

"A couple of—but no matter, gentlemen—you may laugh—but I can see these things. We are on the eve of famine—of starvation and of death—this kingdom is devoted to ruin!—We will perish from off the face of the earth—Good Heaven! what will become of us!"

So saying, Sir George disappeared. I said nothing—but I thought with the poet,

*Et l'écueil du monde dans lequel il fant vivre
Instruit mieux, à mon que, que ne fait aucun livre.*

I saw Sir George very often, after the above scene, and never was he unprovided with a foreboding prophecy. Some time since, I missed him from his usual haunts, and on making inquiry, I learned that he had gone to France, driven from his native land, as he said, by the fear of rebellion. A few days since, I received a letter, informing me of his death. Some minutes before that event, he called a friend to his side and spake to him thus, with a weak and low voice:

"My dear friend—the times are truly awful!—nothing but degeneracy—rebellion and famine, stare us in the face. A great revolution is taking place! I won't live to see it, but mark the words of one who has made passing events the study of his life—you will!"

So saying, Sir George Dismal sank back and expired.

Reader, if thou regrettest the death of Sir George—comfort thyself, there are many such in the world, and even thou mayest apply to thyself the conclusion of the tale, which Gil Blas tells his reader of the two scholars and the soul of the licentiate, Pedro Garcias.

"*Qui que tu sois, ami lecteur, tu vas ressembler l'un
on l'autre de ces deux eccliers. Situ lis mes aventures
sans prendre garde aux instructions morales qu'elles
renferment, tu ne retireras aucun fruit de cel ouvrage;
mais si tu le lis avec attention tu y trouveras, suivant le
precepte d'Horace, l'utile mele avec l'agrecable.*

From the Monument.

ANECDOTE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

Benjamin West, during a cessation of hostilities availed himself of the opportunity then offered, by visiting Paris, of seeing, in the Louvre, the many celebrated paintings that had been taken by the victorious armies of France from various parts of Europe. While occupied, with all the earnestness of a connoisseur, in the examination of a celebrated masterpiece, he was interrupted by an individual who touched him on the shoulder. This individual was dressed in a plain, green, military suit, and was considered by Mr. West to be a baltern officer employed about the palace.

"Sir" said the military stranger, taking a paper from his pocket, "is this your property?"

West looked at it. It was a sketch of Death on the pale Horse.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed he, "I must have lost it this morning. I am deeply indebted to you for its recovery."

"Not at all, Mr. West. It affords me no little gratification to be of service to a man of genius. But, sir, allow me to ask, is the painting you intend to produce, I presume, from that sketch, engnged?"

While the stranger was thus speaking several officers in splendid uniforms drew nigh and stood with their heads uncovered. West immediately discovered that he was in the presence of the first consul, Napoleon.

"Sir," said he, in reply, "I intend to offer it to my patron, the king of England."

"Well, well, Mr. West," said Napoleon, "we cannot I suppose make a bargain. King George is a richer broker than I am. While you remain in Paris I shall be pleased at any time to see you; but, before you leave, let me entreat your opinion as to the merits of one of the decorations of my private room." West accompanied Napoleon to his favourite chamber. Among other things, he noticed busts of Alexander the great, Caesar, Cromwell, and Washington. "Mr. West," said the first consul, pointing to the bust of Washington, "does that bust in

your opinion, afford a fair idea of the original?" West declared that he thought it could be depended upon, as several American gentlemen had spoken very favourably of a similar bust in England.

"Washington was a great man," said Napoleon, "the greatest of the great. Ardently have I desired that I could follow in his footsteps; but I am controlled by peculiar circumstances. My way is marked out, Quod scriptum, scriptum."—With assurance of friendship and protection, the first consul then summoned an attendant to escort Mr. West to his hotel.—*Clearspring, Md.*

LADY OF THE LAKE.

BY SCOTT.

Never did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face,—
What, though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly ting'd her cheek with brown;
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dy'd her glowing hue so bright,
Serv'd, too, in hastier swell, to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
What, though no rule of courtly grace
To measur'd mood had train'd her pace;
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight hare bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.
What, though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue;
Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.
A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid,
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brouch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the banks in shape more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danc'd in her dark eye,
Or wo or pity claim'd a sigh.
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of inquiry call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the north,
One only passion, unreveal'd,
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;
O need I tell that passion's name?

WINTER.

BY DR. J. F. MORTIMER.

All nature feels the renovating force
Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen.—*Thomson.*

Old, rigid, and pale face winter, here he comes with weighty step, and cold embrace; hastening from the north to clothe all nature in his icy raiment. How stupid he appears to some, but yet he his duty knows, and nature claims him as her own, to fill up the perfect year as it rolls around in untiring succession.

Winter! how insinuating he looks—his touch how withering, as he sociably clings to mother nature, and wraps all in his snowy mantle. He hugs the fireside within, as well as skeleton nature without—every thing acknowledges his presence. He is mighty in pulling down, and defacing the beauties of his kindred seasons; who in

their youth were budding, and in their middle age were unfolding the charms that gladden universal nature.

The balmy air that wafes o'er the verdant fields and forests, whispered softness to the light and mirthful heart in tones of joy, and gladness too. But alas! these are numbered among things that were. Now winter, the fourth offspring of "old time," blasts the beauties that precede him—he gathers in wass the vestment of all vegetable nature, and returns it to the mother earth, that she may be warmed and nourished amid his chilling influence; and that she may put forth in the youthful year, buds of promise; that shall speak middle age beauty and plenty. Then it is, spring, joyous spring, that decks vegetable nature in verdure rich, and fills the air with aromatic sweets. Then it is, the feathered tribe returning to wonted tree and bush, and verdant lawn—now all matched, make safe lodgments for their nestlings; and with warbling notes fill the ear with music sweet. Then it is, man with instinct small, and reason great, sees, feels, and appreciates with renewed vigour, all that is placed before him, and acts accordingly.

"Stupid I die! I depart in peace?" exclaims old-aged fall, as winter approaches with his bleached looks, whistling at the door, the cold song of his presence. The door of nature is opened, he rushes in, the ghost of departed fall appears, thus speaking in vigorous tones, "winter I have for thee all things matured. Man is rich in the abundance that I have prepared for him, but your presence is chilling to him. You bleach his fields with the appearance of your snowy countenance, the mantle that shrouds the fruits of his labour, that were in my presence performed, for this he is thankful.

Thy course is onward, but yet O! winter, be mild! and then young and tender spring will rejoice in thy fostering care, and call into being buds of promise, that shall mature in our day, and give us honour, amid luxurious profusion."—*Fredericksburg, Va.*

INDECISION OF CHARACTER.—A person of indecisive character wonders how all the embarrassments in the world happened to meet exactly in his way, to place him just in that one situation for which he is peculiarly unadapted, and in which he is also willing to think no other man could have acted with such facility and confidence. Incapable of setting up a firm purpose on the basis of things as they are, he is often employed in vain speculations on some different supposable state of things, which would have saved him from all this perplexity and irresolution. He thinks what a determined course he could have pursued, if his talents, his health, his age, had been different; if he had been acquainted with some one person sooner; if his friends were in this or the other point, different from what they are; or if fortune had showered her favours on him. And he gives himself as much licence to complain, as if all these advantages had been among the rights of his nativity, but refused by a malignant or capricious fate, to his life. A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful, you would have supposed, as a spider, may make a captive of the hopeless boaster the very next moment, and triumphantly exhibit the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and will. He belongs to whatever can seize him; and innumerable things do actually verify their claim on him, and arrest him as he tries to go along; as twigs and chips, floating near the edge of a river, are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it—if the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the week, will let him. As his character precludes all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views and actions are destined to take to-morrow; as the farmer has often to acknowledge the next day's proceedings are at the disposal of its winds and clouds.—*Foster.*

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—One of the consequences of good-breeding is a disinclination, positively a distaste, to pry into the private affairs of others.