

the negative, accompanied by an arch look and a shake of the head, which seemed to say, 'Oh, you're a sad little man, Mr. Peter Snook, and can play a double part as well as the rest of your deceitful sex.'—*The Old Maiden's Talisman, and other Strange Tales.*

FRENCH POLITENESS.

Leitch Ritchie, in his 'Wanderings by the Seine,' puts this language into the mouth of a lady: 'FRENCH politeness! what a farce! You may as well talk of French chivalry, or of any thing else that belonged to an earlier age, but which is unknown in ours. The French of to-day are brutes!—low, vulgar, coarse minded, ill mannered brutes! They grin and chatter, I grant you, at a woman, like so many monkeys; but as for the true respect which is shown in action, in sacrifice, in endurance and forbearance, they know nothing about it. The cold, phlegmatic Englishman, is a thousand times more of a gentleman, as he calls it,—a word which has no synonyme in our language, although it resembles the *chevalier* of ancient times. If a woman is in danger from the rain, whose umbrella whose cloak is at her service? The Frenchman's? Trust him! He buttons himself up to the chin with a grimace; while the Englishman, without moving a muscle, strips himself to the waistcoat, if necessary, and sits dripping like a water-god through the shower. If we are to be carried across the dirty road from the door of the diligence, who leads us by the end of the finger, choosing the cleanest place for his own tiptoes? Why, the Frenchman. Who, in the same situation, takes us up in his arms, and stalks, like a statue moved by magic, through the very depths of the mud, that he may land us, without a soil upon the hem of our gown, upon the pave? The Englishman, I say. French politeness! bah! And thus the author speaks in *propria persona*:—As for the English, every body knows that we are all bulls and bears, and so we have no character to lose; but, notwithstanding, we are more polite, in the true sense of the word, than the French. Upon that question we will peril life and limb! Even the external garb of politeness is now almost universally laid aside in France.'

THE PIG.

There exists, perhaps, in creation no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no animal is better capable of foretelling, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for and analyzing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty. While his faculties are still his own, only observe how with a bark or snort he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally, most eagerly, or as we accuse him, most greedily greets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion within reach—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food; to encourage this, Nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant, that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated—gorges himself—sleeps—eats—again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against a blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes * * and * * dies!—*Bubbles from the Brunns of Nassau.*

MISFORTUNE OF HAVING ONLY ONE COAT.

It's the vilest thing in the world to have but one coat. My only one has happened with a mischance, and how to manage it is some difficulty. A confounded stove's modish ornament caught its elbow, and rent it half way. Pinned to the side it came home, and I ran deploring to my loft. In the dilemma, it occurred to me to turn tailor myself; but how to get materials to work with puzzled me. At last I went running down in a hurry, with three or four sheets of paper in my hand, and begged for a needle, &c. to sew them together. This finished my job, and but that it is somewhat thicker, the elbow is a good one yet.—*Crabbe's Journal.*

SOMETHING QUESTIONABLE.

Of all nations on the globe, the Irish, as a people, are universally admitted to possess, in a preeminent degree, those finer sensibilities of the human heart, which, were they but wisely controlled, would exalt man above the level of ordinary humanity, and make him, as it were a being of another species.—*O'Brien's Round Towers.*

TO MEMORY.

THERE is an hour in which I think of thee;
'Tis when the daylight fades upon the flowers,
And the moon dawns upon the evening hours,
And nature smiles in soft tranquility.
'Tis a sweet hour, for then the sighing wind
With dirge-like music lulls the world to rest;
More plaintive sings the bird upon her nest,
And all seems blessed; then I call to mind
Thy gentle virtues and the scenes beloved
Which we together trod, and, like a dream,
Most passing beautiful do those days seem
Of confidence serene and faith approved.
Alas! even like the bright and sunny day,
Have these delightful scenes all passed away.

LOVE'S INFLUENCES.

LOVE—what a curious, comical thing it is,
Pleasing, and teasing, and vexing us so,
Just like a bee with its honey and sting, it is
Here and 'tis there, and wherever we go.

Now, it is courting, transporting, and thrilling us,
Nothing in Nature can equal our bliss:
Now it is frowning, and chilling and killing us,
Plunging us down to the lowest abyss.

Then of a night, how it sets us dreaming, O!
Misses and kisses flit over the brain,
Gay dresses, bright tresses, caresses, all seeming so
Real and true, that we waken with pain.

Sometimes pathetic, jocose, metaphysical,
Various aspects and manners it wears,
The pretty and witty, the solemn and quizzical,
All have their part of its pleasures and cares.

When a mere boy—say some five or six years ago—
One roguish girl played the mischief with me:
What with her smiling, beguiling, and tears you know,
Soon was I a pitiful object to see.

O how delightful, and frightful! to walk with her,
Down to the Church that stood towering hard by,
And then while I tarried, unable to talk with her,
Eyeing, and sighing, and dying was I.

Then what a quarrel—I tremble to think of it,
Little was left me of life and of hope,
If not in despair I was just on the brink of it,
Often I thought of a razor or rope.

Ghost-like I wandered for weeks by a lonely brook,
Shaded by woods from society free;
When, fixed on the earth, my glazed eye-balls would on-
ly look
Up, when my head struck the limb of a tree.

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

LAST MOMENTS OF EMINENT MEN.

It is a common remark that the ruling passion displays itself in the last hour. The flickering lamp blazes with unusual brightness, just as it expires: 'The fit gives vigour, as it destroys.' He, who has but a moment remaining, is released from the common motives of dissimulation; and Time, that lays his hand on every thing else, destroying beauty, undermining health, and wasting the powers of life, spares the ruling passion, which is connected with the soul itself. That passion

sticks to our last sand

Consistent in our follies and our sins,

Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Napoleon expired during the raging of a whirlwind, and his last words showed that his thoughts were in the battle field. The meritorious author of the memoir of Cabot, a work which in accuracy and in extensive research is very far superior to most of the late treatises on maritime discovery, tells us, that the discoverer of a continent, in a hallucination before his death, believed himself again on the ocean, and once more steering in quest of adventure over the waves, which knew him as the steed knows its rider. How many a gentle eye has been dimmed with tears, as it read the fabled fate of Fergus M'ivor! Not inferior to the admirable hero of the romance, was the Marquis of Montrose. He had fought for the Stuarts, and he fell into the hands of the Presbyterians. He was condemned to die; his head and his limbs were ordered to be severed from his body, and to be hanged on the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and in other public towns of the kingdom. He listened to the sentence with the pride of loyalty and the fierce anger of a generous defiance. 'I wish,' he exclaimed, 'I had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony to the cause for which I suffer.' Lorenzo de' Medici, upon his death bed, sent for Savonarola to receive his confession, and grant him absolution. The severe anchorite questioned the dying sinner with unsparring rigour. 'Do you believe entirely in the mercy of God?' Yes, I feel it in my heart. 'Are you truly ready to restore all the possessions and estates, which you have unjustly acquired?' The dying duke hesitated; he counted up in his mind the sums which he had hoarded; a vision whispered that nearly all were the acquisition of honest inventions; self-love suggested that the sternest censor would take but little from his opulence. The pains of hell were threatened if he denied; and he gathered courage to reply, that he was ready to make restitution. Once more the unyielding priest resumed his inquisition. 'Will you resign the sovereignty of Florence, and restore the democracy of the republic?' Lorenzo, like

Macbeth, had acquired a crown; but, unlike Macbeth, he saw sons of his own, about to become his successors. He gloried in the hope of being the father of princes, the founder of a line of hereditary sovereigns. Should he resign this brilliant hope? Should he be dismayed by the wild words of a visionary? Should he tremble at the threats of a confessor? Should he stoop to die as a merchant, when he had reigned as a monarch? No! though hell itself were opening beneath his bed. 'Not that! I cannot part with that.' Savonarola left his bedside with indignation, and Lorenzo died without shrift.

And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death,
Such in those moments as in all the past,—

'Oh! save my country. Heaven! shall be your last.

Such was the exclamation of the worthy Quincy, whose virtues have been fitly commemorated by the pious reverence of his son. The celebrated Admiral Blake breathed his last, as he came in sight of England, happy in at least desecrating the land, which he had advanced the glory by his brilliant victories. Quincy died, as he came in sight of Massachusetts. He loved his family; but his last words were for his country, 'Oh that I might live,'—it was his dying wish,—'to render to my country one last service.' The coward dies panic-stricken, the superstitious man dies with visions of terror floating before his fancy. We knew an instance of a man, who was so terrified by the apprehension of eternal wo, that he hurried as if to meet it, and in his despair, cut his throat. The phenomenon was strange; but the fact is unquestionable. The giddy, that are near a precipice, totter towards the brink, which they would shun. Every body remembers the atheism and bald sensuality of the septuagenarian Alexander VI. History hides her face, as she relates his detestable and scandalous vices: she hides her face that her blushes for humanity may not be visible. And the name of his natural son, Cesar Borgia, is a proverb; a synonym for the most vicious incarnation of unqualified selfishness. Now learn from one story the infinite baseness of a cowardly nature. Borgia had, by the most solemn oaths induced the Duke of Gravina, Oliverotto, Vitellozo Vitelli, and another to meet him in Senigaglia, for the purpose of forming a treaty. The truth of the tale is attested by Macchiavelli. Treachery was prepared, the order was issued for the massacre of Oliverotto and Vitelli. Will it be believed? Vitelli, as he expired, begged of the infamous Borgia, his assassin, to obtain of Alexander a dispensation for his omissions; a release from purgatory. Can there be greater human weakness?

Yet the death-bed of Cromwell himself was not free from superstition. He asked, when near his end, if the elect could never fall. 'Never, replied Godwin the preacher. 'Then am I safe,' said the man, whose last years had been stained by cruelty and tyranny; 'then am I safe, for I am sure that I was once in a state of grace.'

Ximenes, to the last, languished from disappointment at the loss of power and the want of royal favor. A smile from Louis would have cheered the death-bed of Racine. They were the victims of a weak passion, which was not gratified, and which they could not subdue.

In a brave mind the love of honour endures to the last. 'Don't give up the ship,' cried Lawrence, as his life blood was flowing in torrents. Abimelech groaned that he fell ignobly by the hand of a woman. We knew a man, who expressed in his last moments more apprehension, lest his fortune should not be enough to pay his debts, than sympathy for the approaching poverty of his family. The sense of honour was piqued; he feared his good name would suffer among those, whose confidence in him had exceeded his ability of requital. We have ever admired the gallant death of Sir Richard Grenville, who, in a single ship, encountered a numerous fleet; and when mortally wounded, husbanded his strength, till he could summon his victors to bear testimony to his courage and his patriotism. 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyous and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion and honour.'

The public of Boston and its vicinity have been recently instructed in the details of the treason of Benedict Arnold, by an inquirer, who has compassed earth and sea in search of historic truth, and has merited the applause of his country, not less for candour and judgment, than for diligence and ability. The victim of the treason was Andre. He protested against the manner of his death, and not against dying. He dreaded the gallows—not the loss of life. The sentiment in his breast was one of honest pride. His mind repelled the service of treachery; and holding a stain upon his honor to be worse than a sentence of death, his feelings were those of poignant bitterness, in the fear lest the manner of his execution should be taken as evidence, that the hangman closed for him a fit of ignominy. He felt the sense of honor, the rising emotions of pride, the same sentiment which filled the breast of Lawrence, of Nelson, and of Wolfe; a keen sense, which to the latter rendered death easy and triumphant, because it was attended by victory; but, in the case of Andre, added new bitterness to the cup of affliction, by menacing opprobrium as a necessary consequence of a disgraceful execution.

Finally: a well balanced mind meets death with calmness, resignation and hope. Saint Louis died among the ruins of Carthage; a Christian king, laboring in vain to expel the religion of Mahomet from the spot where Dido had planted the gods of Syria. 'My friends,' said he, 'I have finished my course. Do not mourn for me. It is natural, that I, as your chief and leader, should go before you. You must follow me. Keep yourselves in readiness for the journey.' Then giving his son his blessing, and the kindest and best advice, he received the sacrament, closed his eyes, and died, as he repeated from the Psalms, 'I will come into thy house; I will worship in thy holy temple.'