

Very Well, very well, that'll do.  
 Beggin' your pardon, but it won't do, zur. 'Ee must get up—  
 past vore, zur.

The devil take you! will you—

If you please zur; but 'ee must get up. It be a good deal past vore—no use for 'ee to grumble, zur; nobody do like gettin' up at vore o'clock as can help it; but 'ee toald I to carl 'ee, and it beant' my duty to go till I hear 'ee stirrin' about the room. Good deal past vore, 'tis I assure 'ee, zur. And here he thundered away at the door; nor did he cease knockin' till I was fairly up, and had showa myself to him, in order to satisfy him of the fact. That'll do, zur; 'ee toald I to carl 'ee, and I hope I ha' could 'ee properly.

I lit my taper at the rush-light. On opening a window-shutter I was regaled with the sight of a fog, which London itself, on one of its most perfect November days, could scarcely have excelled. A dirty, drizzling rain was falling, my heart sank within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I not to do! The duties of the toilet were indispensable—the portmanteau must be packed—and, run as fast as I might, I could not get to the coach office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured: at that villainous hour not a human being in the house (nor, do I believe, in the universe either), had risen—my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, nor Boots, excepted. The water in the jug was frozen, but, by dint of hammering upon it with the handle of the poker, I succeeded in entailing out about as much as would have filled a teacup. Two towels, which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself which you might, almost as easily, have bent. The tooth brushes were riveted to the glass, of which (in my haste to disengage them from their strong hold) they carried away a fragment; the soap was cemented to the dish, my shaving brush was a mass of ice. In shape more appalling Discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking glass. Even had all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.—Who is there?

Now, if 'ee please, zur: no time to loase; only twenty-five minutes to vive.

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered THAT morning did not unsettle my mind!

There was no time for the performance of anything like a comfortable toilet. I resolved therefore to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. I'll pack my portmanteau: that must be done. In went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, amongst my own things, one of mine host's frozen towels. Everything must come out again. Who's there?

Now, zur, 'ee'll be too late, zur!

Coming!—Everything was now gathered together.—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a deshabille of straps. Where were my boots? In my hurry, I had packed away both pair. It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day, in slippers. Again was everything to be undone.

Now, zur, coach be going.

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit, of the exact length of time he has yet to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders. I'm coming, groaned I; I have only to pull on my boots. They were both left-footed! Then must I open the rascally portmanteau again.

What in the name of the —do you want now.

Coach be gone, please zur.

Gone! Is there a chance of my overtaking it?

Bless 'ee, noa, zur; not as Jem Robbins do droive. He be vive miles off be now.

You are certain of that?

I warrant 'ee, zur.

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past. 'Boots,' said I, 'you are a kind hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chambermaid to call me—'

At what o'clock, zur?

This day three months, at the earliest.

**ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.**—When presiding at a organ during the performance of his celebrated Oratorio entitled 'Israel in Egypt,' the Prima Dona, Signora Galli, commenced the part 'I am an Israelite,' out of tune, which so effected the sensitive organs of the great musician, that he stopped the accompaniment and exclaimed in a voice of thunder—'you are one of—n beesh.'

**The Way in which we shoot Game.**—We are a dead-shot, but not always, for the forefinger of our right hand is the most fitful forefinger in this capricious world. Like all performers in the Fine Arts, our execution is very uncertain; and though 'always ready' is the impress on one side of our shield, 'hit and miss' is that on the other, and often the more characteristic. A gentleman ought not to shoot like a gamekeeper, any more than at billiards to play like a sharper. We choose to shoot like a philosopher, as we are, and to preserve the golden mean in murder. We hold, with Aristotle, that all virtue consists in the middle between the two extremes; and thus we shoot in a style equidistant from that of the game keeper on the one hand and that of the bagman on the other, and neither killing nor missing very bird; but, true to the spirit of the Aristotelian

doctrine, leaning with a decided inclination towards the first rather than the second predicament. If we shoot too well one day, we are pretty sure to make amends for it by shooting just as much too ill another; and thus, at the close of the week, we can go to bed with a clear conscience. In short, we shoot like gentlemen, scholars poets, philosophers, and contributors, as we are; and looking at us, you have a sight

'Of him who walks in glory and in joy,  
 Following his dog upon the mountain-side,'—

a man evidently not shooting for a wager, and performing a match from the mean motive of avarice or ambition, but blazing away at his own delight, and, without seeming to know it, making a great noise in the world. Such, believe us, is ever the mode in which true genius displays at once the earnestness and the modesty of its character. —Blackwood

**PERSONAL APPEARANCE.**—This is one of those things of accident, resting with Nature. No man or woman can form their own persons, and none should be praised or blamed on this head. The disposition for looking well, is running half the young people in the world—causing them to study their glasses and paint or patch instead of pursuing that which is lasting and solid—the cultivation of the mind.—It is always a mark of a weak mind if not a bad heart, to hear a person praise or blame another on the ground alone that they are handsome or homely. Actions should be the test; and a liberal source of conduct pursued to all. It matters little whether a man be tall or short, whether the blood stains the cheek or runs in another channel.—Fashion makes the difference as to beauty. The lily is as sweet if not so gay as the rose; and it bears no taint about it. As to appearance fashion should not be allowed to bear upon that which cannot be changed, except by deception, and what indeed, in reality is not worth the trouble of being so, even if it could.

**WOMAN'S CHEERFULNESS.**—Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions, and make more false ideas, than concerning woman's cheerfulness.—Ah! how many of these affectionate creatures are there who pine unknown despond smiling, and wither jesting; who, with bright joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as behind a fan, that they might right gladly break out into the tears which oppressed them; who pay for the day of smiles by a night of tears, just as an unusually transparent, clear, and mistless day surely foretells rain.

**UNICORNS.**—An Italian gentleman named Barthema, said to be intitled to implicit credit, who has just returned from Africa, states that he saw two unicorns at Mecca, which had been sent as a present from the King of Ethiopia to the Sultan.—Hobart Town Courier.

Bath was called by the Anglo-Saxons (A. D. 973) "Akemannes-ceastre,"—literally, the city of aching men, or invalids.

#### ORIGINAL.

'Thrice happy you, who look from the shore, and have no venture in the wreck you see.'

SUCH were the remarkable expressions of a man, who in the course of a short life, enjoyed rank and dignity, and endured humiliation and shame. He had ruled over millions, and he became the derision of children. The nobles of his empire had quailed under his power, and the apprentice boys of his metropolis laughed at his misery; his eyes opened on a throne, and closed in a dungeon; like a king he lived, and as a felon he died. The unfortunate Richard, when contrasting his wretched situation with the happy one of some shepherds whom he saw tending their charge on the plains, that enviroined his prison, affectingly described his own condition and theirs, in the metaphor that prefaces these remarks. While looking through the bars of his dungeon, pondering on the life he had lived, and the death he anticipated, the fallen king compared his eventful and turbulent reign to a long and hazardous voyage; his approximate end to the forlorn situation of a sinking vessel, and the contented peasants to persons standing on the shore, and gazing with indifference upon the devoted ship, because they had neither risk nor venture in her.

A hasty allusion to the trials and vicissitudes which, in almost every age, have chequered the lives of kings and rulers, is, we consider, not an inappropriate exordium to a brief commentary on the present political state of Europe.

In Israel's chronicles we may read the biography of Juda's kings. There we see Saul splendidly miserable, and miserably unhappy; ennobled by his victories and degraded by his losses; alternately a conqueror and a coward, a tyrant, and a slave; obscuring his reason by fanaticism, and disgracing his reign by cruelty; cancelling his patent by guilt, and closing his life by suicide. Of sorrow and suffering the royal penitent had sufficient. One child disputed his authority, and the death of two bereaved his heart. As a shepherd he was happy; he knew no care when a minstrel; grief was his familiar acquaintance on a throne. The echo of his anguish filled the courts of his palace; the history of his woes is written in the plaintive melody of his harp.

To extend our notice of the scripture on this occasion, would be to suppose an ignorance of the bible in those who shall condescend to read this essay. As we disclaim the slightest intention to offer such an implied insult, we shall confine our observations to a few of the most familiar incidents profane history furnishes. The facts we shall advance being chiefly gathered from indistinct recollections of general reading. We trust those who are more intimate with chronology, will overlook any trifling anachronisms we may incur.

The first object of shorn royalty that arrests our attention, is a blind and destitute monarch travelling in nakedness and rags through Greece. Then we see Theseus, the gallant defender of his country, banished by an ungrateful people. Demaratus, king of Sparta, pensioned by the charity of Darius; and in a few years afterwards, that very Darius, after having escaped from Alexander, barbarously murdered by his courtiers. Dionysius, of Sicily, hooted by children and begging through the streets of Corinth. One Persian monarch reduced to be a stirrup holder; another sold for a slave; a third pursued as a vagabond; while Cleomenes expires on a cross in Egypt, and Antiochus dies of hunger in the dungeons of Ptolemy. We read of Mithridates, ending by suicide, a life he could not prolong by mendicancy; of Tarquim driven from Rome; Adherbal expelled from Numidia; Pompey killed at Pharsalia, and Cæsar assassinated by Brutus.

At home we see Alfred the Great an itinerant pauper; Caractacus loaded with chains and reviled by Claudius; and Llewellyn dying of a broken heart, a few days before his magnanimous son fell at Snowden. We behold Richard I: secretly murdered in the 34th year of his age; Henry VI. dethroned, restored, and dethroned again; Queen Margaret and her son assassinated; Richard III. killed at Bosworth; and Mary of Scotland, illegally imprisoned, and juridically murdered. Charles I. beheaded, and his son proscribed; James II. living on the bounty of the Pope; his heir outlawed, and his grandchild celebrated by the persecutions he endured, and the fate he escaped him. If we look abroad, we see Charles VII. of France, a prisoner; Henry IV. pursued by the league, and murdered by an enthusiast; Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden, working in the mines of Delacarla; Stanislaus of Poland, stealing out of his capital in the guise of a peasant; Maria of Hungary, flying with her infant to the camp; Paul of Russia, privately murdered in his palace; a king and queen publicly butchered in Paris; a Dauphin of France, the errand boy of a cobbler; Louis XVIII. saved by the sympathy of the English; the Duke d'Enghien disposed of by court martial; and a Neapolitan Prince hung to gratify a courtesan. Joachim I, shot as a traitor; Joseph of Spain, a planter in America; Napoleon the Great, a captive on a rock; and Charles X. dethroned by the tradesmen of the fauburgs. Were we allowed to enlarge the catalogue by the addition of subordinate examples, we might mention Cardinal Wolsey, the Earl of Essex, Earl Stafford, Archbishop Laud, the Dukes of Buckingham and Mornmouth, Menzikoff, Polignac, and many others, equally illustrious, and equally unfortunate. Of these men some merited their fate, and others deserved a better. Some fell by the weight of their intolerance, others were ruined by the clemency of their administration.