

my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—every thing.—Say to my mother—' Here his voice faltered; he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed, changed the subject. 'Hope!—Hope! I have much to say to him—but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham and all my aides-de-camp safe?' (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Capt. Burrard was mortally wounded.) He then continued,—'I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will, and all my papers. As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, 'Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a lieutenant-colonelcy to Major Colborne;—he has long been with me—and I know him to be most worthy of it.—He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, 'Have the French been beaten?' He assured him they had on every point. 'It's a great satisfaction,' he said, 'for me to know that we have beat the French. Is Paget in the room?' On being told that he was not, he resumed, 'Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow.' 'Though visibly sinking, he then said, 'I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying. It's great uneasiness—it's great, great pain!—Every thing Francis says is right—I have great confidence in him.' He thanked the surgeons for their attendance.—Then seeing Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated the question, 'If all his aides-de-camp were safe; and was pleased on being told they were. After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, Stanhope! remember me to your sister.' He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed, leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country."

MY AUNT BARBARA, OR, OBSERVATIONS ON PRESENTS.

It will save you many a penny, ay, and many a stinging reflection, too, if you will bear in mind, that of all dear things, those are often the dearest which are given you for nothing.

He who pays too high a price at market for his articles, or makes a bad bargain in business, and loses by it; or is cheated in a purchase he may happen to make, knows the worst of it, or the end of it, at once; but if you seek for favours, if you lie in wait for unnecessary kindnesses, you may never know the worst of it, or the end of it, for years to come. That man is to be pitied who is too proud to accept the services of the poorest being on earth, when necessary; but he is to be pitied more, who stoops to

solicit obligations from the proudest, when he can do without them.

Again, I say, those things are often the dearest that are given us for nothing; and I could give you twenty illustrations of the fact, but will content myself with narrating one.

My aunt Barbara, from London, paid a visit to the country, when I lived in a snug little cottage; and one day, after she had been talking for half an hour, about the beautiful codfish, and oysters, that were to be had for little or nothing at Billingsgate, I foolishly said, "If that was the case, she might as well send me a fish as not." In a little time after she returned home, a fish came sure enough, by the coach, and a barrel of oysters; but, by some neglect or other, they were not delivered so soon as they ought to have been; the oysters were bad enough, but the cod-fish was good for nothing. I paid three shillings a four-pence for the carriage, and two-pence to the porter.

"Well," thought I, "another time if I want fish, I'll buy it, and not beg it, for one bought fish is worth two begged ones at any time." It was absolutely necessary to write a letter, and pay the postage too, to acknowledge the kindness of my aunt Barbara; but before my letter reached her, she had gone, for a few days, thirty or forty miles from home, from which place she wrote me and unpaid letter; fidget as she was, full of fears and anxieties, lest I should not have received a beautiful large cod-fish and a barrel of fine oysters, sent me by the coach, and requiring an answer by return of post. Once more I sat down to thank my aunt for her oysters, and once more, I paid the postage of my letter, not a little ruffled in my temper.

In the course of the day, a cousin of mine came to see me, having walked five miles to tell me of a letter she had received from my aunt, who had requested her to make immediate inquiry whether or not I had received some fish and oysters by the coach?

"Oysters," said I hastily, "I am sick of oysters, and have already written two letters to thank my fidgety aunt for them."

Well, I had got into a scrape, and wanted sadly to get out of it again, for, thought I, if I remain under this obligation, every relation I have in the world will be told about it.

The first opportunity I dispatched very carefully, carriage paid, a good thumping sucking pig to my aunt, as a return for her kindness, and felt as though a heavy weight had been taken from my shoulders. "Bad as the affair of the fish has been," thought I, "it is a good thing that it is all done with now." But I little knew my aunt Barbara!

Another unpaid letter from her, thanked me coldly for my pig, but added, "she thought I knew that she did not like pork; a turkey would have suited her much better." Here was a pretty piece of business: it scen-

ed as though there was to be no end to those unlucky oysters.

I sent off a carriage-paid turkey, to my aunt Barbara, in a sad unchristian spirit, for I could not help remembering, that though she could not eat sucking-pig in London, she ate it heartily enough in the country. She never paid the postage of her letter, which acknowledged the receipt of it; no, nor would she, had I sent her fifty turkeys.

Some time after, when I thought the affair of the fish was dead and buried, I called in at my sister Sarah's.

"So, Humphrey," said she, "you have had a fine catch of it; my aunt tells me in a letter just received from her, that she never remembers having seen so fine a cod-fish in her life, as that she sent to my brother with a barrel of oysters."

"And does she say anything about pigs and turkeys, and carriage, and postage of letters?" "Here have I paid over and over again, for her present of good-for-nothing fish; and yet must have it ding, dong'd in my ears continually." I was sadly vexed at my aunt, and still more at myself, for my folly.

It was long before I again heard from my aunt Barbara; when she did write, one line of her letter ran thus:—How rapidly time flies! do you remember that on this very day, twelve months ago, I sent you by coach, a fine large codfish and oysters?"

"Remember it!" thought I, "ay, that I do; and if you never send me another till I ask you for it, it will be some time to come."

Dear! have I paid for presents, and dearly will you pay for yours, if you needlessly put yourself in the way of receiving them. Better is a crust of your own, than a haunch of venison given by another; therefore be content with such things as you have.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

REVOLUTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The title of this paper may lead the reader to imagine that it is political. It is not—at least not exclusively. Its object is to bring before the eye a brief view of the wonderful change which has taken place in governments, institutions, manners, arts, sciences, and manufactures, since the year 1800. The result of such a review, in itself by no means uninteresting, will, in our opinion, be a conviction that never was so much done, in the same space of time, since the world began.

In France, at the commencement of the century, there existed a consular government—Bonaparte being first consul—a government raised upon the ruins of a sad and memorable revolution. In 1802, Bonaparte became consul for life; in 1804 emperor; in 1808, he deprived the Pope, who crowned him, of his territories; in 1809, he divorced his wife; in 1810, he married Maria Louise. Between the commencement of his career, and