

vessel. His dreadful situation flashed across the mind of the mate; he was now for the last time in sight of his native shores; in a few short hours he should again be on the lonely waters of the ocean, his companions pirates, and at any hour he might convey to his own lips the cup of death. The vigilance and ready weapons of Tardee, forbade the risk of an encounter, the return of the Spaniards would be the signal for the departure of the vessel: another boat, containing only a single oar, was along side; the Frenchman had retired for a moment to the cabin, and the mate, descending to the boat, had sculled beyond the reach of the pistols of Tardee, who was at last seen rushing frantic upon deck. In his boat, and with a single oar, the mate soon reached the shore; and, having communicated the affair to the commander of the fort, the Spaniards were secured in the village, and a party of soldiers were soon despatched to the brig. Upon the floor of the cabin Tardee lay dead, his throat severed in despair, from ear to ear. The Spaniards were afterwards tried, condemned, and executed; the vessel is now peacefully trading along the coast of America; and I was recently in that cabin where ended the crimes and existence of Jean Jacques Tardee!

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS FROM LATE PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKWORMS AND BIBLIOPOLIS.—We are continually scandalized by the squabbles of authors and booksellers. The first accuse the others of living luxuriously upon the produce of their wit: while the booksellers retort, that the wit they speak of, is principally employed in picking their pockets: the two orders never think alike: they agree in nothing but robbing the public. The author calls the bookseller grinding and selfish; declaring the scanty pittance he receives, scarcely pays the rent of his back room, 4th floor, and never allows him a full meal. The Bibliopole triumphantly replies, 'you rogue; are we not the patrons, the Mæcenas's of literature? Did we not bring your works to light, would you not starve altogether? As to full meals, we know your interest better—slender fare makes a man thoughtful, and attics are proverbial for sharpening the wit.' There is some reason in this; and after all, the booksellers must be the best judges. Their opinion on diet we should recommend before that of Dr. Paris. An anecdote is going the round of the literary circles, against one of these worthy 'patrons and Mæcenas's of literature,' who dwelt not long since in the vicinity of Temple-bar—the city side of course. He had the proud distinction of introducing literary medical practitioners to the public, by vending their books. He would often say, in his own witty way, that 'he was drugged in more ways than one.' It was so good a joke, that it lasted him longer than his shop. One day a physician alighted from his carriage, and entering this emporium of physical learning, inquired of its sleek-faced master, 'whether he had a copy of Heberden's Commentaries?' 'No, sir,' replied the man of letters, 'but we have Caesar's Commentaries, and they are by far the best.'—*Monthly Magazine.*

BEAUTY OF THE LADIES OF HALIFAX.—It would be ungallant to take leave of Halifax without mentioning what none but those whose hearts are indeed cold, if they have visited the place, can forget—I mean the ladies. Along with my own admiration of their beauty, accomplishments, amiability, and excellence of character, I must add, that several English gentlemen, who were at Halifax while I was there, have frequently remarked to me their admiration of the beauty, genteel manners, and intelligence of the ladies. These gentlemen, I may also observe, were men of liberal education, well acquainted with the world, and in the habit of mixing with fashionable society in Europe. It may appear presumptuous to add further, that in the small, but neat theatre at Halifax, more genteel and beautiful ladies may be seen, than among the same number in the boxes of any of the London or provincial theatres. We may account for it from their being, in reality, a greater number of respectable inhabitants in Halifax, according to its population, than in the towns of this country. In Halifax there are few labourers or manufacturers, and even the labouring people, by having greater means, are always better dressed than in England.—*Macgregor's British America.*

FAITHFUL WIVES.—During the time of the deadly feuds between the houses of Hohenstaufen and Guelph about the year 1140, Weisberg was besieged and taken by the Emperor Conrad. The town and castle had excited his high displeasure, for having afforded an asylum to his enemy Guelph, and he determined to destroy them with fire and sword, and said, he would only allow the women to depart, and take any treasure with them. At dawn of day, the gates of the town were thrown open, and every woman appeared carrying her husband on her back. Many of his officers, indignant at thus seeing the enemy's garrison escape, endeavoured to persuade the emperor to evade his promise, but Conrad replied, 'an emperor's faith once

pledged was not to be broken;' and he granted them a free pardon, and from that time the castle of Weisberg has borne the name of Weibtreue.

A PATRIARCH.—At Sir Gore's audience of leave, he begged the Shah of Persia graciously to tell him what was the number of his children, that he might give his own monarch correct information on so interesting a subject, provided, as was probable, he should make any inquiry. 'A hundred and fifty-four sons,' replied the Shah. 'May I venture to ask your Majesty, how many children?' 'The word daughters, according to the rules of oriental etiquette, he dared not to pronounce; and, indeed, the general question was, according to Persian notions, almost an offence. The king, however, who liked Sir Gore very much, did not take it ill. 'Ha, ha! I understand you,' said he, laughing, and called to the chief of the eunuchs, 'Musa, how many daughters have I?' 'King of kings,' answered Musa, prostrating himself on his face, 'five hundred and sixty.' When Sir Gore Ouseley repeated this conversation to the Empress-mother in Petersburg, she only exclaimed, 'Ah, le monstre!'—*Tour of a German Prince.*

FROM THE LONDON ATHENÆUM.

ADDRESS TO MEMORY.

Spirit revealing the scenes that are past,—
Magical mirror reflecting the soul!
Back to gay childhood thy shadows are cast,—
Shadows of brightness: and visions that roll
Lovely as sunlight, but mocking control.
What do we owe thee, thou mystical sprite,
Waving thy wings like a radiant scroll,
Where writ in darkness, or graven in light,
Bright spirit the past is flung back on our sight.

Sweet is thy whisper, though echoed in dreams,
Sighing o'er scenes ever blooming with flowers;
Breathing the evening voice of the streams,
Murmuring love by the home that was ours!
Soft as the linnæ that sung in thy bowers,
Sing ye the music of childhood again!—
Build ye its baseless but beautiful towers,—
Walk in thy rainbow of light o'er the pain,
And sing us, fair spirit, youth's rapturous strain!

Time, like a trembler, before thee shall stand!
Swifter than light is the rush of thy wings,
Over the ocean, and over the land,
Hearing the heart to invisible things;
From the glad banquet, where revelry rings,
Back to the woodland, the hill, or the river,—
Homes of the exile and, sighing he flings
His soul on the light of pinions that quiver,
O'er the scenes of his youth, in beauty forever.

Spirit of purity!—voice of the grave!
There, in thy halls of the glory art thou,—
There do thy wings of magnificence wave—
Torches that flash on eternity's brow!
Scenes where the lover has whispered his vow,—
Melted in rapture, or wandered in glee,—
Spirit of youth! thou revealest them now!
All that was rugged is mellowed by thee,
Like moonbeams asleep on a motionless sea,

Thine are the smiles of the father we love,—
Thine the delight of our mother's mild eye;—
Thine are the playground, the school-house and grove—
Hope's temple of dreams when twilight was nigh,
Stealing in holiness over the sky!
Wandering then in our palace of trees,
Wrapt in their shade and imaginings high,—
Fancy away on the unfettered breeze!
Ah! where hath fancy pleasures like these!

Thine are the friendships, the joy, and the praise,—
All that delighted in days that are gone!
Lovely eyes flashing their passionate rays—
Rays that were answered by fire from our own!—
Rays where the starlight of innocence shone!
Thine is the whisper that breathes through the gloom
Where yesterday died. And thine is the tone,
Melting to music the silence of doom,
Still uttered from voices now hushed in the tomb.

Terrible spirit! from brightness we turn;—
View thee a Fury consuming the heart!
Well'ring mid blushes in darkness that burn!
Wasting, devouring, wherever thou art!—
An arrow of God;—of conscience a part!
Shouting in thunder and clashing in its cloud,—
Bareing the soul with thy shadowy dart,
Revealing its darkness,—proclaiming aloud
The actions we strove from all others to shroud.

Dreadful, yet exquisite source of power—
Still may my bosom thy dwelling-place be;
Frown may the present,—futility lower,—
Hope be a mocker that passeth from me,—
Dwell with me, Spirit—I'll wander with thee—
Wander in bliss and awaken the lyre.
Wild o'er its strings still my fingers shall flee;
Shades of the past raise their voice in the choir,
And strike to the, MEMORY thy anthem of fire.

JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

MISERIES OF A LITERARY FAMILY.—There is no calamity like pecuniary distress and gentility conjoined, when the sensitive mind is shrinking from exposure, whilst the unsatisfied wants of nature are crying for redress. It is amongst individuals so

situated that the aggregate of human suffering is experienced, by whom external appearance must be supported at the expense of concealed privation; and the iron that eats into the soul is known only to the bosom in which it cankers. The circumstances that quickened my sensibility also stimulated my mind; its first crude efforts were thrown off in the midst of privation, and were given rather as a proof of my necessities than a pledge of my powers. I had no time to polish or to perfect my work. Revision was out of the question, I scarcely paused for re-perusal. Johnson is described as writing whilst the printer's devils waited; but I had a darker devil goading me, and one who still less brooked delay. My efforts were fortunately attended with some share of success—a success that would have afforded little gratification to one possessed of any of the advantages of fortune, or any position in society, but much to me, situated as I was. I received it as an earnest of the future—an evidence of what my ability might yet effect—that was every thing to me. This event re-kindled and sustained my spirits. I felt that a tacit assurance was given me of an eventual triumph, since the recompense of my first exertion would afford me a better chance in my next. In the production of the former, I might be said to have wanted both time and tools; now with some share of both, I went to work with renewed energy—sustained and gladdened by that wife in whose eyes I was the greatest genius in the world, and who was ever promising me immortality. Ella had great natural powers: our situation and my care called them forth, and improved them, and in proportion as I did so was our field of enjoyment extended, our hoard of pleasure increased. She would often revise what I wrote, and always improved it. Yet she retouched with a timid hand, as if distrustful of her right of judgment over the thoughts of another, a timidity that she did not feel in her own compositions, for she wrote with a fearless energy that was almost masculine. But I knew how skilled she was to refine and point the more coarse and crude conceptions of my mind, I therefore would never be satisfied without her aiding hand. There was none of the jealousy of authorship mingled in our mutual toils, for love was more solicitous to bestow, than to appropriate, the wreath of fame, and when success more than ordinary crowned our combined exertion, each was more ready to ascribe it to the other than to themselves. Thus, as was humourously said, in allusion to the aid Mrs. Sheridan sometimes gave her husband, our leg of mutton was a joint concern, nor was it partaken with the less pleasure on that account. In the course of time I became known, and entering into politics, was engaged upon a paper of which I subsequently became editor, and then proprietor. Ella was now surrounded by the elegancies as well as the comforts of life, and she adorned my prosperity as she had cheered my adversity. Our happiness was increased by the birth of children, a want our hearts had long felt; but never suffered ourselves to sigh for. I was too fortunate, perhaps I was presumptuous, at least I was imprudent. My principles and opinions were not on the side of power, they were too freely expressed, and a prosecution for libel was the consequence. It was now that the tide of misfortune set in, and I was drifted a wreck upon the waters. Well do I remember the morning that consigned me to a prison. She, who was so strong in her own sufferings, how weak was she in mine! She had an infant at her breast, and another was playing about the room at the moment of my arrest. It was singular the effect that the sight of men, who were the harbingers of my ill-fortune, had upon my little family. Ella with a presence of evil, gazed on them with an expression that went to my heart; her babe ceased to draw its milky fountain, as if sensible of some baleful influence; Arthur, my little boy, dropped his walking-stick on which he had been riding, and stood with his dark eyes fixed upon them with a seriousness of inquiry, as if he was inclined to dispute their stay, and question the motives of their appearance. My eye ran from one to the other of these dear objects with the rapidity of light, as I felt that I was about to be torn from them. There was a brutal ferocity in the manner of the men employed upon this occasion, which, for the honour of humanity, I believe is not common; they were stimulated by a wretch who entertained the darkest designs against my honour, and the most virulent hatred of my person, and yet so unconscious had I been of either, that the very libel for which I was about to suffer owed much of its acrimony to his suggestion. The insolence and violence addressed to me alarmed Ella, I rose to evince my indignation of conduct so offensive, when I heard a fall; I turned—it was my infant. Its mother had swooned, and the child, dropping from her relaxed arm, had pitched upon its head, and against the fender. I stood paralyzed; gazing on both, and unable to yield aid to either. Let me draw a veil over a scene, the recollection of which seems to arrest the functions of my heart! Ella revived—her child never! The warm milk was yet upon its lip, the last it was to taste, its little life was gone! I was denied the consolation of my staying with its bereaved mother, whose conjugal tenderness had betrayed her to the sacrifice of her babe.—*Woman's Love: by Mrs. Leman Grimstone.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Here I saw the great Duke of Wellington in a terrible strait. He is no orator, and was compelled, 'bongre, malgre,' to enter upon his defence, like an accused person. He was considerably agitated; and this senate of his country, though composed of men whom, individually, perhaps he did not care for, appeared more imposing to him, 'en masse,' than Napoleon and his hundred thousands. There was, however, something touching to me in seeing the hero of this century in so subdued a situation. He stammered much, interrupted and involuntarily himself, but, at length, with the help of his party, who, at every stumbling-block, gave him time to collect himself by means of noise and cheers, (exactly as it was with the ambassador's speech at the Lord Mayor's feast,) he brought the matter tolerably to a conclusion,—that there was no 'conspiracy.' He occasionally said strong things,—probably stronger than he meant, for he was evidently not master of his stuff. Among other things, the following words pleased me extremely,—'I am a soldier and no orator. I am utterly deficient in the talents requisite to play a part in this great assembly. I must be more than mad if I ever entertained the insane thought (of which I am accused) of becoming prime minister.'—*Tour of a German Prince.*

A BOY OVERBOARD!—Half-a-dozen of the ship's boys, youngsters sent on board by that admirable and most patriotic of naval institutions the Marine Society, were floundering about in the sea, and sometimes even venturing beyond the leech-ropes. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their number, when taunted by his more skilful companions with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not gone much farther than his own length, however, along the