

description will even make the request, that their faults may be faithfully pointed out to them. But, speaking from an experience not very limited, I venture the observation, that in all these cases there is a reservation of disquietude, if not of actual displeasure, and that the remark is strictly true, in a general sense, that we cannot bear to be told of our faults.

As an exemplification of this fact, I will instance the result of my own observations. Being fond of paintings, drawings, albums, and poesy; having a sort of vagrant taste for the fine arts, curiosities, and elegant trifles, I make it a custom, when mingling with my young friends, to amuse myself by inspecting their recent productions. Dearly do I love to see a performance well executed; and a corresponding dissatisfaction awaits me when a careless piece of work is submitted to me. I cannot look on a well-drawn figure, or read a spirited composition, without speaking in its praise; nor regard a daub of a rose, with green leaves growing from every part of it as thick as blackberries; or a bird of paradise, standing on the tips of its talons on the petals of a passion flower, without mildly suggesting that in some respects they might have been more correctly represented. Now, this latter infirmity, if such it may be called, has ruined me with my young friends, all of whom would more willingly submit a performance to the whole of their acquaintance, than to me. When I have endeavoured to make my suggestion of an amendment as light to them as a feathery flake of descending snow, it has appeared to fall as heavily as cast-iron on my displeased auditors, who, though they give me credit for some judgment, more than suspect me of envy and ill-nature. It is in vain that I make it a rule to convince them that my remarks are correct, for this only increases their displeasure, which, in spite of all attempts to disguise it, is oftentimes so apparent, that I have almost determined to allow houses declining forty-five degrees from a perpendicular; figures with their eyes fixed in the top of their foreheads; birds with one leg; and thumping red roses growing from the slender stems of the harebell, to pass in review before me, without dropping a single hint that they are not specimens of perfection.

Some time ago, being detained at a house where a young lady was seated at her piano, I requested her to play "The Battle of Prague." She went on thumping away, with almost as much violence and monotony as a dairymaid churning butter. A pause at last occurred, by which I concluded that the piece must have been performed without my having identified it as the "Battle of Prague." Unluckily I pointed to her music-book, asking her if she had not passed over one part a little too hastily? In as short a time as any attention to decency would permit, the book was closed, the instrument shut up, and the music-stool

abandoned by the young lady, while, in the same space of time, my mind was made up never again to rebuke her—no, not if she should play "Handel's water-piece" to the air of "I'd be a butterfly," or his grand "Hallelujah chorus" to the tune of "Tink a tink:" for she could not bear to be told of her errors,

A friend of mine, possessing some talents as a painter, occasionally exhibits a picture or two at the exhibition in Somerset House. A week ago he showed me a representation of the interior of a cottage, nearly finished, and to do him justice, it was a beautiful performance: but by one of those unaccountable oversights, which sometimes the cleverest men make, he had so painted a water-tub, that the top and the bottom of it were seen at the same time. This was an error which a stroke or two of his brush would soon correct; and had he discovered it himself, all had been well; but the mischief of it was, it was pointed out by another. It was in vain that I praised the painting generally, as a happy union of able design and talented execution. The unfortunate water-tub was evidently uppermost in his mind; and I left him, determined to allow him, in future, to put as many tops and bottoms to his water-tubs as he pleased, without annoying him with my officious observations. He could not bear to be told of his faults.

Some years ago a friend, justly esteemed as a scholar and a christian, who was then, and probably is now also, engaged in giving instruction in the higher branches of mathematics and the classics, communicated to me the following singular fact:—

A gentleman applied to him to receive lessons, who evidenced a more than ordinary degree of information and ability, but who, it afterwards appeared, was affected in his intellects. One day, when at his studies, this gentleman suddenly undertook to make known to his instructor a plan which he had formed, to render the British army the finest in the world. He had, he said, after much observation and study, discovered that the deficiency of grenadiers among British troops, was the only defect necessary to be remedied, to render England the first among warlike nations. His plan was to have the troops of the line made taller, and for this purpose he had constructed an apparatus, which would gradually raise the heads of the soldiers, by elongating their necks very gradually.

My friend could not refrain from suggesting the danger which a separation of the vertebrae of the neck and back would inevitably occasion, when the gentleman expressed, in unmeasured language, his indignation, that it should be supposed for a moment that any possible contingency could take place in his plan, for which he was not fully prepared.

Even under the aberration of reason, he partook of the general impatience of mankind, when their errors are made known. He could not bear to be told of the fault of

his plan, and my friend found it necessary to manifest more caution in his future remarks.
(To be continued.)

LAST MOMENTS OF THE MOTHER OF BONAPARTE.

The evening preceding her death, she called together all her household. She was supported on white velvet pillows; her bed was crimson damask, and, in the centre, hung a crown decorated with flowers. The whole of the apartment was lighted in grand style. She called her servants, one after another, to her bedside, who knelt, and kissed her extended hand, which was skinny, and covered with a profusion of rings. To the chief director of finances, Juan Berosa, she said,—“Juan, my blessing go with thee and thine!” To Maria Belgarde, her waiting-maid, she said,—“Go to Jerome; he will take care of thee. When my grandson is Emperor of France, he will make thee a great woman.” She then called Col. Darley to her bedside: he had attended her in all her fortunes, and Napoleon, in his will, had assigned him a donation of £14,000. “You,” said she, “have been a good friend to me and my family. I have left you what will make you happy. Never forget my grandson; and what you and he may arrive at is beyond my discerning; but you will both be great!” She then called in all the junior servants, and, with a pencil, as their names were called, marked down a sum of money to be given to each. They were then dismissed, and she declared that she had been done with the world, and requested water. She washed her hands and laid down upon her pillow. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer book upon her breast. Thus perished the mother of one, who has been a meteor on earth and a blazing-star to direct others!

SWISS CLOCKS

Brook's Letters, from Europe, contain a great deal that is not only instructive, but amusing. The following is a description, in his last, of some of the public clocks in Switzerland:—

The funniest thing I saw, at Basil was the clock upon the bridge. All this Switzerland is indeed remarkable for a fancy in clocks, and for queer devices. Geneva, I know, sends watches all over the world. This clock, here, is in an embrasure of a tower of the bridge facing Germany, connected with a head cinctured with a diadem, which continually protrudes and draws in its long tongue, moving the eyes at the same time. The object of such a figure was to bully the people, who lived across the Rhine, when the people of Basil were in hostility with them. Over the river, a bully often came out to mock and make grimaces at the citizens of Basil. The citizens of Basil, not daring to come out to their walls to meet the bully and his friends, in battle array, put up this image, so fantastic, to bully for them night and day: and thus, it