

their devotion to command, their perseverance, and that manly courage which never forsakes them.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.—Old Ironside, the Guardian, has already admirably painted the degrees of civility, shown by a rich man of etiquette to persons of his acquaintance, according to their title and rank, from "My lord, your devoted servant?" to "Ha, Frank! how are you?" Pride, now-a-days, displays itself in the same, or, perhaps, a more offensive manner, than etiquette did in similar circumstances in the time of Queen Anne. Jack Wilson was a school-fellow of mine, and we were often engaged in boyish pranks together. I was once beaten for him rather than tell that he was, and I was not, the aggressor; and "play-days," usually spent together, in summer in bird-nesting, and in winter in reading whatever we could lay our hands, provided it was nothing "in shape or pressure" at all resembling what we were forced to study during the rest of the week. Well, Jack, being older than me, first left the school, and, by good luck, or good interest, got a junior clerk's place in a merchant's counting-house. He ceased then to invite me often to his father's house; and in a few months he ceased to invite me at all. Six months after he left school he gave up taking my arm; in less than a twelve-month he shook hands through all the varieties of hearty joking, kind, damp, cold, and frosty; and, by the expiry of that period; fairly relinquished shaking mine at all. His salary rose, and he got a long coat. He then began to sir me when we met. When the bunch of seals and white neckcloth were added, he passed with a "How d'ye do?" which, as months wore on, got to a nod, and came to a jerk, sideways, as if pride stiffened the neck and memory pulled it away in spite of him. His eyesight and memory, though he is but twenty-two, have now both deserted him (Copying letters and folding samples, I am given to know, is bad for both.) He does not choose to know me; I scorn to remember him. Thus pride and humility combine to produce the same results in both of us.—*The Chameleon.*

DANGER OF LITERATURE.—To the young mind, the indulgence in the pleasures, which imagination finds in the silent companionship of books, may be regarded as often very dangerous. It is unconsciously training itself to a separation from men, during the very years which should train it to the performance of the work in which it must mingle with them. It is learning to withdraw itself from men, to retire into itself, to love and prefer itself, to be its own delight and its own world. And yet a course meanwhile awaits it, in which the greater part of time, strength, thought, desire, must be given up to avocations which demand it from itself to others: in which it must forego its own delight, or rather must find its delight in service which abstracts it from itself wholly, and chains it to the weary world.—*Blackwood's Noctes.*

DORMANT PROPENSITIES.—The riches of the mineral world are hid, while those of the animal and vegetable kingdoms challenge remark and observation. It will not, however, be denied, that the concealed stores of the earth are as useful and ornamental for all the purposes of life as the more obvious productions of nature, though they are not revealed but by some physical convulsion, extraordinary occurrence, or the skill and experience of the geologist or practical miner. An analogy obtains between certain qualities and properties of the human mind and the inferences I would draw from the experience of men on the admitted physical facts above stated. The energies of the soul are unknown to its possessor till circumstances call them into action. The dispositions of mankind are equally veiled, under the smooth covering of every-day occurrences. Propensities, whether to good or evil actions may sleep dormant for years; nay, they may never, in the career of this life, be displayed, and yet their existence may be as real as though they were in a state of hourly development. No man knows, that he has not within him the will and the impetus to commit crimes as atrocious as those at the bare recital of which he shudders; nor the most abandoned and heartless criminal that the "milk of human kindness" circulates not in his bosom, though it hath never flowed forth in one genial drop of tenderness or affection. Circum-

stances are the midwives of deeds. Men are acted upon differently by the same circumstances and vicissitudes; and crime may spring through one mind from causes which might have generated in another the highest moral virtues. This belief is at the bottom of true charity.—*From the Chameleon, a New Work in the style of the Annuals.*

FROM THE LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1832.

THE TRIBUTE OF ARMS.

[There is a legend connected with the Church of Notre Dame, that one of the earlier French Kings rode into the Cathedral after a victorious battle, and left there his horse and arms as an offering to God and the Virgin for his success. Up to the period of the first Revolution there existed an equestrian statue of a knight armed cap-a-pie, who is supposed to have been this hero. Historians are agreed as to the fact, but differ respecting the identity of the individual.]

There came a knight, in his armour light, to the Church of Notre Dame;

The victor heir of proud Navarre, and the sun-bright Oriflamme; The chancel rung 'neath his courser's tread, where the priests were bowed in prayer,

And the mitred abbot raised his head, for a princely guest was there.

He greeted not that holy band, but made the accustomed sign, And reined his barb with a practised hand, at the foot of St. Mary's shrine;

Then lightly leaped from his saddle down, the monks stood mute the while,

And his kingly brow was lighted now with a bright triumphant smile.

As he bowed him there on the altar stair, and his devout duly paid;

For he added glory to his crest, and fame to his battle-blade;

Then laid aside his helm of pride, nor shunned the gazing crowd, But kneeling near, where all might hear his homage, breathed aloud:

'Mother of God! to thee I bring this hacked and dinted shield, And this red reaping-hook of death, from Cassel's bloody field; These trophies true are sure thy due, to whom all honour be, The strife is done, the battle won, by might derived from thee!

'I offer here my victor spear, my proud and gallant steed; The horse and lance, how dearly proved! that served in sorest need:

Yes, Mary Mother! unto thee such gifts of right belong, For the race is not unto the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

'What must I prize, I proffer thee; accept the tribute meet; My sword, my shield, my spear, my steed, all prostrate at thy feet;

There let them lie, before thy shrine, that all the world may see, We know who nerved the conqueror's arm, and gave it victory!

MRS. ALARIC A. WATTS.

BREVITIES.

Fortune is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her. Some men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd. People who affect a shortness of sight must think it the height of good fortune to be born blind. Languing, unemployed people may be called of the tribe of Joshua, for with them the sun stands still. Ennates think men like hells—they must be baited to madness ere they are in a fit condition to die. There is an ancient saying—"Truth lies in a well." May not the modern adage run—"The most certain charity is at a pump?" Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks. If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to goats the fangs of vipers. The heart of the great man, surrounded by poverty and trammelled by dependence, is like an egg in a nest built among briars. It must either curdle into bitterness, or, if it take life and mount, struggle through thorns for the ascent. Fame is represented bearing a trumpet. Would not the picture be truer, were she to hold a handful of dust? Fishermen, in order to handle eels securely, first cover them with dirt. In like manner does detraction strive to grasp excellence. The friendship of some men is quite Briarean. They have a hundred hands. The easy and temperate man is not he who is most valued by the world; the virtue of his abstemiousness makes him an object of indifference. One of the gravest charges against the ass is—he can live on thistles. The wounds of the dead are the furrows in which living heroes grow their laurels. Were we determined resolutely to avoid vices, the world would foist them on us—as thieves put off their plunder on the guiltless. When we look at the hide of a tiger in a furrier's shop, exposed to the gaze of every malapert, and then think of the ferocity of the living beast in its native jungle, we see a beagle before a magistrate—a magistrate before a minister; there is the skin of office—the sleekness without its claws. With some people political vacillation heightens a man's celebrity—just as the galleries applaud when an actor enters in a new dress. If we judge from history, of what is the book of glory composed? Are not its leaves dead men's skins—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps, the pillage of nations? It is illuminated with tears and broken hearts.

NAPOLEON'S PROPHECY.

[Remarkable Prophecy of the Emperor Napoleon, as regards England, France, Russia, and other European States. Being a suppressed passage from both French and English Editions of 'Count Las Cases' Journal.]"

"In less than fifteen years from the present time," said the Emperor Napoleon to me one day, as we stood viewing the sea, from a rock which overhung the road, 'the whole European system will be changed—revolution will succeed revolution until every nation becomes acquainted with its individual rights. Depend upon it the people of Europe will not submit to be governed by these bands of petty Sovereigns—these aristocratic cabinets. I was wrong in re-establishing the order of Nobles in France; but I did it to give splendour to the throne, and refinement to the manners of the people, who were fast sinking into barbarism since the Revolution. The remains of the feudal system will vanish before the sun of knowledge. The people have only to know that all emanates from themselves in order to assert their rights to a share in their respective governments. This will be the case even with the boors of Russia; yes, Las Cases, you may live to see the time—but I shall be cold in my grave—when that colossal, but ill-cemented Empire will be split into as many sovereignties, perhaps republics, as there are tribes which compose it. The states and principalities of Europe will be in a continual state of turmoil and ferment, perhaps for some years—like the earth, heaving in all directions, previous to an earthquake, at length the combustible matter will have vent, a tremendous explosion will take place,—the lava of England's bankruptcy will overspread the European world, overwhelming kings and aristocracies, but cementing the democratic interests as it flows. Trust me Las Cases, that as from the vines planted in the soil which encrusts the sides of Etna and Vesuvius, the most delicious wine is obtained, so shall the lava of which I speak, prove to be the only soil in which the tree of liberty will take firm and permanent root. May it flourish for ages! You perhaps consider these sentiments strange and unusual; they are mine, however. I was a republican, but fate and the opposition of Europe made me an Emperor! I am now a spectator of the future.

EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

Next to poverty, delinquent subscribers and duns, to which most editors are subject, the greatest difficulty is to please the public. For so great is the variety of public taste and feeling, that had the conductor of a periodical paper as many heads and as many pens as his paper has readers, he could never hope to please all; for they cannot please themselves. Does he now speak out in language plain and simple? it is mere common place; the taste of the learned is not gratified; it is fit only for the vulgar. Does he aspire to elegance? the unlearned cannot understand, and the learned regard him as a pedantic fellow, dabbling in what he has no real pretensions to. Does he show his colors, and boldly contend for his ground? he is too severe. Does he hide himself behind a mass of equivocal matter? he is a temporizing hypocrite. If he publishes extracts that are better than he can write, he has no talents of his own to display? and if he fills his paper with original matter, he might have given something better from the works of others. If he attempts to philosophize, it is dull and uninteresting; and if he write on plain and familiar subjects, every body knew them before. Does he attempt to instruct? he needs to be instructed. Does he attempt to amuse? it is light and trifling. People generally are fond of being praised, and one would suppose this might satisfy them. But let an editor try the expedient, and he will soon find out his mistake. For such is the power of envy, that no one will thank him for praising HIM, and every one will hate him for praising others. Most people are fond of hearing their neighbours slandered, but if you attempt to point out either the vices or the follies of mankind, every one will find something applicable to himself,—and here again you encounter the hatred of the whole mass. Every person can tell you how to conduct a paper to please himself, and of course offend every one else. These being stubborn facts, there is no alternative but for an editor to please himself if he can, and hazard the consequences. If he does this, he will be certain of satisfying one, which is more than he can say if he tries to please all.—*Upland Union.*

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.—Sir Henry Cockburn was installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, on Friday, the 6th January.

After the oaths were delivered, his lordship addressed the Assembly at considerable length. In his address to the students he spoke as follows: "Early superiority was useful in childhood, but in young men it was almost sufficient to secure a continuance in superiority. Examples pressed readily upon him, but he would only look at the illustrious men they had of late years honoured by placing them where he stood—(Cheers.) Francis Jeffery (Cheers) while certainly not beyond the age of many now before him, displayed those literary powers which in a few years enabled him to change the character of the critical literature of the country (cheers.) Mackintosh (cheers) while yet a very young man, displayed those powers in the very line which enabled him afterwards to break a spear, and that not an inglorious one, with the gigantic Burke (Cheers.) Brougham (tremendous cheers) at 17 years of age, was honoured by the approbation of the Royal Society of London for a paper on a very difficult branch of mathematics; and, from the first whisperings of genius, had he not gone on in a series of intellectual achievements, so rapid and so brilliant that they had no contemporary analogy which could be produced, except, perhaps, the military conquests of him who now sleeps at St. Helena. [cheers] Campbell (cheers) while yet a lad in the University, had