

through unnumbered ages, the St. Lawrence has continued to derive its ample spring. This immense lake, unequalled in magnitude by any collection of fresh water upon the globe, is situated between the parallels of 56 25, and 49 1 north latitude, and the meridians of 84 34 and 92 14 west longitude. Its length, measured on a curved line through the centre, is about three hundred and sixty geographical miles, its extreme breadth one hundred and forty, and its circumference, in following the sinuosities of the coasts, about one thousand five hundred. Its surface is about six hundred and twenty-seven feet above the tide water of the Atlantic, but the shores exhibit almost conclusive indicia of its having been, in former ages, as much, perhaps, as forty or fifty feet higher than its present level. Various soundings have been taken, from eighty to one hundred and fifty fathoms; but its greatest depth probably exceeds two hundred fathoms, thus demonstrating the bottom of the lake to be nearly six hundred feet below the level of the ocean. The crystalline transparency of its waters is unrivalled, and such as to render rocks at an extraordinary depth distinctly visible. The bottom of the lake chiefly consists of a very adhesive clay, which speedily indurates by atmospheric exposure, and contains small shells of the species at present existing in the lake. A sea almost of itself, this lake is subject to many vicissitudes of that element, for here the storm rages, and the billows break, with a violence scarcely surpassed by the tempests of the ocean, but is not subject to the oceanic phenomena displayed by an unerring and periodical flux and reflux. Its expansive surface, however, yields to the influence of heavy winds, so that, when these blow strong from one quarter, they produce a very perceptible rise of the lake in the opposite directions. The spring freshets are also known to have occasioned a rapid swelling of the waters, which has been especially conspicuous after a rigorous winter. That its waters were once salt is by no means unlikely, and the supposition stands in some degree, supported by the nature of the fish that inhabit them, and the marine shells that are found along the beaches, or imbedded in the shores.—*Bouchette's British Dominions in North America.*

**A DAY AT GRENADA.**—I occasionally amused myself with noting from my balcony the gradual change that came over the scenes below, according to the different stages of the day. Scarce has the gray dawn streaked the sky, and the earliest cock crowed from the cottage on the hill-side, when the suburbs give signs of reviving animation; for the fresh hours of dawn are precious in the summer season in a sultry climate. All are anxious to get the start of the sun, in the business of the day; the muleteer drives forth his loaded train for the journey; the traveller slings his carbine behind his saddle, and mounts his steed at the gate of the hostel, the brown peasant urges his loitering beasts laden with panniers of sunny fruit and fresh dewy vegetables, for already the thrifty housewives are hastening to the market. The sun is up and sparkles along the valley, tipping the transparent foliage of the groves. The matia bells resound melodiously through the pure bright air, announcing the hour of devotion. The muleteer halts his burthened animals before the chapel, thrusts his staff through his belt behind, and enters, with hat in hand, smoothing his coal-black hair, to hear a mass, and put up a prayer for a prosperous wayfaring across the Sierra. And now steals forth on airy foot the gentle Senora, in trim basquina, with restless fan in hand, and dark eye flashing from beneath the gracefully folded mantilla. She seeks some well-frequented church to offer up her morning orisons; but the nicely-adjusted dress, the dainty glove, and cobweb stocking, the raven tresses exquisitely braided, the fresh plucked rose that gleams among them like a gem, show that earth divides with heaven the empire of her thoughts. Keep an eye upon her, careful mother, or virgin aunt, or vigilant quenna, whichever you be, that walk behind. As the morning advances, the din of labour augments on every side; the streets are thronged with man, and steed, and beasts of burthen, and there is a hum and murmur like the surges of the ocean. As the sun ascends to his meridian, the hum and bustle gradually decline; at the height of noon there is a pause. The panting city sinks into lassitude, and for several hours there is a general repose. The windows are closed; the curtains are drawn; the inhabitants retired into the coolest recesses of their mansions; the fall-fed monk snores in his dormitory, the brayw porter lies stretched on the pavement beside his burden; the peasant and the labourer sleep beneath the trees of the Alameda, lulled by the sultry chirping of the locust. The streets are deserted except by the water-carrier, who refreshes the air by proclaiming the merits of his sparkling beverage, 'colder than the mountain snow.' As the sun declines there is again a gradual reviving, and when the vesper bell rings out his sinking knell, all nature seems to rejoice that the tyrant of the day has fallen. Now begins the bustle of enjoyment, when the citizens pour forth to breathe the evening air, and revel away the brief twilight in the walks and gardens of the Darra and the Zenit. As night closes, the capricious scene assumes new features. Light after light gradually twinkles forth; here a taper from a balcony window; there a votive lamp before the image of the saint. Sparks, by degrees, the city emerges from the perading gloom, and sparkles with scattered lights, like the starry firmament. Now break forth from the court and garden, and street and lane, the tinkling of the innumerable guitars, and clinking of castanets; blending at this lofty height in a faint but general concert. Enjoy the moment, is the creed of the gay and audacious Andalusian, and at no time does he practise it more zealously than in the balmy nights of summer, wooing his mistresses with the dance, the love ditty, and the passionate serenade.—*Washington Irving's Tales of the Alhambra.*

**A PHILOSOPHICAL REASON.**—A wealthy person asked the philosopher Sadi, in derision, how it happened

that men of wit were so frequently seen at the doors of the rich, and that the rich were never seen at the doors of men of wit. 'It is,' replied Sadi, 'because men of wit know the value of riches, but rich men do not know the value of wit.'

FROM ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S NEW POEM.

### CONCLUSION OF THE "MESSIAH."

CREATION'S hope! our universal All!  
From thee alone the panting spirit learns  
That man is deathless, an immortal heir  
Of being yet to be;—stupendous thought!  
Though, frail as dew, our fleeting life departs,  
This mortal ruin is august decay,  
To let the spirit from its bondage free.  
The soul is godlike! world on world may rise  
And wither, quench'd in everlasting gloom,  
And winging ages into silence roll,  
Like haughty billows that have heaved, and died:  
But still on fading, bright with awful bliss,  
Or dim with agony, the soul shall live,  
And, like Jehovah, utter its—I AM!

We shall not sleep, but we shall all arise  
For Judgment; with an instantaneous frame  
Of being, dust shall look on God, and live!  
An hour is coming, when the grave will hear,  
An answer to a tomb-awaking trumpet  
That thunders o'er the icy trance of death!  
The waning universe, the earth and heaven  
Shall vanish in th' immeasurable deep!  
But thine own promise shall not pass away.  
And though that hour, for resurrection doomed,  
Be hidden, shrouded from angelic mind,  
A secret buried in eternal thought!  
As certain as the blood of Christ hath flow'd,  
Messiah risen, and the heavens received  
And throned His presence,—HE SHALL COME AGAIN!

And then, the funeral of creation see!—  
Sun, moon, and star dissolve, and wane, and die;  
The earth is risen; with appalling roar  
The sea departeth, as her dead ascend  
And wing'd archangels on the winds unroll  
Their summons;—not an atom but is thrill'd  
With life or feeling, at that dreadful sound!  
And now look up!—behold, he cometh! clouds  
And splendours, with seraphic armies, throng  
Before Him, cleaving the prophetic sky  
With vanward glory, to announce The God.  
And lo! the semblance of this far-off throne  
Advances: as embodied lustre bright,  
The Judge of Earth, the Son A mighty comes:  
And all who have been, since creation was,  
Moveless and countless, on the features wear  
A solemn radiance, from the form divine  
Reflected:—every eye is fixed and still,  
To him upraised, whose eye discerneth all!

Again, the trumpet!—and this dread array,  
The multitudinous and living mass,  
At once is severed!—right and left they stand  
Divided, as of old the fated sea  
Was cloven, when the wand of Moses waved;  
And, in each soul, there is a judgment-throne  
Erected, where eternal conscience reigns.

But listen! far behind this breathing host  
Of mortals, myriads of colossal shapes  
Unearthly, wild, and dim with ghastly woe,  
Rise in the glare!—the ruined angels come  
From darkness, and a clank of chain resounds,  
Appallingly, above the world distinct!  
But ONE, who, vast above the vastest there,  
In tow'ring majesty confronts the sky,  
As though the fabric of the heavens would shrink  
From the dark light of this unfathomed gaze,  
Behold him!—how magnificently dread!  
From the huge mountain into embers sunk,  
To the last billow of expiring sea,—  
O'er all, the terror of his ruin frowns,  
Sublime, who battled with Omnipotence  
And Will be fearless in the fires of hell.

Another gaze! ere earth and nature die:  
The Spirit of eternity descends,  
Seven thunders speak, to heaven he lifts his arm,  
And utters,—“Time and earth shall be no more!”  
Creation withers at his dread command,  
And, like a shade, the universe departs.

Oh! in this agony of Nature's death,  
May he, who dared from erring fancy's gloom  
To lift his spirit to the Light of Light,  
And shadow forth the lineaments divine  
Of God Incarnate, by redemption seen,—  
Unblasted look upon the Lord he sang!  
And, in some world unutterably bright,  
Where thought is holy as the heaven it breathes,  
By angels taught, around the Throne renew  
The song eternal meeting time began.

**LORD YARMOUTH AND THE SHINING BUTTONS.**—There were, at this time, at Paris, several other Englishmen of great distinction—in originality, at least, if in nothing else. Among these was Lord Yarmouth, now Marquis of Hertford. He had already I suspect, formed a bad opinion of human nature—a sad thing for a man of his age at this period; and on his brow, in his smile, or in his look, might be perceived a cold, sardonic and contemptuous criticism of all that surrounded him. He went little into society, but was most brilliant

there whenever he chose to put on the harness, as he called it. He was passionately fond of play, risked large stakes, and played nobly. I was told, that Lord Yarmouth, once playing with an illustrious personage in England, lost with such continued regularity that there seemed to be something unfair. There was however no one near him, the cards were good, and he played better than his adversary. At length by dint of observation, he discovered the secret of his losses. The Court was then either at Windsor or at Brighton, and the Prince Regent had brought into fashion the blue coats with polished steel buttons as big as crown pieces. By this means, whoever played with the Prince had seven or eight small mirrors on his coat, which reflected every card in his hand. All this was, no doubt, the effect of chance, but it was a chance which made Lord Yarmouth lose thousands of pounds; and, however large a man's fortune may be, he always prefers winning to losing. As soon as Lord Yarmouth, with a rapid glance, detected the chance snare, he unbuttoned his coat, and said, in answer to the Prince's inquiring look, 'Sir it is too hot for me here.'—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes.*

**LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE BAR.**—In court, Dunning was too often in the habit of displaying that sort of overbearing and arrogant manner into which successful counsel are so apt to be betrayed, a fault that once subjected him to a pruning rebuke from the witty Solicitor-General, Lee, best known among his professional brethren by the familiar appellation of Jack Lee. Dunning was relating to him how he had just completed the purchase of some manors in his native country. Aye, in Devonshire, said Lee; but what a pity it is you have no good manners in Westminster-hall. The following may serve for a sample of the consequence he brought on by an unsuccessful attempt at browbeating a witness:—It was in a crim. con. case, where he was retained for the defendant. To prove the fact of adultery, the lady's maid had been called, and had deposed to the having seen the defendant in bed with her mistress. When it came to Dunning's turn to begin the cross-examination, he desired the witness, in a stern tone, to take off her bonnet, that he might have a full view of her face, and convince himself by her looks whether she was speaking the truth. The girl happened to be an abigail of that description which Moore has so well portrayed in the persons of his Lisettes and Toinettes, so, it may be imagined, she was not easily to be abashed; and, having a pretty face to show, she felt not the slightest objection that bench, bar, attorneys, jurors, and by-standers should command a full view of it. When the bonnet was removed, Dunning began and endeavoured to shake her testimony as to the identity of her mistress's bed-fellow. Was she sure it was not her master that she had seen in that conjugal capacity? Perfectly sure. What! did she pretend to say she could be certain, when the head only appeared above the bed-clothes, and that enveloped in a night-cap? Quite certain. You have often found occasion, then, to see your master in his nightcap? continued the questioner. Yes, very frequently. Now, young woman, I ask you, upon your oath, does not your master occasionally go to bed with you? Oh, answered ToINETTE, nothing daunted, THAT trial does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabberchops. A loud shout of laughter all around achieved the discomfiture of Dunning, who had nothing for it but to adjust his hands, change the position of his wig, and look very foolish. Lord Mansfield leant back on the bench in an uncontrollable burst of mirth, and he had not more than half recovered the judicial gravity of tone, when he asked whether Mr. Dunning chose to put any more questions. A short negative was the answer. Another instance has been recorded of a shock to his personal vanity, which was, perhaps, the more effective, that it was given apparently without intention, and in perfect simplicity of heart. An old woman, a witness in an assault case, administered this bitter dose. Here too, his object was to invalidate the evidence as to the identity of a party, but here he went about it with much gentleness. Something like the following dialogue took place between them:—Pray, my good woman, he said, are you very well acquainted with this person? Oh yes, your worship, very well indeed. Come now, what sized man is he? Is he short or tall? Quite short and stumpy, sir; almost as short as your honour. Humph! What kind of nose has he? What I should call a snubby nose, sir; much such a one, just for all the world, as your own sir, only not quite so cocked-like. Um His eyes? Why he has a kind of a cast in them, sir, a sort of squint. They are very like your honour's eyes. Psha. You may go down, woman.—The last number of the Law Magazine: Life of Lord Ashburton.

**NOVEL WRITING.**—Mr. D. Israeli thus describes the rapidity with which he wrote 'Vivian Gray'—'I took up a pen. I held it in the light. I thought to myself what will be its doom, but I said nothing. I began writing some hours before noon, nor did I ever cease. My thoughts, my passion, the rush of my invention, were too quick for my pen. Page followed page; as a sheet was finished I threw it on the floor; I was amazed at the rapid and prolific production, yet I could not stop to wonder. In half-a-dozen hours I sank back, utterly exhausted, with an aching frame. I ran to the bell, ordered some refreshment, and walked about the room. The wine invigorated me and warmed up my sinking fancy, which however, required little fuel. I set to again, and it was midnight before I retired to my bed. The next day I again rose early, and with a bottle of wine at my side, for I was determined not to be disturbed, I dashed at it again. I was not less successful. This day I finished my first volume. The third morning I had less inclination to write. I read over, and corrected what I had composed. This warmed up my fancy, and in the afternoon, I executed