

transit to the west end of the town, the same astonishing celebrity, with its consequent wonderful income of from £18,000 to £20,000 per annum, attended his footsteps. On hearing of much smaller sums being gained by leading men in this and other lucrative pursuits, we have thought it impossible that there should be time wherein to earn them; but law and medicine are often purchased at immense cost. For example, we have been told of one case, of an old and wealthy West Indian, to whose relief Sir Astley Cooper was called. An operation for the stone was advised, and performed in so masterly a manner, that the delighted patient threw his nightcap at the surgeon, lined with a cheque for a thousand guineas. Having looked at the satisfactory piece of paper, the operator, with much presence of mind, (for jest and cheerfulness are excellent doctors for invalids,) threw back the cap, telling its owner that he could not think of robbing him of so valuable an article!—*National Portrait Gallery.*

FROM THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

## GIFTS FOR THE PAST.

The past—now what shall we give the past?

Oh, give it tears.

For the sorrows that heavily shadows cast

O'er our earthly years:

For friends that are friends to us no more,

For the grief behind, and the gloom before,

For love that is weeping beside the grave,

It will perish by those whom it could not save—

Long may it mourn over those beneath,

Lingering a life that is worse than death;

For brief is the reign of the sunny hour,

Long is that of the shade and shower:

For pleasures in which we no more take part,

For weariness lying like frost on the heart,

For an earth worn out—a sky o'ercast,

The past—now what shall we give to the past?

Oh, give it tears.

The past—now what shall we give to the past?

Oh, give it smiles.

For falsehood, which, ending in truth at last,

No more beguiles:

For the pleasures from which we turn aside,

For the friends whose flattery we now deride—

They came to our side in the leaf and the flower,

They all fell off in the winter hour:

For hopes that are colourless now and dead,

Down at our feet in the dust that we tread;

And we marvel that ever we lighted our way

With hues so painted and false as they,—

For all the deceits we have seen depart,

For the scorn which fills and hardens the heart,

For the knowledge so harshly acquired at last,

The past—now what shall we give the past?

Oh, give it smiles

The past—now what shall we give the past?

Forgive it less.

Oh, for some blessedness veil to cast

O'er the thoughts which press

The heavy heart, wearied and worn,

With all it bears and all it has borne.

We will think no more of the friends of our youth,—

Fully that ever we trusted their truth!

Perish the hopes that never again

Can soothe or solace—delude or sustain.

Think no more of love which is fled

Afar with the faithless, or deep with the dead.

All that has ever beguiled or betrayed,

Must be its memory, deep be its shade,

For all the flowers it to earth has cast,

The past—Oh, what shall we give the past?

Forgetfulness.

L. E. L.

these unalloyed delights is the taste of the country. From the scarlet blossomed bean, running up a string from the broken crock filled with earth, in the windows of the smoky alleys in London, to the walled enclosures of the peer, rivalling, with its trained trees, and buds, and pits, and hothouses, the southern climates of Europe, and those of the tropics at the same time, all proclaim the innate taste for gardening.—*Cobbett.*

At a Russian masquerade one of the company appeared in the character of a huge sugar loaf, and, after preambulating the room in this novel shape, he suddenly, opening adoor in his saccharine covering, emerged from his concealment, and joined in the quadrilles

To the kindness of a friend we are indebted for the following eloquent SPEECH, delivered by Professor WILSON, Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, at a meeting recently held in Edinburgh, for the purpose of petitioning His Majesty against Reform:

Professor WILSON came forward, and was received with great cheering. I rise to move the first of a series of resolutions which have been entrusted to me, and some other gentlemen, to move and second, expressive of certain sentiments and opinions entertained by us, at this momentous crisis of public affairs—momentous I may well call them, for once more are about to be deliberated upon in Parliament, measures, whether for good or for evil, which must widely and pre-eminently affect the dearest interests of this country. I rise not only without fear, or without reluctance, but I rise with the highest satisfaction, assured that, however inadequately I may give expression to the sentiments and opinions which I shall now utter, these will not be unworthy of this meeting, or of the honourable rank I myself hold in society. (Cheers.) Can I doubt for a moment, in moving this resolution, that every member of this meeting is warmly attached to his Majesty's person and house, and the British constitution. Cheers. These, I cheerfully grant, are sentiments which every good citizen of every political persuasion will be ready at all times to express; and heaven forbid that I should be guilty of the injustice of supposing that those feelings exclusively belong to that great and noble party of the state, of which there are so many representatives. It had, however, become not only expedient, but the duty of every man—of every lover of his country—to meet and give expression of his fidelity to his king, country, and constitution—of that fidelity which mingles with their heart's blood, and which will beat there to our latest moments. (Great cheers.) Loyalty has long been a national virtue in Scotland, loyalty of old when Scotland was an independent kingdom, and when we had our own king; that loyalty, which burned then was more imaginative, more ardent, and more passionate; but now, under the controul and guidance of reason, it had become a loftier principle in the breasts of free men. (Cheers.) There is a kind of loyalty abroad, which is characterized by the cold doctrines of the utilitarian philosophy, which would strip it of all those feelings, sentiments, and passions which they, in their wisdom, denominate prejudice and bigotry, and affix upon them a stigma, but which are often found in alliance with, and leagued in support of every noble virtue. Our loyalty is of a deeper stamp, consecrated to, and hallowed by the recollection of the greatness and glory of this kingdom, enjoyed as it has been, under the Sovereigns of the House of Hanover; by the sacred recollection of him who was indeed the father of his people—of him, under whose long reign loyalty was kindled into a flame of the most kindly and reverential affection—of him who was called the good old king, George the Third. (Immense cheering.) In our loyalty to him, we loved the purity and simplicity of his domestic character; we admired that intrepidity which deserted him not when the hand of the assassin was aimed at him, that decision of character which deserted him not in the midst of weak and cavilling councils, when his beloved metropolis was in flames. We loved him for the confidence he reposed in the national virtues; we loved him for all those kingly virtues which challenged competition with the virtues of the most heroic times. He showed his strength of mind and character in these dark and perilous times; he showed it during the time of that prodigious convulsion; that moral earthquake, I may call it, whose tremours are still felt over the whole continent of Europe; whose waves, though they do not dash violently against our shores, are yet to be seen in the dark and sullen swell; during that dark and gloomy period we stood by our beloved king, who guarded our country and constitution, and kept it still conspicuous and untouched by the spirit of desolation which was then abroad. (Cheers.) Our loyalty was still shown, though it then became to us a melancholy feeling when he was subjected to that fatal eclipse; we still re-

vered him till his honoured head went down to the tomb, and that tomb is guarded and adorned by the recollection of his regal virtues. Nor did we withhold our loyalty from his son, a worthy successor of such a sire. We acknowledged his many noble qualities, and many fine accomplishments; we hailed in him the same high English heart that beat in his father's bosom, while he himself was well aware of the greatness of the nation over which he ruled. We supported him during the fearful contest in which he was engaged with the banded powers of Europe; we supported him during those conflicts which heaped such honour on our arms by land, (our naval glory having already been consummated at Trafalgar) until the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. (Cheers.) And is that loyalty a cold feeling in our breasts to him who now sits upon the throne of his ancestors with feelings of a new and peculiar exultation; we remembered that in bold boyhood he had left the marble floors of his sire's palace at Windsor, to tread the deck of a British man-of-war; we saw the Prince of the blood become the companion of the gallant young midshipmen:

Whose march is o'er the mountain wave,

Whose home is on the deep? (Much cheering.)

With peculiar satisfaction, therefore, do we proclaim our loyalty to our Sailor King. (Cheers.) But why do we so warmly express attachment to his Majesty's person and house? It cannot be for his virtues alone, for all cheerfully acknowledge them; it cannot be for love alone to him as a man that we entertain such sentiments, if it were not that he is also the king of a country become great and glorious by means of the constitution of which he is the appointed head and guardian. (Immense cheering.) But now, I presume I must use more moderate and guarded language: I must not speak with that freedom which was not only permitted, but demanded by the feelings of patriots of former times when they spoke of the British constitution, aye, and that not long ago. Though my language shall be guarded it shall be bold; nor do I fear to carry your sympathies along with me. (Cheers.) The British Constitution—did not the wisest men of most civilized nations make it their pride to visit our shores to study it, among the people who lived under its beneficial sway, and to understand the character of those who had grown up under its beneficial influence. That character, with some defects, as our Constitution may have its defects, has nevertheless, caused this country; I may say above every country to be feared as well as honoured over the whole face of the earth. Shall we not teach our children to venerate the principles of that Constitution, or shall we seem to be less convinced of its surpassing excellence than those who have admired it even from afar, and who willingly introduced its spirit, if possible, into institutions which have been founded on less liberal principles. (Cheers.) Is it possible that a great national character shall grow up, and a nation prosper under a constitution which is in itself radically defective, and is alleged to consist of many defects and abuses, and yet to be sound at the core? Is it possible that under a rotten constitution, there could exist so many happy people, or under a despotic and arbitrary oligarchy, so many opportunities should occur to poor men to class themselves with the rich, and to enable them, through the exertions of patient industry to retain within the luxury of the palace, the sacred site of the small domicile in which he might have been born. (Cheers.) There are numerous anomalies, it is said, which must be removed from this Constitution. I would ask, therefore, if it is the principles of the Constitution from which these anomalies are to be removed? Where is the man that will put his hand on the sole, single anomaly in the principle of the British Constitution; its principle, its variety, boundless variety, affording the means, and giving endless opportunities of advancing the interests of every imaginable order of the state. It has been declared by a great writer, Paley, that perhaps one half of the House of Commons is returned by elections more or less popular, and that one half is returned by the influence of wealth and the aristocracy; and can we deny that influence will always be consequent to wealth, birth, and intelligence? Supposing, it would be said, there was a period in the history of the country to which we can allude, and show that this institution was founded on principles totally different from those which it now exhibits, how far will I go back? Will I go back to the time of Henry the Sixth? What do you conceive was the nature of the British Constitution then, or what is the deterioration either of its spirit or principle that has occurred since, when introduced, and what has been the effect? At that time, I presume you will agree, that the 40s. freeholders represented the substantial yeomanry of the country. Forty shillings at that time was equal, according to the admission of all, to £50; £60; or £70 a year now. These were the freeholders, the substantial freeholders of England. There were the potwallopers, that was the working classes; and then there were the corporations, the more wealthy burghers.

GARDENING.—This is a science that may be useful to every man and every woman, and must be useful to every great part of man and womankind. In addition to the utility, there is the innocent and healthful pleasure; the great variety of objects, and the interest that is constantly kept up, and is never suffered to flag for a single day, from the swelling of the buds and the peeping of the primrose in the spring until they swell and peep again, just as the snow-drop and crocus have added. It is, however, hardly necessary for me to be urgent on this score, when, happily, the taste of