

WHAT WE DO NOT LIKE TO SEE.—A little dwarf with a coat that reaches to his heels; with a long cigar in his mouth, talking about love and marriage.

A lack-a-daisical young lady of the sentimental order who has an abundance of feeling for herself, and for nobody else.

A clergyman who, while professing to be the follower of a meek and crucified saviour, takes every opportunity to gain consequence in the eyes of the rich worldlings, and thinks the cry of the poor and needy too vulgar for his aristocratic ears.

An actor, too much engaged with the fate of the audience to attend to what is going on upon the stage.

A small dog with such short legs that they cannot touch the ground.

A man who gets his living by feeling extraordinary patriotism, and who loves his country for the purpose of filling his belly.

A pretty girl who dodges aside when an affectionate lover attempts to kiss her.

A snuff box for one.

RUW STATISTICS.—In the English Statistical Journal for November there is an article under the head of Excise, taken from the Parliamentary documents; giving an exact account of proof spirits on which the duty was paid for home consumption in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The result is curious:

	England	Ireland	Scotland
Population,	18,897,187	7,767,401	2,865,114
Gallons of Spirits,	12,341,238	12,293,464	6,767,715

Thus it appears that the quantity of spirits consumed in England is seven pints and one-ninth per head on the population, in Scotland twenty-three pints per head, and in Ireland rather more than thirteen pints per head per annum.

A London Editor calls this 'a staggering argument against the boasted sobriety of Scotland.'

It certainly is astonishing, when we consider the industrious and moral character of the Scots, and to what an extent ardent spirits is universally found to be a source of disorder and crime.

YOUNG WOMEN.—There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in very young women (except, indeed, when they get together and fall a giggling;) it shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape, than our rough, masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires heaven knows what assiduity to move three steps, I do not say like a gentleman, but like a body that has a soul in it; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table.—There is a sentiment in all women, and sentiment gives delicacy to thought, and tact to manner. But sentiment with men is generally acquired, an offspring of the intellectual quality, not, as with the other sex of the moral.—*Bulwer.*

THE MISERIES OF WAR.—I have no time, and assuredly as little taste, for expatiating on a topic so melancholy, nor can I afford at present, to set before you a vivid picture of the other miseries which war carries in its train—how it desolates every country through which it rolls, and spreads violation and alarm among its villages—how, at its approach, every home pours forth its trembling fugitives—how all the rights of property, and all the provisions of justice must give way before its devouring exactions—how, when the Sabbath comes, no Sabbath charm comes along with it—and for the sound of the Church bell, which was wont to spread its music over some fine landscape of nature, and summon rustic worshippers to the house of prayer—nothing is heard but the deathful volleys of the battle, and the maddening outcry of infuriated men—how, as the fruit of victory, an unprincipled licentiousness, which no discipline can restrain, is suffered to walk at large among the people—and all that is pure, and reverend, and holy, in the virtue of families is cruelly trampled on, and held in the bitterest derision.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

ANECDOTE OF MATTHIAS.—We presume it is not generally known, says the Burlington Sentinel, that this notorious impostor passed through the eastern part of this state sometime since. While at Newbury, a large number being present, some one in rather a taunting manner asked him to exhibit a miracle.—Without the least embarrassment, he replied, 'I have been exhibiting every day, for the last ten years, the greatest miracle ever shown to the world: I have been telling the truth without being mobbed.'

ANAGRAMS.—The following examples from the N. Y. American are more than ordinary felicitous. They are introduced in that paper with the remark:—'It would appear sometimes that the letters composing some words were selected with a determination, that if by any accident they should be transposed, they should only compose other words meaning the same thing.—for example, 'punishment,' transposed, makes 'nine thumps'—'Astronomers,' transposed, makes 'Moon starrers;' and on the same principle we find the new title of 'Sub-Treasurer,' furnishes the letters that make the corresponding title—'a sure barometer.'

DOMESTIC POETRY.

For the Pearl.  
TO MY SISTER.

We parted—no: as many part  
Who meet on earth no more,  
With tearless eyes, unshaken heart,  
Which feels no grief, no pain, no smart  
Till parting scenes are o'er;  
From which even then Hope's joyous wing  
Brushes aside reflection's sting.

We parted—but with hand's imprint;  
We spake no sad "farewell:"  
The unseen throbbings of the breast,  
The secret tear—alone expressed  
What words were vain to tell;  
Nature such language oft imparts,  
Silent, but read by kindred hearts.

We parted and though Hope would fain  
Speak of bright hours to come,  
It may be that long years of pain  
May pass ere we shall meet again,  
Beneath the smiles of Home.  
But though thus sad my lot may be,  
There yet is left one joy for me.

Full deeply hath affection traced  
Thy image on this heart,  
And time with wild and ruthless waste  
May mar all else—that uneffaced  
Shall never thence depart;  
And grief a milder form shall wear  
While I can still behold thee there.

Oh! it is strange that distance gives  
A more endearing charm,  
To friends beloved, whose memory lives  
In fancy's visions warm;  
'Tis strange that we should love the most,  
Those objects, which the heart hath lost.

I watched thee o'er the bounding foam  
With many a boding fear,  
My fancy long with thee did roam,  
And saw the gentle star of Home  
That shone so bright and clear,  
Lighting the tempest's headlong wrath,  
And pouring sunshine o'er thy path.

That Home, methinks its placid light  
Like some beloved eye,  
Is struggling through the gathering night  
Of misery, and with radiance bright  
Still brings its comforts nigh;  
And warm and fervent is the thought,  
That comes with all its blessings fraught.

Oft when the weary sun is low,  
Behind yon western hill,  
And clouds with purest lustre glow,  
And night is in the vale below  
Where all around is still;  
Like angel's whispering comforts blest,  
Visions of Home, rise in my breast.

As glimmers round some fated bark  
The lightning in its flight,  
When Heaven with howling storms is dark—  
As quickly fades the electric spark  
And leaves a blacker night;  
So quick Home's visions light my doom,  
To plunge me in a deeper gloom.

Oh! if misfortune has one sting  
More pointed than the rest,  
'Tis felt by hearts that closest cling,  
Where cruel parting moments fling  
Their darkness o'er the breast;  
Where beats the withered heart alone,  
And hope's sweet sunshine too is flown.

'Tis thus in life the souls that feel  
Affections strongest tie,  
'Rest of what'er on earth can heal,  
Bleed most beneath the cutting steel  
That leaves their hopes to die.  
The dearest joys that meet us here,  
Are blest with many a bitter tear.

But why so sad a theme prolong—  
'Tis that corroding grief  
May give the maddening thoughts that throng  
The breast, embodied forms in song,  
And yield the heart relief:—  
But this is done, and peace again  
Succeeds to troubled hours of pain.

Now fare thee well—if here one line,  
Bring darkness o'er thy breast,  
The Hope that lingers still in mine,  
The Hope of meeting yet—be thine,  
And give thy spirit rest.  
Sweet Hope! thou surest shield from ill  
Be thou my sister's guardian still.

Bridgetown, Jan. 27, 1838.

LINES

On the death of Miss Louisa McNab.

Farewell, dear girl, I now must take a long and last farewell,  
The many hearts that mourn thy loss, shrink at thy funeral knell,  
Thy buoyant spirit light as air, (tho' fragile was thy form),  
Seemed to forbid the sad idea, of an impending storm.

Thy friends at last, with anxious gaze, watched thy declining frame,  
And saw with anguish that disease, which painful 'twas to name,  
Thy lovely sister, now on high, in spirit hovered near,  
To catch the vital spark; and guide to that long home so dear.

We should not mourn, for thou hast left, a world of toil and care,  
And though 'tis now, a parting hard, we all must soon prepare  
To meet our God, and give account, of all in body done,  
If well, to take our place, where lives, that pure and Holy One.

Mother, dry up your tears once more, think of the blessings left,  
He has a right to take, who gives, e'en though thou wert bereft  
Of all, that gives to life its charm, of each fond friend in turn,  
Indeed 'tis hard, but oh: it is, a lesson all must learn.

Many's the friend who sheds for thee, a sympathetic tear,  
Many a prayer is offered up, when none but God is near  
For you and yours, that you may feel, how just are all His ways,  
And, may the thought of this great truth, gild all your future days.

Father, accept the sympathy, of one who knew, so well,  
The daughter thou hast lately lost, and one who earlier fell;  
In innocence they both have left, their tenements of clay,  
And none on earth, can know them more, till the last coming day.

Then do not grieve, they would not change their home for this below,  
But patiently submit, for soon 'twill be your turn to go,  
To meet those loved ones, where, to part will ne'er be heard of more,  
And every tear be wiped away, and each his God adore.

Brothers and sisters, look around, observe the vacant place  
Where morning, noon and night she sat, with her all cheering face,  
Her heart so light, she seemed to throw a magic charm around  
On all, for in her guileless breast, vice never yet was found.

Thy little band, I grieve to see, dispersed by death's cold hand,  
The ways of God we know not now, but soon shall understand,  
Thy sisters, now enthroned on high look down with pitying love,  
And guardian angels are to thee, till thou art called above.

Schoolmates take warning, none can tell, who next your God may see  
It may be soon, it may be late, reflect then, one and all,  
Look at the place, vacated now, that she has filled for years,  
I need not ask, if grief you feel, I see the dropping tears.

So long she mingled with you all, in each day's girlish sport,  
So full of merriment, you ne'er, had given it a thought  
That she could die, and leave you all, so soon to mourn her loss,  
And go to that compared to which, this world is nought but-dross.  
February 15th, 1838.

COMMON SENSE.—It may be asserted, with but too much truth, that a very considerable proportion of Christians have a habit of laying aside in a great degree their common sense, and letting it, as it were, lie dormant, when points of religion come before them;—as if reason were utterly at variance with religion, and the ordinary principles of sound judgment were to be completely superseded on that subject; and accordingly it will be found, that there are many errors which are adopted—many truths which are overlooked, or not clearly understood,—many difficulties which stagger or perplex them,—for want, properly speaking, of the exercise of their common sense; i. e., in cases precisely analogous to such as daily occur in the ordinary affairs of life; in which those very same persons would form a correct, clear, prompt, and decisive judgment.—*Whately.*

A JOKE OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.—Among its lounging young barristers of those days, Sir Walter Scott, in the interval of his duty as a clerk, often came forth and mingled much in the style of his own coeval *Mountain*. Indeed, the pleasure he seemed to take in the society of his professional juniors was one of the most remarkable, and certainly not the least agreeable features of his character at this period of his consummate honor and celebrity; but I should rather have said, perhaps, of young people generally; male or female, law or lay, gentle or simple. I used to think it was near of kin to another feature in him, his love of a bright light. It was always, I suspect, against the grain with him, when he did not ever work at his desk with the sun full upon him. However, one morning, soon after Peveril came out, one of our most famous wags (now famous for better things), namely, Mr. Patrick Robinson, commonly called by the endearing Scottish diminutive "Peter," observed that tall conical white head advancing above the crowd towards the first place, where the usual roar of fun was going on among the briefless, and said, "Hush boys, here comes old Peveril, I see the peak." A laugh ensued, and the Great Unknown, as he withdrew from the circle, after a few minute's gossip, insisted that I should tell him what our joke upon his advent had been. When enlightened, being by that time half way across "the babbling hall" towards his own *Division*, he looked round with a sly grin, and said between his teeth, "Ay, ay, my man, as well Peveril o' the Peak any day as Peter o' the Paunch" (punch), which being transmitted to the stove school, of course delighted all of them, except their portly Corypheus. But Peter's appellation stuck; to his dying day, Scott was in the outer house Peveril of the Peak, or Old Peveril—and, by and by, like a good cavalier, he took to the designation kindly. He was well aware that his own family and younger friends constantly talked of him under this sobriquet.