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Mr J. Parkinson

THE GARLAND.

DIRGE ON A FRIEND WHO DIED ABROAD.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

He left his home with a bounding heart,
For the world was all before him,
And felt it scarce a pain to part,
Such sun-bright beams came o'er him—
He turned to visions of future years,
The rainbow's hues were round them—
And a mother's bodings, a mother's fears
Might not weigh the hopes that crowned them.

He left his home with a swelling sail,
Of fame and fortune dreaming,
With a spirit as free as the vernal gale,
Or the pennon above him streaming.
He reached his goal—by a distant wave,
'Neath a sultry sun they've laid him,
And stranger forms bent o'er his grave
When the last sad rites were paid him.

He should have died in his own lov'd land,
With friends and kindred round him,
Not have perished thus on a foreign strand,
With no thought save of heaven to cheer him—
But what recks it now? Is his sleep less sound
In the port where the wild winds swept him,
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,
Or the hearts he lov'd had wept him?

Then why repine? Can he feel the rays
That pestilent sun shed o'er him;
Or share the grief that may cloud the days
Of the friends who now deplore him?
No! his bark's at anchor—its sails are furled—
It hath 'scap'd the storm's deep chiding;
And safe from the buffeting waves of the world,
In a haven of peace is riding.

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THE STRANGER'S HEART.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The stranger's heart! oh, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou thinkst the vine's low rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou thinkst thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;
Then are the stranger's thoughts opprest—
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou thinkst it sweet when friend to friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eyes grow dim—
Far, far are those who prayed with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land—
The voices of thy kindred band;
Oh, midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart.

THE MISCELLANIST.

We extract the following interesting passages from Sir Walter Scott's preface to his collection of the Waverly Novels. He is speaking of the reasons why he kept his authorship of these works concealed:—

I can render little better reason for choosing to remain anonymous, than by saying with *Shylock*, that such was my humour. It will be observed, that I had not the usual stimulus for desiring personal reputation, the desire, namely, to float amidst the conversation of men. Of literary fame, whether merited or undeserved, I had already as much as might have contented a mind more ambitious than mine; and in entering into this new contest for reputation, I might be said rather to endanger what I had, than to have any considerable chance of acquiring more. I was affected, too, by none of those motives which, at an earlier period of life, would doubtless have operated upon me. My friendships were formed,—my place in society fixed,—my life had attained its middle course. My condition in society was higher, perhaps, than I deserved, certainly as high as high as I wished, and there was scarce any degree of literary success which could have greatly altered or improved my personal condition.

I was not, therefore, touched by the spur of ambition, usually stimulating on such occasions; and yet I ought to stand exculpated from the charge of ungracious or unbecoming indifference to public applause. I did not the less feel gratitude for the public favour, although I did not proclaim it,—as the lover who wears his mistress's favour in his bosom, is as proud, though not so vain of possessing it, as another who displays the token of her grace upon his bonnet. Far from such an ungracious state of mind, I have seldom felt more satisfaction than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found Waverly in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the name of the author. The knowledge that I had the public approbation, was like having the property of a hidden treasure, not less gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew that it was his own. Another advantage was connected with the secrecy which I observed. I could appear or retreat from the stage at pleasure, without attracting any personal notice or attention, other than what might be founded on suspicion only. In my own person also, as a successful author in another department of literature, I might have been charged with too frequent intrusions on the public patience; but the author of Waverly was in this respect as impassible to the critic as the *Ghost of Hamlet* to the partisan of *Marcellus*. Perhaps the curiosity of the public, irritated by the existence of a secret, and kept afloat by the discussions which took place on the subject from time to time, went a good way to maintain an unabated interest in these frequent publications. There was a mystery concerning the author, which each new novel was expected to assist in unravelling, although it might in other respects rank lower than its predecessors.

I may perhaps be thought guilty of affectation, should I allege as one reason of my silence, a secret dislike to enter on personal discussions concerning my own literary labours. It is in every case a dangerous intercourse for an author to be dwelling continually among those who make his writings a frequent and familiar subject of conversation, but who must necessarily be partial judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self importance, which are thus acquired by authors, are highly injurious to a well regulated mind; for the cup of flattery, if it does not, like that of Circe, reduce men to to the level of beasts, is sure, if eagerly drained, to bring the best and the ablest down to that of fools. This risk was in some degree prevented by the mask which I wore; and my own stores of self conceit were left to their natural course, without being enhanced by the partiality of friends, or adulation of flatterers.

If I am asked further reasons for the conduct I have long observed, I can only resort to the explanation supplied by a critic as friendly as he is intelligent; namely, that the mental organization of the novelist must be characterised, to speak craniologically, by an extraordinary developement of the passion for delitescency! I the rather suspect some natural disposition of this kind; for, from the instant I perceived the extreme curiosity manifested on the subject I felt a secret satisfaction in baffling it, for which, when its unimportance is considered, I do not well know how to account.

My desire to remain concealed, in the character of the author of these Novels, subjected me occasionally to awkward embarassments, as it sometimes happened that those who were sufficiently intimate with me, would put the question in direct terms. In this case only one of three courses could be followed. Either I must have surrendered my secret,—or have returned an equivocating answer,—or finally, must have stoutly and boldly denied the fact. The first was a sacrifice which I conceive no one had a right to force from me, since I alone was concerned in the matter. The alternative of rendering a doubtful answer must have left me open to the degrading suspicion that I was not unwilling to assume the merit (if there was any) which I dare not absolutely lay claim to; or those who might think more justly of me, must have received such an equivocal answer as an indirect avowal. I therefore considered myself entitled, like an accused person put upon trial, to refuse giving my own evidence to my own conviction, and flatly to deny all that could not be proved against me. At the same time, I usually qualified my denial by stating, that, had I been the author of these works, I would have felt myself quite entitled to protect my secret by refusing my own evidence, when it was asked for to accomplish a discovery of what I desired to conceal.

The real truth is, that I never expected or hoped to disguise my connection with these Novels from any one who lived on terms of intimacy with me. The number of coincidences which necessarily existed between narratives recounted, modes of expression and opinions broached in these Tales, and such as were used by their author in the intercourse of private life, must have been far too great to permit any of my familiar acquaintances to doubt the identity betwixt their friend and the author of Waverly; and I believe, they were all morally convinced of it. But while I was myself silent, their belief could not weigh much more with the world than that of others; their opinions and reasoning were liable to be taxed with partiality, or confronted with opposing arguments and opinions; and the question was not so much whether I should be generally acknowledged to be the author, in spite of my own denial, as whether even my own avowal of the works, if such should be made, would be sufficient to put me in undisputed possession of that character.

The volumes, (he continues), to which the present pages form a Preface, are entirely the composition of the author by whom they are now acknowledged, with the exception, always, of avowed quotations, and such unpremeditated and involuntary plagiarisms as can scarce be guarded against by any one who had read and written a great deal. The original manuscripts are all in existence, and entirely written [HORRESCO REFERENS] in the author's own hand, excepting during the years 1818 and 1819, when, being affected with severe illness, he was obliged to employ the assistance of a friendly amanuensis.

The number of persons to whom the secret was necessarily intrusted or communicated by chance, amounted, I should think, to twenty at least, to whom I am greatly obliged for the fidelity with which they observed their trust, until the derangement of the affairs of my publishers, Messrs. Constable & Co., and the exposure of their accompt books, which was the necessary consequence, rendered secrecy no longer possible. The particulars attending the avowal have been laid before the public in the Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate.

I have (he adds) some reason to fear that the notes which accompany the tales, as now published, may be thought too miscellaneous and too egotistical. It may be some apology for this that the publication was intended to be posthumous, and still more, that old men may be permitted to speak long, because they cannot in the course of nature have long time to speak. In preparing the present edition, I have done all that I can do to explain the nature of my materials, and the use I have made of them; nor is it probable that I shall again revise or even read these tales. I was therefore desirous rather to exceed in the portion of new and explanatory matter which is added to this edition, than that the reader should have reason to complain that the information communicated was of a general and mere nominal character. It remains to be tried whether the public (like a child to whom a watch is shown) will, after having been satiated with looking at the outside acquire some new interest in the object when it is opened, and the internal machinery displayed to them.

That Waverly and its successors have had their day of favour and popularity must be admitted with sincere gratitude; and the author has studied (with the prudence of a beauty whose reign has been rather long) to supply, by the assistance of art, the charms which novelty no longer affords. The publishers have endeavoured to gratify the honourable partiality of the public for the encouragement of British art, by illustrating this edition with designs by the most eminent living artists.

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Perseverance, says the Editor of a Scotch journal, often enables even the dunce to outstrip the man of genius, and makes fortune the friend of stupidity. His maxim is not very new, but he illustrates it by an anecdote which is so to us. We have sometimes heard with wonder of the exploits of thoroughgoing salesmen; but never of any quite equal to this;—"A person in the West of Scotland, who had engaged in the manufacture of a certain description of goods, then recently introduced into that part of the country, found it necessary, or conjectured it might be profitable, to establish a permanent connexion with some respectable mercantile house in London. With this design he packed up a quantity of goods, equipped himself for his journey, and departed. He travelled on foot to the metropolis. Upon his arrival he made diligent enquiry as to those who were likely to prove his best customers; and accordingly, proceeded to call upon one of the most opulent drapers, with whom he resolved to establish a regular correspondence. When Saunders entered the draper's shop, he found it crowded with purchasers, and the clerks all bustling busily at the back of the counter handing out their several wares to their respective customers. Saunders waited what he thought a considerable length of time, then laid down his pack, his bonnet and staff upon the counter, and inquired in his broad Scotch for "the head o' the house." One of the clerks asked what he wanted. The answer was, as usual, a question. "Want ye ought i' my line, sir?" "No," was the prompt reply of the person interrogated, who accompanied his monosyllabic negation with a look of contempt for the mean appearance of the itinerant Scotch merchant. "Will ye no take a look o' the gudes, sir?" was Saunders next query. "No, not at all, I have not time," replied the clerk; "take them away, take them away." "Ye'll aiblins find them worth your while; and I doubtna but ye'll buy," said Saunders, as he coolly proceeded to untie and unstrip his burden. "Go away, go away," was reiterated half a dozen times with great impatience; but the old man still persisted. "Get along, you old fool," cried the clerk, completely out of temper, as he pushed the already exposed contents of the pack off the counter, "get along." Saunders looked up in the individual's face with a wide mouth and an enlarged pair of eyes, then looked down to his estate that lay scattered among his feet, looked up again, and exclaimed "and wull you really no buy ought; but ye dinna ken ye ha'ena seen the gudes yet," and so saying, he slowly gathered them up and replaced them on the counter. "Get out of the shop, sir," was the peremptory and angry command that followed his last appeal. Saunders with gravity and self-possession said, "are you in earnest frien'?"—"Yes certainly," was the reply, and that reply was succeeded by an unequivocal proof of sincerity on the part of the person who made it, when he picked up Saunders' bonnet, and whirled it out into the street. The cool Scotchman stalked deliberately and gravely in quest of his Stewarton "headgear." After giving it two or three hearty slaps upon the wall without the door, he re-entered very composedly wringing the moisture out of it, looked over to the person who had served him so, and said with a genuine Scotch smile, "yon was but an ill-faured turn, man; ye'll surely take a look o' the gudes noo." The master draper himself, who was standing all the while in the shop, admiring the patience and perseverance of the old man, and feeling a little compunction for the unceremonious manner he had been treated, examined the contents of the pack, found them to be articles he stood in need of, purchased them, ordered an additional regular supply, and thus laid the foundation of an opulent mercantile house that has now flourished for some generations.

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Habits of Birds.—At one period of my life, being an early waker and riser, my attention was frequently drawn "to songs of earliest birds;" and I always observed, that these creatures appeared abroad at very different periods as the light advanced. The rook is, perhaps, the first to salute the opening morn; but this bird seems rather to rest than to sleep. Always vigilant, the least alarm after retirement rouses instantly the whole assemblage, not successively, but collectively. It is appointed to be a ready mover. Its principal food is worms, which feed and crawl upon the humid surface of the ground in the dusk, and retire before the light of day; and, roosting higher than other birds, the first rays of the sun, as they peep from the horizon, become visible to it. The restless inquisitive robin now is seen too. This is the last bird that retires in the evening, being frequently flitting about when the owl and bat are visible, and awakes so soon in the morning that little rest seems required by it. Its fine large eyes are fitted to receive all, even the weakest rays of light that appear. The worm is its food too, and few that move upon the surface escape its notice. The cheerful melody of the wren is the next we hear, as it bustles from its ivied roost; and we note its gratulation to the young eyed day, when twilight almost hides the little minstrel from our sight. The sparrow roosts in holes, and under the eaves of the rick or shed, where the light does not so soon enter, and hence is rather a tardy mover; but it is always ready for food, and seems to listen to what is going forward. We see it now peeping from its penthouse, inquisitively surveying the land; and, should provision be obtainable it immediately descends upon it without any scruple, and makes itself a welcome guest with all. It retires early to rest. The blackbird quits its leafy roost in the ivied ash; its "chink, chink" is heard in the hedge; and, mounting on some neighbouring oak, with mellow, sober voice, it gratulates the coming day. "The plain-song cuckoo gray" from some tall tree now tells its tale. The lark is in the air, the "martin twitters from her earth-built shed;" all the choristers are tuning in the grove; and amid such tokens of awakening pleasure, it becomes difficult to note priority of voice. These are the matin voices of the summer season: in winter a cheerless chirp, or a hungry twit, is all we hear; the families of voice are away, or silent; we have little to note, and perhaps as little inclination to observe.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

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Nothing at all.—To write with grace and propriety about nothing is not an easy task; but to try to do so is a very useful exercise of the pen, since a writer who practises successfully this sort of composition, shall hardly fail to write well and easily when he has any substantial matter to treat of. It is in this as in bodily exercises. The gymnastic pupil is set upon difficult movements and arduous exertions, which give strength and pliancy to the limbs, and enable him to perform the truly useful or necessary motions with ease and gracefulness. I compose this paper for such an exercise.

The ladies greatly excel in this species of composition—that is to say, writing about nothing. Witness the elegance of their epistolary style, as it may be seen in many publications of ladies' correspondence, both in our own and other languages. There is a charming flow of pretty trifling, (that is, of nothing) in their letters, which men are very seldom able to produce. As the ladies write about nothing better than the men, so do they also excel the men in talking of nothing.—Talking of nothing is so different a thing from saying nothing, that those who talk of nothing commonly say the most; and, I have frequently heard a lady entertain a circle a whole evening in this manner, with great success—although, after she had ceased, it was wholly impossible to say what had engaged our attention. The men who profess the art of small-talk, which is the same as talking about nothing, are commonly great favorites of the ladies; and the reason may be that the ladies have the double gratification of seeing themselves imitated, and of feeling their superiority in that which is the object of imitation.

It is not easy to distinguish between something and nothing; for the skill of a good wit will often give to nothing the quality of something, while a dull fellow will cause something to slip into the obscurity of nothing. I have heard a whimsical story, which is very probably as untrue as it is unlikely, but which may serve for an illustration here. A preacher desired much to be allowed to preach before the king, and at length obtained his suit on condition his majesty should furnish the text, which he promised to send him. The preacher however, received no communication from the king until he was in the pulpit, when a sealed packet without any superscription, was put in his hand—which, on opening, he found to contain nothing. The wit of the preacher, however, stood him instead of a text. He turned the packet first one way and then another; there's nothing here, he said, looking on the inner side—there's nothing here, looking again on the outer side of the sheet, and from nothing God created the heaven and the earth; upon which he pronounced an excellent, learned and useful homily to the great delight and admiration of his majesty who did not fail to reward his wit and ability.

It is a curious fact that nothing often means not only something, but a great deal. Thus, when a crash is heard in the kitchen or hall, and Betty, summoned by the mistress' bell, is asked what is that? she replies readily, "nothing, ma'am;" though half of my lady's crockery be that instant lying in fragments on the floor. Another instance is, when a lady has committed some extravagance in dress or furniture, if she is asked what such a thing cost? she replies, "nothing to signify;" which may be construed, "a devilish deal too much."

It is proved every day in life, that nothing may come to something; and it is a less agreeable observation, that something frequently comes to nothing in the same arena; industry and honesty cause the former phenomenon—idleness and extravagance, the latter. Finally, let me hope I shall find readers rather in that class of critics who can be pleased with nothing, than among those whom nothing pleases.—*London Mag.*

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Isle of Matrimony.—This isle is situated on the extremity of the torrid and frozen zones, and, consequently, the temperature of the air must be various and unsettled, as the bitterest cold morning has been frequently known to succeed the warmest evening. During the spring this island experiences the most sultry heats, and this to so great an excess that the heads of its inhabitants are frequently turned, and there is, perhaps, no island rising above the surface of the ocean in which are found so many lunatics. The summers, however, are more temperate and refreshing, and the gentle breezes that are wafted from the continent of Prudence sometimes remove the evils which are occasioned by the violence of the spring. The autumn is a heavy and disagreeble season, for then the mind of every thoughtful inhabitant is perpetually employed in the care of their *tender vines*, in bringing their fruit to perfection, and in finding a proper market for them; but many of their vines are frequently destroyed in their bloom, by too tender a treatment, and still more are ruined by the pestiferous blights from the eastern region of luxury. The winters in this island are horrible indeed; howling and freezing winds, from the dreary regions of the north, confine the inhabitants to their houses, and sometimes to their beds. At this season the men grow fretful and surly, and the women loquacious, and scold immoderately. There is one thing peculiar to this island, (if we believe what Voltaire says,) "*that strangers are desirous of settling there, while its natural inhabitants would be gladly banished from it.*" Whoever takes up his abode on this island must, by the laws of it, connect himself with a partner, and such partnership nothing can dissolve but the death of one of them, in which case it has frequently been observed, that the surviving party has instantly quitted this island, and returned to it no more. When strangers first come here, they are highly delighted with the external appearance of harmony between each person and his partner; but they no sooner make a settlement here themselves, than they find that the nocturnal disease, called, by the inhabitants, a *curtain lecture*, destroys all their felicity. Among the politer circles of the inhabitants of this island, it is very unfashionable for two partners to be seen in the same company; and it is too common for one to connive at the other's dealing in *contraband goods*, though the laws are very severe against it, and punish the offenders with heavy fines and disgrace. Yet the law has no terrors for many. The arms of this island, by which it is distinguished from all others, are a plain ring, on a field sable, the supporters, Bacchus and Morpheus; the motto, *misericordia nihi!* and the crest, a death's head upon an hourglass. The usual diversion of these people is *cards*, with which both parties frequently try who shall first ruin the other. People in general, on their first settlement in this island, are, as it were, enchanted with the beautiful appearance of what is called the *honey moon*; but many of them, before they have a month inhabited the island, find, that what appeared to them at first, a most resplendent luminary, is nothing but a phantom, a mere vapour of the imagination. Yet this island may be considered a garden of pleasure, and the centre of all human happiness, in comparison with Bachelor's Island, which is the abode of vexation, the den of discontent, and the vale of misery.

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Female Caprice.—The old saying, "There's many a slip," &c. was exemplified in a singular manner at the church of St. George, Hanover-square, on Saturday morning. About half-past eight o'clock, a carriage drove up to the church, and Mr. W—n, a gentleman, according to one version of the affair, "of large property but of small beauty," and recently returned from India, alighted, accompanied by a friend. Shortly five carriages drove up, the servants of all displaying a profusion of white favours, bouquets, &c. Miss Z—h, a handsome female of five-and-thirty, the expected bride, descended from the first, and was followed into the church by a numerous train of ladies, alike elegantly attired. On the clergyman taking his station to perform the ceremony, and the bridegroom offering his arm to lead her towards the altar, she merely drooped her head, as if unconscious of what was passing, and remained mute; for two hours entreaties were used in vain, the fair one was still "deaf," and Mr. W. and Miss Z. at length took their departure in separate carriages, and drove off in different directions. One paper hints that Mr. W. had but just released the lady from some awkward difficulties. It is certain, however, that he spared no expense in her dress or those of the bridesmaids. From a subsequent and minute statement of the whole affair, it appears that the lady is no other than Miss Zouch, whose appeals to the humane during her incarceration in the Fleet, were constantly meeting the public eye. It was one of those advertisements, describing the lady (and truly) as the distressed daughter of a gentleman who once held a high official situation in Ireland, which attracted the attention of Mr. Woodin, of Regent's-park, the real name of the gentleman in question. She was released at the time he offered to assist her, and Mr. W. after a time, offered her his hand, and the occurrence above related was the result. It is said that he had settled 5000*l.* on Miss Zouch before going to church; and that her dress alone cost 130 guineas. A letter appeared in an evening paper of Friday, from Col. Fairman, says that he and a Col. Bedford accompanied the lady to church, who was to have been given away by a nobleman. It was another wedding-party that made the cavalcade appear more numerous than it was, there being but two coaches. Miss Z. had faintly got through part of the ceremony, when she was unable to proceed farther through agitation. To this cause, and not reluctance, he ascribes the suspension of the service, throws out a number of compliments about Mr. W.'s personal appearance, generosity &c.; and expresses an opinion that Miss Z. will yet be his bride.—*London Atlas.*

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Suttees.—A Hindoo published the following extract from his Shastar, or religious code, relative to the burning of women, in the *Bengal Chronicle*:—There are 35,000,000 hairs in the human body, the woman who ascends the pile with her husband will remain so many years in heaven—as the snake-catcher draws the serpent from its hole, so she rescuing her husband (from hell) rejoiceth with him—the woman who expires on the funeral pile with her husband purifies the family of her mother, her father, and her husband; if the husband be a Bramhunicide, and ungrateful person, or the murderer of his friend, the wife, by burning with him, purifies away his sins. There is no virtue greater than a virtuous woman's burning herself with her husband; no other effectual duty is known for virtuous women, at any time after the death of their lords excepting casting themselves into the same fire; as long as a woman, in her successive transmigrations, shall decline burning herself like a faithful wife, on the same fire with her deceased lord, so long shall she not be exempted from springing again to life in the body of some female animal."

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Sir Walter Scott's new work.—We detach this little descriptive gem from Sir Walter Scott's "Anne of Geirstein," just published:

"The ancient tower of Geirstein, though neither extensive, nor distinguished by architectural ornament, possessed an air of terrible dignity by its position on the very verge of the opposite bank of the torrent, which just at the angle of the rock on which the ruins are situated, falls sheer over a cascade of nearly a hundred feet in height, and then rushes down the defile, through a trough of living rock, which perhaps its waves have been deepening since time itself had a commencement. Facing, and at the same time looking down upon this eternal roar of waters, stood the old tower, built so close to the verge of the precipice, that the buttresses with which the architect had strengthened the foundation, seemed a part of the solid rock itself, and a continuation of its perpendicular ascent. As usual throughout Europe in the feudal times, the principal part of the building was a massive square pile, the decayed summit of which was rendered picturesque, by flanking turrets of different sizes and heights, some round, some angular, some ruinous, some tolerably entire, varying the outline of the building as seen against the stormy sky."

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Mr. Thompson, in his official visit to Guatemala, adds another to the thousand and one recipes for curing the tooth-ache, he says, "The patient must lie down, with the head reclined on the side on which the pain is seated; the operator pours a little spirit, rum is the most approved, into the ear which lies uppermost; about a table-spoonful is sufficient, and it must be allowed to remain there till the pain is gone, which is generally the case in the course of three or four minutes: the sensation to the patient is by no means distressing; it resembles the whizzing experienced on the immersion of the head under water, but is much more astounding; and, I am not quite sure if, upon the only occasion on which I found it necessary to undergo the operation, it was not attended with a slight, though momentary, feeling of syncope; but, be this as it may, it is certainly not dangerous, and, those who will submit to it, experience infallible relief."

The Zopilote.—The following anecdote of the Zopilote appears in Mr. Thompson's *Visit to Guatemala.*—"About fifty or sixty of these birds were standing in state round a dead mule, whilst one, distinguished by a tuft or civic cap upon his head, was perched upon the carcase, and contemplating it with a hurried air of dignity and satisfaction: he leered into each morsel, first with one eye and then with the other, as a gentleman surveys a well-loaded table with his quizzing glass.—When I last saw a portion of this extraordinary community, they were taking their *siesta*, or sleeping after dinner; they were now in watchful expectation of the moment when they might commence that repast. Don Simon told me that the bird who was playing so conspicuous a part was the one who had the good fortune to find the mule, and was, consequently, considered the *alcalde*, or lord mayor; whilst the others, who had kindly congregated to help him to eat it, were *senadores*, or common council-men. Indeed it looked very like it, for after a reverend bow of the head on the part of the alcade, which might be compared to a short grace, this worshipful and worshipping company flew helter-skelter upon the repast. We waited some time to see the end of it, but despairing of doing so, proceeded on our route."

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Painting—Were the use of it universal, would be a powerful means of instruction to children and the lower orders; and were all the fine surfaces, which are now plain, and absolutely wasted, enriched with the labours of the art, if they once began to appear, they would accumulate rapidly; and were the ornamented edifices open to all, as freely as they ought to be, a wide field of new and agreeable study would offer itself. A person, who thoroughly understood the well-chosen subjects, and was qualified to explain them to a stranger, could not be devoid of knowledge, nor could his mind want food for constant contemplation. The sense of beauty has hitherto been little cultivated in Great Britain; but it certainly exists, and shows itself principally in laying out gardens and pleasure grounds with unrivalled skill.—*Edin. Review.*

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Wells Cathedral.—This cathedral was finished in 1242, two years after the birth of Cimabu, the restorer of painting in Italy; and the work was going on at the same time that Nicoli Pisano, the Italian restorer of sculpture, exercised the art in his own country: it was also finished forty-six years before the cathedral of Amiens, and thirty-six years before the cathedral of Orvieto was begun; and it seems to be the first specimen of such magnificent and varied sculpture, united in a series of sacred history, that is to be found in western Europe. It is, therefore, probable that the general idea of the work might be brought from the East, by some of the crusaders. But there are two arguments strongly in favour of the execution being English; the family name of the bishop in English, is "Joceline Troteman;" and the style, both of sculpture and architecture, is wholly different from the tombs of Edward the Confessor and Henry III., which were by Italian artists.—*Flaxman's Letters on Sculpture.*

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Expressive Abuse.—During the stay of the allies at Paris, in 1815, the Cossacks under Blucher, carried their excesses and debaucheries so far, that they were held in such abhorrence by the Parisians, as to render their very name a term of reproach. I remember hearing a *fille de boutique*, when quarrelling with a man who had cheated her, after exhausting every epithet of reproach her active imagination could furnish, such as wretch, thief, murderer, and villain, sum up the whole by exclaiming, "You Cossack!" The force of language could go no further.—*United Service Journal.*

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Canine Instinct.—Mr. Southey, in his *Omniana*, relates two instances of dogs who had acquired such a knowledge of time as would enable them to count the days of the week. He says, "my grandfather had one which trudged two miles *every Saturday* to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well-authenticated example. A dog, which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food *upon Friday.*"—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

◆

The Lion's Growl.—It is said by travellers that it sometimes resembles the sound which is heard at the moment of an earthquake, and that the animal produces this extraordinary effect by laying his head upon the ground and uttering a half-stifled growl, by which means the noise is conveyed along the earth.—*Ib.*

◆

Woman's Will.—The following lines (says a correspondent of the Brighton Herald) were copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, formerly called the Dungeon field, Canterbury:—

"Where is the man who has the power and skill
"To stem the torrents of a woman's will?
"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't—
"And if she wont, she wont, so there's an end on't."

To make Kitchen Vegetables tender.—When peas, French beans, &c. do not boil easily, it has usually been imputed to the coolness of the season, or to the rains. This popular notion is erroneous. The difficulty of boiling them soft arises from an access of gypsum imbibed during their growth. To correct this, throw a small quantity of subcarbonate of soda into the pot along with the vegetables.—*From the French.*

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Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense, and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at loss for readier change.—*Pope.*