

lives alone upon the result of his own industry. To what pitiful shifts and disreputable means are the labor haters often driven to maintain the dignity to which they aspire, the dignity of living without manual labour.

Many—not relishing work—think that some professional pursuits would elevate them in the scale of human dignity, and in spite of what nature designed them for, commenced a profession in which they can never rise above mediocrity, whereas they might acquire reputation in their legitimate sphere. How many of the three professional hangers on may every where be met with, who by some means have obtained a fine suit of clothes, and being too proud to work, live a life of miserable dependance, and encounter the sneers and jibes of the honest mechanic who asks no favours but from heaven, and plenty of employment from his fellow men.

Many a poor laughed at doctor, and pettifogging lawyer, who are more than half starving for want of employment, might have made good mechanics, been respected in their calling, and in the enjoyment of at least a decent competency. Parents—we advise you to let your children follow the indications of nature in their choice of pursuits through life.

THE FRENCHMAN.

I find—he says—de English tonge is vary tuff, and I am hard to understand it. De meaning of de words is so scattered it is not easy for to gader dem, all at de same time to chuse dat wot fits or best to de right place. Dere is 'look out;' which is to put out your head and to see; and 'look out'—which is to haul in your head and not to see; just contraire. Te day steward took off de skylight and said 'look out, well I up my head to 'look out,' and he shut down de sash upon it and gave me a cut almost over all my face with pains of glass and said—Dat is not de way to 'look out,' you should have took your head in.

FUNERALS.—AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

People have an ominous dread of encountering funerals; now, for our own part, we like to meet a funeral; and, what is more, we find a melancholy pleasure in turning round and following it. Touches of genuine nature are to be met with at a funeral. The artificial is thrown aside, the mask we all wear in the bustness or pleasure of life falls off, and we are able sometimes to catch occasional glimpses of men as they really are, or ought to be. We say sometimes, for there is abundance of hypocrisy at a funeral as any where else, but even this is worth contemplating. There is much matter for conjecture in funerals: we like to imagine that we see reflected in the faces of the mourners what manner of man was the deceased. We try to puzzle out the expression of the disappointed legatee, and the more subdued grief of him, who having been bequeathed much, regrets that he has not got more; or of him who, having the lion's share, is yet sorrowful that he had not the good fortune to have had all. Then there are the mourners, not of hoods, scarfs, and weepers, but of the heart—mourning a loss beyond that of the world's losses—losses no world's wealth can repair. The tender, dutiful wife, the prudent affectionate husband, the son and daughter of our youth or of our age. The parent, dropping ripe into the lap of earth, or deeper grief, cut off in the midst of his hopes, expectations, and pursuits, leaving perhaps a young family slenderly provided for, or not at all; the attached and long esteemed friend, the woman we loved, or could have loved. These are the griefs, various in the expression, that, surrounding the yawning grave, pay the last sad offices to the unconscious dead; then slowly, and with downcast weeping eyes, wend slowly homewards their melancholy way.

It was a fine summer evening in June, and we were knocking about among the tombstones as usual, making our observations upon life and characters, when our attention was arrested by a plain coffin, borne upon the shoulders of four men in black; and followed by eight chief mourners, all in decent, but humble suits of sabls. The chief mourners were eight children—four boys and four girls; or, to speak more correctly, three boys and three girls, with two little 'toddlers,' mere infants, straggling in the rear. The eldest boy and girl might have been about fifteen and fourteen years respectively; the next twelve and eleven, the third pair between seven and eight; the youngest, as we have said, between infancy and childhood. The eyes of all spectators were upon the bereaved ones as they stood around the grave, yawning to receive their only parent and provider; and few were the dry eyes of those that beheld the melancholy group—the eldest boy looking fierce and man like, the rest weeping bitterly, save

the youngest pair, looking wonderingly around, as if marvelling what all the ceremony might mean.

'Cutting funeral, that sir?' observed a little puffy man in black who stood near us; 'werry cutting funeral, indeed,' repeated the little man, blowing his nose violently.

'Who are they?' we enquired, not without anticipating something like the little domestic history we were favoured with by the nose blowing little man in black.

'Orphans, sir—every one on 'em orphans,—that's their mother as is a bein' buried, sir.'

'Indeed.'

'Yes, sir; she was a 'spectable woman—highly 'spectable, indeed—werry virtuous, poor woman, sir—paid rates and taxes in the parish for twenty, years. I ought to know it: for I'm one of the overseers—I am.'

'I should like to know something of the family.'

'Should you, sir? Well, you shall hear; but it's a melancholy story—werry melancholy indeed. You must know, sir, there wasn't a more decenter couple in this parish than Thomas Mason and his wife, Jane—; they were well to do, and doing well,—every body respected them, for they paid their way, and was civil to their customers. Well, Thomas fell in a decline, sir, and died,—but he didn't die soon enough—for his sickness wasted all their substance, and the business was neglected, so the family fell into poverty; but the poor widow struggled on, and the exertions she made to maintain them little ones was really the wonder of the neighbourhood.

'Mr. Smith,' says she to me, when I offered some relief, 'I won't trouble this world long, and parish money shall never cross my palm, but when I'm gone, you wont see my desolate orphans want a morsel of bread.' So, poor woman, she was 'right,—for she soon sickened, and was bed ridden for thirteen months,—and then children, as you see a standin' 'round their mother's grave, worked themselves to an oil to keep her from the hospital—much more the workus. The girls worked all day,—and boys and girls sat up all night, turn and turn about, with their poor mother—she was sorely afflicted, poor woman.

Well, sir,—when she died at last, our vicar went and offered his assistance, and told the children, of course, the parish would bury their mother; but that there obstinate boy, him that's a givin' his orders, wouldn't hear of it, and blowed up the vicar for mentioning such a thing. So the vicar comes to me, and says he, Mr. Smith, these here young Mason's is the oddest babies as ever I see, for they've sold their bed and all things to bury their mother; let's make up a purse for them, and there's my sovereign to begin with. Says I, never mind, I'll bring them 'right; and the parish shall bury the woman, so that'll be so much saved; and with that I goes off to Poppin's court, and into the first floor; there was the poor woman dead, and the room stripped of all the furniture and things. Says that there youth, 'Mr. Smith,' said he, 'I'd be werry glad to see you another time, but we're in great grief for our mother bein' dead, and we hope you'll excuse us not askin' you to sit down.' Lord love you, sir, there wasn't the sign of a chair or a table in the room, nothing but the corpse, and a bit of a plank. Says I, 'my boy, I'm sorry for your grief, but I hope you wont have any objections to let the parish manage your poor mother's funeral.' With that, sir, the boy flares up like any thing, whips up a poker, and swears if he catches the parish a-comin' to touch his mother, he'll brain the lot of 'em: 'Mother lived without the parish,' says he, 'died without the parish, and she'll be buried without the parish!' With that he opens the door, and shews me down stairs as if he was a suckin' markie; that's the story on 'em, sir; and they're a rigger hindependent lot as ever I see. God help them, poor things!'

And with this the little man blew his nose once more, as the group of motherless children, reformed in their sad order of procession, and with streaming eyes, and many repeated last looks at their mother's grave, departed to their naked home.

SONG.

THERE'S a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks,
There's a something that cannot be told;
There are words that can be only read on the cheeks,
And thoughts but the eyes can unfold.
There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,
So conscious, so kind to impart;
Though dumb, in an instant it speaks out the mind,
And strikes in an instant the heart.
This eloquent silence, this converse of soul,
In vain we attempt to suppress;
More prompt it appears from the wish of control,
More apt the fond truth to express.
And oh! the delight on the features that shine,
The repairs the bosom that melt,
When blest with each other, this converse divine
Is mutually spoken and felt.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

BEFORE mine eyes had seen the light of day,
Or that my soul had come from Heaven's great King—

A harmless, tiny, helpless little thing—
You loved me!—While my tender being lay
In the soft rose-leaves of your heart at rest,
Like some lone bird within its downy nest,
Beneath the concave of its mother's wing.
Unborn—your soul came in my heart to dwell,
Like perfume in the flower, each part to bring,
As warmth unto the young bird in its shell,
And built me up to what I was to be,
A semblance of thyself. Thus, being cast
In thy heart's mould, I grew up like to thee,
And lost in thee my first friend with my last!

T. HOLLEY CHIVERS.

From Knight's William Shakspeare, Biography.

THE AGRICULTURE THAT SHAKSPEARE KNEW.

Through these pleasant places would the boy William Shakspeare walk hand in hand with his father, or wander at his own free will with his school companions. All the simple process of farming life would be familiar to him. The profitable mysteries of modern agriculture would not embarrass his youthful experience. He would witness none of that anxious diligence which compels the earth to yield double crops, and places little reliance upon the unassisted operations of nature. The seed time and the harvest in the corn fields, the gathering in of the thin grass on the uplands and of the ranker produce of the flooded meadows, the folding of the flocks on the hills, the sheep shearing, would seem to him like the humble and patient waiting of man upon a bounteous Providence. There would be no systematic rotation of crops to make him marvel at the skill of the cultivator. Implements most skillfully adapted for the saving of animal labour would be unknown to him. The rude plough of his Saxon ancestors would be dragged along by a powerful team of sturdy oxen; the sound of the flail alone would be heard in the barn. Around him would, however, be the glad indications of plenty. The farmer would have abundant stacks, and beeves, and kine, though the supply would fall in precarious seasons, when price did regulate consumption; he would brew his beer and bake his rye bread; his swine would be fattening on the beachmast and the acorns of the free wood; his skeps of bees would be numerous in his garden; the colewort would spout from spring to winter for his homely meal, and in the fruitful season the strawberry would present its much coveted luxury. The old orchard would be rich with the choicest apples, grafts from the curious monastic varieties, the rearer fruits from Southern climates would be almost wholly unknown. There would be no niggard economy defeating itself, the stock, such as it was, would be of the best, although no Bakewell had arisen to preside over its improvement.

From Moffat's Labours in South Africa. TWO AWFUL NIGHTS.

A man belonging to Mr. Schmelens congregation, at Bethany, returning homeward from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid down his gun on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time, the heat reflected from the rock awoke him; and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with his eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind, then eying his gun moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised its head, and gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was aranged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind him as he went, lest the man should move; and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned back in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed: the man, in describing it, said he knew not whether he slept; but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water; and while there, he listened to some noise

apparently from an opposite quarter and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his 'toes roasted,' and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat for a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of his gun through its head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no farther, when providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life.

From the Bangor Courier. APPRENTICES.

We commend the following remarks to the attention of our readers and particularly to that class of them for whom it was particularly designed. The situation of an apprentice is a one worthy and honorable: much more so than they are apt to imagine. The way to secure contentment and happiness during the years of apprenticeship is very clearly pointed out—it is by the apprentice manifesting a kind disposition and becoming interested in the welfare of his master which for the time being should be considered his own. The moment an apprentice sets up an opposition to his master and establishes an interest of his own, he becomes discontented and unhappy. He finds cause in the slightest circumstances for complaint. Nothing seems to satisfy him, until food, clothing, employment and treatment become unsatisfactory and a pack of evil spirits are admitted into his heart and keep up their infernal orgies until his whole mind and disposition are poisoned, and his manner becomes disgusting and his example pestilential. In this case he either leaves his master or grows up a morose, turbulent boy and becomes an unhappy and uncomfortable man. We hope there are few such and that the number is diminishing, especially under such appropriate suggestions as the following from the Portland Tribune:—

'For a youth to look forward some five, six or seven years, before he shall be able to do much for himself, we confess it is rather discouraging, and would naturally lead to some other pursuit than learning the mysteries of a trade. Years of toil, of hardship, perhaps, and deprivation of many blessings which the youth has enjoyed beneath the parental roof, is apt at once to balance the mind in favor of a clerkship, or some other business, which is thought to be less laborious but equally as profitable. This is only the dark side of the picture. Master mechanics are not all selfish, all tyrannical; with few exceptions, we believe them to be worthy and honorable men, and equally solicitous for the welfare of their apprentice—to inculcate precepts of morality—as they are to secure their labor. When a boy possesses a kind disposition, and is interested in his work, and uses his endeavors to promote the interests of his master, we shall never find such a youth discontented. His employer feels a deep interest in his welfare, and though it may not be made manifest to the apprentice, he is constantly studying his happiness. A youth so situated never need to be unhappy and consider himself deprived of more favors than those who are in different situations. If integrity of character and honesty of purpose have thus early begun to characterize him, he can in a great measure act his own pleasure: for his master will have no fears, whether present or absent that every thing will go right. A confidence will be reposed in him that cannot be shaken, while love and kindness will be manifest in his actions.—Such an apprentice sees no unhappy days,—well provided for his comfort, time passes pleasantly way. When his term of apprenticeship expires, he has acquired that which will insure him a comfortable living, and by prudence and industry, may lead to wealth and independence. Above all, he has a good character, which must be his passport to favor,—a blessing which has never failed to bring to its possessor, the richest inheritance conferred on man.

Of those young men who look upon the life an apprentice as far beneath their dignity, we would inquire—Who have done the most for society and the world? Who are the first to undertake public improvements and carry them on to perfection? Who are our most talented and influential, not to say most wealthy men? Generally those who were not too proud to learn trades and to labour with their hands. Where one man, who has served a regular apprenticeship, turns out a villain or a vagabond, you will find a dozen among those who had no regular employment, and whose hands were once considered too delicate to be soiled by labor. Who are now moping away their existence about our streets, with nothing to do, and yet are ashamed or are too lazy to work? Those who were once clerks or students—children of wealthy parents, perhaps who have expended thousands on their follies and tens of thousands on their vices; who have thereby become reduced themselves, and their children unless taken pity upon by once poor but now independent mechanics, must be sent to the poor house, or actually die of starvation. We