

## THE ART OF RISING.

"The art of rising," said Mr. Horatio Luckless, "the art of rising! I wish I had it; but, alas! I do not at present see my way clear. Here I lie, and for the life of me I cannot get up. Pump court is never very bright; and we have had a succession of mornings which its oldest inhabitants never remembered. As Dr. Johnson says, "I shall die convinced that the weather is uncertain." It must, I fear, be getting late, but I cannot tell whether my laundress has been here yet. I hear nothing but the clank of those disagreeable pattens, which the washerwomen will wear, in spite of the request of the benchers to take them off when walking through the inn; and here I lie, remote from all the world, with not one soul to care whether I sleep out the whole of the day or no. I wish some one would make me get up, I would go through a good deal; I wish to be thoroughly roused. I have been all but out of bed several times, but have only ended by drawing the clothes tighter round me. I wish I had more resolution. It is certainly a great deficiency in my character. I have many good points, but I cannot get up in the morning. I make vows in vain every night; I go to bed early on purpose; this I am able to accomplish, but I cannot get up a bit the sooner. See that window now; see the horrid fog looking in at me. Could any one even imagine a morning like this? Nothing can be worse except tomorrow morning. Yet I have heard that a man can accustom himself to get up at four if he tries, and here I am snug at half-past nine. Yet, if I had any inducement to rise, I think I might be able. If I had any thing to work at, then how willingly I would stir; but as it is, get up I cannot; I have not 'the art of rising.'"

At this moment, something with a heavy sound was dropped through the valve of the outer door, and fell into the passage. This might not have attracted any observation from Mr. Luckless, but it was accompanied with a clink, which even to his unaccustomed organ conveyed a sound which nature has contrived to be one of the most pleasing to the human ear. To throw back the bed-clothes, to seize his trousers, to put them on, to rush to the passage, was, in the language of the most fashionable novels, "the work of a moment." And what did Mr. Luckless see? Could it be? If it was not the thing itself, it was certainly very like it. It had the exact shape of a brief. He turned it on its face; it was a brief; and thus was it endorsed: "In the Common Pleas, Wolf vs. Lamb. Brief for the defendant. Mr. Horatio Luckless. Two guineas. With you, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. Jenkins and Snagg." And on a slip of paper which accompanied it were these words:—"This cause stands No. 4 on the list for to-day." And where were the two guineas? Was he deceived in the sound of money? No, they were neatly wrapped up in a piece of white paper, and they lay on the floor. How beautiful they looked! how superior to any other Sovereigns the gold seemed! and how much more lovely than any other silver the two shillings looked. They were, in fact, well worth half-a-crown each, and he wouldn't have parted with them on any account for that sum. How charming Her Majesty's profile looked on them as he turned them over! This was sacred gold; it was the first he ever had received; it must be set apart and handed down to his children as an heir-loom, for children he might now think of. Jenkins and Snagg! How many soft emotions were raised by the former name! It might not be a very musical one, but it was English—Saxon to the backbone. If the respectable house of Jenkins and Snagg took him by the hand, his fortune was made.

All this did he ejaculate in his shirt and nether habiliment, when suddenly he thought of the mysterious slip of paper. "This cause stands No. 4 on the list to-day." The deuce it did! and he had not read a word of it. What was to be done? Now he took the brief up, and read a little of it; next he put on a boot. Then he read again the interesting endorsement, in which his own name appeared so conspicuously; then he began to shave. All this took up some time, and his anxiety rather retarded than forwarded his operations. In less than an hour, however, he was dressed and ready, but he had had no breakfast. Appetite, indeed, he felt but little: he was too much pleased, too nervous to eat. Taking up his valued brief in one hand, and a crust of bread in the other, he told his little boy, who had by this time arrived, with something of an important air, that he was going to the Common Pleas, and thither did he bend his path with hasty steps. He shouldered his way through the groups of witnesses, clerks, and idlers, generally found loitering about the doors of the court, slipped on his wig and gown, and pushed into court with a look which seemed to say that the affairs of this world rested pretty much on his shoulders. He first ran to the paper of causes, and found, with dismay, that the cause of Wolf vs. Lamb was actually on; the jury, in truth, in the act of delivering their verdict. He was just in time to hear the foreman say—"We find for the plaintiff, damages £100," and to encounter in the well of the court, the displeased face of his client, Mr. Jenkins. He had no opportunity to speak with his leader, who was in the next cause which was called on. He found that of the three causes which had stood before that of "Wolf vs. Lamb," the first had been undefended, in the second the record had been withdrawn, and the third was submitted to arbitration. Mr. Jenkins came round to him for his brief, which he had scarcely been able to read, and on receiving it said to him with gravity, but with some good nature, "Allow me, Mr. Luckless, as an old member

of the profession, to remind you, that the only way to get on at the bar is to learn the art of rising."—*Legal Observer.*

For the Pearl.

## SACRED MELODY.

Mortal! o'er thy lot repining,  
Lift above thy tearful eyes;  
Earthly ills, our hearts refining,  
Fit us for our native skies;  
Earthly joys when most declining  
Seem to bid us most to rise.

If thy heart too proudly clingeth  
To this changeful world of ours,  
Marvel not if sorrow springeth  
E'en from out its fairest flowers:  
Earthly love too surely bringeth  
Darkness o'er its brightest bowers.

Think how oft thou blindly swerest  
From the light and life divine—  
Think how little thou deservest,  
While so large a share is thine,—  
And, if God thou rightly servest,  
Thou wilt then no more repine!

J. MCP.

Queen's County, 1840.

For the Pearl.

## STANZAS.

On yesternight how dark the sky!—  
The sea with madness swelling,—  
When angry winds went roaring by,  
And loud their wrath were telling:

The Moon lay hid behind the cloud,  
The Tempest's anger dreading,—  
The stars seem'd gather'd in the shroud  
Night's genii then were spreading.

Now still's the sea,—and clear's the sky,  
For Nature tir'd seems sleeping;  
And, while Diana soars on high,  
Yon stars her watch are keeping.

—An emblem *that* of life below,  
Where gloom is e'er prevailing;  
But *this* methinks a type doth show  
Of that for which we're sailing.

Halifax.

ORLANDO.

**MATHEWS AND THE SILVER SPOON.**—Amongst Mathew's pranks of younger days, that is to say, when he first came from York to the Haymarket theatre, he was invited with F—— and some other performers to dine with Mr. A——, now an eminent silversmith, but who at that period followed the business of a pawnbroker. It so happened that A—— was called out of the parlour at the back of the shop during dinner. Mathews, with wonderful celerity altering his hair, countenance, hat, &c. took a large gravy-spoon off the dinner table, ran instantly into the street, entered one of the little dark doors leading to the pawnbroker's counter, and actually pledged to the unconscious A—— his own gravy-spoon. Mathews contrived with equal rapidity to return and seat himself (having left the street-door open) before A—— re-appeared at the dinner-table. As a matter of course this was made the subject of a wager. An *eclaircissement* took place before the party broke up, to the infinite astonishment of A——. Rabelais never accomplished a neater practical joke than this.

**MATHEWS' YORKSHIRE SERVANT.**—Soon after Mathews had married the present Mrs Mathews, he paid a visit to his mother, who was in an infirm state of health. Mathews brought a bumpkin of a servant lad from York, who frequently formed a capital model for many of his master's admirable representations of rustic ignorance. This fellow was always in error. One day Mrs. Lichfield sent him with her compliments to inquire how old Mrs. Mathews was. The York lad went up stairs to Mrs. Mathews, Junior, and delivered the message thus: "Missus Lichfield's compliment, marm, and she wants to know *how old you be?*"

**A WATCHMAKER'S RUSE.**—A poor Watchmaker came down to settle at \*\*\*\*\*. The village was populous. This person was utterly unknown; but he rather ingeniously hit on a project to procure employ. He contrived, when the church door was opened daily to send up his son (a lad of address) to the church tower unseen, and to alter the clock. This the boy was enabled to do by a slight knowledge of his father's business. This measure, of course, made all the watches in the neighbourhood wrong so repeatedly, (and every one swears by his church-clock), that the owners sent them to the new comer to be cleaned and repaired. This *ruse* established the artisan.

**WOMAN.**—Nature has given woman an influence over man more powerful, more perpetual, than his over her; from birth to death,

he takes help and healing from her hands, under all the most touching circumstances of life: her bosom succours him in infancy, soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this, beginning at the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments, must deteriorate or improve man's character, or must diminish or increase man's happiness, according to the moral and intellectual gradation of woman. Thus, upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general.

**A STUDENT AT GOTTINGEN.**—The lowest estimate at which a student can respectably pass through at Gottingen, is 300 rix dollars yearly, or about £50. This is too low, I think. It may be done for it, by pinching and screwing, but 350 rix dollars is commonly the lowest, while the greater number spend 400. Average it at 350, and the University, (with 1500 students, 36 professors, besides the extraordinary professors, and the *doctors privation docentes*), must circulate about £90,000 a year in Gottingen. Half of those who spend this money are foreign to Hanover, and these have most to spend, so that the University brings annually into Gottingen above £50,000. The mere rent of rooms let to the students is near £4000.

A late number of the Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury says that a Temperance Tea party, consisting of 2000 persons was held at Preston, in the splendid rooms of a new spinning mill belonging to Messrs. Horrocks and Co. on Christmas Day. The following was the bill of fare:—863 lbs. rich currant bread, 210 lbs. plain do. 140 lbs. crackers, 80 lbs. butter, 70 lbs. brown sugar, 70 lbs. white do. 35 lbs. coffee, 14 lbs. tea, and 105 qts. cream; and to give light on the subject, 300 mould candles were brought into requisition.

**SHERIDAN, AND HIS SON TOM.**—Tom Sheridan, when a lad, was one day asking his father (the celebrated Richard Brinsley) for a small sum of money. Sheridan tried to avoid giving any, and said, "Tom, you ought to be doing something to get your living. At your age my father made me work. My father always—" "I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Tom: "I will not hear *your* father compared with *mine*."

**TOM DIBDIN AND THE LOZENGE.**—Tom Dibdin had a cottage near Box Hill, to which, after his theatrical labours, he was delighted to retire. One stormy night, after Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin had been in bed some time, Mrs. D. being kept awake by the violence of the weather, aroused her husband, exclaiming, "Tom, Tom, get up!"—"What for?" said he,—"Don't you hear how very bad the wind is?"—"Is it?" replied Dibdin, half sleep, but could not help punning, "Put a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear. It is the best thing in the world for the wind."

**TREATING A BANK NOTE WITH DUE RESPECT.**—The Philosopher relates a characteristic anecdote of an out-at-elbows poet, who, by some freak of fortune, coming into possession of a five-dollar bill, called to a lad, and said—"Johnny, my boy, take this *William*, and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling *William*?" inquired the wondering lad. "Why, John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it *Bill*!"—*Bost. Post.*

When George II. was on a sea excursion, there appeared signs of an approaching storm. The noise occasioned on deck by the preparations to meet it, called his Majesty from below to inquire into the cause. On being informed that they were "preparing for a storm," his Majesty's instant commands were, "Double my guards."

There is no calculating the good which a single benevolent action will do. A penny properly bestowed often brings gladness to a drooping heart. We should ever cultivate a habit of doing good, and of speaking kindly and encouragingly to the poor. This will cost us but little—but there is no telling the amount of happiness it may confer.

Washington once called upon an elderly lady, whose little grand daughter, at the close of his call waited on him to the door, and opened it to let him out. The general, with his customary urbanity, thanked her, and, laying his hand gently upon her head, said, "My dear, I wish you a better office." "Yes, sir—to let you *in*!" was the prompt and beautiful reply.

That man will never be proud who considers his own imperfections, and those of human nature.

**A TRUE SENTIMENT.**—"Our children, at home or abroad, are mirrors in which our own characters may be seen."

Persons of accidental or shadowy merit may be proud; but in-born worth must be always as much above conceit as arrogance.

A Rhinoceros, belonging to the N. Y. Zoological Institute, died recently. The animal was valued at 15,000 dollars.

A Frenchman named Mons. Alexandre is now in Egypt, teaching the natives to dance.

"Please, Sir," said a poor, bewildered Benadick, on a certain busy Whitmonday—"Please, Sir, you're marrying me to a wrong woman." "Never mind that," replied the minister; "you can settle that afterward."

We should ever carefully avoid putting our interest in competition with our duty.

To be universally intelligible is not the least merit in a writer.