

employ a man who, besides the misfortune of failing as a pastoral farmer, was afflicted with the incurable malady of poetry. What could he do? He wrapped his plaid about him, took his staff in his hand, and marched boldly into Edinburgh, as Burns did before him, resolved to be a poet, and seek his bread by it, since no better might be. He found many obstacles, and though Scott was kind, and Wilson friendly, Constable refused to smile, and the Shepherd bard was compelled to try his fortune by starting a new periodical, which appeared under the name of 'The Spy.' This proved an unfortunate undertaking; the sale was low, and had just reached the remunerating point, when some of the city spirits took fright at sundry rude and unpruned expressions of the hills, and, withdrawing their subscriptions, stopped the publication. All this while, however, Hogg had been secretly at work, and when many were imagining he would be silenced forever, surprised his friends, and charmed the country by publishing 'The Queen's Wake.' Those who the day before had shunned him, now sought his friendship; the titled and the beautiful were not slow in admiring; even some of the joyous citizens of Edinburgh saluted him across the street, with homely greetings such as these: "What have ye been pestering us with daft songs and dafter essays, and had such a noble poem as this in your head? It has taken a night's sleep from me—it'll do I'll warrant it—else nought will do." * * * Hogg is what he represents himself, a shepherd. He was so when I first met him on Queensberry, with his plaid around him, his dogs beside him, and his heart full of kindness and poetry. He lives on the Yarrow, on a sheep farm bestowed on him by the munificent Duke of Buccleuch; he finds fish in the stream, lambs on the braes, game on the hills, and leads a life of quiet independence, free from the din of aught less musical than the murmur of the brooks. As a poet he stands high; in energy of expression and passionate ecstasy he is much inferior to Burns; but he is second to no one in natural flights of a free and unfettered fancy. The peculiar qualities of his compositions, and being the chief of the peasant school, whose students are not at all numerous, give him every chance of fame hereafter. He stands by the force of his genius alone, and holds all but the highest place in literature, which more than approaches that of the polished and the learned.—*Ibid.*

LAST MOMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.—Some of the following brief accounts of the closing scenes of men of genius, may tend to show how far a predominate passion or favorite pursuit may influence the mind even at the latest hour of his life. In nearly every instance, "the ruling passion is found strong in death."

Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before the window, that he might once more behold his garden and bid adieu to nature.

Addison's dying speech to his son-in-law was characteristic enough of the man, who was accustomed to inveigh against the follies of mankind, though not altogether free from some of the frailties he denounced. "Be-

hold," said he to the dissolute young nobleman, "with what tranquillity a Christian can die!"

Roscommon uttered at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of "Dissipation."

Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he found it, almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died.

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book.

Beard died in the act of dictating.

Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line.

Waller died repeating some lines of Virgil.

Metastasio, who would never suffer the word death to be uttered in his presence, at last so far triumphed over his fears, that, after receiving the last rites of religion, in his enthusiasm he burst forth into a stanza of religious poetry.

Lucan died reciting some verses of his own Pharsalia.

Alfieri, the day before he died, was persuaded to see a priest; and when he came, he said to him with great difficulty, "Have the goodness to look in to-morrow; I trust death will wait four and twenty hours."

Napoleon, when dying, and in the act of speaking to the clergyman, reproved his sceptical physician for smiling, in these words—"You are above those weaknesses, but what can I do? I am neither a philosopher, nor a physician: I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not every one that can be an atheist." The last words he uttered—Head—A my—evinced clearly enough what sort of visions were passing over his mind at the moment of dissolution.

Tasso's dying request to Cardinal Cythia was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life; he had but one favour, he said, to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works and commit them to the flames, especially his Jerusalem Delivered.

Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber with a book in his hand.

Clarendon's pen dropped from his fingers, when he was seized with the palsy, which terminated his life.

Chaucer died ballad making. His last productions he entitled, "A ballad, made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death bed lying in great anguish."

Barthelemew was seized with death while reading his favorite Horace.

Sir Godfrey Kneller's vanity was displayed in his last moments. Pope, who visited him two days before he died, says, he never saw a scene of so much vanity in his life; he was sitting up in his bed, contemplating the plan he was making for his own monument.

Wycherly, when dying, had his young wife brought to his side, and having taken her hand in a very solemn manner, said, he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again. There is every reason to believe though it is not stated in the account, that so reasonable a request could not be denied at such a moment.

"Bolingbroke," says Spence, "in his last illness desired to be brought to the table where we were at dinner; his appearance was such that we all thought him dying, and Mrs Arbuthnot involuntarily exclaimed, "This is quite an Egyptian feast." On another authority he is represented as being overcome by terrors and excessive passion in his last moments, and after one of his fits of choler, being overheard by Sir Harry Wildmay complaining to himself and saying, "What will my poor soul undergo for all these things?"

Keats a little before he died, when his friend asked him, how he did, replied, in a low voice, "Better my friend; I feel the daisies growing over me."

In D'Israeli's admirable work on "Men of Genius," from which some of the preceding accounts are taken, many others are to be found, tending to illustrate more forcibly, perhaps, than any of those instances we have given, the soothing, and if the word may be allowed, the benign influence of literary habits on the tranquillity of the individual in his latest moments.—*Madden.*

European Intelligence

From latest dates.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.—The Duke of Wellington has given his sanction to the introduction of Temperance Societies into the army. A regimental order of the Grenadier Guards, of which his Grace is Colonel, is now lying before us, wherein it is stated that his Grace "has inquired whether any Temperance Societies exist among them;" and expresses his opinion "of the great advantage which might result from the adoption of systematic measures to repress habits of intemperance, and to encourage sobriety"—adding that "nothing would be wanting in the character of the English soldier, if the prevalent vice of drinking to excess, could be eradicated." The order then urges the benefit of temperance, and states "that those who become unfit for the service will receive little or no pension at examination at Chelsea if their disability shall be traced to habits of excessive drinking." Such a distinction must be made in justice to the good and steady soldier, who preserves his health, and serves the proper time.—*Kentish Observer.*

The present year has proved very disastrous to our shipping interests, as the losses already amount to 90,000 tons of shipping. Commodore O'Brien is at present in Glasgow after having traversed the German Ocean and circumnavigated the British Islands in the cock-boat which he received from George the Fourth.

In 1826 the expenditure for the relief of the poor amounted to £6,676,000, and the number of criminals committed for trial was 15,916. In 1832 the expenditure was £6,731,000, the committals 20,486.

A fellow named Peter Morris, well known among the Bolton butchers, devoured, at the Three Arrows in that town, the other day, four pounds' weight of toasted cheese, half-a-pound of dripping, a red herring, and a large quantity of oat-cake. He then made a challenge to eat as much as any man in Bolton or in the county.