

Is not his an honourable calling? Is he not the benefactor of his race? Who does more for the happiness of mankind, who runs greater risks or assumes heavier burthens, who more deserving the praise of the good and the applause of the just, than he who provides for, civilizes, and Christianizes his fellow-men?—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, New York.*

(ORIGINAL.)

MUSINGS AND VAGARIES OF SQUIRE COCKLE.

BY A TYRO.

AMONG my numerous acquaintances in Montreal, a short time ago, was one Squire Cockle, a gentleman of the old school, much addicted to talking of what he had seen, and giving his opinion upon every matter, trivial or momentous. He preferred chatting with a friend in a *tête-à-tête*, and on such occasions he never shunned, but rather courted a scrutiny into his habits and trains of thought. He was, I found, attached to old things and good old customs, but yet of sufficiently liberal a turn of mind to see beauty and excellence in modern productions of merit—works, whether of intellect or art. His appearance was commanding, lit up by an eagle-eye, and his conversation and bearing those of a perfect gentleman, since he would never stoop to coarseness or low wit. His dress, corresponding well with his manner, belonged rather to the last century; he prided himself on being neat, but chose to feel easy in his clothes, being above the ridiculous foppery of some men, who strive to cheat Time of his due, and disguise their age behind the incumbrances of starch and strait jackets. Such was the man with whom I delighted to spend my leisure hours, and much good I have derived from his wisdom and research.

We held frequent conversations together on various matters; and finding his remarks strongly spiced with originality, after the discussion of any important subject, I used to note down whatever passages struck my fancy, as being peculiarly instructive, and applicable to our present state of moral and intellectual culture. These notes, the mere skeleton of his discourses, I have attempted to clothe with the original flesh, which rendered them formerly so well proportioned and attractive, and in this state I venture to lay them before the public, trusting, that in consideration of my efforts to afford them pleasure, I may be pardoned for slight faults and unintentional blunders.

One day we clambered together the steep sides of Mount-Royal, frowning over the city, and seating ourselves on one of the highest crags, we could command an unobstructed view of the surrounding scenery, and trace the winding of the broad St. Lawrence to a great distance both up and down its stream; yet though we could distinctly note many distant

hills and several villages enlivening the banks of this mighty river and its important tributary, the Richelieu, my attention became fastened upon the town below, whence sounds of rumbling wheels and of the busy builder's hammer, faintly reached the ear, giving tokens of an active population. My gaze wandered from house to house, and from spire to spire, until at last, as if by fascination, it became rivetted on the towering Roman Catholic Cathedral; and I could no longer restrain from asking my companion what he thought of the city on his first coming in to it, that I might compare his feelings with the emotions I now experienced.

"A certain period has elapsed," he began, "since I first came to reside in this your city; still the impression it then made upon my mind is preserved there in all its freshness, from my taking pains to renew it from time to time by such bird's-eye views as the present and by rambling through its streets, over your toe-breaking pavements.

"You must know that I came here bound and indentured to a lawyer for five years, and from this engagement I could not draw back, even if on trial I should dislike my adopted profession. At first, indeed, I found the law a dry pursuit, exposing one to various mortifications, when brought into jarring contact with both the highest and the lowest characters in the world. Its formalities appeared to me tedious and intricate, not being at that time sufficiently enlightened to perceive their meaning and the objects for which they were intended, as well as the necessity of their existence. In fact, I had just left a world of dreaminess and speculative thought, where I could let my fancy wing its flight towards whatever point it chose, and sun itself in a fancied blaze of happiness, never, I fear, to be realized; so that on entering a world of action, but of little thought, it is not wonderful that I should have found my feelings unattuned to its materialism, that I should have felt its roughness unsuited to my taste, and have longed for a retired country residence, under a screening canopy of green leaves. I soon, however, began to like the law, and took pleasure in following the course of justice—seeing how lawyers drive each other to an issue, and noticing the various remedies applied to cases occurring in real life. My eyes also became accustomed to the broad glare of city-life, and I could gaze steadily into this polished mirror, being thus enabled to remark the various shades of colouring which compose its reflected light—I say *reflected*, because it is not as a whole—natural, but *artificial*, and as it were derived from another source—"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Until then, a city had been held by me to be a very sink of wickedness, where all the worst passions of the heart were brought out in bold relief, and the redeeming qualities thrown entirely into the shade. I foolishly thought that justice, morality, and candour, were here trampled