

was raised, sufficient to purchase for poor Charles a share in an academy in the vicinity of London, where the higher classes were not read. This sum was to be considered as a loan, in order that feelings of gratitude and honor might stimulate him to exertion. All went on well apparently for some years; and Emilia went to live with her brother, having no other resource, in consequence of the very superficial nature of her education.

The next time we heard of Charles was when his partner died, and he became, in consequence of the proprietor of the establishment, and shortly afterwards, he took unto himself a wife, a matter of course one of "What's to be done?" species. Thus left to himself, old and incurable habits assumed their ancient sway, if indeed, they had ever been conquered; and in a very short space of time, his school dwindled away, and left him, like his poor father, to lament over his darkening prospects, and saunter about, inquiring and wondering "What was to be done?" Nothing was done; or he might, even then, have repaid his friends, and retained their confidence and respect; but he lingered on, with the expenses of a large and useless establishment, till "poverty came upon him like an armed man."

The first intimation we received of his difficulties was from the London Gazette, where our uncle discovered his name in the list of bankrupts, when looking over its pages for military intelligence. It appeared afterwards that the poor fellow had been gradually sinking; that he paid his tradesmen's bills very honestly as long as his capital lasted, and then began to contrive excuses which answered the purpose very well for a certain length of time, at the end of which, as he had not even then quite made up his mind about "What was to be done?" his landlord settled the point for him by making a seizure for rent, whereupon the butcher, baker, grocer, cheesemonger, &c. "upon that hint, did speak," in terms by no means so respectful and polite as whistom they had used when "soliciting his favors," in their various respective "lines." This failure made a sad impression upon all of us. We had learned, from the best authority, that the late master of the academy left behind him no less a sum than seven thousand pounds, the whole of which he had accumulated in the house where Charles Smithers became a bankrupt, while his friends were congratulating themselves on the success of their endeavours in his behalf. It seems that, at the death of his partner, he might he said, after deducting the amount of his debts, and of the bond held by our uncle, (which the parties concerned agreed should never be demanded,) to have been worth fifteen hundred pounds, besides the "goodwill" of the school, which he might have retained, with all its advantages, to this day, had he taken a partner more competent than himself, to superintend the duties. To this course, divers friends had urged him in vain, although he acknowledged that he frequently felt his own deficiency. He could not be charged with extravagance nor inattention, if staying at home, and letting things go on in their old course, were an adequate defence against these imputations. His was an abandonment and sheer wreck of property, respectability, and future prospects, in the face of conviction, merely because he never could decide the question, "What's to be done?"

The exertions and interest of friends, after a while, procured for him a subordinate situation in one of the public offices, which he yet retains, and above which he is never likely to rise, unless he can overcome his habitual inactivity, of which there seems little probability. He is now the father of four children, who are brought up in such a manner as to render it too probable that the third generation of Smitherses, will pursue the steps of their forefathers, and go forth into the world without knowing "What's to be done?"

Emilia was kindly invited, from respect to her father, to spend a few months, after her brother's misfortunes, with several families in our neighborhood. It was a painful sight to see that poor girl. Many people thought her handsome, and she was herself of that opinion; and in the weakness of her poor untutored mind, deemed that, having lived near the metropolis, to her, synonymous with living among the "world" (therein,) she must be superior to the country ladies around her. She was at that critical age when the unmarried fair are said to change the question of, "I wonder whom I shall have?" into that of, "I wonder who will have me?" And truly she did seem determined to solve the question, and set about it with a spirit to which we had not supposed any of the family could have been roused. She made some desperate lunges, and, we really think, might have carried the point with a good tempered foxhunting squire, had it not happened that, one rainy morning, they were left left together accidentally, for two long hours. Determined to make the agreeable, the poor girl rattled on with town talk and gossiping nonsense, and the squire laughed and seemed well pleased; for the learned and deep blue among the daughters of Eve found no favor in his eyes, and so far all went on well, but, alas! Emilia knew not where to stop, and thinking maybe of rivals, or having nothing else to say, she ventured upon divers of those evil reports, usually as false as malicious, which, ever and anon disgrace every petty gossiping circle in the united kingdoms. Squire Henchman, whose heart lay, as folks say, "in the right place," listened first with surprise, then with pain, and took leave with pleasure; and thenceforth was no more seen dangling after the fair Emilia, who felt much at a loss about "What was to be done?" As time rolled on, matrimonial views gradually assumed the aspect of a forlorn hope. At our uncle's decease, he left her a small annuity, by the assistance of which she is enabled to live with two elderly maiden ladies of a somewhat similar mental calibre; and, though we may risk the chance of being accused of scandal for the avowal, we much fear that their time is not spent in such conversation as becomes Christians who are instructed to "do unto others as they would that others should do unto them."

Much as we abominate such sort of discourse, truth, however, compels us to say, that we verily believe it hath not its rise so frequently from feelings of envy, hatred, and malice, as in the stagnant and noisome wilderness of an uncultivated mind, ever seeking, but apparently never knowing, "What is to be done?"

Men lose many excellent things, not because they want power to obtain them, but spirit and resolution to undertake them.

POETRY.

LINES.

Occasioned by the death of Mr. S. F. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, late student of Rutgers College, who died in his 19th year, greatly lamented.

"Thou art gone
A little while before me, oh my son!
Why should the traveler weep apart from those
Who scarce an hour will reach their promised land
Ere he, too, cast his pilgrim staff away
And spread his coat beside them."

Mrs. Hemans.

A mother stood beside the bed of death,
And struggled with her sorrow. There lay one
The cherished one, the first born, he whose lips
First breathed its infant whisper on her ear
And whose young eye unto her own hand turned.
The look of childish sorrow, or delight.
There lay he in his death hour, all the hopes
Of his unclouded life were broken now.
The wreath of fame that he had hoped to win
When science lur'd him on;—The aspiring drama
That the young heart is bless'd with; the proud thought
That never'd him in the contest for renown.
All these were nothing now. The death dew hung
Upon his marble forehead, and the light
That glanc'd from his young eye was clouded o'er,
And his life's sands were numbered—He had run
Rejoicing in the race from infancy,
To the first hours of manhood; and for him
The earth held many blessings. Fortune, friends,
The choicest gifts of heav'n were all his own
He was the day-star of admiring eyes,
The idol of many hearts, that sprung
In love to meet his love; and who for him
Were as a little world of cherished ones.—
And now the Lord hath sent his arrow forth
And he must die!
There came a murmur from his faded lips
And with his strength clasping his wan hands
He lifted up his dying eyes to Heaven,
And said, "CAN THIS BE DEATH?"—It was the last
Faint tone he ere might whisper; for the words
Scarce melted into air, before his soul
Had flown to meet his Maker in the sky.
"CAN THIS BE DEATH?"—It was a pangless dart
That laid him low, ev'n in the bloom of life:
And she who stood beside him mark'd no change
Upon that still and placid countenance.—
Thus pass'd he from this earth!

The scene how chang'd
He was within his coffin, and the shroud
Was wrapp'd around his young form—That very day
Was his most wretched father's natal day!
And he must bear his son to the cold grave.
He had not look'd for this For who could dream
That one so blest with all youth's attributes
So full of life and health, would fade so soon,
And fall as falls the leaf—Yet thus doth death
Snatch the fair blossom from the blast of life
And spare the parent tree to mourn his doom!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Magazine of the Reformed Dutch Church.

RECENT ANECDOTE OF SOME GLASGOW STUDENTS.

By the rules of the University of Glasgow, the Students must attend in the College Chapel for divine worship on each Sabbath day. The Students there, as in every institution of the kind were of all ranks as it regarded respectability and principle.—Some had drunk deep into infidelity, and these viewing religious worship as the rage of the age; and a loathsome contemptible thing—often found means—after answering to their names at roll call—to escape from the intolerable performance of religious service.

One Sabbath day Mr. B. and Mr. C. had already eloped. And getting to the college gate were contemplating the most pleasant way of killing a Sabbath day, when Mr. A. a nobleman's son, and two others of the same infidel principles having also escaped, saluted them with, "How shall we spend the day; Let us hasten