveyed at once into the realms of love, and, ravished by my sense of sight, asked Abba if she would be "my wife." She answered "Yes," with a force of utterance that nearly frightened me. We were betrothed, and the nearer I gazed on her fine profile the more I was satisfied. This, however, did not last very long.

The period of betrothal is a very singular one; a period of halfness and incompleteness; nevertheless it is a sensible institution—when it does

not continue too long. It is the prelude to a union that nothing but death *ought* to dissolve; and, if it should appear impossible to execute harmoniously the duet which has now commenced, there is yet time to break it off calmly.

The first discord that disturbed the duet between "my wife elect" and myself, was—not her deep voice, but, alas! precisely that very thing which, at first, had reconciled me to it; viz., her love of truth, or rather, I should say, her unmerciful way of uttering it.

That we all are sinners in thought, word, and deed, is a matter of fact, and nobody was more willing to admit it than myself; but to be reminded of it every moment by one's best friend is by no means agreeable; nor does it do any good, especially when the plain-speaking friend never fancies himself, or herself, capable of sinning, or being faulty in the slightest degree. And the worst of it was, that apparently Abba had no faults. Ah! if she had had but one; or, better still, if she would but have admitted the possibility of it, then I should have been ready to throw myself at her feet! But she was in temper and in character as unimpeachable, as regular, as perfect, as she was in figure; she was so correct and proper, that, sinner as I was, it drove me into a rage. I felt that Abba's righteousness, and especially her mode of educating me, would, in time, make me a prodigious sinner; more particularly, as she would never yield to my wishes. It dawned upon me, before long, that her self-righteousness and want of charity to others was, indeed, one of the greatest conceivable faults. One fine day, therefore, I told her my mind, in good earnest terms, and the following duet occurred between us:

She. I can not be otherwise than I am. If you do not like me, you can let it alone.

I. If you will not be amiable toward me, I must cease to love you.

She. That is of no consequence. I can go my own way by myself.

I. So can I.

She. Good-by, then, sir.

I. Good by, Miss A.

"Thank Heaven, it was not too late!" thought I to myself, as, after my dismissal, I hastened to my little farm in the country. Although this abrupt termination of my second love affair caused but little pain to my heart, I felt considerable mortification, and a secret hostility sprang up in my soul toward the whole female sex. It happened, however, very luckily for me, that while I remained in this state of mind I met with one of my neighbors who was precisely in the same condition. He had been for some time divorced from a wife with whom he had lived very unhappily, and he drove about in his sulky, upon which he had had a motto inscribed in golden letters:

"It is better to be alone than to be ill-accompanied."

The sentiment struck me as very excellent; and my neighbor and I often met, and agreed admirably in our abuse of the ladies. In the mean time, I occupied myself with books and agriculture.

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I have a great esteem for books, and I bow myself to the dust before learning, but, I know not how it is, further than that I can not go; esteem and veneration I feel, but assuredly my affections never grew in that soil. My love for agriculture took me forth into Nature, and Nature is lovely. But Adam was uneasy in Paradise, and did not wake to life and happiness until Eve came; and I, who did not possess a paradise, found myself very lonely and melancholy at "Stenbacke." Trees, after all, are wooden and dull things, when we crave for human sympathies; and echo, the voice of the rocks, is the most wearisome voice I know. No! heart to heart, eye to eye, that is the life; and to live together, a happy and healthy rural life, to work for the happiness of those who depend upon us—to regulate the home, to live, to think, to love, to rejoice together. Ah! "my wife" still stood vividly before my imagination.

My experience in the realms of love had, however, made me suspicious. I feared that I could never be happy, according to my ideas of happiness, which my neighbor-friend characterized as "reposing in the shade of a pair of slippers." I was in low spirits; and accordingly, one day, after having finished the last of six dozen of cigars, and quarreled with my neighbor, who bored me with his everlasting and doleful tirades against the ladies, I set off in my own sulky to amuse myself by a drive.

I drove a considerable distance to the house of an old friend, who had been a fellow-student with me at the Military College at Carlberg, and who had often invited me to visit him. He was now married, and was, in fact, the father of eight children. A large family, I thought, at first; but not one too many, said I to myself, after a single day spent in this family, which had given me the impression of a heaven upon earth.

The mistress of the house, the wife and mother, was the silent soul of all. "It is she—it is she, who is my happiness!" said the fortunate husband; but she said, "It is he! it is he!"

"My dear friend," said I to him one day, "how have you managed to be so happy in your marriage?"

"Oh," replied he, smiling, "I have a secret to tell you."

"A secret! for goodness sake, what is it?"

"From my youth upward," he replied, "I have prayed God to give me a good wife."

"Yes," thought I to myself, "that is it! Here am I unmarried, because I have never discovered this secret, without God's especial direction I may not venture to choose 'my wife.'"

A younger sister of my friend's wife lived in the family. No one would have been attracted to her for her external charms, but a short time brought you completely under the spell of her kindness, the intellectual expression of her countenance, and the cheerful friendliness of her manners. All the household loved her; she was kind and amiable to all. To myself, however, it seemed that there was an exception: I thought her somewhat cold and distant. I was almost

sorry when I perceived that I was grieved by this; a short time convinced me that I had really fallen in love with this young lady.

There was, however, a great difference between this and my former love affairs. Formerly, I had permitted external charms to lead and blind me: now, on the contrary, I was attracted to the soul, and its beauty alone had captivated my heart. But why then was so excellent a soul so cold toward me?

My friend said that it was because Maria had heard me represented as a fickle young fellow; one who amused himself with broken affiances. Righteous Heaven! was that indeed one of my faults? I fickle! I, who felt myself created as a model of fidelity. It was impossible for me to bear patiently so cruel an injustice. No! as truly as my name was Constantine, must Maria do me justice.

From that time, as she retired from me, so began I to walk after her. I was determined to convince her that I was not the fickle, inconstant being that I had been described. It was not, however, very easy to succeed in this, but at length I did succeed. After having put me to a trial, from which I came with flying colors, she accepted my proposals, and agreed to try me still further in—a union for life.

During the period of our betrothal, she said several times, quite rapturously, "I am so glad to see that you also have faults; I feel now less humiliated, less unhappy from my own."

This pleased me very much, and all the more as I perceived that Maria, while she showed me my faults with kindness, did not at all fondle her own.

Our wedding-day was fixed; and I ordered a carriage for two persons. Company was invited, and Maria and I were married. Nothing can be more commonplace than all this, excepting, perhaps, it be, that my wife and I agreed to understand the ceremony in an earnest and real sense, and to live accordingly. The result has been, that now, after having been married five-and-twenty years (we celebrate our *silver nuptials* to-morrow), we love each other better, and are happier together than we were in the first hour of our union. We have, therefore, come to the conclusion, that unhappiness in marriage does not proceed from the indissolubility of marriage, as some say, but because the wedding-service is not realized in the marriage.

Do not speak to me of the felicity of the honeymoon. It is but the cooing of doves! No! we must walk together along thorny paths, penetrate together the most hidden recesses of life, live together in pleasure and pain, in joy and in sorrow; must forgive and be forgiven; and afterward love better and love more. And as time goes on, something marvelous occurs; we become lovely to each other, although wrinkles furrow the cheek and forehead; and we become more youthful, though we add year to year. Then no longer have worldly troubles, misfortunes, and failings any power to dim the sun of our happiness, for it radiates from the eye and

the heart of our friend; and when our earthly existence draws to its close, we feel indeed that our life and our love are eternal. And this supernatural feeling is quite natural after all, for the deeper and the more inwardly we penetrate into life, the more it opens in its depth of eternal beauty. Many happy husbands and wives will testify to this.

But, observe, husband or wife! To qualify as such a witness, you must have been at some little pains to find—"the right one." Don't take the wrong one, inconsiderately.

LORD BROUGHAM AS A JUDGE.

LORD BROUGHAM, as a judge, gave much greater satisfaction than was generally expected. It was thought that his constitutional precipitancy, joined to a deficiency of Chancery knowledge, would have incapacitated him for the important office. In this, however, people were mistaken. He was not so hot and hasty on the bench as he had been at the bar and in the senate—though his constitutional infirmities in this respect did occasionally show themselves even on the seat of justice. He carefully applied himself to the merits of every case which came before him, and soon showed with what rapidity he could acquire the quantity of Chancery knowledge requisite to enable him to discharge the duties of his office as judge, in at least a respectable manner.

Perhaps no Lord Chancellor ever presided in Chancery who applied himself more assiduously and unremittingly to the discharge of the duties which devolved upon him, than did Lord Brougham. The amount of physical, not to speak of mental labor, he underwent during the greater part of his chancellorship was truly astonishing. For many consecutive months, did he sit from ten till four o'clock in that court, hearing and disposing of the cases before it; and, on returning home from the House of Lords, after having sat four hours on the woolsack, he immediately applied all the energies of his mind to the then pending cases before the court. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact, that, though possessing, in a degree seldom equaled, and certainly never surpassed, the power of extemporaneous speaking, he wrote, on particular occasions, his judgments, and then read them in the court. I might also advert, in proof of Lord Brougham's extraordinary application to the duties of his office, to the fact of his having, in two or three years, got rid of the immense accumulation of arrear cases which were in the Court of Chancery when he was first intrusted with the great seal. It is not, however, necessary to allude particularly to this fact, as it is already so well known.

Lord Brougham's irritable temper often led him, when Lord Chancellor, into squabbles with the counsel at the bar. The furious attack he made on Sir Edward Sugden must be fresh in the memory of every body. No person can justify that attack. It was as unwarrantable in principle as it was unseemly in a court of law,