

may be awakened by Heraldry. The funeral hatchment, which we see displayed, is not without its meaning, and equally tells its tale. It tells the caller or passer by, that within the doors, over which it hangs, there exists a sorrow, that wants not to be intruded on by him. It tells him, too, not only that death has visited the house, but it tells him which of the members has been called away, whether father, mother or child; and it bids him give a sigh of sympathy and pass on. It may, perhaps, be said, that in these days of civilized advancement, this is but an idle and vain indulgence, and that such a display of the emblems of the world's vain glory over the doors of death, is inconsistent with the more solemn and sacred feelings of such a time; but it must be remembered that it is part and parcel of a system established in ruder ages, that has been handed down to us entire with its other observances, which we still retain. This custom, no doubt, had a reason for its origin, and was probably introduced in the early ages, before the art of printing was known, when writing was not an easy accomplishment, and postal communication difficult; and was intended to answer the purpose, as far as possible, of a modern "advertisement."

I could enlarge much upon my subject, but space forbids. Enough, however, I think has been said to shew that, however lightly the science of Heraldry may be held in the estimation of those who have not studied it, there is enough in it to afford us an interesting association with the chivalry of past ages; and to ensure to us a useful and practical system for the regulation of the different ranks and orders of the realm, to an extent which probably no compulsory legislative enactment could do; and without which, confusion and disorders, the consequent attendants on the want of any such systematic and methodical arrangement, would insert themselves into the social elements of the country to the disturbance and probably the subversion of that admirable system of well-regulated order that now exists.

A LETTER ABOUT WORDSWORTH AND GOETHE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—You have been so kind as to open the pages of the "Lennoxville" to me; and I shall avail myself of the privilege. A few days ago, in the course of my desultory reading, I fell upon a simple little poem of Goethe's. It at once suggested thoughts of Wordsworth, and recollections of his poems. I cast about in my mind to discover the cause of the association, and was led to the following reflec-

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