

## Literature, &amp;c.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

THE MERCHANT AND THE BLIND MAN.  
"Fact—not fable."—Halleck.

Ogilvie was born at Edinburgh, in Scotland, and bred a watchmaker. Being wrecked in his fortunes, his eyesight gone, and his wife dead, he resolved to quit his native country and seek for new friends in the city of London. The sister of his deceased wife requested that she might take his only child, an infant and adopt it as her own, he consented, and she called the child Julia. Ogilvie soon prepared to bid adieu to Scotland,—and that he might have a companion in his misfortunes, he bought a dog, named him Pompey, and put a brass collar on his neck, with these words in large letters engraven upon it, "Pompey asking alms for his blind master."

Thus equipped, Ogilvie and Pompey set out on their journey, and arrived at the Red Lion Inn, on the 20th of June. The next day Ogilvie was conducted to the Parish of St. Giles, where he took lodgings at two shillings and sixpence per week. Being now settled, his host accompanied him and Pompey to the piazza of Covent-garden theatre, where by the side of the pillars, he took his stand. This situation he occupied on all business days for upwards of 13 years. Ogilvie's custom was never to speak, but always to hold his hat in his hand, with Pompey by his side. When any person dropped money into his hat he made a bow but never uttered a word, unless he was first spoken to, and then, his answer generally was "yes" or "no."

Mr. Lovel, a merchant in the West India trade, whose counting rooms were at the old City chambers, and his dwelling in Soho-square, was in the daily habit of passing under the piazza. One afternoon, observing the blind man and his dog, he stopped, and taking hold of the collar read aloud the inscription. He then addressed the blind man thus, "Pray tell me sir, by what means you lost your sight?"

"By that scourge of mankind, the small-pox," he answered. Lovel, putting in a one pound note into his hand and bid him good afternoon, walked off. On his way home, his thoughts dwelt on what he had just seen and heard, which filled his bosom with deep sorrow,—and what aided to create greater sympathy for the blind man in the mind of Lovel, was the circumstance of his having only 6 months previous lost his own wife by the same disorder, leaving him and his little son John, then six years of age to bemoan her untimely death. That very night Lovel resolved that he would ever after either in going into the city or on returning to his house, throw into the blind man's hat a shilling or more, and for eighteen years he kept his determination.—During this time Mr. Lovel was prosperous in business, he gave his son a collegiate education, bred him at the temple, and he became a distinguished barrister.

The Earl of Derby having employed the young barrister in a suit of consequence, in which the interest of the crown was concerned, on the trial of the cause the principle contended for by the young barrister was argued with so much ability and eloquence that the result proved favourable to his client. The information of the fact coming to the ear of the king, his Majesty pleased to confer on him the honour of knighthood.

Mr. Lovel had occasion to apply to the underwriters at Lloyd's to effect an insurance on a large ship and its cargo, of great value, bound to London from the Island of Jamaica. But a letter of advice had been received that morning at Lloyd's, stating the total loss of his vessel and all on board in a hurricane, the day after she sailed from port. This information was overwhelming, and drove Mr. Lovel almost to despair. He called his creditors together, and gave them a just and true account of his affairs; he told them that he could pay them ten shillings in the pound, by delivering up all his property, which he was ready to do.—The creditors cheerfully accepted his offer, and executed a general release.

Five years previous to the failure of Mr. Lovel, a most singular and extraordinary occurrence happened to the advancement of Mr. Ogilvie's fortune. A celebrated duchess of Piccadilly, with a few friends, one evening attended Covent-garden theatre, to hear Kotzebue's play of Pizarro, which had been adapted to the English stage by Mr. Sheridan. When the amusement was ended, her grace on leaving the house, and just as she was stepping into her carriage, discovered that she had dropped from her finger a diamond ring, of the value of 1200 guineas. She instantly proclaimed her loss, with an offer of 50 guineas to the person who might find it. Ogilvie who stood near, and heard all that had been said, requested her grace to extend her hand and let Pompey see the finger on which she wore the ring, to which she instantly complied, and then drove off for her palace. In less than two hours after, all was quiet in and about the theatre, and the flambeaux in the vicinity were extinguished, Pompey found the ring, and delivered it to his master, who early next morning went to the palace of the grace, who received him with joy and gladness. On Ogilvie's presenting her the ring, she offered him the 50 guineas as promised, but he wholly refused receiving the money. She then gave him a half ticket in the lottery then drawing. Ogilvie accepted the ticket, thanked her, bid her good morning, and returned to his stand in the piazza. Eight days after this interview the ticket drew a prize of £20,000. The money he deposited into the hands of Mr. Newland, president of the bank of England, made that gentleman his confident agent, and banker, and the public were ignorant of his good luck, as well as the Duchess of Piccadilly, who did not know the number.

Ogilvie still continued in his old place under the piazza; his friend the merchant as usual, day by day, dropping his shilling into his hat, until the whirlwind came, and all the treasures of this man of humanity were drowned,—were sunk in the bottom of the ocean.—Thus driven by misfortunes Mr. Lovel had to abandon his walk under the piazza, and had not passed that way in 15 days. This circumstance very much alarmed the mind of Ogilvie: he felt that he could not be mistaken, because he knew his voice, and could distinguish his walk from that of all other persons. Fortunately he knew his name: "I will not delay a moment," said Ogilvie, "to search out and find my benefactor! Perhaps that benevolent man may now stand in need of the very charity which he has so long and bountifully bestowed on me?"

He prepared himself with money, a hackney coach, and drove direct to the house of the merchant, in Soho-square. On his arrival Mr. Lovel was not a little confused, and began to apologise for having neglected him so long, but observed there was a cause.

"I hope you will pardon me, sir," said the blind man, for the liberty I have taken, when I assure you that I am actuated by the purest motives, motives of gratitude, in coming to inquire the cause of your absentsing yourself from the piazza?"

"I believe you, sir," answered Lovel. "I shall most willingly give you the particulars of my losses and misfortunes, which he fully related."

As he ended, Mr. Ogilvie put into Mr. Lovel's hand two bank notes, each of five thousand pounds, which he had that morning received of his agent, Mr. Newland, and requested his acceptance of the money as a token of his affection and gratitude, observing, at the same time, "I do not my friend, consider this sum sufficient to discharge the debt I owe you; but I hope it will enable you to begin business again, and be assured, I shall seek every opportunity to do you good all the days of my life."

So saying he departed, and went to his stand in the piazza. Mr. Lovel commenced business de novo, and in a little time he stood as the first West India merchant on the Royal Exchange.

The following season Sir John (the son of Mr. Lovel) visited the city of Bath, being the scene of summer amusements for all the people of fashion, and at that time was principally crowded with the company of the nobility and gentry from all parts of Europe. While in Bath, Sir John became acquainted with Lady Erskine, from Edinburgh, and her Ladyship introduced him to Julia, whom she had adopted as her own daughter on the death of Julia's aunt, which happened two years before. Julia was the most celebrated beauty and belle of Scotland. The expression of her countenance, the exquisite propriety of her stature, and the exact symmetry of her shape, attracted the fixed admiration of Sir John. In her air, walk, and gesture, she mingled dignity with grace. Her eyes, which were of dark grey; spoke the great sensibility of her mind and the sound of her voice was like the sweetest music. Sir John was a man of sterling integrity, deep learning, mildness of temper, and greatness of soul. At the assembly he had the good fortune of having Julia for a partner in the dance, and the next day he met her at the Font. The nectar of the waters of these wells, as Beau Nash, the old king of ceremonies at Bath, used to say, produced a pulsation of the heart which 'none but lovers feel.' Sir John declared his passion for Julia, and became her accepted lover, and the consent of Lady Erskine to their union was readily obtained.

The next day they set off for London. On her arrival, Lady Erskine took the lovers with her direct to the palace of her grace the Duchess of Piccadilly, who received them with open arms. When she was informed of the intentions of Sir John and Julia, she insisted on their being married at her palace, as soon as the parties had made their arrangements, and so it was settled. The next day Mr. Ogilvie, the father of Sir John, met at the palace when the lovely Julia for the first time in her life had the happiness of seeing her father. On her being introduced to him, the old man lost the power of utterance. Copious tears were shed, and the scene was truly affecting, although it was a joyous meeting to them and to all the company present. Mr. Ogilvie gave his full consent to Julia's union with Sir John, and settled on her ten thousand pounds. Mr. Lovel settled on Sir John an elegant house in Golden Square of the value of ten thousand pounds, and gave him twenty thousand pounds in money. Sir John and Julia insisted that their fathers should retire from business, and live with them in golden Square, and that Pompey should accompany them, to which they consented.

Her grace gave them a most splendid wedding, and just before the ceremony commenced which was performed by the Lord Bishop of London, as a token of love and esteem, she put on the finger of Julia the diamond ring which her father and Pompey found at the theatre.

ANECDOTES OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.—Popular love, and the enthusiasm of sorrow never towards greatness perhaps so real, saw in her a promised Elizabeth, and yet while she lived it was a character which I should sincerely have assigned to her, as that which she would most nearly have approached. Certain I am that she would have been a true monarch, have loved the people,—charity and justice, high integrity, (as I have stated,) frankness and humanity, were essentials and fixed in her character; her mind seemed to have nothing of subtlety or littleness in it, and she had all the courage of her station. She once said, "I am a coward, but I bluster it out like the best of them, till the danger's over." I was told by one of the members of the council awaiting her delivery, that Dr. Baillie came in, and said, in answer to some inquiries, "She's doing very well; she'll not die of fears; she puts a good Brunswick face upon the matter." She had a surprisingly quick ear, which I was pleasantly warned of, whilst playing whist, which being played for shillings, was not the most silent game I ever witnessed, she would suddenly reply to something that the baron or I would be talking of, in the lowest tone at the end of the room, whilst her companions at the table were ignorant of the cause of her observations. I have increased respect for the Bishop of Salisbury, because he appeared to have fully performed his duty in her education. She had, as I have said, great knowledge of the history of this country, and in the business of life, and a readiness in anecdotes of political parties in former reigns. How often I see her now entering the room, (constantly on his arm,) with slow but firm step, always erect, and small, but elegant proportion of her head to her figure, of course more striking from her situation. Her features, as you see were beautifully cut; her clear blue eye, so open, so like

the fearless purity of truth, that the most experienced parasite must have turned from it when he dared to lie. I was stunned by her death: it was in an event in the great drama of life. The return from Elba! Waterloo! St. Helena! Princess Charlotte dead!—I did not grieve, I have not grieved half enough for her; yet I never think of her, speak of her, write of her without tears, and have often, when alone, addressed her in her bliss, and though she now saw me, heard me; and it is because I respect her for her singleness of worth, and am grateful for her past and meditated kindness. Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple; 'My love;' and his always 'Charlotte.' I told you that when we went in from dinner, they were generally sitting at the piano-forte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind. I was at Claremont on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down the picture to give to Prince Leopold upon his birthday, the 16th of the next month.—The late Sir Thomas Lawrence's Correspondence.

TRENTON FALLS.—On one of the balmy mornings that ever broke, we descended the rude steps leading to the bed of the Trenton Falls. For some days I had perceived no change in Lorraine, and I began to fear, that the appearance upon which I had built my hopes were but the effect of physical excitement, and that his diseased mind was beyond the skill of nature. We reached the bottom, and stood upon the broad, solid floor, a hundred feet down in the very heart of the rock, and in my first feelings of astonishment, even my interest in his impressions was forgotten; but its sublime grandeur had awakened him, and when I recovered my self-possession, he stood with his hands clasped, and his fine face glowing with surprise and pleasure. His figure had assumed the erect, airy freedom for which he was once remarkable, and as he went on, the alacrity of his step was delightful.

In a few minutes we stood below the first fall. The whole volume of the river here descends fifty feet at a single leap. The basin which receives it, is worn into a deep, circular abyss, and the dizzy whirl and tumult of the water is almost overpowering. We ascended at the side, and at a level with the top of the fall, passed under an immense shelf, overshadowing us almost at the height of a cloud, and advancing a little further, the whole grand sweep of the river was before us. It was a scene of which I had never before any conception, and I confess myself inadequate to describe it. To stand in the bed of a torrent, which flows for miles through a solid rock, at more than a hundred feet below the surface, to look up this tremendous gorge, and see, as far as the eye can reach, a river rushing on with amazing velocity, leaping at every few rods over a fall, and sinking into whirlpools, and sweeping round projecting rocks constantly and violently; to see this, and then look up as if from the depths of the earth to the giant walls that confine it, piled apparently to the very sky, this is a sensation to which no language that would not seem ridiculous hyperbole could do justice.

When the first surprise is over, and the mind has become familiar in a degree with the majestic scope of the whole, there is something delightfully tranquillizing in its individual features. We spent the whole day in loitering idly up the stream, stopping at every fall, and every wild sweep of the narrow passes, and resting by the side of every gentle declivity where the water shot smoothly down with a surface as polished as if its arrowy velocity were the sleep of a transparent fountain.—There is nothing more beautiful than water.—Look at it when you will—in any of its thousand forms, in motion or at rest—dripping from the mass of a spring, or leaping into the thunder of a cataract—it has always the same wonderful, surpassing beauty. Its clear transparency, the grace of its every possible motion, the brilliant shine of its foam, and its majestic march in the flood, are matched unitedly by no other element. Who has not 'blessed it unawar?' If objects that meet the eye have any effect upon our happiness, water is among the first of human blessings. It is the gladdest thing under heaven. The inspired writers use it constantly as an image for gladness, and 'crystal waters' is the beautiful type of the Apocalypse for the joy of the New Jerusalem. I bless God for its daily usefulness; but it is because it is an every-