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Weekly Almanack.

DECEMBER.		H. SUN.	S. MOON.	H. W.
9 Saturday,	- -	7 24	4 21	4 46
10 Sunday,	- -	7 25	4 21	6 0
11 Monday,	- -	7 26	4 22	Rises
12 Tuesday,	-	7 27	4 22	4 30
13 Wednesday,	- -	7 28	4 22	5 26
14 Thursday,	- -	7 29	4 22	6 31
15 Friday,	- -	7 30	4 23	7 42

Full Moon, 11th, 9h. 34m. aft.

Public Institutions.

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Poetry.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

TO A STRANGER.

I want a friend—and seek the prize,
Midst strangers—stranger tho' I be—
And from the stars of threatening skies,
I turn—and look to Thee.

I turn to Thee—for in thy smile,
There is a generous kindness twined:—
Nor can I deem thou hast the guile,
Which clokes the baser mind.

I will not speak of former ties,
Of bonds—by others *weakness* broken;
Of woman's promise—falsehoods sighs;
Or vows by friendship spoken.

For thou hast proved, perhaps, like me,
Words oft belie the speaker's breast;
That smiles are false—altho' they be,
In fairest seeming drest.

For this 'twere vain to own regret:—
And it may be—in wayward hours,
My hand hath plucked the branch,—or set
The blight, on Friendship's flowers.

And I could ne'er the cold reply,
Or colder glance, with patience brook;
The heart for me must fill the eye,
And kindle in the look.

I cannot ape my breast to those
Whose souls reflect no kindred ray.—
Their flame, but like that meteor glows,
Which haunts the marshy way.

Their bosom is the wilderness,
Whereon that meteor beams;
Enough—that beam is spiritless,
All brightly tho' it gleams.

I've lost, or cast aside such hearts.—
They have no charms, or ought, for me,
And as each shallow faith departs.—
I turn—and look to THEE.

St. John, 29th Nov. 1837. W.

TO ELLA.

There is a Gem—a radiant gem
Fixed o'er the gate of heaven,
And forms, 'tis said, a diadem
For which Heavens brightest sons have striven,
But still unwon, it shed its ray
To light earth's children on their way
The blest, the ransom'd, and forgiven!—
It beams—a star to those below—
But must not grace an Angel's brow.

And thus my heart is fed by thine
To find my heaven on earth—
Thou art the Gem whose beauties shine
O'er all my better feelings dearth—
They give me hope with love—they shed
A spring o'er what was, withering—dead—
Or changed—or rayless—from its birth
Thou art to me truth's priceless *Gem*,
Thy love—my spirit's diadem.

November 29. W.

Miscellany.

From the United Service Journal.

THE CONSCRIPT.

(Concluded.)

The whole of the following day was spent in bidding adieu to my friends in Tours, and in making the necessary preparations for my journey. Without much difficulty I obtained passports for Baptiste and his spouse as my servants, and thinking everything was now secure, I ordered a coach to be in readiness for my departure. Then, as soon as evening approached, I proceeded to the cottage to witness the nuptials of the young couple, at which I had engaged to be present.

I found the happy pair gaily dressed for the occasion. The homely garb in which I had hitherto seen Annette was now exchanged for one of white muslin, which rendered her sylph-like form yet more light and airy. Her raven locks, which before were allowed to float loosely over her shoulders, were now plaited and braided with more than usual care. The bloom had returned to her cheek, and animation sparkled in her eye, though tears of regret frequently hung trembling on her long dark eye lashes, as the idea of her approaching separation from her home and kindred recurred to her mind. She was attended by her sister who was to officiate as bridesmaid, and nothing now was wanting but the priest to complete the ceremony. In the meantime I chatted with the bride, joked with her sister, talked of the weather and crops with the bridegroom, and endeavoured to make the anxious moments of expectation glide past as rapidly as possible.

Footsteps were at last heard approaching. Baptiste stept to the door to welcome the priest, but instead of meeting him, was seized in the rude grasp of a gendarme. The door was thrown open, and a party of soldiers entered the room, dragging with them the unfortunate prisoner. A shriek of horror burst from the lips of the wretched Annette, as she fell senseless into the arms of her sister. The grandmother hurried to her assistance, but the feebleness of age overcame her agitated frame, and she sunk to the floor in a state of insensibility. The ill-fated Baptiste for some time gazed on these scenes of anguish in a state of stupor. Not a sigh escaped his lips, though the heaving of his ample chest showed the struggle which nature held within. His eye was fixed; his features betrayed no emotion; his soul seemed occupied in the contemplation of his misery. A fleeting moment had blasted all his hopes, and consigned him to a punishment from which he knew there was little hope of escape. The large drops of perspiration which rolled down his forehead marked the agony of his soul, while the angel of death seemed already to have set his seal on his pallid features. The distressed state of his bride at length aroused him from his stupor. He shook off the soldiers who held his arms, and, rushing towards her, endeavoured to recall the spirit which appeared to be deserting its frail tenement. His efforts were successful; the soothing tones of his well-known voice awoke Annette to a sense of her misfortunes, and while he endeavoured to calm her, I exerted myself in assisting and consoling his aged parent, on whom this misfortune threatened to produce a fatal effect.

The soldiers, though accustomed to such heart-rending scenes, could scarcely refrain from tears, and, to cheer the drooping spirits of his friends, endeavoured to persuade them that the crime of their prisoner would only subject him to a short imprisonment. In this belief Baptiste also encouraged them, for though he was aware that he had little chance of escaping with life, yet he wished not to deprive them of hope—the last comforter of the wretched. When they were so far recovered as to be able to bear the pangs of separation, Baptiste was marched off to Tours, and, as I could be of very little service at the cottage, I left its inmates in charge of Annette's father, and accompanied the party to town; where, after undergoing an examination, Baptiste was committed to prison, to await the issue of his trial, and as I learned that this was likely to take place in a few days, I countermanded the preparations for my journey and deferred my departure, in the hope that I might be able to render him or his afflicted friends some assistance.

As soon as Baptiste's imprisonment became known, his cell was thronged by his numerous acquaintances, each bringing him some little present to add to his comfort in confinement. Few of them anticipated that any serious punishment would be awarded against him. Their simple minds could not conceive how the good-natured Baptiste could be capitally convicted for leaving a service into which he had been forced, or for returning the blow of one who had wantonly assaulted him. Their opinions buoyed up the spirits of his relations who awaited the result of his trial, in that fever of expectation which is experienced when all we hold dear is at stake. The mind of Baptiste, however, was not so easily elated. He knew that his offence would be regarded in a very serious light, and though he deemed it cruel to check these ill-founded hopes, yet he prepared his mind for the worst, determined to bear with fortitude whatever might be the issue of his trial. This was speedily approaching. A military tribunal was appointed, and the necessary witnesses having arrived, it proceeded to try Baptiste for his offence. The court was crowded with his friends; and it was with great difficulty that Annette and his grandmother could be persuaded to await the result in an adjoining house, where the progress of the trial could be communicated to them. Baptiste knew well that the evidence against him was too clear and satisfactory to hold out a chance of escape by the denial of his guilt. When called upon therefore to plead to the charge of desertion and mutiny, he rose, and with a firm and manly confidence answered:—

"It to have left a service into which I was forced be desertion, of that I am doubtless guilty. If to have repelled an unprovoked insult be mutiny, of that I am also guilty."

A murmur of regret was heard from the crowd at this open avowal. The friends of the prisoner had expected that the want of evidence or some legal plea might have operated in his favour, a hope which this confession threatened to cut off for ever. The president of the tribunal, unwilling to take advantage of his confession, warned him of the fatal consequences which must attend such an avowal.

"If my conduct has been wrong," replied Baptiste, "I will not add baseness to guilt, nor seek to shelter myself from punishment by a falsehood."

"Young man," said the president, evidently much affected, "I cannot allow your life to be thus thrown away. At the same time that I admire your frank and open declaration, I feel that it would be improper in me to take advantage of it; I shall therefore examine the evidence against you, that every chance of life which martial law affords may be given you."

The trial accordingly proceeded. The witnesses were called and examined; but the charge was too well substantiated, and the evidence too strong to admit of the slightest possibility of an acquital. The president shook his head in despair, as he saw every legal chance of escape lost to the unfortunate culprit, who was now asked if he had any witnesses to call in his defence.

"I make no defence," replied Baptiste; "but if the testimony of an irreproachable life be of any avail, I believe there are many in this court who can bear witness in my behalf."

"Yes, we can, we can," echoed the surrounding crowd, and a few of the by-standers being then examined spoke very warmly in his favour.

"But it is all in vain," said the president with a sigh, and he closed the proceedings, and turned to his brother officers for their opinion. "It is all in vain; the law is imparative; the crime is proved, and however much we must regret it, his doom is inevitable." The other members of the court assented.

The hand of the president trembled with emotion as he signed the verdict, and handed it to the other members for their approval. He then, with a faltering voice, had begun to read aloud the sentence on the prisoner, when a loud scream interrupted him. A commotion was observed among the crowd, and Annette, led by her anxiety to the court at this critical period, rushed forward and fell at the feet of the president, exclaiming, "Oh, save him; in mercy save him!" He raised the weeping girl and delivered her to the care of the attendants; but she burst from them, and, running towards Baptiste, clasped him in her arms.

"I have lived for him, and I will die with him!" said Annette—"I have been the cause of his crimes, if such they can be called. It was on my account he deserted the army. But for me I am sure he would have remained without reluctance. If you will not save him, then, in mercy, extend the same punishment to me, for I cannot survive him!"

Baptiste was quite overcome. Loud sobs burst from his anguished heart, as he endeavoured in vain to console the distressed girl. The whole court was in tears at the affecting scene. At last Baptiste regained his composure, and observing the emotion of the members he thus addressed them:—"Though you set as judges, I see you can feel as men. I was affianced to this lovely maid, once the pride of our peaceful village, when the harsh laws of the conscription tore me from her—separated me from an aged parent, who depended on me for support—parted me from the friends of my childhood. Is it a wonder then that I entered the service with reluctance? Had I been called to the defence of my country I would have suffered in her cause without repining—nay, I would have exulted, would have gloried in the sacrifice. But I was about to be led into a foreign clime, to undergo banishment from my home and from all I held dear. Yet I bore all this. I rejected the solicitations of my comrades who urged me to desert, till the insults of a villain drove me to despair. He struck me, and I returned the blow. The consequences I knew might prove fatal to me, and I therefore followed the advice of my comrades, and fled. These are my crimes. For this I await the sentence of your tribunal; and whatever that may be, I would for myself bear it without repining, but for the sake of this wretched girl—for the sake of my numerous friends, who anxiously await your decision: if it is in your power, let mercy be extended to me, so shall you save a soul from the anguish of death, and have the blessing of one who is ready to perish."

The energy of this appeal for some time shook the nerves of the president; his eye glistened and his voice became almost inaudible as he informed the prisoner that the severity of martial law would not permit him to commute the sentence, but promised to represent his case favourably to the minister-at-war.

The prisoner thanked the president for his kindness, and the court then proceeded to pass sentence of death upon him. Annette accompanied him back to the prison. The expectation of mercy which the president held out again inspired her with hope, and supported her in the midst of her distress. The sad tidings of Baptiste's condemnation had been communicated to his grandmother, whose aged frame now sunk under the load of accumulated misery. She was unable to remove from the house where she had awaited the issue of the trial; the hand of death was evidently upon her, and the ebbing tide of life was fast rendering her unconscious of her woes. The duty of attending on her drew Annette from the prison, and in some degree prevented her mind from dwelling too much on her misfortunes; but the anxiety of mind under which she laboured was evidently wearing out her weakly and exhausted frame. It was in vain that her friends endeavoured to draw her from the spot, it was in vain that they pressed her to take proper nourishment, and to attend to the delicate state of her health,—she refused all their solicitations. Nothing drew her from the bedside of her dying friend, but the duty of visiting the unfortunate Baptiste, whose numbered days were now drawing rapidly to a close.

Though a strenuous application for mercy had been forwarded to the minister-at-war in Baptiste's favour, yet the frequent desertions of the conscripts, together with the various instances of mutiny and insubordination which had recently occurred among them, rendered government anxious to make a serious example, and counteracted all the influence which had been used in his behalf. After a few days' delay, an order arrived for his immediate execution. I happened to be with him when the melancholy intelligence was announced. The anxiety which the president and members had shown on his behalf had made him lately entertain a hope of pardon, in which he had not previously ventured to indulge, and the sudden extinction of this fondly cheri-hed idea made him at first feel most cruelly the bitterness of his lot. His agitation, however, soon subsided, and he began to make preparations for meeting his approaching fate. His execution was to take place early the following morning; and in order to spare the feelings of his relatives and friends, it was determined that they should be kept ignorant of the circumstances till all was over. But he had still to meet with Annette, when she came to pay her evening visit; and to maintain his composure and deceive her at their last meeting was no easy task.

At the usual hour she appeared at the prison—her spirits elevated by the expectation of her lover's pardon, in consequence of the delay which she supposed had taken place in the confirmation of his sentence. It would have been cruelty to have undeceived her. Baptiste folded her to his breast, parted her clustering ringlets, and kissed her pale forehead.

"We may now feel less anxious, my dear Baptiste," said she; "your application for mercy must ere this have been successful."

"Do not be too sanguine," he replied. "The anxiety of government to make an example at this critical period will, I fear, prevent any attention being paid to the recommendation for mercy in my behalf."

"It cannot be," said Annette; "they will never be so barbarous as to sacrifice your life for this trivial offence. I am sure you will be pardoned. I am told you will only be removed into some regiment in the colonies, where I will accompany you. In a few years your term of service will expire, when we can return to our little cottage, and peace and happiness will once more smile upon us."

Tears filled his eyes, as she portrayed this picture of future happiness, which he knew too well was never to be realized. He endeavoured to change the subject by inquiring the state of his grandmother's health.

"Alas!" said Annette, "she is hastening fast away from this world of cares; she sends you her blessing, and wishes she were able to visit you, to bestow it in person."

"'Tis well," replied Baptiste, "that she is quitting this scene of woe, she may yet be spared the bitterest pang which could befall her."

"Come now, Baptiste," said Annette, endeavouring to cheer him, "do not be so gloomy; see what I have brought you;" and she produced a small basket of dried fruit, which she had selected for his use. "See here, too, is some coffee for your breakfast to-morrow."

A convulsive shudder overspread his frame, as he recalled to his mind the awful event of to-morrow. He sobbed aloud, and burst into tears.

"You are ill, very ill, my dear Baptiste—your forehead is burning; come, I will tie this handkerchief round it; 'twill ease your pain," and as she spoke she loosened one from her neck and bound it round his aching head.

Her kindness only the more unnerved him, and a considerable time elapsed before he could summon resolution to part from her. "Farewell, my love," said he at length with a tremulous voice—"May God bless and watch over you, when we are separated for ever!"

"Dispel these melancholy ideas," said she, "and keep your mind easy for my sake. I will see you again to-morrow."

"To-morrow, alas!—to-morrow!" he repeated mournfully, as he took a last view of her slender form, while she passed through the grated door an along the vaulted passage which led from his lonely cell.

He put the handkerchief into his bosom, and, as if striving to collect himself, walked for some time in silence round the room. As his agitation subsided, I asked him if I could be of any service to him or his friends on this trying occasion.

"My wishes in this life are now few. My grandmother is likely soon to follow me to another world, and Annette's relations will I have no doubt attend to her comfort. All I have to ask is, that you will break the melancholy tidings to them as gently as possible, and try to console them under their afflictions. You have shown attention to me when I most required it; for this unlooked-for kindness accept my sincere and heartfelt thanks. I had often heard of the generosity of the British, now I have experienced it. My earnest prayers shall be breathed for your welfare." He grasped my hand and bedewed it with tears as he added, "I must now bid you farewell; the small portion of time which yet remains to me must be spent with my confessor."

With some difficulty I obtained his consent to attend him in the morning; and took my leave with a sorrowful heart, wondering at that dispensation of events, which was about to close the earthly career of so deserving a youth.

My rest was broken and disturbed. The fearful events of the morrow flitted across my imagination in a thousand dreadful shapes. Sleep soon fled my eyelids; I rose, and heard the bell of the cathedral pealing forth in solemn tones the knell of the unfortunate Baptiste. I hurried on my clothes, and proceeded to the prison, where a strong detachment of military was already assembled to conduct him to execution. I found him receiving the last consolations of religion from his spiritual attendant. A smile of joy passed over his placid features, as he held out his hand to welcome my arrival.

"I now feel quite tranquil," said he in answer to my inquiries, "and disposed to bear my fate with the resignation becoming a man and a christian."

His appearance corroborated his words. His spirits were no longer depressed. He spoke in a cheerful and even a lively tone. His step, as he walked from prison, was firm and active; and as he took farewell of his attendants, he alone was composed; every eye but his was suffused with tears; instead of receiving, he administered consolation to his weeping friends. When he reached the gate of the prison, Baptiste entered a mourning coach, accompanied by his confessor and two guards. The military procession then moved forward at a slow pace. The muffled drums rolled forth their heavy mournful notes; the bell of the cathedral tolled in a louder and more solemn tone; while the soldiers, with dejected looks and reversed arms, marched slowly forward, seemingly anxious to prolong the fleeting moments of existence which yet remained to their unhappy victim. The ground where he was to suffer was at length reached, and Baptiste sprang from the carriage with a light and active step, and walked firmly to the spot destined for his execution, close to which the troops were drawn up in a square. An officer then read aloud the proceedings of the court; and while the troops were engaged in choosing by lot who should perform the painful duty of carrying the sentence into effect, I was allowed once more to approach Baptiste. He bore this awful moment with the composure of a hero. His courage was unshaken and his countenance unchanged at the dreadful preparations. But a faint glow crimsoned his cheek as he said, "Forget not to tell Annette that even at this moment her remembrance is nearest my heart. Console my poor grandmother, if she yet lives." He could say no more. His executioners were before him, one of whom approached to bind up his eyes. "I will give the signal by the falling of this handkerchief," said he, taking from his bosom the one which Annette had left with him the preceding evening. He seemed to spend a few moments in devotion before proceeding to give the agreed-on signal.

But now a thrilling cry of horror was heard among the crowd, and Annette rushed towards the spot, her long black tresses flowing behind her in wild confusion, her eye lighted with the fiery insanity of despair. In vain the by-standers restrain her. Frenzy seemed to have endowed her with herculean powers. She burst from their grasp, and sprang forward towards Baptiste, crying, "Let me die with him, if I cannot save him!" But Baptiste heard her not—he saw her not; the fatal handkerchief fell, and a well-directed volly instantly terminated his existence. Annette fell senseless on his bleeding corpse. She was raised by her friends, and every effort used to restore her to life, but all was in vain. The horrors of the scene had proved too much for her weak frame—her soul had fled its earthly mansion—Annette was gon for ever!

On my return to the prison I learned that Baptiste's grandmother had died in the course of the night; that Annette, in consequence, went early to the prison, to convey the melancholy intelligence. Here she found that Baptiste was gone—gone to execution. She flew with the rapidity of lightning through the streets, and reached the fatal spot only to breathe out her existence on the lifeless body of her beloved.

THE BEGGAR AT THE BARRIER DE PASSEY.

From the French.

Many years since, when I was a young man about twenty years of age, I used very frequently to spend the Sunday with my mother, who resided at Versailles, this being the only day of the week on which I could leave Paris. I generally walked as far as the Barrier, and thence I took a seat in one of the public carriages to my mother's house. When I happened to be too early for the diligence, I used to stop and converse with a beggar, whose name was Anthony, and who regularly took his station at the Barrier de Passey, where, in a loud voice, he solicited alms from every one who passed, with a degree of perseverance that was really astonishing. I generally gave him a trifle, without enquiring whether he deserved it or not, partly to get rid of his importunities. One day in summer, as I waited for the diligence, I found Anthony at his usual post, exerting his lungs, and bawling incessantly his accustomed form of petition—"For the love of heaven, bestow your alms on a poor man.—Messieurs, Mesdames, the smallest trifle will be gratefully received."

While Anthony was in this manner pouring his exclamations into the ears of every one who came within the reach of his voice, a middle aged man of respectable appearance joined me. He had a pleasant expression of countenance, was very well dressed, and it might be seen at a glance that he was a man in good circumstances. Here was a fit subject for the beggar, who quickly made his advances, proclaiming in a loud voice his poverty, and soliciting relief. "You need not be a beggar unless you please," replied the gentleman, "when you can have an income of ten thousand crowns."

"You are pleased to jest, sir," answered Anthony.

"By no means," said the gentleman. "I never was more serious in my life. Listen to me my friend. You perceive that I am well dressed, and I tell you that I have every thing that a reasonable man need desire."

"Ah! sir, you are a fortunate man."

"Well, but my friend, I would not have been so if I had sat and begged as you are doing.

"I have no other means of gaining my living."

"Are you lame?"

"No, sir."

"You are not blind, or deaf, and you certainly are not dumb, as every passer-by can testify. Listen: I shall tell you my history in a few words. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, I was a beggar like yourself: at length I began to see that it was very disgraceful to live on the bounty of others, and I resolved to abandon this shameful way of life as soon as I possibly could. I quitted Paris—I went into the provinces—I begged for old rags. The people were very kind to me, and in a short time I returned to Paris with a tolerably large bundle of rags of every description. I carried them to a paper maker, who bought them at a fair price. I went on collecting, until, to my great joy, my finances enabled me to purchase rags, so that I was no longer forced to beg for them. At length, by diligence and industry, I became rich enough to buy an ass with two panniers, and this saved me both time and labour. My business increased, the paper-makers found that I dealt honestly by them; I never palmed off bad rags for good ones; I prospered; and see the result—in place of being a poor, despised beggar, I have ten thousand crowns a year, and two houses in one of the best streets in Paris. If, then, my friend, you can do no better, begin as a rag merchant, and here," he continued, "is a crown to set you up in your new trade; it is more than I had; and, in addition, please to take notice, that if I find you here another Sunday, I shall report you to the police." On saying this, the old gentleman walked off, leaving Anthony and myself in a state of great surprise. Indeed, the beggar had been so much interested in the history he heard, that he stood with open mouth and eyes in mute astonishment, nor had he even power to solicit alms from two well dressed ladies who passed at that moment. I could not help being struck with the story, but I had no time to comment upon it as the diligence had arrived, in which I seated myself, and pursued my way. From that period I lost sight of the beggar; whether the fear of the police, or the hopes of gaining ten thousand crowns a year, had wrought the change, I was not aware; it is sufficient to say, that from that day forward he was never seen at the Barrier.

Many years after, it happened that business called me to Tours. In strolling through the city, I stepped into a bookseller's shop to purchase a new work that had made some noise. I found there four young men, all busily employed, while a stout, good looking man was giving them orders, as he walked up and down with an air of importance. I thought I had seen the face of the bookseller before, but where I could not for a moment tell, until he spoke, and then I discovered him to be my old friend Anthony. The recognition was mutual; he grasped my hand, and led me through the shop, into a well finished parlor: he lavished every kindness on me; and, finally gave me his history from the time we parted at the Barrier. With the crown of the stranger he began, as he had advised him, to collect rags; he made money; became the partner of a paper manufacturer; married his daughter; in short, his hopes were fulfilled; his ambition gratified, and he could now count his income at ten thousand crowns. He prayed every day for blessings on his benefactor, who had been the means of raising him from the degraded condition of a common beggar. Anthony is so convinced of the evil and sin of idleness, and of subsisting on the alms of others, that, while liberal and kind to those who are willing to work, no entreaties, no supplications, ever prevailed on him to bestow a single sous on those who would not help themselves.

WINTER.

BY DR. J. F. MORTIMER.

All nature feels the renovating force
Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seem.— — — — *Thomson.*

Old, rigid, and pale faced winter, here he comes with weighty step, and cold embrace: hastening from the north to clothe all nature in his icy raiment. How stupid he appears to some, but yet he his duty knows, and nature claims him as her own, to fill up the perfect year as it rolls around in untiring succession.

Winter! how insinuating he looks—his touch how withering, as he sociably clings to mother nature, and wraps all in his snowy mantle. He hugs the fireside within, as well as skeleton nature without—every thing acknowledges his presence. He is mighty in pulling down, and defacing the beauties of his kindred seasons; who in their youth were budding, and in their middle age were unfolding the charms that gladden universal nature.

The balmy air that wafted o'er the verdant fields and forests, whispered softness to the light and mirthful heart in tones of joy, and gladness too. But alas! these are numbered among things that were. Now winter, the fourth offspring of "old time," blasts the beauties that precede him—he gathers in mass the vestment of all vegetable nature, and returns it to the mother earth, that she may be warmed and nourished amid his chilling influence; and that she may put forth in the youthful year, buds of promise; that shall speak middle age beauty and plenty. Then it is spring, joyous spring, that decks vegetable nature in verdure rich, and fills the air with aromatic sweets. Then it is, the feathered tribe returning to wonted tree and bush, and verdant lawn—now all matched, make safe lodgments for their nestlings; and with warbling notes fill the ear with music sweet. Then it is, man with instinct smell, and reason great, sees, feels, and appreciates with renewed vigour, all that is placed before him, and acts accordingly.

"Stupid! die! I depart in peace!" exclaims old-aged fall, as winter approaches with his bleached locks, whistling at the door, the cold song of his presence. The door of nature is opened, he rushes in, the ghost of departed fall appears, thus speaking in vigorous tones: "winter! have for thee all things matured. Man is rich in the abundance that I have prepared for him, but your presence is chilling to him. You bleach his fields with the appearance of your snowy countenance, the mantle that shrouds the fruits of his labour, that were in my presence performed, for this he is thankful.

Thy course is onward, but yet O! winter, be mild! and then young and tender spring will rejoice in thy fostering care, and call into being buds of promise, that shall mature in our day, and give us honour, amid luxurious profusion.—*Fredericksburg Paper.*

RECIPDAL COINCIDENCE.—It is a remarkable coincidence in the fate of some of the princes who have sat on the throne of England, that all those who have espoused princesses of France have not only been unpopular with their subjects but have come to an untimely end. For example:—Edward II. married to Isabel, daughter of Philip IV. of France—murdered in Berkeley Castle. Richard II., married to Isabel, daughter of Charles VI. of France—murdered in Pontefract Castle. Henry VI., married to Margaret, daughter of Rene, Duke of Anjou—murdered by Richard III. Charles I., married to Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France—died on the scaffold.

CAPITAL TOPERS.—At the grand ball at Gottingen which closed the secular jubilee of the University, 2,000 persons were present, including ladies. The wine consumed by this merry little party amounted to 3,096 bottles. Sixty supper tables were laid out, and completely cleared by the non-dancers before the regular time; but this had been foreseen and provided for; the tables were covered a second time, and on this occasion ladies alone were allowed to sit down, their partners standing behind and taking a standing supper.

PUBLIC SIGHTS IN EDINBURGH.—The Town Council, at its meeting on Tuesday, agreed to address the Queen, and to petition both Houses of Parliament, that the Scottish Regalia and all other public places in Edinburgh should be opened to the public free of charge. At the same meeting, the Council resolved, that in future, instead of charging 1s. for admission to Nelson's monument, tickets price 6d. should be issued, each admitting two persons.

HERSCHEL'S DISCOVERIES.—Herschel himself, intent on far discovery, seldom looked at the larger stars: and because their blaze injured his eye, he rather avoided their transit. But he tells us, that at one time, after a considerable sweep with his instrument, "the appearance of Sirius (the Dog Star) announced itself at a great distance, like the dawn of the morning, and came on by degrees, till this brilliant star at last entered the field of the telescope with all the splendour of the rising sun, and forced me to take off my eye from the beautiful sight." Blest power of man, thus to approach a remote idea of the splendour of Heaven's architecture! The forty feet telescope which Herschel made use of could descry a cluster of stars, consisting of 5,000 individuals, where it 300,000 times deeper in space than Sirius probably is: or, to take a more distinct standard of comparison, where it at the remotness of 11,765,475,948,678,678,679 miles: or in words, eleven millions seven hundred and sixty-five thousand four hundred and seventy-five billions, nine hundred and forty-eight thousand six hundred and seventy-eight millions, six hundred and seventy-eight thousand, six hundred and seventy-nine miles. —*Freemason's Quarterly—Article "Architecture of the Heavens."*

PICKWICKIANA.

BY BOZ.

CURE FOR THE GOUT.—"The gout, sir," said Mr. Weller, "the gout is a complaint as arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked by the gout, sir, jist marry a widder as has got a good loud voice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout again. It's a capital prescription, sir, I takes it reg'lar, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity." Having imparted this valuable secret, Mr. Weller drained his glass once more, produced a laboured wink, sighed deeply, and slowly retired. "Well, what do you think of what your father says, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with a smile. "Think sir" replied Mr. Weller; "why, I think he's the wicktum o' cuddumbalary, as Blue Beard's magnetic chaplain said, with a tear on pay, when he buried him."

A WAITER.—Here the waiter blew a candle out and made a feint of lighting it again, in order to afford Mr. Pickwick an opportunity of asking any further questions, if he felt so disposed. "Take anything now, Sir?" said the waiter, lighting the candle in desperation at Mr. Pickwick's silence. "Tea or coffee, Sir? dinner, Sir?" "Nothing now." "Very good, Sir. Like to order supper, Sir?" "Not just now." "*Very* good, Sir." Here he walked softly to the door, and then stopping short, turned round and said with great suavity—"Shall I send the chambermaid, gentlemen?" "You may if you please, replied Mr. Pickwick. If *you* please, Sir." "and bring some soda water," said Bob Sawyer. "Soda water, Sir? Yes, Sir." And with his mind apparently relieved from an overwhelming weight, by having at last got an order for something, the waiter imperceptibly melted away. Waiters never walk or run. They have a peculiar and mysterious power of skimming out of rooms, which other mortals possess not.—*Pickwick.*

BOB SAWYER GIVES UP BUSINESS.—"Bless me you are surely not mad enough to think of leaving your patients without anybody to attend them?" remonstrated Mr. Pickwick in a very serious tone. "Why not?" asked Bob, in reply. "I shall save by it, you know. None of them ever pay. Besides said Bob, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "they will be all the better for it, for being nearly out of drugs and not able to increase my account just now. I should have been obliged to give them calomel all round, and it would have been certain to have disagreed with some of them—so it's all for the best. Look here. This little bill is to be wafered on the shop-door: 'Sawyer, late Nockemorf. Enquire of Mrs. Cripps over the way.'—Mrs. Cripps is my boy's mother.—'Mr. Sawyer's very sorry,' says Mrs. Cripps, 'couldn't help it—fetched away early this morning to a consultation of the very first surgeons in the country—couldn't do without him—would have him at any price—tremendous operation.' The fact is," said Bob, in conclusion—"It'll do me more good than otherwise. I expect. If it gets into one of the local papers it will be the making of me.—*Pickwick.*

THE DANGER OF WIDOWS.—"As I don't rekvire any of your conversation just now, Mum, will you have the goodness to retire?" enquired Mr. Weller, in a grave and steady voice. "Well Mr. Weller," said the buxom female, "I'm sure I only spoke to you out of kindness." "Very likely Mum," replied Mr. Weller; "Samivel, show the lady out, and shut the door after her." This hint was not lost upon the buxom female, for she at once left the room, and slammed the door behind her, upon which Mr. Weller senior, falling back in his chair in a violent perspiration, said—"Sammy, if I was to stop here alone vun week—only vun week, my boy—that 'ere 'ooman 'od marry me by force and violence afore it was over." "Wot is she very fond on you?" enquired Sam. "Fond!" replied his father, "I can't keep her away from me. If I was locked up in a fire proof chest with a patent Brahmin, she'd find means to get at me, Sammy." "Wot a thing it is to be so sought arter!" observed Sam, smiling. "I don't take no pride out on it, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, poking the fire vehemently, "it's a horrid situwation. I'm actually drove out o' house and home by it. The breath was scarcely out o' your poor mother-in-law's body, ven vun old 'ooman sends me a pot o' jam, and another a pot o' jelly, and another a blessed large jug o' camomile-tea, vich she brings in vith her own hands. Mr. Weller paused with an aspect of intense disgust, and, looking round, added in a whisper, 'They wos all widders, Sammy all on 'em, 'cept the camomile-tea vun, as wos a single young lady of fifty-three.'—*Ib.*

"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of the Marquis of Blanford's valet. "Yes, sir," rejoined the fellow with great innocence; "the butler and I *carried him up* about three o'clock."

Why is the evening the best time to take a bill? Because it then falls due (dew.)