

the insane party, the moment he had shut the door on the supposed lunatic.

"All right," said the real lunatic, as if relieved of a heavy load of responsibility. "The family of the unfortunate man will make the necessary arrangements as to expense."

"Oh, that's all settled already; the necessary arrangements were made yesterday, when the first intimation of his coming here was sent to us."

"So I understood," said the lunatic, in a matter-of-course sort of style; and with that, he quitted the place and springing into the gig which had remained at the gate all this time, drove away home again, as if he had been the most sane man in his majesty's dominions.

It is impossible to describe the mingled surprise and consternation with which his relatives and friends were seized on his return home. Their first apprehension, on missing his keeper, was, that he had murdered him on the way; and their fears were only partially calmed by his assuring them, in answer to their inquiries as to what had become of his companion, that when they both proceeded to the asylum, the parties having charge of the institution, insisted that he was the lunatic, and took him under their care accordingly. An express was sent off to the asylum, to inquire whether the parties had been there at all, when the messenger found, to his unutterable surprise, that the facts were as the lunatic had represented; and as the messenger's statements and protestations as to the mistake which had been committed, were equally discredited with those of the unfortunate party himself, the latter was not liberated until the following day. *Author of the Great Metropolis.*

### THE SLEEPING INFANT.

BY THOMAS CROSSBY.

How calm thy sleep, my little one!  
Gift of a hand divine!  
Care has no wreath to place upon  
That lily brow of thine.

Yet on the cheek are tears of grief,  
Like pearl-drops on a flower;  
Frail emblems of thy sorrow brief  
At evening's lonely hour.

Yet thou wilt wake to boundless glee.  
When dewy morn appears,  
Nor e'er remember'd more will be  
Thy bitter evening tears.

But what are these thy hopes which share?  
Thy feeble hands which fill?  
Thou'rt grasping with a miser's care  
Thy little playthings still;

Come yield to me each useless toy,  
Till morn's young beams shall peep;  
Nay, struggle not! canst thou enjoy  
These trifles in thy sleep?

Slumber her silken plumes has furl'd  
Around thy placid brow,  
And yet an emblem of the world  
Thou pictur'st to me now.

'Tis thus with man, whom old age brings  
To life's declining vale,  
He weeps at Time's stern call and clings  
To trifles just as frail!

From the Edinburgh Review.

### CHARACTER OF WILBERFORCE.

**CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.**—It is not wonderful that many have claimed Mr. Wilberforce as the ornament of that particular section of the christian church which has assumed or acquired the distinctive title of Evangelical; nor that they should resent as injurious to their party any more catholic view of his real character. That he became the secular head of this body is perfectly true; but no man was ever more exempt from bondage to any religious party. Inmutably attached to the cardinal truths of revelation, he was in other respects a latitudinarian. 'Strange,' he would say, 'that christians have taken as the badge of separation the very sacrament which their Redeemer instituted as the symbol of their union.' And in this spirit, though a strict conformist to the Church of England he occasionally attended the public worship of those who dissent from her communion, and maintained a cordial fellowship with christians of every denomination.

**CHEERFUL PIETY.**—A piety so profound was never so entirely free from ascetism. It was allied to all the pursuits, and all the innocent pleasures of life,—we might almost say to all its blameless whims and humours. The frolic of earlier days had indeed subsided, and the indestructible gaiety of his heart had assumed a more gentle and cautious character. But with a settled peace of mind, and a self-government continually gaining strength, he felt that perfect freedom which enabled him to give the reins to his constitutional vivacity; and the most devotional of men was at the same time the most playful and exhilarating companion. His presence was as fatal to dullness as to immorality. His mirth was as irresistible as the first laughter of childhood.

**LIBERATOR OF HIS SPECIES.**—It may be admitted, that systematic and very continuous labours were not consonant with his intellectual character or with the habits of his life. But to the office which he had undertaken, he brought qualifications still more rare, and of higher importance. It was within the reach of ordinary talents to collect, to examine, and to digest evidence, and to prepare and distribute popular publications. But it required a mind as versatile and active, and powers as varied as were those of Mr. Wilberforce, to harmonize all minds, to quicken the zeal of some and to repress the intemperance of others;—to negotiate with statesmen of all political parties, and above all, to maintain for twenty successive years the lofty principles of the contest unsullied even by the seeming admixture of any lower aims. The political position assigned to him by his constituency in Yorkshire, the multitude and intimacy of his personal friendships, the animal spirits which knew no ebb, the insinuating graces of his conversation, the graceful flow of his natural eloquence, and an address at once the gayest, the most winning, and the most affectionate, marked him out as the single man of his age, to whom it would have been possible to conduct such a struggle through all its ceaseless difficulties and disappointments. These volume's abound in proofs the most conclusive that, not merely in the House of Commons, but in every other society he lived for this great object,—that he was the centre of a vast correspondence, employing and directing, innumerable agents—enlisting in his service the whole circle of his connexions, surrounded by a body of secretaries (called by Mr. Pitt his 'white negroes,') preparing or revising publications of every form, from folios of report and evidence to newspaper paragraphs—engaged in every collateral object by which his main end could be promoted—now superintending the deliberations of the Voluntary Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade,—and then labouring from session to session in Parliamentary Committees, and occasionally passing (in opposition to his natural temper) weeks of the most laborious seclusion, to prepare himself for his more public labours. A life of more devoted diligence has scarcely been recorded of any man; unless indeed, we are to understand all mental industry as confined to those exertions which chain the labourer to his desk.

**WESLEY AND WILBERFORCE.**—If in elevating the moral and religious character of our people during the last century, the first place be due to the illustrious founder of methodism, the second may be justly claimed for Mr. Wilberforce. No two men can be named who in their respective generations exercised an influence so extensive, permanent, and beneficial over public opinion. In walks of life the most dissimilar, and by means widely different, they concurred in, proposing to themselves the same great end, and pursued it in the same spirit. Their views of christian doctrine scarcely differed. They inculcated the same severe, though affectionate, morality; and were animated by the same holy principles, fervent zeal, and constitutional hilarity of temper. No one who believes that the courses of the world are guided by a supreme and benevolent intelligence, will hesitate to admit, that each of these men was appointed by Providence to execute a high and sacred trust, and prepared for its discharge by those gifts of nature and fortune which the circumstances of their times peculiarly demanded. The career of Wesley has been celebrated by the generous enthusiasm of his disciples, and the colder, though more discriminating admiration of Southey. In these volumes is to be found a record not less impressive of the labours of Mr. Wilberforce to exalt and purify the national character. Amongst the innumerable schemes of benevolence which were projected during the last half century there is scarcely one of the more considerable in which he does not appear to have largely participated. Now establishing schools for pupils of every age, and christians of all denominations, and then engaged in plans for the circulation of the Scriptures, and the diffusion of christian knowledge. The half civilized inhabitants of the recesses of London, the prisoners in her jails, the sick and destitute in their crowded lodgings, the poor of Ireland, the heathen nations refined or barbarous, the convicts in New Holland, and the Indians on the Red River, all in their turn, or rather all at once, were occupying his mind, exhausting his purse, and engaging his time and influence in schemes for their relief or improvement. The mere enumeration of the plans in which he was immersed, and of the societies formed for their accomplishment, presents such a mass and multitude of complicated affairs, as inevitably to suggest the conclusion that no one man, nor indeed any hundred men, could conduct or understand, or remember them all.

**CHARITY.**—No man was less liable to the imputation of withdrawing from costly personal sacrifices to promote those schemes of philanthropy which the world, or at least his own world, would admire and celebrate. During a large part of his life, Mr. Wilberforce appears to have devoted to acts of munificence and charity, from a fourth to a third of his income; nor did he shrink from the humblest and most repulsive offices of kindness to the sick and the wretched with whom he was brought into contact.

**DOMESTIC LIFE.**—The domestic life of Mr. Wilberforce is a delightful object of contemplation, though it cannot be reduced into the form of distinct narration.

The leisure which he could withdraw from the service of the public was concentrated upon his large and happy household, and on the troops of friends who thronged the hospitable mansion in which he lived in the neighbourhood of London. The following sketch of his domestic retirement possesses a truth which will be at once recognized by every one who was accustomed to associate with him in such scenes:—

'Who that ever joined him in his hour of daily exercise cannot see him now as he walked round his garden at Highwood, now in animated and even playful conversation, and then drawing from his copious pockets (to contain Dalrymple's State papers was their standard measure) a Psalter, a Horace, a Shakspeare, or Cowper, and reading or reciting chosen passages, and then catching at long stored flower leaves as the wind blew them from the pages, or standing by a favorite gumcistus to repair the loss. Then he would point out the harmony of the tints, the beauty of the pencilling, and the perfection of the colouring, and sum all into those ascriptions of praise to the Almighty which were ever welling from his grateful heart. He loved flowers with all the simple delight of childhood. He would hover from bed to bed over his favourites, and when he came in, even from his shortest walk, he deposited a few that he had gathered safely in his room before he joined the breakfast table. Often would he say as he enjoyed their fragrance, "How good is God to us. What should we think of a friend who had furnished us with a magnificent house and all we needed and then coming in to see that all had been provided according to his wishes, should be hurt to find that no scents had been placed in the rooms? Yet so has God dealt with us—lovely flowers are the smiles of his goodness."

**SUSCEPTIBILITY OF ENJOYMENT.** To unrivalled social powers was added not less remarkable susceptibility of enjoyment, in whatever form it presented itself. The pleasures, such as they are, of a very fastidious taste, he did not cultivate. If Haydn was not to be had, a street ballad would seem to shoot quicksilver through his frame. In the absence of Pitt or Canning, he would delight himself in the talk of the most matter-of-fact man of his constituents from the Cloth-Hall at Leeds. With a keen perception of beauty and excellence in nature, literature, and art, the alchymy of his happy frame extracted some delight from the dullest pamphlet, the tamest scenery, and the heaviest speech. The curiosity and the interest of childhood, instead of wearing out as he grew older, seemed to be continually on the increase. This peculiarity is noticed by Sir James Mackintosh, with his accustomed precision and delicacy of touch, in the following words:—Do you remember Madame de Maintenon's exclamation, "On the misery of having to amuse an old king qui n'est pas amusable?" Now if I was called upon to describe Wilberforce, I should say he was the most "amusable" man I ever met with in my life. Instead of having to think what subjects will interest him it is perfectly impossible to hit on one that does not interest him. I never saw any one who touched life at so many points, and it is the more remarkable in a man who is supposed to live absorbed in the contemplations of a future state. When he was in the House of Commons, he seemed to have the freshest mind, of any man there. There was all the charm of youth about him; and he is quite as remarkable in this bright evening of his days as when I saw him in his glory many years ago."

**PERSECUTION OF AMERICAN ABOLITIONISTS.**—In North America, the Abolitionists are fast spreading in numbers, zeal, and organization. Their faith, like that of other religious enthusiasts, derives strength from the spoliation, burnings, and torturings of that which Miss Martineau most truly describes as the only religious persecution now raging in Christendom, to which they are subjected through the lawless and unrepressed violence of their fellow-citizens. \*Worse cruelties, hotter persecution, and bloodier resistance than the world has yet seen, in all probability await us before the end can arrive; but they will be the sure harbingers of its nearer approach, and as such the calmest philanthropist, even while he prays that those days may be shortened in mercy, can scarcely fail to welcome them.—*Edinburgh Review for April.*

THE DUCHESS OF MALBOROUGH, in one of her letters, gives the following account of the treatment she received from the finance minister, in 1742:—This letter will be as long as a Chaucery bill; for I have a mind now to tell you, I had a new affront from our great and wise governors. Being quite weary of stewards and bailiffs, and likewise of mortgages, where one must be in the power of lawyers, which I reckon a very bad thing. I had a mind to lend some money upon the land-tax, thinking that would be easy and safe, at least for a year or two; and as it is free for every body to offer, when a loan is offered in the common way, I applied to Mr. Sandys,\* but he would not take my money if he could hinder it, and the reason I heard from a person of consequence, he gave was, that I had spoken ill of him. This diverted me; for it is of very little consequence the loss of so much interest, for so short a time, as in all probability I could have it.

\* The Chancellor of the Exchequer.