

rolled out like a banner fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters, to toll of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak, that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice.—Here we remained, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every bust was so fearful, that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice that towered above us. I looked up and an amethystine flame was quivering upon its grey peaks! and the next moment, the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of a universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the cloud coming in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I rose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out on the wet green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of her death had been.—At first I clasped her to my breast with a wild cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright, dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly around her brow, the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured beautifully there; the red rose-tinge upon her cheek was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenance of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times, with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk, looking upwards to the sky, as if "cailing upon the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me—thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of spring rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered—and oh! there was joy in the memory!—that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fears have assumed the nature of an instinct, and seem indeed a part of my existence.

Schoolmasters and Printers.

GOLDSMITH says, "of all the professions, I do not know a more useful or honorable one than that of a school-master; at the same time, I do not see any more generally despised, or one whose talents are less rewarded."

"Our Doctor" forgot to mention printers as being in the same category. The reason why these two classes are so much neglected is obvious. Education and refinement are not necessary to mere animal life, and to live the sensuous reign of a day is the highest ambition of too many. We wot of a printer who worked hard and manfully to get his bread by toil, but failed. He went to brewing beer, and made a fortune. He used to say every day had stomachs, whereas very few were blessed with heads.

Character of Dr. Johnson.

In a world which exists by the balance of antagonists, the respective merit of the conservator and innovator must ever remain debatable. Great, in the meanwhile, and undoubted, for both sides, is the merit of him who, in a day of change, walks wisely—honestly. Johnson's aim was in itself an impossible one: this of stemming the eternal flood of Time—of clutching all things, and anchoring them down, and saying—move not! How could it, or should it, ever have success? The strongest man can but retard the current partially, and for a short hour. Yet even in such shortest retardation may not an inestimable value lie? If England has escaped the blood-bath of a French revolution, and may yet, in virtue of this delay and of the experience it has given, work out her deliverance calmly into a new era, let Samuel Johnson, beyond all contemporary or succeeding men, have the praise for it. We said above that he was appointed to be ruler of the British nation for a season: whose will look beyond the surface—into the heart of the world's movements, may find that all Pitt administrations, and the continental subsidies, and Waterloo victories, rested on the possibility of making England, yet a little while, *Toryish*, loyal to the old; and this again on the anterior reality, that the wise had found such loyalty still practical and recommendable. England had its Hume, as France had its Voltaires and Diderots; but the Johnson was peculiar to us.

If we ask now by what endowment it mainly was that Johnson realized such a life for himself and others; what quality of character the main phenomena of his life may be most naturally subordinated to, in our conception of him, perhaps the answer were—The quality of courage, of valor; that Johnson was a brave man. The courage that can go forth, once and away, to Chalk Farm, and have itself shot and snuffed out with decency, is nowise wholly what we mean here.

The courage we desire and prize, is not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully. This, when by God's grace it has been given, is deep in the soul; like genial heat, fosters all other virtues and gifts; without it they could not live.

That mercy can dwell only with valor, is an old sentiment or proposition, which, in Johnson, again received confirmation. Few men on record have had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature than old Samuel. He was called the Bear, and did indeed too often look and roar like one, being forced to it in his own defence; yet within that shaggy exterior of his there beat a heart warm as a mother's—soft as a little child's. Nay, generally his very roaring was but the anger of affection—the rage of a bear, if you will; but of a bear bereaved of her whelps. Touch his religion, glance at the Church of England, or the Divine Right, and he was upon you! These things were his symbols of all that was good and precious for men—his very ark of the covenant; whose law hand on them tore asunder his heart of hearts. Not out of hatred to the opponent, but of love to the thing opposed, did Johnson grow cruel—fiercely contradictory; this is an important distinction never to be forgotten in our censure of his conversational outrages. But observe, also, with what humanity, what openness of love, he can attach himself to all things:—to a blind old woman, to a Dr. Levett, to a cat "Hodge." His thoughts in the latter part of his life were frequently employed on his deceased friends: he often muttered these, or such like sentences—"Poor man! and then he died!" How he patiently converts his poor home into a lazaretto; endures, for long years, the contradiction of the miserable and unreasonable, with him unconnected, save that they had no other to yield them refuge! Generous old man! Worldly possession he has little; yet of this he gives freely from his own hard-earned shilling, the halfpence for the poor, that "waited his coming out" of one not quite so poor! A Sterne can write sentimentalities on dead asses: Johnson has a rough voice; but he finds the wretched daughter of vice fallen down in the street—carries her home on his own shoulders, and, like a good Samaritan, gives help to the help-needing worthy or unworthy. Ought not charity, even in that sense, to cover a multitude of sins?—*Carlyle's Miscellany.*