

good deed accomplished. After these claims have been fully satisfied, he who has been the architect of his own fortune is entitled to consider mankind at large.

Here little judgment and much vanity are frequently displayed. The course usually adopted is to leave the whole in a mass, to be employed in the foundation of a hospital for the education and maintenance of children, or for the support of the aged and infirm; the institution in all cases to bear the name of the founder, and persons of his name to have in all time coming a preferable claim for admittance. That benevolence has nothing to do with such foundations, is too often proved by the character of the founder. They are, indeed, the almost invariable result of very low feelings. The splendor of the building, its insulation, its name, and the perpetual importance in which it will cause the memory of the testator to be at least locally held, are all contemplated beforehand by that poor faculty of the mind which inspires us with the love of personal notability, and the applause and homage of our fellows—which prompts the hypocrisy of death-beds, and causes criminals to act upon the scaffold. An hospital, indeed, is usually designed by the founder, simply as a more expensive and efficacious kind of monument. He sees that the marble of the church yard becomes dim unheeded, and that the mausoleum, for want of a living tenant, is allowed to go into disrepair. He therefore resolves to erect a trophy which shall never cease to be kept up. He orders a monument, with living beings to be its constant tenants, and who shall sustain it for their own sake. Hence for the gratification of sentiment in one long since gone to his account, children, in generation after generation, are taken out of that domestic sphere of life which alone has the function of nature, and condemned to a monastic seclusion, from which they only emerge to find themselves in a great measure unfitted for the world in which they are to gain their bread. Hence, for the same senseless reason, are aged people abstracted from those proper scenes of their helpless and peevish decrepitude, the firesides of their younger relations, and penned in a large dreary house, where they are told to be unceasingly thankful, for blessings—doled out to them without that which alone can render such things blessings—the smile of social affection. In various institutions of both kinds, very immediately under the notice of the present writer, each individual costs, at a fair estimate, four times as much as would be necessary to enable his natural protectors to sustain him; but by only helping poor families in their obscure struggles, the end would not be gained. The large house—the monument—that is the thing. The fortune must not be frittered away for any consideration of the greater good which it is to do to the objects which it professedly contemplates. It must be preserved forever in its aggregate form, so as to fill the eyes and the mouths of men.

The testator who really desires that his surplus should be devoted to humane purposes, will, in considering various objects, be on his guard against preferring any of those, which, while giving more powerful assurance of personal commemoration, promise the smaller amount, or the less certain kind, of good to others. He may be assured, with all the confidence which the highest moral sanctions can give, that, if he consult benevolence alone, his sensations during the remainder of life will be of a very superior kind to any which he could experience from the gratification of meaner feelings. If rationally satisfied, that, by founding some institution of the kind usually chosen for monuments, he is to do the greatest possible amount of good to his fellow creatures, he should not be deterred from doing so by any fear of misconstrued motives. There are several kinds of hospitals, such as those for the destitute sick, for incurables, and for persons accidentally hurt, which would combine the alleviation of much unavoidable human misery with the commemoration of the founder; and any of these subjects may very allowably be selected. It is only necessary that the greatest attainable amount of good, and the least possible amount of evil, to others, should be the primary principle, for no other can a religious man hope to be justified hereafter, nor a merely moral man expect, in life, to have the approbation of his own conscience.

The helpless from youth, the helpless from age, and the helpless from disease, are, of all objects of charity, the most legitimate. It is perhaps true, as some philosophical inquirers allege, that established means of relief for any class of persons, sometimes encourage providence. But they pay mankind a greater compliment than the present writer is inclined to do, who suppose any considerable portion of the race to possess even so much foresight as may enable them to perceive and trust to such means of relief. Foresight is the most uncommon of human virtues. Men in general neither contemplate remote distress nor remote means of relieving it; and to the mass, in their present state, there is hardly such a thing as tomorrow. To talk, then, of the relief of orphans, of the aged, and

of the sick, as tending to bring more of such persons to the door of public charity, appears to us as nearly altogether visionary. It will not be for many ages, even supposing the means to be already instituted, that the human character will be so much elevated in intelligence and conduct, as greatly to lessen the amount of misery at present arising from its imperfections. By all means, then, let the stream of charity towards those three great classes of the helpless be uncheckered.

There is at the same time not only propriety, but a strong call, to devote superfluous funds to the means by which this elevation of character is to be achieved. The result in this case may not be so immediate, but, when it comes, it will be greater and more glorious. There are persons of vast fortune, in extreme old age, and with few claims of kindred to be satisfied, who, by a scrape of their pens, might appropriate the high and mighty privilege of accelerating the cause of national education by an age. How preferable the adoption of a great moral object of this kind to the tearing of a palace for the immurement of a few children or old people!—*Chambers's Edin. Journal.*

DUNKELD.

THE PERILS OF A PLEASURE PARTY.

[A Tale of Grewswell.]

A short time ago, a numerous party of pleasure—the load of some dozen carriages—left Dunkeld to rusticate for the day, amid the sequestered wilds of Lochee and Riemore. Amply provided with every requisite to render a picnic agreeable, the party chose as their place of banquet the green sward by the brink of the far-famed Grewswell, a spring renowned both in Highland and Lowland legendary lore as possessing on the first Sunday of May, most miraculous healing virtues—and resorted to from a period long lost sight of in the vista of time, by multitudes, both from the hills and plains, to get their ailments cured, or their fill of frolic and pure mountain dew. It is not supposed that any of our present party stood much in need of trying the healing powers of the water, but it is certain that never a more ardent assembly of pilgrims poured forth their adorations at this Highland Hippocrene. After bestowing the most persevering attention on the more substantial comforts of the world, the spiritual duties of the day commenced—bumper succeeded toast and toast succeeded bumper, until it was resolved to crown the rites by converting even the holy fountain itself into a *boquet of grog!* The scene was now quite unique; quaffing and laughing, around the well, was arranged a club of as jovial blades as ever turned a tumbler, or drained a dram-glass—not one of which but whose capacious powers would fully qualify him for entering the lists in a competition for the possession of the world-renowned WHISTLE of Craigdarroch. Silence, the presiding deity of the secluded glen, was banished by their jollity, and the mountain echoes resounded the r hurrahs, the wild deer started from their lair, and the peaceful rocks and herds roared in unbroken stillness, gazed confounded at the unwonted uproar. But as hours of mirth do not last forever, and as it is not of this party that the tale of peril has to be told, we shall allow them to take their departure, and leave them pursuing their *devoirs* way to the every-day abodes of man, not knowing whether they left, as was the custom, any offering in the well, unless the improving of its cool waters, fully fifty per cent. in spirituality, of which more anon, be considered as their votive tribute. In the wake of the party proceeded another, also on "Pleasure bent," but on whom, for that day at least, the goddess had declined to smile. This party consisted of a gentleman, with a *brandy*, full of ladies, drawn by a horse who had seen "the battle's rage and felt its fury," in a no less glorious fight than that of Waterloo. The first half of the journey was prosperous; the light mountain breeze imparted its buoyancy to their spirits; the sublime grandeur of the scenery through which they were passing diffused a happiness unfelt in tamer regions; and the driver and the driven, bipeds and quadruped, felt themselves in a world of ecstatic pleasure. "All went merry as a marriage bell," until they reached the place of carousal and famous *grog bowl* of their merry townsmen, who had just before departed by another road. What took place here—or, in other words, to what extent the party and their horse partook of the now doubly miraculous fount, we will not pretend to determine; but as they had not proceeded on their homeward journey, when the result became palpably evident. The old spirit of the veteran horse

revived within him; he recollected the palmy days of his youth, and the fields of his former glory. From the season of the year, and his high state of excitement, he mistook the day for the anniversary of Waterloo, and in "fighting the battle o'er again," he performed a series of military antics and gambols, that ill suited either the precipitous nature of the ground, or the genius of his driver, and far less calculated to give pleasure to the frail cargo. The gentleman, being anything but an adept at "the whip," in attempting to put a stop to such fooleries, also let the horse know what sort of a Platon he had to deal with, who, disdainful to be reined in, instantly set off down-hill at the rate of twenty miles an hour, uncontrolled and uncontrollable. At this juncture, had the reins been handed to one of the fair passengers, it is more than probable that nothing serious would have happened; she, a year or two ago, in a similar predicament, having "flected a narrow escape, by pertinaciously adhering "teeth and nails" to her charge; but not taking any hand in the present matter, she was left to the horse and chance. Nor was they long in settling the business; the horse, with the aid of a tree—old soldiers are seldom nonplussed—soon rid himself of his company by tumbling them with little ceremony over a rugged bank, to the no small detriment of their persons, and the mortal derangement of silks, satins, muslins, and Leghorns. Leaving his fiends to gather their fins as they best could, the horse pursued his downward course, until, with the assistance of trees and other agents, he bit-by-bit freed himself of the vehicle and all his other trammels, save the collar, and then laid himself quietly down to await fresh orders. Returning to our unfortunate party: After getting on their legs, it was found that, with the exception of some serious scratches to the ladies and a terrible fright to the gentleman, nothing dangerous had occurred. Assistance being procured, the fractured remnants of the once handsome drotsky were with difficulty gathered, and stowed on a cart—the ladies and their squires were put on board of another, while the doughty hero of Waterloo, who had again joined the party, brought up the rear. One might now suppose that the perils of the pleasure party were at an end. Mounted in such a sober incline, with a steady horse, and a level road, what could befall them? Surely nothing! But peril the second was nearly as bad in its consequences as peril the first. The cart was of that description called a *coup*; and the bar of stay that fastens it to the body having, by some fatuity, not been in its proper place, the *coup* on a sudden movement got up, and once more tumbled the whole party in the mud; here those who escaped before were scalded now. The party, however, reached home without any further peril, and with the assistance of court plaster and the milliner, have again appeared in public; but it will be long ere they forget their joint to Grewswell.—*Perthshire Advertiser.*

UNITED STATES.

We would call the attention of Post Masters and those interested, to the following:

LIABILITIES OF THOSE WHO TAKE NEWSPAPERS.

The laws of the United States declare that any person to whom a periodical is sent, is responsible for the payment, if he receives the paper or makes use of it, if he has never subscribed for it, or has ordered it to be stopped. His duty in such a case is not to take the paper from the office, or tell the person with whom the paper is left, or the publisher, that he does not wish for it.

If papers are left in a post office, or store, or other places of deposit, and are not taken by the persons to whom they are sent, the postmaster, store, or tavern keeper, &c., is responsible for the payment, until he returns the paper, or gives notice to the publisher that they are lying dead in the office.

Such being the facts in the case, it is a query whether publishers of periodicals are faithful to the government and the laws, when they allow so many frauds to be practised upon them without notice. Can there not be some mutual understanding on this subject?

Post Office Regulations.—Extract from the "Instructions to Postmasters," p. 50, Sec. 118:—"In every instance in which newspapers, that come to your office, are not taken out by the person to whom they are sent, you will give immediate notice of it to the publisher; adding the reason, if known, why the papers are not taken out."—*New York Express.*