

than half their marvellous calendar, was a young Greek girl at Tripoditza. She was dying—but her figure was symmetry itself. Her father was a priest, and her mother was, as she was well termed, a magnificent woman, of large size, stout, and her features had a noble and imperial character, quite unlike her daughter, who was of the smallest size in which loveliness could well inhabit. The girl was laid in the corridor to breathe the fresh air. She did not speak; but her elegant yet emaciated limbs, but ill concealed by the loose drapery, were moved at times, in agony, while a hurried ejaculation escaped her, and her face was buried in the long tresses of her beautiful hair. Never does a woman arrest every feeling so irresistibly as in hopeless sorrow and anguish; if experience among both the unhappy Greeks and Turks would confirm this, it were easy to appeal to it. I have heard the lament of a mother over all her murdered family; of a widow for her husband torn from her arms, and slain; the parting of a lady from her son, whose father lay covered with wounds; but in the touching and impassioned expressions of sorrow the Christian must yield to the Ottoman:—the men take it calmly and passively; but the Turkish women—there is the very soul of sorrow there, and of tenderness.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

We know very well that the French have a proverb, “a good lawyer a bad neighbour.” And we know that others have averred, that the remedy by law is worse than the disease, and that strikingly exhibits the moral of that fable, where the horse implores the assistance of man to revenge an affront. Stamps and expense have saddled, bridled, and muzzled it. We recollect also, that a lawyer, making his will, bequeathed his estate to fools and madmen: being asked the reason; “from such (said he) I had it, and to such I give it.” And it has also been alleged against Mr. Hargrave, one of our ablest law commentators, that he expressly says, that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be understood, is an enemy to his profession. Solon compares the people to the sea, and counsellors to the wind, for the sea will be calm and quiet if the wind does not trouble it. We recollect also reading in Dr. Burnet’s entertaining life of Sir Matthew Hale, that Mr. Hale, the barrister and father of Sir Matthew, was a man of that strictness of conscience, that he gave over the practice of the law because he could not understand the reason of giving colour in pleadings, which, as he thought was to tell a lie; and this with some other things commonly practised, seemed to him contrary to that exactness of truth and justice which became a Christian; so that he withdrew himself from the inns of court to live on his estate in the country. And Dr. Garth, alluding to their practice, tells us:

For fees, to any form they mould a cause,
The worst has merits, and the best has flaws;
Five guineas make a criminal to-day,
And ten, to-morrow wipe the stain away.