

out showing the least emotion, he turned fully in front of him, put his hand on his breast, and cried, "Fire again; I am ready;" received the ball through his heart, fell, rolled upon his face, and expired without a groan. Whitcomb was put in irons, and kept until Trelawney, against all human expectation, recovered a little. He ordered him to be brought before him, his irons taken off, and be set at liberty; nor did he seem to have the least idea that Whitcomb had fired upon him, and he continued to treat him kindly. Whitcomb said, "I could not stand this generosity; I confessed to him the whole; I even gave it him in writing, and he dismissed me.—Trelawney recovered, and Whitcomb is ruined and desperate; he has blighted the hopes of his highly respectable mother, and wounded the pride of his brave brothers, who are officers of the British army."

Original.

## MAJESTY OF GOD.

My God, how mighty must thou be,  
In wisdom and in power!  
How weak is man compared to thee,  
With misery for his dower.

My grateful heart would ever praise  
Thee for this act benign,  
That thou, offending man wilt raise  
To worship at thy shrine.

Oh, who that ever hopes to rise  
Immortal from the grave,  
That would not now be timely wise,  
His precious soul to save.

I'll bend the knee with awe profound  
In adoration still,  
To him, who globes in orbits bound  
And empty space can fill:

To him who shone in lustre ere  
The sun sent forth a ray—  
Whose moments countless ages are,  
If measured by our day.

Imagination cannot bound,  
Or fix thy certain place;  
And thought can never travel round,  
Or cross thy kingdom's space.

None, all creation's vast expanse,  
Or laws, can analyze;  
Nor can our superficial glance  
Unveil its mysteries.

But thou, Omniscient canst descry,  
These mysteries alone;  
Thou seest beyond those things, where I  
In thought am overthrown.

But why should I unobey feel,  
At being thus confined?  
Or seek those secrets to unveil,  
Ne'er known to mortal mind.

This earth abundance has in store  
Of all that we require;  
Until aost our sprites shall soar,  
And join the heavenly choir.

Dublin, 1833.

T. J.

**TONGUES.**—There are some human tongues which have two sides, like those of certain quadrupeds—one very is smooth, the other rough.

*Anecdote of the late Lord Orford.*—No man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, on practical or speculative sporting, as the late Earl of Orford.—Among his experiments of fancy, was a determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the 'four in hand,' and commenced a new kind of chase, with 'breast-high' alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description; in vain did his lordship exert all his chariot-eering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavor to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of 'fiery-eyed steeds' to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they bounded, to the dismay of hostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stage, the phaeton, and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

**HOLY WATER.**—A very good story is related by Lambert in his travels respecting the efficacy of Holy Water.....A friend of mine, says he, was once present at the house of a French lady in C——, when a violent thunder storm commenced. The shutters were immediately closed and the room darkened..... The lady of the house, not willing to leave the safety of herself and company to chance, began to search her closets for the bottle of holy water, which by a sudden flash of lightning, she fortunately found. The bottle was uncorked and its contents immediately sprinkled over the ladies and gentlemen. It was a most dreadful storm, and lasted a considerable time; she therefore redoubled her shriekings and benedictions at every clap of thunder and flash of lightning. At length the