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Wm B Wells

VOLUME 1.

NUMBER 1.

THE

MIRROR OF LITERATURE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1836.



TWELVE SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE A YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

PRINCETON, UPPER CANADA:

PUBLISHED BY BECKFORD & BAYLEY,

WATER-STREET.

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THE
MIRROR OF LITERATURE.

VOL. I.

PRESCOTT, U. C. NOVEMBER, 1835.

NO. 1.

Published by BECKFORD & BAYLEY.--Twelve Shillings and Six-pence per annum.

PREFACE.

In presenting this work to the public with a view to supply a place, it is believed, hitherto unoccupied by any similar publication in this province, namely, a periodical devoted exclusively to literature, we are aware of the extreme difficulty, and the labor that will be required in order to attract attention or merit a place among the many refined literary productions of the day. It is therefore submitted to the candid and impartial notice of the public with as little parade and formality as possible. It may not however be altogether inappropriate to explain, that the first inducement which led us, from a consciousness that such a compilation was much required, to undertake the publication, was, from hearing it a matter of frequent complaint, notwithstanding the many excellent foreign, English and American magazines and newspapers in this country, that there was but little profitable reading to be obtained, owing to its being scattered over so wide an extent. Our object in view has been to offer the work upon a concise plan and at an easy price, with the desire to render it generally useful and available to those who have not the facility of obtaining a large collection themselves, or such as have but little leisure to devote to what may be termed idle reading, and yet would gladly dedicate an hour to cultivate the taste and enlighten the understanding; and for this purpose we pledge ourselves to bring to the task our utmost powers of discrimination and soundest judgment; and whatever may be the defects of "the Mirror of Literature," its utility will not depend alone upon our feeble efforts, for in the pages that we offer as original, if there be but little that is new and useful, it shall have the redeeming virtue of presenting also much that has been tried in the crucible of criticism, and which like pure gold &c. but lest by proionging this our would be modest preface we allow imagination to take the lead of our judgment, and thereby justify the conclusion that we do not possess all the qualifications prescribed

as indispensable to this species of authorship, we will conclude with the assurance that, our highest aim shall be to mingle information with amusement, and to excite in the mind a steady attention to every thing that is praiseworthy, and an utter disapprobation of vice and folly and if this end be closely pursued, though any minor faults in the execution may not be wholly overlooked, it is to be hoped they may probably escape the severity of criticism.

BECKFORD & BAYLEY.

Prescott, November, 1835.

FOR THE MIRROR.

TYROL.

Literal translation from the German of Ketzebue.

Why then do all travel that can, always travel only to Switzerland? Why do so few visit Tyrol? I have also seen Switzerland, though only superficially, but I must candidly confess that the beauties of nature of Tyrol appear to me to be inferior in nothing to those of Switzerland. The only thing that I missed were waterfalls, which in Tyrol are but rare and insignificant, but also without waterfalls I venture to maintain that a person will leave Tyrol more contented than the incessantly high praised Switzerland. What picturesque! what raptuously enchanting prospects! as we extract the best passages from a sentimental author, and when condensed, are accustomed to call it the Spirit of the author, so might I for example call the road between Fuessen and Reitti, the Spirit of nature; for it in truth does appear that she has gathered together from the whole world, her finest and sublimest objects, and scattered them here in one narrow space. Let no traveller on any account pass this road in the dark; he would most wantonly go out of the way of the sweetest sensations; in going down hill between Lermos and Nasseret, let him alight and go quite leisurely on foot. The over-hanging rocks, which threaten to crush him, the rills trickling down, the lakes dyed such a vitriol green, the forest of larch, the sides lined with berry bushes, the ancient ruined castle on an isolated hill in the middle of the dark green lake.— Then again the beautiful river Leeb, now murmuring and foaming in its narrow rocky bed, then calm and majestic, gliding, over the rich blooming plains. No, I have often declared that I would never describe such scenes, but whoever has a sense of the sublimer beauties of nature he may trust my word that upon this journey will the tears more than once start involuntarily into his eyes.

In Switzerland one must be contented to crawl a

bout with snails, which they are pleased to call horses, and to squander the precious time on the obstinate drones of dear, very dear drivers, for there are no posts; here on the contrary, one always trots quickly over the country with brisk post horses, talking or sleeping, resting or going on, all at pleasure.

And is it not a great advantage which Tyrol has over Switzerland? that all its endless beauties lie on the road side, one is not obliged as there to turn off right and left, and to clamber about *fatiguing*, for the purpose of spying out the hidden charms of nature—here they break upon you from all sides with majestic gravity, and yet so smilingly.

And where will you find as in Tyrol, that striking contrast between the wildest nature, and the charming pictures of living human industry.

See! how yonder jagged rock seems to shut out earth and sky from you—an earthquake has crushed these masses so capriciously together; the roaring torrents rush forth from it as if they would block up the way, but mocking, scatter their foam in the air.

But in the very thick of this eternal war of elements there lies a serene little Cottage, over-grown with vines—lowing cows grazing—and a playful little child bending over, careless of the steep precipice, draws a cup of water for himself, one is tempted anxiously to call to him—do not fall little one! but he understands it not, he sees no danger here.

Yet what are the richest gifts of Nature if she does not scatter her horn of plenty over good and happy people. These also do you find here: an upright, true-hearted people; who trust in God, and love their king, but not a little proud of the late levy, and indeed with justice, for they prevented the French from penetrating their mountains, for they weighed the love of their mother country with the power of modern liberty, and kept a tight rein for themselves. Had a man sprung up amongst them at that moment, endued by nature for a leader, he had given a new face to the posture of affairs at that time, and acquired great reputation; their valour was scattered, and not brought into action; and even with this disjointed force they imposed respect to the French.

In a little town, a crowd assembled at the gate, opened from time to time, a little wicket, shot out; and each time killed a number of the enemy, then quickly drew themselves back again. The French might threaten or storm as they would, the little throng stood out so steadily always, they compelled them to abandon. Even a little village situated on a rock had determined that the French should not mount, men and women armed themselves, children rolled down large stones, the French were startled, and passed by. When they were near to Branneten, the shepherds retired to the mountains, and kindled round a hundred fires, and thereby threw the enemy into such a consternation that they treated with this free little town; and also held the treaty inviolable. These brave shepherds have their own courage alone to thank for it, that they were not plundered; and the Tyrolese are fond of calling to mind, that dangerous and honorable period, and by a variety of images in their houses they strove to eternalize the remembrance of it.

For people who like their comfort, and good living, the journey through Tyrol has new charms,

for also in this respect, I have never seen a country in which I liked better to travel.

In every village you find many good, often elegant, always very clean rooms, furnished with convenient white beds. An hour, even half an hour after your arrival a meal is served up to you, consisting of soup, fish, game and delicate flour food, pastry and fruit for a desert; then you drink a very fine wine of the country, which is pleasing to your palate even if you were accustomed to Bordeaux wine, and which probably is sold often enough for Bordeaux wine in the dear land of your fathers.

Ready and civil treatment gives a zest to the meal, and in the end the fare is so moderate, that the purse keeps full far longer than in Switzerland.

What more can be said in recommendation of a party of pleasure: A beautiful country, enchanting scenery, well kept roads, good horses, civil postmasters, willing postillions, commodious lodgings, choice food, good wine, friendly treatment, and cheap bills. I may without hesitation recommend it even to sick ladies, to recover their health and spirits, the next summer in the Tyrolese mountains.

FROM THE SAME.

ALPINE HORN.

In the Swiss high mountains, the Alpine Horn has besides the tuning of the cow-cry, yet another holy and religious use. When the sun is set in the valley, and the light of heaven now gleams scarcely on the summit of the snow mountains. The shepherd who dwells the highest up on the Alps, takes his horn and calls through this speaking trumpet. "PRAISE GOD THE LORD!" All the shepherds in the neighbourhood as soon as they hear this sound—come out of their huts, take their horns, and repeat the same words. This often lasts for a quarter of an hour, and the echo from the sides of the rocks sounds to the name of God. At last an awful silence prevails and all kneel with their heads uncovered, and pray. In the mean time it has fallen quite dark. Good night! calls again the shepherd from above, through his speaking trumpet: Good night! sounds from every hill back, from the horns of the shepherd and the cliffs of the rock—after this, each betakes himself to rest.

THE NATIVE STREAM.

In glowing youth he stood beside,
His native stream, and saw it glide
Shewing each gem beneath its tide.
Calm as though nought could break its rest,
Reflecting heaven in its breast,
And seeming in its flow, to be
Like candor, peace and piety.

When life began its brilliant dream,
His heart was like his native stream:
The wave-shrined gems could scarcely seem
Less hidden than each wish it knew;
Its life flow'd on as calmly too;
And heaven shielded it from sin
To see itself reflected in.

He stood beside that stream again
 When years had fled in strife and pain;
 He look'd for its calm course in vain
 For storms profan'd its peaceful flow,
 An I clouds o'er hung its crystal brow;—
 And turning then, he sighed to deem
 His heart still like his native stream.

From "Stories of Waterloo."

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Wander o'er this bloody field,
 To look our dead, and then to bury them;
 To sort our nobles from our common men;
 For many—
 Lie down'd and soaked in mercenary blood.

Shakspeare's Henry V.

The last gleam of fading sunshine fell upon the rout of Waterloo. The finest army, for its numbers, that France had ever embattled in a field, was utterly defeated, and the dynas of that proud spirit for whom Europe was too little, was over.

Night came, but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon, and the moon rose upon the "broken host," to light the victors to their prey. The British, forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of the flying enemy, and the roads, covered with the dead and dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives, and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was frightful. But, wearied with blood (for the French, throwing away their arms to expedite their flight, offered no resistance,) and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British pursuit relaxed gradually, and at Genappe ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farm-houses of Caillon and Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry, some miles farther on, halted, and abandoned the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary allies. Nothing, indeed, could surpass the desperate and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge. The memory of former defeat, insult, and oppression, now produced a dreadful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. The *vo victis* was pronounced, and thousands besides those who perished in the field fell that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre.—In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blücher forced the passage with his cannon; and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit and destroyed the discipline of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror.

But, although the French army had ceased to exist as such, and now (to use the phrase of a Prussian officer) exhibited rather the flight of a scattered horde of barbarians, than the retreat of a disciplined body—never had it, in the proudest days of its glory, shown greater devotion to its leader, or displayed more desperate and unyielding bravery than during

the long and sanguinary battle of the 18th. The plan of Buonaparte's attack was worthy of his martial renown: it was unsuccessful; but let this be ascribed to the true cause—the heroic and enduring courage of the troops and the man to whom he was opposed, Wellington without that army, or that army without Wellington, must have fallen beneath the splendid efforts of Napoleon.

While a mean attempt has been often made to lower the military character of that great warrior, who is now no more, those who would libel Napoleon rob Wellington of half his glory. It may be the proud boast of England's hero, that the subjugator of Europe fell before him, not in the wane of his genius, but in the full possession of those martial talents which placed him foremost in the list of conquerors—leading that very army which had overthrown every power that had hitherto opposed it, now perfect in its discipline, flushed with recent success, and confident of approaching victory.

At Genappe, and not, as generally believed, at La Belle Alliance, Wellington and Blücher met after the battle. The moment and spot were fitting for the interview of conquerors. To Blücher's fresher troops the task of an unabating pursuit was intrusted; and Wellington, at midnight, returned to Waterloo across the crimson field which that day had consummated his military glory. 'Twas said that he was deeply affected, as "by the pale moonlight," he unwillingly surveyed the terrible scene of slaughter he passed by, and that he bitterly lamented a victory which had been achieved at the expense of many personal friends, and thousands of his gallant soldiery.

When the next sun rose, the field of battle presented a tremendous spectacle of carnage. Humanity shuddered at the view, for mortal suffering in all its terrible variety was highly exhibited. The dead lay there in thousands—with them human pain and agony were over;—but with them a multitude of maimed wretches were intermingled, mutilated by wounds, and tortured by thirst and hunger. A few short hours had elapsed, and those who but yesterday had careered upon the plain of Waterloo, in the full pride of life and manhood, were stretched upon the earth; and many who had led the way to victory, who with exulting hearts had cheered their colder comrades when they quailed, were laid upon the field in helpless wretchedness.

Nor was war's misery confined to man. Thousands of wounded horses were strewn over this scene of slaughter. Some lay quietly on the ground, cropping the grass within their reach; some with deep moaning expressed their sufferings; while others, maddened with pain,

"Yerk'd out their armed heels at their dead masters,
 Killing them twice."

When day came, and it was possible to send relief to the wounded, many circumstances tended to retard the welcome succour. The great road to Brussels, from heavy rains, and the incessant passage of artillery, and war equipages, was so much cut up, as to materially retard the carriages employed to bring the wounded from the field. Dead horses and abandoned baggage choked the causeway, and rendered the efforts of Belgic humanity both slow and difficult. Up to the very gates of Brussels, "war's

worst results" were visible. The struggles of expiring nature had enabled some to reach the city. Many, however, had perished in the attempt, and dying on the roadside, covered the causeway with their bodies. Pits, rudely dug, and scarcely moulded over, received the corpses, which daily became more offensive from the heat; and the same sod, at the verge of the forest, covered "the horse and his rider."

When such evidence of destruction was apparent at a distance from the field, what a display of devastation the narrow theatre of yesterday's conflict must have presented! Fancy may conceive it, but description must necessarily be scanty and imperfect. On the small surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that 50,000 men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth, and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by cannon wheels, was strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords, all the variety of military ornaments, lancer caps and Highland bonnets, uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon, musical instrument, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of "a foughten field?"—each and every ruinous display bore a mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of a field of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living amid its desolation for the objects of their love.—Mothers and wives and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty, and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognising individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled, and the heavy Norman horse of the imperial guard were interspersed with the gray chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay, side by side, together, and the heavy dragoon, with "green Erin's" badge upon his helmet, was grappled in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground lay cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strown corpses of the imperial guard pointed out the spot where the last effort of Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favoured corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated. The advance and repulse of the guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made. The old guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions

to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up, and here the bayonet had closed the contest.

THE HERMIONE.

On the night of the 22nd, September 1797, while the 32 gun frigate *Hermione*, Captain Hugh Pigot, was cruising off the west end of Porto Rico, a most daring and uncaptured mutiny, broke out on board of her. It appears that, on the preceding day, the captain, vexed at the tardiness of some of the men in handing the mizen-top-sail, had spoken sharply to them. On this two of the men, either in their haste, or their awkwardness, to execute the duty, fell from the yard; and all the others, on coming down, were harshly reprimanded, and threatened with punishment. Thus operating upon a very motley and ill disposed ship's company, produced discontent, which kept increasing until the next evening, when it fatally burst forth. The men, in addition to the loud murmurs they uttered, now began throwing double-headed shot about the deck, and, on the first lieutenant's advancing to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, they wounded him in the arm with a tomahawk: he retired for a while, and then returned; when the wretches knocked him down with a tomahawk, cut his throat, and threw him overboard. In a similar manner did the villains proceed with nine other officers cutting and mangling their victims, in the most cruel and barbarous manner. The only officers that escaped destruction were a master's mate, and two midshipmen. Having thus rid themselves of every possible opponent, the mutineers carried the ship into La Guira, a port of the Spanish main; representing to the Spanish governor, that they had turned the British officers adrift in the jolly-boat.

The governor, soon afterwards, in spite of the remonstrances of rear admiral Henry Harvey, who fully explained the horrid circumstances under which the ship had been taken possession of, fitted the *Hermione* for sea as a Spanish national frigate.

Could we descant upon the humanity or general kind behaviour of the *Hermione's* late Captain, it might serve to heighten, if any thing could heighten, the guilt of his murderers; but a regard to truth compels us to state that Captain Hugh Pigot bore a character very opposite to a mild one.

Many of the *Hermione's* mutineers were afterwards taken, and suffered for their crimes. Some from repentance, others from hardened shamelessness confessed their guilt, and gave minute details of the horrid transaction.

On the 24th, October, (two years afterwards) the British 28 gun frigate *Surprise*, (Captain Edward Hamilton, having, during the two preceding days, well observed the situation of the Spanish (late British) frigate *Hermione*, Captain Don Ramond de Chalas, as she lay at anchor in Puerto Cavallo, on the Spanish main, resolved, notwithstanding the batteries were mounted with about 200 pieces of cannon to attempt cutting her out. As soon as the captain made known his intentions to the officers and ship's company, the latter gave three cheers, and evinced an eagerness to be led, on. In the evening Captain Hamilton, with the boats, containing 100 men, officers included, quitted the *Surprise*, and pulled for the harbor. At half past twelve on the morning of the 25th, after having beaten off the *Hermione's* launch, which carried a twenty-four pounder, and received a smart fire from the great guns and musketry of the frigate, the boats impetuously boarded the latter. The fore-castle was taken possession of without resistance; the quarter deck disputed the point for a quarter of an hour, and was the scene of a dreadful carnage, and the main deck held out much longer, with

equal slaughter. Nor was it until both cables had been cut, sail made on the ship and boats sent ahead to tow, that the main deck was subdued—The Spanish crew then retreated to the lower deck; and continued firing musketry until their ammunition was expended; then, and not until then, did they cry for quarter. At two o'clock the *Hermione*, being out of gun-shot of the fort, which had been keeping up a smart fire at her, was in complete possession of her gallant captors.

The *Hermione* is represented to have mounted forty-four guns, and to have had a complement of 302 men including soldiers, and artillery men, of whom all but twenty that were in the launch, and seven on shore on leave, were on board the ship, when the one hundred British rushed upon her decks. The Spaniards had 119 men killed, and 97 wounded, the chief of them dangerously; while the British escaped without any killed, and with only twelve wounded, including the captain.

The cutting out of the *Hermione* by Captain Hamilton and his brave shipmates, stands at the head of that desperate class of services, and on no occasion was the honor of knighthood more deservedly bestowed, than on him who had planned, conducted, and died in the attack.

The *Hermione* was restored to her former rank in the British navy, under the very appropriate name of the *Retribution*.

THE MONUMENT.—A TRUTH.

It was in the autumn of the year 1821, on one of those evenings, so rich in parting beauty, when nature seems to make her last efforts to leave on the soul a sweet and soothing impression, which shall dwell on our memory when the blasts of winter howl fearfully around our dwellings. It was on such an evening that I was solicited by a friend, to accompany him to a quiet village on the borders of Lincolnshire—we rode along the banks of the winding Trent, a river almost unequalled in majestic beauty, by any in this Island—the dark woods, with their variegated foliage and mingled lights and shadows, were stretched by its side, and beyond rose the wolds of Yorkshire, forming a sublime feature in the setting sun. It was an evening ever to be remembered—my friend had just lost a darling child—not many days before we had stood together on the brink of the grave, and heard those words at once so touching and so solemn, "Dust to dust, Ashes to ashes;" his heart was softened by the recollection on such an evening as this—and mine almost rejoiced that the little flower was removed from this perishing earth, to bloom in paradise, before sin or sorrow had tainted and withered its sweet odour. We rode on in silence, till the village church with its simple spire presented itself to our view—as we approached it more nearly, I was struck with the air of quietness that reigned about it, there was a stillness of repose, a sabbath feeling impressed on every object—we lifted up the latch of a small wicker-gate, and walked through the church yard, without meeting the form or hearing the voice of any human being. My friend awoke as if from a reverie—it is the monument I wish you to see, he observed, and at that moment, the woman whose office it was to attend strangers through the church, made her appearance—she turned the key gently in the door, as we passed into the portal and with a look of reverence for the place, which seemed to say

"Tread softly," we followed her movements, which, were immediately directed to the object in question, as if the monument was the only attraction of the building. As we approached it, she entered the iron by which it was enclosed, and taking from her pocket a fair linen cloth, she tenderly wiped away a little dust that rested on the folds of the drapery. She was a noble lady, Madam, she observed turning to me, you may travel far and wide, and never see her equal, many a one has come here from foreign parts to look upon this Monument. "Who is she, I knew her well;" she turned away, as if ashamed to weep before a piece of marble. It was a lovely portrait, which seemed to tell a story of deep interest—sorrow had touched, not spoiled the features, and gently bent, not bowed the form, one hand was raised to the head, and seemed softly resting on the flowing hair that partially shaded the eyes, and in the disposal of which, the artist had shown inimitable grace; at the feet lay a greyhound exquisitely chiselled—it was a touching picture, and the silence of the place, the last beams of a setting sun, the bell which just then began to toll, and seemed to unite in mournful contrast, yet in beautiful harmony. The light from heaven, so rich, so glowing, so animated, shedding its golden rays on the pale statue, the sounds at intervals which in broken cadence bespoke another gone to rest, the union of life and death, the power that warms and animates, that which chills and destroys—all seemed to speak to my heart—and *what and who was she?* I inquired of my friend, who thus so strangely interests me.—"May you never be as she was, Madam," was the reply of our guide—"for her heart was broken." I asked no more, for mine, if not broken, felt at that moment chilled, and as we retired through the little door of the chancel, my eye was arrested by that interesting plant, the rosemary, that "sweet scented flower," which the pen of one of our poets has so immortalized; our attendant raised a branch and looked at it, as if it were a darling child—it was indeed her own, for it was her office to tend it; to water it, and shelter it from the summer's heat and winter's storm. There was something new and strange to me in all that I had seen and heard, and the feeling that dwelt on my mind was a presentiment that I had yet more to hear. My friend drew out his purse, and giving the guide a piece of money for her attendance, we were about to ascend the carriage, when one of the servants informed us a wheel was broken, and that we must wait till it should be repaired.—And now I remarked, it will be the best time to have the story of the monument, pray tell it me. We seated ourselves in the porch of the church, and my kind friend complied with my request. The Lady, he observed, whose portrait you have just seen, was one of peerless character—and that high tone of dignity, which you perceive in the countenance was one of the most striking features of her mind, but she was singularly unfortunate, all that she had trusted deceived, all that she had loved changed, and after enduring with heroine firmness these trials, her tender frame sunk under feminine weakness, she died seven years ago in a foreign land, was brought to the spot you have seen, there to rest in peace.

Her mind richly cultivated, her heart full of the tenderest affections, she thought she had found one on whom to lavish the fine stores of the one, and in whom to confide the sacred sweetness of the other. Mr.———was the friend of her father, so far as friendship can exist between the old and the young; he was a member of one of our universities, had highly distinguished himself there, and in private life was alike fascinating to the grave and the gay, for he had learned to weep with those that wept, and to rejoice with those who did rejoice. He sought and he won her, and the day approached on which they were to be united beyond the power of any separation, but that which the mighty emperor of all can cause. The presence of a sister was only wanting to complete the happiness of a destined bride. She was the co-heiress of her father's splendid estates, and what was far better, the sharer of Mary's love, and she brought from a foreign land the graces and the gaiety, which an English education, in all other things far superior, failed to impart. It had been one of the few caprices of Sir———to experimentalize in the education of these his two only children; the one serious, reflecting, pensive, and tender, firm yet flexible, quiet and at the same time enthusiastic—the other gay and light hearted, the creature of impulse, warm and affectionate, whose countenance showed all that passed within, and who had nothing to conceal, fearless and regardless of the future, obeying her own will, but readily turning to the will of others—presented a striking contrast to the Englishman, with whom she stood in near kindred, but whose peace she was, innocently indeed, destined to destroy. It is in vain that we attempt to account for those caprices in the human mind, of which every day's observation affords us melancholy proof; they have been alike the theme of poets, philosophers, moralists, and divines, yet the secret remains inexplicable. Mr.———could not have found a single fault in the object of his voluntary selection, for she was all that the heart could wish, or the eye look for in woman, yet the brow over which in her presence no cloud had ever passed, suddenly became clouded, the eye which her beautiful mind had constantly lighted up with a delightful beam, no longer expressed its wonted satisfaction, and the hand which had always been so kindly, readily and tenderly extended at her approach, now seemed chilled by a sudden torpor. She was too virtuous to suspect, or too high minded to complain, and the preparations for that day, which was to decide her destinies, remained uninterrupted, as if the sun of hope and happiness had still beamed upon her, yet there might be, doubtless there were moments, when an indescribable feeling of something like disappointment reminded her of the imperfection of all that was human. And where during this period was her sister? the admired, the gay, and the happy unsuspectingly the object of sympathies and affections, which her innocent yet careless nature would have revolted even from the thought of awakening. It was on the eve of Mary's marriage that she was summoned to meet her affianced husband. Alone, pale and wretched, his arm rested on the chimney piece, his eye

fixed with an expression of peculiar misery, on the portrait of that excellent being he was about to abandon for ever. He scarcely turned his head, when the innocent victim of his unmanly caprice, gently entered the apartment, it was a fearful moment, and her impending doom, struck on her heart, as she slowly raised her eyes kindly to the countenance of one with whom, she had taken sweet counsel, and walked indeed as a friend. In a few broken words he explained to her the whole of his cruel meanings; she was deserted, and for whom? *her sister*, and she could have adopted the language of him who said, "if it had been mine enemy, that had done me this dishonour, then I could have borne it," a common mind might so have felt, *hers* was *not* one, and all the words she uttered, whilst she turned from him, were, "you shall be made happy," and she then (for a few moments only) sought that solitude and darkness which could not reveal the deep anguish, of her heart. In a moment the hope of her life had disappeared, in a moment life itself seemed to be annihilated, but she summoned all her fortitude, it was desperate courage with which she summoned her rival sister to her apartment.

Like twin roses they had bloomed on the same stem, one had been transplanted indeed to a foreign country, but brought back to its native soil, to blight the fairest buds, the sweetest odours of its sister flower. What passed during that interview can never now be known, but enough to convince the poor forsaken, that the favoured object would not be unpropitious to her lover's hopes. And now she descended slowly to the apartment of her father, at the sight of him whose chief pride and delight she had so long been, her assumed strength failed her, she rested on his fond bosom her beating head, and told him in a few short sentences, that the projected union was over, that her sister had consented to be the wife of his friend. There is a peculiar species of pride in all which bears the name of aristocracy that cannot stoop to that which seems humiliation, however miscalculating the views may be on subjects connected with individual happiness, and the old man was brought with much difficulty, to consent to an arrangement which was to consign to misery his darling child. The day arrived, she dressed herself in the choicest manner to witness the sacrifice, she listened to the touching, tender, solemn words by which the friend of her soul was irrevocably bound to another; she stood at the altar, pale and trembling, but yet she did not yield to her emotion. She folded for the last time her sister to her heart, she approached for the last time him in whose presence life itself had alone been life, and only saying "I said you should be blessed," she disappeared. The bells rung, the bright train, a splendid and joyous one, returned to the paternal mansion, but Mary was not there, and days, months, and years glided on, and she was seen no more. If the old man, her father was acquainted with the place of her retreat, he concealed it.—Her portrait was covered (and no one knew by whom) with a veil that concealed the features, but there was an expression in the countenance of her living sire, that told you he had lost his child. He drooped, and died—and all

connected with the past seemed gradually to die also. But where were the married pair, and did the world which held out the promise to their view fulfil it in their lives? They were not happy, like our first parents when they had tasted the forbidden fruit, their hearts were filled with mutual reproaches; they had a son too, one only child, who seemed born to upbraid them, for he brought into the world, the sweet features of his poor forsaken aunt, and as he grew a wayward and a melancholy child, following the moods of his wild infant fancy, there were times when he would turn upon his parents an eye that seemed to penetrate the hidden mystery, and he would tear aside the veil from the portrait, hold it with rapture to his lips, and eagerly ask why that sweet face should wear a cover? Oh, these were agonizing moments, when the mother sunk under the weight of her anguish, and the father dared not interrogate his heart. And then a stranger arrived at their mansion, who brought a letter of recommendation from a distant friend, he had been travelling in foreign climes for the recovery of his health; he had touched at the south of France, and at the habitation of the Cure in the province of——he had taken up his abode; he often looked with delight on the countenance of the little boy, and spoke of one whom he resembled, but whom he never named, except by the title of the "English-woman," and he often added with a half-suppressed sigh, I shall see no more. This more than once repeated and with peculiar emotion excited the curiosity of his host; and then a vague, wild, indefinable feeling, struggled in his heart; one day he followed his guest into the woods, and meeting him suddenly awoke, as from a reverie, and said, I wish to hear something of the "English-woman," you have roused my interest, will you describe her? I am not acquainted with her name, was the reply; I met her only at the house of my friend the Cure, with whom she is most intimate, but I was not introduced except to Mademoiselle, she has no other title; but what of her? All that is bright must fade, and she is dying, there is some melancholy mystery hangs over her, she is the softened image of your own dear boy, but ask me no more;" he turned away and left his host still suspecting, still unsatisfied; and now his home became a scene of wretchedness, and he determined to quit it; he took with him his child and his feet appeared mechanically to lead him to a foreign land, to the country of the English-woman, to the same province, and village of her residence; why he was thus led he did not enquire, perhaps it was an inquiry he could not bear. He reached the village late in the evening, and taking his little one in his hand he knocked softly at the residence of the Cure. He was not at home, he was gone to administer the rites of the protestant church to a dying friend, a lady who inhabited a cottage hard by, was the answer. The servant who made this reply, looked earnestly and with a melancholy expression, on the countenance of the little boy; and as he retired from the garden, she gathered from the clustering vine that concealed the windows, a rich bunch of Proutagnac grapes, and putting it into his hand she laid her own on his head and blessed

him with peculiar fervency—but yonder she observed, in the valley, is the cottage, it is only a little way from this, and the stranger to whom she addressed herself could only slip into her hand a piece of money, he could not speak, wretched forebodings visited his heart, which he felt would never more vibrate to the sound of cheerfulness or hope; he hurried his pace whilst he more fondly grasped the hand of his child, he approached the cottage, and a woman who seemed to anticipate his enquiries, appeared at the door; she was from his own country, and her wan face was for a moment lighted up, when he addressed her in English, and enquired for Monsieur le cure. I know not that you can see him, she said, but step in if you please, and I will make the enquiry. My poor Lady (and here she paused) is, I fear, dying, and he is engaged reading and praying with her. The young woman retired, and Mr.———surveyed with an eye of deep interest the apartment. There were several books strowed on the table, and he might perhaps by examining them, have arrived at the agonizing truth which he sought; he could not, however, violate the sanctity of that place, which might belong to one, who was once, nay, might perhaps at that moment, be dear to him as his own soul. Whilst he was plunged in bitter thought the door was gently opened, and the mild, prepossessing, dignified figure of the Cure presented itself; he spoke to Mr.———in a faltering tone of voice, for he was about to lose that friend, who for a long time constituted a chief part of his own enjoyment, and that of his family. The Englishman hesitatingly broke the silence, and in a hurried language endeavored to explain the motives for his intrusion, and his suspicions that the lady then suffering was a connexion of his own. "With her real name I am unacquainted, and with the particulars of her life, but I have reason for supposing she has been unfortunate; she is truly excellent, the world has nothing better, and her it must soon lose." He turned, and looked at the little boy, his eye seemed at once to recognize the resemblance, and drawing from his pocket a small case enclosing a portrait, "Have you ever," he enquired of Mr.———, "seen the original of that, but she is faded now;" he stopped, for the countenance of the Englishman grew deadly pale.

The portrait had once been his own, it was returned with other sad mementos on the eve of his marriage; and the little boy seized it from the almost palsied hand of his father, exclaimed. "It is the sweet Lady who wears a veil at home." "Would you convey one word from me to your dying friend?" asked the Englishman in an entreating tone, "if you would ease my heart of half its load, you will I am sure comply." He took a pen and wrote one line, and in a few minutes the cure returned with the permission of the invalid that he might see her; he took his child by the hand, and with such a step as none can understand but those who have trod softly in the bitterness of their souls, he entered the apartment; Mary, the object of his early choice, his early vows, deceived, forsaken, was dying in a foreign land; and he led to her couch, where he knelt to entreat her forgiveness, his child, the child too, of her sister; double

bereavement, destitute, deprived of all that she held most dear, how she folded that child to her bosom, how she wept upon his soft cheek, and now she exhausted her poor remaining strength in praying heaven to bless him. She looked too on his father, mildly, forgivingly, lovingly, for now it was no crime to love; she was about to enter upon a world of spirits, and the faded hand chilled by the dew of death, which hung over the couch was grasped in that which was once to have been her own, and was she not dearer in the sanctity of a dying hour, blighted, seared, withered, than in the brilliant hours of early youth, and opening beauty? He who had once felt her attractions before the cruel tempest came over her soul, felt them now far more deeply, and he knew that the world could never be what it had once been. Her hours on earth were few, and as she folded the child of her sister to her breast she made but one short and simple request, "that a rosemary might be planted at the door of that church near to her family mansion, and that it might be cherished for her sake,"—she died—and her lover, friend, and brother, endearing titles all comprehended in the same being, and all fatally dishonored, conveyed her ashes to England.—The splendid procession wound through the village path, the young paused to gaze, the aged stood to weep; that monument—unasked, unwished by her—was erected to her memory; and he who placed it there soon followed her to her early grave." The story was finished, I could not thank the speaker, but I gathered from the rosemary one precious flower which I watered with my tears, and withdrew. It was an evening I shall never forget.

STANZAS.

From the Italian.

And shall true love indeed be thus requited
 For all its lengthen'd war of hope and fear?
 Is this the thought that cheer'd the lonely year,
 The meed of faith, so firm so fondly plighted?
 What mildew, or what cankerworm, hath blighted
 The harvest of my joys in its full ear;
 When sunshine smil'd, on all around and near
 Hope with her sickle stood and smil'd delighted
 Now I can stand secure, and laugh at fate,
 For she hath dealt from out her deadly bow,
 The sharpest of her arrows, and the last—
 Why should I court her smiles or fear her hate,
 When she hath spent her malice? now I know
 The bitterness of death itself is past!—

THE DEEP THINKER.

A Sketch of Character.

In the course of my rambles about Paris, my attention had been frequently attracted towards a person of singular appearance. The component parts of his body were as incongruous as the composition of his dress; and I afterwards discovered that both were exactly typical of his mind. He was a man of about fifty; short and fat; with a large head; a face ruddy, plump and

puddingly; the lower part of which, from the upper lip to the chin, was considerably longer than the distance from the same point to the forehead; the forehead was flat, low, and narrow; the nose, the most vulgar of all snubs; and the eye, for he had but one, large, round, and motionless, and of a dull, untransparent blue colour. The expression of such a countenance, it need scarcely be said, was that of a dark, deep, unfathomable stupidity; yet it would not of itself, perhaps, have been remarkable but for the evident attempts of its owner to look wise, and grave, and profound, by which attempts it was rendered irresistibly comical. His arms were too short even for his short body; but Nature might have been pardoned this mock adaptation of limb, had she not committed a slight error in the measurement of his legs, and furnished him a pair—which, strictly speaking, was not a pair—because one was full three inches shorter than the other. His dress was composed of a long, straight-cut English black coat: a short white waistcoat of the newest Parisian mode, from which issued, I had almost said *rushed*, a profusion of frill; and his nether-garment, which fastidiousness would have me term inexpressibles, must, in obedience to strict propriety, he called *indescrībables*. It was of nankeen "waxing pale and wan," but, in form, neither pantaloons, nor—a-hem!—breeches, being too long for the one, and too short for the other, just reaching to that precise part of the calf which left one in painful doubt whether the original intention was, that it should rise to the knee, or descend to the ankle. His stockings were of white silk, with embroidered clocks; and, to remedy, as well as possible, the trifling oversight which has been alluded to, he wore on one foot a clumsy high shoe, whilst the other, as if in bold defiance of it, was decorated with a pump, so neat, so slight, so bounteously supplied with ribbon, that it might have excited the envy of Vestris himself. The whole of this goodly compound was surmounted by a large flat hat, not black, not dove-coloured, not even white—but of a light foxy brown, underlined with green!

That this vision should flit before one, without exciting a strong desire to know who and what it was, was impossible. In answer to my many inquiries about him, I was told that he was Mr. S—, the English philosopher; I had never before heard of any English philosopher, properly so called, of that name; that he was a profound man, a deep thinker, a *man of mind*. This latter phrase at once determined my opinion of him, and I set him down in *my mind* for a fool. I was not mistaken. Now let it be observed, in passing, that the word *mind*—a word just now much in fashion—ought always to be received with extreme caution. It is a well sounding word, and will sometimes lead the hearer into a belief, that the utterer is in possession of a good stock of the commodity it describes. The contrary is generally the case, and I can number up forty-three persons of my own acquaintance, who, constantly talking about *mind*—liking such a one, because he is a *man of mind*—disliking another because she is not a *woman of mind*—possess not amongst them all as much of what they call *mind* as, if thrown into one common heap, might be contained in a tin-shell.

Looking upon this philosopher as a curiosity, I was anxious for an opportunity of conversing with him. This soon occurred; for, one day as I was standing in the garden of the Tuileries he came towards me, and immediately entered into conversation. My occupation at that time was certainly not exactly calculated to inspire a philosopher with very exalted notions of me, or to induce a desire for my more intimate acquaintance; for, in company with several other children of less mature age than myself, I was watching the movements of the gold and silver fish in one of the basins, and occasionally poking at them with my stick. His great *mind*, however drew no unfavourable conclusions from

the triviality of my employment. for he conceived me worthy at once to enjoy the benefit of a lecture, which was, as he believed, profound and rational, and the result of years of experience and observation. It was, in reality, nothing else but an unintelligible jargon, compounded of the common-places and cant-phrases of the newspapers, with which he was in the habit of muddling his brain, and which entirely regulated what he called his opinion.

Having, as is usual with philosophers, opened the conversation with a remark on the weather, he proceeded: "You find Paris a pleasant city, I dare say? You, Sir, have been long a resident in this vortex of what might be not inaptly termed the—this vortex of the—you smile; but be assured, Sir, when I speak thus of this great capital, I speak as one who has brought his mind to bear upon the causes which have made it what it is. & led to the present state of things—for, though I do not include in the catalogue of thinking beings the idlers you see around us, the march of intellect has been such that no man of profound views, who has watched with any attention the great political machine, can have failed to observe the progress made within these last forty years towards the—the—in short, I do not hesitate to go further, and say that it is not here alone—not here alone—but throughout Europe, Sir, for it is only by taking a liberal and enlarged view of the question, as who that is unfettered by the narrow-minded spirit of party does not—for the spread of knowledge is such that the mighty grasp of intellect, which till the changes effected by the Revolution—and a Revolution which, considered whether with regard to its causes or its consequences—and it is not by narrow views that a rational estimate can be formed. No, Sir, every thinking man, in this enlightened age, dares to think for himself; for the dissemination of a more rational system has taught man that, as a sentient being, endowed with what I may call the glorious privilege of intellectual research, it is only by bringing a philosophic eye, aided by a keen spirit of inquiry, freed from those absurd prejudices,—moral, religious, and political—moral, religious, and political, mark me, Sir,—ay, and our rulers would do well to consider that—for it is not with us as in Spain, where the fetters of ignorance, though they are somewhat loosened, and the struggles making in the great cause of liberty, which even now agitate the Spanish dependencies in America, will go far towards a reform, and must eventually succeed, though the gigantic power of Russia might interpose, as it would willingly do; but clouded by darkness and superstition—for even Russia is not emancipated from these trammels, though rapid strides have been made—not that I would assert that it is there, as in educated Europe, where every man of common sense brings a thinking mind to bear upon the question—No, no, Sir; that country is not yet ripe for reform, and the meanest understanding may perceive the distinction; the French Revolution, that volcano of mind, as it may be called—that burst of mental energy—felt as it still is in its moral results—for the moral result is the true touchstone, believe me—yet the great leading principle of mind—of mind, Sir, ought to be applied—and I say it, who have taken an unbiassed view of things and thought deeply. My Sunday paper is of my opinion; and I repeat, that if any thing is to be done, it can only be effected by the grasp of intellect and the march of improvement. Mark my words, Sir. Good morning to you."

This is not the only person I have met with, whose brain, being muddled by the common-places of his newspaper, has mistaken the stupidity thus engendered for profound cogitation, and fancied himself—a DEEP THINKER.—H.

THE LAST SHILLING

"He was evidently a foreigner, and poor. As I sat at the opposite corner of the Southgate stage, I took a mental inventory of his wardrobe. A military cloak, much the worse for wear—a blue coat, the worse for tear—a napless hat—a shirt neither white nor brown—a pair of mud colour gloves, open at each thumb—gray trowsers too short for his legs—and boots too long for his feet. From some words that dropt, I found that he had come direct from Paris, to undertake the duties of French teacher, at an English academy; and his companion, the English classical usher, had been to London, to meet and conduct him to his suburban destination. 'Poor devil,' thought I, 'thou art going into a bitter bad line of business, and the hundredth share which I had taken in the boyish persecutions of my own French master—an émigré of the old noblesse—smote violently on my conscience. At Edmonton the coach stopped.—The coachman alighted, pulled the bell of a mansion inscribed in large letters, 'Vespasian House,' and deposited the foreigner's trunks and boxes on the footpath. The English classical tutor stepped briskly out, and deposited a shilling in the coachman's anticipatory hand. Monsieur followed the example, and with some precipitation prepared to enter the gate of the foregarden, but the driver stood in the way. 'I want another shilling,' said the coachman. 'You agreed to take a shilling ahead,' said the English master. 'You said you would take one shilling for my head,' said the French master. 'It's for luggage,' said the coachman. The Frenchman seemed thunderstruck; but there was no help for it. He pulled out a small wazle bellied brown silk purse, but there was nothing in it, save a medal of Napoleon. Then he felt his breast pockets, then his side pockets, and then his waistcoat pockets; but they were all empty, excepting a metal snuff-box, and that was empty too. Lastly, he felt the pockets in the flaps of his coat, taking out a meagre, would-be white handkerchief and seeking it; but not a dump. I rather suspect he anticipated the result—but he went through the operations *seriatim* with the true French gravity. At last he turned to his companion, with a 'Mistare Barbière, be so good as to lend me one shilling.' Mr. Barber thus appealed to, went through something of the same ceremony. Like a blue bottle cleaning itself, he passed his hands over his breast—round his hips, and down the outside of his thighs; but the sense of feeling could detect nothing like a coin. 'You agreed for a shilling, and you shall have no more,' said the man with empty pockets. 'No—no—no—you shall have no more,' said the moneyless Frenchman. By this time the house-maid of the Vespasian House tired of standing with the door in her hand, had come down to the garden-gate, and, willing to make herself generally useful, laid her hand on one of the foreigner's trunks. 'It shan't go till I'm paid my shilling,' said the coachman, taking hold of the handle at the other end. The good-natured girl instantly let go of the trunk, and seemed suddenly to be bent double by a violent cramp, or stitch in the right side—while her hand groped busily under her gown. But it was in vain. There was nothing in that pocket but some curl papers and a tangle.—The stitch or cramp then seemed to attack her other side: again she fumbled, while hope and doubt struggled together on her rosy face. At last hope triumphed—from the extremest corner of the huge dimity pouch she fished up a solitary coin, and thrust it exultingly into the obdurate palm. 'It won't do,' said the coachman, casting a wary eye on the metal, and holding out for the inspection of the trio a silver washed coronation medal, which had been purchased of a Jew for two-pence the year before. The poor girl quietly set down the trunk which she had again taken up, and returned the deceitful medal to her pocket. In the meantime the arithmetical usher had arrived at the gate in his way out, but was stopped by the embargo on the lo-

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

gaze. 'What's the matter now?' asked the man of figures. 'If you please, sir,' said the housemaid, dropping a low courtesy, 'it's this impudent fellow of a coachman will stand here for his rights.' 'He wants a shilling more than his fare,' said Mr. Barber. 'He does want more than his fare shilling,' reiterated the Frenchman. 'Coachman! what the devil are we waiting here for?' shouted a stentorian voice from the rear of the stage. 'Bless me, J. M., are we to stop here all day?' cried a shrill voice from the stage's interior. 'If you don't get up shortly I shall get down,' bellowed a voice from the box. At this crisis the English usher drew his fellow tutor aside, and whispered something in his ear that made him go through the old manual exercise. He slapped his pantaloons—flapped his coat tails—and felt about his bosom—'I hav'n't got one,' said he, and with a shake of the head and a hurried bow, he set off at the rate of a twopenny postman. 'I a'n't going to stand here all day,' said the coachman, getting out of all reasonable patience. 'You're an infernal scoundrel, villain,' said Mr. Barber, getting out of all classical English. 'You are a—what Mr. Barber say,' said the foreigner. 'Thank God and his goodness,' ejaculated the housemaid, here comes the doctor,' and the portly figure of the pedagogue himself came striding down the gravel walk. He had two thick lips and a double chin, which all began wagging together. 'Well, well; what's all this argumentative elocution? I command taciturnity!' 'I'm a shilling short,' said the coachman. 'He says he's got one short shilling,' said the foreigner. 'Poo—poo—poo,' said the thick lips and double chin. 'Pay the fellow his superfluous claim, and appeal to magisterial authority.' 'It's what we mean to do, sir,' said the English usher, 'but'—and he laid his lips mysteriously to the doctor's ear. 'A pecuniary bagatelle,' said the doctor. 'It's a palpable extortion—but I'll disburse it—and you have a legislative remedy for his avaricious demands.' As the man of pomp said this, he trust his fore finger into an empty waistcoat pocket—then into its fellow—and then into every pocket he had—but without a ny other product than a bunch of keys, two ginger lozenges and the French mark—'It's very peculiar,' said the doctor, 'I had a prepossession of having currency to that amount.' 'The coachman must call for it to-morrow at the Vespasian House—or stay—I perceive my house-keeper. Mrs. Plumer! pray just step hither and liquidate this little commercial obligation.' Now whether Mrs. Plumer had or not the shilling, Mrs. Plumer only knows; for she did not condescend to make any search for it—and if she had none, she was right not to take the trouble. However she attempted to carry the point by a *coup de main*. Snatching up one of the boxes, she motioned the housemaid to do the like, exclaiming in a shrill treble key—'Here's pretty work indeed, about a paltry shilling. If it's worth having, it's worth calling again for—and I suppose Vespasian House is not going to run away! 'But may be I am,' said the inflexible coachman, seizing a trunk with each hand. 'John, I insist on being let out,' screamed the lady in the coach. 'I shall be too late for dinner,' roared the thunderer on the dicky. As for the passenger on the box, he made off during the latter part of the altercation. 'What shall we do?' said the English classical usher. 'God in his goodness only knows,' said the housemaid. 'I am a stranger in this country,' said the Frenchman. 'You must pay the money,' said the coachman. 'And here it is you brute,' said Mrs. Plumer, who had made a trip to the house in the mean time: but whether she had coined it, or raised it by a subscription among the pupils, I know no more than the man in the moon.'

PHRENOLOGY

In the study of man, a being complex and wonderful and particularly in phrenological enquiries, it is of

great importance to acquire distinct and accurate ideas of the nature and design of the subject of investigation—in attending to phrenology we should remember that it is wholly devoted to a consideration of the cerebral organs, and utterly restricted from any intermeddling in metaphysical discussions. Since it is evident that the main obstacle to the prevalence of its doctrines has arisen from its supposed necessary interference in mental philosophy, we shall devote this article to a contemplation of this source of error, and to a plain and candid statement of the nature of the discoveries which this science presents.

The idea that the protuberances of the head indicate, with unerring certainty, the prevailing dispositions and talents of the person is esteemed a ludicrous and a palpably erroneous one: and the pomp and ostentation of its being such a mighty discovery over which all the sages of former periods have so profoundly slept—a discovery which laughs to scorn the labored efforts of all great men from Aristotle to Locke and Reid, in classifying the faculties of the mind and developing its wonderful structure, tracing its operations till it discovers the simple and original principles of the thinking part of man:—I say, the unenviable pomp and ostentation, with which it has thus been obtruded upon the world, have incurred against it a degree of prejudice and contempt which the science itself has never merited.—Whilst all such errors are to be rejected, it should be remembered that it is not unreasonable that there are elevations on the head; that there are some particular and adequate cause for them—that the skull is chiefly designed as a covering and protection for the brain, and that the size and shape and protuberances of it are caused by the conditions of the cerebral organs: nor indeed is it objectionable at all that these prominent parts, in many instances, may be used as the methods of detecting some uncommon powers in the mind, since they indicate the amazing growth of those organs which are dependent for their increase in size and perfection upon the exercise to which they are put by those mental operations for the purposes of which they are designed. But to use certain additional discoveries of the admirable mechanism of the human body as infallible means of explaining all the operations of the mind, is evidently erroneous. The organs can only be intended as affording adequate instruments by which the soul can exert her powers at pleasure, in holding communication with this material world. Man has long been acquainted with the existence of the organ of the eye, of the ear, of smelling, tasting, feeling; each is intended as the medium for the exercise of certain kinds of mental powers; the discovery of one, and the degree of perfection in which it is found, indicate the existence and nature of the living faculty for which it is designed:—but whoever thought of classifying the powers of the soul according to these organs, and who does not understand that the soul is something perfectly distinct from and independent of them? In like manner, the cerebral organs are inactive and uncommuniative only in proportion as the mind sees fit to exercise them by putting forth her various powers. Each organ may with propriety be named; each name may contain in its signification an intimation of the kind of the operations of the mind for the purposes of which they are expressly intended: but to undertake to determine by them that the mind has a certain definite number of innate faculties, that they are exactly so many and no more, and that they possess such particular names and natures, is certainly unjustifiable, ostentatious, and visionary to the last degree. It is highly important to understand the nature of the relation which the cerebral organs bear to the powers of the mind in order to be guarded against adopting the wildest and most pernicious errors.

Still it appears reasonable to accredit the doctrine of Dr. Spurzheim that the mind, in its intercourse with

this world, does not act independently of organization, since the body is its only medium of communication with surrounding objects. Such seems to be the intimate union betwixt the body and the mind, and such seems to be the necessity of adopted instruments of holding converse with this world, that it is doubtless true that we are never conscious of any operation of mind, without its exerting an impression on the body, and acting by the instrumentality of cerebral organization. It is this state which introduces men into the midst of the thousand objects of the material world, and its needs, but the dissolution of this mysterious union, and the destruction of these wonderful organs, to shut man out of the world. It must therefore be deeply interesting, to investigate the condition and nature of those organs which seem to bear the closest intimacy with the mind.

B. A. H.

THE FORCE OF NATURE.

'Twas on a cliff, whose rocky base
Baffled the briny wave,
Whose cultur'd height its verdant store
To many a tenant gave.

A mother, led by rustic cares,
Had wander'd with her child,
Unwean'd the babe, yet on the grass
He frolick'd and he smil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd
To mark her infant joy,
She oft would pause amid her toil,
To view her beauteous boy.

At length by other cares estrang'd,
Her thoughts the child forsook,
Careless he wander'd o'er the grass,
Nor drew his mother's look.

Cropp'd was each flower that caught his eye
When wand'ring o'er the green;
He sought the cliff's uncertain edge,
And pleas'd survey'd the scene.

'Twas then the mother from her toil,
Turned to behold her child--
The urchin gone! her cheek was flush'd,
Her wand'ring eye was wild.

She saw him on the cliff's rude brink
Now careless peeping o'er,
He turn'd, and on his mother smil'd'
Then sported as before.

Sunk was the voice, 'twas vain to fly,
'Twas vain the brink to brave;
Oh! nature! it was thine alone
To prompt the means to save.

She tore the kerchief from her breast,
And laid her bosom bare;
He saw, delighted left the cliff,
And sought the banquet there.

PRUDENCE AND SENSIBILITY.

Prudence, should ever in some degree be present and fill up the vacant place of each exhausted passion. In those ordinary actions of human life which presuppose deliberation it may generally be relied on. In whatever must be subjected to uniform rules, it must be extremely considered.—The movements of this principle in pursuit of wealth are so regular, that they have bestowed on political economy the character of an exact science. Its uniform presence, as much as its force, obliges the penal law-giver to found his sanctions upon it. To this important principle has nature entrusted the protection of society from disorder, and of individuals from daily and hourly waste of their happiness. It *guards* against evil.

To sensibility (or enthusiasm) belongs the privilege of *producing* what is beautiful and good. From her, spring all the affections that sweeten life; all the sublime exertions of genius, all the lofty virtues which shed a glory round human nature. Without the one, society could not be preserved; without the other it would not be worth preserving.—Both are equally indispensable, but not equally dignified parts of the moral order of the world, and as a coarse selfishness is the natural vice of the vast majority of men, it seems evident that in all ordinary cases the excess of prudence is more to be dreaded than that of sensibility—viz. an ardent susceptibility of every disinterested sentiment, more especially of every social affection, blended by the power of imagination with a passionate love of the beautiful, the grand, and the good: under the name of Enthusiasm or Sensibility.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

It is rather a subject of surprise that, in our general associations and mixed societies, in times so highly enlightened as the present, when many ancient prejudices are gradually flitting away, as reason and science dawn on mankind, we should meet with so few, comparatively speaking, who have any knowledge of, or take the least interest in Natural History; or if the subject obtained a moment's consideration, it has no abiding place in the mind, being dismissed as the fitting employment of children, & inferior capacities.—But the natural historian is required to attend to something more than the vagaries of butterflies, & the spinings of caterpillars. This study, considered apart from the various branches of science which it embraces, is one of the most delightful occupations that can employ the attention of reasoning beings. And perhaps none of the amusements of human life are more satisfactory and dignified than the investigation and survey of the workings and ways of Providence in this created world of wonders, filled with his ever absent power. It occupies and elevates the mind, is inexhaustible in supply, and while it furnishes meditation for the closet of the studious, gives to the reflections of the moralizing rambler, admiration and delight, and is an engaging companion that will communicate an interest to every rural walk.

We need not live with the humble denizens of the air, the tenants of the woods and hedges, or the grasses of the field; but to pass them in utter disregard, is to neglect a large portion of rational pleasure open to our view, which may edify and employ many a passing hour, and by easy steps, will often become the source whence flow contemplations of the highest order. Young minds cannot I should conceive, be too strongly impressed with the simple wonders of creation by which they are surrounded: in the race of life they may be passed by, the business of life may not admit attention to them, or the unceasing cares of the world may smother early attainments; but they can never be injurious.—They will give a basis to a reasoning mind, and tend

in some after thoughtful sobered hour, to comfort and to sooth. The little insights that we have obtained into Nature's works, are many of them the offspring of scientific research; and partial and uncertain as our labors are, yet a brief gleam will occasionally lighten the darksome path of the humble inquirer, and give him a momentary glimpse of hidden truths.

"Alexander during his march into *Africa*, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered to him, he refused it, saying, that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Stay with us, says the chief, as long as it pleaseth thee. During this interview with the African Chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this. The one had bought of the other a piece of ground, which after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive any thing, stating that when he sold the ground, he sold it with all the advantages apparent or concealed which it might be found to afford. Said the Chief looking at the one "you have a son," and to the other "you have a daughter, let them be married and the treasure be given them as a dowry." Alexander was astonished. And what, said the Chief, would have been the decision in your country. We should have dismissed the parties, said Alexander, and seized the treasure for the King's use. And does the sun shine on your country? said the Chief, does the rain fall there? are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass? Certainly, said Alexander. Ah, said the Chief it is for the sake of these innocent cattle that the great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall, and the grass to grow in your country.

But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me, came and smil'd,
And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone: and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed,
With this last bruise upon a broken reed:
Thou too art ended: what is left me now?
I know not that; but in the innate force,
Of my own spirit, shall be found resource;
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

Some years ago there used to be pointed out, upon the streets of Glasgow, a man whose intellects had been unsettled upon a very strange account. When a youth, he had happened to pass a lady in a crowded thoroughfare; a lady whose extreme beauty, though dimmed by the intervention of a veil, and seen for about a moment, made an indelible impression upon his mind. This lovely vision shot rapidly past him, and was in an instant lost amidst the common place crowd through which it moved. He was so confounded by the tumult of his feelings, that he could not pursue, or even attempt to see it again. Yet he never afterwards forgot it.

With a mind full of distracting thoughts, and a heart filled alternately with gushes of pleasure and of pain, the man slowly left the spot where he had remained for some minutes as it were thunderstruck. He soon after, without being aware of what he wished, or what he was doing, found himself again at the place. He came to the very spot where he had stood when the lady passed, mused for some time about it, went to a little distance, and then came up as he had come when he met the exquisite subject of his reverie—unconsciously deluding himself with the idea that this might recal her to the spot. She came not; he felt disappointed; still

she did not pass. He continued to traverse the place till evening, when the street became deserted. By and bye, he was left altogether alone. He then saw that all his fond efforts were vain, and he left the silent, lonely street at midnight, with a soul as desolate as that gloomy terrace.

For weeks afterwards he was never out of the streets, He wandered hither and thither, often visiting the place where he had first seen the object of his abstracted thoughts, as if he considered that he had a better chance of seeing her there than any where else: He frequented every place of public amusement to which he could purchase admission; and he made the tour of all the churches. All was in vain. He never again placed his eyes upon that angelic countenance. She was ever present in his mental optics, but she never appeared again in a tangible form. Without her essential presence, all the world beside was to him as a blank—wilderness.

Madness invariably takes possession of the mind which broods over-much or over-long upon some engrossing idea. So it proved with this singular lover. He grew innocent, as the people of his country tenderly phrase it. His insanity, however, was little more than mere abstraction. The course of his mind was stopped at a particular point. After this he made no further progress in any intellectual attainment.—He acquired no new ideas—his whole soul stood still—he was like a clock stopped at a particular hour, with some things, too, about him which, like the motionless indices of that machine pointed out the interruption. As, for instance he ever after wore a peculiarly long-backed and high-necked coat, as well as a neckcloth of a particular spot, being the fashion of the year when he saw the lady, Indeed, he was a sort of living memorial of the dress, gait, and manners of a former day. It was evident that he clung with a degree of fondness to every thing which bore relation to the great incident of his life. Nor could he endure any thing that tended to cover up or screen from his recollection that glorious yet melancholy circumstance. He had the same feeling of veneration for that day—that circumstance—and for himself, as he then existed—which caused the chivalrous lover of former time to preserve upon his lips, as long as he could, the imaginary delight which they had drawn from the touch of his mistress' hand.

When I last saw this unfortunate person, he was getting old, and seemed still more deranged than formerly. Every female whom he met in the street, especially if at all good-looking he gazed at with an enquiring, anxious expression; and when she had passed, he usually stood still a few moments, and mused, with his eyes cast upon the ground. It was remarkable that he gazed most anxiously upon women whose age and figures most nearly resembled those of his unknown mistress at the time he had seen her, and that he did not appear to make allowance for the years which had passed since his eyes met that vision. This was part of his madness. Strange power of love! incomprehensible mechanism of the human heart.

CANADA.

The origin of the word Canada is curious enough. The Spaniards visited this country previous to the French, and made particular searches for gold and silver, and finding none, they often said among themselves, "aca nada" (there is nothing here.) The Indians, who watched them closely, learnt this sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards the French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their labour was lost by tarry-

ing in this country, and incessantly repeated to them the Spanish sentence "aca nada." The French, who know as little of the Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of Canada, which it has borne ever since.

A DREAM.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Well may sleep present as fictions,
 Since our waking moments teem
 With such fanciful convictions
 As make life itself a dream—
 Half our daylight faith's a fable ;
 Sleep disports with shadows too,
 Seeming in their turn as stable
 As the world we wake to view.
 Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
 Give my thoughts a clearer print
 Of assured reality,
 Than was left by Phantasy
 Stamped and coloured on my sprite
 In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
 I was cast on Ocean's strife ;
 This, 'twas whispered in my hearing,
 Meant the sea of life.
 Sad regrets from past existence
 Came, like gales of chilling breath ;
 Shadowed in the forward distance
 Lay the land of death.
 Now seeming more, now less remote,
 On that dim-seen shore, methought,
 I beheld two hands a space
 Slow unshroud a spectre's face ;
 And my flesh's hair upstood,—
 'Twas mine own similitude.

But my soul revived at seeing
 Ocean, like an emerald spark,
 Kindle, while an air-dropt being
 Smiling steered my bark.
 Heaven-like—yet he looked as human
 As supernal beauty can,
 More compassionate than woman,
 Lordly more than man.
 And as some sweet clarion's breath
 Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
 So his accents bade me brook
 The spectre's eyes of icy look,
 Till it shut them—turned its head,
 Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair spirit !

That my death-hour is not come ?
 Say, what days shall I inherit ?—

Tell my soul their sum."

"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,

Trust me, would appall thee worse,
 Held in clearly measured prospect :—

Ask not for a curse !

Make not, for I overhear

'Thine unspoken thoughts as clear

As thy mortal ear could catch

The close brought tickings of a watch,

Make not the untold request

'That's now revolving in thy breast.

"'Tis to live again remeasuring

Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed,

In thy second lifetime treasuring

Knowledge from the first.

* Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver !

Life's career so void of pain,

As to wish its fitful fever

New begun again ?

Could experience, ten times thine,

Pain from Being disentwine—

Threads by Fate together spun ?

Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun ?

No, nor could thy foresight's glance

'Escape the myriad shafts of chance.

"Would'st thou bear again Love's trouble—

Friendship's death-dissevered ties ;

Toil to grasp or miss the bubble

Of ambition's prize ?

Say thy life's new-guided action

Flowed from Virtue's fairest springs—

Still would Envy and Detraction

Double not their stings ?

Worth itself is but a charter

To be mankind's distinguished martyr."

—I caught the moral, and cried, "Hail,

Spirit ! let us onward sail

Envy, fearing, hating none,

Guardian Spirit, steer me on !"

THE SUTTEE,

OR

BURNING ALIVE OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

Of all the rites prescribed by the Hindoo religion, or encouraged by the corruption of its principles and institutions, that of the voluntary immolation of the widow upon the funeral pile of her husband is the most revolting to the feelings of human nature.

The high antiquity of this horrid custom ; is attested in a passage of DIODORUS SICILUS (quoted by SIR JOHN MALCOLM in his 'Political History of India.') "After the battle between ANTIGONUS and EUMENES, the latter obtained permission from the former to bury his dead. During the ceremony, a singular dispute occurred : Among the dead was an Indian officer, who had brought with him his two wives, one of whom he had but recently espoused. The law of India permitted no woman to survive her husband ; if she refused to be burned with him on the pile, she was for ever dishonoured, and obliged to remain a widow during the rest of her life, not being allowed to be present at sacrifices or any other religious ceremony. The law mentioned only a single wife ; here were two, each of whom claimed the

preference. The oldest alledged her right from antiquity; the youngest replied, that the law itself excluded her rival from the pile, *because she was pregnant*; and so it was decided. The former retired in grief, bathed in tears, rending her clothes, and tearing her hair, as if some great calamity had befallen her. The other, on the contrary, in triumph, attended by a numerous body of relatives and friends, decked in her richest ornaments, as on her wedding-day, advanced with firmness to the place of the ceremony; there, after distributing her jewels and trinkets amongst her relations and friends, and bidding them a last farewell, she was placed on the pile by her own brother, and expired in the midst of the applause and acclamations of nearly all the spectators." *ROLLIN*, vol. IX.

The records of the East India Company bear ample testimony of its extensive prevalence, as well as of the humane efforts which have been continually directed to effect its suppression in various parts of India, and with different degrees of success.

The fragment of an ancient Sanscrit manuscript, contains the following detail of the ceremonies to be observed at the sacrifices; but no authority is believed to exist in the written laws of the Hindoos.

"KISHINA then said, I will now make known the supreme law respecting woman. It is proper that a woman should accompany her husband in death: such a faithful wife shall, with her husband, attain the regions of truth; for a husband, with respect to the wife, is endued with all the qualities of the gods, and all the virtues of places of holy visitation. The husband, with regard to the wife, is as Cunga to rivers, as Hari to celestials, as the supreme Brahma to the saints. A certain faithful wife having seen her husband expire, after having performed ablutions, went into the place where he was, and spake these words: 'Thou wert sent to me, in the character of a husband, with all the attributes of a divinity. I will die with thee, and thou shalt be my husband in another life. Whether thou go to heaven or to hell, attached, as it were, to thy side, thither will I go with thee. Thou, O husband! art my refuge both here and hereafter. Let reverence be paid to a husband, when living, as to a divinity! If thou art about to go to the regions of punishment, for transgressions formerly committed in this life, do not be apprehensive, as I will accompany thee, and safely conduct thee to the realms of bliss; I will even save thee from the punishment ordained for the murder of a Brahmin or any other similar crime.'

"The faithful wife, upon hearing of her husband's death, having thus devoted her life, should purify herself from all impurity, according to the words of Hari. She should put on a garment dyed red with kusumba, having a border of silk; she should adorn her person with flowers and betel-leaves, and saffron and kajala; with garlands and chaplets of sweet-scented flowers, and with various other flower ornaments.

"Then the faithful wife should select some young women, being under their fathers' care, and compliment them with presents, suitable to their youth, of minium, garlands of flowers, bracelets, sanders, and collyrium. She should also, with due attention, make offerings to the aged father and mother of her deceased husband, to the Brahmins, to her children and grandchildren, and other relations."

The distinction conferred upon the family and surviving connections of the victims, and on the priesthood who promote these sacrifices, is often further aided by the attendance of the local native authorities, with various degrees of pomp and parade, according to the rank of the deceased husband.

Although the benevolent endeavours of the British government may have, in many cases, tended to enhance the popularity of the practice, by conferring upon it the apparent merit of martyrdom, the subjoined statement

will shew the extent to which those humane exertions have been successful. If, in some cases, it may have been recorded that the victims have acted under the influence of their feelings, or of other artificial excitement, that it is not universally the case will appear from the following instance, which occurred during the residence of Major Carnac at the court of Baroda:

About the year 1815, at Baroda, a young Deckhun Brahmin woman, whose husband was in the service of one of the military chiefs of Dowlat Row Scindia, in the capacity of carkoon or writer, having been much distressed in mind by a dream of her husband's death, was confirmed in her gloomy apprehension by the occurrence of the following evil omen:

Returning one day from drawing water, according to the custom of women in her station of life, a crow flew away with her necklace (the symbol of the married state) which she had placed on the top of the vase which she carried on her head. Struck with horror at this palpable confirmation of her fear, she threw down the vessel, and, on re-entering her dwelling, immediately proclaimed her determination to perform "suttee."

The British resident, on being made acquainted with this circumstance, instantly repaired to the house of the unfortunate female, and exerted his endeavours to dissuade her from her horrible purpose. Unsuccessful in his benevolent efforts, he solicited the aid of the reigning prince, who speedily arrived, attended by his retinue, which he posted at all the avenues of the house, to prevent the egress of the woman. Failing in all his arguments and offers of support to herself, or any branches of her family who might be rendered destitute by the supposed death of her husband, he resorted to threats of personal restraint, on the ground that no intelligence had been received of the loss she deplered.

Rendered desperate by this opposition to her settled purpose, she drew a dagger from beneath her garment, and, in the most determined and impassioned manner, declared her resolution of plunging it into her bosom, and shedding the blood of a Brahmin woman as a curse upon the government; and in this manner proceeded, almost unattended, from her house, without further impediment, to the spot, where she patiently awaited the arrival of her kindred, and the formation of the funeral pile.

Having formed a small figure of rice, to represent the body of her husband, and performed the usual ablutions and religious ceremonies, she entered the pile with unshaken firmness, and was consumed, with few of those circumstances which are supposed generally to promote these horrid acts of devotion.

It may be considered a curious coincidence of circumstances, that, about three weeks after this event, intelligence was received of the death of her husband, which had occurred about the period of her ominous dream.

It is to be hoped that the attention recently directed to this subject may lead to the adoption of wise and temperate measures for the gradual abolition of the practice in the districts immediately under the jurisdiction of the East India Company, spreading gradually and naturally in accordance with the true spirit of that religion which has prompted the humane inquiry.

BIOGRAPHIES.

If you think a man to be a devil, and want to make him an angel, sit down to write a Biography of him; not a libel, not an eulogium, not a caricature, but a good downright Biography, so as to make what Mr. Cobbett would call a nice little book. Yet if you be disposed to make a big book instead of a little one, you may—and perhaps the bigger the better. There is scarcely room in the compass of a few sheets to make any great things of a man; true, indeed, you may say in the few lines of an epitaph, that he was possessed of

all the virtues under the sun, but that is nothing; any one may have as much for fifty shillings, from an honest stone mason. Moreover, when it is done, it is soon forgotten, and never believed; the water does not believe it, the stone mason does not believe it, and the gentle reader does not believe it—no, nor the tear-dropping passenger, nor the mourning survivors, though they may be so proud of their mourning as to exhibit it twice every Sunday at church, and six days every week at the theatre. But to make a man really an angel, or something of that kind, you must write his Biography in two volumes quarto; quartos unappily are now going out of fashion, so perhaps we must, instead of two volumes quarto, say three volumes octavo.

Well, must not the size of the Biography depend much on the nature of the life that is written about, and on the number of its incidents! Oh dear no! don't you see that the size of a book depends upon the writer, or perhaps on the bookseller! suppose the great publisher Mr. —, were to say to you, "Write me a life of Mr. Smith, late scene-shifter at the Cobourg Theatre, in three volumes octavo, and I will pay you so much per sheet." could you not do it? Certainly—I think I could.

Ah, very good; but now you have not the least idea what a prodigy this Mr. Smith would be by the time that you got to the end of the third volume, I will let you into the secret. Just at this moment, perhaps, and except with reference to the sum to be paid for the work, you have no great notion of this Mr. Smith; you know nothing about him, and you think he was a man of very little consequence, and that his profession was not one of the most dignified or momentous in the world. Very true, but you will soon get over these obstacles—you will soon know something of him by your inquiries among his friends, kinsfolk, or pot companions; and the very idea of being paid for writing his Life, especially if you hope to get a little fame as well as cash, will at all events put you in good humour with the man. Your very first, or a very early, impression will be,

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

This couplet settles the question of importance at once, and forthwith Mr. Smith, late scene shifter at the Cobourg Theatre, becomes, in the sight of his candid and impartial biographer, and of course in the eyes of all honest and unprejudiced readers, a man of as much true and real importance as George Washington or Lorenzo de Medici—and of course, if Mr. Smith be a man of consequence, his Biographer must be a man of consequence too—provided Mr. Smith had acted well his part, on which, it appears, all his honor depends, and therefore it becomes the biographer's duty to find or make that out. As an honest and careful biographer you must ascertain when, where, of, and by whom Mr. Smith was born, and you must ascertain who were the fathers and mothers of Mr. Smith's father and mother, and then again you must ascertain who were the fathers and mothers of Mr. Smith's father's and mother's fathers and mothers—and so on, up to that period when people came into the world without fathers and mothers. In the course of this inquiry you will have to examine a great many parish registers, and to hold a colloquy with a great many parish clerks, churchwardens, grave-diggers, sextons, curates, rectors, overseers, sidesmen, beadles, &c. &c.—and you will tell them all, that you are engaged on a Biography of Mr. Smith, late scene-shifter at the Cobourg Theatre; and they will talk to you of the said Mr. Smith and his ancestors, till your head will be full of Mr. Smith—you will be thinking of him all day, and dreaming of him all night—his image, if you know what he was like, will be with you in all your walks, and he will go down your throat with every mouthful that you

eat, and every glass that you drink—your whole system will be completely Smithified. And when you see what a prodigious number of ancestors were necessary to bring this Mr. Smith into the world, you cannot fail to regard him as a person of some consequence. Very well;—but now you are only at the beginning of the work, and yet you are full of Mr. Smith; your self-love is connected with the thought, and as your MS. begins to assume a readable, or to speak more modestly, a portable form, your identification with your subject becomes stronger and stronger, and you confound your idea of yourself with your idea of Mr. Smith, till you scarcely know which is which. Moreover, at the commencement of your history, you are tracing the various schools, if any, at which your subject received his education; and at this time you cannot call him Mister and don't like to call him Master, so you give him the name of 'young Smith; now there is something very endearing in the word 'young,' especially when applied to the name of Smith, especially when forming a Biography to be extended to three volumes, especially when you are to be paid so much a sheet for your work when it is finished.

You trace then with great affection the steps of young Smith when he went to school. You find out that when at school he did something or nothing; if he did nothing he was a genius—he was engaged in the subtleties of thought, while other boys were stupidly and commonplace learning to read and write and cast accounts; but if, contrary to the usual habit of genius, young Smith did learn his lessons, you will of course ascertain that he learned his lessons with peculiar facility or astonishing profundity. As young Smith was human, he of course had his faults—there can be no such thing as denying it; now here is the difficult and delicate task of a biographer; the management of your hero's faults and infirmities is the very hinge on which all the interest of biography turns. You cannot deny them, perhaps; but you can candidly and boldly confess them, and can make a much better apology for them than could the hero himself. The candor of confession takes off half the fault, and the ingenuity of excuse removes the other half. If young Smith was a troublesome, quarrelsome, mischievous boy, you will see indications of a high spirit and a certain sublime sort of promptness and decision of manner so exceedingly important to a scene-shifter:—for without (promptness and decision) in shifting the scenes, we might see a drawing-room blended with a robber's cave, or Charing Cross cheek by jowl with the Grand Seigneur's seraglio.

If, on the other hand, young Smith was a sly, skulking, demure young scoundrel, and a bit of a coward to boot, you can make a pretty declamation on the meekness and gentleness of his manners, and can talk of his reluctance to give offence—of his early tendency to philosophical seclusion, which, in all probability, suggested to him the retired and concealed office of scene-shifter, in preference to any more public situation on the boards, for which, no doubt, he was highly qualified save by his excessive modesty. To deny a fault which is obvious, is very bad policy; but to convert that fault into a virtue, is the very province and propriety of biography. Biography, indeed has a morality altogether and peculiarly its own. It regards the transgression of its hero with more than compassion, and something of complacency and approbation,—and the vices of a hero of biography are preferable to the virtues of any his antagonists or opponents. In fact, a biographer cannot imagine an individual more wise and good than the subject of his pen. Then again, your hero most likely met with many troubles and reverses in the course of his life; with all these troubles you must sympathise, and you must do what you can to make the most of them; and by making the most of his troubles, and the least of his vices, you very easily demonstrate that he

did not deserve what he suffered; and nothing can be a more pitiable case than unmerited suffering. Only think then, what an affection you must necessarily have for this Mr. Smith, after having gone through three volumes with all possible diligence, exhibiting all his virtues, softening his vices, exaggerating his sufferings, and magnifying his importance! You will begin to think he is quite an historical personage and that he was the master spirit of the age. You will imagine that the gap which his loss has made in society can never be filled again, or at least not for many years to come. You will rejoice that it was your privilege to be a coeval with Mr. Smith; and you will say, "He was a man, take him for all in all we shall never look upon his like again."—Perhaps we shall not. So much for Biography.—*Athenæum*.

For the Mirror.

KING OF HAYTI.

Sketch of Character, by a resident at the court during the last two years of his reign.

The Character of Henry Christophe in common with others who have acted a great or public part, has been extolled by partizans and decried by enemies; we have often heard the best qualities of men, unfitly ascribed to him, and he is now as unjustly exhibited devoid of every virtue.

Thus the many (the world) who are unacquainted with an individual character, must find a difficulty in arriving at truth, while the surrounding few represent it through these false media. To use an affected moderation in describing a character of extremes such as his was, would be to temporize with the essential qualities and spirit of it, to render it nugatory and therefore still further from the truth. Man is a heap of contradictions and opinion fluctuates with the variety of good and evil actions we meet with in the same person; often the result of fortuitous circumstances.

Christophe was not coolly and instinctively cruel and vicious, yet in the latter part of his life he was guilty of savage and atrocious actions, arising from the impetuosity of his temper added to an excessive jealousy and suspicion, characteristics of the negro, and in him the worst and leading feature. The vigour of his character would always have raised him above the common mass of men, but here it was contrasted with the idleness and ignorance of savages. The Haytians owed him much; not only as the chief to whom they were principally indebted for their final deliverance from French slavery, but they owed him every thing as the founder of their most beneficial institutions; for when he began to govern, the country was in a state of anarchy and universal brigandage, for which he substituted a strict police and public safety; under him few crimes were committed; he established order, and the people were trained to habits of industry and temperance; he encouraged and made a very rapid advance in public education, for which the present generation are deeply indebted to him. All this he effected by the unremitting exertion of that personal activity and intensity of mind, which was so strongly marked in him.

On the other hand, to cancel these general benefits; he pursued a system of severity which instead of relaxing as the necessity of it diminish-

ed, he appeared rather to increase in proportion to the progress of improvement, till it became oppressive and cruel, and it was with justice the Haytians resisted his authority and shook off the yoke they had groaned under for the few latter years of his reign, till at last it became insupportable; He was excessive in his demands for labour, and he did not pay those who wasted their existence in his service; He made good laws but without scruple violated them in his own person; He by every means encouraged marriage and discountenanced and severely punished unlawful intercourse, yet no woman in his court was safe from his advances. Man's physical properties were his *materiel* which he endeavoured to combine and direct so as to produce to himself the largest share of enjoyment; from long yielding to his passions it had become a habit I may say a principle with him to indulge them—he knew how to govern others, but rarely made an effort to controul himself. In a word, he was a philosopher according to the common abuse of the term. One great end of his was to obtain a high rank in the estimation of Europe—he had a plan for every thing and he endeavoured to effect this object of his ambition, by a studious concealment of evil and imitation of good. Before the white man in his dominions he was affable, and affected many virtues, systematically following it up in his foreign correspondence, wherein he constantly breathed a spirit of philanthropy. The promulgation of sound religious doctrine to the end of a strict adherence to moral law, was to be the foundation of Haytian prosperity; and "*le bonheur de ses enfans le peuple*" was to constitute the reward,—the crown of his ambition. But the revolution has broken the mask and exposed these deformities, which he too successfully covered with it.

For the Mirror.

ISLAND OF ST. DOMINGO.

The following original sketch of the last revolution at Hayti, and suicide of the King, from its connection with the history and character of persons of colour and the slave question, may not be devoid of interest to some of our readers, owing to the present excitement on these subjects. It is translated from a private letter, written in french, by Alexis Baron de Dupuy, at the time Secretary of State.—Ed.

Extract:—CAPE HENRY, NOVEMBER, 1820.

Henry Christophe who had spent the last seven months in this capital, having gone to the castle of Bellevue at Limonade, with his family and a concourse of his officers and their wives to celebrate the Queen's birth-day, was seized, during divine service in the church of Limonade, by a fit of apoplexy, so violent that he would no doubt have expired on the spot had not his physician, Dr. Stewart, been present and opened the veins of his arms; this terrible attack was followed by a paralysis which entirely deprived him of the use of his right side and rendered him unable to conduct the affairs of the government; this situation gave occasion to many of his officers to reflect seriously upon their present and future

condition; they had suffered too much, under an avaricious, oppressive and tyrannical government not to desire, at this conjuncture, a change for the better and a less miserable lot: they had endured great privations, and could not foresee hitherto any prospects of amelioration; they felt that their misery and poverty were increasing and they were anxious to make some effort to shake off a yoke that had become too heavy to be borne by freemen. Many concerted in secret the project of overturning the government and substituting a milder, more just and liberal one, without however causing bloodshed, others, chiefly military commanders, thought it would be better, to take up arms suddenly, and beat down tyranny at one blow, in the person of Henry Christophe and his adherents; these two parties distrusted each other but agreed, however, that it was more than time to put a stop to the sufferings of the people.

Christophe's health since the event of the 15th. of August seemed to promise a protracted recovery, and persons of observation who had watched the course of his sickness, foresaw that even though he should partially regain his health, the astonishing activity which he before possessed would never be restored; they also perceived that his military guard, who resembled the Janissaries and were so much to be feared, began to betray symptoms of disaffection towards him, for his character became every day, (owing to his illness,) more passionate, irritable and unreasonable, and above all more suspicious against the true friends of Hayti, and his distrust towards those who approached him, was so great that even his own family were not exempt; his secretaries experienced daily a treatment which they could not support as men of proper feelings, and the good of their country at heart in short the state of affairs was such that we expected an immediate crisis — It followed. The generals who were at the Cape in concert with the officers of the horse guards, seized the opportunity afforded by an event which occurred at St. Marks, to resist his oppression. The Colonel of a regiment in garrison at St. Marks, (the 8th. regt. 1200 men) was arrested by General Jean Joseph, commandant of that place, and taken before Christophe, after a slight hearing the Colonel was condemned to prison; the regiment on hearing this sentence took up arms, cut off the head of General Jean Joseph, who had denounced their Colonel to Christophe, took possession of the town, and declared their decided resistance to all the force that might be sent against them. Christophe, on receiving the news of this event, ordered 6,000 men to march against St. Marks to reduce this handful of brave men. the generals who commanded the besieging army, were so tardy in the attack, that their parley lasted eight days, and the two battalions at the Cape who were to advance, profited by this circumstance (induced by their Generals) refused to march, and hoisted the standard of the boldest resistance to the orders of the King.

Christophe whose state of debility was such as to render him almost unable to stand, commanded General Joachim, Chief of his guards to march with 12,00 infantry and four pieces of cannon against the troops at the Cape who resisted the execution of his

orders; this force was previously reviewed by himself before his palace, he supported himself by leaning upon the shoulder of one of his servants, holding his pistols in his left hand; the right was paralyzed, he harangued them and for the first time during many years, he paid each man four dollars promising them if they beat the rebels, they would find plenty of money in the treasury at the Cape. General Joachim was the bearer of a letter from Christophe to the officers and troops encamped at the Cape, the object of which was to enquire the reason of their taking up arms, &c. the general as soon as he arrived at the bridge of Haut du Cap sent the letter and prepared his army with the four pieces of cannon in presence of the revolutionists, who were about 4,000 strong, amongst them were a part of the light horse of the royal guard commanded by Col Prophet Daniel, the most intrepid of the chiefs opposed to Christophe, the verbal reply was, that the people demanded their liberty, that they had broken the chains of slavery, and would no longer have either King or royalty, General Joachim gave the command to fire on the rebels, the soldiers instead of obeying laid down their muskets, and joined the opposing army, with the cries of 'Vive la. liberte'; and "let us break the chains of slavery."

It was on the 8th of Oct. at eight o'clock in the evening that the intelligence reached Christophe of the disaffection of his body guard and their having joined with the troops opposed to him, he received it with great emotion and said, "since the confidence which the Haytians reposed in me is lost, I know what I have to do." He sent for his family, and conversed a few minutes with them; and desired them to retire. at half past eight o'clock precisely he retired alone to his bed-room and shot himself through the heart with a pistol: his wife and daughters accompanied the corpse, borne by some of his body guards to the citadel Henry where it was deposited, no doubt by the desire of the father. The troops that still remained at the palace were about 1000 in number, they departed the following morning and joined the army at the Cape.

Victor and Eugene the sons of Christophe, and likewise the officers who had not been opposed to him delivered themselves up to the army the revolution was at an end. The people and the whole army without exception were united, the poor widow followed by her daughters had arrived at the Cape, and at last all seemed to promise that tranquillity was about to be restored, but eight days after it was announced that Victor, Eugene, the generals Joachim Dessalines, Deix, Achille, Vastey, and some other officers who had proved themselves, to be the faithful executors of Christophe's rigorous orders, had been put to death one dark night on the 18th October, having been previously imprisoned.

The violence of the soldiery during the course of these events could not be restrained they pillaged and destroyed all that was to be found in the Palace of Sans Souci; the money, diamonds, jewelry and effects, plundered from the magazine and Palace are estimated at six millions of dollars, and a like sum was pillaged during the days of disorder from the Citadel Henry. To conclude, the President of the republic was called in by the general accord of the

people and the Chief of the army, and the republic was recognized and proclaimed throughout the country.

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY.

From Kung-fu-tsi (Confucius.)

First, know your object; afterwards determine; having determined, then be firm, be constant; consider well, and finally you will obtain it.

All things have an origin and a conclusion; every affair has an end and a beginning. To know that which comes first, and that which is last, approximates to reason.

The Prince who, therefore, wishes that illustrious virtue may be understood under the whole heavens, must first govern well his own kingdom; he who wishes to govern well his kingdom, must first regulate his family; he who wishes to regulate his family, must first adorn with virtue his own person; he who would adorn with virtue his own person, must first rectify his heart; he who wishes to rectify his heart, must first purify his motives; he who would purify his motives, must first perfect his knowledge: knowledge has for its object the nature of things.

If I would perfect my knowledge, it must be by investigating, to the utmost, the properties of things. For the mind of man is not without knowledge; nor is any thing under heaven without (its distinguishing) properties; only amongst those properties some are not known to the utmost; therefore knowledge is not perfect. Therefore the "Ta-hie," ("Great Science," a work of Confucius) when it commences teaching, necessarily sends the learner to every substance under heaven to obtain knowledge: for there is nothing though now known, that may not be still more fully known, by scrutinizing it to the utmost; till after long exertion, things become daily more accurately and thoroughly understood, and there will be nothing, the knowledge of which will be unattained, with respect to either its external appearance or its internal properties, that which is most minute, or that which is most huge. Thus, none of the powers of the mind will be unenlightened.

That which is called "purifying the motives" consists in not deceiving one's self; in hating evil as we would hate that which is most offensive; and loving goodness as the highest pleasure. This is called self-enjoyment. The good man must, therefore, attend diligently to the operations of his own mind.

When the heart is enlarged, the person is at rest; wherefore the eminently good man must purify his motives.

That which is called adorning the body with virtue consists in first rectifying the heart; as wealth adorns and renders comfortable a mansion, so virtue adorns and benefits our persons. If the heart be agitated by anger, it cannot obtain this rectitude; if it be distracted by fear, it cannot obtain this rectitude; if it be overpowered by the passion of love, it cannot obtain this rectitude; if it be oppressed by grief, it cannot obtain this rectitude. If the heart be absent, you may look, and not perceive; listen, and not hear; eat, and not know the taste of what is eaten.

That which is called regulating a family, first, consists in adorning the person with virtue. He has not attained it who loves his relations with partiality; who, when he undervalues any thing or person, is capricious in his dislike; who, when he pays respect to any, is not upright in it; who, in his benevolence shews partiality; and who shews the same in his carriage to his inferiors. Wherefore, to love, and know the faults of those we love, to dislike and yet know and acknowledge the excellencies of those we dislike, are things rarely found under heaven. Hence the proverb: "A

man will not know the faults of his own children; nor will the husbandman know that the ears of his grain are sufficiently full." This is the state of a person who is not adorned with virtue, and who is not competent to regulate well his family.

In order to that which is called governing a nation, there must be the regulation of families. Not to be capable of teaching a family, and yet to be able to teach a nation of men! there is no such thing. Wherefore the eminently good man, without going out of his house, or beyond the doctrines that apply to the regulation of a family, will be able to perfect the instruction of a nation of people. A Prince ought to protect and nourish the people, as the mother protects and nourishes the infant. When the artless heart of the infant craves something, though its mother may not discover the very thing that is wanted, she will not be far from it. A mother does not first learn to nurse a child, and afterwards contract marriage. When families are virtuous, the nation will arise virtuous; when families are yielding and polite, the nation will arise yielding and polite; when individuals are covetous and perverse, a nation will be reduced to anarchy—such are the first movements of (political) matters. This is what is expressed by (the proverb) "One word ruins an affair." One man fixes the state of a nation. Yao and Shun ruled the empire by virtue, and the people imitated them. Kie and Chen ruled the empire by violence, and the people imitated them. That which they ordered, they did not like to do themselves, and the people did not obey them. Therefore the Prince must himself practice virtue, and then he may call upon others to practise it. He must himself reject vice, and then he may remove it in others. That which we adhere to ourselves may be bad, and yet we be able to command men that which is good? We have no such doctrine. Wherefore the rules which are proper in the government of a nation, are found in the good regulation of a family.

From the Emperor down to the humblest peasant—to all equally, the adorning the person with virtue lies at the foundation. Then the family will be regulated and the nation governed well; when nations are governed well, under the whole heaven will be tranquility and happiness. If the beginning be confusion, to expect regularity in the end, is not according to reason.

Shakespeare expresses a similar opinion:

"What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
"But by bad courses may be understood,
"That their events can never fall out good.

Ed.

ANGLING AND SHOOTING.

A's fish that comes in the net.

Scots Proverb.

Larus hybernus, LIN.—The winter gull;
Our rocks and islets of this race are full.
Colour, pure white; cinerous on the back;
The head and bill, as usual, on the neck;
The first quill-feather black; black streak'd the tail:
They fed on-fishes, sometimes on the whale;
In misty weather, and in wintry storms,
They seek the shore, and pick up frogs and worms.

Pennant's British Zoology in Verse,
by DAVID DRINKWATER, F. L. S.

"We are all catching or caught," said I to myself, as I left Lucky Thomson's little tavern or inn near Musselburgh, where "Entertainment for Men and Horses" met my eye, after a morning's exercise on the Esk,—we are all anglers or fishers in the great pond of life; and provided a proper bait be held out to us, we seldom fail to snatch at it. The shop-

keeper baits his windows with jewelry, ribbons, and silks to catch the eye of female beauty; while tallow-candles and tea, ham, cheese, and sugar, are laid out to attract the notice of the thrifty house-wife. The bookseller gilds his books, and the apothecary dusts his pills, to make them go down more pleasingly; the lawyer, like the spider, sets his lines, and the clergy sweep their fly-hooks, all for the purpose of catching something. Thousands are taken by the gilded butterflies of fame and glory, and thousands more are in the continual pursuit of the more substantial bait of riches. Even nets are set by beauty to entrap the hearts of the unwary; and the jointured widow, or miss, with expectations, have only to display their purses, to congregate the persons, if not the hearts, of a whole county of unmarried gentlemen. "But what has all this to do with your travels, Mr. Christopher?" I think I hear the reader ask; "Recollect we are at a complete stand still, while you are musing and moralizing in this odd manner." You are perfectly right, gentle Reader; and in case of rain, I shall not keep you longer in the king's highway, but take you back again to Lucky Thomson's Inn, where you may share with me, in idea, the comforts of a hungry stomach, *baps* and butter, eggs, ham, and all the luxuries of the day's first meal.

I had fished up the water, and down the water, with but indifferent success, till, coming in contact with the sign-board above mentioned, I thought I could not do better than lay in a cargo of provisions to last till dinner time; so I ordered breakfast, and put my fishing-rod, to save the trouble of unscrewing, against the little window of the apartment where breakfast was set, that I might see it in case of accident. I had demolished at least one *bap*, (*Anglice*, roll), eat two calder eggs of the honest gentleman's own laying, according to her phraseology, and was in the act of breaking up a third, when the shaking of my rod outside the window attracted my attention.—After a tremulous motion, I thought I heard the *pin* unrolling, and the next moment the rod fell and disappeared. Unwilling to part so easily with an old companion, which would moreover have spoiled my sport for the remainder of the day, I ran to the door to ascertain if the trout had really left the water, and followed me to eat their breakfast on dry land. My rod lay on the ground, with the line extended, and pulled by something round the corner of the house. Taking it up, and beginning to wind up the line, I soon found an obstruction to my progress, which even in these wonderful times I should not have contemplated. I had not rolled up above two or three yards, when a respectable matron of a hen, surrounded by eight or ten chickens, made her appearance, shaking her head, unwilling to come forward and afraid to retreat.

The good woman of the house followed me to the door, suspecting perhaps I had forgot to pay my reckoning; but upon seeing what had happened, she exclaimed, "Preserve us a'! is that my brood hen ye hae caught wi' your fishing wand? if it be, gentle or simple, ye had better been fishing something else, I'll assure ye." She

then ran to the animal, which by this time was turning up its eyes, and making very extraordinary faces for a hen, and seizing it up, roared out, "As sure as I'm on this spot, the puir beast has eaten the fleck-hook, and she's golloring up blude. What gart ye come to my house, wi' your what-ye-ca'-thims? I had rather ye never ditted my door, than been the death o' poor Tappie!"—She was now joined in her lamentation by two girls, who expatiated upon the cruelty of the monster that was the death "o' grannie's hen," who could make eight or ten orphans so unadvisedly, and who "had the heart to torture puir dumb animals in this way."

Though I could scarcely refrain from laughing at the strange attachment to my line, I put on a grave face, and said in words becoming the melancholy occasion, "my good woman, I am sorry, very sorry indeed, for your hen; but you should consider, that if she had not attempted to steal my fly, nothing would have happened." "Steal! my hen—steal! she's as honest a hen as you, and that I'll let you ken, sir. What signifies a hawbee's worth o' hooks, and a wee pickle horse hair? I wadna hae ta'en five shillings for my poor creature." "Come, come, there is no use in making words about the matter. There's half a crown," said I, cutting off the line at the hen's mouth, "and no more about it." "Half-a-crown!" exclaimed Lucky Thomson, "I wonder how you can offer half a crown for a hen worth double the siller. I wad cast the money in your face, rather than sell my poor beast's life for half a crown."

I had heard or read somewhere, that the loudest speaker in a vulgar quarrel always comes off victorious; and, finding that I could not bring my landlady to reason in any other way, I raised my voice to its utmost pitch, and said in my most determined manner, that if she did not choose to take what I offered, I would give nothing at all, and besides prosecute her for damage done to my rod and line, and the loss of my fly. The woman's cholera fell as mine seemed to rise; she remarked, in a subdued tone, "that her husband aye said she was owre hasty in her temper; that she saw I was a gentleman, and wadna wrang a poor body; and that she wad just tak what I liked to gie, though it would be lang indeed before the bairns got a hen like poor Tappie."

With little more ado I finished my breakfast. My hostess had her hen killed for nothing, and the price of it to the bargain; and two trouts to the little girls put an end to the mourning for the unfortunate hen and her helpless babies.

A bird in hand is worth two in the bush says the English proverb, and English proverbs sometimes say true. I was shooting sea-fowl on Portobello sands, at a season when no other shooting is permitted, and for a long time I had wasted powder and patent shot to little purpose. The mews, ducks, and gulls, either flew provokingly high, or at a tormenting distance, and I could not bring one down. In fact, none of them had a mind to be wounded or die that morning, which I thought very strange indeed. At last, however, a large gray gull flew past. I immediately levelled at

him, and had the good fortune to see him tumble on the sands before me. I ran to complete my conquest, hoping he was not mortally wounded, for I wanted one of this species very much to pick up the worms and insects in my garden; but when within a yard of where he lay, and almost ready to stoop for the purpose of lifting him up, he eyed me with a significant glance, and then, half running, half flying, seemed to say, "off we go!—catch me if you can." I ran pretty fast, but he ran still faster; and after coursing along the beach, which even arrested the half-naked bathers to witness its termination, my gull friend got over a garden dike at Joppa, and, having placed the high road between him and me, disappeared in a corn field.

Was there ever any thing more provoking! but this world is full of disappointments; and, after all, it is not so humiliating to be gulled by a gull, as by one of one's own species. Being sufficiently tired by my chase, I left the bathers to dress themselves in peace, and determined to "wend my weary way" back again to town, and to repair the waste of the morning's expedition by a comfortable dinner.

I had walked nearly half way to Edinburgh, and had entered the range of houses called Jock's Lodge, when, to my astonishment and delight, I perceived my friend the gull stalking quietly by the side of the road, and picking his feathers, very much at his ease. "Ah, my good fellow," thought I, "I shall have you at last;" and to leap across the road and catch up the animal, was but the work of a moment. I got him under my arm almost unresisting, and having slung my fowling-piece on my shoulder, I gayly ascended the rising ground to the city. I had got but a few yards, however, when one of a few children standing by a door cried out, "Eh, there's a man wi' a gull."—"A gull? odds it's very like Jenny Cameron's," was the response of another. "It's just it," cried a third; and surmise being increased to conviction among the little whippersnappers, the whole sung out in chorus; "Jenny! Jenny Cameron! here's a man stealing your gull." Jenny made her appearance forthwith from the door of a little ale-house: "Stop the man wi' my beast," cried Jenny; "bairns, cry to the sogers to stop that man!" I turned to explain to Mrs. Janet, that it could not by any possibility be her gull, for that I had wounded it at Portobello, and pursued it a good way in the fields. "Nane o' your lies to me," said Jenny; "ye may have shot at a gull in your day, for aught I ken; but ye havena shot at this one this ae half year. Ye'll see the mark o' my sheers on the creature's wings," continued she, "and every bairn in the place kens it fu' weel."—It came across my mind, that Janet might be in the right after all; and seeing none of the usual marks of powder and lead on the animal, and moreover finding that one of its wings was actually cut, I delivered up my prize, with many apologies for my stupid mistake. "Ay," said Jenny, as she took the gull, "it was very stupid, nae doubt; but am no thinkin' ye would hae fund out the stupidity, had ye no been puttin' in mind o't."

Moral:—Remember, O reader! that neither

wisdom nor worth are always proof against cunning and navory; and if, in the course of your peregrinations through life, you are sometimes disappointed in your well-founded expectations, reflect that even the great Christopher Columbus was twice gulled in one day by a foolish animal from the sea-side at Portobello, and be content.

NEW MELODY.

By THOMAS MOORE.

If thou would'st have me sing and play,
As once I played and sung.
First take this time-worn lute away,
And bring one freshly stung.
Call back the time when Pleasure's sigh
First breath'd among the strings,
And Time himself, in sitting by,
Made music with his wings.
Take, take the worn-out lute away,
And bring one newly strung,
If thou would'st have me sing and play
As once I play'd and sung.

But how is this? though new the lute,
And shining fresh the chords,
Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
Or speak but dreamy words.
In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
Within that once sweet shell,
Which told so warmly what it felt,
And felt—what naught could tell,
Oh ask not, then for passion's lay
From lute so coldly strung;
With this I ne'er can sing or play!
As once I play'd and sung.

No—bring that long-loved lute again,
Though chill'd by years it be,
If thou wilt call the slumbering strain,
'Twill wake again for thee.
Though time has froz'n the tuneful stream
Of thoughts that gush'd along,
One look from thee, like summer's beam
Will thaw them into song.
Then give, oh give that wakening ray,
And once more blithe and young,
The bard again will sing and play
As once he play'd and sung.

Friendship is the most soothing balm the human heart can experience. When oppressed by sickness and cares, we sink exhausted and languid on the couch of anguish, how renovating is the voice of friendship; and how consoling to the heart, to know and feel that its cares and anxieties are participated by a fellow creature; and to know that there is a being whose vigilance would shield us from impending evil, even at the risk of life, fame and fortune.

PERILOUS EXCURSION ON WINTER ISLAND.

BY CAPTAIN LYON, R. N.

"On the 15th of March, 1822, we proceeded towards the hills to the northward of our winter-quarters. A strong wind arose soon after our starting, and blew directly in our faces, bringing thick clouds of drift-snow with it. On ascending the sloping ground we found the sledge too much for us, and it was with great difficulty dragged through the soft snow in which we waded knee deep. The wind had now increased to a heavy gale, our utmost view was bounded to twenty yards, and every time of resting to take breath we all received severe frost bites. The sun having risen above the thickest part of the drift snow enabled us to steer a direct northerly course, for we expected in that direction to arrive at a small bay, which had been observed by Captain Parry and myself on our first arrival. At ten we were confirmed in our conjecture by descending suddenly and arrived at a quantity of ground ice, directed by which we made our way round the head of the bay, and arrived on the side of a small hill a little after eleven. The extreme severity of the weather determined me on pitching our tent, and waiting until, in better weather, we could from the rising ground command a view of our future route.

"When the tent had been pitched an hour, and our party were all smoking to promote warmth, the temperature at our feet was 1 below zero, and over head amongst the smoke 7 above, in the outer air it was 5, below zero which although of itself sufficiently cold was rendered doubly piercing by the strength of the wind. John Lee was soon seized with a fit of shivering and severe pains in the loins, to check which we put him into his blanket and covered him with clothes which could ill be spared. A deep hole being dug in the snow a fire was made with the greatest difficulty, and we were made comfortable for a time by a warm mess of soup. I afterwards found that it would be possible by extending our excavation to make a cavern in which we might pass the night, for it would have been next to impossible to continue in the tent. Some of the men were therefore set to work, and had thus so good an opportunity of warming themselves, that our only shovel was lent from one to the other as a particular favor. At two P. M. the outer air, was 15 below, and zero was the temperature of the tent, when Arnold's pocket chronometer stopped from the effects of the cold. By four P. M. the cavern was finished and of sufficient size to contain us all in a sitting posture. After taking some hot soup, Lee was removed to the warmest place we could select and, making a fire, we managed by its smoke, which had no vent, to rise the temperature to 20 above, while outside it had fallen to 25 below zero. We now cleaned our clothes as well as possible from the thick coating of snow-drift, and closing the entrance of the cave with blocks of snow, we crept into our blanket bags, and Iuddled close together to endeavour to procure a little sleep. Our small dwelling had a very close feel, which was perhaps not a little augmented by the reflection that a spade alone could liberate us again after a night's drift of snow: and our roof being two feet thick, and not of the most secure description, there was no small

probability of its breaking down on us, in which case, confined as we were in our bags, and lying almost upon each other, we should have but little chance of extricating ourselves.

"At daylight on the 16th, we found the temperature at 20 above, until we dug out the entrance, when it fell to 15, while outside it was 25 below zero. We again lighted our fire and, after sitting two hours in such thick black smoke that we could not see our feet, succeeded in making some tea, which answered a double purpose, as it served to thaw some meat which was frozen in the canisters. At nine A. M. the gale was unabated, and the drift as severe as ever. The tent was half buried in snow, and I set all hands to work at digging out the sledge, but it was so deeply sunk that our efforts were unsuccessful, and in the attempt our faces and extremities were most painfully frost-bitten. With all these difficulties before us, Mr. Palmer and myself consulted together as to whether it would be most prudent to endeavour to pass another night in our present precarious situation, or while we were yet able to walk make an attempt to reach the ships, which we supposed were about six miles from us. We could not see a yard of our way, yet to remain appeared worse than to go forward, which last plan was decided on. At thirty minutes past nine, having placed all our luggage in the tent, and erected a small flag over it, we set out, carrying a few pounds of bread, a little rum, and a spade. The wind being now in our backs, we walked very briskly, and having an occasional glimpse of a very faint sun through the drift, managed to steer a tolerable course. James Carr having loured a little behind us was suddenly missed, and by the most fortunate chance we saw him running across our path in search of us; for had he been ten yards farther off he might have been lost. After walking several miles we came to grounded ice, and saw the tracks of Esquimaux men and dogs, but these were so confused that we knew not which marks to follow.

"Not knowing on which side of the ships we had arrived, we feared to go to the southward or eastward, and accordingly went as nearly west as possible, in which direction we again crossed tracks. We now wandered amongst the heavy hummocks of ice without knowing which track to pursue, and, suffering from cold, fatigue, and anxiety, were soon completely bewildered. Several of our party began to exhibit symptoms of that horrid kind of insensibility which is the prelude to sleep. They all professed extreme willingness to do what they were told in order to keep in exercise, but none obeyed; on the contrary they reeled about like drunken men. The faces of several were severely frost-bitten, and some had for a considerable time lost sensation in their fingers and toes; yet they made not the slightest exertion to rub the parts affected, and discontinued their general custom of warming each other on observing a discoloration of the skin. We continued for some time to employ them in building a snow-wall, ostensibly as a shelter from the wind, but in reality to give them exercise, for standing still must have proved fatal to men in our circumstances. My attention was particularly directed to Serjeant Spackman, who having been repeatedly warned that his nose was fro-

zen had paid no attention to it, owing to the state of stupefaction into which he had fallen. The frost-bite had now extended over one side of his face, which was frozen as hard as a mask, the eye-lids were stiff, and one corner of the upper lip so drawn up as to expose the teeth and gums. My hands being still warm, I was enabled to restore the circulation, after which I used all my endeavours to keep him in motion, but he complained sadly of giddiness and dimness of sight, and was so weak as to be unable to walk of himself. His case was indeed so alarming, that I expected every moment he would lie down never to rise again. Our prospect now became every moment more gloomy, and it was but too evident that four of our party could not survive another hour. Mr Palmer, however, endeavoured with myself to cheer the people, but it was a faint attempt as we had not a single hope to give them. We had less reason, to fear immediate danger to ourselves, in consequence of having fur coats instead of woollen ones. Every piece of ice, or even small rock or stone, was now taken for the ships; and we had great difficulty in preventing the men from running to the different objects which attracted them, and losing themselves in the drift. In this state, while Mr. Palmer was running round us to warm himself, he suddenly pitched on a new beaten track; and as exercise was indispensable, we determined on following it wherever it might lead us. Having taken the serjeant under my coat, he recovered a little and we moved onwards, when, only those who have been in a similar state of distress can imagine our joy at finding the path led to the ships, at which we arrived in about ten minutes.

"John Lee had two of his fingers so badly frost-bitten as to lose a good deal of the flesh of the upper ends, and we were for many days in fear he would be obliged to have them amputated. Carr, who had been the most hardy while in the air, fainted twice on coming below, and all had severe frosts-bites in different parts of the body, which recovered after the loss of skin usual in those cases."

WEDDINGS: BY A PARISH CLERK.

Though a plain man, and not pretending to any thing above my station in life, I am fond of reading, and more frequently spend the evening over a book than with my neighbours, who are wont to congregate in houses of public entertainment. A friend of mine, a bookseller, acquainted with what he is pleased to style my turn for literature, lent me, among other things, a poem of Mr. Crabbe's, called "The Parish Register;" saying facetiously, that, he should expect to find me a critic on a work which was so entirely in my own way. In truth, I was mightily taken with the subject: and happening to remark jestingly, that were it not for the verse, I thought I could write a book of the same kind, having had the advantage of forty years' experience in one of the most populous and fashionable parishes in London, he immediately began to encourage me to attempt something of a similar nature in prose. At first I could not be prevailed upon to entertain such a notion; yet it would often come into my head, and after long consideration I could not help trying my hand, as it were by committing a few of my recollections to paper, and as they seemed to strike the fancy of my friend, I was induced to proceed.

This being my first essay, I thought I could not do

better than to follow the bookseller's advice, who strongly recommended me to pass over the baptisms and burials, and take the the weddings for my subject; as he said they were by far the most interesting, and particularly to the young ladies, whom, of course, I should wish to please.

I very much regret, especially since the perusal of another book, "The Annals of the parish," which I have but lately read, that I had not from my first entrance into office made a sort of diary, which would have mightily assisted my memory; but lest it should be thought presumptuous in me to attempt to follow in the path which has been already trodden by two learned gentlemen, clergy men too, for whom I must naturally entertain a profound reverence, I beg to say that I figured my hope of amusing a leisure half hour only on the truth of my statements, and on the novelty of their proceeding from a simple, ignorant clerk, instead of the rector or the curate.

I do not know any part of my duty which is so pleasant as that of assisting at marriages: the beauty, blushes, and agitation of the brides: the smiles, sighs, and gay dresses of the handmaids; and the secret joy and triumph which burst through the somewhat constrained demeanour of the bridegrooms, are to me exceedingly delightful. It is not, however, those unions whose hearts already joined come to plight their sacred vows, which afford the most striking subjects for the pen. I begin now to scrutinize into these things; and though many who enter the church are accomplished actors as the regular professors at the theatre, I can discover, or at least imagine that I can discover, when the tenderness with which the bride and bridegroom regard each other is assumed, or when one of the parties is merely playing a part. Sometimes, indeed, there is no attempt of the kind: ladies and gentlemen meet as though they were only ratifying a contract before a civil magistrate; the one intent on shewing off her dexterity with effect, the other evidently bored at being obliged to come to church, and impatient for the conclusion of the ceremony.

Before I proceed to particulars, I must observe, that, in almost all circumstances the bride appears to great advantage, whilst, generally speaking, the bridegroom makes but a poor figure. His endeavours to reassure the lady are awkward, for he does not like to make love before the parson and the clerk; or they are ridiculous, if, waving that scruple, he should suffer his passion to overcome his discretion. He is also very frequently out of temper, and truly it is a trying scene when tears and hysterics abound; and he is sometimes frightened himself, which is the most ludicrous thing of all. Now the bride, whether she should go through her part with decent composure, or exhibit alarm, or languish, or tremble, or faint, must be interesting, except in a very few extreme cases, when age or ugliness has deprived her of every charm, and neither white satin, white feathers nor lace veils can conceal her personal defects. It is an amusing spectacle to see the lady trying to look serious, when she would much rather smile and enjoy the termination of some deep laid scheme; and in vulgar life, it is no uncommon thing for the bride to titter, or laugh out, so much, that it is scarcely possible to make her repeat the responses.

It is seldom that I have been more touched and affected than by a scene which took place at our church a very few years ago: it was a rough, stormy morning in the month of March, the wind rattled every pane of glass in the windows, and sheets of rain came pouring against them; a sad day for bridal festivities, and requiring much of internal sunshine to dissipate the melancholy feelings which this warfare of the elements was calculated to produce. The bride, accompanied by her father and mother, and two or three other near relations, arrived in a hired carriage, just as the clock struck the ez-

monical hour of eight, the bridegroom, a quarter of an hour later, stepped out of a handsome chariot, evidently purchased for the occasion. Upon entering the vestry, the victim, for such I must call her, sank into a chair; her lips were compressed, her eyes fixed; by a strong effort she had succeeded in repressing her agitation, and seemed prepared to go through the ceremony with statue-like composure. She was very young and looked as though she had sorrowed much; yet a wreck of her beauty remained, to shew how bright it might have been. She was richly dressed; but the pains of her tire-woman had been thrown away, for at every convulsive moment, which, spite of her attempts at calmness, shook her frame, some plait or bow was disadjusted, and the feathers in her bonnet had been broken, probably in leaning her throbbing head against the side of the carriage. Upon the entrance of the bridegroom, a tall stout man about forty, all her struggles gave way, and she burst forth into such an agony of grief, that it appeared as if soul and body were parting. And, oh, what a dark brow scowled upon her, in the man who now sought to compel her reluctant hand to his odious clasp! The father, apparently fearful that he would turn back and drive away in his fine equipage, took him by the arm, and they walked up and down the aisle together, whilst the clergyman literally stood aghast, and all the rest of us gave our best assistance to restore the lady: I had seen weeping and fainting, before, but never any thing like this. At length the reverend gentleman who officiated felt called upon, through mere compassion, to interfere; he motioned the mother aside, and conversed earnestly with her a few moments; but she broke away from him impatiently, and then spoke a short sentence in a low, yet decided voice to her daughter. Roused by the remonstrance, and hastily swallowing a large glass of water, hitherto held vainly to her lips, the poor girl, all unconscious of what she was about, wiped her eyes with her superb lace veil till it was literally wet through, and obliged to be taken off; and, leaning on the arm of a sister, staggered to the altar. There she stood, a picture of deep woe, enough to melt the most callous heart. Her lips moved, but they uttered no sound, and the bridegroom's hard, harsh countenance grew more black and gloomy, as his dogged, abrupt sentences met no reply. At last the priest pronounced the blessing, and she started, drew one long gasping sigh, and quietly surrendered herself to his care. She attempted to write her name in the book, but the characters were illegible. She wept no more; but her lips quivered, and short thick sobs came fast from her birthen heart, as her husband, now enjoying a sort of sullen triumph, led her away to the chariot in waiting. As soon as they were gone, the rest of the party seemed to shake off their uncomfortable feelings, the father and brothers smiling and rubbing their hands, the ladies smoothing their gay dresses, and all rejoicing at the success which at one time had appeared so doubtful. It was very shocking; and I turned loathing from the heartless set.

A few days afterwards, a wedding of a very different description was solemnized. The parties had been asked in church, and I saw the bride and her friend alight from a hackney-coach at the corner of the street, as I stood at the vestry window. She was dressed in a light linen gown, with a silk handkerchief pinned over her bosom; her neat straw hat was tied down with white ribbons, and at the first glance she looked like a servant. But what servant? Not one of all work, with that delicate figure; nor the housemaid by those small white hands; nor the cook, by the faint blush upon the pure fair cheek; no, nor even the nurse-maid, for there was an air which no one in that humble capacity ever yet attained. The companion was also in disguise, but it was the disguise of my lady's own woman in the kitchen girl's clothes. One was all

grace in her simple garb, the other affected to laugh as she looked down upon the cotton stockings and unfurrowed petticoat; in fact, both had overdone, or rather underdone the business, in selecting apparel which no London servant would now chuse to wear—coloured gingham without trimming, yet put on in too picturesque a style to deceive a searching eye. Presently, they were joined by two footmen in livery, masqueraders likewise; fine tall fellows, powdered, and in silk stockings, who might have got any wages from the Marchioness in the next square; but who, if in her Ladyship's service, would have come to be married in plain clothes. These gentlemen, however, were wise, for they could not have past for menials without arraying themselves in the livery: two more elegant men I never beheld. The bride blushed, smiled, and exchanged an arch look with her lover, as the unsuspecting clergyman, and as they thought equally unsuspecting clerk, marshalled the way into the church, and Archer, as I called the friend, handed out Mrs Kitty with such a broad imitation of Liston, in my Lord Duke's servant, that I could hardly keep my countenance; especially as the abigail bridled, and sidled, and languished upon him in an evident hope of making a conquest: merry gentlemen, both of them, I'll be sworn. The young lady, too, seemed to be quite delighted with the prank. She was a blooming, lively, inexperienced creature, who looked as if she had never known a care: I hope the frolic in which she indulged with so much glee, never caused her a future heart-ache, but I always entertain some fear for the result of stolen marriages. They all left the church arm in arm, the bride and bridegroom losing sight of their assumed characters in the full flow of mutual affection: they might escape remark, but the other two must have attracted all eyes. The *soubrette's* disdain of her dress, and the pains which she took to vulgarize her manners to suit it, a most unnecessary precaution, together with the extravagant airs of her escort, determined to fool it to the top of his beat, afforded a rich specimen of genuine comedy, and I should have much liked to watch them to the shelter of a hackney coach.

I must now recur to a wedding, grander, but not less singular. There were at least five carriages in the street, filled with relations and friends. To judge from outward appearances, the rank and fortune on each side were quite-equal, the ages suitable; the lady might be six and twenty, the gentleman four or five years older: he was a very handsome man, and she not ugly, but certainly much set off by the costly elegance of her dress. Dignified decorum seemed to be the order of the day, and the greetings in the vestry-room were perhaps more polite than cordial. They were fine people, and too well bred to shew their secret feelings in company. The whole assembly arranged themselves round the altar, the ceremony had already commenced, when suddenly a fearful scream rang through the church, and a female, young, beautiful, pale, and wild with agony, rushed up the centre aisle. Her eye was haggard, her dress disordered; she must have passed the whole of the preceding day and night in concealment within the walls: she was so dreadfully agitated that she could only exclaim, "No! no!" and flinging herself between the bride and bridegroom, she clung to the rails for support, and looked up at the perjured seducer with such beseeching anguish, that, hardened as he was, he was touched, and covered his face with his hand. She then turned round to the lady—"He is mine!" she said, "indeed he is mine. Oh, if you knew by what vows, and what sacred oaths, he won me, you would not have met him here." The bride elect drew up her dainty head, tossed her plumes, and whispered something to her brother, but stirred not from the spot. Meantime, the gentleman had recovered himself, and seemed resolved to face the matter out. Exhausted by her efforts,

the intruder, who appeared to be reduced by her sufferings to an alarming state of weakness, had sunk upon the steps of the altar, and was now weeping bitterly. A short consultation took place amongst the male portion of the party, and one of them asked the prostrate girl whether she had been married to the person whose union with another she now sought to prevent. "His wife," she cried, "certainly his wife, by every law of heaven." "That is no answer to my question," rejoined the unfeeling speaker. She was silent, but, urged a third time, arose, and with a glance of scorn, exclaimed, "I thought to have encountered men of honour, of humanity, those who would have espoused an injured, unprotected, helpless woman's cause. Is there nothing binding save those legal ties, whose infraction would be followed by disgraceful punishment; and cannot I obtain justice in this sacred place, pity, in this holy edifice, a soothing balm to heal my breaking heart?" "Oh, Henry!" she continued, again, appealing to her betrayer. "I came not here to reproach, to expose you, but to save you from the commission of a fearful crime. I do not ask you to fulfil those broken promises so often and so solemnly plighted, but pledge them not to another, false and farsworn as thou art; pause here, in compassion to me, in mercy to yourself." "I believe," said the bridegroom, addressing the clergyman, "that it cannot be necessary for me to say any thing to convince you of the impertinence of this interruption. This person has no claims upon me, that cannot be settled by my purse, and I therefore beg that the ceremony may go on." The forbinder of the bans was unprepared for an act of such determined cruelty, and she dropped immediately upon the ground, like one who had received a mortal wound, and was conveyed out of the church in a state of insensibility. The bridegroom coughed and wiped his face with his handkerchief; the bride took out her smelling-bottle; there were whispers among the bridesmaids, and one of the gentlemen left the party and walked off; but, in a moment, the utmost composure was restored to this high-bred company, and the nuptial knot was tied.

Another extraordinary wedding took place in this year. The lady, as is generally the case, arrived first. She came in a carriage, attended by only one companion and seemed excessively anxious and agitated, pacing up and down the room with a rapid step, and setting her friend to watch at the window for the expected husband. A signal given by the sentinel caused her to stop; she drew her veil over her face, arranged her dress, and sat down. A gentleman then made his appearance alone; not a word passed between them: and when the clergyman was ready, he stalked with a stern air into the church, and took his place, the bride followed trembling, and she wept through the whole of the ceremony. When it was over, she caught the arm of her husband, and they walked together, though silently, into the vestry. The usual formalities having been accomplished, he offered his hand to assist her to the carriage. She then spoke to him, and in a hurried and broken voice, said, "You will go with me?" "I have done all that I can do," he replied, "all that I ever engaged to perform; here we part, and for ever. I had hoped your good sense would spare me this trial." "Do not forsake me, do not abandon me, save me, shield me from the scorn of the world, from the agony, the horror of a separation from all that I hold dear," she murmured out: and then, calling him by every tender name that the heart of a young woman could dictate, fell upon her knees before him, and clung to him with fond solicitude; but in vain, he disengaged himself from her embrace, darted away from the place, and was out of sight in a moment. I am not made of stone, and I could hardly stand the scene which ensued. Poor lady! she too, was young and handsome; grief had rendered her regardless of a stranger's gaze: unable to control her anguish, she

yielded to the extremity of her despair; her shrieks were terrific, and after they had subsided, her whole frame shook so violently, and she shed such a deluge of tears, that it was a long time before we could possibly convey her to her carriage.

A second couple parted at the church door, but it was under different circumstances. An elderly and young lady, closely and very plainly attired, were joined in a few minutes by two gentlemen, the one considerably past fifty, the other about twenty-five, also in complete undress. Of course, concluded it to be a quiet wedding between the younger parties, and I arranged them, according to this supposition; but to my surprise and consternation, for I rather pique myself upon my penetration and discernment, I received a hint that it was the old people who came to be married. The young lady turned pale and then red, cast her eyes upon the ground, and looked very much confused, and the bridegroom observed her tremor. I thought, with a glance of pleasure; they went away in the same order in which they had arrived, the two gentlemen going one way, and the two ladies another. I could not find out who they were, for our's is a large parish; but not very long afterwards, I had the gratification to see those whom I had unconsciously joined together, come of their own accord to receive the nuptial benediction, and both, particularly the bride, regarded me with great benignity. This marriage gave me much delight, for I could not help fancying that it was my suggestion which had prompted the young gentleman's addresses.

The next wedding, somewhat out of the common way, was that of a fantastical fine lady, who had let the gentleman dance attendance at the church for three days before she chose to meet him there. At last, about half past eleven, she made her appearance. Previously to her leaving the carriage, she peremptorily desired that all the people should be sent away who stood in the street to stare at her. When, with some difficulty she was persuaded to encounter their gaze and enter the vestry, she declared that she would go back again; she could not make up her mind—it was impossible to part with her liberty. She took out her handkerchief, but there were no tears; somebody told her that, if she fainted, she would decompose her dress, and this had the effect of delaying the catastrophe; but the opportunity being almost too tempting to be resisted by a gentlewoman of her turn, I made such a preparation of cold water in a large basin, that I verily believe she became alarmed for her satins, and suffered herself to be prevailed upon, at the latest moment the ceremony could be performed, to enter the church. The bridegroom, exceedingly sincere in his attachment to her property, bore all her capricious airs and graces with the utmost humility. He begged, he entreated, he besought, called her his soul's idol, his life, and his treasure, and, finally, protested that he would shoot himself if she disappointed him again. But the moment the binding words were uttered, the face of things changed like the scenery of a pantomime: she was quite prepared for a second exhibition, absolutely could not face the crowd, and proposed remaining in the church until it was dusk. The time, however, was past for these foolish tricks. He silenced her with one word, "Nonsense," knit his brow, assumed an air of determination, and led her, a little astonished, but quite tame, to the carriage, amid the smiles of all the beholders.

It is not, I am sorry to say, very often that I witness a marriage solemnized according to my own old-fashioned notions, but upon inquiry, I have always found that such marriages have been the happiest, in which the parties have joined with pious fervour in the holy service that the church has instituted for the occasion. It is a truly pleasing sight to see even the bride and bridegroom lose every earthly thought and feeling in

one fervent aspiration for the divino blessing, and all the friends and relations joining piously and devoutly in prayer and supplication to the giver of all good, for the felicity of the wedded pair, both in this world and in the next.

AGE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

There's a chastened spirit that folds its wings,
Musing 'tween earth and holy things ;
Still gliding on in its noiseless flight,
Like the snow thro' the clouds of a winter's night.
'T is the spirit of age.

There's a passionless eye, that looks above,
With a ray of faith, and a tear of love ;
That regards the stars, as they nightly glow,
As the home of some friend who was once below.
'T is the eye of age.

There 's a faded lip, that but faintly smiles,
And with tales of bygone years beguiles
The laughing child ; and with holy kiss
Mingles a prayer for its future bliss :
'T is the lip of age.

There 's a withered hand, that in youth was wed
To its kindred hand—but that hand is dead ;
And the withered hand, tho' it give and lend,
Now wants the aid of some kindly friend ;
'T is the hand of age.

But the chastened spirit, which folds its wings,
Will take its flight anon where the seraph sings,
And the passionless eye, with its tear of love,
Will behold all it lost in the realms above.
Then farewell age !

MARGARET LAMBRUN AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Not long after the death of Mary, queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrun (who had been one of her attendants) became in some measure desperate, on account of the loss of a husband, whom she dearly loved ; a loss which had been occasioned by the melancholy fate of that unfortunate princess, to whose retinue he had also belonged, and formed a resolution to avenge the death of both upon the person of queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose, she dressed herself in the habit of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at court with a pair of pistols constantly about her, one to kill the queen, when an opportunity should offer, and one to kill herself if her crime should be discovered. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd, in order to get near her majesty, who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of her pistols.—This circumstance being observed by the guards, she was immediately seized, in order to be sent to prison. The queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded her name, her country, and her quality;

and Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted, replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, I am a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrun, and I was several years in the service of Mary, a queen whom you have unjustly put to death, and thereby deprived me of one of the best of husbands, who could not survive the bloody catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than that of my injured queen; and, regardless of consequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitless were the efforts I made to divert me from the purpose. I found myself constrained to prove by experience the truth of the maxim, that neither reason or force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled to it by love." Highly as the queen had reason to resent this speech, she heard it with coolness, and answered it with moderation. "You are persuaded, then," said her majesty, "that in this step you have done nothing but what your duty required; what, think you, is it my duty to do to you?" "Is that question put in the character of a queen, or that of a judge?" replied Margaret, with the same intrepid firmness. Elizabeth professed to her it was that of a queen. "Then," replied Lambrun, "it is your majesty's duty to grant me pardon."—"But what security," demanded the queen, "can you give me that you will not make the like attempt on some future occasion?" "A favor ceases to be one, madam," replied Margaret, "when it is yielded under such restraints, in doing so, your majesty would act against me as a judge." "I have been thirty years a queen," turning to the courtiers then present, "and had never such a lecture read to me before." She immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been desired, in opposition to the opinion of the president of the council, who told her majesty that he thought she ought to have punished so daring an offender. The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence, in begging the queen to extend her generosity one degree further, by granting her a safe conduct out of the kingdom, with which favor also Elizabeth cheerfully complied, and Margaret from that period lived a peaceable life in France.

ON RESPECT FOR THE GREAT.

Our respect for the great, is most apt to offend by its excess; our fellow feeling for the miserable by its defect, moralists exhort us to charity and compassion: they warn us against the fascination of greatness: this fascination indeed, is so powerful, that the rich and the great, are too often preferred to the wise and the virtuous. Nature has wisely judged that the distinction of ranks, the peace and order of society, would rest more securely upon the plain and palpable difference of birth and fortune, than upon the invisible and often uncertain difference of wisdom and virtue. The undistinguishing eyes of the great mob of mankind, can well enough perceive the former: it is with difficulty that the nice discernment of the wise and the virtuous, can sometimes distinguish the latter. In the order of all these recommendations, the benevolent wisdom of nature is equally evident.

To expect an impossibility is madness; now it is impossible for ill men, not to do ill things.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

MR. SMITH AND MR. BROWN.

"One sees something of life, as you say, Sir," said the landlord, "living here in the public line; but our town not being in the high road, it is not often that any thing very particular happens; we have just our regular customers, a chance passenger now and then, and a trifle to do in the posting way with travellers crossing the country. At odd times a swindler or two will try their luck; but I'm pretty well up to those sort of gentry, and was never much of a loser by them: and so we go on, from year's end to year's end, soberly and quietly enough. We had once a queer chap of a young officer in the recruiting service quartered here, who used to make us look about us: he wasn't particularly obstreperous neither, but odd; and was apt to take strange fancies into his head. He rang the bell one night very furiously; I flew upstairs in a violent hurry, and found him stretched in the middle of the floor; he told us that his last hour was come, and so I sent for the doctor and offered to lift him on the couch, but he would not hear of such a thing: he said that he had made a vow never to die in his bed, and so, Sir, there he lay, and no persuasion could induce him to move until the apothecary had pronounced him out of danger. Another time, during quarter sessions, he was so offended at being obliged to give up his apartment to the lawyers and go a story higher, that he well nigh got me into trouble by playing the rogue's march upon his flute, as two barristers, an attorney, and their clerks were walking up stairs. But he was a quiet sort of person, compared to a couple of mad sparks, who set the whole inn in an uproar for the time they stayed. I have been in this house, man and boy, for a matter of five-and-thirty years, and I never saw any thing like those two gentlemen. It was during the war, as long ago as eighteen hundred and eight, that one morning a post-chaise and four drove up to the gate. I was head waiter then, and the inn was kept by a widow, a little infirm in her feet, so that most things were left to me. Two young men, dressed, Sir, in the very height of the fashion—you never saw greater bucks—jumped out of the carriage, and to my thinking they were a pair of as handsome young fellows as ever I set eyes on. I ushered them into the best apartment; but they were in the fidgets to be off, and ordered fresh horses. Presently the bell rang a fine tantarara, and when I went into the room they seemed to be in warm debate: but though they were Englishmen, they spoke in an outlandish language, either Latin or French, and except when they addressed me I did not know what they said; but I found out they were considering whether they should remain where they were, or go on. I saw that they had plenty of money: their purses were out in their hands in a minute, paying for the last stage, and they behaved like princes to the post-boys. I met them grinning on the stairs with gold in their fingers, so I bethought me as my young mistress was out on a visit, and not likely to come home in a hurry, it would be for the good of the house to get them to stay, and I answered their questions accordingly.

"It will never do," said one, "there is no possibility of existing in this place; the whole town has the air of a rattery, and there is nothing to be seen from the windows but a pleasing variety of butchers' shops.—His friend however, had established his feet upon the bars of the grate, and was inclined to listen to my recommendations. 'It is a pretty decentish sort of a place, for our size, Sir,' says I, 'and there's a stage-coach passes through every day for London: we've two circulating libraries, a play-house, (I said nothing about the actors, who, it must be confessed, very seldom came, and had little encouragement when they did) and the neighboring gentry talk of seeing about a ball or two.' They made no answer; so getting courage to go on, I

continued, 'Very good shooting over the adjoining manors, and squire Thorney's bounds are within fifteen miles; and what with the rector, and the banker, and the doctor, Lawyer Grampus, and Mr. Ruggins, the society is reckoned—'Curse the society,' exclaimed both gentlemen at once, 'we shall take care not to be bored with that: we do not come out of—shire to look for society; and then they jabbered in French and laughed. 'See what you can give us to eat,' cried the stoutest of the two, 'and then we shall be better able to judge of the capabilities of your town.'

"Luckily the larder was well provided; we had a most capital partridge pie, and I ordered the cook to toast a few rashers of dried salmon, which my mistress got a present from Wales; and, with a cold sirloin of beef, a foaming tankard of ale, and a bottle of wine out of a choice bin which was only touched upon great occasions, I sent up a luncheon fit for the king himself, and they were soon in high good-humor, and ordered dinner and beds. I will say that for them, they were not so difficult about their eating as customers that I have met with since—made no fuss about having French cookery, and were content with wholesome Christian fare. Things went off pretty smoothly for that day: but the next set in for a heavy rain, and our new guests gave every soul in the house work enough to do. I was obliged to run about the town trying to get newspapers for love or money, rummaged all the books out of my mistress's closet, and went to both libraries beside: but though there was Mayor's Universal History, The life of Bamfylde Moore Carew, Cox's Travels, Hales's Poems, the letters of Henry and Frances, The Midnight Bell, and the Sorrows of Sensibility, I could find nothing to please them; they wanted to hire a billiard-table, but I could only procure a backgammon-board. They wrote off to London for a set of chessmen, and then sat down to cards. But this did not last long: they took it into their heads to make new arrangements in the sitting-room, and ordering every article of furniture out of their sight, chose chairs, tables, and sofas from the other apartments which suited their fancy better. My mistress was out of the bustle or she would never have stood it. We had a grand rumpus about the picture of Admiral Keppel, which hung over the mantle-piece: it was a venerable, handsome full-length portrait of a comely gentleman in uniform, leaning upon an anchor; but they would by no means permit him to remain. Unfortunately there was a blemish in the paper which this picture hid from view, and which looked very unseemly when it was taken away, so they turned the Admiral with his face to the wall; behaving, I must say, more like overgrown boys than men: but they paid liberally, and seemed sadly to want something to do. The whole house was in a frustration to know who and what our travellers were; and the town's-folks at first shewed some curiosity, which, however, soon died away, for the gentlemen confined themselves a good deal to the inn. They seemed to be nearly of an age, and were much of the same height: but there was no resemblance between them, and their names different. Mr. John Smith was stouter than the other, a fine grown man, with brown hair, florid complexion, and blue eyes. Mr. Thomas Brown, his companion, was considerably slighter and more elegantly formed, pale, but of a healthy paleness, with eyes and hair as black as a coal; and though both had a grand look, he might have passed for a prince.—He gave less trouble, too, than Mr. Smith, and seemed to judge him in all his fancies, more to pacify and keep him quiet than for any thing else, except, may be, when he gave way to his own wild spirits; though for that matter both the friends were sometimes low enough, but Mr. Smith was always the most irritable of the two. They would have deep sighs, and lie stretched upon the sofas and chairs for hours together, especially

after they received letters, and having read and groaned over them, they were sure to put them into the fire; so there was no chance of being any the wiser through carelessness on their part, at least; and I could have told my mistress that her labor was lost, when she used to send for their clothes and search their pockets for papers. As I was saying, Sir, they had their melancholy fits, but these were soon over, and then they had no mercy on the bell—ring, ring, ring, from morning till night, asking for the strangest and most unaccountable things. They went, as I observed before, very little abroad, and though they purchased Miss Perkins's whole stock of lavender water, and extract of roses, and sent forty times to know if she had any essence of sweet peas, I question whether they were more than once within her shop door; and she was a smart-looking lass then, dressed in the tip of the mode, and had put on an extra ribbon as soon as she heard of the new corners. Much admired was Miss Perkins by the beaux of the town: her shops used to be thronged on market days, and I seldom passed the window, early or late, without seeing a man's elbow leaning on the counter. Folks used to tell a good deal about her—and the banker's son, and there was some ill-natured things said that were never properly cleared up; howsoever, she married pretty tolerably, after all, though nobody even so much as dreamed that sober Saunders the miller would take such a flighty madam when his old wife was laid under the sod."

After this episode of Miss Perkins, the landlord paused, drew breath, and continued his tale:—

"Well, Sir, a week or more passed away, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown called it purgatory. Every day I expected that they would go, but still they stayed, saying they supposed they were as well off at— as any where else; yet they would rather live with the devil himself; which I must say, I thought very strange, seeing that there was no compulsion. All of a sudden they sent for me, and told me that I was a good fellow; that they were tired of their lives, and must change their style of living. They offered to pay any money that my mistress asked, and to give as little trouble as possible, if she would consent to a new arrangement. I answered that I was sure my mistress would be agreeable to anything in reason. 'We have made up our minds,' said Mr. Smith, 'since there is nothing to be seen in this inhuman place, to sleep throughout the day, and, as unfortunately we can't take entirely to our beds, to get up at night: you will have nothing to do but to provide coffee before you go to rest, and to order one of the scullions to boil a leg of mutton and turnips, and send it up to us at three o'clock in the morning.— We shall ride out after dinner, and we give our honor that we will not set the house on fire.' I stared at this strange proposal; but they were in earnest, and whilst the whim lasted the house was amazingly quiet, considering who was in it, only they kicked up a terrible bobby in the neighborhood, riding, as I am told, like mad men along the roads, to the great alarm of the farmers, setting all the dogs barking for miles round, and sometimes having a chase after the fashion of the wild huntsman, I think they called him—wild enough, I'll warrant.

"I had soon reason to congratulate myself upon the new system, for very unexpectedly my young mistress came home. The typhus fever had broken out in the place where she was visiting, and her friends, in great alarm had sent her away. I suppose, Sir, in a long summer's day you would not see a prettier girl than Miss Lucy. She had been well brought up, and was very modest, never, to my knowledge, giving the least encouragement to any of the young sparks who used to loiter about the inn when she was at home; but there was something about her, an air and manner, though humble, too, so much above her station, that made me

tremble for the consequences of a meeting with either of the gentlemen who had taken up their quarters at the Black Bull. She laughed heartily when her mother told her of the harem scarem doings of our guests; and expressed her determination to have a peep at them; but as I was confident she would not throw herself in their way, that did not give me any pain.

"An unfortunate accident brought about the acquaintance which I so much dreaded. The gentlewoman, one fine frosty night, had taken a longer ride than usual, not coming home until eight o'clock in the morning; they were generally accustomed to be in bed by six.— Miss Lucy, not expecting to see her, came tripping down the great staircase, and before she could turn round they were at her elbow. They bowed to the very ground, and made way for her in the most respectful manner possible. She blushed, curtsied, and hastened away. Instantly the bell rang, as in old times. I ran up to the drawing room, and was immediately assailed by a thousand questions from both gentlemen about the young lady who had just passed them. She did look like a lady certainly: notwithstanding she never dressed herself so smart as Miss Perkins, she was by far the genteel of the two: that every body allowed. I was taken so completely by surprise, and examined, as it were, and cross-examined, too, that I could not think of any palpable falsehood, and was fain to tell the whole truth about Miss Lucy. Well, Sir, they did not go to sleep that day, but resumed their ordinary habits, only with less clatter, and they were continually on the staircase, or in the lobbies, or down in the yard, trying to catch a glimpse of my young mistress. She gave them, I verily believe, as little opportunity as she could help of speaking to her, and, but for the folly of her mother, probably nothing more would have come of it. Old mistress was now able to hobble about a little, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown were ever ready to offer her an arm; and so they wheedled and cajoled her over to such good, or I may say evil purpose, that they soon had the run of the small parlour behind the bar, where Lucy sat at work. I was almost at my wit's end: at last I bethought me of putting them on some new adventure.

"It happened that twice in the year Sir Godfrey Hilborough, who had large estates in our county, and used to divide his time regularly between his two houses, passed through our town, which being just half-way from Brockley Grange and Hilborough Park, he always staid to dine at the Black Bull for the good of the house. The Baronet had one only daughter, who was as beautiful as she was rich. She was mewed up, however, more like a Spanish nun than an English lady, for her father having determined that she should marry young 'Squire Thorney, a neighbor's son, a boorish sort of fellow, always hunting, or cock-fighting, or bull-baiting, would scarcely allow her to be out of his sight, and never admitted any other unmarried man within his doors. The time was now at hand for his removal to Hilborough Park, and he had sent as usual to bespeak the dinner. I told all this to Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown, and inflamed their curiosity so much, that they were all agog to see the divine Clarissa, as the handsome heiress was generally called. They thought of a hundred plans to approach her without raising the jealousy of her father, and at last resolved to officiate as waiters. It was as much as my place was worth if I should be found out, but I gave in to all their schemes, and as Sir Godfrey's own servants always helped to attend, and might, we thought, smoke the disguise, it was agreed to put brandy into their ale, and make them too drunk or too stupid to observe any thing. I had some difficulty about dressing our gentlemen so as to pass off for common people. They dipped their heads into water to take out the curl, but it would not do, and I ran over to the barber, and got two scratch wigs.

They spared no expense, and bought coats and waistcoats of the town tailor, uncouth and rustical when compared to their own, and they put on cotton stockings, and tied their neckcloths in a countryfied manner, still I had some fear of their being found out—but I put a good face upon it, and was ready to answer any questions with a bold heart.

"Exactly at the appointed time," continued the landlord, 'Sir Godfrey Hilborough's coach and four drove into the inn yard, and I took care that our two bucks should not show themselves immediately, more especially as 'Squire Thorney was there to hand the ladies out. It was a bitter cold day, and I had provided a rare jug of hot spiced ale with eggs in it for the servants; we saw no more of them. Our Francis, whom the gentlemen—why, I never could find out—had taught to say "anon, anon, Sir," was luckily laid up with the lumbago, and therefore we absolutely required some assistance, which accounted for the stay, as the whole conducting of the dinner fell upon me, and I was in a good deal of trepidation, yet I could not help observing the behaviour of our sparks. Sir Godfrey Hilborough sat at the head of the table, his lady and daughter at his right and left hand, and 'Squire Thorney at the bottom. The servant of the latter, almost as great a lout as his master, stood behind his chair: I took my station at the Baronet's elbow, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown waited on the ladies. Their ready dexterity put Sir Godfrey into good humor, who was marvellously out of sorts at the conduct of his serving men; poor lady Hilborough was entirely occupied in soothing her husband, and 'Squire Thorney employed himself solely with the dishes before him. Miss Clarissa was not so unobservant: she appeared to me to be more beautiful than ever; she had taken off her hat, and her fine dark hair waved over a forehead as white as the driven snow. She ate little, and seemed very unhappy, poor lady, as her eye wandered from her father and mother, to her intended husband. Presently she perceived there was something strange in the room. I saw her give several piercing looks at her new attendants, which made them withdraw glances too expressive of adoration, and cast their eyes demurely to the ground; then rose an indignant blush which terrified me, but this subsided. She looked now and then as if she was striving to repress a smile, and before dinner was over seemed quite propitiated by the graceful assiduity of our gentlemanly waiters. I received a good lesson that day; I never saw a napkin handed, a dish removed, or a cork drawn in such style in my life; I was only vexed to perceive that Mr. Brown was evidently the most struck and eager of the two, whereas I had hoped that Mr. Smith would have been drawn off from his pursuit of Lucy, by a handsomer face, and, as he was by far the boldest, and, as I feared the most unprincipled, there was less danger to a grand young lady from his addresses, than a simple girl who knew next to nothing of the world.

"When the ladies retired to the drawing-room, which they did very soon, Lady Hilborough fell asleep in the great chair, and Mr. Brown went in, without his wig, to stir the fire and snuff the candles; I followed with Mr. Smith to hand round the tea and coffee. The gentlemen, I must say, were very guarded in their behaviour; neither of them spoke a word more than was necessary; and as it was scarcely possible for Miss Clarissa to be offended by their conduct, she, I suppose, thinking it prudent to take no notice of a mere frolic, was satisfied with maintaining her own dignity. The Baronet's servants having slept off their tipsy fit, were as fresh as the day, and the coach and horses were out at the gate at the identical moment at which their master always left the Black Bull. Every thing being ready, Sir Godfrey, who was as full of ceremony as my Lord Mayor of London, handed his lady down stairs, and left Miss

Clarissa to 'Squire Thorney. It happened that just as she was quite ready to give him her hand, up comes his servant with a message about a dog; so, instead of attending to the young lady, he stood parleying with the man on the lobby. Mr. Brown, who had resumed his own clothes, was standing by, and so, Sir, without more ado, he stepped forward, and, to my amazement, offered his arm to Miss Clarissa, with such a modest air, and such an eloquent low, that she, casting a look of scorn at her clodhopping lover, accepted it, and down they went together, unseen by Sir Godfrey, who, it being a cold night, had got into the coach, thinking, to be sure, that 'Squire Thorney would take care of his daughter.

"I had no great reason to be pleased with my contrivance. Mr. Brown spent almost the whole of his time at Hilborough Park, in some disguise or other, and left the coast clear at home to Mr. Smith, who was scarcely a moment absent from Miss Lucy's elbow. He was clean an altered man: there was no swearing at the servants, no grumbling or racket now, but there was he sitting all the day in the parlour, reading to my young mistress. I had enough to do to watch him, and to help Mr. Brown to get a sight of Miss Clarissa. Once he dressed himself as a miller; then he went up to the hall with a pedlar's peck, and I was obliged to get him a real hawker's license, because I knew he durst not go before Sir Godfrey, who was a trimming magistrate, without one. Afterwards he bethought himself of acting the part of a blind fiddler, blind only of one eye, though, and they got him into the servant's hall, and were all as merry as beggars; and many a cold winter night did he pass in the conservatory, or under Miss Clarissa's window.

"Things in the mean time were going on dismally for me at the Black Bull. Lucy had lost all her fine spirits, and she was thoughtful now, and sad too, often being scarcely able to refrain from tears. The sight of her grief, guessing, as I did, that it was caused by her attachment to one whom I feared would prove unworthy, cut me to the heart; so I went to Mr. Smith, and plucked up a spirit, and put the question fairly to him, whether he meant to make Miss Lucy his wife. He gave me a look as black as midnight. "How dare you," said he, "inquire into the motives of my conduct, or presume to lift your eyes to a girl so far above you?" "Sir," says I, "I am aware of my inferiority, and Miss Lucy knows that I would not offend her by word or look for the whole world; but she has neither father nor brother to protect her, and whilst I am in her mother's service, I will do my humble endeavor to keep her out of harm's way." And then I went straight to the little back parlour, and opened my mind, so far as related to Mr. Smith, speaking all the time in the most respectful manner that I could think of, and my young mistress cried a good deal, and said I might be sure that she would never do any thing to afflict her mother. After this conversation she seemed more shy of Mr. Smith; and though he used to look fierce enough at me, and never deigned me a civil word, I did not care for that—all I wanted was to keep Miss Lucy out of his clutches.

"Soon after, letters came from London, which seemed to please our gentlemen hugely. Mr. Brown told me in confidence that he had persuaded the young lady at Hilborough Park to go off with him to Scotland, and desired me to be in waiting at twelve that night with a post-chaise and four at a particular spot in the neighborhood. My mind was not altogether in the job, but I did not like to refuse a gentleman who had always behaved very handsomely to me, more especially as there being an alarm about poachers, in consequence, I believe, of his prowling so much over the Baronet's ground, that he did not like to trust to the discretion of the postboys, in case of their falling in with the game-

keepers. It was two o'clock in the morning before he could get Miss Clarissa away, and just as the chaise drove off I saw a letter lying on the ground: it was moonlight, and I could read the direction well enough, to "Thomas Brown, Esq.," so I carried it home, intending to give it to his friend. Mr. Smith was, however gone, and my mind misgave me when I learned that Miss Lucy had also left the town on a visit to her aunt; I determined then to read the letter, thinking it might give me some clue to our late guests. It began "My dear Lord;" and I gathered from it that these two gentlemen were both sprigs of nobility, obliged to live *incog.* in consequence of the one who called himself Smith having dangerously wounded a gentleman in a duel. The writer made sport of their shooting a privy-counsellor; for it seems Mr. Brown was the second, and congratulated them upon the termination of their exile amongst the barbarians of ———shire. I soon ascertained that Miss Lucy had accompanied Mr. Smith in his journey, and without saying a word to any body, I saddled the best horse in the stable, and rode as hard as he could lay legs to the ground, in the same direction that this worthless nobleman had taken. I had no difficulty in tracing him upon the road; and at eleven o'clock, arrived at the inn where he proposed remaining the night. Determining to see Miss Lucy somehow or other, I stood upon the stairs considering in what manner I should contrive to speak with her alone; and as I was cogitating the matter over, a door flew open, and she rushed past me, never stopping until she had reached the street. I flew after her and found her in extreme distress. Mr. Smith (I forget the honorable name which his conduct disgraced) had beguiled her away from home under a promise of marriage; and thinking that she was now entirely in his power, had ventured to reveal his base views. In the height of her grief and indignation, it was not difficult to persuade her to return home with me. I hired a chaise from another inn, and we began a very melancholy journey. I thought she would have died upon the road. The consequences of her late imprudent step stared her in the face; she was afraid of becoming the talk and derision of the whole town, and mourned over her blind credulity in such a piteous manner, that her heart, poor thing, seemed quite broken. I found it difficult to keep my resolution of acting only a brother's part, yet I did not like to take advantage of her distraction and despair; but at length seeing how much she suffered from the apprehension of losing her good name, I could no longer conceal my long smothered attachment, and besought her to give me a legal claim to protect her from the malice of the world. She seemed more grieved than surprised at the proposal; and candidly confessed that her affections, though blighted, were still fixed upon the man who had endeavored to bring her to ruin. She concealed nothing from me, assuring me that she could only consent to become my wife to save her mother from the disgrace which her elopement with Mr. Smith would bring upon her. I was too madly in love not to rejoice to make her mine upon any terms, knowing that she was unfortunate and not guilty; and before we returned to the Black Bull the marriage ceremony had taken place. My mistress, though very angry at first, soon forgave us; and I was in hopes that I should make Lucy happy. She never uttered a complaint, and indeed I am sure that she was grateful to me for my kindness, and for the confidence which I placed in her, for I adored the very ground she walked upon. But she drooped daily; the shock which she had received was too rough for her gentle nature; and, perhaps, too, she had a hard struggle to do her duty by one who, in happier circumstances, would not have been her choice. Our neighbors used to say cruel things; and though I treated their slanders with contempt, they weighed heavily upon Lucy's

mind. She strove to be cheerful, but it would not do. It was fortunate for Mr. Smith that he never came in my way, for I think I should have been the death of him. However, I never mentioned his name to Lucy, and it is a great consolation to me to reflect that no single word of reproach ever escaped my lips. Two years after our marriage, I became the father of a beautiful girl, and life seemed sweeter to my wife after the birth of her child; but the fatal blow had been struck, and at the end of twelve months I followed her to the grave. I have never given a step-mother to her daughter, and I never will. she will be a comfort, I trust, in my old age, for she is a good girl, Sir, and to my partial eye has much of my Lucy's sweetness and gentleness about her.

"There was fine storming, you may be assured, at Hilborough Park, about Miss Clarissa; but luckily the Baronet and 'Squire Thorney fell out, and so Sir Godfrey became reconciled to his daughter's choice. Lord and Lady ——— often bait their horses at the Black Bull, and I believe they are as happy a couple as any in the county."

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

When should lovers breathe their vows?

When should ladies hear them?

When the dew is on the boughs,

When none else are near them.

When the moon shines cold and pale,

When the birds are sleeping;

When no voice is on the gale;

When the rose is weeping.

When the stars are bright on high

Like hopes in young love's dreaming,

And glancing round, the light clouds fly,

Like fear to shade their beaming.

The fairest smiles are those that live,

On the brow by star-light wreathing,

And the lips their richest incense give,

When the sigh is at midnight breathing.

Oh! softest is the cheek's love-ray,

When seen by moonlight hours;

Other roses seek the day,

But blushes are night flowers.—

Oh! when the moon and stars are bright,

When the dew-drops glisten,

Then their vows should lovers plight,

Then should ladies listen.

It is sometimes a hard matter to be certain whether you have received ill usage or not, for men's actions sometimes look worse than they are; and one must be thoroughly informed of a great many things, before he can rightly judge.

When people treat you ill, and show their spite, and slander you, enter into their little souls; go to the bottom of them; search their understandings, and you will soon see that nothing they may think or say of you, need give you one troublesome thought.

THE GRAVE YARD.

I love to steal away from the busy scenes of life, and pay a visit to the dark abode of the silent dead: the thoughtful melancholy it is so well calculated to inspire, is grateful rather than disagreeable to my heart. It sends no thrilling dart through my soul to tread upon the green roof of that dark lonely mansion, down whose chambers I must soon go to return no more. From choice do I often wander to the place, where there is neither solitude nor society. Although the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the pride of humanity are all gone, it is no place of solitude. Men are there, but their passions are hushed into everlasting silence, and their spirits are still; malevolence, with all its kindred vices, has lost all its power of harming; ambition, the cause of many a fall, lies low, and at best is forgotten; anger has done its last work; all disputes have ended, and the darkest sins are covered by the thickly piled clouds of the valley; vice, that monster of the lower regions, is dumb and powerless; and virtue, robed in innocence, is waiting in silence the voice of the arch angei and the triumph of God.

EXCELLENCE NOT LIMITED BY STATION.

THERE is not a more common error of self-deception than a habit of considering our stations in life so ill-suited to our powers, as to be unworthy of calling out a full and proper exercise of our virtues and talents.

As society is constituted, there cannot be many employments which demand very brilliant talents, or great delicacy of taste, for their proper discharge. The great bulk of society is composed of plain, plodding men, who move "right onwards" to the sober duties of their calling. At the same time the universal good demands that those whom nature has greatly endowed should be called from the ordinary track to take up higher and more ennobling duties. England, happily for us, is full of bright examples of the greatest men raised from the meanest situations; and the education which England is now beginning to bestow upon her children will multiply these examples. But a partial and incomplete diffusion of knowledge will also multiply the victims of that evil principle which postpones the discharge of present and immediate duties, for the anticipations of some destiny above the labours of a handicraftsman, or the calculations of a shop-keeper. Years and experience, which afford us the opportunity of comparing our own powers with those of others, will, it is true, correct the inconsistent expectations which arise from a want of capacity to set the right value on ourselves. But the wisdom thus gained may come too late. The object of desire may be found decidedly unattainable, and existence is then wasted in a sluggish contempt of present duties; the spirit is broken, the temper is soured; habits of misanthropy and personal neglect creep on; and life eventually becomes a tedious and miserable pilgrimage of never-satisfied desires. Youth, however, is happily not without its guide, if it will take a warning from example. Of the highly gifted men whose abandonment of their humble calling has been the apparent beginning of a distinguished career, we do not recollect an instance of one who did not pursue that humble calling with credit and success until the occasion presented itself for exhibiting these superior powers which nature occasionally bestows. Benjamin Franklin was as valuable to his master, as a printer's apprentice, as he was to his country as a statesman and a negotiator, or to the world as a philosopher. Had he not been so, indeed, it may be doubted whether he ever would have taken his rank among the first statesmen and philosophers of his time. One of the great secrets of advancing in life is to be ready to take advantage of these opportunities which, if a man really possesses superior abilities, are sure to pre-

sent themselves some time or other. As the poet expresses it, "There is a *tide* in the affairs of men,"—an ebbing and flowing of the unstable element on which they are borne,—and if this be only "taken at the flood," the "full sea" is gained on which "the voyage of their life" may be made with ease and the prospect of a happy issue.

GAMBLING.

Ber.—What says the world of me?

Stew.—My Lord, it speaks of you, as of a good man dead.
Ber.—Nay, then I'll tell you what it says: It calls me false husband, cruel father, unnatural brother—to say all in one short word; it calls me "GAMESTER."

"During my short stay at Florence, I was somewhat surprised one morning, while at breakfast, by a visit from a young man, whom I immediately recognized to be Charles——. Many years had elapsed since his abrupt departure from England. His history being peculiarly interesting, I shall take the liberty of here inserting it.—Engaged in commerce at an early age, and taken into the house of his uncle, an eminent merchant in London, his prospects in life were most flattering. From his abilities, his attention, and improvement, Charles became the favorite, and was at length considered as heir to his uncle's large possessions. A partner in the same house, who was a man of superior sense, but addicted to extravagant vices, blighted this fair prospect almost in the bud! He was married to a deprived but beautiful woman, with whom he had formerly lived on easier terms. Led on in defiance of frequent serious remonstrances from one act of expensive dissipation to another, his debts accumulated in an alarming degree, which he still hoped to discharge by means of the gaming-table. Surrounded by titled black legs, and wary sharpers, he engaged on unequal terms, and increased those debts, which, in honour, he became obliged to pay without delay, or even investigation. The wife either knew not, or heeded not, the private circumstances of her husband. She saw her house filled with the best company; gave expensive entertainments, and resorted with avidity to every public amusement which had the power of chasing away reflection and care. The husband, eager to alleviate the stings of conscience arising from the neglect of a young family, plunged still deeper into riot and profusion, and paid no longer any attention to the concerns of his mercantile affairs, which had hitherto been in a very flourishing situation. His partner, an easy old man of independent property, who never quitted his arm-chair, was not made acquainted with the excesses of Mr.——— till intelligence from their bankers arrived, stating, that not only the funds of the house were exhausted, but that, from an unusual grant of credit, they had permitted themselves to be considerably overdrawn. The affairs of the house thus involved, the most prompt and speedy measures became necessary to save their falling credit. A consultation was held, and a proposition made, and adopted, to employ the talents of young Charles, who was a proficient in the art of drawing, in forging the names of some eminent mercantile houses on foreign bills, and thereby raise an immediate supply. Charles seduced into the practice of this expedient by the treacherous

speculator, unknowingly committed an act, by which, agreeable to the laws of his country, his life became forfeited. He succeeded so well in the art of imitation, that a second attempt was shortly after made for raising a more considerable sum in negotiating the bills, however, a discovery took place, which instantly obliged the parties to seek safety in flight. Not a moment was now to be lost; Charles was made acquainted with the duplicity that had been practised upon him, and being hurried into a carriage, wherein a few valuables had been hastily packed up, departed immediately with Mr. ——— for Dover. They embarked in the packet, and arrived safe on the Continent. Continuing their route they proceeded to the South of France, where they took up their residence, and remained concealed, unknowing and unknown.

"In the meantime the uncle, confined with the gout, was left to support all the horrors of his situation. Bankruptcy ensued, and a disposition manifested on the part of the persons who had been duped, and were the chief sufferers, to have the infirm old man arrested, operated as his death warrant. In a few hours he was found lifeless in his bed, not without strong suspicion of having taken poison.—The sequel of these acts of depravity and guilt was no less fatal to the beautiful but frail Mrs. ———; who being, in consequence of her husband's elopement, deprived of pecuniary resources, and not inclined to follow or share his fate in a foreign country, accepted an offer, that was shortly after made her, of living with a man of fashion. Supported by his liberality, her extravagance now became unbounded; but her reign of pleasure was short. Tired of her charms, he quitted his mistress in a few weeks, and left her wholly destitute of future support. One lover succeeded another, till her abandoned conduct soon reduced her a state of poverty, misery, and contempt: her health had likewise been considerably impaired, and without making one commendable effort to gain a livelihood by industrious means, she sunk from poverty to guilt, and at length attempted to retrieve her fortunes by a deed of unexampled wickedness and cruelty.—She had a daughter!—a beautiful girl of sixteen, in whose countenance every sweet and gentle virtue was portrayed; the bloom of health was marked on her features, and sensibility evinced itself in her every action. But alas! how often are the children of promise doomed, in the spring of life, to mourn

——— Their blossoms blasted in the bud!

Upon this maiden flower, just expanding into bloom,
fell the rude storm of adversity,

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shook all its buds from blowing———

Julia! it was mine to see thee but once! yet pity still cherishes a tender recollection of that interview. Thy modest grief! the dignified serenity that sat on thy brow on this trying occasion! could I witness these, and not participate in thy sorrows?—Sincerely did I share them; and so lasting is the impression of injured excellence, that revolving years have not been able to efface thy image from my mind.

"This artless, exemplary girl, had been placed in

a seminary, far from her mother's contaminating sight; here she dwelt in peace, improving daily in every virtue and accomplishment that could adorn her sex. The mother mean time, distressed in her circumstances in proportion to the decay of those charms which now failed to procure her admirers, resolved, for a pecuniary consideration, to sacrifice her too lovely daughter at the same shrine of prostitution to which she had herself been led a willing victim. The thought was no sooner entertained than executed. She quitted the habitation of misery and contempt, and like an infernal demon entered the abode of innocence and peace. Julia was claimed, and carried unresisting and unknowing to her mother's dwelling, who having, through the means of a common pander of vice, obtained the promise of a large sum from an abandoned reprobate to whom her daughter was to be sacrificed, disclosed the plan, cloaked under the false garb and specious mask of pleasure, to her own offspring. From so infamous a proposal, even thus coloured and disguised, the virtuous, innocent Julia shrank, as at the sight of a basilisk. From arguments and entreaties her mother proceeded to threats, in case a promise of compliance should not be given within the period of a few days. Neither the prayers nor tears of her virtuous daughter, in the mean time, made the smallest impression on the obdurate heart and debased mind of the vicious parent.

A sense of filial duty prevented the suffering Julia from disclosing the horrid scheme in agitation. The debauched dotard, who, by dint of bribery, was to triumph over such virtue, saw her in this trying situation, and was just meditating to seize upon his prey, when, with fearful steps, she flew for relief to a former friend of her father's. She mentioned not her situation such as it was—the dreadful alternative that awaited her—the brink of ruin on which she stood—but only solicited to be reinstated in her former residence, where she might once more find happiness in retirement. This was readily promised, but, alas! too late to prevent the sad catastrophe that ensued. Julia returned home, but to what a home! a fiend awaited her arrival! she had to encounter immediate infamy, dishonor, and ruin! Here let me draw a veil over this melancholy history: suffice it to add, that Julia, in the hour of despair, friendless, unprotected, and left to her distracted thoughts, sought refuge in another and a better world. Her's had not been a life of pleasure, but it had been a life of peace and innocence; could then her unsullied mind bear up against the stigma of vice, the scorn of the severely virtuous, of such whose hearts had never possessed half her innate modesty or worth, yet to whose slights and contumely she must have been hourly exposed? Her soul shrank from the prospect; urged by despair, she hurried from her mother's blasting sight; and, bereft of reason, rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker! Poor Julia!—and shall a deed committed in the hour when reason was overpowered by the phrensy of despair, cancel the purity of thy life unmarked almost by error? Ah, no! the many acts of virtue thou hast done shall plead for thee at the throne of Mercy, and thou mayest still look down and witness the tear of sympathy I shed on thy sorrows and untimely fate. Peace to thy manes!—sweet Julia."

THE HORRORS OF SENSIBILITY.

Having proposed to myself the task of laying before the world a disclosure of some few of those emotions, which circumstances have produced in my heart—a heart too exquisitely framed for the ordinary course of society I may be allowed, by way of prelude to so delicate a subject, to give a rough etching of myself in my present condition; for who would feel pleasure in listening to the gossiping voice of an egotist concealed behind a curtain, except, indeed, it were some sweet fascinating female voice, to which imagination might attach a form beautiful as Hebe; in which case, those of us who have been well schooled in the lessons of the heart, would wish the curtain to remain drawn for ever, and the voice to continue as it began, lest the disclosure should rob the “fancy’s sketch” of half—nay, perhaps more than half its lustre; and what voice, however melodious, would not lose its charm, if instead of being breathed, as we had fondly presumed, from the lips of a sylph, it were ushered on the ear, through the beard and leathern cheeks of an Hecate!

As my voice, *per se*, can have no claim to the power of fascination, imagination would not make itself busy in giving me a form unduly beautiful, were I to utter my sensations under a cautious disguise; and therefore I hold it good to draw the following picture of myself, that in the eyes of my readers, it may stand as a frontispiece and companion to what I may disclose, and that they may shake hands and congratulate me as an “old familiar face,” when I shall have laid bare my heart before them.

I am a bachelor “on the wrong side of forty,” as the phrase of the day hath it; and the cause of which will in due order be explained. I vegetate on a small patrimony amongst the northern hills of this kingdom—a patrimony which has descended in a regular course of succession; in short I am the fifth of the name who has died, (I say died, because the death of the heart, which is mine, is the most killing death of all) on this spot, that has almost become sacred to our name, by our long enjoyment.

My looking-glass and my memory must assist me in speaking of my outward man, both of which agents I have duly consulted, and find that a series of years, spent as I shall describe, have changed the open-featured, ingenuous, manly-faced boy, who, instead of walking on the earth, seems almost to walk in it, as if to bury himself, after having followed to the grave a long family of hopes that smiled around him at the onset of his life.

The circumstances which have produced this marvellous change of body, have in a great measure produced a certain eccentric temperament of the mind, which lays me open to the pity of some, and to the scorn of others, as “a thing that never was heard of, half merry, and half mad.” No wonder, therefore, that my society is confined to my own house—indeed, to my own bosom. I have been told that my house-keeper was, at the time of my birth, a chubby girl of fifteen, taken from a neighboring work-house by my mother, so that she has been my nurse in the earlier part of my life, and has now, for many years, been the only living thing entering my doors. I believe a word has not been exchanged by either of us for these two years past; and on that occasion she spoke first, because, in a fit of absence, I was about to lay a valuable family bible on the fire, instead of a log of wood, which she had placed ready for consumption; and she knew if the bible had been destroyed, she would have been suspected of purloining it.

Here I sit by days together at my fireside, and when the milder weather comes, I con over my old choice friend Izaak Walton, prepare my flies and hooks, and sometime cheered by the old man’s prattle, I while away an hour by the stream, chiefly with the same suc-

cess I have experienced in some of my earlier fishings in the deeper streams of the world. At other times, when my strength admits of it, I climb some eminence dear to the recollection of early days; but heart-sickness, and the pangs of the past fasten on me, and drive me from scenes and objects which were wont to awaken up all my enthusiasm and joy; and when I return to my home in these moods I never fail to cross the church-yard, and there I see flowers growing over the graves of “others of my line,” and in the dearth of my heart, almost envy the silent tenants who lie lapped in so sweet a slumber, coroneted by such wreaths as nature has scattered over their heads;—and nature is the best herald—the crest she raises, and the escutcheons she grants, are not like those which the like great ones purchase of the greater little ones of the earth.

Do I speak too unblushingly of myself, when I say that an excess of that divine particle of our nature—sensitiveness or sensibility—call it what you will, that so many covet, but so few can enjoy, has wrought the effects which I have described? Alas!—sensibility, overwrought sensibility, has been the source of all my affliction, the traces of which I must bear as a badge for the remainder of my days.

Poets have strung their rhymes in praise of sensibility, in hope that, like distant acquaintance, or a courtier on a gala-day, it might be won over by flattery, and they have gone down to their graves without effecting a nearer connection. I wish I could put my lips to their ears, and tell my story, and they would rise from their repose, and unsing what they had so zealously sung before.

The first instance I can remember of the inroads made on the current of my happiness, by the exquisite weakness of my nature, occurred at a very early period of my life. I was on a visit to an affectionate old aunt in the country, who had made my happiness the hobby-horse, on which she galloped with an incredible celerity: all her fondness was lavished on me, and I loved her as sincerely. She used to indulge me in everything, and I never lacked a constant supply of pocket peace and toys for my childish gratification; and amongst other indulgence, of which she was always contriving a vast number, she used to tickle my palate with all sorts of good things; and thus she contrived to fill my mind with pleasure, and my belly with sugar-plums.

On a certain birth-day of mine, which happened during my visit, I heard my aunt order the cook to prepare for my dinner one of the finest turkeys she could find. I had several times before tasted and relished a turkey, without ever for a moment suspecting that my enjoyment had been purchased by the life-blood of the creature, and not at all considering whether or no, it was prepared with the same materials as a custard pudding would be, and certainly never connecting a thought of life or death with it. In the course of the morning of my birth-day, I strayed into the kitchen, and there I saw the cook struggling with, and tying together the legs of a large bird, and presently with a knife, which the unfeeling wench had been sharpening for the purpose, she almost severed the poor creature’s head from its body. The blood and my tears both started forth together, I screamed, and insisted on knowing why she treated the poor bird so cruelly, to which she coolly replied, she was killing and intended to roast the turkey for my dinner, according to the orders of my aunt. I had never heard of killing but once before, and that was when my aunt’s coachman, David, drove the carriage wheel over her favourite spaniel, and I could not, therefore, comprehend the destruction of another creature for the gratification of my palate; at least, I do not remember to have heard that poor Dash was served up at table, either for the gratification of me or any one else. In vain the unfeeling cook sought to pacify me, and

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