

corpse, dressed in a shroud, reared erect, against the wall close to the window. With much difficulty he summoned up resolution to approach the dismal object, the features of which, and the minutest parts of its funeral apparel, he perceived distinctly. He passed one hand over it—felt nothing—and staggered back to the bed. After a long interval, and much reasoning with himself, he renewed his investigation, and at length discovered that the object of his terror was produced by the moon-beams forming a long bright image through the broken window, on which his fancy, impressed by his dream, had pictured with mischievous accuracy the lineaments of a body prepared for interment. Powerful associations of terror, in this instance, had excited the recollected images with uncommon force and effect."

AMERICAN CONVERSATIONS.—I will give the minutes of a conversation which I once set down after one of their visits, as a specimen of their tone and manner of speaking and thinking. My visitor was a milkman. "Well now, so you be from the old country? Ay—you'll see sights here; I guess." "I hope I shall see many." "That's a fact. I expect your little place of an island don't grow such dreadful fine corn as you sees here?" "It grows no corn at all sir."—"Possible! no wonder, then, that we reads such awful stories in the papers of your poor people being starved to death." "We have wheat however." "Ay, for your rich folks; but calculate the poor seldom gets a bellyful." "You have certainly much greater abundance here." "I expect so. Why they do say, that if a poor body contrives to be smart enough to scrape together a few dollars, that your King George always comes down upon 'em, and takes it all away. Don't he?" "I do not remember hearing of such a transaction." "I guess they be pretty close about it. Your papers ben't like ourn, I reckon? Now we says and prints just what we likes." "You spend a good deal of time in reading the newspapers." "And I'd like you to tell me how we can spend it better. How should free-men spend their time but looking after their Government, and watching that them fellers as we gives offices to, doos their duty, and gives themselves no airs?" "But I some times think, sir, that your fences might be in more thorough repair, and your roads in better order, if less time was spent in politics." "The Lord! to see how little you knows of a free country! Why, what's the smoothness of a road, put against the freedom of a free-born American? And what does a broken zig-zag signify, comparable to knowing that the men what we have been pleased to send up to Congress speaks handsome and straight, as we chooses they should?" "It is from a sense of duty, then that you all go to the liquor-store to read the papers?" "To be sure it is, and he'd be no true-born American as did'nt. I don't say that the father of a family should always be after liquor; but I do say, that I'd rather have my son drunk three times in a week, than not look after the affairs of his country."—*Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans.*

SHEIL IN PARLIAMENT.—Here is a man able to stand alone, or to rally round him a

party—yet he never voted wrong, that he might not be accused of being servile. He had too much innate dignity to apostatize for a phrase. His votes were invariably honest, and his speeches masterly. It has been said he did not succeed as well the first two sessions of Parliament as his numerous admirers anticipated. It may be so. He may and we believe did, bestow more attention on ornament and sentence-making, than suited the impatient assembly he addressed.—He wanted perhaps self-reliance, and did not sufficiently estimate his powers as a business and extemporaneous speaker. But this cannot be said of him the last session.—He spoke extemporaneously and most successfully. He proved himself powerful in reply. With his powers now developing, in the meridian of life, as independent in mind as in circumstances, Shiel bids fair to attain immediately the very highest rank of senatorial eminence.

TOM PAINE.—Grant Thorburne, the original Lawrie Todd of Galt's novel of that name, in his autobiography, gives a few particulars of his intercourse with the notorious Tom Paine, whose bones Mr Cobbett declared he brought to England. "He said, 'the Fates had ordained he was not to die at that time.' Says I, 'Mr Paine, I will tell you exactly what I think: you know you have written and spoke much against what we call the religion of the Bible; you have highly extolled the perfectibility of human reason when left to its own guidance, unshackled by priestcraft and superstition: the God in whom you live, move and have your being, has spared your life that you might give to the world a living comment on your own doctrines. You now show to the world what human nature is when left to itself, to wander to its own councils; here you sit, in an obscure, uncomfortable dwelling, powdered with snuff, and stupified with brandy; you, who was once the companion of Washington, Jay, and Hamilton, are now deserted by every good man; and even respectable deists cross the streets to avoid you.' He said, 'He cared not a straw for the opinions of the world.' Says I, 'I envy not your feelings.' So we parted. In short, he was the most disgusting human being you could meet in the street. Through the effect of intemperance his countenance was bloated beyond description—he looked as if God had stamped his face with the mark of Cain. A few of his disciples, who stuck to him through good and through bad report, to hide him from the gaze of men, had him conveyed to Greenwich, where they supplied him with brandy till he died. One evening shortly after he gave me the history of his escape from the guillotine, I found him in company with a number of his disciples, as usual abusing the Bible for being the cause of every thing that is bad in the world.—As soon as I got an opportunity to edge in a word, says I, 'Mr Paine, you have been in Ireland, and other Roman Countries, where the common people are not allowed to read the Bible; you have been in Scotland, where every man, woman, and child has the Bible in their hands; now, if the Bible were so bad a book, those who used it most would be the worst people. In Scotland the peasantry are intelligent, comforta-

ble, sober, and industrious. In New York, the watch-house, bridewell, alms-house, and states-prison are filled with various persons; but you will not find a Scotchman in these places. This being an historical fact which he could not deny, and the clock having struck ten, he took a candle from the table, and walked up stairs, leaving his friends and myself to draw our own conclusions."

.....It is not true, as has been reported, that Mr Paine recanted his freethinking principles on his death-bed. His physician a man of good standing and respectability, informed me, that, in the same hour that Paine died he was in the room. Mr Paine's complaint was excruciating, and ever as the convulsions returned he would exclaim, 'Lord, help! Lord, help! Lord Jesus help!' He had then a few minutes' respite from the pains. The doctor stood by his bed: says he, 'Mr Paine, you have published to the world, and we all know your sentiments on that subject; I ask you now as a man who will be in eternity before one hour, am I to understand you as really calling on the Lord Jesus for help?' He thought for about one minute, and then replied—'I don't wish to believe on that man.' These were his last words, for in twenty minutes thereafter he died. It is a fact that he applied (officially) to the Society of Friends to have his body buried in their ground, and, when notified of their refusal seemed much hurt—

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

DELEGATED POWER.—The delegation of power to weak or vulgar minds is, at all times, perilous and imprudent. The necessities of society which invest the tax-gatherer or the toll-taker, with personal authority are great and flagrant evils, the obvious results of which are impertinence of manner, coarseness of language, and an unqualified disposition to tyrannize. It is recorded somewhere that an eminent brewer, now no more, finding himself universally despised in all companies with which he mingled, his facts doubted, his arguments refuted, his opinions ridiculed, and his capacity questioned, enjoyed a pleasurable counterpoise, for the miseries of his insignificance, in walking into the yard of his brew-house, and kicking the pigs that were feeding on the grains. It was a triumph to his little mind to tyrannize over something that had breath and life.—*Theodore Hook's Love and Pride.*

REMARKABLE CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.—It is related of the Rev. Rees Prichard, vicar of Llandinogad, but better known (says Rees in his History of South Wales) as the "Vicar of Llandovery," who died in the year 1644, that while a young man he was much addicted to drinking; and he is said to have been cured of this habit by an accidental circumstance, which some have not scrupled to consider miraculous. In his visits to the public-house he was usually followed by a goat. On one occasion he prevailed on his companion to participate in his enjoyments, and to drink ale till it became inebriated.—This one fit of intoxication more than satisfied the goat. It could never afterwards be prevailed upon to repeat the experiment.—This incident, though trifling, led the master to reflect on his own condition, and induced