

posts. The reason of the *unicorn* being added in lieu of the *dragon*, was because James the First's supporters, as king of Scotland, were *two unicorns*.

THE KING'S TITLE.

HENRY the Eighth was the first king of England who assumed the title of majesty. Before his reign the sovereigns were usually addressed, « *My Liege,* » and « *Your Grace.* » The latter epithet was originally conferred on Henry the Fourth; « *Excellent Grace,* » was given to Henry the Sixth; « *Most High and Mighty Prince,* » to Edward the Fourth; « *Highness,* » to Henry the Seventh; which last expression, and sometimes « *Grace,* » was used to Henry the Eighth. About the end of his reign all these titles were absorbed by that of « *Majesty,* » with which Francis the First addressed him at their interview, in 1520. James the First completed this title to the present « *Sacred,* » or « *Most Excellent Majesty.* »

Before the union of the crowns, *Britain* alone was in general use in the style of our sovereigns, to signify England and Wales. Alfred, however, was called « *Governor of the Christians of Britain;* » Edgar, « *Monarch of Britain;* » Henry the Second, « *King of Britain;* » and John, « *Rex Britanniarum, King of the Britons.* »

The royal style as settled on the 5th November, 1800, on the union with Ireland, which was to commence from the first of January, 1801, runs thus :

« *George the Third, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, and of the United Church of England and Ireland, on Earth the Supreme Head.* »

In Latin, « *Georgius Tertius, Dei Gratia Britanniarum Rex,* » &c. ; the word *Britanniarum*, which was first introduced on this occasion, being regarded as expressive, under one term, of the United Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

SILENT HE SLEEPS.

By the Widow of one who died of the Cholera.

Silent he sleeps! that eye,
So lately bright with hope, is closed for ever;
Struck by the blighting plague he sank—but never
Was one more fit to die.

Oh, what a sudden blow!
But yesterday he lived in health and beauty,
And now they've hurried through their dreadful duty,
And left me to my woe.

Where are my friends all flown,
Those friends who shared in all my hours of gladness;
Comes there not one to dry the tears of sadness?
Not one:—I am alone.

Father! to thee I turn;
And though in sorrow, by the cold world slighted,
And every dream of happiness now blighted,
Not in despair I mourn!

For there are realms above
Far brighter realms, where grief shall have no dwelling;

There will thy chosen rest, their voices swelling
To praise thy endless love!

A JEWISH TALE.—When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was 100 years of age: he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down: but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not for a blessing of his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was he replied, « I thrust him away, because he did not worship Thee. » God answered him, « I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst not thou endure him one night when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment, and wise instruction.—
JER TAYLOR.

He who cannot see the workings of a Divine wisdom in the order of the heavens, the change of the seasons, the flowing of the tides, the operations of the wind and other elements, the structure of the human body, the circulation of the blood through a variety of vessels wonderfully arranged and conducted the instinct of beasts, their tempers and dispositions, the growth of plants, and their many effects for meat and medicine: he who cannot see all these, and many other things, as the evident contrivances of a Divine wisdom, is sottishly blind, and unworthy of the name of man.—*JONES of Nayland.*

FRANKLIN, springing from a low origin, the citizen of a Colony which swelled into an active republic, in which every path was open to ability—passed through each gradation of useful and ambitious life. Read the account of his arrival at Philadelphia—the commencement of his career!

Beginning thus, and not stopping in his laborious career, he did not end it until he had successively been the apprentice to the printer, the editor of the newspaper, the clerk of the General Assembly of Philadelphia, the Representative of that city, the Philosopher, celebrated for his discoveries in science, and the Diplomatist. You see him through life.—now employed in improving his almanac—now in making his experiments in electricity—now in taking part in the debates of a public assembly—now in conducting a treaty, and securing the basis of rational independence for his country. Contrast this useful and arduous life with the epicurean and softened existence which smothered down and wore off the energies of Horace Walpole! In his writings—in his