

of tears—"Pray for me! pray for me!—will he be saved?" Mr. Evesham, summoning all his self-command, could not frame one sentence of comfort; but he mingled his tears with those of the miserable old man, who grew more tremulous and incoherent every moment, accusing himself in the moist poignant language of severity and injustice; calling upon his son, and promising him the fullest forgiveness and affection if he only yet lived! At length a low murmur ran through the crowd; it gave way,—some one staggered forwards. Mr. Evesham dared hardly look—but it was Robert Douglas—alive, and unwounded, though as pale and as ghastly as if he had been entombed for a month. In an instant, he was on his knees before his father; in another, the old man, so tremulously stricken by remorse and anguish, "fell upon his neck and kissed him," but *could not speak*. He was borne home and laid upon his own bed; but the conflict had been too strong for feeble nature to struggle through. He never spoke again, and expired quietly that night in the arms of his son!—*Sketches of a Sea Port Town.*

A VISIT TO THE INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

New-York, 15th June 1835.

"Saturday was a beautiful day—warm, balmy, and mellow. On the afternoon we made a visit, in company with a manager, to this institution, one of the most interesting in the city."

"A little beyond the place of the late Mr. Eckford, on the eighth avenue, we reached the Institution for the blind, a beautiful situation on a gentle elevation between the two avenues, and at a short distance from the North River. We passed through the grounds and garden, and reached the house. Here we found sixteen or seventeen—there are thirty-two in all—blind young persons, from 5 to 15, all as happy as princes, employed in various occupations, industrious, virtuous, pious, and practising all the humane virtues. Their musical teacher, accompanied with their voices, played several beautiful pieces of s. red and other music. The little girls and boys sung with wonderful precision and harmony—even far beyond what can be heard in many of our churches.—It is remarkable what a fine ear the blind readily acquire for music. It seems as if the Almighty, in taking away one sense, bestows on them a larger portion of another, to balance accounts."

"I observed with interest several of the blind boys sporting and playing on the green swarth." Saturday afternoon is a play day, and they enjoy it much. They seemed to know every nook and corner of the grounds to perfection. They would walk about, turn corners, wind round the walks, as if they could smell their way over the labyrinth."

"Come," said my benevolent conductor,

(who seemed to take as much pride in the Institution as a father would in his family,) 'come, I must show you our work shop.' We descended into the work shop. Two of the blind, full grown persons were briskly at work, and disputing at the same time with great earnestness the question of slavery: the rest were listening. They did not discover us at our first entrance, but they soon smelled us out, and ceased instantly. 'All right,' said our conductor, 'let free inquiry have full scope,—discuss everything, and hold fast what is right and good.' We then examined their several occupations: here one was weaving mats, there another carpeting. In one corner, several were engaged in preparing canes for making wicker baskets; in another, the baskets themselves were taking shape under their hands. All sorts of industry were in motion. Every thing looked comfortable and happy.—'Come,' said my conductor, 'let us go to the store room.' We did so. It was full of mats, baskets, and all sorts of curious domestic articles, the fruits of their industry."

"We then entered the school-room. Here were the several desks, there the benches. 'Look at this book.' I looked, it was one of the books printed especially for the blind—'The Gospel according to St. John.' Its letters are raised on one side, and their form somewhat different from the Roman character."

"To enumerate and describe all the apartments of the Institution—the various employments of the pupils—their several comforts—their particular occupations, would exceed our limits. It is only a sketch that we can give."

"Come" said my companion again 'let us see the bathing house.' We descended to the right, crossed the yard, and entered a small house. The basins and towels were all regularly ranged in their places, and the water supplied from a pump close by. Every thing looked neat. 'Do you see that boy?' asked my companion. 'The small one.' Yes. 'That is our mathematician—put any question to him—recollect he is only about nine years of years,' I put a question—'if a house,' said I, 'has thirty-five windows, and in each window twelve pains of glass, how many panes of glass are there in the whole house?'—'420,' said the little fellow, as quick as lightning. 'Suppose,' said my conductor, 'a pole is 11 feet 9 inches in the water—13 feet 6 inches in the mud under the water, and 17 feet 8 inches above the water, how long is it?'—'42 feet 11 inches,' said he. We tried him in Geography—he was equally prompt and accurate. 'Where is London?' 'In England,' said he—'Where is Dublin?' 'on both sides of the Liffy'—what is the course to Constantinople?' 'You sail,' said he 'across the Atlantic, then south to the Straits of Gibraltar, then up the Mediterranean to the

Archipelago; then pass the Dardanelles, then up the sea of Marmora, then into the Golden Horn on your right, and you are at Constantinople.' 'Very well,' said I, 'for so little a fellow.'

"The Institution is one of the most valuable, interesting and useful, in the city of New York. It is indebted altogether to private benevolence. The building and grounds were the gift of Mr. Boerman, of the firm of Boerman & Johnson. They are worth 50,000 dollars. Its locality is one of the most delightful on the Island, high, airy, and pure."—*Herald.*

INDUSTRY REWARDED.—A violent Welch squire having taken offence at a poor curate, who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, applied to the Bishop of St. Asaph with a formal complaint against him for impiously carrying on a trade contrary to the statute. His lordship having heard the complaint, told the squire he might depend upon the strictest justice being done in the case; accordingly the mechanic divine was sent for a few days after, when the Bishop asked him "How he dared to disgrace the diocese by becoming a mender of clocks and watches?"

The other, with all humility, answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children."

"That won't do with me;" rejoined the prelate, "I will inflict such a punishment upon you as shall make you leave off your pitiful tale, I promise you;" and immediately called in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished curate to a living of at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1835.

Arrivals from the United States since our last have brought London dates to the 15th and Paris to the 13th May.

Respecting the Constitution, we find the following paragraph in the Liverpool Chronicle of the 15th.

The late ambassador from the United States to France, Mr. Livingston is sojourning for a few days with his family at Plymouth. His Excellency arrived here on Wednesday, in the Constitution, American frigate, 50 guns, 460 men, Capt. Elliot, bound to the United States from Havre. The frigate fired a salute, which was answered by the San Josef guard ship, Capt. Falcon, C. B. the Commander, having previously gone along side the Constitution. A royal salute was also fired from the batteries of the Citadel in compliment to the American ambassador.

In England, the Journals appear to be wholly occupied on the subject of recent elections. Parliament re-assembled on 12th May.