

at his door. It is unheeded, and, in consequence, is repeated again and again. At last the miser cries, "Who is there?" "It is I—I am seeking shelter—do you not know me?" "You can get no shelter here, whoever you are!" returns James Symmons. "Father, do you not know me? It is I, Charles Symmons—your son!" There was silence for a time, within, until the same words were repeated, when the miser growled, "Go away—I do not know you—I do not believe you!" "Father," cried the voice without, "the night is very cold, and I am in want of shelter. You surely know my voice. Open the door, and you will see that I am Charles!" "Whoever you are, go away," cried the inmate in still huskier tones; "you can get nothing here." After a few more words, the colloquy ended, and all was again silent.

On the following morning, a young man, genteely dressed, and with his handsome countenance deeply browned by sun and air, called at the dwelling of the widow and her daughter. As soon as the latter saw the stranger, a glow of surprise and pleasure rushed over her cheeks, and she sprang forward a step with extended arms—but checked herself. The stranger, however, made the rest of the advance, and caught her in his arms and kissed her. "Cousin Charles!" exclaimed Lucy. "Ay, ay, Luce," cried the young man, as he gave the same salutation to her mother; "you used to say you could know me a mile or two off when we were children, but I think you had some doubt just now." Warm was the welcome which the youth received from his aunt and Lucy, for, when a boy, he had always been a great favourite with them, and was wont to fly from his own unhappy home to theirs for peace. He told them his story; he had been in the West Indies, and had been prosperous. He himself was the first to enter upon the disagreeable subject of his father's conduct, which had been detailed to him by the landlord of the inn, where he had slept. His visit at night to his father was also described to them; "he had gone," he said, "to try if his father would permit him to be a son to him, but had found his heart as jealous, as cold, and as hard as ever," though the circumstances under which the appeal was made were purposely chosen as the likeliest to have moved his heart. "But fear not, cousin Luce," said he; "thou shalt have all I have, though it is not much after all—but thy mother and thou shall be comfortable. And who knows, but, when he sees me in the light of day, the old man may relent after all?"

He did not relent. Things were so ordered that it could not be. When the old woman who had brought him a light every morning for more than ten years, entered his abode on the morning after the occurrence related, the miserable man was dead—cold as ice. An inquest, which sat upon his body, declared him to have died with cold, though it is probable that sickness of some kind or other had a share in the production of the event. However this may be, it excited a mighty sensation among the villagers of Springwell, who, as usual, preferred to give a supernatural rather than a natural solution of the occurrence, and connected it with the legalised outrage of feeling which he had on the preceding day committed.

His death turned the fortune of his kind old brother once more into the right channel, for Charles Symmons, was not a moment at ease until he had seen Lucy and her mother reinstated in Richard's comfortable mansion. As to the other points—Charles married his sweet cousin Lucy, and the junction of the two properties put them, as the saying is, "above the world." We are happy to have it in our power, also, to record one other fact of importance. The worthy schoolmaster suffered so much in mind from his share in the misfortune that befell Richard Symmons's last testament, that he resolutely declined will-making in future, and advised all parties who made application to him on the subject to betake themselves to men who had fitted themselves by their study of the law to be advisers in such matters. We strongly recommend a similar forbearance to all his brethren who wield parochial ferules, and we also counsel all who wish to leave wills behind them, drawn up in unimpeachable correctness, to remember this true story. It is not always that the mischiefs incident upon such mistakes are thus happily obviated.

[From Leitch Ritchie's Journey to Russia.]

#### TERRIBLE ACHIEVEMENT.

The church of St. Peter and St. Paul is remarkable for its spire, the loftiest in St. Petersburg.

An anecdote connected with this church, and not known, I believe, out of Russia, is too remarkable to be omitted. The spire, which rises

—"lofty, and light, and small,"

is terminated by a globe of considerable dimensions, on which an angel stands, supporting a large cross. This angel, less respected by the weather than perhaps its holy character deserved, fell into disrepair, and some suspicions were entertained that he designed to revisit, uninvoked, the surface of the earth. The affair caused some uneasiness, and at length the government became seriously perplexed.—To raise a scaffolding to such a height would cost more money than all the angels out of heaven were worth—and a meditating fruitlessly on these circumstances, without being

able to resolve how to act, a considerable time was suffered to elapse.

Among the crowd of gazers below, who daily turned their eyes and their thoughts towards the angel, was a mijick called Telouchkine. This man was a roofer of houses, and his speculations by degrees, assumed a more practical character than the idle wonders and conjectures of the rest of the crowd. The spire was entirely covered with sheets of gilded copper, and presented a surface to the eye as smooth as if it had been one mass of burnished gold. But Telouchkine knew that the sheets of copper were not uniformly closed upon each other; and above all, that there were large nails used to fasten them, which protected from the sides of the spire.

Having meditated upon these circumstances until his mind was made up, the mijick went to the government, offered to repair the angel without scaffolding, and without assistance, on condition of being reasonably paid for the time expended in the labour. The offer was accepted, for it was made in Russia, and by a Russian.

On the day fixed for the adventure, Telouchkine provided with nothing but a coil of ropes, ascended the spire in the interior, to the window. Here he looked at the multitude of people below, and at the glittering "needle," as it is called, tapering far above his head. But his heart did not fail him, and stepping gravely out on the window, he set about his task.

He cut a portion of the cord in the form of two large stirrups, with a loop at each end—the upper loops to be fastened upon two of the projecting nails above his head, and placed his feet in the others. Then digging the fingers of one hand into the interstices of the sheets of copper, he raised up on his stirrups on the other hand, so as to make it catch a nail higher up. The same operation he performed on the part of the other leg, and so on alternately. And thus he climbed, nail by nail, step by step, and stirrup by stirrup, until his starting post was scarcely distinguishable from the burnished surface, and the golden surface, and the spire had dwindled in his embrace until he could clasp it round.

So far, so well. But he now reached the ball, a globe of between nine and ten feet in circumference. The angel, the object of the visit, was above the ball, and concealed from his view by the smooth, round and glittering expanse. Only fancy the man at that moment turning up his grave eyes and grave beard to an object that seemed to defy the daring and ingenuity of man.

But Telouchkine was not dismayed. He was prepared for the difficulty; and the means by which he essayed to surmount it, exhibited the same prodigious simplicity as the rest of the feat.

Suspending himself in his stirrups, and girding the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened around his waist, and, so supported, he leaned gradually back, until the soles of his feet were planted against the spire. In this position he threw, by a strong effort, a coil of cord over the ball; and so coolly and accurately was the aim taken, that at the first trial it fell in the required direction, and he saw the end hanging down on the opposite side.

To draw himself up in his original position, to fasten the cord firmly around the globe, and with the assistance of this auxiliary, to climb to the summit, were now an easy part of his task; and in a few minutes more Telouchkine stood by the side of the angel, and listened to the sudden shout that burst like thunder from the crowd below, yet came to his ear like a faint yet hollow murmur.

#### LOVE OF MONEY.

By Capt. Marryatt.

'Gold!—gold! for thee, what will not man attempt?—for thee, to what degradation will he not submit?—for thee, what will he not risk in this world, or prospectively in the next?—Industry is rewarded by thee; enterprise is supported by thee; crime is cherished, and heaven itself is bartered for thee, thou powerful auxiliary of the devil! one temper was sufficient for the fall of man; but thou wert added that he ne'er might rise again.

Survey the empire of India; calculate the millions of acres, the billions with which it is peopled, and then pause while you ask yourself the question—how is it that a company of merchants claim it as their own? by what means did it come into their possession?

Honestly, they will reply. Honestly! you went there as supplicants; you were received with kindness and hospitality, and your request was granted, by which you obtained a footing on the soil. Now you are lords of countless acres, masters of millions, who live or perish as you will; receivers of enormous tribute.—Why, how is this?

Honestly, again you say; by treaty, by surrender, by taking from those who would have destroyed us, the means of doing injury. Honestly! say it again, that heaven may register, and hell may chuckle at your barefaced, impudent assertion.

No! by every breach of faith which could disgrace an infidel; by every act of cruelty which could disgrace our nature; by extortion, by rapine, by injustice, by mockery of all laws, human or divine. The thirst for gold, and a golden country, led you on; and in these scorching regions you have raised the devil on his throne, and worshipped him in his proud pre-eminence as Mammon.

Let us think. Is not the thirst for gold a temptation to which our natures are doomed to be subjected—part of the ordeal which we have to pass? or why is it that there never is sufficient?

It appears to be ordained by Providence that this metal, obtained from the earth to feed the avarice of man, should again return to it. If all the precious ore which for a series of ages has been raised from the dark mine were now in tangible existence, how trifling would be its value! how inadequate as a medium of exchange for the other productions of nature, or of art! if all the diamonds and other precious stones which have been collected from the decomposed rocks, (for hard as they once were like all sublunary matter, they too yield to time,) why, if all were remaining on the earth, the frolic gambols of the May-Day sweep would shake about those gems, which now are to be found in profusion only where rank and beauty pay homage to the thrones of kings. Arts and manufactures consume a large proportion of the treasures of the mine, and as the objects fall into decay, so does the metal return to the earth again. But it is in eastern climes, where it is collected that it soonest disappears. Where the despot reigns, and the knowledge of an individual's wealth is sufficient warranty to seal his doom, it is to the care of the silent earth alone that the possessor will commit his treasures; he trusts not to relation or to friend, for gold is too powerful for human ties. It is but on his death-bed that he imparts the secret of his deposit to those he leaves behind him; often called away before he has time to make it known, reserving the fond secret till too late; still clinging to life, and all that makes life dear to him. Often does the communication made from the couch of death, in half-articulated words, prove so imperfect, that the knowledge of its existence is of no avail unto his intended heirs; and thus it is, that millions return again to the earth from which they have been gathered with such toil. What avarice has dug up, avarice buries again; perhaps in future ages to be regained by labor, when, from the chemical powers of eternal and mysterious nature, they have again been filtered through the indurated earth, and re-assumed the form and the appearance of the metal which has lain in darkness since the creation of the world.

Is not this part of the grand principle of the universe? the eternal cycle of reproduction and decay, pervading all and every thing, blindly contributed to by the folly and the wickedness of man? 'So far shalt thou go, but no farther,' was the fiat; and, arrived at the prescribed limit, we must commence again. At this moment intellect has seized upon the seven-league boots of the fable, which fitted every body that drew them on; and strides over the universe. How soon, as on the decay of the Roman empire, may all the piles of learning which human endeavors would rear as a tower of Babel to scale the heavens, disappear, leaving but fragments to future generations, as proofs of pre-existent knowledge! Whether we refer to nature or to art, to knowledge or to power, to accumulation or destruction, bounds have been prescribed which man can never pass, guarded as they are by the same unerring and unseen Power, which threw the planets from his hand, to roll in their appointed orbits. All appeals are confused below, but all is clear in heaven.—*Newton Forster.*

THE ANNUALS.—We honestly acknowledge that we sat down to the examination of these volumes with no favourable feelings. There has been so much trash vended under the name of Annuals, that we were disposed to condemn the whole tribe as worthless. Our gravity has frequently been disturbed by the insane pretensions and sickly sentimentalism of these publications, and we have resolved again and again to put them under our ban. We have regretted their popularity as indicative of a vitiated state of the public mind, and hoped that the time would speedily come, when works of a more substantial character would be substituted in their place. Yet we critics, grave and solemn as we love to be thought, are constituted like most other people. Our sternness relaxes, and our resolutions are forgotten, as we gaze on the beautiful embellishments of these volumes. The fascinations of art are thrown around us, and we begin to think that there is something extravagant and absurd in the wish we had entertained, that these light, bewitching publications, shall be discountenanced. Men cannot always be grave—much less is it to be expected that juvenile readers should confine themselves to profound treatises, scientific dissertations, or the sober narrative of history. It would be vain to attempt so to restrict them, nor would any good be effected were the effort successful. We will, therefore, lay aside our prejudices, in order faithfully to report on the works before us.—*Eclectic Review.*

BIRTH, PARENTAGE AND EDUCATION OF A BOOK.—The following twenty-five occupations are engaged in the production of a single book—"The author, the rag-merchant, the paper-maker, the stationer, the quill-dresser, the ink-maker, the type-founder, the press-maker, the roller-maker, the chase-maker, the pressman, the compositor, the reader, the folder, the gatherer, the sticher, the twine-maker: the thread-merchant, the leather-seller, the binder, the coppersmith, the designer, the engraver, the copper-plate printer, and the bookseller."