

a person disposed to turn his spare moments to account, such privilege is a great affair, independently of the moral advantage of having a precise task to execute at stated hours; this obligation of working periodically seems, indeed, to act as a sort of hope, on which our intellects, as well as our industry, may be sharpened. Some reasoners and refiners on this matter go so far as to say, that a man of talents and fancy will often be able to turn his gifts to greater account, if forced to give up a considerable portion of his day to drill, or even disagreeable drudgery, than if he had the whole twenty-four hours to himself. It has even been said, that the most successful and imaginative writer of our times considers himself indebted for some of his happiest flights to the necessity of plodding round and round the dull routine of a court of law, for many hours of every day; for, when he takes wing to the country, in the vacation, the spring of his energies is vastly more elastic than if he had not been chained to a desk for many months before."—*Captain Hall's Fragments.*

THE BRITISH SAILORS CHEER.—I heard it related that, some years before our conquest of the Mauritius, an English ship being taken by the French on her way to India, was carried into that island; the officers were placed on their parole, and the men put in prison. It happened that the house inhabited by the former was very near the building in which the latter were confined. One day, when the officers had been taking more than their usual quantity of wine after dinner they all sang in chorus—"God save the King," and, "Rule Britannia." In that climate the windows of houses being always open, the sound of this concert reached the ears of the seamen in their prison, who at the close of it, gave three tremendous British cheers with the utmost power of their voices; these were echoed by the officers; and shouts such as British lungs alone can give, made the walls ring, and alarmed the whole town: the population of Port Louis poured forth, exclaiming that the English were going to take possession of the town, and the garrison were under arms speedily. After the alarm had subsided, a formal request was made to the Captain, that he would prohibit his men from given those hideous cheers again as they alarmed the inhabitants. It was not the first time certainly that the cheers of English seamen, had struck terror into the hearts of their foes, but it was when heard from the deck of battle and accompanied by the flourish of the deadly cutlass; one would scarcely have supposed those sounds could have produced so appalling an effect; in circumstances so very different.

It is a Spanish maxim, that he who loseth wealth, loseth much; he who loseth a friend, loseth more; but he who loseth his spirits, loseth all.

OLD ENGLAND.—The 'three tribes of Germany,' the Jutes, the Angles, and the Saxons, by whom Britain was subdued, seem originally to have constituted but one nation, speaking the same language, and ruled by monarchs who all claimed their descent from the deified monarchs of the Teutons, Woden or Odin. They frequently changed their position on the firm land of Europe, as the stream of population rolled forward, impelled by the secondary causes, prepared and destined to act in fulfilment of the degree by which the enlargement of Japhet had been foretold. The Jutes, together with their neighbours the Angles dwelt in the peninsular of Jutland, or the 'Cimbriæ Chersonesus,' and in the adjoining Holstein, where there is still a district called Angles. That, in fact, is the real Old England; and, properly speaking, our 'Old England' is New England, though now we give that name to a Province in America.—*History of England: Family Library, No. XXI.*

EXCITEMENT.—The habit of delighting in powerful excitement is quickly created, and the appetite increases in proportion as it is more abundantly fed. The world had been shocked by the murder of Nero, but it had also been pleased, perhaps in the same proportion, as the event tended to keep alive the persuasion that Heaven had not ceased to watch over the affairs of this world, or to punish the guilty. But when the powerful emotions caused by this catastrophe had died away, lassitude of mind succeeded, and a desire was secretly felt to be again moved in a similar manner. This tremendous disposition of mind, compounded of hope and terror, which always prevails among the multitude during revolutionary times, is invariably the parent and the avenger of crimes; first

hungering for the excitement caused by their commission, than for that which is produced by their punishment.—*St. John's Anatomy of Society.*

FROM SUMMER AND WINTER HOURS.

THE UNCLE.

I had an uncle once—a man
Of three score years and three,
And when my reason's dawn began,
He'd take me on his knee,
And often talk whole winter nights,
Things that seem'd strange to me:
He was a man of gloomy mood,
And few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude,
His conscience with him wrought,
And there, before his mental eye,
Some hideous vision brought.
There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
Who gamboll'd up and down,
And often peep'd into his room,
And pull'd him by the gown.
I was an orphan, and alone—
My father was his brother,
And, all their lives, I knew that they,
Had fondly lov'd each other:
And in my uncle's room there hung
The picture of my mother.
There was a curtain over it;
'Twas in a darken'd place,
And few or none had ever look'd
Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale, expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.
One night, I do remember well—
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall,
My uncle sat close by.
I read, but little understood
The words upon the book,
For with a side long glance I mark'd
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.
A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange, unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone, his eyes
Sunk far down in his head.
He gaz'd on me but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.
Then suddenly he turn'd him round,
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face—
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seem'd so ghastly pale.
'Come hither boy,' my uncle said;
I started at the sound,
'Twas chok'd and stifled in his throat,
And hardly utterance found—
'Come hither boy!' then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.
'That lady was thy mother once,
Thou wert her only child—
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms, and smiled;
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!
'He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine,
I grudg'd not that he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was to him
A token and a sign.
'Boy! I had lov'd her too, nay,
more.
'Twas I who lov'd her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought

Within my soul was nursed:
He came—he conquer'd—they
were wed—
My air blown bubble burst!
'Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil thoughts grew rife,
The damning thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I lov'd,
Should be another's wife!
'By heaven! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm which sat
For ever on his brow,
That seem'd in bitter scorn to say
'I am more lov'd than thou!
'I left my home—I left the land—
I cross'd the raging sea;
In vain, in vain, where'er I turn'd
My memory went with me;
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seem'd to be.
'I came again, I found them here,
Thou art like thy father, boy,
He doated on that pale face there:
I've seen them kiss and toy;
I've seen him lock'd in her fond arms,
Wrapt in delirious joy.
'He disappear'd—draw nearer, child,
He died, no one knew how:
The murder'd body ne'er was found,
The tale is hush'd up now.
But there was one who rightly guess'd
The hand that struck the blow.
'It drove her mad; yet not his death,
No; not his death alone,
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none;
No, boy! it was a sight she saw,
That froze her into stone.
'I am thy uncle child,—why stare
So frightfully aghast?
The arras moves, but know'st thou not
'Tis nothing but the blast.
I too have had my fears, like these
But such vain fears are past.
'I'll show thee what thy mother saw,
I feel 'twill ease my breast;
And this wild tempest laden night
Suits with the purpose best.
Come hither: thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.
'It has a secret spring, the touch
Is known to me alone;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now
'What see you that you groan
So heavily?—that thing is but
A bare ribb'd skeleton.'
A sudden crash—the lid fell down
Three strides he backward gave:
'O God! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat:
Will no one help or save?'
That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness tost;
He gnash'd his teeth, and with wild oaths,
Blasphem'd the Holy Ghost:
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost!

HENRY G. BELL

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S ACCOUNT OF PRINCE METTERNICH.—His daughter, though never in England,

speaks English remarkably well, and is to him, in intellect, and nature, and in their mutual affection, what Portia was to Cleero. I do not compare a modern statesman to that father of Roman eloquence, (sanctified by all honours of history and time,) except in height of political importance and in the certain existence of this sweet, domestic feeling. That you may know part of the link which binds me to him, besides his kindness and circumstances of fortune, see him with me at Tivoli, before the lower tremendous cascade, which is out of view of the town, though, if you look up, you just catch the Sibyl's temple. We are standing alone and silent before it, just so far distant as not to be stunned by the noise. 'And here,' he said, 'it flows on—always majestic, always great: not caring whether it has audience or not: with no feelings of rivalry for power. Here is no envy, no exertion for an effect. Content with its own grandeur, no vanity, no amour propre are here.' If you were to tell this to our diplomacy of politicians, of the dexterous, ambitious politic Metternich—of him who endured that audience of a day with Buonaparte at Dresden, and is reproached by Lord Grey with having so entirely deceived him—of Prince Metternich in society—the gay, the quizzing Metternich—they would never believe, or would sagely ridicule the tale. But it is this Metternich that I love, who, when dressed for the Ambassador's party, his equipage and attendants waiting, at half-past ten at night, on my sole call, at my suggestion, could change his dress, take me to his daughter's room, where she was at her little supper at her husband's bedside, who was ill with slight fever, persuade his 'Marie' to put on her bonnet and cloak and come with us to see the Colosseum by the moonlight that was then shining in purest lustre, where we staid till, on our stopping at the French Ambassador's, he found it was twelve o'clock. He had then to make a slight change of dress: but I had none with me, and declined entering, and was, therefore getting out of the carriage to return in my own, which had followed me with Edward, Prince Metternich, however, would not permit it, but desired me to remain with his daughter, and conduct her home, which I then did. One short anecdote of her and I conclude this too long letter. On my, one day, expressing surprise at her preferring the Netherlands to any country she had seen, she said, 'It is so cultivated: the peasantry are so happy. I know it has not rocks and waterfalls: but God made the country for man: and where he is not happy, ah! it is in vain that you tell me of rocks and waterfalls.' This was in a steady, even tone of voice, without raising her eyes from her work, as an inward and unheard sentiment.—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

EARLY INSTANCE OF PARLIAMENTARY INFLUENCE.—The secret history of the election for the Parliament of 1455 affords some curious proofs of the solicitude of the lords to acquire an ascendant in an assembly which was waxing stronger. The Duke of York, and Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, had an interview at St. Edmund's Bury, to settle the election. The names of the candidates favoured by these lords, were written on strips of paper, which were distributed among their yeomanry. The Duchess of Norfolk also desired the votes of her friends for John Howard and Sir Roger Chamberlain, to be knights of the shire, "it being thought right necessary, for divers causes, that my lord have at this time in the parliament such persons as belong unto him, and be of his mental servants." These practices are spoken of familiarly, as if they were the old and general custom, of which no man then living remembered the origin or censured the observance.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia: Sir James Mackintosh's History of England.*

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.—To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence—an exemption granted only to inviolable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and solicitudes: and to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.—*RAMBLER.*

MARRIAGE.—It is needless to caution you against the desperate imprudence of falling in love with a lady who is poor in everything but merit. Nobody commits such a folly now-a-days, since the prodigious advances made by the spirit of the age. Formerly, when 'Adam delved, and Eve spun,' poor people might marry without coming upon the parish. But it would be the extreme climax of folly to do it now, when it is impossible to fit out a wife for a walk under a sun that, in those miserable days, would have purchased independence for life. Women of decency never spin anything now, but street-yarn: an article which has the fashionable requisite to recommend it, being entirely useless.—*Paulding.*