

James II., was slain by the bursting of a piece of ordnance.

James III., when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage, into which he had been carried for assistance.

James IV. fell in Flodden field.

James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army at Solway Moss.

Henry Stuart, lord Darnley, was assassinated, and then blown up in the palace.

Mary Stuart was beheaded in England.

James I. (and VI. of Scotland) died, not without suspicion of being poisoned by lord Buckingham.

Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

Charles II. was exiled for many years; and when he ascended the throne became a slave to his pleasures; he lived a sensualist, and died miserably.

James II. abdicated the crown, and died in banishment.

Anne, after a reign, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart occasioned by the quarrels of her favoured servants.

The posterity of James II. remain proscribed and exiled.

#### FORCE OF HABIT.

The force of mental and physical habit is peculiarly strong, and sometimes, apparently, is irresistible. The mind accustomed to exercise and application, becomes not only perfectly manageable, but a mental habit is constructed, of great rigidity, and often of universal tenacity. This habit accounts for the oddities and eccentricities which frequently characterise literary men, and such professional gentlemen as have been long engaged in the investigation of intricate and abstruse subjects. Habituated to apply a physical course of metaphysical reasoning to their examination of principles and ascertainment of truth, the force of this habit often discloses itself in the business transactions of life, in a manner reflecting but little credit upon the common sense, in the estimation of those ignorant of the existence and strength of their mental habit.

The physical habits of the body are no less unyielding. Natural propensities and appetites of the body are wonderfully strengthened by indulgence or weakened by restraint, and are constantly and repeatedly ripening into confirmed habit. The body long inured to pain itself, loses, or seems to lose in a great degree, its poignancy. That suffering should be converted into enjoyment by endurance, however long may be its continuance, would seem to be contrary to the established laws of nature—yet the following authenticated fact goes far to prove the truth of this proposition.—“Sir George Staunton visited a man in India who had committed a murder, and in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his caste, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron, resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was thick like that of a rhinoceros, but more callous: at that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his “bed of thorns,” and remarked that at the expiration of the term of his sentence he should most probably continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

If a person dies, his name is treasured in the memories of few. The Edinburgh Review says, “the death of a wit is handsomely celebrated if it furnishes five minutes conversation for the table where he dined the week before! He is replaced with the same regularity and indifference as fresh snuff is put into a snuff box, or fresh flowers are set out upon the epergne. Nobody misses him.—The machine goes on without perceiving that the blue-bottle or the gnat has fallen from its wheel.”

#### REMINISCENCES.

If there is a time, a happy time,

When a boy is just half a man;

When ladies may kiss him without a crime,

And flirt with him like a fan;

When mammas, with their daughters, will leave him alone,

If he only will seem to fear them—

While, were he a man, or a little more grown,

They never would let him come near them.

These, Lilly!—these were the days, when you

Were my boyhood's earliest flame—

When I thought it an honour to tie your shoe,

And trembled to hear your name;

When I scarcely ventured to take a kiss,

Though your lips seem'd half to invite me

But, Lilly! I soon got over this—

When I kissed, and they did not bite me.

Oh! those were gladsome, and fairy times,

And our hearts were then in the spring—

When I passed my night in writing your rhymes,

And my days in hearing you sing;

And don't you remember your mother's dismay,

When she found in your drawer my sonnet;

And the beautiful verses I wrote one day,

On the ribbon that hung from your bonnet?

And the seat we made by the fountain's gush,

Where your task you were wont to say;

And how I lay under the holly bush,

Till your governess went away;

And how, when too long at your task you sat,

Or whenever a kiss I wanted,

I brayed like an ass, or mew'd like a cat,

Till she deemed that the place was haunted?

And do not you, love, remember the days,

When I dressed you for the play—

When I pinn'd your kerchief and laced your stays

In the neatest and tidiest way?

And do you forget the kiss you gave,

When I tore my hands with the pin;

And how you wonder'd men would not shave

The beards from their horrible chin?

And do you remember the garden-wall

I climb'd up every night—

And the racket we made in the servants' hall,

When the wind had put out the light;

When Sally got up in her petticoat,

And John came out in his shirt—

And I silenced her with a guinea note,

And blinded him with a squirt?

And don't you remember the horrible bite

I got from the gardener's bitch,

When John let her out of the kennel for spite,

And she seized me crossing the ditch;

And how you wept when you saw my blood,

And number'd me with Love's martyrs—

And how you helped me out of the mud,

By tying together your garters?

But, Lilly! now I am grown a man,

And those days are all gone by,

And fortune may give me the best she can,

And the brightest destiny;

But I would give every hope and joy,

That my spirit may taste again—

That I once more were that gladsome boy.

And that you were as young as then.