Mr. J. Parkinson

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THE GARLAND.

THE MILLENNIUM.

(FROM POLLOCK'S COURSE OF TIME.)

The animals, as once in Eden, lived
In peace. The wolf dwelt with the lamb. The bear
And leopard with the ox. With looks of love,
The tyger and the scaly crocodile
Together met at Gambia's palmy wave.
Perched on the eagle's wing, the bird of song
Singing arose, and visited the sun;
And with the falcon sat the gentle lark.
The little child leaped from its mother's arms,
And stroked the crested snake, and rolled unhurt
Among his speckled waves, and wished him home!
And sauntering school boys, slow returning, played;
At eve about the lion's den, and wove
Into his shaggy mane, fantastic flowers.
Early to meet the husbandman abroad
Hasted the deer, and waved his woody head;
And round his dewy steps the hare unscar'd,
Sported and toyed familiar with his dog.
The flocks and herds o'er hill and valley spread,
Exulting cropped the ever budding herb.
The desert blossomed, and the barren sung.
Justice and Mercy, Holiness and Love
Among the people walked; Messiah reigned,
And earth kept Jubilee a thousand years.

THE HYPOCRITE.

(FROM THE SAME.)

Great day of Revelation! in the grave
The hypocrite has left his mask; and stood
In naked ugliness. He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread:
In holy phrase transacted villainies
That common sinners durst not meddle with.
At sacred feast, he sat among the saints,
And with his guilty hands touch'd holiest things.
And none of sin lamented more, or sighed
More deeply, or with graver countenance,
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,
Whose infant children, at the moment, he
Planned how to rob: in sermon style he bought,
And sold, and lied; and salutations made,
In scripture terms: he prayed by quantity,
And with his repetitions long and loud,
All knees were weary; with one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
On charitable lists—those trumps which told
The public ear, who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms [ing—
They told of, took themselves to keep them sound.
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man?
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewed! and yet few were deceived.
His virtues being overdone, his face
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities
Too pompously attended, and his speech
Larded too frequently, and out of time,
With serious phraseology—were rents,
That in his garments opened in spite of him,
Through which the well accustomed eye could see
The rottenness of his heart. None deeper blushed,
As in the all-piercing light he stood exposed,
No longer herding with the holy ones:
Yet still he tried to bring his countenance
To sanctimonious seeming; but meanwhile,
The shame within, now visible to all,
His purpose baulked:—the righteous smiled, and even
Despair itself some signs of laughter gave,
As ineffectually he strove to wipe
His brow, that inward guiltiness defiled.
Detected wretch! of all the reprobate,
None seemed maturer for the flames of hell;
Where still his face, from ancient custom, wears
A holy air, which says to all that pass
Him by: I was a hypocrite on earth.

THE MISCELLANIST.

Poverty.—However the generality of mankind may dislike the idea of being poor, still poverty has its comforts, its conveniences, and its advantages. It keeps the mind in activity, and relieves it from that sort of stupor into which, with some persons who are what is called well-off in the world, it is liable to fall, that is, a disagreeable feeling, which is aptly designated, by George Alexander Stephens, a nothing-to-doishness; a kind of complaint very epidemic amongst moneyed people not in business, but never heard of amongst such as, owing to their peculiar circumstances, find the evils of every day sufficient for it, and are obliged to leave to-morrow to provide for itself. It, therefore, gives an energy and spring to the mind which prevents it from sinking into a dull state of apathy, and fits the person for enterprises and exploits which men in easier circumstances would shudder at the idea of undertaking.

Its beneficial influences upon the body are no less than upon the mind. It is a rare thing to hear of a poor man being troubled with the gout or apoplexy. It keeps the body in a cool, temperate state, and the poor man is spared the disagreeable ceremony of swallowing the nauseous potions of the Apothecary, frequently consequent upon good eating and drinking among those in other circumstances. Anxiety, too, is generally looked upon as prejudicial to bodily health; and who is more anxious than the man of money? who is more free from anxiety than the man of none? Few things are more conducive to health than an active life, and this is the poor man's portion. Whilst the rich not unfrequently shorten their existence by indulging in bodily ease and luxury, the poor man is actively employed in seeking the necessaries of life, and his health is benefited by his exertions.

Poverty is the best schoolmaster in existence. It teaches men to distinguish between their real and professed friends, and gives a more correct knowledge of mankind. The poor man has no flatterers. He may meet with rebuffs, and slights, and neglects, but he may be sure they are all realities; there is no flattery in them, and therefore he is not deceived. Neither is he troubled in giving advice in cases which he knows little and cares less about; because, as the profundity of a person's judgment is frequently appreciated according to the depth of his purse, a man that is poor is seldom credited for much, whilst, as Don Quixotte says, "the rich man's blunders pass for maxims in the world."

Strange, that with all these advantages, and many more that can be mentioned, so few should choose a state so free from care and anxiety as that might be, were people only satisfied with it. But the fact is, man's mind is prone to be dissatisfied in every state, and to be always wishing for a change. Hence, the poor, perceiving conveniences enjoyed by their less poor neighbours which their circumstances will not allow, strain every nerve for the attainment of them, and thus from grade to grade upwards in the scale of society: and after all, the richest man is far from being the happiest. The same desire of change still exists, and he, not knowing the real cause of his anxiety, foolishly imagines, that by still adding to his wealth he will increase his happiness; whereas, the best change he could make, and one which would effectually secure his happiness and independence, would be, to become poor. This would teach him a lesson he never learnt before, and make a true philosopher of him. He would soon find out, by that means, who were his friends and who were not, who valued him on account of his personal worth, and who on account of his wealth. The circle of his friends would soon considerably diminish; but he would have the satisfaction, which is worth the whole sacrifice, to know that the few who stuck by him were true.

We have thus proved, that poverty is preferable to riches, and have no doubt that our readers will be convinced, that the present money mania, a thing which, indeed, has always existed, but which has shown itself, according to the opinion of many, more in late years than formerly, arises from bad taste and a false idea of what constitutes happiness.

Causes of the Depopulation of the Turkish Empire.—The circumstances most striking to a traveller passing Turkey is its depopulation. Ruins where villages had been built, and fallows where land had been cultivated, are frequently seen, with no living things near them. This effect is not so visible in larger towns though the cause is known to operate there in a still greater degree. Within the last twenty years, Constantinople has lost half its population. In eighteen months three sanguinary revolutions took place, which destroyed two Sultans, and about thirty thousand of the inhabitants. These were followed by the plague in 1812, which swept away, according to some, two, and according to others, three thousand more. It was known, that at one time a thousand persons a-day were brought out of the top Kaponsi gate to be buried; and the gardener of the English palace told me he was the only survivor of a family of thirteen persons: he was seized with delirium and stupor, and when he recovered, he found himself in the house with twelve dead bodies. In 1821 the Greek insurrection broke out. The population of the Fanal, and other places consisted of about forty thousand Greeks; by death and flight they are now reduced to half that number. In 1827 the janissaries were extinguished, and the contests on these occasions carried off, it is supposed, on both sides, about thirty thousand persons. If to those casualties be added the frequent conflagrations, two of which occurred while I was at Constantinople, and destroyed fifteen thousand houses; the Russian and Greek wars, which were a constant drain on the janissaries of the capital; and the silent operation of the plague which is continually active, though not always alarming; it will be considered no exaggeration to say, that, within the period mentioned from three to four hundred thousand persons have been prematurely swept away in one city of Europe, by causes which were not operating in any other,—conflagration, pestilence, and civil commotion.—The Turks, though naturally of a robust and vigorous constitution, addict themselves to such habits as are very unfavourable to population; their sedentary life, poligamy, immoderate use of opium, coffee, and tobacco, and other indulgences still more hostile to the extension of the species, so impede the usual increase of families, that the births do little more than compensate the ordinary deaths, and cannot supply the waste of causualties. The surrounding country is, therefore, constantly drained to supply this waste in the capital, which, nevertheless, exhibits districts nearly depopulated. If we suppose that these causes operate more or less in every part of the Turkish empire, it will not be too much to say, that there is more of human life wasted, and less supplied, than in any other country. It is thus that the gifts of bountiful nature are thrown away upon this people. It is in vain that God has issued his great law—"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth," and has conferred on them every means of fulfilling it,—comely persons, robust constitutions, mild climate, fertile soil, and beautiful country,—when their own perverse propensities and antisocial habits counteract the blessings of a good Providence. We see, every day, life going out in the fairest portion of Europe, and the human race threatened with extinction, in a soil and climate capable of supporting the most abundant population.—*Dr. Walsh's Journey.*

Love and its Language.—"Not long ago, a young officer, who has made the campaign of Egypt, fell in love with a young Parisian, and in the Spanish fashion, began to walk under her window. The lady was under the guardianship of her brother, who, being a married man, and wishing to secure his sister's fortune for his own family, was of course much averse to her marrying. The lover, unable to open a correspondence in the usual way, but learning that his Rosina was fond of flowers, and had traffic with the poquetiere several several times a week, bethought himself of turning to account knowledge he had acquired in the East of the *language* of flowers, and forthwith established his headquarters in the market. The bouquetiere was gained, and, by her means, he conveyed to his mistress a carnation, the emblem of an ardent passion. Some days after he received in return a honeysuckle, the symbol of friendship; he replied by a heliotrope, which means love in sadness, and added the amaranth as a postscript, to signify constancy. For a long time he received only the eternal honeysuckle; but at last a rose-bud appeared, the avowal of a mutual affection, and then a veronica, which says, as plainly as a flower can speak, 'The more I see you, the more I love you.' The captain was enchanted; and although his mistress was hardly yet of age, he resolved to bring the romance to a conclusion, and carry her off. This he explained in a very complicated bouquet; but unfortunately the young lady was not equally proficient in the language of flowers. Wishing to make a longer reply than usual, she so embroiled her ideas that the astonished lover found among the flowers a pied-de-lion (coquetry,) the monkshood (raillery,) and at last a superb cockle-weed, the doleful emblem of strife and indifference! The despairing lover, when he abandoned his position in the flower-market, was almost tempted to throw himself over the parapet. Believing that he had received his leave from Love, he petitioned also for that of Mars; and in this double retirement, like a true knight of romance, added to his coat of arms a scabious, the token of widowhood and grief."

Madagascar.—We are enabled to communicate to our readers, that most interesting discoveries have recently been made in the interior of the important, but hitherto little known, Island of Madagascar, through the laborious and indefatigable exertions of Captain Barnes, late owner and commander of the Minstrel. This gentleman (who was employed by government to settle the newly established settlement of Melville Island) had the misfortune to lose his ship, which, with the government brig Lady Nelson, employed on the same service, was cut off by the Malays at one of the Molucca Islands. He then proceeded to the Mauritius, on his return to England; and, in consequence of some suggestions from a high quarter, he was ordered to undertake the arduous and dangerous task of penetrating into the interior of Madagascar, in order to ascertain the opening which that beautiful Island might afford for British commercial enterprise. He proceeded accordingly to that part of the Island where the natives were accustomed to carry on a sort of trade with the Fechelles for bullocks. It was not without considerable difficulty that he obtained permission from the chief who was in authority there, to proceed to the capital of Rahama, the King of the whole Island, situated near 500 miles in the interior. This journey over a country never before passed by an European, its almost trackless wastes, and over mountains and morasses of indescribable difficulty, he effected in safety; and on reaching the capital he was received with great courtesy by Rahama, with whom he became so great a favourite that he remained with him for upwards of five months, in the course of which period he acquired a mass of information of the most useful description, relative to that extraordinary country and people. Rahama is described as a Prince of great talent and power, governing an immense population with the most despotic authority. The capital is of very considerable extent, partaking much of the Arabian character, to which origin also, Captain Barnes considers the natives of the Island may be reduced. Iron, copper, and silver ores, of the richest quality, abound in part of the interior; and the country possesses every capability of becoming, when civilized, of the utmost importance. It is remarkable, that some of the large lakes, of which there are many in the interior, are under the influence of tides, the waters rising and falling regularly several inches on the tide hours.—*New South Wales Advertiser.*

David Wilkie, R. A. returned to London on Saturday last, after a long residence in Italy, Germany, and Spain. Wherever he went he found the fame of his works before him, and was received with distinction and kindness. He went abroad to amend his health; he has come back with an increase of fame. He has painted various pictures in the spirit of the nations which he has visited, or, more properly speaking, in the general spirit of human nature. Four paintings for Italy, and three for Spain, and numerous sketches—each containing the germ of a future picture—are the fruits of his study. Of these, three are finished; the others are in a forward state. The Washing the Feet of the Female, and the Washing the Feet of the Male Pilgrims—the Confessional and the Shrine—are in his finest manner, both in conception and execution. There is a devout and tranquil loveliness, an air of reverence and awe, breathed over them, united with the most exquisite ease, grace, and simplicity. The colouring is deep, massive, and brilliant. His Spanish pictures are in a similar spirit, though the subjects are essentially different. A Midnight Council of Priests and Warriors, the Repulse of the French by the Heroine of Saragossa, the Guerilla Chief departing to Battle—are all conceived in the same style of simplicity, and touched with the same vigorous hand. Wilkie has taken, in these works, a step or two higher up the ascent of fame. This deeper feeling—this devouter and loftier mood—this expression of sentiment by few figures—and this solid and splendid style of colouring—are all improvements. We are glad of this; for no one wears his honours more meekly, or seems less conscious of the hold he has taken of his country's heart, than this great artist.—We wish he would paint us a Sacrament among his native mountains during the persecution.—*Literary Gazette.*

George Cruikshanks.—Of graphic humourists, certes George Cruikshanks is George the *first*. We have just looked over six pages, with half a dozen subjects on each, of caricatures, if such playful and characteristic satires on the follies of the day can be so called, which are designed, etched, and published, by that able artist. If there be any truth in the old adage, "Laugh and grow fat," Mr. Cruikshanks is the person to make this a corpulent nation. His drollery seems inexhaustible. We have here some of the most amusing specimens of it. One of his fancies struck us prodigiously. It is called, "The pursuit of Letters." In the foreground three or four infantile monsters, in go-carts, are scrambling after A, B, C, who are scampering off as fast as possible. In the background, a whole pack is in chase of "Literature;" the letters of which word, being furnished with nice little legs for the purpose, are in full gallop. We never before had a distinct conception of what is called "a running hand." Another sketch, in the same plate, "the Age of Intellect," is admirable. A precocious brat, of five or six years old, mounted upon a stool, is teaching its grandmother how to suck an egg. "You see, gran ma, before you suck this egg, or more properly before you extract the matter contained within this shell by suction, you must make an incision at the apex, and a corresponding aperture at the base." "Eh, dear!" replies the old lady, "how very clever! They only used to make a hole at each end in my time." A table, covered with philosophical apparatus, and a toy-basket filled with such trifling works as Newton, Euclid, Shakspeare, Milton, Gibbon, &c, complete the idea. The enormous and detestable bonnets at present worn by the ladies, are happily ridiculed. Half a dozen milliners, with the assistance of ladders, pulleys, &c. are constructing one of the size of a hay-stack; and there is a section of a carriage built for the convenience of the wearer of the odious deformity. "Ignorance is bliss," is capital. Two fat, lazy rascals, in livery, are lolling at the door of a rich mansion. One of them, picking his teeth with a pen, drawls out to the other, "What is taxes, Thomas?" To which Thomas, with the utmost nonchalance, answers, "I'm sure I don't know." In one, all kinds of practices "at the bar" are most whimsically illustrated, from the crow-bar in burglary to the bar at the Old Bailey; including the head of "a gentleman intended for the bar;" a face and expression never to be forgotten. In another plate, the various conveniences and advantages of having a wooden leg are illustrated with singular felicity. A drunken and roaring negro, in particular, who, impatient "to hab tea," thrusts his ligneous supporter into the fire, to make "the kittle bile," has thrown us into such a convulsion that we can write no more; and can only just ejaculate to our readers, "Buy! buy!"

Ingenious Performance.—J. Millar, Lithographer, Glasgow, has written, with a common pen, without the aid of a magnifying glass,—The Lord's Prayer,—The Creed,—133d Psalm,—134th Psalm,—The 6th Commandment,—The 7th Commandment,—The 8th Commandment,—The names of the twelve tribes of Israel,—The names of the twelve Apostles,—The names of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city of Glasgow,—The names of the Magistrates of Gorbals,—The names of the Magistrates of Calton,—the names of the Magistrates of Anderston,—The names of the seven champions of Christendom, viz. of England, France, Spain, Italy, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales,—The names of the principal cities in England, France, Spain, Portugal, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and Denmark,—A list of the various religions professed in these countries,—The writer's name, age, month and year, *within the compass of a sixpence*, including a drawing of Glasgow city arms in the centre. The same is clearly and distinctly executed, may be read with a good eye, but when viewed through a magnifying glass, each word appears quite perfect and legible, and as large as the letters of a small printed Bible.—*Courant.*—Our contemporary terms this performance ingenious. It is marvellous—we think it impossible.—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal.*

Industry of Learned Men.—Camden was ten years in preparing his Britannica for the press; he published the first edition in the 33d year of his age, and four more during his life. Dr. M'Knight employed thirty years in preparing his Versions of the Epistles and Notes; he spent eleven hours a day in composing it, and he usually walked three hours a day for exercise. Dr. Campbell was engaged forty years on his translation of the Gospels with the Notes. Dr. Whitby's learned Commentary was the result of fifteen years study. Dr. Good spent eight years upon his Translation of Lucretius and Notes, "and it was composed," says Dr. O. Gregory, his excellent biographer, "in the streets of London during the translator's extensive walks to visit his numerous patients."

There was a period during Mr. Pitt's administration, when he was very unpopular with the lower class of people. At this period, Mr. Pitt was one morning riding slowly into town from Holwood, on a small horse, and without a servant, when he was recognized on Westminster bridge by a rabble. They immediately began to pelt him with mud, and the shower increased as the crowd accumulated; but this great man did not in the least urge the pace of his horse, and was nearly covered with these demonstrations of English liberty. When he arrived at his house in Downing-street, followed and pelted by the crowd, he alighted, gave his horse to a servant in waiting, and then turning to the populace, took off his hat, and bowed to them with great good humour. The mob, struck by this display of real magnanimity, immediately and unanimously gave him three hearty cheers, and retired.—*London paper.*

Chinese Method of Dunning.—When a debtor refuses payment in China, the creditor, as a last resource, threatens to carry off the door of his house on the first day of the year. This is accounted the greatest misfortune that could happen, as in that case there would be no obstruction to the entrance of evil genii. To avoid this consummation, a debtor not unfrequently sets fire to his house on the last night of the year.

Influence of Climate.—The opinion is as old as Plato, (vide *Republ.* lib iv.,) that climate exercises an influence over human dispositions. He gives as examples, the inhabitants of Thrace, Scythia, and similar elevated regions, who are extremely irascible and quarrelsome. The climate of Phœnicia and Egypt, he judged, on the same principles, to produce a love of riches; and that of Attica a love of wisdom. How much these must have changed in character, supposing Plato's opinion to have been correct.

There is a tradition of Quin, one night on his way to dress for Othello, looking through the curtain, and seeing a very thin pit, exclaiming, "Hang 'em, they are not worth blackening one's face for; I think I shall play it white."

THE CASKET.

LORD COLLINGWOOD'S LETTERS.

Lord Collingwood's Public and Private Correspondence, lately published in England, exhibit him to great advantage as a naval officer and as a man. They shew him indeed, as has been justly remarked, "not only the perfect sailor but the perfect gentleman—generous, warm hearted, judicious, gentle, brave, affectionate, simple and honorable." The part which he bore in the memorable victory of Trafalgar is well known. His other services to his country, in various commands, were many and important. His letters are full of good sense, and amiable sentiments, expressed in a free and easy style, very proper for such things. We must give two or three of them—to his wife and daughters—which please us much. His remarks, particularly, relative to the education of the latter, are very good, and worth observing.

"Ocean, June 16, 1806.

"This day, my love, is the anniversary of our marriage, and I wish you many happy returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my days amid my family, which is the only sort of happiness I can enjoy. After this life of labour, to retire to peace and quietness is all I look for in the world. Should we decide to change the place of our dwelling, our route would of course be to the southward of Morpeth; but then I should be forever regretting those beautiful views, which are no where to be exceeded; and even the rattling of that old waggon that used to pass our door at six o'clock in a winter's morning had its charms. The fact is, whenever I think how I am to be happy again, my thoughts carry me back to Morpeth, where, out of the fuss and parade of the world, surrounded by those I love most dearly, and who loved me, I enjoyed as much happiness as my nature is capable of. Many things that I see in the world give me a distaste for the finery of it. The great knaves are not like those poor unfortunates, who, driven perhaps to distress from accidents which they could not prevent, or at least not educated in principles of honor and honesty, are hanged for some little thievery; while a knave of education and high breeding, who brandishes his honor in the eyes of the world, would rob a state to its ruin. For the first, I feel pity and compassion, for the latter, abhorrence and contempt: they are the tenfold vicious.

"Have you read—but what I am more interested about, is your sister with you, and is she well and happy?—Tell her—I wish I were with you, that we might have a good laugh. I have scarcely laughed these three years. I am here, with a very reduced force, having been obliged to make detachments to all quarters. This leaves me weak, while the Spaniards and French within are daily gaining strength. They have patched and pieced until they have now a very considerable fleet. Whether they will venture out I do not know: if they come, I have no doubt we shall do them an excellent deed, and then I will bring them to England myself.

"How do the dear girls go on? I would have them taught geometry, which is of all sciences in the world the most entertaining; it expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaches to distinguish between truths and such things as have the appearance of being truths, yet are not, than any other. Their education, and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of every thing that is honorable and virtuous though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books; nor should they ever have access to two at the same time: but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before any thing else is undertaken. How would it enlarge their minds, if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and astronomy to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told it is proper and the fashion to go to church; but I would have my girls gain such knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind. I do not mean that they should be Stoics, or want the common feelings for the sufferings that flesh is heir to; but they would then have a source of consolation for the worst that could happen.

"Tell me how do the trees which I planted thrive? Do the poplars grow at the walk, and does the wall of the terrace stand firm? My bankers tell me that all the money in their hands is exhausted by fees on the peerage, and that I am in their debt, which is a new epoch in my life, for it is the first time I ever was in debt since I was a Midshipman. Here I get nothing; but then my expences are nothing, and I do not want it, particularly now that I have got my knives, forks, teapot, and the things you were so kind as to send me."

"Ocean, Oct. 25, 1806.

"I rejoice to hear that you and all my family are well. I could have been very, very happy indeed to have been with you; but when is that blessed day to come? I received a letter from ——, to thank me for the presents I had sent, and I must thank you most heartily for having anticipated me in that which I would gladly have done myself if I had been there.—Oh! my Sarah, how I admire in you that kindness of heart and generosity that delights to give pleasure to those you love. You will, you do understand me, that if ever I mention the word economy it is that you should always be enabled to do a kind and handsome thing when the occasion arises; and none know how to do so better than you. I shall never have length of life enough to tell you how I love in you those virtues that are every day my admiration. With respect to that matter in which we are jointly interested, I cannot but wonder at ——'s unreasonableness in requiring £600 per annum for that which we have hitherto been content to let for £80; but they will outwit themselves; for I would not, for all the collieries in Northumberland, be a party to such an extortion. A fair increase of rent is allowable; but this demand is beyond all bounds. I have written enough about money; and, between ourselves, Sarah, I believe there is more plague in it than comfort, and that the limits of our Morpeth garden and the lawn would have afforded us as much happiness as we shall ever have. I have been long enough in the world to know that human happiness has nothing to do with exteriors; then let us cultivate it in our minds. The Parliamentary grant is, I own lessened in my estimation, when it is only shared by those who laboured, in common with those who did nothing. The honour of the thing is lost, and it only becomes a mere matter of money. But they have used us shabbily about that whole business; for the poor seamen who fought a battle that set all England in an uproar, and all the poets and painters at work, have not at this moment received one sixpence of prize money. I mean those who are here; for I do not know what they have done for them in England, as I never hear any thing about it."

"Ocean, May 17, 1807.

"I am pretty well in health, but exceedingly out of spirits at the failure of our Turkish business. It ought to have succeeded; there was nothing in the state of the enemy to prevent it: but the day is completely gone by; for the defences which were neglected and nought, are now impregnable. I often think of getting home, if I knew but how: but the time is not far off; for although I am not sick, my body weakens; and I know enough of the structure of the human animal to understand, that when the body weakens by age, the mind also loses its activity. If nothing should happen this summer at sea to rouse me and give me spirits, I shall think seriously of my return.

"Do not let our girls be made fine ladies; but give them a knowledge of the world which they have to live in, that they may take care of themselves, when you and I are in heaven. They must do every thing for themselves, and never read novels, but history, travels, essays, and Shakspeare's plays, as often as they please. What they call books for young persons are nonsense. They should frequently read aloud, and endeavour to preserve the natural tone of voice, as if they were speaking on the subject themselves without a book. Nothing can be more absurd than altering the voice to a disagreeable and monotonous drawl, because what they say is taken from a book. The memory should be strengthened by getting by heart such speeches and noble sentiments from Shakspeare, or Roman history, as deserve to be imprinted on the mind. Give them my blessing and charge them to be diligent."

"Ocean, on the Sea, Dec. 26, 1807.

"My dearest Children:—A few days ago I received your joint letter, and it gave me much pleasure to hear that you were well, and I hope improving in your education. It is exactly at your age that much pains should be taken; for whatever knowledge you acquire now will last you all your lives. The impression which is made on young minds is so strong that it never wears out; whereas, every body knows how difficult it is to make an old snuff-taking lady comprehend any thing beyond Pam and Spadille. Such persons hang very heavy on society; but you, my darlings, I hope will qualify yourselves to adorn it, to be respected for your good sense, and admired for your gentle manners. Remember that gentle manners are the first grace which a lady can possess. Whether she differ in her opinion from others, or be of the same sentiment, her expression should be equally mild. A positive contradiction is vulgar and ill bred; but I shall never suspect you of being uncivil to any person. I received Mrs. ——'s letter, and am much obliged to her for it. She takes a lively interest that you should be wise and good. Do not let her be disappointed. For me, my girls, my happiness depends upon it; for should I return to England, and find you less amiable than my mind pictures you, or than I have reason to expect, my heart would sink with sorrow. Your application must be to useful knowledge. Sarah, I hope, applies to geometry, and Mary makes good progress in arithmetic. Independently of their use in every situation in life, they are sciences so curious in their nature, and so many things that cannot be comprehended without them are made easy, that were it only to gratify a curiosity which all women have, and to be let into secrets that cannot be learned without that knowledge, it would be a sufficient inducement to acquire them. Then do my sweet girls, study to be wise."

THE REFLECTOR.

Infant Corse.—If any object which impresses the mind with solemn sadness, can at any time infuse the pensive charm of melancholy pleasure, it is the innocent and beautiful corse of an infant, when the chill of death has stilled the pulse of life, and the countenance which had been changed by disease and distorted by distress, has resumed its native placid sweetness. Then to gaze upon the lovely features though cold in death, is a sight too touching and beautiful, not to awaken all the tender emotions of the heart and soul.

The fair forehead, adorned with a few little curls of soft and elegant hair—the cheeks though no longer suffused with the glow of health, yet more beautiful than the most perfect production of the statuary—the lips, that prattled so sweetly in life, with a light tinge of the coral still remaining, looking as though they might yet speak—the neck and shoulders, of delicate whiteness and finished symmetry—the little hands and arms, more beautiful in death than life, crossed on the bosom that has ceased to beat—who can behold such an assemblage of loveliness, without being softened down into tenderness and freely bestowing the consecrating tear of affection and humanity?

The rose is more beautiful when its petals are but partially disclosed, than when expanded to their greatest extent—so the beauties of infancy checking their unfoldings, are lovely in death.

May you die among your kindred.—It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth—he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air that hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than all the world besides. He may, indeed, find estimable friends who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long, long known and long loved; they cannot read as in a book the mute language of his face, they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts, to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction—*May you die among your kindred.—Greenwood.*