

ed to evil example, and does not resist it in the fear of God, will be but too apt to follow it. The first wrong step was to neglect his lessons, and waste his time. His room-mate taught him to laugh at the censures that followed, and to ridicule in secret the teachers whom he should have loved. He induced him to read foolish books; and there they were making themselves merry, when their distant parents supposed they were diligently acquiring knowledge. When Frank came home at his vacations, his uncle exclaimed, "How improved! how manly!" He had indeed grown very tall, and bid fair to possess a fair, graceful form. But his parents scrutinized him more closely, and feared that every change was not an improvement. Simple pleasures no longer satisfied him. He desired in every thing for himself a lavish expenditure. He ceased to ask pleasantly for what he needed, but said through his shut teeth, with a face partly turned away, "I want such and such articles—all the other boys have them." The mother was alarmed at the habits of reserve and concealment, which had grown over him. She had accustomed him to speak freely of all his concerns to her. Now, she felt that she was shut out of his confidence, and that her influence over him for good, most of course decline. She endeavoured, by every means in her power, to reinstate herself in his affections. Still, he kept the veil close about him; and a son who shuns the confidence of kind parents, is either in a wrong course, or in danger of entering it. To any gentle remonstrance on his change of manners or conduct, he carelessly replied, "Why, other boys do so. My uncle says I shall never be a man, till I do like other boys." At his entrance into college, he was exposed to more temptations, and less and less inclined to repel them. Frank's letters to his anxious parents were but few, and far between. Those to his uncle were more frequent, because on him he depended for the supply of his purse. The uncle at first remarked, with a laugh, that "he spent money like a man." But in a year or two, it appeared that he became tired of the very free expenses of his nephew, as he ceased to boast of this proof of his manliness. Frank, who took no pains to devote himself to his studies, was still desirous to be distinguished for something. So he was fond of speaking of his "rich, old bachelor uncle," and of saying, "without doubt, I shall have all his money." Expectations of wealth and habits of extravagance hastened his ruin. In his third year at college, he came home, sick, and with no disposition to return to his studies. He spoke against the regulations of the institution, and ridiculed the faculty. He said it was impossible for any one to gain a good education there, if they applied themselves ever so closely. In short, he blamed every body but himself. He had left college, in debt, and in disgrace. His uncle, who had great reason to be offended, told him, that he need no longer expect support from him, for unless his whole course of life was changed, he should select some more worthy relative to receive his bounty, and be the heir of his estate. Frank's father took him to his own counting-house. But he disliked business, and had no habits of application. His red and bloated face told but too truly what other habits he had formed. And he was pointed at, as the ruined young man. Long did the poor mother try to hide the bitter truth from her own heart. Often was she ingenious in her palliations, to soften his offences to others, hoping he might yet retrieve his character. She watched for moments of reflection, for glimpses of good feeling, to give force to her remonstrances and appeals. We know how intemperance breaks down grace of form, and destroys beauty of countenance—how it debases man, who was made in the image of God, below the level of the brute creation, and sinks his aspiring and immortal soul into an abyss of misery.

Thus it was with Frank Wilson. The chamber where his happy infancy and childhood had dreamed away nights of innocence, and woke in the morning to health and joy, was now the scene of his frequent sicknesses, hoarse, senseless laughter, and fearful imprecations. It is too painful to follow him through the excesses that broke the hearts of his parents. But his career was short. The sins of his youth destroyed him.

His death-bed was horrible. None of those who loved him could remain by it. With eyeballs starting from their sockets, he shrieked of hideous monsters, and fiery shapes that surrounded him. His last cry, was in wild contention with those frightful images, which a disordered imagination created.

Thus died, in the agonies of delirium tremens, Frank Wilson, the only child, and idol of his parents. His first false step was not daring to say *Ad*, when he was tempted to evil. His next, was concealing from his parents and teachers the faults which he had committed, and the dangers from which they might have saved him. From these two seeds—want of moral courage, and want of confidence in his parents, what a sudden and terrible harvest sprang up,—indolence, extravagance, contempt of authority, intemperance, and early death. Let every young person shun the first advances of vice, for the descent is swift, like the swollen and headlong torrent, sweeping every landmark away.

L. H. S.

PRIORITY OF INTELLIGENCE.—A sergeant in the Guards, writing a letter to his wife, during the campaign in Flanders, said, "Pray send me a few newspapers, as I want sadly to see how we are getting on, and what we are doing."

GERMAN LYRICS.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed the restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye,
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Uhland.

THE WEALTH OF ENGLAND.

It is a common error, to imagine that the riches of England are derived from, and dependent upon, her commerce. The truth is that the merchants of England, with all their great capital and vast extent of operations, hold but a very small portion of the riches existing in the country; and this truth can be made apparent by a few simple considerations. Look at the squirearchy, for instance, the thousands and thousands of country gentlemen, with their comfortable incomes of three or five or ten thousand pounds per annum, derived exclusively from the soil; and the enormous fortunes of the nobility. Estimate, if it can be estimated, the immense amount of treasure in the country, existing in the form of plate and jewels. Why, at a single dinner in London on the 18th of June, gold and silver plate to the value of a million and a half of dollars were exhibited at once; all the property of one individual, the Duke of Wellington. That celebrated personage could have relieved from their difficulties, houses which have been compelled to stop, simply by turning over to them his dishes and tureens, and vases and candelabra, without diminishing his income by a farthing; and there are fifty noble ladies in London, any one of whom might have put others in ample funds for all emergencies, merely by making them a present of her diamonds.

Without taking the crown jewels into the account, it is no doubt susceptible of proof that in London alone there are gold and silver plate and jewels to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars; and it must be remembered that mighty as is London, the wealth of the Kingdom in wrought gold and silver is very far from being centred there. An immense quantity of it is scattered among the castles and country seats of the nobility, such as Alnwick Castle, Blenheim, Chatworth, Belvoir, Woburn Abbey, and a hundred others, and among the lovely mansions of the country gentleman, with which the whole surface of the island is dotted in thousands. Then think of the libraries, and galleries—the immense and almost priceless collections of pictures, and statues, and other costly works of art, in which no country in the world is richer. Why the whole mercantile wealth of England is but an item in her riches—a mere item, of comparatively trifling magnitude.—*New York Com. Ad.*

A PICTURE OF GLORY WHEN THE GLARE IS PAST.—INDIA.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Near midnight, when about to retire to rest, an order was received from the Commander-in-Chief to detach an officer and one hundred pioneers for the purpose of collecting the wounded, and also such arms and accoutrements as could be found on the field of battle. This severe duty devolved upon me, as the other officers were laid up from the fatigue they had undergone throughout the day. Several palanquins belonging to the head quarters were kindly sent to bring in the wounded, as none of the public dooly boys could be procured,—they having dispersed in search of plunder.

The scenes of wo and misery I experienced during this dark and dismal night, in my progress over the field of battle amidst the carnage of the day, will never be effaced from my memory.

The groans and screams of the dying and wounded constantly struck my ear, as also the piteous wailings of the wives, daughters,

fathers, or sons of those who had fallen, or the cries of others in search of their missing relatives. With these heart rending sounds were often mixed the wild execrations of the dying, who were attempting to repel the marauders who came for the purpose of plunder and rapine.

We found many bodies of our own soldiers in a perfect state of undity, which plainly evinced they had not escaped those indignities offered to the dead and dying by the profligate followers of a camp.

Our enemies were treated in the same manner; the wretches who wandered over the field in search of plunder spared neither friend nor foe when there was a prospect of booty. We rescued a considerable number of the wounded from this lonely death, the most terrible to the imagination; but several of them had fallen victims to the cowardly assassins or the inclemency of the weather before we could afford them rescue or relief. The ground was soft clay, which had been saturated by the heavy rains and trodden into a quagmire by the passing and repassing of men, animals, and carriages; a misty, drizzling rain fell incessantly, and these circumstances rendered our toil exceedingly difficult and tedious. We had to wait a considerable time for the return of the palanquins from the field-hospital, whither our wounded were conveyed, so that the morning dawned ere our task was completed.

The scenes which I witnessed in the hospital were scarcely less harrowing to the feelings than those in the field. Dr. A. and the rest of the staff employed all that skill and energy could suggest for the relief of the sufferers. I saw them perform several very difficult operations and amputations, and especially one on Lieut. H., whose knee was severely shattered. He sustained the operation with unflinching courage, but expired soon after it had been completed. Few, indeed, of those who had received gun-shot wounds survived, for the fractures they had received were generally so extensive as to bring on lock-jaw. Many young aspirants for military fame, dazzled by "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," would have their ardour sadly damped by witnessing the scenes on the field and in the hospital of Mahedpoore.

MR. DICKENS,

THE AUTHOR OF THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight, without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face, the first object of physical interest, is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, his eye though not large is bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome; an epithet not applicable to his lips which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance, which is pale without sickness, is in repose, extremely agreeable, and indicative of refinement and intelligence. Mr. Dickens's manner and conversation, except perhaps in the perfect abandon among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humour. He is mild in the tone of his voice and quiet; evincing habitual attention to the etiquette and conventionalism of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and possibly it is to avoid the invitations pressed upon him, that he does not reside in London: but with a lovely wife and two charming children, he has a retreat in the vicinity. He is about twenty-nine years of age, but does not look more than twenty-three or twenty-four years. Mr. Dickens is entirely self made, and rose from an humble station by virtue of his moral worth, his genius and his industry.—*National Gazette.*

"HORRIBLE IMAGININGS."—Some time ago an officer of the coast blockade, much disliked for his activity, having fallen into an ambuscade of smugglers, they seized, blindfolded him, and tied his feet together, crying, "Throw him over the cliff! throw him over the cliff!" Disregarding his entreaties for mercy, they bore him to the edge, and pushed him gradually over, feet foremost, till his hands and chin only remained above the brink, to which he clung by digging his finger nails into the grass, and in this cruel position they left him. He remained thus for above an hour, in agonies of terror, screaming for help, and straining every sinew to maintain his hold, till at length the blood seemed to stagnate in his arms; his strength failed; his brain reeled at the thought of the depth beneath, and he was upon the point of letting go in despair, when, as a last effort, he released one hand, tore the bandage from his eyes, turned his head with horror, and beheld the bottom within a yard of his feet—the smugglers having selected a shallow chalk pit for their purpose, upon the brink of which he had been so tormentingly suspended.

READING, WRITING AND SPEAKING.—Habits of literary conversation, and still more, habits of extempore discussion in a popular assembly, are peculiarly useful in giving us a ready and practical command of our knowledge. There is much good sense in the following aphorism of Bacon: "Reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and speaking a ready man."