

MARIA ROSEWELL.

A few years since, business of a mercantile nature called me to Boston, the metropolis of New England. There is an air of quiet neatness and most tasteful elegance in this place, which I have never seen in any other place of such extensive wealth and prosperous trade.—New York may, without condemnation, be proud of her hundred spires—the thousand flags in her harbor—the immensity of her commerce—the revenue she pays to the treasury of the nation, and the just title of the “London of America;” yet, although not prejudiced in favor of what are termed “Boston notions,” I should prefer a residence in that city to any I have ever visited. Elegant retirement—friendly hospitality—unassuming benevolence—and literary taste and refinement exists in their most fascinating forms, and the state of society is evidently considerably in advance of any other place on the continent. In regulating my mercantile affairs, it became necessary to call frequently at the house of Mr. M—, a person who combined all the qualities that constitute the gentleman. I frequently dined with him and family, which consisted only of his wife, one of the most charming and lovely women I have ever seen, and three fresh blooming, and beautiful children, the culture of whose budding, promising powers, formed their chief and most delightful recreation.—There was an ease and familiarity which can exist only in the most cultivated minds—a frankness which can only be the result of confidence, and a harmony and sympathy in our sentiments which endeared them to me, and I do not recollect an acquaintance in any family that appeared to enjoy such unalloyed happiness. On one of these visits, I observed on the table a plate of most delicious strawberries, which were the first I had that season seen, and made a remark to that effect.

“These berries,” said Mr. M—, “are my peculiar favorites, as he significantly put his finger to his forehead, where, on its broad and smooth surface, I had often noticed a small, red protuberance, not widely differing in appearance from the fine fruit before us.

“Your predilection,” answered I, smiling, “is sufficiently accounted for, but it must have been a fortunate hit indeed, which placed it on a spot where it is so plainly discernable.”

“It was not altogether accident,” he replied; “I have often heard my mother relate the circumstances; I was their oldest child; but a short time before I was born, my father and mother walked into a field where there was an abundance of strawberries, and while my mother seated herself on a mossy bank in the shade of a wide spreading ash, my father had selected a number of stems of the finest fruit, and throwing himself by her side, tossed them into her lap. They were just what she wished, and while eating them, a large and beautiful red one attracted her notice.”

“See what a delicious strawberry I have found,” said she, holding it up by the stem to my father,

“That, my dear, is mine,” he replied, playfully snatching it from her and putting it in his mouth. A slight flush passed over her countenance, as she endeavored in vain to recover it.

“I will mark my child with that strawberry,” said she, laughing as she spoke, and placing the tip of her white finger on the center of her forehead—the berry was fixed, but it was the most fortunate moment of my existence, for to that strawberry I owe all my happiness!”

A look which denoted a deep feeling of mutual satisfaction, of happiness which could not be mistaken, passed between Mr. M— and his wife, and the deep flush which accompanied it, excited my curiosity to obtain an explanation of the hint thrown out. Accordingly, when, after dinner, we were seated in the counting room, I made known my wishes without reserve.

“I shall willingly gratify you,” he replied, “for I love to recall the incidents to my imagination. You have seen Mrs. M—; you admire her—I adore her; for she is the same fond, confiding, affectionate creature as when first I became acquainted with her, and it was the happiness I receive from her society and friendship that I alluded to. She is indeed a treasure; and an accident singular enough threw her into my possession. I was seventeen years of age, possessed, as I supposed, of every thing that could make a person happy; health, wealth, friends were mine, and I lived caressed and admired. Although in the almost daily habit of meeting with some of the first young ladies of the city, I had seen them come and go without any impression being made upon my heart, or a single wish excited to call them mine. I loved their company, I admired their beauty and grace, and was never more happy than when in the society of the lovely and the gay.—One fine morning, I was in my father’s store, chatting and laughing with a young gentleman on the common topics of the day; when he turned to leave the store, I heard him address some person in the street with—“Young woman, do you wish to sell those strawberries?”

“I do,” was the answer.

“Then walk in.”

“Edmund,” said he, as he again entered the store, “I send all the strawberries I can find to you,” playfully placing his finger on his forehead.

“But before I had time to answer, he was called, and hastily left the store. I was glad he did, for when I cast my eyes upon the person he had thus introduced, I felt such a crowd of indescribable sensations pressing upon me at once, that I was confused in the extreme; and had any one been present, I am certain I should have appeared bordering on the ridiculous. I believe the lovely girl saw it, for she colored as deeply as the fine berries she carried in her basket. I stammered something about the beauty of the morning, and then handed her a chair. She sat down, and I ventured to look at her again. She dressed perfectly plain, but scrupulously neat; and her fine figure, though evidently undesigned, was, by her dress, exhibited in the most bewitching manner. I would attempt to describe her, but you have seen her, and it is needless. She was about fourteen, and the thought involuntarily forced itself upon my mind, “if such the bud, what will be the flower.” There was a modest unassuming manner about her, which made it evident she was unused to the business she had undertaken. The strawberries were as neat in their appearance as she herself, and when she inquired whether I wished for them, there was a silver toned sweetness in her voice which charmed me.

“Have you often brought strawberries to the city?” I inquired.

“Never before,” she answered; “my aunt with whom I live, is unwell; she is poor; she wished for some cordial, and without the means of obtaining these things, I could not bear to see her suffer, but obtained her leave to make the attempt of relieving her wants in this manner; and you will oblige me by letting me return to my aunt’s as soon as possible.”

I returned her the basket, and put a five dollar bill in her hand—she looked at me with surprise.

“I cannot take it,” said the lovely girl; “what would my aunt say? I must not forfeit her good opinion,” and she placed the money on the counter.

“You will keep the money,” I replied, “tell your aunt it is a present from a friend, and assure her she shall be provided for.”

She hesitated, but took the money with an expression of gratitude on her countenance that made her appear more lovely than ever.

When she retired, I watched her spheral-like and beautiful form as it receded from my view, with an emotion entirely new, but which will never be forgotten. I had learned her place of residence, and a few days after, under pretence of a morning’s ride, I took Miss Emerson, a young lady who was an intimate friend of mine, into the carriage, and visited the spot where the person who had so much interested me lived.

It was a delightful retreat—embosomed in trees; and so numerous were the flowers, and blossoms around the humble cottage, that the very air breathed of perfumes, and the birds, untroubled by our approach, flattered among the branches which almost obstructed the path. The whole harbor of Boston, with all its islands, its castles, its pellucid waters, and white sails fluttering from the many vessels gilding on its bosom, was in full view, and presented a most magnificent and delightful prospect. We alighted, and were met at the door, and welcomed by the young lady with a cheerfulness and ease which denoted better days. Miss Emerson was no less charmed with her than myself, but we regretted to learn that her aunt was declining rapidly, and to all appearance the last rays of the taper of life were already glimmering in the socket. We soon returned, Miss Emerson having left a substantial proof of her benevolence, and her amiable disposition. My father, to whom Miss Emerson related the occurrences of the morning, was so interested, that he, as soon as it was practicable, made them a visit himself; but he arrived only to witness the funeral obsequies of the kind aunt. While the procession in which my father joined, was moving from the church to the place of burial, he learned from the officiating clergyman, who was an acquaintance of his, many particulars respecting the young lady who had so deeply interested the feelings of us all. Her father, who was a respectable minister, lived in the western part of the state, where he was settled over a small but affectionate congregation. He had been there but three years, and his only child, Maria, was about two years old, when both he and his amiable wife were seized with a fatal disease, and the same grave received their remains on the 5th day after the first attack. The orphan Maria was as soon as possible sent to reside with her only aunt, a maiden lady, in affluent circumstances, by whom, as soon as her age permitted, she was placed in one of the first boarding schools in the city, where she remained until about two years before the death of her aunt. At this time, the failure of a mercantile house, in whose hands nearly the whole of her property had been placed, reduced them to the depths of poverty.—The kindness of their friends, and the need of Maria prevented their suffering; but

her aunt was unable to sustain the feelings such a change in her circumstances produced, and she gradually sunk to the grave, leaving Maria an unprotected and friendless orphan.

“What will become of her now, God only knows,” added the clergyman, as he finished his short narration.

“She shall never want,” replied my father as they arrived at the gate of the little city of the dead, where the fresh mound of earth showed the ‘appointed habitation.’ ‘If the girl is what she appears, she shall find at my house a home and a parent.’

“God will bless you,” rejoined the minister, “for befriending the amiable orphan.”

The procession stopped—the coffin was deposited in the sacred earth, and a prayer by the clergyman finished the impressive solemnity. Maria hung over the grave in speechless grief, as she saw the earth heaped upon the remains of her only relative who had been spared in the wide world; and when the last green turf was placed on the little mound, she fainted, and was carried senseless to a neighboring house. When she had sufficiently recovered, the proposal of my father was made known to her by her venerable and esteemed friend, the minister, and accepted with a gratitude more eloquent than words. She left a spot where her morning of life had been spent in youthful happiness and in a short time found herself at my father’s house. What was my surprise, my rapture, at beholding him leaving the carriage with the lovely creature, whom of all others I most wished to see, hanging upon his arm, and clinging to him as her only friend and protector. She entered the room and was introduced to my mother as the Miss Rosewell, in whose favor Miss Emerson had so warmly interested herself.

“Edmund,” said my father, as I entered the apartment, “this young lady you are to consider as your sister; you will be to her a brother.” I took her hand—pressed it to my lips, and while her blushing countenance and eloquent eyes plainly informed me that she remembered our former interview, I assured my father that I should always feel a pleasure in complying with his wishes. Thus did our acquaintance commence. The amiable Maria became the delight of her numerous friends, the joy of my parents, and the admiration of the brilliant circles, in which she moved a splendid star. The impression that was made at our first interview was never obliterated, and the little strawberry girl became the adored mistress of this mansion. Never have I reflected on these singular occurrences without a feeling of gratitude to my Maker, who in this manner bestowed on me a treasure which has made my life one of continued sunshine and unalloyed happiness.”

THE MEDDLER.

The largest flower and the largest bird.—In 1818 Dr. Arnold discovered in the island of Sumatra a flower which he named the Rafflesia Arnoldi, and which an author has called with much justice “the magnificent Titan of the vegetable kingdom.” The human mind indeed had never conceived such a flower; the circumference of the full expanded flower is nine feet—its neetarium calculated to hold nine pints—the pistils are as large as cows’ horns, and the blossom computed to be 15lb. Temple, in his recent travels in Peru, states that he shot a condor, and from notes taken on the spot, gives us the following dimensions of its size—“When the wings are spread, they measure 40 feet in extent, from point to point; the feathers are 20 feet in length, and the quill part 8 inches in circumference.” This almost realizes the fabled roc of Sinbad in the *Arabian Nights*, but its dimensions as here given, rest on good and very recent authority.—*The Penny Mag.*

A real old Irish Squire.—Of all the beings that ever lived, Mr. Flaherty was the most forgetful. If ever man should have emigrated to Laputa, it was he. It would take a volume to record his obliences; a few fragments must suffice:—He mortally hated reading and writing; but being, like most of his neighbors, a little in law, or as they call it there expressly, “clawbor,” he had once a letter to write by a certain day, which could not be dispensed with. This grievous evil he put off until he was too late for the post, and sweet Lidithy, who could best manage him on such occasions, had to sit down by him until he performed the feat. As the mail passed his gate, he went down to give it to the guard, but could not make them hear him, so he mounted his mare and set off after the coach. This he caught after about sixteen Irish miles hard riding; and as soon as he saw it he commenced, “Ha! ha! stop the mail—stop the mail—here—here—guard, my boy, here’s half a crown for you—put the litter into the two pinny post in Dublin, or nivar luk me in the face again.”—“My service to your honor,” bowed the guard, fobbing the coin; “but the litter if you please.” The “Ould Crack,” meanwhile had been rummaging his pockets. “The litter! the litter!—eh! eh! eh!—Ock, by jesus, I’m the luckiest villain that God yet let live—what a devil burn it, I must have left it on the chimney piece!”—*Sporting Magazine.*

New Gun.—A new kind of gun has lately

been introduced into England by M. Demondion, which is loaded and primed at one operation, and is cocked by lifting up the breech to introduce the cartridge. The cartridge is of a peculiar kind, containing within itself a tube filled with detonating powder, which exploding in the very middle of the cartridge, produces a better discharge. It requires a third less powder than common cartridges, and the bore of the gun is greater at the breech than at the muzzle, which makes it carry further and more correctly. The gun is so easily managed, that with a few hours’ practice, a soldier will fire ten to nineteen shots a minute; and can load, fire upright or lying down—marching or standing—one always as well as the other. From not having to use his arm to load he is less liable to be wounded by the enemy’s shot; and for the same reason the gun is very advantageous on board of ships.

“Paternal” governments are fine things.—The government of the Austrian emperor Francis is a grand paternal government, and very odd are the secret histories of its offspring. The *Augsburg Gazette* of the 9th inst. says that the indisposition of the young duke de Reichstadt has again assumed an “alarming character.” If the reports of travellers are to be believed, this “alarming character” most probably consists in the poor youth’s having been brought into a state of morbid debility, mental as well as corporeal by the humane policy of Austrian prudence. The following interesting statement is taken from one of the back numbers of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*:

“With regard to the duke of Reichstadt, it appears, from the author’s report that the ex-heir of an empire is a prisoner both in body and mind. No Frenchman is allowed to be presented to him; no communication can be made to him except through the medium of his gaolers; no word must be uttered in his hearing which might possibly touch the chord of ambition; he alone of all the civilized world, is ignorant of the history of his father. His life is measured out by the square and rule; the cabinets of France and Austria determine on what he shall know, and what he shall think.

“The risk he is told he runs of assassination by some crazy fanatic of liberty, is the talisman by which this enchantment of soul and body is effected. ‘Rest perfectly assured, sir,’ said the grand preceptor to our traveller, ‘that he reads and sees only what we wish him to read, see, and understand. If by any chance a letter, packet, or book, should fall into his hands without our knowledge, his first care would be to deliver it to us unopened; he would not even dare to look at it till he was assured that he could do so without danger.’

“It appears then,” remarked the author, “that the son of Napoleon is far from being as we suppose him in France.” The answer was—“The prince is not a prisoner, but—he is placed in a very peculiar position.” “Be satisfied,” said the grand preceptor at another interview, “with knowing that he is happy, and that he is without ambition. His career is marked out for him; he will never approach France: the idea of doing so will never enter his head.”

Children in British Factories.—In England thousands of parents are obliged to send their children to work in factories. If they refuse to do so, they are refused all relief out of the poor rates. The children thus employed are denied those advantages which the brutes of the field enjoy.

A member of the house of commons, during a late discussion upon the “regulation bill of the factories,” stated that it rarely happened that any of the persons brought up in factories lived beyond the age of forty; and the consequence is that the manufacturing districts are filled with orphans. The labor of children, even of the weaker sex, had been so oppressive, that adults must sink under its inhuman pressure. The hours of labor from time to time increase, until now, no constitution, however robust, could withstand its exhaustion. The mortality among children so employed, is much greater than mortality in other classes of children. The average longevity in a worsted mill, employing four hundred females, does not exceed thirteen years! At a factory in Wales, the children are employed from six in the morning, to seven in the evening, and every other night they are obliged to work all night.—For the night work they receive five pence. The children are allowed scarcely sufficient time for eating their meals. A surgeon, who travelled through the manufacturing districts found at Manchester, out of one hundred and sixty-seven children at work in a factory, forty-seven were deformed or mutilated in consequence of incessant labor. If the children are found idle during the hours of labor, they are chastised—whipped with a thick double strap, made of well seasoned leather.

The above facts we take from the speech already referred to.

The *Miner’s Journal* has this advertisement:—“Wanted.—A well-dressed man to take charge of a basket of children left at this office a short time since.”