

## TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

By WORDSWORTH.

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head :  
And those grey rocks ; that household lawn ;  
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;  
This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake ;  
This little bay, a quiet road  
That holds in shelter thy abode—  
In truth, unfolding thus, ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
Yet, dream or vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart :  
God shield thee to thy latest years !  
I neither know thee, nor thy peers ;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away :  
For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here scattered, like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamed face :  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer :  
A face with gladness overspread !  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !  
And seamlessness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech :  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
So have I, not unmoved in mind  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee who art so beautiful ?  
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,  
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !  
But I could frame a wish for thee  
More like a grave reality :  
Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea ; and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighbourhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
Thy elder brother I would be,  
Thy father—any thing to thee !

Now thanks to heaven ! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place  
Joy have I had ; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :  
Then, why should I be loth to stir ?  
I feel this place was made for her ;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;  
For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold,  
As I do now, the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;  
And thee, the spirit of them all !

Works of Wordsworth.

THOMAS-A-BECKET.—Leigh Hunt, in his Indicator, thus characterises, and tells the following family story, of this celebrated Archbishop :

The idea generally conveyed to us by the historians of Thomas-a-Becket, is that of a mere haughty priest, who tried to elevate the religious power above the civil. But, in looking more narrowly into the accounts of him, it appears that for a great part of his life, he was a merry layman, was a great falconer, feaster, and patron, as well as a man of business ; and he wore all characters with such unaffected pleasantness to all ranks, that he was called the Delight of the Western World.

All on a sudden, to every body's surprise, Henry the Second, from chancellor made him archbishop ; and with equal suddenness, though retaining his affability, the new head of the English church of all his worldly graces and pleasures (save and except a rich gown over his sackcloth) ;—and, in the midst of a gay court, became the most mortified of ascetics. Instead of hunting and hawking, he paced the solitary cloister ; instead of his wine, he drank fennel-water ; and, in lieu of soft clothing, he indulged his back in stripes.

This phenomenon has divided the opinions of the moral critics. Some insist that Becket was religiously in earnest, and think the change natural to a man of the world whose heart had been struck with reflection. Others see in it nothing but ambition. We cer-

tainly think that three parts of the truth are with the latter : and that Becket suddenly enabled to dispute a kind of sovereignty with his prince and friend, gave way to new temptation, just as he had done to his falconry and fine living. But the complete alteration of his way of life—the enthusiasm which enabled him to set up so different a greatness against a former one, shows that his character partook at least of as much sincerity as would enable him to delude himself in good taste. In proportion as his very egotism was concerned, it was that such a man would exalt the gravity and importance of his new calling. He had flourished at an earthly court ; he now wished to be as great a man in the eyes of another ; and worldly power, which was at once to be enjoyed and despised by virtue of his religious office, had a zest given to its possession, of which the incredulosity of mere insincerity could know nothing.

Thomas Becket may have inherited his portion of the romantic from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, who was afterwards a flourishing citizen, was, in his youth, a soldier in the crusades ; and being taken prisoner, became slave to an emir, or Saracen prince. By degrees, he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a personage who became more attached to him. This was the emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not, does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady, with her loving heart, followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language—London and Gilbert ; and by repeating the former, she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman, and went from street to street, pronouncing Gilbert. A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking, of course, a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—Gilbert ! Gilbert ! She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who won her heart in slavery, was living in a prosperous condition. The crowd drew the family to the window : his servant recognised her : and Gilbert Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed, his far-come princess, with her solitary, fond word.

There are better histories than the quarrels of kings and archbishops.

A PRACTICAL JOKE PUNISHED.—An old coal-dealer who had made a great deal of money by retailing coals, and living in a very penurious way, conceiving that he had at last sufficient to enable him to leave off business, and live like a gentleman, built himself a neat villa in the cotway, to which he retired. But such is the force of habit, that (to the great annoyance of his family, who wished him to "sink the shop") he was always unhappy unless in the cellar measuring his own coals. Among others who had often expostulated with him on the impropriety of so doing, was a favourite nephew, to whom he had given a good education, and supported in the first style. One morning walking in his garden with his nephew, he said to him, "Henry, I want a motto, or something of that kind, to put up in front of my house ; but I don't like your Grove House—Prospect Place—this Villa, and t'other Lodge. Come, you are a scholar, give me one, and let it be in Latin." "Well," replied the nephew, "what think you of—Thus is industry rewarded !" "The very thing," says the uncle, "if you'll only put it into Latin." The nephew then taking out a pencil, wrote on a slip of Paper, *Otium sine dignitate* (Ease without dignity), which he gave his uncle, who read it thus :—*Hottum sinne dignitat*. "Ay, Henry," said the old man, "that'll do famously !" The next day he sent for a painter, who happened to know as little of the dead languages as himself, and the words were painted in large characters on a conspicuous part of the house. On the Sunday following, he happened to have a large party ; and after dinner, as the company were strolling about the garden, to view his improvements, some read the words, but said nothing (not wishing, probably, to show their ignorance)—some said "they were prodigiously fine"—"so novel"—"so appropriate ;" and to those who did not exactly happen to observe them, he was kind enough to point them out, and to explain the meaning, saying, "Thus is industry rewarded," and that "he was not ashamed of having gained a competency in trade." However, among the company there happened to be a Charter-house boy, who told the old gentleman that there must be some mistake, for they were the last words he should like to have put upon a house of his. This brought about an explanation ; and the poor old coal-dealer was so struck with the malice and ingratitude of his nephew, that he instantly destroyed a codicil to his will, in which he had left him £5000, took to his bed, and died in a fortnight !—*Flowers of Anecdote*.

RULES OF CHARITY.—"The first rule of charity is this : Though it is right to express dislike and displeasure at all that is wrong in conduct, it is always charitable to hope that those who do the wrong have some mistaken views that serve to palliate.—Men often do wrong things from a want of knowledge, or from want of good judgment ; and in such cases they deserve pity and sympathy.

"The second rule of charity is this : Though it is right to try to

convince our fellow-men of all that is wrong and injurious, yet in doing it we ought to speak kindly to those we oppose, and to hope that they may be acting and teaching wrong things without knowing how much evil they are doing.

"The third rule of charity is this : Though it is right to like those best who think and feel as we do, we are bound to treat all those who oppose us, with kindness, justice and politeness.

"The fourth rule of charity is, always to give a man credit for all his good qualities, whenever we are called to notice his defects. This is the only way to perform strict justice. If we speak of what is bad, and neglect to notice what is good, we deal uncharitably. This is not doing to others as we would that others should do to us.

"The fifth rule of charity is, always to hope that the best rather than the worst motives influence our fellow-men, when we cannot know what their motives are.

"The sixth rule of charity is this : Whenever it is our duty to expose the faults and mistakes of our fellow-men, to do it in a spirit of pity and kindness, and not in a sneering and triumphant way, as if it gave us pleasure to make known their defects."

"Charity suffereth long and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

1. Cor. xiii : 4—7.

"Hatred stirreth up strifes, but love covereth all sins."—Prov. x : 12.

TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.—The whole of the northern Siberia presents the singular phenomenon, that, even in the hottest season, the soil remains frozen from a certain depth downwards, differing according to the latitude, and other local circumstances, and that the thickness of this frozen stratum is so considerable in the more easterly places, as for instance, at Jakutzk, that its bottom has not yet been reached. Gmelin relates that in the archives at Jakutzk, he found an account of an inhabitant of that town having, at the beginning of the last century, together with some Jakuters, contracted to sink a well, and that when they had reached the depth of ninety feet, finding the earth still frozen, they refused to fulfil their engagement. Some philosophers have considered this contradictory to the supposition that the interior of the earth is in a state of fusion. But from the following account it will be seen that, in those frozen strata, the general phenomenon of an increase of temperature with the depth is not wanting, and that by continuing the work, they have arrived at a temperature which leaves no doubt that they are not far from the lower limits of the frozen soil, and that water, the object of their undertaking, is not far distant. An article from St. Petersburg, in the Berlin News of the 24th February 1832, states that at Jakutzk, in Siberia, the earth, even in the hottest summer, only thaws to about the depth of three feet. Hitherto all attempts to discover the thickness of the frozen strata beneath, have been fruitless. Since the year 1830, one of the inhabitants of Jakutzk has been engaged in sinking a well, by which means it may, perhaps, be ascertained. In the same year the workmen reached the depth of seventy-eight feet below the surface, but still found no water. In the year 1831, they reached ninety feet, and were still in the frozen soil. The work is still in progress, and there seems no doubt of their attaining their object, for the thermometer, which showed 18°·5, a few feet below the surface, rises, when sunk to the bottom of the well, to 19°·75.—*Bischoff, in Edin. Phil. Journ.*

SUICIDE.—Nothing but the frequency of the fact could make it credible that a rational animal, short-lived and fond of life, should be distinguished among other things, from all other animals not considered to be endowed with reason, by inflicting premature death upon himself. The circumstances under which the act is done are not calculated to lessen the surprise it occasions. It is resorted to by the young, who might be supposed to be in the enjoyment of the gift of life, and by the old, who might be expected soon to be delivered from it in a natural way. Very often it is performed with evident deliberation and forethought, with much ingenuity of concealment and elaborateness of preparation ; and the last act is as calmly executed as if it were but the dignified end of a well-spent life. Charity towards human beings disposes juries, in defiance of barbarous remnants of ancient laws, to assume that, in every case of this kind, the guiding reason was first overthrown ; and we believe that this merciful view is actually borne out by the uncoloured facts disclosed by dissection, and facts related by various witnesses, many of whom had had extensive opportunities of observation. The question is, at least, one of considerable interest to every man of humanity, as well as to every man of science.—*British and Foreign Medical Review*.

How little reliance can be placed upon kind hearts, quick sensibilities, and even devotional feelings, if there is no religious principle to control, direct, and strengthen them !—*Southern*