

After having sat a short time, he got up to take his leave, saying, that he feared a longer visit might be troublesome. 'Not in the least, Sir,' Johnson is said to have replied, 'I had forgotten you were in the room.'

HENRY ERSKINE—It was on this visit to the Parliament-house that Mr. Henry Erskine, (brother of Lord Buchan and Lord Erskine,) after being presented to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Boswell; and having made his bow, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was for the sight of his *bear*.—*Walter Scott*.

DR. ROBERTSON AND JOHNSON—'Boswell himself was callous to the *contacts* of Dr. Johnson; and when telling them, always reminded one of a jockey receiving a kick from the horse which he is showing off to a customer, and is grinning with pain while he is trying to cry out, 'pretty rogue—no vice—all fun.' To him Johnson's rudeness was only 'pretty Fanny's way.' Dr. Robertson had a sense of good-breeding, which inclined him rather to forego the benefit of Johnson's conversation than awaken his rudeness.'—*Walter Scott*.

LORD ELIBANK AND JOHNSON—'Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats, as the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland: 'Yes,' said he; 'and where else will you see such horses and such men?'—*Walter Scott*.

FROM MAXIMS BY A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

DULL MEN.—Blessings be on dull men—I do not mean the dull men who won't talk, but the dull men who will. They are sleep's physicians—her ministers, preaching peace and sound slumbers to all men. Take an example, one of this good sort of persons sups with you at eleven, talks at you till one; you in the mean time compose yourself in your arm-chair, fit your elbows comfortably in the corners, cross your legs, mix your grog, light your cigar, and resign yourself, like a philosopher, to a late lecture. At two perhaps you have had occasion to say 'Yes,' thrice, 'No sure?' twice or so; 'Indeed!' about the same number of times; and this is all it has cost you for a soporific, which, made up of medical materials, would come to a crown, at least. From two till half-past two, he is himself somewhat silent; his whiffs and his words come forth like the companions of the ark, two and two; and you observe, without surprise, that he is run down. In a few moments more, he looks at his watch and remarks that 'It is time to go'—that is, he perceives that you are super-saturated with sleep; you persuade the other glass; he refuses it; then you yawn your widest, beg his pardon, and bid him 'good night.' He goes home happy that he has been listened to with so much of deferential silence; you stumble up to your chamber with such an entire resignation to the inevitable necessity of sleep, that pulling off your clothes seems an absurd delay; and you are off in a minute to the district of dreams, and rise, next day, with no headache, and with a serenity of mind which is unknown to the lovers of clubs and such like noisy congregations of men. But for the senseless prejudices of mankind, such a man as I have described would be 'taken' as willingly as we take spring physic, and courted, not cut; for a

'Blessing goes with him whereso'er he goes.'—the blessing of sleep.

SECRETS.—The easiest way of keeping a secret is to forget it as soon as communicated. You may have a considerable reputation for confidence in this matter, thus easily acquired. The only secret worth knowing in this life is, how one man contrives to be better than another; all the rest is mere alchemy.

TABLE PROFESSIONS.—I make it a rule not to do more than politely listen to second-bottle professions of friendship and proffers of service to the last shilling. It is true, I render myself liable to the suspicion of doubting that the light of a Will o' the Wisp is not so safe to steer by as that of Eddystone, and that a shooting star is not so sure a guide as a fixed one; but no matter; we are all, every Smith of us, heterodox in some article or other: bottle-friendships and bottle-proffessions are those in which I have not faith so large as a grain of mustard seed. I leave them both to the house maid, to be carried away with the corks when she clears the table, and to be let out at the window when she ventilates the room next day.

OLD MAIDS.—I love an old maid; I do not speak of an individual, but of the species, I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity.—An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but of the very past itself, she has escaped a great change, and sympathises not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in heaven; some people say they are, I am almost sure old maids are. There is something about them which is not of the earth, earthly. They are spectators of the world, not adventurers nor rambles; perhaps guardians, we say nothing of fatlers. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not this singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all, not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as ninety and nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintance. Why then are they single? Heaven only knows. It is their fate.

FROM THE ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.

PILGRIMAGE TO GLEN ORA.

BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Up, dark curtain of the Past! And as we rest ourselves on this broken lintel, let us meditate on the days of old—a Tale of Other Years. The Reverend Gideon Scott, when we first became his pupil, was a widower with an only child. That child was a girl—a few years younger than ourselves—the last of four. One after another he had seen his roof-tree strip of its blossoms, and when at last worn out with watching and sorrow, his wife was laid beside them in their peaceful sleep, that heart-broken father seemed to have no farther tie that bound him to the world. He left his small lowland parish—the scene of so many bereavements—and with his one remaining child settled in this beautiful and secluded Glen. Here for a time he lived, bowed down by the magnitude of his griefs. As if fearing to commit the precious freightage of his love to so frail a bark as his infant seemed to be, he kept her as much as possible from his thoughts—or if he thought of her at all, he taught himself to consider her as one dedicated to the grave. But when year passed on after year, and she had outlived the period which had uniformly been fatal to the rest, hope began to revive in his bosom, and he thought "Surely this one also shall not be taken away." Buoyed up with these expectations, he became more cheerful than he had ever been since her birth and lavished upon this last—and as he fondly thought, this loveliest of his flock—the affection which had been shut up in his heart for so many years. His intercourse with the rest of the world was now, at distant intervals, renewed. And on these occasions, when he returned to his ancient parish, he took an especial interest in our studies, it was not difficult to persuade him to take on himself the duties of our preceptor. At fourteen years of age the fancy for solitude, is not so strong as when we become tired and sated by a long intercourse with the world. We confess that, for the first year, our time hung heavy on our hands. Though Marion in all excursions was our constant companion—though, with an activity nearly equal to our own, she climbed the mountain or threaded the ravine—still we longed for some bolder competitor, with whom in proud rivalry to climb the eyrie for the eagle's nest, or dash over the loch when our pinnace was dancing in the "Joy of Storms."

But soon these regrets and longings gave way to tender and more delightful feelings. We were never so happy now, as when, after our tasks were over—we wandered into the deepest recesses of these mountainous defiles, with our Highland lassie by our side, and e'er sixteen summers has stamp'd us man, we lived and breathed only for our Marion. Gentle and imperceptible to young hearts is ever the approach of love. We talked, we laughed, we wandered as before, but twilight deepened oftener into eve before our steps were turned homeward. We watched till the bright star of Venus rose high over the ridge of Ben Ericht, and then we knew that it was time to bend down the glen, so as to reach the Cottage before the hour of our simple supper. Then, after a blessing from the grey-haired father—for both of us he called his children—we went off with the light spirit of youth to our beds, to dream of the same walk to-morrow, and to sigh for the hour of gloamin'. Winter in the midst of this happiness came on—the third winter of our residence at Glen Ora. Still, although we—that girl and ourself—were bound to each other by the deepest passion that ever spread its ennobling and purifying influences over the human heart—little did we think that the feelings we experienced—so warm, so tender, was the same wild and peace-deströying principle, which, in our old romances, we read of under the name of Love.—Too soon were we to be awakened from our ignorance.

We had been up the Glen upon some business of the farm, and were warned to hurry homeward as fast as possible, as the clouds, which had been lowering and gathering all day, seemed to foretell a blast. At length, when about three miles from the Cottage, the heavens let forth their wrath. We struggled against the tempest as well as we were able, and slowly—in spite of hail and snow—we made our way along the valley. Glad were we that our Marion was safe under the shelter of a roof: we thought of her as we pressed onward—how kindly she would hasten out to welcome us, and how her eyes would gladden with delight as she congratulated

us on our safety. In the midst of these thoughts, the storm grew fiercer and fiercer every moment—the snow was lifted up into enormous wreaths, and the wind dashed the sleet into our face till we were nearly blind. Still—as we perfectly knew every inch of our way—we pressed onward undaunted.—The Cottage appeared in view—inspired with fresh vigor, we darted forward on our path, and with a joyous shout we rushed into the parlour. There sat no one but Mr. Scott. 'Thank God!' he said, when he saw us, 'I began to be somewhat alarmed; the storm came on very suddenly, and Marion must be cold and wet: I have ordered a fire in her room, so that Jenny will soon put her all to rights.' 'Marion!' we exclaimed, gasping with horror, 'is Marion out at an hour like this?—Which way?—Where has she gone?'

'She went over to the loch this morning to see Donald Stewart's bairn, and I thought you were to go round that way, and bring her home.'

'Over the loch, and this tempest blowing from the east!—Oh God! and only Neil Angus to manage the boat!'

We rushed with the speed of madness once more into the storm—we dashed our way amid the snow drifts and made directly for the lake. We reached the creek where the boat was generally moored—she was away—we knocked at Angus's cottage—it was deserted. We strained our eyes if we could discover any moving object amid the strife of elements—we saw nothing but the sleet and snow driving furiously over the loch. We listened—we shouted—but our own shout was lost to us in the now redoubled howlings of the Storm. Though the sun was yet in the heaven, darkness fell in a bodily shape upon the earth, and it seemed as if the shadow of the wrath of God were stretched across that black impenetrable sky. At length we fancied that something at a great distance was moving upon the waters. But the loch was now trembling with unnumbered waves, and even if the object were the boat, how was she to come to land through all the surf?—We saw her!—at last we saw her—making slowly for the creek. In an agony of hope and doubt, and thanksgiving and fear, we watched her every motion. She was lost occasionally for a moment and then became visible on the ridge of some vast billow. Nearer and nearer she came in her perilous course, and when about twenty yards from where we stood, she grounded on the rock. The water sprang high above her into the air, and a death-shriek of agony and despair, made itself distinctly audible through the roaring of the wind. We saw but one flutter of the tartan plaid that Marion always wore, and with a spring that carried us far into the loch we dashed through the breakers. By the exertion of all our strength we reached the boat. Joy, joy! we have that blessed one in our arms, and the timbers of the shattered pinnace are floating in broken pieces over the lake. With our precious burden, insensible from fear and cold, we fought our way once more to shore. We landed, but no help was near. We, therefore, still keeping her close to our bosom, attempted to carry her to the Cottage. We toiled, we strove—and what will not young limbs accomplish when love strengthens their sinews!—we reached the house at last! Hope, fear, and joy, joined to the fatigue, now overcame us, and laying our dripping and still fainting burden gently before the parlour fire, we sank at Marion's side as insensible as herself. But not long is youth in recovering its energies. That very night we saw our Marion pale, indeed, but beautiful as ever, presiding at the frugal but contented board. Yet did that widowed father seem to take no share in our rejoicing, no gladness seemed to mingle in his thanksgiving for her escape; and as he kissed her that night his eyes filled to the brim with tears, and he bent over her long and passionately in prayer, and said, 'God who hath stricken me and afflicted me aforesaid, hath seen meet to chasten me still farther. It hath been revealed to me, when solitude and fear gathered themselves around my spirit—even this night it hath been revealed to me, that I prepare for yet greater sorrow.'

But these forebodings were lost upon hearts so joyous, so buoyant, so devoted as ours. Again we wandered—

'From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve;' no longer as mere boy and girl, for that hour of peril and of deliverance had given to our love the maturity and strength of many years; and we felt that there was now a tie between us which no earthly power could break. Months past away, and now the fourth spring of our residence at Glen Ora was deepening into summer, when a letter came to inform us that we must prepare to leave it. Never till this communication had either of us known how absorbing was our affection. Still more together than before, we felt how love is hallowed by the prospect of separation; and vows—how truly and how fondly pledged!—were interchanged, that no distance, no time, should ever divide our hearts.

It was this parlour, whose decaying floor we now tread—that embrasure of the window, now damp and clammy with the rain and dew, that witnessed our parting hour. In the little book-room—the scene of our former studies—we had received the adieu of her father.—With solemn earnestness he had thanked us for the preservation of his child, and he had said—'When you leave these walls and mingle in the race of life with men, look back on these days as on a dream. Forget us. Above all forget my Marion as one who is sealed unto a higher doom. She is spared to me yet a little longer, but her day of fate draws near. Suffer us then, the father and his child, to go down into the grave without adding to the sorrow of their only friend. Forget us—forget us. It will save you much grief in after time.' Subdued into tears by the misery of our kind and indulgent father, we came into this very parlour, how different then! All our wretchedness, as we entered, rushed in a full stream into our heart—our love, our happiness!—and grief was too powerful for words.

Pressing that pale and trembling girl to our bosom, we kissed her but once, as tearful and voiceless she lay within our arms, and rushed into the open day!

Removed to new scenes, engaged in the active pursuits of men, did our heart for one moment wander from Glen Ora? Never, oh! never! Still amidst all our thoughts rose that one surpassing dream of youth and happiness; still glowed that pure and holy flame in the sanctity of our inmost soul. Other skies were over our head—we were far in another land, holding commune with the great minds of antiquity, beneath the shadow of academic towers, and in the silence of old umbrageous groves, when, startled from our dream of ancient days, we were called back to the dearer interests of our Marion and Glen Ora, by a letter which reached us about three months after our separation. And was she—so young, so loved, so beautiful—indeed to die?—Had the destroyer, who had withered all beside, at last laid his hand on this last blossom of the tree? Fast, fast as space could be traversed, we journeyed by day and by night to Glen Ora. No where did we