Poetry.

Death in the Kitchen.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Trim, thou art right!—'Tis sure that I,
And all that hear thee, are to die.
The stoutest lad and wench
Must lose their places at the will
Of Death, and go at last to fill
The sexton's gloomy trench.

The dreary grave—Oh, when I think,
How close ye stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!

Yes, jovial butler, thou must fail,
As sinks the froth on thine own ale;
Thy days will soon be done!
Alas! the common hours that strike
Are knells; for life keeps wasting, like
A cask upon the run.

Ay, hapless scullion! 'tis thy case;
Life travels at a scouring pace.
Far swifter than thy hand.
The fast-decaying frame of man
Is but a kettle or a pan,
Time wears away with—sand!

Thou need'st not, mistress cook! be told,
The meat to-morrow will be cold
That now is fresh and hot!
Ev'n thus our flesh will, by and by,
Be cold as stone!—Cook, thou must die!
There's death within the pot!

Susannah, too, my lady's maid,
Thy pretty person once must aid
To swell the buried swarm!
The "glass of fashion" thou wilt hold
No more, but grovel in the mould,
That's not the "mould of form!"

Yes, Jonathan, that drives the coach,
He too, well fee's the fiend's approach—
The grave will pluck him down;
He must in dust and ashes lie,
And wear the church-yard livery,
Grass-green, turned up with brown.

How frail is our uncertain breath!
The laundress seems full hale, but Death
Shall her "last linen" bring.
The groom will die, like all his kind;
And e'en the stable boy will find
This life no stable thing.

Nay, see the household dog—e'en that
The earth shall take.—The very cat
Will share the common fall;
Although she hold, (the proverb saith)
A ninefold life, one single death
Suffices for them all!

Cook, butler, Susan, Jonathan,
The girl that scours the pot and pan,
And those that tend the steeds—
All, all shall have another sort
Of service after this—in short,
The one the parson reads!

The Last Tear!

She had done weeping, but her eyelash yet
Lay silken heavy on her lilied cheek,
And on its fringe a tear, like a lone star
Shining upon the rich and hyacinth skirts
O' the western cloud that veils the April even.
The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,
Glittering above the gleam of tender blue,
That widen'd as the shower clears off from Heav'n.
Her beauty woke,—a sudden beam of soul
Flashed from her eye, and lit the vestals cheek
Into one crimson, and exhal'd the air.

The Christmas Holly.

The holly! the holly! oh, twine it with bay—
Come give the holly a song;
For it helps to drive stern Winter away,
With his garment so sombre and long.
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
And its leaves of burnish'd green,
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
And not even the daisy is seen.
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
That hangs over peasant and king;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glit'ring boughs,
To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come
To fetter the gurgling rill;
The woods may be bare, and the warblers dumb—
But the holly is beautiful still.
In the revel and light of princely halls
The bright holly-branch is found;
And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,
While the brimming horn goes round.
Then drink to the holly, &c.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
Where graves and ruins are spread;
There's beauty about the cypress tree,
But it flourishes near the dead;
The laurel the warrior's brow may wreathe,
But it tells of tears and blood;
I sing the holly, and who can breathe
Aught of *that* that is not good?
Then sing to the holly, &c.

From the Scottish Monthly Magazine.

Three of our Teachers.

ELIA.

A gentle spirit, sweet, and pure, and kind—
Though strangely witted, "high fantastical"—
Who mantles his deep feelings in a pall
Of motley hues, harmoniously combined,
That seems to hide, yet heightens what's enshrined
Beneath;—who, by a power unknown to all,
Save him alone, can summon at a call
A thousand jarring elements entwined
In strangest brotherhood;—Humour—wild wit—
Quips,—cranks,—puns,—sneers,—with clear sweet thought profound—
And stinging jests, with honey for the wound;—
The subtlest lines of all fine powers split
To their last films, then marvellously spun
In magic web, whose million hues are one!

SHELLEY.

From out the depths of dark infinity
There breaks, at times, within our bounded sphere,
Some trackless orb, unkindling far and near
The Heaven's blue vault;—with upturned eager eye
Men watch its pathless sweep across the sky,—
All hearts are wakened into love and fear,
Marking its dread yet beautiful career—
Its unknown light—its lawless Majesty!
Athwart the wide expanse of mortal thought,
So swept thy mighty spirit, wondrous bard;—
So wake our souls, with mingled love and dread,
To watch thy grand erratic course—untaught
The bounds of man's marked orbit to regard;—
Whence had the wonder birth, and whither hath it fled?

WORDSWORTH.

A mighty mind—yet calm in mightiness,—
Brooding with fondest love o'er human life,
And nur-ing, 'mid the tumult and the strife—
Pain—grief and sin—and multiplied distress,
And all the million agonies that press
Upon the soul,—those hopes and joys and truths,
Whose influence strengthens, elevates and soothes,
And breathes a conquering calm of stately bliss
Into the heart of man, and wreathes it round
With those immortal flowers, whose gentle breath
Whispers of finer worlds that are their home,
And whose etherial hues, too bright for death,
Witness from what a land of light they come:—
Such Wordsworth's soul—sublime,—serene,—profound!

N. R.

From the Comic Almanac for 1837.

Bartholomew Fair.

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Dabble thro' the mud and filthy air."

The sun of Bartlemy is well nigh set, and his latest rays are dull as the Dutch metal that gilds his gingerbread kings. The last fair was a foul concern—the lions roared in a saw-dust solitude and the monkeys chattered to empty boxes.—"Just going to begin," was a never ending cry, because the sights waited all day for want of see-ers—Mr. Merryman was sad, for people would not down with the dumps; and though he cried, "Walk up! only two-pence," he failed to "take his change out of that." In vain King Richard offered his kingdom for a horse; there were only a few asses within earing. The sausages met with no stuffers, and the dog meat pies remained unbitten, though the chimney-sweeps looked rabid at 'em. The hot spiced nuts met with a cold reception; the baked plum-pudding was at no price-current; and the ginger beer, though well up, would not go down. The pyramids of apples stood as unmoved as those of Egypt: but the nuts alone looked happy, for the people gave them "none of their jaw." The Temperance Societies turned the tables to a T:—men who have left off gin do not support Mr. Gingell; and water-drinkers have no affection for fire eaters. As to the gin temples they found their day pretty well over, so they blazed at night, but their illuminated dials have made the world suspect "what's o'clock." Even the pickpockets failed of their harvest: for as the people abandoned the knaves in spirit, they were able to guard against the rogues in grain.

Cockney Sportsmen.

JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER ULT.

Edited by Jonathan Duggins, Esq.

"Up at six. Told Mrs. D. I'd got wery pressing business at Woolwich, and off to Old Fish street, where a werry sporting breakfast, consisting of jugged hare, patridge pie, tallyho sauce, gunpowder tea, and casters, vos laid out in Figgins's warehouse; as he didn't choose Mrs. F. and his young hinfant family to know he vos a goin to hexpose himself with fire-harms. After a good blow-out, sallied forth with our dogs and guns, namely Mrs. Wiggin's French poodle, Miss Selina Higgins's real Blenheim spaniel, young Hicks's ditto, Mrs. Figgins's pet bull dog, and my little thorough bred tarrier; all which had been smuggled to Figgins's warehouse the night before, to prevent domestic disagreeables. Got into a Paddington bus at the bank. Row vith tiger, who hobjected to take the dogs, unless paid hextra. Hicks said we'd a rights to take 'em, and quoted the hact. Tiger said the hact only allowed parcels carried on the lap. Accordingly tied up the dogs in our pocket-handkerchiefs, and carried them and the guns on our knees. Got down at Paddington; and, after glasses round, valked on till ve got into the fields, to a place vich Higgins had baited vith corn and penny rolls every day for a month past. Found a covey of birds feeding. Dogs wery eager and barked beautiful. Birds got up, and turned out to be pigeons. Debate as to vether pigeons vos game or not. Hicks said they vos made game on by the new hact. Fired accordingly, and half killed two or three, vich half fell to the ground; but suddenly got up again and flew off. Re-loaded and pigeons came round again. Let fly a second time, and tumbled two or three more over, but didn't bag any. Tired at last, and turned in to the Dog and Partridge to get a snack. Landlord laughed, and asked how ve vos hoff for tumblers. Did'nt understand him, but got some waluable information about loading our guns; vich he strongly recommended mixing the powder and shot well up together before putting into the barrel; and showed Figgins how to charge his percussion; vich, being Figgins's first attempt he had made the mistake of putting a charge of copper caps into the barrel instead of sticking von of 'em atop of the touch-hole. Left the Dog and Partridge, and took a north-easterly direction, so as to have the adwantage of the vind on our backs. Dogs getting wery riotous, and refusing to answer to Figgins's vhistle, vitch had unfortunately got a pea in it. Getting over an edge into a field, Hicks's gun haccidently hexploded, & shot Wiggins behind; and my gun going off hunexpectedly at the same moment, singed avay von of my viskers and blinded von of my heyes. Carried Wiggins back to the inn; dressed his wound, and rubbed my heye with cherry brandy and my visker with bear's grease. Sent poor Wiggins home by a short stage, and resumed our sport. Heard some pheasants crowing by the side of a plantation. Resolved to stop their cockadoodledooing, so set off at a jog trot.—Passing thro' a field of bone manure, the dogs unfortunately set to vork upon the bones, and ve couldn't get 'em to go a step further at no price. Got vithin gun shot of two of the birds, vitch Higgins said they vos two game cocks; but Hicks, who had often been to Westminster Pit, said no sitch thing; as game cocks had got short square tails, and smooth necks, and long military spurs; and these had got long curly tails and necks all over hair and scarce any spurs at all. Shot at 'em as pheasants, and believe ve killed 'em both; but hearing some horried screams come out of the plantation immediately hafter, ve all took to our 'eels and ran avay vithout stopping to pick either of 'em up. After running about two miles, Hicks called out to stop, as he had hobserved a covey of vild ducks, feeding on a pond by the road-side. Got behind a haystack and shot at the ducks, vich swam avay hunder the trees. Figgins wolunteered to scramble down the bank, and hook out the dead 'uns vith the but-hend of his gun. Unfortunately bank failed, and poor F. tumbled up to his neck in the pit. Made a rope of our pocket handkerchiefs, and got it round his neck, and dragged him to the Dog and Doublet, vere ve had him put to bed, and dried. Werry sleepy with the hair and hexercise, so after dinner took a nap a piece.—Woke by the landlord coming in to know if ve vos the gentlemen as had shot the unfortunate nurse-maid and child in Mr. Smithville's plantation. Swore ve knew nothing about it, and vile the landlord vos gone to deliver our message, got out of the back window, and ran away across the fields. At the end of a mile, came suddenly upon a strange sort of bird, vich Hicks declared to be the cock-of-the-woods. Sneaked behind him and killed him. Turned out to be a peacock. Took to our heels again, as ve saw the lord of the manor and two of his servants with bludgeons coming down the gravel-walk towards us. Found it gettin late, so agreed to shoot our vay home. Didn't know vere ve vos, but kept going on.—At last got a sort of plantation, vere ve saw a great many birds perching about. Gave 'em a broadside, and brought down several. Loaded agin, and killed another brace. Thought ve should make a good day's vork of it at last, and was preparing to charge again, ven two of the new police came and took us up in the name of the Zoological Society, in whose gardens it seems ve had been shooting. Handed off to the Public Hoffice, and werry heavily fined, and werry seweerly reprimanded by the sitting Magistrate.—Coming away, met by the landlord of the Dog and Doublet, who charged us vith running off vithout paying our shot; and Mr. Smithville, who accused us of manslaughtering his nurse-maid and child; and, their wounds not having been declared immortal, ve vos sent to spend the night in prison—and thus ended my last First of September."

A Case of Hardship.

A public subscription of several thousand pounds has been proposed to be raised towards Mr. Buckingham's losses in India; quickened by the threat that, if not sufficient to maintain him, he would be driven to the very dreadful necessity of "devoting the remainder of his days to useful and honourable labour!" To avert so dire a calamity, it will be proposed among Mr. Buckingham's friends, to revive the old project, and send him round the world on a voyage of discovery and commerce. He is to sail on the *first* of next *April*, and will take with him passengers, emigrants, and merchandize. First exploring the British coast, he will establish a colony of tailors at *Sheer-ness*; then offer a consignment of saddles and bridles to the inhabitants of *Ryde*; afterwards call for Mr. Ole *Bull* off *Cowes*, as fiddler to the crew; from thence he will dispatch a bale of *blankets* to *Fries-land*, and of *gloves* to the people of *Pau*, taking in exchange some cheap *coffee* for charitable purposes from *Cham berry*. Proceeding through the Channel, he will receive a few distressed ladies at *Bride*port on an experimental voyage to *Beau maris*. The *late* Ministry will accompany him as far as the *Ex*, and at *Ply-Mouth Sound* he will take in the *substance* of his next Parliamentary campaign. At the *Scilly* Islands he will try to dispose of a heavy consignment from Paternoster-row and some leading establishments at the west-end of the town. He will leave the Poor Law Commissioners at their head-quarters at *Flint*; and thence crossing the Atlantic, he will deposit the bones of Mr. Carus Wilson at *Long* Island, and offer a cargo of *soft-soap* at *Washington*. He will next dispatch *stone-masons* to the *Chippeway* country, and carpenters to the *Chick-a-saws*, and he will be commissioned to get a lot of *old Joes* exchanged at *New-Found-Land*. He will supply the natives of *Chili* with *great coats*, carry *ham* and *beef* to the *Sandwich* Islands, and *broad cloth* to *Bombay*. He will then reach the North Pole by taking up his ship in an air balloon, and remaining suspended, till, as the world goes round, the arctic circle is just under his feet, when he will drop into the *midst* of it. Coming home from the North about next St. Swithin twelvemonths, he will bring us a little *Blue* from the Island of *Skye*, and call off the coast of *Ayr*-shire for such a scheme to raise the *wind*. On his arrival, the wooden guns at Jack Straw's Castle will be fired, and the town illuminated with moonshine.

Unpublished Letter and Narrative of Allan Ramsay.

In a garret-room in Culloden House was discovered some time since, among a mass of lumber, a pair of old saddle-bags, into which had been thrust a number of letters, accounts, and other written papers, chiefly relating to the times of the celebrated President Forbes, and his son, Mr. John Forbes, of Culloden. It is well known that in the midst of his public career and professional pursuits, Duncan Forbes cultivated a taste for literature and the conversation of authors. He was the friend and patron of Allan Ramsay, and of Thompson. The following communication appears to have been addressed to him by Ramsay, when the President (then lord advocate for Scotland) was in London attending to his parliamentary duties. It is written in a humble dependent tone, which our respect for the genius of the author of the "Gentle Shepherd," leads us to regard with something like mortification. We preserve the original spelling of the letter:—

EDINBURGH, *Aprile* 15, 1736.

"MY LORD,—I wish I could light upon any opportunity wherein I might shew my gratitude for the regards that you have honoured me with. Will ye give me something to do? Here I pass a sort of half-idle scrimp life-tending a trifling trade, that scarce affords me the needful. Had I not got a parcel of guineas from you, and such as you, who were pleased to patronize my subscriptions, I would not have had a grey coat. I think shame (but why should I, when I open my mind to one of your goodness?) to hint that I want to have some small commission, when it may happen to fall in your way to put me into it. Bookselling, good for nothing—Poetry, that's failed, or rather my admirers have ceased to feel—

"Fast twenty-five to five and forty
My muse was neither sweer nor dorty:
My Pegasus wad break his tether,
E'en at the wagging of a feather,
And throw ideas scour like drift,
Streaming his wings up to the Lift,
Then, then my saul was in a low
That gart my rhymes gae raffle row;
But eild and judgment 'gin to say
Leave aff your sangs and learn to pray.

"I hope to do something yet that may chance to please, and if I still have a place in your indulgence I'll be

"Your lordship's humble happy servant,
"ALLAN RAMSAY."

The following will be immediately recognized as a true description of the incident so skilfully and powerfully wrought up, by Walter Scott, in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian."

"A True and Faithful Account of the Hobleshow that happened in Edinburgh, Wednesday, the 14th of Aprile, 1736, at the hanging of Wilson, the Housebreaker.

"On the Sunday preceding, viz: the 11th, the two condemned criminals, Wilson and Robertson, were taken as usual by four Sogers out of prison to hear their last sermon, and Wilson, who was a very strong fellow, took Robertson by the head-band of the breeks and threw him out of the seat, held a soger fast in each hand, and one of them with his teeth, while Robertson got over and threw the pews, pushed o'er the elder, and plate at the door, made his escape throw the Parliament Close, down the back stairs, got out of the Potteraw port before it was shut, the mob making way and assisting him; got friends, money, and a swift horse, and fairly got off, nae mair to be heard or seen. This made them take a closer care of Wilson (who had the best character of them all till his folly made him seek reprisals at his own hand) which had gained him so much pity as to raise a report that a great mob would rise on his execution day to relieve him, which soyse put our Magistrates on their guard, and may be made some of them as unce fley'd, was evident by their inviting in 150 of the regiment that lyes in the Cannongate, who were all drawn up in the Land Market, while the criminal was conducted to the tree by Captain Porteous and a strong party of the City Guard. All was husht, psalms sung, prayer put up for a long hour and upwards, and the man hanged with all decency and quietness. After he was cut down and the guards drawing up to go off, some unlucky boys threw a stone or two at the hangman, which is very common, on which the brutal Porteous (who it seems had ordered his party to load their guns with ball) let drive first himself among the innocent mob, and commanded his men to follow his example, which quickly cleansed the street, but left three men, a boy and a woman dead upon the spot, beside several others wounded, some of whom are dead since. After the first fire he took it in his head, when half up the Bow, to order another volley, and killed a taylor in a window three stories high, a young gentleman, and a son of Mr. Matheson the Minister's, and several more were dangerously wounded; and all this from no more provocation than what I told you before, the throwing of a stone or two that hurt nobody. Believe this to be true, for I was an eye-witness, and within a yard or two of being shot, as *I* sat with some gentlemen in a stabler's window opposite to the gallows. After this the crazy brute marched with his ragamuffins to the guard, as if he had done nothing worth noticing; but was not long there till the hue and cry rose from them that had lost friends and servants demanding justice; he was taken before the Council, where there were abundance of witnesses to fix the guilt upon him. The uproar of a mob increased with the loudest din that ever was heard, and would have torn him, Council and Guard, all in pieces, if the magistrates had not sent him to the Tolbooth by a strong party, and told them he should be tried for his life, which gave them some satisfaction and sent them quietly home. I could have acted more discreetly had I been in Porteous's place.

"To the Honourable Duncan Forbes
"of Culloden, His Majesty's Advocate
"for Scotland, Member of Parlt.,
"London." [*Inverness Courier.*

Mode discovered of Propelling Balloons in any direction.

From the London Mechanics' Magazine.

SIR,—It is really a matter of no small surprise, that, after all the investigations and experiments made in aerostation, since Albert first asserted, and Montgolfier afterwards demonstrated, the practicability of floating in the upper regions of the atmosphere, that balloons should remain to this day the same unwieldy and ungovernable toys as at first constructed.

After the first principle, or rather the first power of balloons—that of ascension, had been satisfactorily established, both by calculation and experiment, the next thing that became desirable was the power of propelling and guiding them at will.

Various attempts have at different times been made to accomplish this eminently desirable object; but, being for the most part made without judgment, they were unattended with successful results. Sufficient has been done, however, to prove beyond all question, *that propellers will act upon a balloon*, with an effect proportionate to their size, and to the manner in which they are placed and worked. It is also equally evident, that so soon as aeronauts can, by any means, cause their balloon to move with a velocity differing from that of the current of air in which they are floating, a rudder will become efficient, and the balloon will answer to the helm.

People frequently confuse themselves in their application of the simple principles of navigation in a denser medium *to aerial navigation*.

So long as a boat, barge, &c. moves with the same velocity as the stream, a rudder is wholly useless; but, if the boat or barge is made to move with a different velocity—i. e. *either faster or slower* than the stream—the rudder becomes an efficient agent in directing the movements of the vessel. With balloons, precisely the same law obtains; the moment they can be propelled, they will become capable of being guided.

In a recent Number of your *Magazine*, Mr. Mackintosh very justly observed, with respect to the difficulty of propulsion, that "the difficulty consists simply in this:—The resistance is greater than any power that has been hitherto applied to overcome it." He further adds, "to meet this difficulty we must *increase the power, and decrease the resistance.*"

Mr. Mackintosh's reasoning upon this subject is perfectly correct; and I have now to state, that following out precisely the same principle, I have succeeded in contriving a balloon of entirely new description, possessing all the requisites for efficient aerial navigation, and capable of being propelled and guided at the pleasure of the aeronauts. The few scientific friends to whom I have submitted my plans, have expressed themselves perfectly convinced of their feasibility, and feel satisfied that the time has now arrived, when balloons will cease to be scientific toys, and assume a new and useful character.

It would not be consistent with my own personal interest, at this time, to develope the nature of my invention, but your readers will hereafter have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with it. I should wish no person to suppose for one moment that balloons will ever be guided in the teeth of opposing currents; but I am now prepared to assert, and all who have examined my scheme will support my position—that in balloons upon my construction, the power is so much increased and the resistance is so much diminished, as to enable them to be propelled and guided through the air with as much facility as boats at present are upon the surface of our river Thames.

By the same means, an upward or downward direction can be given to a balloon, without in any way varying the quantity of gas or of ballast—and the machine brought under a degree of controul hardly before anticipated. I remain, Sir, your's respectfully,

WM. BADDELEY.

October 11, 1836.

APPROVED AND ECONOMICAL RECIPE FOR CONNUBIAL FELICITY.—Many a wedded pair, who find the happiness transmitted into a joint-stock of ennui, are at a loss to divine the cause. In the hope that it may be of general application, we quote an anecdote from the Tuscahomian, that the lesson it contains, and the moral to be deduced from it, may cause a reformation, in one point at least, in the conduct of those who do *not* take a newspaper. The long winter evenings are seasonably relieved, and agreeably spent by the aid of a newspaper:—

"A young planter in the upper part of the State of Mississippi, lately married to a beautiful and highly intellectual lady, after the honey moon had passed, was pained to observe that his young bride was thoughtful at times, and appeared to suffer much from ennui. Thinking this might be caused by the absence of female companions, he induced several young ladies, relatives, to make his house their home, in hopes thereby to render her completely happy. This arrangement had not the desired effect. His beloved, though apparently joyful and cheerful, while conversing with him, as soon as the conversation *lagged*, relapsed into the melancholy mood. Surprised at this, he fell to pondering the cause; and after a lengthy reflection, he came to the determination of sending to New York for a *piano*, to be forwarded by the first ship bound for Natchez, Vicksburg, or Grand Gulf. Well the musical companion at length arrived—and a splendid one it was, of beautiful mahogany, ornamented and polished, to the value of a $500 bank note.—And then it discoursed such ravishing melody, as the snowy fingers of the young bride pressed the keys! The young planter was in raptures! and congratulated himself on having procured the one thing needful to his angel's complete felicity. Poor man! he paid but a poor compliment to his amiable partner's intellect, if he thought she could contentedly pass her leisure hours in strumming a piano forte! He was mistaken. Though "music hath charms," like love it is not the only desideratum in this world—for a while it pleases the *ear* and touches the *heart*, but ministers not to the *mind!* The lady but seldom courted Apollo, and her husband had the mortification of feeling that he had not yet made his domicil a paradise to "her he adored." At last to solve the riddle of her discontent, he asked her if she did not at times regret having entered the marriage state. "Oh *no indeed!*" she replied with earnestness—"never for a moment have I been other than your happy wife, *but——— sometimes———*" "Well sometimes what, dearest?" "If I must tell you then—*sometimes I regret that you don't take the newspapers*! *Pa, takes half a dozen!*"

WINE MAKING IN PORTUGAL.—Near Villa Real I saw the laborious (and nasty) process that takes place before the juice of the grape is converted into the rich beverage it afterwards becomes: the grapes are first trodden under foot, and then pressed by a large beam tightened by a screw, till the fruit is completely crushed; after which the wine is poured into great casks, where it is left to ferment, and two or three months subsequently the necessary quantity of brandy is infused. Meanwhile the lees of the grape are collected and steeped in water, and being again subjected to the pressure of the beam, give out a light, feeble wine, generally sold to the lower orders. The lees themselves are given to pigs, or applied as manure to the fields. The grapes were lying in heaps, within an inclosed space near the farmer's house, and several Gallicians were carefully treading them down: from six in the morning till twelve at night these poor men continue immersed up to the knees in the cold juice, and receive a very low remuneration when their comfortless task is accomplished; yet they submit without a murmur to their cheerless lot, are grateful for any mark of kindness, and beguile the tedious hours by singing in concert a low, plaintive, and affecting hymn.—*Earl Carnarvon's Portugal and Gallicia.*

Every animal has his enemies. The land tortoise has two enemies—man and the boa constrictor. The natural defence of the tortoise is to draw himself up in his shell, and remain quiet. In this state, the tiger, however famished, can do nothing with him, for the shell is too strong for the stroke of his paw. Man, however, takes him home and roasts him; and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the court of chancery does a great estate.—*Edinburgh Review.*

TASTE.—The first edition of the *Cork Remembrancer*, published in 1783, and compiled by a Mr. Fitzgerald, contains the particulars of almost every execution in that city during the preceding half century. It is said that the author of this singular chronicle made a point of being present at the death of every criminal whose exit he has recorded, and that he generally marched in the procession from the gaol to the gallows. On one occasion, it is reported of Mr. Fitzgerald, that, being confined to his bed, by a severe illness, he actually petitioned the Judge to postpone an execution until he was sufficiently recovered to attend.

The following pleasant anecdote used to be told by the eccentric Dr. Monsey:—The Duke of Leeds, the Doctor, and his Grace's Chaplain being one morning, soon after breakfast, in his library, Mr. Walkden, of Pall-mall, his Grace's shoemaker, was shown in with a pair of new shoes for the Duke. The latter was remarkably fond of him, as he was at the same time clerk of St. James's Church, where the Duke was a constant attendant. "What have you there, Walkden?" said the Duke. "A pair of shoes for your Grace," he replied. "Let me see them." They were handed to him accordingly. The Chaplain taking up one of them, examined it with great attention. "What is the price?" asked the Chaplain. "Half-a-guinea, Sir," said the shoemaker. "Half-a-guinea! What! for a pair of shoes?" said the Chaplain. "Why, I could go to Cranborne-alley and buy a better pair of shoes than they ever were, or ever will be, for 5s. 6d." He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room. Walkden threw the other after it, saying, that as they were fellows, they ought to go together; and at the same time replied to the Chaplain—"Sir, I can go to a stall in Moorfields and buy a better sermon for twopence than my Lord gives you a guinea for." The Duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, and said, "That is a most excellent retort, Walkden; make me half-a-dozen pairs of shoes directly."

HOLIDAYS.—When a man can no longer enjoy a holiday, he can no longer enjoy life—the world is to him a perfect blank. The blessedness of boyhood is in its holidays. We may grumble a good deal as we go rambling along the rough road of life; but still we have some practical gratitude in our constitution; but we are tolerably apt to remember what was pleasant; for it is by the remembrance of the pleasant past that a man becomes a *laudator temporis acti*. It is on this principle that old people fancy that the summers of their youth were all sunshine, and their winters fine bracing frost and glorious deep snow; they forget the long, shivering, cloudy weeks that frequently make more than half our summers: they forget the damp, drizzling days that compose the miserableness of winter. So is man's recollection of his school-boy days; he forgets the Lexicon and the Gradus, the awful false quantity, the untranslatable classic; his recollection is of the long, joyful holiday, the boisterous outbreak from school, the luxurious bath beneath a glowing sun, the skating, and the manly wielding of the cricket bat—these are the school recollections, and these are holiday thoughts. Blessed be the memory of him who invented holidays! Man lives for holidays alone; he would regard the desk and the counter as no better than the tread-mill, were it not for his holidays: they are his life, they are the end and object of all his labour, and, without them, the ordinary occupation of business would be an absolute punishment. Who does not remember—however he may forget life's literalities—who does not remember the holiday feeling—the sensation of an undefined rapture, when the sun has shone brighter than ever it shines now-o'-days—when the houses, and the trees, and the fields, and the horses, and the hedges, and the ditches, and the sheep, and the cattle, were all alive and laughing—when the world was a picture, and life was a dream—when the earth on which we walked was unfelt, and when every thing without, and every feeling within, was just as it should be?

Those persons are peculiarly rancorous against dissent and opposition who have assumed an opinion, probably without comprehending it, and without the least concern about its truth, from selfish and mercenary views. When the emolument, power, pride, personal consequence, or gratification of any one becomes identified with a doctrine or system, he is impatient and resentful at the slightest doubt; because every doubt is of the nature of a personal attack, and threatens danger to the objects of his regard. It is this identification of personal interests with systems of opinions, which has, in all ages, been one of the greatest sources of intolerance on the part of the priesthood. It is this which has led them to represent, with so much zeal, a departure from their dogmas as one of the worst of crimes, and often caused them to pursue with remorseless cruelty all aberrations from that creed on which their power and importance depended.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

The subject of the very touching and admirably wrought obituary notice which we now proceed to copy, is not named; but we think there can be little hazard in declaring it can apply to no other than the lamented Miss Harriet Patterson, daughter of Commodore Patterson, whose recent death has thrown a deep shade of sorrow upon the hearts of a wide extended circle of relatives and friends—in whose affections she was a little while ago, an object of the tenderest and most absorbing interest:—

Obituary Sketch.

"There was one—who often accompanied us in our diversions along the shores of the Mediterranean—one who frequently gave to such occasions an interest beyond the object which lured our steps—one who would light up the most common themes with her sparkling gems of thought, or supply the worn topics with others, brilliant and fresh from recollection and fancy—one who made others happy, without seeming to be conscious that she was the source; and who ever delicately evaded, as if misplaced, the admiration her youth, genius, and beauty awakened—who now, alas! has left us for ever! She has gone from the circle of our friendship, and the hearth of her fond father, to return no more! Over the pleading youth of her age, and the retaining force of her affection, death has sadly triumphed!

"The delicate virtues that had bloomed, and those that were timidly expanding to the light, have perished from the earth! The form that moved so lightly; the eye that beamed with such tenderness and hope; the lips that ever breathed the accents of gentleness and truth; the ear on which music never sacrificed its charms; the rich locks, that rendered the cheek still more transparent, in the relief of their raven darkness; and the face filled with the expressions of sweetness and beauty, and where no frown ever cast its shadow—all have gone down into the silent recesses of the grave!

"The ship in which she had traversed the ocean—where she had seen the wonders of God displayed in the deep—had returned from its long absence; the green hills of her native land were breaking the horizon; another day, and she would tread that beloved shore. Many were gathered there to whom she was tenderly allied, and who waited to embrace her with a sister's yearning love; she had redeemed the pledge in which they parted; and often beguiled their lonely hours with the graphic beauties of her pen; they now waited to unfold her in their arms, and half blamed the breeze that brought the ship so slowly to her anchor.

"They were the first on board, and sought first the one they most loved! Alas! the pale form was there but the spirit that gave it light and animation had fled! Still the tokens of its peaceful departure lingered in the sweet composure of her face; the calm brow was still written with thought; the cheek softly tinged with the dreams of her rest. They had come to greet her, to hear her speak, and welcome her home; but the only office that now remained, was to consign to the earth this beautiful relic; with breaking hearts, they dressed her grave on the banks of that stream where she strayed in her childhood, and where long the melancholy wave will murmur the music of her name.

"What avails it now that she so widely surveyed the scenes which lend attraction to other shores? that she wandered among the hills of Greece, and gazed on the bright isles of the Ægean? that she lifted her eye to the solemn dome of St. Sophia, and walked in the deep shadows of the Colosseum at Rome? that she saw Venice emerging in splendour from the wave, and Etna still sending up its steep column of cloud? that she glanced through the gay saloons of Parisian pride, lingered along the banks of the Nile? that she surveyed the pyramids of mouldered Egypt, and made her pilgrimage to the desolate city of David? that she stood in the garden, where persecuted LOVE resigned itself to the bitterness of its cup—that mount where the Innocent suffered, that the guilty might live—and by that tomb which once sepulchred the Hope of the world?

"Ah! these availed her; for these memorials of a dying Saviour's affection, and of his triumph over death, were themes upon which her latest and fondest thoughts dwelt: she knew at length that her hour had come, but her confidence in the faithfulness of that Redeemer made her a stranger to dismay; she felt that she was passing beyond the assiduities of mortal friendship and affection, but she cast herself resigned upon the love of this compassionate Jesus; and her last faint accents whispered of the Cross, and of *that land* where tears and farewells are unknown.

"Shall we see one dying so young, and with so many objects to attach her to life, and not be reminded of the hastening hour when we must follow her? Shall the admonition which so tenderly speaks from her grave, be lightly regarded? Shall the seraphic look in which she died be soon forgotten? Shall the religion, displayed in the sight of *her* resignation and triumphant hopes, continue to be a stranger to these bosoms? If one so faultless could not die without the light of a Saviour's love, how shall we in the [illegible] of deeper shade, meet the King of Terrors? Ah! there is only one being that can comfort in that last hour of need; only one that can furnish, in this extremity of nature, a refuge for the soul. This one has long been near us, waiting to be gracious: he has tarried without, till his hair [illegible] for admission to our confidence, [illegible] are wet with the drops of the night. Happy he who admits this Saviour to his inmost heart; death may then break down and lay in ruins this mortal form; but the spirit will have gained the wings of the dove, that it may fly away and be at rest."

VOL. II.

Morning Courier.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 27, 1837.

The packet ship *South America*, which sailed on the 21st December from Liverpool, has arrived at New York, and brought dates one day later than those by the *Susquehanna*. The *South America* has made one of the *shortest* winter passages, and left behind some half dozen or more of the packet ships which should have preceded her [illegible]

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