# THE WEEKLY OBSERVER:

BEING

## A NEW SERIES OF THE STAR.

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### THE GARLAND.

*From Ackermann's* FORGET-ME-NOT, *for* 1829.

#### TO THE NEW YEAR.

COMMENCED IN SAVOY, BETWEEN FRANGY AND GENEVA, ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1826.

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOWNES.

Beautiful art thou in thy coming forth,
New-risen year—silent and beautiful!
Yon steady sun, by no obtrusive cloud
Reft of one beam, lights up the landscape round,
Turning the snow—which, like a winding sheet,
Lay cold and cheerless o'er these Savoy hills—
To a gay mantle woven of choicest gold.
Silent and beautiful! no sound is nigh.
Save where the icicle, tinkling through the hedge,
Drops to the earth a tiny avalanche,
That, falling, crushes some poor insect's home.
Such insects we, building and fashioning
Our airy castles, doom'd to be the sport
Of that stern jester, Time, who shatters all
Our fond imaginings, and loves to thwart
The fairest hopes of all-projecting man.
And yet, full oft one tyrant lures us on
Through bow'rs of bliss, strewing our hazy path
With fragrant chaplets won from Flora's hand.
Such lot is theirs who pass from realm to realm,
Rejoicing on their way, with glad'some hearts,
Adoring Nature in her liveliest forms—
Adoring Nature, and adoring God!

*(From the same.)*

#### ON THE WRECK OF A VESSEL,

WHICH THE WRITER HAD SEEN LAUNCHED.

She is launch'd on the bosom of ocean,
To show the dominion of man,
And the waters recede in a turbid commotion
Where lately their deep courses ran.

She is gone in the pride of her splendour,
To ride o'er the turbulent main;
And she sinks from the wave as the vast waters send her,
So lowly, to rise up again.

Ah! man, on thy mightiness dwelling,
A pillar thou thinkest secure,
Rely not so strongly; the waters deep swelling
May tell thee it will not endure.

She went through an echo of voices
Responded that spoke to the sea,
Like the sound of a number whom pleasure rejoices,
Light-hearted, and dreaming of glee.

She went, but no eye has ne'er seen her
Return, though her season is o'er,
And the numbers that hail'd ere the tempest had blown her,
Shall look on her beauty no more.

The ocean has ta'en in its distance
The vessel, a tribute of earth,
And the waves, overpowering her leader's resistance,
Roll on as they did ere her birth.

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

*(From the same.)*

#### TO THE SEA.

Thou glorious sea! more pleasing far
When all thy waters are at rest,
And noonday sun or midnight star
Is shining on thy waveless breast.

More pleasing far, than when the wings
Of stormy winds are o'er thee spread,
And every billowy mountain flings
Aloft to heaven its foaming head.

Yet is the very tempest dear,
Whose mighty voice but tells of thee;
For, wild or calm, or far or near,
I love thee still, thou glorious sea!

F. H.

### THE MISCELLANIST.

*From Ackermann's* FORGET-ME-NOT, *for* 1829.

#### THE CORNET'S WIDOW.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

It was already known through the village that the arms of the Anglo-Spaniards were victorious, and the French in full retreat. Alarm at once gave place to joy. One deafening shout of acclamation arose to greet the returning victors; yet amid the impatient throng might be seen many a fair face looking with trembling eagerness for the moment that should kindle hope into ecstacy, or still the beating heart with the torpedo touch of despair. One there was, a pale yet lovely woman, who screened behind the thin muslin curtain of a bay-window looking up the street, watched, with half averted eyes, each scattered group that, waving their caps with exultation, or lamenting silently over some fallen comrade, passed in quick succession to the temporary guard-house. She was the wife of a cornet, beloved and respected through the regiment, and by that wife adored. Like one tottering on the verge of a precipice, she often closed her eyes, as if shrinking from the fate that awaited her; now awaking to breathless hope at a shout of triumph, and now dropping their swollen lids as the lifeless form of some remembered friend of her husband's was carried mournfully before her.—Alas! what pangs are like the pangs of suspense!—It was almost a relief when she perceived the bosom companion of her Arthur appear in the distance, although he came alone. Unable to restrain her impatience, she darted from her concealment and met him at the door.—He took her arm in silence and led her back into the apartment.—She grasped his hand convulsively.—Alas! she could not ask a tale which her own heart too well divined. The big tears that rolled down the manly cheek of Captain Somers, were a fatal confirmation of her worst fears. By a strong effort, however, she at once regained a calmness that astonished and awed the heart-stricken warrior.—"He is dead!"—A pressure of the hand was the emphatic reply.—"It is the will of Heaven—a hard lesson for a wife—my poor children!"—At a signal from Somers they were brought into the room, and a gush of tears, the first she had shed, seemed to relieve that intensity of grief, the calmness of which had alarmed her military friend, unused save to clamorous and murmuring lamentation.

"I must not yield to this!" she exclaimed, putting the wondering children from her: "go, go, poor orphans—fatherless—friendless!"

"Not so," cried the worthy Somers; "my fortune—my services (such at least as a soldier may offer) are at your command."

She smiled faintly—"Dear friend of my Lesley—mine!—oh, no—I must not dwell on this!—yet one thing I must ask!—the body, captain Somers?—his precious remains?—you speak not!"

Somers, strangely agitated, would have evaded the inquiry, but her increasing emotion rendered this impossible. "I staid but to rescue all that is left of my departed friend from the hands of—we searched the plain, but were unable to recognise—"

She sunk back into her chair with a piercing shriek—"Trodden to death!"

"Not so," exclaimed Somers, with sparkling eyes: "he died the death of a soldier!—I saw him fall—a ball had entered his breast, and he expired on the instant.—At that moment the enemy gave way, and the rushing forward of a column——"

"It is enough!" she cried, closing her eyes, as if upon the painful truth—she remained silent a few moments—then, seeming to constrain herself into utterance—"leave me," she said, "kind, generous Somers:—I bow to the will of Heaven, but—I must be alone!"

The gallant officer, respecting the grief to which any effort at condolence had been but as mockery, bent in silence and withdrew.

The night that succeeded this eventful day was chill and gusty. The moon, obscured by swiftly coursing clouds, shed a dim, sepulchral light over that battle-field where the corses of the fallen brave lay festering into decay.—Sentinels had been stationed to guard the dying and dead that time had not yet permitted to remove or inter, but could not wholly prevent the ravages of those vultures in human form, who, brutalized by their thirst of plunder, had tracked the scent of blood. One of these sentries, a serjeant of Lesley's regiment, was keeping watch near the spot where the unfortunate cornet had fallen, and silently meditating on the untimely fate of one whom he had loved and honoured, when a pale form, indistinct in the gloom, glided past him. At such a time a vague feeling of dread may be forgiven to the bravest. "Who goes?" he cried, somewhat tremulously.—No reply was given, but the white drapery of the being, who seemed passing in utter inability to proceed, indicated her at once to be some unhappy mourner in whose bosom love had stilled the throb of fear and the shrinkings of horror. Deeply affected at such a vision, the serjeant hasted eagerly to her aid, and at once recognised, with awe and amazement, the widow of the fallen cornet.

"Tell me," she cried, scarcely articulate from emotion—"tell me where—the spot—"

"Dear lady," he replied, unable to restrain his tears, "this is no place for you—it is in vain!—we have searched——"

"I know, I know," she exclaimed impatiently, "but I—hinder me not, Wilmot—it is the duty of a wife—a wife!—no, no, a widow—to seek out one who—" she leant on the serjeant's arm almost insensible, but soon recovering—"point but to the spot—"

He stretched his arm towards a heap of the unburied dead, a few paces from them, and with true delicacy relinquishing any farther effort to restrain her purpose, retired. He retired, however, only behind the covert of a ruined wall, whence, unseen by the fair mourner, he could observe her motions and watch over her safety. With timid steps she glided to the gory mass that had baffled the scrutiny of friendship: but what can elude the piercing eye of love? An almost joyful shriek proclaimed that the precious form was found.—Alas, what a spectacle it presented to the gaze of a fond, doting wife!—The upper part of Lesley's face was wholly mangled and disfigured, the brow crushed, the eye extinguished—but a smile still played round the mouth, to which the cold lip of the scarcely breathing widow was eagerly prest in all the wild exuberance of woe. Having thus yielded to the first gush of passion, the voice of religion, the only true solace of the afflicted, seemed to regain dominion over the sweet mourner. Sinking on her knees by the corpse of her beloved husband, with clasped hands and eyes uplifted to Heaven, her pure and lowly spirit breathed itself forth in a blessing on the departed. At that moment the moon, emerging from her shadowy veil, shone full on the pale features of the widow, displaying to the admiring gaze of Wilmot a countenance beaming with love and resignation almost beatific.—And oh, what lovelier vision has life than that of a beautiful woman pouring forth her soul before her Creator!—Bowing her head, as if in submission to the divine will, and fondly stealing a farewell kiss from the cold lips of her Arthur, she rose and seemed intent to retire; but, ever turning to catch another glance, still lingered, as unequal to the effort of leaving the spot. On a sudden a new feeling, incomprehensible to the observing serjeant, appeared to animate her.—Hastily stooping, he observed her remove carefully the cap of the departed, as though she feared to wake the slumber of the dead, and sever a lock of hair, which she hid with trembling eagerness in her bosom: then looking wildly round for the friendly Wilmot, who hastened anxiously to her, she pointed to the spot—"That dear form—"

"Shall be cared for, my honoured lady!" exclaimed the serjeant, placing his hand solemnly on his breast.—She pressed his hand.—He burst into tears.—"I would weep too," she said, looking tenderly on him, "but now I cannot—farewell!"

The serjeant, greatly affected, entreated her to remain a few minutes, till the relieving of the guard should enable him to quit his post, and protect her to her home.—"I need no protection but that of Heaven," she cried; "alas, Heaven only can protect me now!" She pointed once more to the spot she had quitted, and, the serjeant replying by an expressive gesture, again prest his hand and vanished.

The absence of Mrs. Lesley from her home having been observed, had given rise to the most cruel suspicions. Somers, however, whose penetration had led him to divine the true cause, had eagerly followed her steps to the field, and, affected as he was by the recital of Wilmot, was yet greatly relieved on hearing of her noble and unmurmuring resignation. The body of Lesley was removed under his directions from the gory mass to await the rites of sepulture—rites which a recent order for the advance of the detachment on the following morning rendered it essential to carry into effect within a few hours. On this occasion it was his painful duty once more to seek the home of mourning.

He found the widow paler than before, but quiet, calm, and composed. "Somers," she said, "I have taken a last farewell of my Arthur"—her eyes began to fill—"I must not yield to this"—dashing the gathering drops away—"I have duties to perform towards the dead and the living, which forbid the indulgence of selfish feeling! You tell me that his remains will be interred with the honours of war:—it is well!—Yet, alas! have not those honours bereaved me of the best and dearest?—Oh! that he had never embraced this cruel profession!—then might his ashes have reposed in the lone tomb of his forefathers, beneath those broad beaches where once we strayed—better for him that it had never been so!—You look surprised, dear friend of my Arthur!—Know you not that by marrying me he lost fortune—father—all—all." The intensity of her feelings gradually overpowered that air of tender resignation to which she had inured herself. Somers earnestly entreated her to spare herself the agonizing recital. "No," she exclaimed, "it is fitting that you, the chosen of my husband's heart, should know the past story, the future purpose, of his widow.—I was the daughter of the village rector in the parish where the father of my Arthur, General Lesley, resided. We were playmates in infancy, but the premature death of my parents transferring me to the care of an aunt, and the absence of Arthur at school and afterwards at college, separated us for several years. I need not tell you that my husband was one of the most perfect of beings. Noble in form, but oh, how much more noble in spirit! he seemed destined to realize the most ambitious hope of a doting father.—Why was it my fate to mar the dazzling prospect?—We met—the love of infancy expanded into a softer, dearer, emotion; and yielding to the pleadings of my Arthur, the entreaties of an anxious because needy relative, and oh! more fatal than all, the whisperings of my own heart, I became a wife!—Anticipating the displeasure of the general, we wedded in secret.—Alas! is there not a curse on stolen nuptials?—Had it been my fate alone to expiate our fault!—but Heaven willed it otherwise—Nay, nay, no sympathy!—the sting is here; but I can endure it. Unmoved by our tears and supplications, the general cast us off, my poor Arthur's cornetcy being his last, his fatal benefaction;—the rest you know; our love, our sufferings, our privations—and oh! the dreadful issue!—But I am beginning weak again, and I have yet to inform you of my purpose. Somers, I carry within me the seeds of death: the malady that destroyed my parents is preying on my vitals, and will soon unite me to my Arthur. Think not I grieve at this:—Oh! were it not for my poor babes, what bliss, what ecstacy were mine to close my eyes on this vale of woe, and awake to a blessed immortality!—But I distress you:—a few more words and I have done—We are near the coast—it is my intention to sail immediately for England, and to commit the dear pledges of my Arthur's love to the care and protection of their natural guardian, his father—Resentment cannot live after death—the good old general will not refuse to receive his grandchildren, or if he should——"

"I will protect them!" exclaimed Somers, with enthusiasm. The widow spoke not; but the warm pressure of her hand and the tear in her eye were all-eloquent. "I cannot resist your purpose," he replied: "it is the natural impulse of a noble heart: but remember," he continued, "that while Somers lives, you and yours have a friend. I will take measures for your safe-conduct to the next port, and your embarkation from thence.—Nay, no thanks!" He pressed his lip silently and respectfully to her extended hand, while, with eyes beaming with gratitude, she took a long and last farewell of her kind and generous friend.

It was in the afternoon of a wintry day in November, that the widow and her orphans arrived at the little inn of the village where General Lesley resided. The sullen aspect of nature, the fallen leaves, the cold ungenial wind, all seemed in unison with the mournful and agitated feelings of the drooping wanderer. To look on her birth-place—to retrace the spot where she first met her departed Arthur, the haunts where they had strayed, and the peaceful church in which they had together offered up their pure and humble prayers to Heaven—to gaze on these, and feel that the one pervading charm was no more—this was indeed a severe trial of that fortitude which religion had inspired and preserved. Even the artless and natural questions of the elder of her children a boy of six years old, "Which is grandpapa's house?" and "Is he as kind and good-natured as papa?"—by recalling to her mind the uncertainty of her reception, awakened feelings that were but more acute from their exciting the childish wonder of her young charge. Without making herself known, she learned that the melancholy fate of his only child had already reached the general, whose grief was unbounded; that he was then at his mansion, but had hitherto obstinately refused to receive any visits, or to listen to the voice of consolation.

Short deliberation was requisite to direct her how to act. To pour forth her feelings on paper in a brief but affecting narrative, which she despatched to the house of the general by a servant of the inn, was the work of a few minutes. Grief is eloquent; but, alas! the excitement of feeling arising from the performance of this duty soon gave way to a deepened depression, which she vainly attempted to subdue. To divert her thoughts from an issue which she seemed never to have really dreaded till now, she occupied herself in consigning her little daughter to rest, and was preparing to perform the same maternal office for the boy; but his innocent pleading to "sit another hour with poor mamma," was too affecting to be resisted. Never had his likeness to his unhappy father seemed so strong as at this moment, when, with childish earnestness, he pressed his artless supplication on his weeping mother.

"Do not cry, my own mamma," exclaimed the lovely prattler: "I shall soon be a man, and then you shall never weep again.—And, tell me, mamma, shall I not wear a red coat like my papa?"

"Heaven shield, my child!" cried the agonized mother.—The door opened, and the general stood before her. Scarcely knowing what she did, the agitated widow sunk on her knees before him, still holding the hand of her young son, who, with innocent wonder, gazed on his aged relative, silently and unconsciously kneeled beside her. His strong resemblance to his departed sire seemed the irresistible appeal of nature to the feelings of his progenitor. Snatching him to his heart, yet putting him away at intervals to observe the lineaments more attentively, tears, the first he had known, broke from the veteran's eyes, like springs from the burning desert, while the noble child yielded to caresses which he returned with eagerness and delight.

"Dear mamma, tell me, is this my own grandpapa?"

"Yes, yes—bright image of my lost Arthur!" cried the white-haired grandsire—"of that Arthur who is wonderfully and mercifully restored to me in this dear boy.—Oh, shall I abandon thee also!—Ellen, my child!" he exclaimed, sinking on his knees by the side of the still kneeling widow, whom excess of feeling had kept silent and motionless: "Ellen, my own sweet daughter, can you ever forgive me?"

She could not speak, but, bathing his hand with her tears, attempted, with filial tenderness, to raise him.

"Not yet, not yet!" he cried, gently putting her child from him, while, with uplifted hands, he bent in mute gratitude to Heaven. In silent imitation, the wondering boy, kneeling between his grandsire and his mother, lifted, as he had been taught, his little hands in prayer, while his fond, his enraptured parent, flinging her arms round him, gave vent, in a torrent of tears, to the delighted feelings of an overcharged heart. It was a moment of bliss, cheaply purchased even by that strong emotion which threatened to accelerate the dissolution of her already wasted frame.

"Ellen, my child!" exclaimed the general some days after, when the widow and her orphans had been formally established in his mansion: "Ellen, these eyes, that cheek, are a continual reproach to my unnatural desertion of you!—You must have advice. I shall not think you forgive me while I see you thus pale and languid."

"My friend—my father!" said the widow, taking his hand, "we must part!"

"Part!" repeated the old man, greatly affected—"Part, Ellen!—Would you then leave me?—Would you bereave me of your children—of my dear second Arthur."

"No, no!" she cried: "in committing them to your fatherly care—in seeing them taken to your fostering bosom, my last duty, my last desire, is accomplished."

"And think you then, Ellen," resumed the general, "that I love you less than your children, or that I will ever resign you?" She held up her hand, so wasted that the light shone through, and the fatal truth at once struck on the affectionate old man. He burst into loud exclamations of grief. "It is I—it is I that have killed you!—that have murdered Arthur!—Oh, Ellen, why did you conceal this cruel malady from me!—But it may not yet be too late—we have skilful physicians—"

"Seek not to avert the will of Heaven," she exclaimed, fajntly smiling; "it may not be controlled: and, oh, my father!" she continued, pressing her thin lip to his withered hand, "ought we to repine at a fate which will unite me for ever to my blessed Arthur? I do not ask you to protect his children—to rear them in the love of virtue—to teach them the way of pleasantness and the path of peace."

Overpowered by emotion, he vainly attempted to speak; but the children entering at the moment, he extended an arm round each, endeavouring by that silent gesture to express the solemn purpose of his heart. The widow smiled as she drew from her bosom the lock of hair, severed on the night of her husband's death, and placed it in the general's hand.—"It is my only legacy—can I bequeath one more precious?"

He looked on it with glistening eyes, and turned, as if to express his sense of its value, when he perceived her lift her clasped hands to Heaven, and sink back fainting in her chair. The cries of the children brought servants into the room, who attempted to restore her, but in vain—the cornet's widow was no more!

#### THE DANGERS OF SAILING IN HIGH LATITUDES.

*Awful incident.*—One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warrens, the master of a Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed among a vast number of icebergs in about 77 deg. north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were of an immense height and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach. Knowing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time, Captain Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his station, but there being no wind he could not move either one way or another, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the surrounding icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding, and crashing noises, gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated and Captain Warrens found to his great joy that the ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise, that the accumulated icebergs which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and that in one place, a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warrens from distinctly seeing any thing except her masts, but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Captain Warrens' curiosity was so much excited, that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching, he observed that her hull was miserably weather beaten, and not a soul appeared upon the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a small table before him, but the feebleness of the light made every thing very indistinct. The party, therefore, went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Captain Warrens had viewed through the port hole. A tremour seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed insensible of strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead and veiled his open eye balls. He held a pen in his hand, and a log book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page run thus. "11th Nov. 1762: We have now been enclosed in the ice seventy days. The fire went out yesterday and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief——"

Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed, in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs alone showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor in one corner of the room, was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him.

In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their births, and the body of a dog was crouched at the bottom of the gang-way stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered any where, but Captain Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log book already mentioned and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the polar seas, in high northern latitudes. On returning to England, he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of these with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate crew, and found that she had been frozen up seventeen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

It is a well known fact, that water, though it contracts by cold, and expands by heat, will, notwithstanding, while it is in the very act of freezing, suddenly expand, and that with such an enormous force as to burst the strongest metal shells, and rend rocks asunder. In fact, no resistance can withstand the expansive power of water in the act of freezing. By a computation of the expansive force of freezing water, made by the Florentine Academicians, from the bursting of a strong brass globe, in which they froze the inclosed water, it was proved, that the expansive power of a spherule of water, only one inch in diameter, was sufficient to overcome a resistance of more than twenty-seven thousand pounds or thirteen and a half tons. The same is proved by Major Edward Williams, of the Royal Artillery, from the experiments he made in bursting thick bomb shells, by freezing water in them as may be seen in the *Edin. Philos. Trans.* vol. 2. Huygens to try the force with which it expands, filled a cannon with water and then exposed it to the cold, after closing the mouth and vent so that no water could escape: and in 12 hours the water froze and burst the cannon. Major Williams filled thick iron bombshells of all sizes with water, and plugged the fuze hole close up, and exposed them to the strong freezing air of the winter; and though he drove in plugs as hard as a sledge could force them, they were all thrown out by the expansion of the frozen water, like a ball shot by gunpowder to the distance of 500 feet, though they were 3lb. weight. He then screwed the plugs in, and furnished them with hooks or barbs to lay hold of the inside of the shell, and in all these instances the bombs burst, though the iron shell was nearly two inches in thickness.—*Lon. p.*

ITALIAN PROVERBS.—He who serves God hath the best master in the world. Where God is, there is nothing wanting. No man is greater in truth than he is in God's esteem.—He has a good judgment who does not rely on his own. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. Go not over the water where you cannot see the bottom. He who lives disorderly one year, doth not enjoy himself for five years after. Friendships are cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat. Speak well of your friends, of your enemy neither well nor ill.—The friendship of a great man is a lion at the next door. The monody you refuse will never do you good. A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom.

MR. COBBETT'S BEAU-IDEAL OF A LABORER.—The following characteristic advertisement appears in Cobbett's Register:—"I want three or four laboring men *for the winter*, at three shillings per week, boarding and lodging in my farm house. They must be *single men*, young, stout, and know how to work upon a farm, and willing to rise early, to keep home steadily, and to be, at all times, sober. None need apply if they have lived a week, at any time, *within forty miles of London*. I prefer men from any part of Wiltshire, and from North Hants; but I object to no county, provided the parties have not lived within the above distance of London, and have been in farm service, or farm work, *all their lives*. In the spring the men may go away if they like; and, indeed, they may quit my service whenever they like, I being at liberty to quit paying them when I like."

"N. B. No man need come, unless he have a smock frock on his body, and nailed shoes on his feet."

NO COLDS AT ST. PETERSBURGH.—It is a fact which will startle my readers, that a "cold" is seldom to be heard of in St. Petersburgh. That anomalous species of disorder is indigenous to England, and above all to London. It does an infinity of mischief, and covers many a blunder. In the capital of Russia, few people complain of "a cold;" and if a person of consequence (who has been for a great length of time dying of disease ill understood, or badly managed,) does actually fall a victim to the complaint, the candid physician does not as in some other capital, attempt to mistify the friends, by remarking that "the patient was getting better, but *caught cold* and died." There are, seriously speaking, so few diseases of the chest, catarrhs and defluxions, and feverish colds in the Russian capital, that I was quite surprised on hearing consumption quoted as almost an epidemic complaint.—*Granville's Travels.*

EGOTISM.—Of all the follies which men are apt to fall into, to the disturbance of others, and lessening of themselves, there is none more intolerable than continual *egotism* and perpetual inclination to self-panegyric. The mention of this weakness is sufficient to expose it; since I think no man was ever possessed of so warm an affection for his own person, as deliberately to assert, that it, and its concerns are proper topics to entertain company. Yet there are many, who, through want of attention, fall into this vein, as soon as the conversation begins to acquire life; they lay hold of every opportunity of describing themselves, (and if people are so dull as not to take the hint) of commending themselves; nay, what is more surprising than all this, they are amazed at the coldness of their auditors; forgetting that the same passion inspires almost every body; and that there is scarce a man in the room who has not a better opinion of himself than of any body else.

ACCOUNTS BALANCED.—A clergyman and a physician lived in the same village, on terms of great intimacy. The former was attacked by a violent fit of the gout, and the latter attended his reverend friend *gratuitously*, with unabating care and corresponding success. The medical gentleman soon after called upon his neighbour, the parson, to perform a *certain* service; and the call was promptly and cheerfully obeyed. The clergyman took an early opportunity of withdrawing himself from the assembled company, alone and unobserved; but he was soon followed to his home, by a brother of the physician, requesting his acceptance of a rouleau of guineas, as a marriage fee. The divine retired for two minutes to his study, and returned the rouleau to the bearer, with a note containing the following real impromptu:

To the doctor the parson's a sort of a brother;
And a good turn from one deserves one from the other;
So take back your guineas, dear doctor, again;
Nor give (what you so well can remedy)—*pain.*
Permit me to wish you all joy and delight,
On th' occasion that brought us together to-night.
May health, fame and wealth attend you thro' life,
And every day add to the bliss of your *wife.*

MARRIAGE.—In a new piece of Love and Reason, old General Dorlan is persuading Adjutant Vincent to marry. 'She is an angel,' says the General. 'I don't want an angle—I should'nt know what to do with an angel,' was the reply of the single hearted Adjutant. 'She is all sweetness,' rejoins the General.—'So is a bee-hive,' answers Vincent, 'but it does not follow that I should like to thrust my head into it.'

*West of England Use of the Personal Pronoun.*—At the Dorset Assizes, last week, on the trial of a man named Robert Foot, for stealing a pony at Corfa Mullen, the learned Judge Littledale, remarked, that it was singular the pronoun *him* should be used relative to the mare, throughout the whole of the examination. Mr. Bingham, the counsel for the prosecution, assured his Lordship that it was agreeable to the usage of the West of England, where the *him* was applied relative to all animals, without reference to sex, except to a tom cat, which was invariably called "*she.*"

A poor Irish labourer, some time since seated himself in a public room, in which his company was considered rather intrusive. "Come, Sir," cried a hoaxer, "oblige the gentlemen with a toast or a sentiment."—"Faith," replied the Hibernian, "I have not one at all; what should I say?"—"Oh, give us any *shining* public character; we have just now drank to Lord Wellington and Mr. Canning."—"Then," rejoined Patrick, "I'll give you Day and Martin: there's a pair of them for you."—*Elgin Courier.*