

Gentleman, 1661," furnished Johnson's definition of blazonry, and Holmes' Armorial Academy, 1688, suggested his admirable preface, afterwards reduced to writing ballads and penny speeches, hence the superiority of those productions above any of that class in our time. These pioneers in the formation of our language, though almost eclipsed by the lofty pretensions of their descendants, should occupy a place in every library, but especially a teacher's. Your little wits are very fond of exercising their vocation on dictionary makers, but harmlessly enough against any one but themselves, since all that it effects excepting the waste of time and materials, is the mere display of their own littleness.

If these subjects be simple—Query—the scenes and occasions which begat them are without doubt so, but in the seclusion of a village it is unusual to meet with the wisdom of the city. Such were my trippings, thanks to the barbarous terms by which our sciences are so disfigured, as if it were the intention of their professors to close every avenue to their approach: we need none of these helps from foreign fripperies, and least of all such helps as these innovators would give us. A language, like our own, so fickle in its orthography, must not criticise others for lack of perfection, nor can it be expected that our people should be faultless, so long as their teachers thus abound in error.

After leaving school, I spent three years at home before embarking on that most perilous of all voyages—the voyage of life. Alas! how few of us in after times, when pondering o'er the years that have left us, can do so without emotion, the escapement of a sigh, or throe from the heart. Those years were spent amongst my books, the pencil, and agrarian amusements over the grounds of my father, who, I then began to discover * * * * there is a point at which patience being exhausted decision must take its course—heretofore my situation might be said to have been happy, but now became doubtful, which was not diminished, by the place of my own being supplied by a mother-in-law, who, however it might have been my duty to respect, 'twas impossible I could love. Moved by these considerations, I repaired to my favorite seat in our garden, and with my knees crossing each other, whilst one hand rested on my friend Jowler, and the other a memorial of my mother, cast sad and pensive glances at each, as meditating in silence on my present position. When memory, wearied with musing o'er the past, looks