

been observed, even to its termination, by good philosophers; and the instances are worth repeating:—Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his inmates, “I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die.” Dr. Black, worn out by age, and a pulmonary hemorrhage, which obliged him to live very low, whilst eating his customary meal of bread and milk, fell asleep, and died in so tranquil a manner, that he had not even spilt the contents of the spoon which he held in his hand. And the late Sir Charles Blagden, whilst at a special meal with his friends, Monsieur and Madame Berthollet and Guy Lussac, died in his chair so quietly, that not a drop of the coffee in the cup which he held in his hand was spilt.—*Sir Humphrey Dary, Baronet.*

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THE ORPHAN.

“She was twelve years of age when her father died—the saddest of all ages to become an orphan; for the thoughtlessness of childhood is past, and the self-dependence of maturity not yet come; the heart is sufficiently ripe to ascertain the magnitude of its loss, and the habits are too unformed to be a shield against such a crushing calamity. And she—what was she?—the gentlest, the most obedient, the kindest-hearted creature, in which was ever enshrined the spirit of an angel. Ripe, too, for her age, was she in all feminine accomplishments, but bashful, and to be drawn forward, not brilliant, and struggling for pre-eminence. No happy report from her lips had ever set her father’s table in a roar, but no self-will had ever given her mother’s heart a pang. She was not one of those dazzling and precocious intelligences, over whose cradled sleep an anxious and far-seeing mother, in her dying hour, would bend with a fearful heart, and sigh,—‘No middle path will be thine, my child, thou wilt carve out thy path through the world, and very dark or very light it must be;—would that I could say with thee!’ But how often

did her dying mother kneel beside her cradle, with a heart beating more with love than fear, and exclaim, ‘How very happy thou mayest be, my child! thou never wilt be long miserable, for the first unkindness from one thou lovest will break thy heart—would I could take thee with me.’ Her person was not an unsuitable casket for the intellectual jewel. I have seen very beautiful children—children of great intellectual readiness and activity, with features as finished, and an expression as decided as those of a full-grown woman; and however charming might have been the light carelessness and innocence of childhood, playing over the finely-marked and intelligent features, yet they always gave me the idea of woman in miniature, of children with faces of unbecoming precocity; and I question whether a child whose features are as fully elaborated as those of a mature woman, will not, when a woman, be of too masculine or imperious a visage—I doubt whether her riper years will be adorned by those soft and winning graces which are the very essence of female beauty. Womanhood, that beautifies the frame, will not leave the face untouched; and if that be already formed, the alteration will not be a beauty. Clara Prior was tall for her years, and slender; but she gave promise of a woman intensely to be admired, and dearly to be loved. Her eyes were bright as the sun, but her cheeks were somewhat pale, and her nose and chin wanted somewhat of prominence, which made her appear a child. She was looked at with pleasure, with tenderness, with love, but with hope; for the simple and infantine expression of her countenance made you think of the time when her face and form would be, as the heart was now, all that love could desire—all that love could worship.”

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MARRIAGE is to a certain extent a preventive of suicide; it has been satisfactorily established, that, among the men, two-thirds who destroy themselves are bachelors.—*Winslow on Suicide.*