

mind. Whether we attempt to discern the most minute of nature's works, or to contemplate the most majestic, both are alike beyond our comprehension, and the more we investigate, the more we must be convinced of our ignorance, and the greater should be our humility, and the more fervent the homage of adoration.

From Maxwell's Life of Wellington.
THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The story of the siege of Gerona, and the sufferings and endurance of its inhabitants may in a few centuries hence be considered more akin to romance, than as belonging to actual reality. Inspired by the success which had attended two previous trials, the Geronians took the cross, and swore that they would resist to the uttermost,—while women forgot her fears, and emulated in daring while she exceeded in determination, that sex, which heretofore she had been told was born to sustain her weakness. A deep religious feeling was mingled with hatred, deadly and unmitigable: and while the besiegers ridiculed that devotion which brought women to the breach, and confined the care of a beleaguered city to supernatural agencies, of a superstitious people of which no sacrifice is too great, or sufferings past endurance. The conduct of the siege was intrusted, in the commencement, to generals Reille and Verdier, afterwards to Gouvain St. Cyr, and finally, to Marshal Augereau. Art and perseverance marked the conduct of the assailants—obstinacy, and contempt of hunger, sickness, and suffering, characterized the exertion of the besieged. When the castle of Monjuic was literally a heap of ruins, the remnant of the garrison retired into the town, not carrying up provisions, but loaded with grenades and cartridges. Famine came on, disease frightfully increased; but it was death even to pronounce the word 'capitulation.' Three practicable breaches were open, and each wide enough for forty men to mount abreast. They were repeatedly assaulted, and on one occasion four times in two hours. The French fought hand to hand with the Spaniards; and such was the ferocity displayed, that 'impatient of the time required for reloading their muskets, the defendants caught up stones—from the breach, and brained their enemies with these readier weapons.'—A partial supply thrown into the city by General O'Donnel for the time enabled the Geronians to hold on; but the relief was too limited to serve beyond temporary purposes,—while Hoatabich, where magazines had been provided for the use of the beleaguered fortress, was seized by a French division under General Pino, the town burnt, and the provisions carried off or destroyed.

Famine was now awfully felt, and in consequence disease became more and more malignant. The situation of the inhabitants was hopeless, for the ingenuity and wariness of the besiegers prevented the possibility of succours being introduced. 'The Spaniards now died in such numbers, chiefly of dysentery, that the daily deaths were never less than thirty-five, and sometimes amounted to seventy; and the way to the burial place was never vacant. Augereau straitened the blockade; and that the inhabitants might neither follow the example of O'Donnel nor receive any supplies, he drew his lines closer, stretched cords with bells along the interspaces, and kept watch dogs at all the posts. The sufferings already endured by the inhabitants almost exceeded belief, and the official report delivered to Alvarez the governor, by Simansiego, who was at the head of the medical staff, and has left a written record of the horrors of that brave and devoted city. There did not remain a single building in Gerona which had not been injured by the bombardment; not a house was habitable; the people slept in the cellars and vaults, and holes in the ruins. The siege had now endured seven months; scarcely a woman had become pregnant during that time; the very dogs, before hunger consumed them, had ceased to follow after their kind; they did not even fawn upon their masters; the almost incessant thunder of artillery seemed to make them sensible of the state of the city, and the unnatural atmosphere effected them as well as human kind—it even affected vegetation. In the gardens within the walls the fruits withered, and scarcely any vegetable could be raised.

Within the last three weeks above 500 of the garrison laid in the hospitals; a dysentery was raging and spreading; the sick were lying on the ground, with-

out beds, almost without food, and there was scarcely fuel to dress the little wheat that remained, and the few horses which were yet unconsumed. In this wretched state the skeleton of what had once been a garrison sallied, were successful for a moment, but in turn were repulsed and driven back. This was a dying effort, unable even to inter the dead—one hundred bodies lying over the ground—naked, coffinless, and putrescent, and the governor under the delirium of a fever, those of the inhabitants that remained accepted honourable terms, and yielded all that was standing of Gerona.

WHAT HATH TIME TAKEN AND LEFT.

WHAT hath Time taken? Stars that shone
On the early years of earth,
And the ancient hills they looked upon,
Where a thousand streams had birth;
Forests that were the young world's dower,
With their long un fading trees:
And the halls of wealth and the thrones of power—
He hath taken more than these:

He hath taken away the heart of Youth,
And its gladness, which hath been
Like the summer's sunshine o'er our path,
Walking the desert green.
The shrines of our early hope and love,
And the flowers of every clime—
The wise, the beautiful, the brave,
Thou hast taken from us: Time!

What hath Time left us? Desolate
Cities and temples lone,
And the mighty works of Genius, yet
Glorious when all are gone;
And the lights of memory, lingering long
As the eye on western seas—
Treasures of science, thought, and song—
He hath left us more than these.

He hath left us a lesson of the Past,
In the shades of perished years—
He hath left us the heart's high places waste,
And its rainbows fall in tears.
But there's hope for the Earth and her children still.
Unwhithered by wo or crime,
And a heritage of rest for all—
Thou hast left us these, O Time!

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

The following, from Robert Burns, Esq., will compose my text for this occasion;
A man's a man, for a'that.

My hearers—in travelling about upon this dirty tarraqueous ball, you come in contact with a great variety of individuals belonging to the human race; some white in skin but black at heart, others black in skin but white at heart; and others all the way through of a color, like a firkin of June butter. Now, the question is, how do you judge of the moral worth, goodness and nobleness of your fellow man? Is it by his duds or by his deeds? When you make your obeisance, do you bow to the dry goods upon his back or to the animated mass of sin and sycophancy beneath them? I know that, in too many instances, you pay your respects to the former; while the dirt of depravity may be found under his dicky, and his heart is covered with a thick coat of corruption—while, at the same time you would scorn to grasp the hand that has grown hard in honest toil, especially if the homespun habiliments of humility were hung upon the corporeal frame. This is wrong, my friends. It shows a spirit of weakness, foolishness and vanity on your hearts, contemptible in the sight of your Maker, and ridiculous in the eyes of all good and intelligent people. I tell you a man is a man—whether his coat comports with the cleanliness of his character, or his vest with the value of his virtues—just as much as a potato, whether it be washed white and clean or covered with the dust of its native soil. For my part I had rather associate with the person whose good and noble qualities are partially obliterated by a shabby exterior; than with him whose rotten reputation is patched up with broad-cloth and buckram.

My friends—there was a time when a gentleman and a man were synonymous terms; but that period is past, forever. The moral material that then composed the one was embodied in the other; but now a days there is as much difference between them as there is between bone and ivory. A man is now made up, as he always was, of honesty, frankness, purity and plainness of apparel; but a gentleman is a compound of vanity, deceit, hypocrisy, gold, silver, shill-plasters and brass. The truth is, my worthy friends, old Time has taken into his capacious maw our whole lump of primeval virtue, which has soured upon his stomach; and he now vomits vice over the land, to soil the footsteps of the innocent and would be virtuous; and he that has bedaubed himself, immediately assumes the air, the attitude and the attire of a gentleman, in order that he may walk into respectable society, unsuspected of the infernal filth that would otherwise cause his fame, if not his feet, to stink worse than pot of bears

grease savoured with the essence of pole cat.

My respected hearers—the difference that exists between men of the present day is not so great as that between men and monkeys, by a long chalk. I consider that man to be a gentleman who has in his heart the true principles of honor and integrity—I don't care whether or not he be shod, shoven, shorn, or sbirted; and I consider that gentleman to be a man, whose interior recommendations correspond with the niceness of his outside arrangements. But virtue, vice, conceit, corruption, integrity and confirmed rascality, have of late, become so confounded together, under the garb of pretended piety and a whole pair of breeches, that it is difficult to determine the man from the monster. Ancient Esau, the favourite of his blind father, was a hairy man; yet his cunning and jealous brother contrived, by dressing himself in 'coon skins, to pass for Esau in the presence of the unsuspecting old gentleman; but, let me tell you, my friends, that if a scoundrel thinks a suit of good clothes and a false collar of religion are going to pass him safely within the walls of salvation, he will find himself as much deceived, as the philosopher who undertook to amalgamate moonshine with metaphysics.

My dear friends—when I see men braving the bitter blasts of poverty, with christian like fortitude and without a murmur—who had rather pick his precarious food from among the thorns of penury, and subject himself to the contumely of the proud, and dishonestly trespass upon the fields of wealth and plenty—I say, that man's a man for all of that; and when I see an individual, rolling in affluence, revelling in the sweets of luxury, and at the same time robbing the widow of her mits, and snatching the bread from the mouth of poor orphans—I say, that gentleman's no gentleman, anyhow you can fix it. The world, dear friends, is growing corrupt and more corrupt, as each revolving year rolls round. Vice and venality are progressing with the march of intellect and refinement; and you might as well undertake to extinguish the fires of endless torment with a schoolboy's squirt gun as to prevent their ravages. Everybody is a gentleman who has money at his control—everybody is a man who will allow himself to be robbed—and every body is a loafer whose coat has been worn threadbare by industry. But, my hearers, act well your parts, as Mr. Pope says, for their honor lies; and though the world should not grant it you, you will still have the gratification of knowing that you hold a mortgage upon the good will and respect of your fellow men. So note it be.

From the New Orleans Crescent City.

THE GENTLEMAN.

TRUE gentlemen are to be found in every grade of society. The ploughman, with his broad sunburnt hand, his homely dress, and his open, honest countenance, is oftener found to be possessed of the attributes of a gentleman, than the enervated man milliner, who is much more careful of his gloves than his honour, whose shirt collar must be pure as a virgin's fame, and who, if one curl of his wool were displaced, would be thrown immediately into a strong convulsion. The blood which flows in a rich and generous stream through the heart of a Russian serf, is as pure in the eyes of God as the life current which eddies round the princely fountain of the highest of England's noblemen. It is a false, illiberal idea, that because a man cannot claim alliance with the proud and wealthy, his name should be stricken from the list of gentlemen. We are all created alike—our mothers suffer the same pangs; and shall the one who is ushered into life upon a silken couch spurn him whose limbs were first laid on a truss of straw. Which class, from time immemorial, has shed honor and glory on the earth—the gentleman of fashion, or the gentleman of nature? Whose voices are most heard, and to most effect throughout the world? Why, those of men born in poverty, but clothed by truth with the jewelled robe of honor. Does the mere fact of a man's being able to make a bow with scrupulous exactness constitute him a gentleman? Shall the children of one mother be divided, because one portion are gifted with gracefulness of action and coxcomby of demeanour, while the others will not stoop to cringe at battery's fawn or waste the hours given them by heaven to improve, in the useless study of the puerile forms of fashion? Oh how glad it makes one's heart to see the painted lizards' trodden under foot by the gentlemen of nature, to see them shrink away at the approach of honest men, fearing that they may be called upon to acknowledge their inferiority!

Who is the gentleman? he who can boast of nothing but a name, upon which dishonour has never thrown its leprous poison. He who can lie down on his pillow at night knowing that he has done his neighbour no injury; whose heart is never closed to pity, and whose arm is always nerved to redress the injuries of the oppressed. Who smiles not at misfortune,

and who mocks not the affliction of his fellows. He who looks upon all men as equals, and who fears not to stand in the presence of a king. The man who is guided by moral honor, and not obliged to have laws made for his observance. He who has true democracy in his soul—who desires and gives to every man the enjoyment of his own opinion, provided they do not infringe the decrees of justice in its most rigid sense. Such a man, and only such a one, should dare lay claim to the proud appellation of a 'gentleman.' Thank God! we are in a country where the field of honor and renown is open to all. The lowest freeman in the land is in part the governor of its proudest officer. He who tills the earth, walks erect in the proud dignity of natural right, knowing that he cannot be oppressed while he respects himself. There is no distinction of classes here—the blacksmith and the senator—the shoemaker and the President—all hail each other as 'gentlemen.'

From the Boston Post.

ANCIENT SIMPLICITY.

Most delightful is it to hear from octogenarian lips of the days of by gone simplicity—how our fathers lived in times of portidge and hasty pudding. Articles of domestic economy now as common as the air we breathe, were some half a century ago considered as fit only to grace the mansions of opulence, or the palaces of monarchs. Take for instance the case of carpets. They were then considered great things. Many were the longing eyes of tidy house wives that were turned to the fortunate hour of the possession of one of them. Even one of the most common kind was a luxury that few could enjoy; and for persons in humble circumstances to think of procuring one, was downright presumption—to pass the rubicon of a purchase absolute extravagance. Many a reader will recall to mind the quandary of the honest farmer in Mrs. Sigourney's Sketches of Connecticut, who, on entering a room where was one not large enough to cover the whole of the room, but which had been placed in the middle of it, leaving a space round the edges of the floor, was afraid to step on it, and so moved round the edges of it, displacing chairs, tables, et cetera, with the gravest precision. But the march of the age of luxury is immense. Our worthy sojourners of ante revolutionary days predict awful things from its increase; and they hold up their hands in utter astonishment at the sight thereof.

And then too, as it respects that article that few even of our wisest carry in sunshine, but which every fool will beg, borrow or steal in storm—the umbrella—this was very scarce half a century ago. It was considered, not a long time before the revolution, quite a feather in one's cap to have ever seen one—a sight that by no means happened every day. Only the great or the rich could afford such a luxury. And when people of good standing began to carry them; it was not so much to keep off the rain as the sun. When a shower came up they were clapped under a cloak to keep dry. Besides—with our sturdy fathers it was deemed not a little unmanly to refuse to endure the peltings of the storm. Long after they appeared, the old puritanic spirit prompted people rather to get as wet as drowned rats, than to hold up this effeminate article—an article the dandies of the times used to keep pure their delicate complexions. Few entertain such sentiments now a days. Enough is it, if people in general will foster conscience sufficient to refrain from snatching up those that do not belong to them. Umbrellas, perhaps as much as any other article that can be named, have come to be considered as common property.

From Catlin's Notes on the North American Indians.

INDIAN NOTIONS OF A STEAMER.

These poor and ignorant people, for the distance of 2,000 miles, had never before seen or heard of a steambot, and in some places they seemed at a loss to know what to do or how to act; they had no name for it, so it was, like everything else with them which is mysterious and unaccountable, called *medicine* (mystery.) We had on board one twelve-pound cannon and three or four eight-pound swivels, which we were taking up to arm the Fur Company's Fort, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone; and at the approach to every village, they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement; some of them threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit; some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended; some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant, — and others, in some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs, whose duty it was (from the nature of their office) to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go on board. Sometimes, in this plight, they were instantly thrown neck and heels over each other's shoulders, men, women, and children, and dogs, eggs, sachem, old and