

over the features of Mr. Paddy, as he uttered the sentence. As we proceeded, we perceived almost every second bush had been converted into a gallows for the canine race: and I could not help remarking to my companion, that we were certainly in a very hanging county. 'Troth, thin, you may thank yourself for it' said he, laughing outright, for up to this period his mirth, though increasing at every fresh execution he perceived, had been smothered. 'Thank myself,' said I, 'how?' 'Be my soul, you frekened the whole country this mornin'.' said he, 'with that little green book o' yours—' It is my sketch-book? said I. 'By gor, all the people thought it was a ketch-book, sure enough, and that you wor goin' round the country, to ketch all the dogs in it, and make them pay.' 'What do mean?' said I. 'Is it what I name you want to know sir? throth, thin, I don't know how to tell it to a gentleman, at all at all.' 'Oh, you may tell me.' 'By gor, sir, I would not like offendin' your honor, but you see, since you must know, sir, that when you tuk that little green book out iv your pocket, they tuk you for—savin' your presence—by gor, I don't like tellin' you.' 'Tut, non-sense, man, said I. 'Well, sir, (since you must know) by dad, they tuk you—I beg your honour's pardon—but by dad, they tuk you for a tax-gatherer.' 'A tax-gatherer!' 'Divil a lie in it; and when they see you takin' off the dogs, they thought it was to count them, for to make them pay for them, and so, by dad, they thought it best, I suppose, to hang them out o' the way.'—*Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland.*

**SKETCH OF LORD COLLINGWOOD.**—Poor old Cuddy! a better soul! nor braver heart in breeze or battle, never thumped 'twixt the ribs of man! He was none of your nice uns who never see daylight till the decks were dried up, and regularly reported as dry as a bone. Sea or harbour, wet or dry, gales or calm, dawn always seed him on deck. There he'd pace the break of the poop, with his blue breeks and white stockings, (for winter or summer, he rigged alike,) his hard-weather hat shipped—for the scraper he bent in breeze was always in use before breakfast. It was as brown as a berry, and the lace round the rim as black as an old copper bolt. Well, there, with his three cocked scraper astwart ships—for 'twas a regular razee—ay, lower cut down nor a Greenwich bodson's—well, there, in this sort of rig, he'd pace the poop, twirling his two thumbs afore him, for all the world like a straight hair Quaker, whilst, the mizen-top-men, washing decks of a morn, would slush and slash the water about him in every direction. Never mind me he'd say, as if he was no more—no, no more than a regular galoot, never mind me, my man, (for he always spoke to a man like a man,) if I gets in your way, he'd say in a voice and looks as told the truth of his tongue—for half your chaps as say a kind word to a fellow, don't say it so much from their natural bent as to try to earn a name, as they know in their hearts they doesn't deserve—if I gets into your way old Cuddy could say—'it's my fault, my man and not yours, my man. He had the most takenedst tongue I ever met in my life, I'm bless'd if I wouldn't rather get a regular blow in up from he—nor—ay, a good word from half your capring skippers.—*Tales of a Tax.*

**ZEAL.**—The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of ever turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spreads itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness, and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted with little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels, so is a man's prayer; if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident—and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven—but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshments.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

**MOTIVES OF HUMAN ACTION.**—In laying down rules to enable men to live in peace, in the world, it is necessary to consider what are the motives that induce mankind to seek the ruin of each other. These will be found to be hope, envy, hatred, fear and contempt. Of all these contempt is the least to be dreaded. Men have in many instances, found this a safeguard. We tread under foot those whom we despise, but we pass on, and rarely take the trouble to meditate their ruin. The soldier, in the field, passes over the pros-

trate enemy, and proceeds to attack him who stands erect. He who possesses nothing that can excite the inordinate capidity of others, who takes care to have nothing about him that is remarkable, or that may be coveted, will defeat the hopes of the wicked. He who endeavours to avoid attracting notice, who makes no display of his riches, and who strives to live happily within himself, will escape the envy of those around him. He who never commits an injustice, and who is cautious of giving offence, will never draw down the hatred of mankind on him. He who conducts himself mildly, and with affability, and kindness to all around, and who possesses mediocrity of fortune only will never be an object of fear. Nothing tends more to the tranquillity of the mind of man than a limited commerce with the world, and an extensive knowledge of himself. Conversation has great attractions; but like love and wine, it frequently leads men into trouble. It unlocks the bosom, and discloses the secrets of friends. The base of happiness is a life free from the commission of injustice. The man who cannot restrain himself passes a life of trouble and inquietude his fears are in proportion to the injury he does. He is never free from dread. His alarms follow his offence and unhappiness becomes fixed in his soul. His conscience will not permit him to think of any thing else. If he steals from it for a time, it returns upon him again with redoubled violence, and he suffers the punishment of his guilt in expecting it. With a bad conscience a man may find safety, but never tranquillity. He fancies himself discovered, although concealed. He is agitated during sleep. He cannot hear a crime named without reflecting upon his own. He finds it never can be forgotten, or hidden from the world. The unjust man has sometimes had the good fortune to conceal his crimes, but can never have the certainty of doing so.—*Seneca.*

"In England," observes *Blackwood's Magazine*, speaking of Captain Beechey's Narrative of his Voyage to the Pacific, "almost the first thought of youth is the seas, and the first aspiration of boyhood is to be a sailor. Everything that we read, or see, or hear, impresses on our mind the same feeling; and who cannot remember having been enraptured long days together, over the tales of strange, new scenes, and dangerous passages, and wild adventures, in Anson, Vancouver, or Cook, and having longed to see the beings of another world there portrayed, or to wonder through those sweet Islands, in that Ocean happily called the Pacific? Among such scenes, where the living changes of the capricious tropics were all that accompanied the vessel in her course, now blazing around her in the lightning—now sleeping over her sunshining track in the calm drowsiness of an equatorial day, Captain Beechey's voyage was directed, and the account of it is conceived in the spirit of a gentleman, and written in the plain and unaffected style of a sailor. This book contains within itself much, both to please and delight, from the vast variety of different scenes—the excitement of some—the splendour of others—and the rapid transition from extreme to extreme." We are glad to find that a new and cheap edition of this delightful work, in octavo, has just made its appearance.

#### FROM THE JOURNAL OF A NOBLEMAN.

'Count Zavadowski was the son of a favourite minister of Catharine II., and on the death of his father became heir to a vast fortune. I had known him very well at St. Petersburg, where his noble birth, his amiable manners, and a fund of information far beyond his years, rendered him a favourite in the most distinguished circles of the Russian capital. On the conclusion of peace he proposed visiting the different capitals of Europe, and, with his view, proceed straight to Vienna, during the sitting of the Congress. This was of course an excellent preface to the book of the world, every page of which he was anxious to peruse.

"I have been spending the evening 'with my relation, Prince Razumowsky, who gave a ball in honor of the Empress Elizabeth's Saint's day. The heat was excessive, and I came away before supper.' I gave him a description of Mr. Reilly's dinner, an account of which he had already heard from the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg.

'I expected next morning two Hungarian horses to be sent to me, which I was assured were the best

trotters in Vienna. As I wished to purchase them, I asked the Count to accompany me to the prater to try them, which he promised to do. While we were talking of trotting horses, of which I think none in Europe equal those employed in the Russian sledges, for the winter races on the Moskwa, the count prepared to undress. 'He observed that he was very much fatigued with dancing, as he had been teaching the Mazurka to some German ladies, who were prevailed on to substitute the graceful elegance of the Polish dance for the stiff formality of the minuet. 'Good night, then, count,' said I; I will put out the lights, and give this bougie to your valet the chambre. Be ready to-morrow at ten o'clock.

'Next morning the horses were harnessed in my curicle, and at the appointed hour I was at Kavadowski's door. On entering I was met by his valet, who told me that the count was not yet up, 'How! not up?' I exclaimed, 'and in bed before midnight:—a lazy fellow! I'll soon rouse him. I entered his chamber and found his curtains closely drawn. 'Come, come, Zavadowski,' said I, 'what means this? I hope you are not ill?'—He raised his head from the pillow, and drawing his hand across his eyes, as if to dash aside a tear, he exclaimed, 'Alas! my dear father, why did I lose thee?'—'Count,' resumed I, 'what ails you? what melancholy dream has revived the memory of your father at this moment? Come, come, the horses are at the door.'—'My dear friend,' replied he, 'it is no dream but a sad reality. I lost two millions last night!'—'Zavadowski, are you mad? I tell you, you are in bed where I left you last night. I extinguished the lights myself before I went away. Are you dreaming or asleep?'—'Neither, my friend; but I am awakened from a sleep which I could fain have wished had been my last. Z— and Count B— called on me after you went away. The candles were lighted; we played the whole night and I lost two millions of rubles, for which they have my bills.' I advanced to the window, and on drawing aside the curtain, I saw the chamber strewn with cards. A few short hours completed the ruin of the unfortunate young man, 'My dear count,' said I, 'in all probability this is merely a joke, intended to alarm you. Be comforted. They cannot surely intend to rob you in this way. I will go to them immediately. They cease to be my friends if they hesitate for one moment to adopt the course which honour dictates.'

It would be superfluous to add, that in both cases his interference was simply laughed at. The count had recourse to a more energetic mode of appeal, and challenged one of his adversaries, whom he wounded. His character as a gambler and a duellist, gained him so much discredit with Alexander, that upon applying to be attached to the Russian embassy to Florence, he received from the Imperial hand the following overwhelming answer:—'In consideration of the services rendered to our august mother by your father, Count Zavadowski, I pardon the indecorous presumption of your request.'!!

**MEMORABLE SAYING OF KOSCIUSKO.**—When this brave Pole arrived at Cracow, where the revolution commenced, he made, to the little band of patriots under his command, the following heart-stirring speech: 'We are not strong enough in number to be victorious, but we are enough to die with honor in defending our country!'

A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said to him, 'a passive expresses the nature or receiving of an action, as Peter is beaten! now what did Peter do? The numskull paused a moment, and scratching his head by way of aiding thought, with the gravest countenance imaginable replied, 'Well I don't know, without he hollered!'

Lord A. relates a droll anecdote of two distinguished fashionable gentlemen, who happening to quarrel at Brighton, during the last autumn, one of them wrote 'scoundrel' upon the other's door. The latter conjecturing from whom the insult proceeded, instantly went to his house, but finding the individual from home left a message to the effect that he merely returned the visit of Mr —, who was so civil as to leave his name at his door in the morning.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second may be what thou wilt.—*Fuller.*