

"THAT PENNY'S WELL SPENT THAT SAVES A GROAT"

used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was carried back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities to society. He insisted, on people praying with him—also falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else."

The unfortunate poet recovered his reason, and was released from his confinement; but his ill-fortune and his intemperate habits clung to him, and brought with them the usual train of misery and death, and being committed to the King's Bench prison for debt, he died there, after a short illness, in 1770.

A VETERAN'S LAST WORDS!

(7.)—LORD COLLINGWOOD was the second in command at the battle of Trafalgar; and was the first to attack and break the enemy's line. It was on this occasion that Lord Nelson exclaimed, "See that gallant fellow; how he carries his ship into action!" When Nelson fell, mortally wounded, Collingwood completed the victory, and continued in command of the fleet.

For a period of nearly fifty years had Collingwood battled "on the sea;" and, when wearied and worn out in the service of his country, he returned for him as found him on the element which had been the scene of his glory. When breathing his last, Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end!"

Lord Collingwood's favourite amusement was gardening. Shortly after the battle of Trafalgar a brother admiral called upon him, and after long search at last discovered him at the bottom of a trench in his garden, which his lordship, with his old gardener, was busily employed in digging!

THE MARRIED LIFE OF SOUTHEY.

(21.)—ROBERT SOUTHEY, the eminent poet, was the son of a draper at Bristol. He was sent to Westminster school, where, after four years' instruction there, he was dismissed for having written a sarcastic attack upon the system of corporal punishment pursued in the school. He was then sent to Oxford, where he declared that he only pursued two things—to run and to swim—but be this as it may, there is no doubt but that whilst there he acquired those habits of literary industry which were without a parallel in any other writer, and which became a fixed habit with him, and stood him in good stead throughout life. About a year after leaving Oxford, Southey made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and the two poets married, on the same day, two sisters. After supporting himself for a short time by lecturing on history, at Bristol, Southey sold his poem, entitled "*Jocyn of Arc*," to Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, for fifty guineas.

The following outline of Southey's married life is not without interest and instruction, as it shows what may be done by industry and perseverance:—

Southey and Coleridge married two sisters, the Misses Fricker, of Bristol, who also peer when still young married. Southey's aunt shut her door in his face when she found he was resolved on marrying under such circumstances; and he, postponing his entry upon his married life, though he had contracted the responsibility of husband, parted from his wife at the church door, and set out on six months' visit to Portugal, preparatory to entering on the study of the legal profession. He was induced to go to Portugal by his maternal uncle, the Rev. Mr. Hill, chaplain of the British factory at Bristol (and at whose expense Southey was educated at Oxford). Southey committed his wife to the care of Mr. Cottle's sister during his absence. "Should I perish by shipwreck," he wrote, before leaving England, to Mr. Cottle, "or by any other casualty, I have relations whose gratitude will yield to the anguish of affection, and who will love, cherish, and give all possible consolation to my widow." With these words Southey set sail for Portugal, and his wife, who had persuaded him to go, and cried when he was going, though she would not then have permitted him to stay, meekly retired to her place of refuge in the town of Oporto, and commenced the study of law, but after a year's drudgery gave it up. His wife joined him in a second visit to Portugal; and on his return he settled in the town of Cumberland, and commenced the laborious literary career which he pursued till his death, having relinquished, as he said, "a foolish office and a good salary"—being an appointment he had obtained as private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland.

* "My mother," says the poet's son and biographer, "wore her wedding-ring round her neck, and preserved it to her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad."

Southey enjoyed, on the whole, a happy married life; took pleasure in his home and family; loved his children and died dearly. But a sad calamity fell upon him in his old age. His wife was suddenly bereft of her reason. "Forty years," he writes to a friend, "has she been the life of my life—and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum." In the same letter he expresses the resignation of a Christian and the confident courage of a man. "God," he has visited me with this affliction," he says, "has given me strength to bear it, and will, I know, support me to the end, whatever that may be. To-morrow I return to my poor children. I have much to be thankful for under this visitation! For the first time in my life" (he was sixty years old) "I am so far beforehand with the world that my means are provided for the whole of next year, and that I can meet this expenditure, considerable as it is, without any difficulty."

Mrs. Southey, after two years' absence, returned to Keswick, the family home, and closed her pitiable existence there. Southey was now a broken-down man. "There is no one," he mournfully writes, "to partake with me the recollections of the best and happiest portion of my life; and for that reason, were there no other, such recollections must henceforth be purely painful, except when I connect them with the prospects of futurity."—Two years after, however, Southey married again: the marriage was one of respect on the part of Caroline Bowles, the gifted authoress—a cordial friendship having existed betwixt them for more than twenty years.

Southey, in addition to maintaining his own wife and family at Keswick by his literary labours, had the family of his two sisters-in-law occasionally thrown upon his hands. He was not two-and-twenty when Mr. Lovell, who had married his wife's sister, fell ill of a fever, and died, leaving a widow and child without the slightest provision. Robert Southey took mother and child at once to his humble hearth, and there happened forthwith to be a dearth of provisions, when Coleridge, in a wayward and unparadise mood, withdrew himself from the consolations of home, in their hour of desolation his wife and child were saved by the knowledge of their hardships by finding a second husband and another father in the sanctuary provided for them by Robert Southey.

Southey died in the year 1843, and it is melancholy to reflect that for nearly three years preceding his death, he sat amongst his books in hopeless vacancy of mind.

SWEDENBORG'S VISION.

(20.)—EMANUEL SWEDENBORG was the founder of the sect which bears his name; and during fifty-five years of his life he gave himself up entirely to the study of science and politics under the King of Sweden; and it was only the last twenty years of his life that he occupied himself with those remarkable theological and mystical writings which have made him so celebrated. A recent writer has said of him, "He died, and each totally unlike the other. His religious works were generally considered to be unreadable, but one thing is certain that he was as sincere in his description of the spiritual world, as he had been in his original studies."

"His life may be said to be divided into two parts, and each totally unlike the other. His religious works were generally considered to be unreadable, but one thing is certain that he was as sincere in his description of the spiritual world, as he had been in his original studies."

Kant, the celebrated metaphysician and philosopher, gives the following curious narration of Swedenborg;—of whose possession of an extraordinary gift he considered it as an undeniable proof. He says:—

"In 1729, Swedenborg arrived at Gottenburg from England, and was invited by Mr. Costel (a great admirer of him) to his house to meet fifteen persons, who were very anxious to make his acquaintance. For some little time he conversed pleasantly with the company, then suddenly rose and went out, but in a short time returned, looking pale and anxious, and on being questioned as to the cause, replied, "That a great and fearful fire had broken out in Stockholm (about three hundred miles off) and that his own house was in great danger from the flames." He continued in a very excited state for some time, continually going in and out. In about two hours he returned again, exclaiming, "Thank God! the fire is extinguished; the third door from my dwelling house is shut; I imagined, this news caused considerable excitement throughout the city, and particularly amongst the company with whom he was. The same evening he was announced to the Governor, and on the following morning he sent for Swedenborg, and questioned him as to the conflagration, when he described the fire precisely, how it had commenced; how long it had continued, &c. &c. On the Monday evening a messenger, who had been dispatched during the fire, arrived at Gottenburg, and the letters which he bore contained a description of the fire exactly as Swedenborg had stated it to be. On Tuesday the Governor received from the royal courier a confirmation of the sad intelligence; and the account so large a fire had occasioned, and of the extent it had damaged, &c., and exactly corresponding to the account Swedenborg had given of it when it occurred."

Kant adds:— "What can be brought forward against the authenticity of this occurrence? My friend, who wrote this to me, has not only examined the circumstances of this extraordinary case at Stockholm, but also about two months ago, at Gottenburg, where he is acquainted with the most respectable house, and where he could obtain the most complete and authentic information."