

POETRY.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Few are the hearts, (nor theirs of kindest frame) On whom fair nature holds not such a claim: And oft, in after-life, some simple thing— A bank of primroses in early spring— The tender scent which hidden violets yield— The sight of cowslips in a meadow-field— Or young labourer's pendant yellow chain— May bring the favorite play-place back again! Our youthful mates are gone; some dead, some changed.)

FILIAL WORTH REWARDED.

You are too parsimonious, Henry, said Mr. D.—to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting house, one morning—give me leave to say you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store.

Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, and a tear trembling on his manly cheek.

Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to provide more genteel habiliments, continued Mr. D. I would increase it.

My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient, sir, replied Henry, in a voice choked with that proud independence of feeling which poverty had not been able to divest him of. His employer noticed his agitation, and immediately changed the subject.

Mr. D. was a man of immense wealth, and ample benevolence; he was a widower, and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. She was not as beautiful as an angel, or as perfect as Venus; but the goodness, the innocence, and the intelligence of her mind, shone in her countenance, and you had but to become acquainted with her, to admire and love her. Such was Caroline Delancy, when Henry became an inmate of her father's abode.

No wonder, then, that he soon loved her with that deep and ardent affection—and, reader, had you known him you would not have wondered that love was soon returned; for their souls were cast in Virtue's purest mould—and although their tongues never gave utterance to what they felt, yet the language of their eyes told too plainly to be mistaken. Henry was the very soul of honour; and although he perceived that he was not indifferent to Caroline, he still felt that he must conquer at once the passion that glowed in his bosom. I must not endeavour to win her young and fearless heart, thought he, I am penniless, and cannot expect that her father would ever consent to her union—he has ever treated me with kindness, and I will not be ungrateful. Thus he reasoned, and thus he heroically endeavoured to subdue what he considered an ill-fated passion. Caroline had many suitors, and some who were fully worthy of her, but refused all their overtures with a gentleness yet decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, yet would not thwart her inclinations.

He was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled before he quit the stage of existence. It was not long before he suspected that young Henry was the cause of her indifference to others; the evident pleasure she took in hearing him praised, the blush that overspread her cheek whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they took more than a common interest in each other's welfare.

Thus satisfied, he forbore making remarks upon the subject; but was not as displeased at the supposition as the penniless Henry would have imagined.

Henry had now been about a year in his employ. Mr. Delancy knew nothing of his family but his strict integrity, his irreproachable morals, his pleasing manners, all conspired to make him esteem him highly. He was proud of Henry, and wished him to appear in dress, as well as manners, as well as any one. He had often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe; for although he dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare. Mr. D. did not think this proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and he determined to broach the subject, and if possible, ascertain the real cause—this he did in the manner above related.

Soon after this conversation took place, Mr. D. left home on business. As he was returning and riding through a beautiful village, he alighted at the door of a cottage, and requested a drink. The mistress, with an ease and politeness that convinced him that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to walk in. He accepted her invitation—and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself, such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture, which consisted of no more than was absolutely necessary, was so exquisitely clean that it gave charms to poverty, and cast an air of comfort on all around. A venerable-looking old man, who had not seemed on his staff; his clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could have scarcely told which had been the original piece.

This is your father, I presume, said Mr. D. addressing the lady.

It is, sir.

He seems to be quite aged.

He is in his 83d year—he has survived all his children, except myself.

My husband was wealthy, but false friends have ruined him; he endorsed notes to a great amount, which stripped us of nearly all our property; and one misfortune followed another, until we were reduced to poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses, and two of my children soon followed him.

I have one, and he is my only support. My health is so feeble I cannot do much, and my father, being blind, needs great attention. My son conceals from me the amount of his salary—but I am convinced he sends me nearly all, if not the whole amount of it.

Then he is not at home with you?

No, sir, he is a clerk for a wealthy merchant in Philadelphia.

Pray, what is your son's name?

Henry W.—

Henry W.—! exclaimed Mr. D. why he is my clerk! I left him at my house not a fortnight since.

Here followed a succession of inquiries, which evinced an anxiety and solicitude that a mother

alone could feel—to all of which, Delancy, replied to her satisfaction.

You know our Henry? said the old man, raising his head from his staff; well, sir, you know as worthy a lad as ever lived; God bless him. He will bless him, for his goodness to his poor old grandfather, he added, in a tremulous voice, while the tears chased each other down his cheeks.

He is a worthy fellow, to be sure, said Mr. D. rising and placing a well filled purse in the hands of the old man. He is a worthy young man, and shall not want friends, be assured.

He left the cottage. Noble boy, said he, mentally, as he was riding leisurely along, ruminating upon his interview—noble boy, he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness. I believe he loves my girl, and if he does, he shall have her and all my property into the bargain.

Filled with this project, and determined, if possible, to ascertain the true state of their hearts, he entered the breakfast room next morning after his arrival home. Caroline was alone.

So, Henry is about to leave us, to go to England! he carelessly observed.

Henry about to leave us! said Caroline, dropping the work she held in her hand—about to leave us, and going to England! she added, in a tone which evinced the deepest interest.

To be sure; but what if he is, my child!

Nothing, sir, nothing—only I thought we should be rather lonesome; turning away to hide the tears she could not suppress.

Tell me, Caroline, said Mr. D. tenderly embracing her, tell me, do you not love Henry? You know I wish your happiness, my child. I have ever treated you with kindness and you have never, until now, hid any thing from your father.

Neither will I now, she replied, hiding her face in his bosom. I do most sincerely esteem him; but do not for the world tell him so, for he has never said it was returned.

The daughter was left alone.

Henry, said he entering the counting house, you expect to visit the country shortly, do you not—I believe you so told me?

Yes sir, in about four weeks.

If it would not be very inconvenient, replied Mr. D. I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer, at least.

It will be no inconvenience, sir, and if it would oblige you, I will wait with pleasure.

It would most certainly oblige me, for Caroline is to be married in about six weeks, and I would not miss having you attend the wedding. Caroline to be married, said Mr. D. starting, as if by an electric shock—Caroline to be married! Is it possible!

To be sure she is; but what is there so wonderful about that?

Nothing, sir; only it was rather sudden, rather unexpected, that's all.

It is rather sudden, to be sure, but I am an old man, and wish to see her have a protector—and as the man is well worthy of her, I see no use in waiting any longer, and am very glad that you can stay to the wedding.

I cannot stay, sir—indeed I cannot! replied Henry, forgetting what he previously had said.

You cannot stay! replied Mr. D. why you just now said you would.

Yes sir; but business requires my presence in the country, and I must go.

But you said it would not put you to any inconvenience, and that you would wait with pleasure.

Command in any thing else, sir; but in that request I cannot oblige you, said Henry, rising and walking the floor with rapid strides.

Poor fellow; he had thought his passion subdued; but when he found that Caroline was so soon, so irrevocably to become another's the latent spark burst forth into an inextinguishable flame; and he found it vain to endeavour to conceal his emotion.

The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness.

Henry, tell me frankly, do you love my girl?

I will be candid with you, sir, replied Henry, unconscious that his agitation had betrayed him. Had I a fortune such as she merits, and as you, sir, have a right to expect, I should esteem myself the happiest of men, could I gain her love.

Then she is yours, cried the delighted old man; say not a word about property, my boy—true worth is better than riches. I was only trying you, Henry—and Caroline will never be married to any other but yourself.

The transition from deep despair to happiness, was great. For a moment Henry remained silent, but his looks spoke volumes. At last he said—

I scorn to deceive you, sir—I am poorer than what you suppose—I have a feeble mother and a grandfather who are—

I know it, I know it all, Henry, said Mr. D. interrupting him. I know the reason of your parsimony, as I called it, and I honour you for it; it was that which first put it into my head to give Caroline—so she shall be yours, and my God bless you both. They separated.

Shortly after this conversation, Henry avowed his love to Caroline, and solicited her hand; and it is needless to say, that he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until the ensuing spring; but her father was inexorable. He supposed he would have to own a falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him shoulder to; but it was too much—entirely too much—he had told Henry that she was going to be married in six weeks—and he could not forfeit his word.

But, perhaps, added he, recollecting himself, and turning to Henry, we shall have to defer it after all; for you have important business in the country, at that time.

Be merciful, sir, said Henry, smiling, I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my happiness.

I am merciful, sir, and for that reason would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said you would oblige, but you could not, indeed, you could not.

You have once been young, sir, said Henry. I know it, I know it, replied he, laughing heartily—but I am afraid too many of us old folks forget it—however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must have a wedding.

We have only to add, that the friends of Henry were sent for, and the nuptials solemnized at the appointed time—and that, blessed with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

Mr. John Miller, of Williamston, Wayne co. N. Y. was killed a few days since by his own bull. He was milking a cow when the bull ran at him and tossed him up in the air with his horns. Then he trampled upon him, run him through and through, literally impaling him until his body was horribly mutilated and his bowels torn out. The blood of the poor sufferer running upon the face and neck of the animal, seemed to enrage him the more, and the furious beast wreaked his vengeance upon his lifeless remains long after all resistance had ceased. All this took place in the presence of his wife and children, who could render no assistance until it was unavailing.

The population of Upper Canada, which in 1820 was 105,000, is now about 450,000. The population of Toronto is 13,000.

QUEBEC, August 8.

There are few of our readers who are not aware how much the restraint imposed upon the excited inhabitants of New Brunswick and their not less excited neighbours of Maine was to be attributed to the good feeling and personal respect reciprocally entertained by the Lieutenant Governor of the British Province, Sir John Harvey, and Major General Scott, of the United States Army, who negotiated on the occasion. The private letters of these two distinguished Officers have since appeared in the United States papers, from which they have been copied by several of the English prints. The correspondence has been very generally praised for the frankness and delicacy it exhibits, combined with high patriotic feelings, and we have great pleasure in selecting from the various notices which have been taken of these letters by the London Journals, the just tribute paid to the writers in the following Editorial article from a late number of the Sun:—

In another part of *The Sun* will be found, copied from the American papers brought by the British Queen, a correspondence between General Scott, of the United States Army, and Sir John Harvey, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, on the settlement of the Maine Boundary Question. We never read a semi-official correspondence which did more honour to the hearts and understanding of the writers, than does the letters of General Scott and Sir John Harvey to these gentlemen respectively. In every line we have the frankness of the soldier and the humanity of the patriot. With a delicacy which the nicest diplomatic skill could never give, because it must be the inborn prompting of a noble nature. General Scott appreciates all the difficulties of his distinguished friend's official position, and at once accommodates himself to them. Then, in a burst of fine patriotic feeling, in which the yearning of the heart towards the Mother Country is scarcely concealed, he adds—“How happy may we esteem ourselves if a personal friendship, commenced in the field, and in opposite ranks, can be made in any degree conducive to the preservation of peace—a perpetual peace between the countries! For if an immediate conflict of arms about the disputed territory can be avoided, to allow time for the two Governments to adjust, at London or Washington, the great question in controversy (which I am persuaded may readily be done.) I see no reason to apprehend another cause of serious misunderstanding between the two portions of the great Anglo-Saxon race for centuries to come.”

This is wisely and feelingly suggested, to prevent calumny from casting other bitter ingredients into the cauldron of contention. But what follows is still more indicative of the hold of early historical recollections, upon the mind and heart of the gallant soldier. “The ties of common blood,” he continues, “language, civil liberty, laws, customs, manners, interests, must, in a reasonable period—that is, as soon as we can forget past wars, and they are almost forgotten—work out a strong compact of reciprocal feeling (far more binding than written engagements,) which the other nations of the world will be unable to dissolve or to sever. Such a compact, although the two portions of the race are, and probably will ever remain, under separate Governments, and of different forms, is necessary to both—in war as in peace; for who shall say what hostile combinations in the next one hundred, seventy or even thirty years, may not take place among the other nations, to require the united strength of England and America for the safety of their common principles and interests?” This is well and nobly said; and we require but the assurance of General Scott that he expresses the sentiments of enlightened Americans, to indulge in the anticipation of an amicable settlement of differences.

If the whole truth were known we might possibly have to state here, that neither General Scott nor Sir John Harvey had the least notion, when penning their correspondence, that it would be made known to more than their respective Governments; and what would meritify us still more that had they apprehended its publication, their communications would have acquired a very different tone. Should such be the case it will only manifest the more unaccountably, how mistaken statesmen are in their notions respecting the forms to be observed when it is intended to maintain the peace of nations. A nation is as susceptible of frankness—nay, even of enthusiasm of friendship as an individual; and it may be doubted whether it does not resent as highly as would an individual, in a personal instance, the cold diplomatic phraseology which it feels bound to imitate. In the case of Governments not so immediately under the irresistible influence of public opinion as those of Great Britain and the United States, there is of course less danger in the affectation of international reserve and suspicion on the part of diplomatists, and to such these remarks are not intended to apply quite so strongly. But it is to be borne in mind that the question of war or peace between England and America, is one which the people will always be more powerful to decide than the Governments of London and Washington.

FERTILITY OF THE EARTH.

It is worth while to observe what is often overlooked, that to the soil on which we tread God hath made us indebted for the arts which adorn, and the learning which ennobles, just as much as for the food which sustains human life. If God had thrown such barrenness into the earth that it would only yield enough for the support of those who filled the earth, every man must have laboured for himself on the overspread face of nature. So that, if you examine with any carefulness, you must discover that the sole reason why this company of men can devote itself to the business of legislation, and that to the study of jurisprudence—why we can have schools and universities, and can set apart individuals, who shall give their whole attention to the instruction of their fellows—why we can have armies to defend our liberties, and navies to prosecute our commerce, and preachers to stand up and point mankind to Jesus of Nazareth—that the sole practical reason of all this is to be found in the fertility of the soil. For, if it were not fertile enough to yield more than he requires for himself, every man must be a husbandman, and no man could follow any other profession.

So that, by an arrangement which appears the more wonderful the more it is pondered over, God hath liberally thrown into the soil provision for the various wants—physical, moral, and intellectual,—of the race whose successive generations possess its provinces. And, though you may trace with persevering curiosity the rise and progress of science, and map down the steps of the march of civilization, and show how, in the advances of a nation, the talented and the enterprising have carried on a noble crusade against ignorance and barbarism; we can bring you back to the dust out of which you were made, and bid you find there the elements of all the realities of which your dominion is made, and tie you down to one surprising, though half-forgotten fact, that

God invested the ground with the power of ministering to man's necessities, and that the arts by which their corporeal necessities are upheld, and the good laws by which they are governed, and the schools in which their minds are taught, and the churches in which their souls are instructed, may be referred to one and the same grand ordinance of God, and ascribed to that fruitfulness—that “God hath of his goodness prepared for the poor.”

PRAYER.

Prayer above all other duties ought to be a reasonable service; it calls upon him that undertakes it to consider before he resolves, again and again to consider into what presence he is going, what the thing is which he is about to do, what preparedness, and what fitness he finds in himself for it; what the advantages of a right and what the sad consequences of an undue performance of it are likely to be. I have read that it has been reported of a holy person, that he used to bestow a whole hour, at least, in meditation, before he knelt down to that prayer, which perhaps he uttered in three minutes. He that goes about to pray, must know that he goes about one of the grandest and weightiest actions of his whole life, and therefore let him turn his thoughts to all the ingredients and circumstances relating to it; let him meditate, before what a pure and piercing eye he presents himself, such an one as shoots into all the corners and recesses of his heart, like a sunbeam, as sunbeams all his most concealed thoughts, views all his little indirect designs, the excuses and wanderings of his spirit, and spies out the first bud-dings and inclinations of his corruptions; and as it sees them, so it cannot but abhor and detest them, unless their guilt be washed off by repentance, and covered under the imputed righteousness of a Saviour.—South.

Major Patterson's "Camp and Quarters"—Change by the 50th or Queen's Own Regt. at Vimiera.—The charge made by the 50th at Vimiera was perhaps one of the most decisive things of the kind that ever happened. Those alone who witnessed it can form an idea of its impetuosity; affording, beyond all doubt, a most unanswerable proof of the effect which confidence will have upon the minds of men, who have before them the encouragement and example of their leader. The French manoeuvred under every possible advantage, led on by one of their finest Generals, without the least impediment in their way; the avenue to our line seemed, as it were, marked out before them. Backed by veteran comrades who had borne the brunt of many battles, with horsemen and artillery on their flanks, while clouds of riflemen were in advance; yet under all these favorable circumstances, their valour failed at the crisis—they were overthrown.

After the salvo was administered, which made their solid column recoil upon its base, as though it were struck by lightning, the old 50th, with their faces begrimed with powder, as black as their bayonets, came down upon them, amidst a fearful war cry, with a tremendous shock that nothing could withstand. Partisan-like, the Frenchmen fought with desperation as they ran; some tilting up against the hedge-rows, threw off their stern-chasers; when at length, borne down by their assailants, and falling back upon the forest, they were dispersed, and broken as they fell, “like waves that are dashed upon a rock!”

Pet Names of the Divisions in Wellington's Army.—The several divisions of the Army were not unusually employed on duties which, to a common observer, would seem to be peculiar to the nature of the troops composing them, congenial to the taste of the officer in command, or to the fancy of the General in Chief. From these, with other circumstances, originated the privilege of a title, which to each division was honorably appended, and as all were alike saluted by their proper cognomen, there was no jealousy about the matter; on the contrary, each took pride in that by which it was individually characterized, and the *nom de guerre* was as perfectly understood as the number on their buttons. The first division, consisting chiefly of crack regiments, or the well dressed battalions of the Guards, remarkably fine spoken men, and largely tinted with an aristocratic shade, were therefore styled, not without some degree of justice, “the Gentlemen's sons.” The second were, with equal truth, denominated “the Surprisers,” in allusion to the various peep-of-day excursions when they so officiously inter-meddled with, and broke in upon the slumbers of their enemies at Arroyo de Molino, Almaraz, and other places. I have also heard them called “the pleasurable,” from the idea that to agreeable quarters (as already spoken of) they were much accustomed, and that gazing upon the Moorish beauties of Andalusia formed a very interesting portion of their studies.

The Third Division were on all hands well known as the “fighting division,” for the best imaginable reason namely, that by some unaccountable means, they were always getting into the way of fire; or thrust into the very muzzle of every piece of cannon, or exposed to every battery, that was not otherwise engaged. They were sent to stop up ruined embrasures and breaches with their own riddled carcasses, to be blown into fragments by mines got up for their immediate benefit; and besides, as “Irishmen,” they were indulged in every mode of fighting, and furnished with opportunities of being dispatched from this sinful world, in every possible and most destructive way that lay within the range of men or devils' wrathful ingenuity. The Light Division called themselves “the division,” that, before which all others went to “hide their diminished heads.” They well however deserved that honorable distinction, for a more fearless, thoughtless, careless set of fellows, never trod the camp; ever upon the *qui vive* for long shot, random shot, or any other like amusement in that way. With tufts as green as the hills over which they scampered, with their rifles trailed, they were perpetually on the wing. Their observatory was at the stem of a good old oak, or any other, of the forest tribe, behind which they took friendly counsel, while they affectionately hugged their breast-work.

Light-hearted, as well as light of foot, they were the most companionable of sons; nothing went amiss with them. A sharp ring from their fusils was generally the music by which they serenaded us, while, with full confidence of having a trusty and well-tryed set of flankers at our elbow, we were always sure of a brush, when the noiseless tramp of their double quick was heard in our vicinity.

When the “fighting division” was at their work, the “lights” were not far off; there was no such thing as tying them down when the enemy was in sight. In our advance, or when preparing for some grand attack, they fringed the borders in our front; and when retiring, they protected all our movements. I cannot bring to my recollection the names by which the other divisions were distinguished; whatever they might be, they all (in their turn) came in for a fair proportion of any thing in the way of business that was going forward. The 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th divisions, bore the brunt of some desperate work at Salamanca—one of the most remarkable and decisive victories that ever was gained; where the conduct of the British troops proved unanswerably that, not only in hand-fighting but in manoeuvring, they could bear comparison with men who were said to be the finest soldiers in the world.

Bonaparte's Wounds.—Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds—one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed when he was wounded it was always kept a secret in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. “At the siege of Acre,” continued he, “a shell thrown by Sidney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow and commanded at Vincesina when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress.” “Many times in my life,” continued he, “have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuran, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, ‘Vive l'Empereur!’”—From “A Voice from St. Helena.”

A young surgeon was lately apprehended at Sheffield in England, charged with having stolen a bonnet, a satin slip, a dainty petticoat, a pair of stockings with spring garters and another article of female apparel. On examination, it appeared that the gentleman had not only stolen the clothes, but the lady who was stolen. Mamma not liking her new son-in-law, took this revenge. We are happy to add that the magistrates let him off.

A black fellow was arrested on Wednesday week, in Philadelphia, for burglary, and was committed. After his committal, a number of negro friends came to visit and enquire after him, and among them, no less than five wives, to whom he had been legally married, the last wedding having taken place on the previous Saturday. Neither of his wives knew that he was so extensively engaged in the matrimonial lottery.

The Barre, Mass. Gazette, in speaking of a gale that recently occurred “down their way,” says that a man's cellar was blown out from under his house and found collapsed like an empty balloon, on the top of a neighboring tree. Another man's well, about twenty feet deep, was blown away and has not been heard of since. “Confirmation wanted” of this story.

Previous to the breaking up of the “World's Convention,” as the late great abolition meeting in London was affectively styled, the meeting, after voting thanks to their chairman, passed a vote of thanks to God Almighty for permitting the meeting.—This is certainly a new mode of thanksgiving.

A porter passing near Temple Bar, with a load on his shoulder, having unintentionally jostled a man going that way, the fellow gave him a violent box on the ear, on which a gentleman who saw it exclaimed, “Why, my friend, will you take that?” “Take it!” replied the porter, rubbing his cheek, “didn't you see him give it me?”

Hung were the heavens in black—tremendous peals of the thunder-drum of the great vault rent the air—lightning after lightning's glare flitted across the sky—the earth shook to its centre—when little John rose up in bed and—cried “na!”

Instead of taking strong drink during the hot weather, pay the same amount of money for a good bath, which will add more to the health of the system than any one thing you can do.

Theodore Hook was asked the following question:—“If a bill be drawn payable to me many days after sight, and prove to have been accepted by a man who had fallen blind, when would you recover your money?” “When the man recovers his sight!” was the ready answer.

A southern paper says that a burglar by the name of Glass, has been apprehended and is in jail. It may be making light of a pane-ful subject, but we should like to ask if the poor fellow can see through his case.

If the police throughout the United States would use means to suppress crime and vice in boys, in a few years they would find much less of it in men—it is a good plan to drown puppies before their eyes are open.

A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out among other pretty exclamations, “We shall go to the bottom—mercy on us how my head swims!” “Zounds, madam, never fear,” said one of the sailors, “you can never go to the bottom while your head swims.”