

the fountains and the palaces in undiminished beauty still adorned the scene.

"That is the earth you inhabit," said my companion, "you have seen the career of one generation thereon; would you see *the end*?"

"No, no!" I exclaimed, "no more!"

"Oh! but there is much more to be seen, the shadows without the lamps."

"Enough! I'll look no more! Alas! for man."

"You must! a single glance."

"I will not!" I cried in an agony, and tightly closed my eyes.

"Ha! ha! ha! I'll make you see in your brain. Look, look down, down the pit. What's that? A flash of lightning! Hear that terrific peal of thunder; thunder! No, it is the agonizing wail of tortured—; see above a ray of light, a soul-penetrating ray—and hark! angels in chorus are chanting heavenly songs. The tortured shades below hear their sweet voices, and their torments are augmented ten-fold. Approach the pit, let us descend, we'll judge their sufferings better." In terror, I drew back, he seized hold of me. I struggled, I endeavoured to call out, 'twas useless; at last, I fell to the floor. Starting up, my candle was flickering in the socket—my book lay at my feet,—my fire,—naught remained save dust and ashes.

SOI-DISANT PHILANTHROPISTS.

WE wot of an honest mulatto man named Jack; he lived very quietly and as happily as falls to the lot of most mortals, for about two score years, in the state of Onesimus. Jack is a preacher of moderate abilities among his coloured brethren. In the last year or two he was seized with the progressive spirit of the age. Not finding a rise corresponding to his new relations, Jack concluded last spring to take a trip to the "Norud." And to the north he went. He had never seen any of his friends there, but had heard a great deal of their love and sympathy for the black man and the freed man, and he looked for a reception very cordial—almost amounting to an ovation. Jack has returned quite chop-fallen. His account of his trip to "Norud" is doleful. Those from whom he expected greetings and hospitalities, and a great shaking of hands "didn't come a-nigh." He couldn't find the folks that had done all that beautiful talking. He did edge his way into one or two pulpits. "But then," says he, "they wouldn't allow me to take up a collection." As for caste and cold shoulders and all that, Jack found it to increase pretty much in proportion with the ascent in latitude. We give, in his own words, the whole history of his reception by his Northern friends: "They charged me like a white man, and treated me like a nigger, and that way o' doing aint fair."—*American paper.*

MEMOIR OF FIELD-MARSHALL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

IN our last number, we discharged the melancholy duty of recording the death of England's mightiest son. The venerable hero who, after a career so protracted, has thus been snatched from amongst us, by a summons as prompt as he could have received on the field of battle, was descended from an ancient English family named Colley, or Cowley, originally seated in Rutlandshire, but of which a branch was established at an early date in Ireland, where, in the reign of Henry VIII., they possessed considerable grants of land. At the commencement of the last century, Richard, son of Henry Colley, assumed the name of Wesley, on succeeding to the estates of his first cousin, Garrat Wesley, of Dangan, who was also related, in the same degree, to the celebrated John Wesley, the founder of the sect of Methodists, whose brother Charles, he at one time proposed to make his heir. The name was afterwards elongated into Wellesley, and Richard Colley Wesley, after holding several important public offices, was raised to the peerage by George II., as Baron Mornington. His eldest son Garrat, created Viscount Wesley and Earl of Mornington, married Anne, daughter of the Right Honorable Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, and had issue,—1. Richard, second Earl of Mornington, created Marquis Wesley; 2. Arthur Gerald, died 1768; 3. William, afterwards created Baron Maryborough; 4. ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON; 5. Gerard Valerian, D.D.; 6. Henry, created Baron Cowley; 7. Anne, married first to the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, and secondly to Culling C. Smith, Esq.; 8. Mary Elizabeth; 9. Francis Seymour, who died in infancy.

According to Mr. Burke, neither the exact date nor the place of Arthur Wesley's birth is known, though it has commonly been believed that he was born at Dangan Castle, on the 1st of May, 1769, the same year that gave birth to Napoleon. That he was born in that year no one can doubt, but an entry of his baptism occurring in the registry of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, with the date of the 30th of April, a controversy seems likely to arise as to his actual birthday. It has even been urged, on the authority of a witness before a Committee of the Irish House of Commons, touching the validity of his election to serve in Parliament, that he was born in March, but a letter has appeared in the *Times*, addressed by his mother, the Countess of Mornington, to a Mr. Cuthbertson, which states him to have been born on the 1st of May, and this must set the matter at rest. The probability is that, by an Irish blunder, April was inserted in the baptismal entry instead of May.

At the age of eleven, the death of his father left Arthur Wesley to the sole tutelage of his mother, a lady of great talents, who lived to